

Women speak out against war

by Jennifer Seamone

Last Wednesday the Dalhousie Women's group and the Voice of Women held two "Women and Peace" forums featuring guest speaker Maude Barlow.

Barlow is a visiting Professor at the University of Ottawa, and one of several women from around the world who embarked on a "Journey to Baghdad" a few days before the war began in an attempt to negotiate for peace on behalf of the women of the world.

Barlow's speech, and others at the forums concentrated on the effects of war on women and children. "Women and children bear a

disproportionate brunt of the war and women have to be concerned about the cost of the war, not just economic but also psychological", said Jane Arscott, a Political Science Professor at Dalhousie.

Canada's role in the Gulf War came under sharp fire from Barlow who said Canada has come dangerously close to losing its traditional peace keeping role. As Canadians we must think very carefully about what we want our role to be now and in the future, she said.

We have supported dictators and regimes that were violators of human rights in the past, anti-women countries who take billions of

dollars out of their countries, and away from their people, she said.

"Kuwait reserves citizenship for only a small elite group and has many human rights violations, women are oppressed and only men can vote," she said.

Barlow said the reason Hussein had the power and technology to invade Kuwait is because America and the West gave it to him.

The entire history of the region is of betrayal and abuse, said Barlow. Canada could have played a different role in the United Nations, instead of serving American interests. Military and economic sanctions would have worked, she said.

Barlow downplayed the differences between men's and women's attitudes towards war. However, she said, "close to 90 percent of the people I talked to said men and women look differently at war... But the thing that we have to re-



Dalhousie photo: Ian Mardon

Maude Barlow, a member of the international group of women who set up a peace camp in the Gulf and an outspoken critic of the 1989 Free Trade Deal, spoke at a forum on "Women and War" last week.

member is that those are people down there (in Iraq) and the greatest casualties of war are civilians."

According to UNICEF, 84 percent of casualties since World War Two have been civilians, said Barlow.

"Every Iraqi I talked to had lost someone in the Iran/Iraq war. People did not want war, they were just resigned to death," said Barlow as she described the rapid change in atmosphere in Baghdad as people realized war was inevitable.

Chem building under renovation

by Mary Jane Hamilton

By the beginning of the fall term in 1991, about 4.5 million dollars is expected to have been spent on renovations at the Chemistry Building at Dalhousie University.

The work is being done by "some of Dalhousie's own tradesmen" and outside contractors, says Jim Sykes, the university architect at Dalhousie.

The building will be used for research. A few years ago, a chemistry podium was designed for undergraduate teaching. This cost about 9.75 million dollars of a budget to be spent on chemistry facilities. The remainder is to be used to renovate.

One and a half million dollars was used in various places of the

building in the fall of 1990, says Sykes.

Another third of the remaining 4.5 million dollars of the budget will be spent on a total renovation of the fifth floor infrastructure.

The one-third remaining will be spent on laboratories, lower floors, elevator and windows.

Sykes says it is going quite well although it is "a disturbance for those who walk by... It is creating some mess outside [but] this is to be cleaned up in the spring."

A second-year engineering student says there is a lot of dust and noise coming from the building. "I think it's a hassle," he said. "There are classes going on. I think they should do it during the summer. Winter isn't a good time. It's the Regular Session and there are a lot of students around."

First Nations' culture ignored

Learning on the moon

by Jeff Harrington

HALIFAX (CUP) — When Mohawk Patricia Monture couldn't decide whether or not to go to law school, she went to see her elder. He told her a story, perhaps two or three hours long. When he had finished, she knew she had to go to university before she could fight for justice for her people.

"First, I had to learn how to talk honky," she said recently.

Now a professor of law at Dalhousie Law School in Halifax, Monture is one of an increasing number of First Nations people who recognize that getting a university education is an indispensable if often unpleasant step to attaining self-determination.

"Canada is not making an effort to talk to us. We're the ones who have to do double-time and learn how to talk to them," she said.

But while talking and acting honky may come easy to English and French Canadians, it's obviously quite unnatural for First Nations people like Monture — who doesn't consider herself Canadian, by the way. Never mind learning to talk like a lawyer.

First Nations people learn in a

different way than the dominant Euro-Canadian society's mode of education. An elder in a Micmac community doesn't lecture the children or scold them if they do something wrong — it is their responsibility to approach their teacher, and then watch and listen.

"We'll watch something long enough and memorize it and go away and try it until we get it right," said Jean Knockwood, a native education counsellor at Henson College in Halifax.

For eight years, Knockwood has helped aboriginal students cope with a system that has little inkling of the cultural differences that can make university an alien place. She holds regular writing and study workshops to help students become familiar with the ways universities work.

"You don't have to alter their learning style, their cultural beliefs or how they see the world," she said.

Unfortunately, many non-native teachers at all levels judge First Nations student by their own values, equating shyness with disinterest, or silence with stupidity. The result: "streaming" into non-academic or vocational courses, appalling dropout rates (20 per cent

complete high school — 75 per cent is the Canadian average) and low participation at the university level.

"I don't think our students are failing because they're stupid or inadequate. They're failing because the system is failing them," said Wendy Hull, chair of the Aboriginal Students' Association at Dalhousie University.

As well as hiring more First Nations faculty — Dalhousie has two out of 760 — and staff, Hull feels schools and universities must alter their curricula.

"I'm tired of having to listen that residential schools were good for my people," she said.

And all teachers must be taught — not by non-natives — that a meaningful education for First Nations people involves the mind, body and spirit.

"In your dominant society, we're looked on as quitters. But most people don't make it because they aren't spiritually whole — they don't have the right support."

Now 35, Hull will graduate with a degree in political science this spring, ready to change things.

"(University) education is not important to me in my life. But it is important when we start dealing

• continued page 7

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Gay and Lesbian Supplement / p. 9-14

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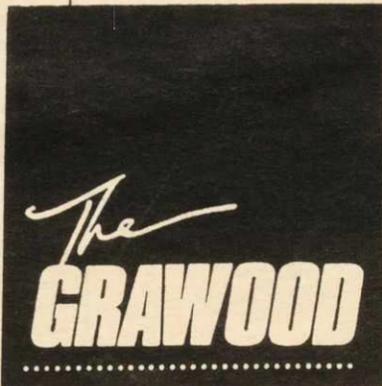
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Commentary should not exceed 500 words. Letters should not exceed 300 words. No unsigned material will be accepted, but anonymity may be granted upon request.

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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.

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Conservatives party

by Paul Webster



The Agony of Victory

Dal photo: Michael Devanport

Thursday, Friday and Saturday last week saw nearly 3000 Nova Scotia Progressive Conservatives congregate at the World Trade and Convention Centre for a leadership convention.

With Clair Callaghan, Roland Thornhill and Tom McInnes as serious rivals, Pictou County farmer and current Industry Minister Donald Cameron won the contest on the third ballot.

Cameron, 44, is generally credited to be the candidate with strongest support from the Party's internal establishment. He is a close friend of Brian Mulroney's and is perhaps best known for the CBC documentary which suggested he helped a friend win a \$5 million contract for railway construction in his riding.

The convention was generally credited to have pulled the party together at a time when it is reeling from former Government Services Minister Michael Zareski's allegation that the candidates "aren't open, they aren't honest and they don't have integrity".

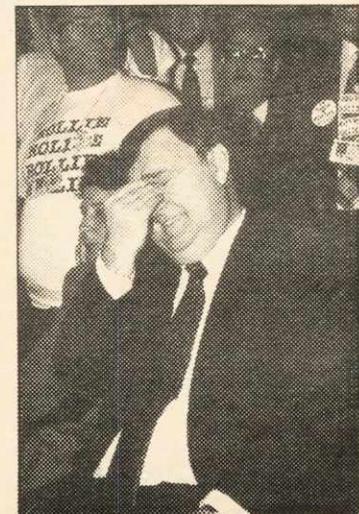
At the convention Saturday Halifax Citadel delegate Robert Damberg characterized the candidates by saying "I don't think there's a lot of difference between them. Each one is a PC... the differences are relatively insignificant. I judge on who will be a good premier, who will run a good chance of getting elected".

Discussing the actual process pursued by the Tories in the convention, and their anxiety to present a squeaky-clean nomination and balloting system, Damberg said "overall the process is as good as we can devise. I have no pressure on me to vote one way or another."

When asked how he decides who to support Damberg said "I think of educational policy, social policy, environmental policy in making my final decision. I think both of who I'm voting for and who stands behind him, who his advisers are."

The leadership conference involved much more, however, than simply electing delegates and voting on Saturday. Thursday night the Party threw a massive "Tribute to John Buchanan".

Buttons were sold saying "Thank You John and Mavis" to the man whose twelve-year tenure as Premier ground to a halt last November in a mire of patronage allegations, lack of popular support, distrust and a controversial Senate appointment which saw Buchanan go to Ottawa to support the GST Bill opposed by 85 per cent of Canadians.



The Thrill of Defeat

Dal photo: Michael Devanport

Thursday and Friday nights saw parties thrown in the candidates' hospitality suites. Donald Cameron was the only candidate not to serve free alcohol to his guests. Visitors to Tom McInnes' suite got an early warning of the Attorney General's anthemic theme music which was played all day Saturday at full

volume in the Convention Centre.

According to several delegates, their decision not to support McInnes was partly based on the aggressive tactics displayed by his Toronto "handlers" who played the song over and over on a privately-controlled PA system, inescapably dominating the convention process.

According to many observers, the leadership convention revealed many deep problems with the PCs. As one delegate noted, nobody at the convention seemed to know what (if anything) was happening. "I could stay home and watch it on TV and find out more about what's going on."

The lack of female leadership candidates revealed that the Party will continue to be very male-dominated. Only 40 per cent of delegates were female. 52 local PC women's group Presidents were denied the ex-officio voting status they expected. As Kings South riding women's group President Kirsey Herron said on the first day of the convention "There are many oversights that happen to women in this party and in general."

Micmac leader Dan Paul, who was present at the convention as an observer, noted the absence of any native leadership voices at the convention. Similarly, only a handful of black people were amongst the thousands at the convention Saturday. Among the demographically unrepresentative and disproportionately white male white PC crowd assembled for the convention it was also remarkable to note the lack of people under the age of forty.

Spicer's quest

by Marie-France LeBlanc

In early November members of the Citizen's Forum on Canada's Future unveiled a do-it-yourself blueprint for Canadians to help in reshaping the nation. This difficult and complex task, it was said, would be performed by the non-partisan panel fanning out across Canada to consult small groups of Canadians on the future of the country.

The idea set out by Keith Spicer, Chair of the Commission, was to have individual commissioners sit down with groups of 15 to 20 Canadians and listen to their ideas and concerns. The information would then be collected, sorted and assimilated into a final report due July 1st.

The first step in this plan to draft a whole new constitutional proposal, came to Halifax in mid-January. Yet the format of the meeting was somewhat different than expected. Mr. Spicer and his commissioners had arranged for invitations to be sent out to a small number of well educated professional Haligonians. When 200 people showed up, the Chairman was somewhat taken aback. The end result of the assembly was rather positive, but the organisation and original intent left a bad taste in many Nova Scotians' mouths.

"We are now fighting to suppress the elitist impression left by Mr. Spicer's visit, so that we may go on and fulfil the Citizen's Forum mandate" said John Curry a moderator for the Spicer Commission. This mandate, he said, is to "collect and focus the views of citizens into their vision of the future" and "to improve the climate of dialogue, by lowering the level of distrust that slows progress on so many vital issues".

Curry, a recent Political Science graduate of Dalhousie University, has been hired by one of the 10 provincial coordinators to elicit interest and recruit volunteers within the University community, who are willing to hold discussion groups. His role, then, is to act as moderator and ensure that the formal report, which consists of 14 questions, is passed on to the

Citizen's Forum head office in Ottawa.

The questions, in the report, range from "What are the major issues facing this province in the 1990's" to questions about group views on aboriginal self-government or ethnic diversity: the last two questions ask "What does being a Canadian mean to you" and "What are you willing to do to preserve this?"

"This is not just a report," stresses John Curry, but rather "an attempt to change people's apathy towards Canada". This unprecedented attempt at grass roots democracy, it is hoped, will allow Canadian's to regain control of their own future. "The process in itself is valuable, and will hopefully allow Canadians to regain a sense of their identity".

Dalhousie students have had a very skeptical response to the Forum's pleas for participation. Many are bothered by the elitism which was originally conveyed, others do not feel that they can spare the time right now. In response to these objections Curry said "If you cannot take the time to attempt to stimulate dialogue in a rational and peaceful way, then you do not have the right to complain about the state of the nation".

Some question the validity, necessity and timing of the forum. Is it simply a Progressive Conservative ploy to increase its severely waning popularity? Many also question the lavishness of this endeavour - the Forum reportedly has a 10 million dollar budget which it reportedly uses unsparingly on "inflated salaries" and "glitz".

These doubts are not appeased when the national Forums actions are examined. There are continual reports of organizational difficulties such as a constantly changing directional focus, and of subsequent aversion of any continuity which the provinces are attempting to establish. However, these national problems notwithstanding, it would appear that the Nova Scotia instalment of the Commission is making a genuine effort at turning a "worthwhile but frustrating" concept into a real venue for citizen participation.

Dal grants sanctuary

by Marie-France LeBlanc

War news dominates the media. One cannot turn on the television set or pick up a newspaper without being bombarded with reports of coalition force attacks or human interest stories based on the war.

The effects of this news blitz, the voyeurism which comes with it, and the reality of war itself have raised many emotions among Halifax students. This has led Dalhousie University's Chaplaincy center to open a special house on campus where students can go talk about their fears of, or caused by, the war in the Persian Gulf.

"The war is a catalyst to many emotions" says Jim Anderson, a Lutheran minister who is also the project's facilitator. "The 1990's are a time of great uncertainty and the war has simply added an extra stress and fear. This house is a safe space where students can come, no matter what their views are, and someone will listen to them. It is a place to discuss what is true, and

to sift out what is going on," says Anderson.

The house, which is located at 6143 South Street, has not been set up for any political reasons or as a base for the peace movement. It is a place where individuals can go to resolve their anxieties over the war.

"The war is a catalyst to many emotions"

As of yet, the response has been somewhat limited to that of volunteers who are offering their services. This, Reverend Anderson says, is a positive first step for "these volunteers are as much here for themselves as they are to help others". Most of the volunteers have family and friends in the Gulf,

and being a part of this project allows them to deal with their own fears and anxieties.

In the following weeks the house hopes to hold workshops on stress management and coping. As well, the Chaplaincy service hopes to get other faith groups involved in the project so as to have a wider base of services to offer to those in need.

To date, the establishment of this sanctuary has received nothing but support from the University community. The University itself supplied the house, rent free; the student council "adopted a room" - that is, it supplied the furniture for one of the rooms - and, in conjunction with the Student Union, it provided the house with start up funds.

"There are many people out there that need a place to go where no one will scream at them, or fault them for what they are feeling" says Jim Anderson, "hopefully these people will feel that they can drop in any day between 8:00 am and 8:00 pm, or call at 492-3272."

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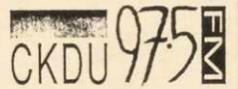
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CUP Briefs

Women can sue cops for negligence

TORONTO (CUP) — A recent Ontario Supreme Court ruling may open the door for women to sue universities for failing to give information about sexual assaults on campus.

In a precedent-setting decision, the Ontario Supreme Court last week ruled that Jane Doe, a rape victim, could sue the Toronto Metropolitan Police force for negligence.

Doe said the police failed to give her equal protection under the law from a rapist in her area. Her name was on the police's list of potential victims, but she was never contacted or warned.

Christie Jefferson, executive director of Women's Legal Education and Action Fund (LEAF), said the decision has serious implications for university security forces.

"Universities have been notorious for not warning women and not taking precautions for women's security," she said. If the case succeeds, it will become easier for women to hold university administrations directly accountable for failing to give adequate protection, she said.

And she said the fall-out from a possible victory will be widespread. "There will be immediate implications for the rest of Canada, not only with this case, but with examples of domestic violence," she said. If police ignore a case of an assault by a man against his lover or spouse, they face a lawsuit later on, she added.

Student funding slashed again?

OTTAWA (CUP) — Student groups are outraged at the prospect of further federal cutbacks to post-secondary education funding.

Finance Minister Michael Wilson said last week that he would not rule out further cutbacks in transfer payments to provinces in the next federal budget, expected in February or March.

Post-secondary institutions and health and other social programs are partially funded by the payments.

"Disastrous" is how Jane Arnold, chair of the Canadian Federation of Students, described the prospect of more cuts to transfer payments.

Arnold said that more cuts mean provinces have to look elsewhere for more revenue. That may mean higher tuition fees, she said.

Since 1977, transfer payments have been cut five times. Last year, payments were cut by \$870 million. Last year's budget predicted a cut of \$1.5 billion this year.

The federal government provides 50 to 60 per cent of funding for post-secondary education, with the provincial government and tuition fees providing the rest.

If funding is decreased or discontinued, education costs may have to be covered by increased provincial funding, based on tax increases, and tuition fees.

York U. fears Anti-Arab targeting

TORONTO (CUP) — Recent bomb threats at York University have raised fears that Arab-Canadian students could become racial scapegoats and Jewish students could be victimized in a potential climate of heightened intolerance.

The threats began on Jan. 17, the day after war began in the Middle East. Although Central Square was evacuated on the 17th, disruptions have been kept to a minimum as York Security has developed routines to deal with the calls.

York's security department has made bomb threat information available through a recorded message hotline. The recording states: "If you notice any suspicious objects or persons, please advise York Security immediately."

Political science professor David McNally said the words "suspicious persons" can lead to singling out students of Arab descent as targets.

"Taking into context the atmosphere of the situation, one can argue that in fact, it does cast aspersions on Arab students," McNally said. "This targets Arab-Canadians as potential violent 'opponents,' creating an 'us and them' mentality, and it implies that we've something to fear from Arabs in Canada."

Magazine puts Gulf War in perspective

by Jerry West

"Motivated by a desire to learn and offer information about the Persian Gulf crisis..." is the opening phrase of *Gulf War in perspective*, a recent Halifax-based magazine.

Apparently the magazine's publishers have succeeded. The publication offers historical, scientific and emotional viewpoints on the war, without the usual media euphemisms.

Far from being a rhetorical diatribe on the evils of war, *perspective* is a serious look at the reasons for, and the consequences of military action in the gulf.

In an article on the history of the Kurdish people Frank J. Fawson raises questions about how best to help the victims of Iraqi oppression: "Sanctions seemed a weak and futile response after hearing [a Kurd] relive the horror of an Iraqi government chemical weapons attack," he says. Although Fawson has no solution to the Kurds' problem, he leaves no doubt as to the harm caused by British, French and American military "assistance" in the past.

The magazine's contributors range from an elementary school student to college professors, journalists, war veterans and the Canadian Physicians against Nuclear War, a group which received a Nobel Peace laureate.

"*Perspective* was formed to ensure that the public knows the uncensored truth about the war Canada is now waging," says Robert Carlson, one of the volunteer staff.

With the help of a number of students organizations, peace and development agencies *perspective* is offered free throughout the Atlantic provinces.

A spokesperson for the magazine says one of the intentions of *perspective* is to get information into the hands of people who would

not otherwise hear how the Muslim, black, native and other communities in Halifax feel about the war.

Perspective is still in the process of being distributed to universities, laundromats, corner stores and other locations accessible to the public.



Sherri Cline, Xander Boston, and Peter Davison "spread the word" as they distribute copies of *perspective*.

Photo: Paul Webster

Summer jobs may melt away

by Andy Riga

OTTAWA (CUP) — Students will probably find the pickings slim when they hit the streets hunting for summer work this year.

Summer unemployment soared to 17.4 per cent at the height of the 1982 recession for those aged 15 to 24. And forecasters — predicting a tough year ahead — warn the current deepening recession could leave students out in the cold again this summer.

"The summer job market is usually the first hit" during an economic downturn, said Mary Giamos of the University of Toronto's career centre.

Current job listings are not as numerous as in the past, Giamos said, although she noted that "that doesn't mean there aren't any jobs out there. It might mean that employers don't have to advertise as much as previously because there

are so many people looking for employment."

The spring and summer could be bleak for anybody looking for work. The national unemployment rate for all ages — hovering at about 9 per cent late last year — could reach 9.7 per cent this spring, according to the Conference Board of Canada, an independent research institute.

Even Youth Minister Marcel Danis, who announced this year's federal summer job program Feb. 4, warned students about employment prospects, although he seemed leery of using the R-word.

The government added \$3 million to this year's Challenge program because "it is expected that job prospects may be somewhat more difficult in the current economic climate," Danis said at a news conference.

The extra cash will go into the SEED (Summer Employment/

Experience Development) program, which provides wage subsidies to employers creating summer jobs.

Start pounding the pavement early, is the advice Silvia Sioufi, researcher for the Canadian Federation of Students, is giving those who need summer work. And, she said, don't expect too much help from federal programs.

"They have added some money [to Challenge], but they haven't taken into account the recession and they're certainly not making up for the millions that have been cut from the program since it started in 1985," said Silvia Sioufi, researcher for the Canadian Federation of Students (CFS).

Back in 1985, \$150 million went to SEED. "They've almost cut SEED in half over the past six years when the need has been constantly increasing," Sioufi said.



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Sobey's monopolize grocery business

Halifax is an odd place. Over 300 000 people in the vicinity and only three or four places to buy groceries. Every time I sit down to dinner all I can taste is something suspiciously like monopoly capitalism. Strangely enough it tastes a lot like state socialism. The main difference seems to be that we pay so much more, and the profits wind up in such a small number of rather disreputable pockets.

EDITORIAL

Ever since John Sobey opened his grocery and butcher shop in Stellarton in 1906 the *modus vivendi* of the grocery business in the Maritimes has been consolidation, competitive strangulation, market-share domination and, ultimately, virtual monopoly. The results are evident; its almost impossible to buy groceries anywhere in Halifax except Sobey's, IGA, Superstore, Capitol Stores, Mary Jane's, the Saturday Market and local milk stores. There are almost no independent green grocers in Halifax, virtually no independent butchers or bakers, and most ironically, only a handful of independent fish stores. If you need

confirmation for this, check the Yellow Pages.

Most Haligonians seem fairly comfortable with this situation.. They argue that Sobey's is locally owned, is a good corporate citizen sells a wide range of good food products in large modern stores conveniently located for one-stop shopping. IGA does pretty much the same thing, although their multinational status doesn't get as many popularity points. The market domination of these two giants is somewhat compensated by the existence of corner convenience stores, the Capitol chain, Mary Jane's and the Market, so we at least have the feeling of alternatives.

But really, of course, the grocery situation here is completely lopsided. The level of concentration is staggering and it inflicts some very real social, cultural and economic costs.

First of all, there is almost no tradition of independent green-grocers left in Halifax. The bullies have put them out of business. This means that there is no entrepreneurial opportunity for people with limited capital to get involved in the grocery business. And there is

virtually no vestige of the time-honoured and cherished custom of personal contact with shop-keepers which makes food shopping human, pleasurable, civilized. Instead we must file through buildings shaped like airports, bombarded by voices barking esoteric commands over PA systems, marshalled through semi-automated check-out lines by under-paid victims of labour alienation and apparent gender discrimination. The culture of food has been replaced by the assembly line, the mass-market, profit-motivated dehumanization.

No competitive price regulation

Secondly, the prices we pay are exorbitant. Only in a market with no competitive price regulation could Sobey's charge 69 cents for a lemon, \$1.99 for a miniscule romaine lettuce, \$3.29 lb. for mushrooms. In Montreal, Toronto,

Ottawa, Quebec, and anywhere else where big business hasn't gained complete control these things are half these prices.

Thirdly, the quality of food available at the big chains is dismal. The big chains are very adept at buying from big producers at big discounts. Brand name products produced by multinationals, advertised on TV are not renowned for quality or culinary excitement. Kraft, Nabisco, General Foods, Campbell's, Weston's, Heinz etc.; very bland food, with some very odd political implications. You never know exactly which fascist dictatorship you're propping up when you buy coffee at Sobey's.

The problems posed by Sobey's and IGA's market control have implications far beyond food quality and prices. Most of their stores are convenient only to those with cars, so they necessitate the greatest environmental disaster of all time, the internal combustion engine. Many of the stores are non-unionized and Sobey's is especially infamous for dirty anti-union tricks. Wages at huge supermarkets distribute wealth far less equitably than do the existence of numerous

independent retailers. Money which should go to labour goes to the already fabulously-rich.

Finally, something should be said about corporate citizenship. Sobey's has consistently maintained a local image. Meanwhile they import non-regional and foreign produce when it's cheaper than local, and invest a lot of their profits outside the Maritimes. Sobey's is about as local as the Bank of Nova Scotia.

The men that run the big grocery chains inhabit the corporate boardrooms of North America, quiet plush law offices, and spend a lot of time fraternizing with their governmental equivalents. Their loyalty is not local, it is as global as the dollar.

The thought of all this is enough to make me want to forego my dinner of chemical produce and brand-name carbohydrates, run around the corner to the Lebanese food shop (one of the only independent grocers in town) and promise never, ever to be duped into another twenty minute check-out line again.

Paul Webster

First Nations don't want white pity

Duncan McCue

I am sick of hearing how awful people feel because they are white. I am sick of listening to their overriding feelings of remorse after seeing "Dances With Wolves". I am sick of sympathy.

Ever since Oka, there has been a pervading sense of ancestral guilt amongst non-natives. "My God, we have been so awful to your people". Yes, of course. That's a given.

But why dwell upon it? Why continually tell me that it must be just awful to see your culture rescinding, all because, five hundred years ago, those nasty white men came over here in their "big canoes" and stole away your land.

Our culture is not disappearing, and I would defy anyone to tell me otherwise. Yes, Indian kids play

Nintendo. Indian teenagers wear Levi's jeans. Indian lawyers carry briefcases. And Indian drunks drink Molson's.

Does that mean we have been assimilated? NO. I often feel that people would be more comfortable around Indians if we wore head-dresses and buckskins. That, indeed, would be "Indian".

But indigenous peoples have been historically documented as having remarkable skill at adapting. When the roaming Ojibwa tribes came into contact with American Iroquois for the first time, they did not immediately wage war. They traded cultures, they learned from each other how each had developed better ways. And they went their separate ways, full with new knowledge.

Similarly, when the colonialist presented guns and pots, it would

have been silly for Indians not to accept the technology because they didn't invent it. Instead, they welcomed the immense advantage muskets gave them while hunting, and changed their hunting styles to adapt.

By asking Indians to use their formidable knowledge of the wilderness to fuel the fur trade, the colonialists forced the biggest adaptation Indians ever underwent. With animal fur as a primary motive, Indians changed their entire economic system from hunter-gatherer to trapper-trader.

Adaptation is part of our culture. At times, we have been forced to accept change. I can't imagine how difficult it must have been when my ancestors were herded into small, remote pockets of land, and told it was their home. Yet, today, despite their "conditions", the re-

serves are what have kept our culture alive. Reserves have both protected our Indianness, and fostered our distinctness.

Unfortunately, non-natives aren't the only ones who pity what white people did to the Indians. There are too many unimaginative Indian politicians who, when given the spotlight, cry. They stand there and cry - "Look what you nasty white people did to us; just give us back our land".

Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I should be playing the PR game - by making all the white people feel sorry for us, then we'll get our money and our land.

But I don't want the money and the land and the press, unless you understand why you're giving it to us and who you're giving it to. You're not giving it to us so we'll stop crying - you're giving it to us

because you promised us you would. And you're not giving it to a buck-skinned clad warrior with flowing black hair and defiant war paint - you're giving it to today's Indians, who look pretty much like everyone else around.

Instead of crying, question. When Phil. 1000 romanticizes the "Renaissance spirit", and asks you if Cortes was a Machiavellian, do a little research and find out exactly what happened when the Western metaphysics conflicted with a different culture. When you read in the Globe and Mail that Georges Erasmus has announced AFN has drafted a self-government proposal, figure out what it means.

We are different. We are Indians. Understand that and listen to the voices of change. Stop wallowing in ancestral guilt - I don't want your pity.

Propaganda

• continued from page 1

with the government," she said.

Hull is hopeful things will get better — Dalhousie has made some positive recent changes. But as she nears graduation, a piece of her spirit is missing. Her mother chose not to teach her Micmac. Hundreds of years of "civilizing" propaganda had done their trick.

"She believed I would speak English, go to an English school, and do better than she did."



LETTERS

United we stand

To the editors:

As you no doubt are aware, the past two weeks on this campus have been much ado about nothing! We see these persons appearing out of nowhere to tell us how they are going to encourage diversity and student participation.

We in the International Students Association know better. We know for example that the present candidate for President, Mr. Peter Pottier, couldn't be bothered to show up for the ISA reception last November. He did not even send a letter of apology to explain his absence.

Many people may feel that we in the ISA are making too much of this. However, lets stop and think. Mr. Pottier is a student leader and it is his job to serve students, if he can now talk about diversity on this campus where was he in November. Don't we deserve accountability for this? International Students on this campus need strong leadership. We can not look to these opportunist people who give us empty rhetoric after they have been made aware of problems of the present DSU council.

I am willing to bet that Mr. Pottier would not even have gone to MISSA night had the DSU not received such a bad report from organizations like the ISA.

It is imperative that all conscious International Students (and that includes Canadians after all, Canada is part of the world) send in nominations and turn up to vote on March 6.

We need strong leadership within the ISA because I do not think that the present two teams have our interests among their list of priorities. United we stand, divided we fall, together we can stand tall. Send in your nominations by February 28, and come vote on March 6 if you care about the future of the ISA within this environment of poor leadership and blatant betrayal of student interests on behalf of the present DSU! Support the ISA!

John Burchall
President ISA

Appalled at res

To the editors:

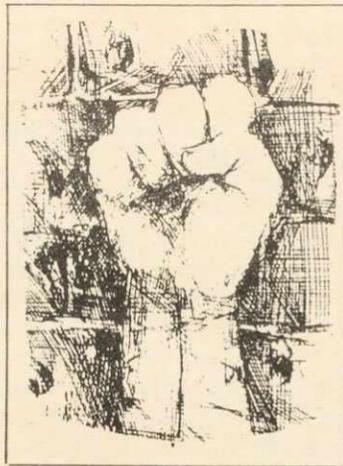
While walking through Henderson House last week, (a place we do not normally frequent), we were disgusted that pornographic, offensive, and degrading material was used by a Presidential candidate. Two half-naked women surrounding a man's body with a picture of the candi-

date's face, reading something like "@!*?#@!* can do it for you!", was posted all over.

It was appalling that these posters remained up for five days without someone taking offense, or at least voicing her/his opposition.

It is disturbing to realize that this person is now the President of Henderson House. We fear he will be promoting a sexist environment.

Nicole Schmidt
Jennifer Penman



DSU defence

To the editors,

In the last few issues of the Gazette I have noticed the occasional article in which the Dalhousie Student Union has come under fire for apparent services not rendered. In the last issue of the Gazette (Feb. 7) I read letters to the Editors from John Burchall, President of the International Students' Association. I would like to reply to Mr. Burchall's suggestions and insinuations.

First of all, because people in our positions are accustomed to constructive criticism on a regular basis, it would be nearly impossible for us to respond to every comment that we receive. I am sorry (note the apology) that you feel this makes us, in your opinion, "too indifferent to care."

Regarding the report card from the "student body as a whole"; I would submit to you that not all ten thousand plus Dalhousie students had input into this evaluation. It is human nature to find faults in any government as compared to praising its successes. Therefore, I feel that interpretation of the DSU operations came from the few that have complaints as to the many that are content with their student government.

With respect for your request for a public apology from the DSU, forget it! I don't even know what to apologize for nor do I recall having a halo delivered to me when I took on this position as DSU councillor. However, I am sorry (oops another one) that it is im-

possible for us to serve each and every member of the Dal student body in a way they see as perfect. Quite a Utopian thought that!

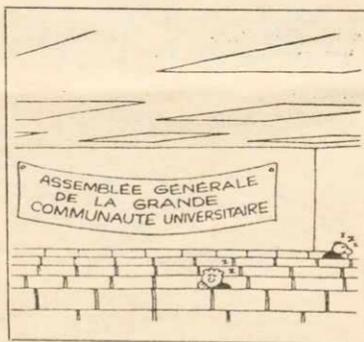
In recognition our responsibilities though, as a student government, we do encourage input, we encourage things that are best for the student body and we even enjoy our fellow students coming forward with new ideas.

I have had the pleasure this year of working with people like Ralph Cochrane, Patti Dow, Peter Pottier, Jamie Lougheed and many other DSU reps that I know have strived to serve Dal students with the students needs and interests in focus at all times.

Mr. Burchall, I invite you to attend our next DSU meeting (Feb. 25) so that we may discuss some or all of your concerns in open discussion. If you feel that an open forum is necessary between the DSU and the student body, we can even discuss that too.

I am sorry that if anything that we may have done this year has affected your life, academically or otherwise, in a negative manner; but please come to our next meeting so that we can approach your concerns together.

David Chaisson
DSU Rep - Engineering



Banish the blahs

To the editors:

Well, its February, and with the dreary weather often comes that plague of seasons: The February Blahs. For those of us who can't afford to fly south for the "study break", here are some inventive (and definitely cheaper) ways to experience a little bit of summer this winter.

1) Have a beach party at home! Simply rent a few of those silly beach movies (e.g. "Beach Blanket Bingo"), turn up your thermostat, put on your bathing suit and break out the Coppertone (This is very important: for the full effect you need to smell like you're at the beach). Laying on a big towel while watching the movies also adds to the atmosphere.

2) Have an outdoor barbeque. Yes, bring out the Hibachi (you may have trouble finding coals or lighter fluid this time of year, but don't give up), and throw some hotdogs and hamburgers on the grill. Invite your neighbors! Who cares if you're wearing a parka and drinking hot chocolate, a barbeque is a state of mind. For those of you in residence, simply convert an old oil barrel into a barbeque and have it on the snow covered lawn outside your dorm. Sure to impress your don!



3) Drive around wearing your favourite bathing suit and shades, and stop to ask a local where the nearest beach is. Be sure to blare the Beach Boys, maybe even put a surfboard on the roofrack (will make even the most boring people look twice). For those of you without cars, taking the bus adds a new dimension to this activity.

4) Go on a picnic, complete with blanket and basket. It'll be hard with your mittens on, but what the heck; there's nothing like eating in the great outdoors (even if it is -20 C). Bring some bug spray just for fun.

5) The scouts have known for years that winter camping has a unique charm all its own. It's more fun if you take along a good friend with whom you can snuggle (or someone you would like to be friends with!). And the best part is, since most parks are closed this time of year, you can camp for free. Variation: set up the tent in your living room. If you don't have a tent, sleep out in your sleeping bags and stare at the ceiling. (You can buy glow in the dark stickers that really do look like stars.)

6) Go fly a kite. It may be winter, but there's still a great kite-flying wind outside. Flying on Citadel Hill is highly recommended, as the slippery slopes allow for innovative activities such as kite-flying while skiing or tobogganing.

7) Have an outdoor game of volleyball or softball (especially recommended for students in residence). Organize a tournament and play other floors and dorms. Playing during a blizzard just makes it more interesting.

Those are only a few of the wild and whacky ways to beat the winter blahs. Try some of them and think up a few of your own, your roommates and friends will love it.

Michelle Phillips

Not worth the paper...

To the editors:

While walking through the hallways of Dal over the past two weeks I've become increasingly angry at the amount of paper being wasted to advertise candidates for the upcoming student elections. These candidates, in attempting to represent responsible government, are expressing the typical lack of environmental responsibility that has been prevalent for many years. In our throw-away society, it has been accepted, and even encouraged, to adopt convenience over effort and responsibility in all aspects of life. Granted, flyers and posters are often necessary to inform students of upcoming events that they might otherwise not know of. In this case, however, these election posters, that are everywhere, provide only names and faces that mean very little when one is considering which candidate is deserving of a vote. It is the issues and opinions that these individuals represent (or what they do not represent, in Mike and Ralph's case) that should be the deciding factors when marking a ballot, not mere familiarity with faces and names due to a barrage of advertising. The point I'm trying to make is that this onslaught of posterage is nothing more than a callous, needless waste. When election day has come and gone, all this paper will go in the garbage; out of sight, out of mind. Such apathy and indifference cannot continue, this is 1991! We, as students, must set a precedent for the future and begin to abandon the wasteful habits that we have been conditioned to accept. In future elections, I hope that candidates will adopt a more concerned platform and use the Gazette and CKDU as their only mediums of communication to the student body.

Steve Mills

In the interest of promoting a war-positive atmosphere in Britain, the BBC has banned a number of songs from radio play.

Conversely, the bums O' the Gazette have come up with a suggested boycott list to restore the equilibrium:

1. Another one bites the dust
2. Killing an Arab
3. We are the world
4. Aint misbehavin
5. Battle hymn of the Republic
6. Rule Britannia
7. Feel a whole lot better when you're gone
8. Star spangled banner
9. Layin pipe all night long
10. Dust in the wind

Gay and Lesbian Supplement

Michelangelo Leonardo DaVinci Allan Ginsberg Greg Louganis Jane Rule

Author Susie Sexpert tells all

BY HEATHER MACKAY

reprinted from the McGill Daily

MONTREAL — There are things you don't know. And then there are things you don't know you don't know.

Can a contracting vagina snap little finger bones? Can a dental dam stretch securely from clitoris to anus? What is a 'fuckware' party and how can we get one started in say... Halifax?

The surest and simplest route to answers for these questions and others can be got through a lesbian, according to Susie Bright, or 'Susie Sexpert', as she is better known.

Bright, editor of *On Our Backs* magazine, takes her road show on tour, toting a wide and wild range of sexual accoutrements: toys, latex this, latex that, bodies, videos and big screens. She was in Montreal in the fall to promote her new book, *Susie Sexpert's Lesbian Sex World*.

"Lesbians are the fucking experts. The experts on fucking," said Bright.

She attributes the health and confidence of the movement to the grassroots approach lesbians have been forced to take by the absence of professional lesbian erotica. "We've been getting very brazen and bold."

"There was this idea that if people knew what we were doing we'd be vulnerable," said Susie. Now, she said, she expects a growth in the number of people stopping women on the street to say, "I realize you're a lesbian and you know everything about sex."

Gay men have come to understand gender crossing from the pre-Stonewall drag days to the present, according to Bright. Straights can trace their understanding of gender to the stone age, but lesbians are still forging what will become the heritage of lesbian gender-fuck.

Bright described an anti-censorship concert she attended along with

further forward, "So why don't you tell me what turns you on."

Susie's other Sex Ed methods include various incarnations of her road show. In Seattle, she pulled off a smashingly successful 'fist fucking' workshop with 60 women.

On another occasion, Susie brought her female ejaculation video to 1500 people, of which only 10

were men. The only screen available was 15 feet high, giving a view of female ejaculation like no other. Susie said a man came up to her afterward, saying "I didn't know you came more than we did."

"When people ask me about sex wars, I say we won, but there's still a lot of sticky battles ahead," said Bright, referring to the right wing, fundamentalist movements that slow down the pace of progress. "I want to go 90 miles an hour," she said. She also noted the objections of some older, hard-line feminists to a politics of pleasure, but said it's the next sensible step.

Bright took another step when she had a baby four months ago. Although she chose to "party" into pregnancy, she said women should be free to choose their method, describing one turkey baster insemination exercise in a lesbian separatist commune in Northern California.

"Your body turns into a gigantic sex act when you're having a child,"

continued on page 11

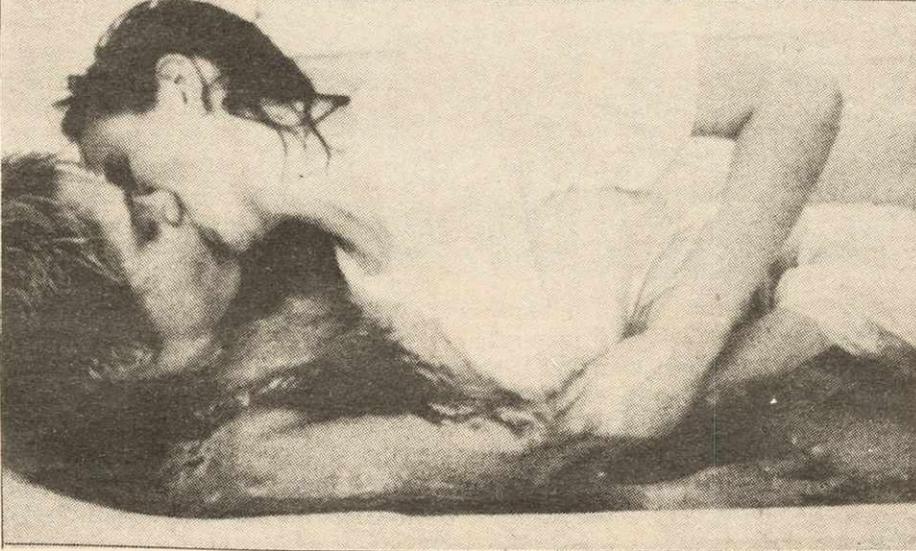


Photo courtesy A Space.

Ice T, Iggy Pop, and others hit by the 'moral' minority. A man told a story of a generation gaps, encouraging the audience to talk reason with their Dads. But if Dad still refuses to listen, the man said, tell him, 'suck my dick.'

The audience joined in a chorus repeating the words. "And you know who was saying it the loudest," said Susie, "It was the young girls. We've got the biggest dick. We've had it all along. It's like we turn ourselves inside out to hide it."



Juana Maria de la Caridad Las Amigas

Susie admitted owning "many pairs of 'earth shoes' and Birkenstocks," back in the days when being a lesbian "meant saying 'Fuck you' to Revlon." But Bright says things were destined to change. "Inside I was wearing a very low-cut dress." Now she wears it on the outside, in red.

So tell me...

Bright calls her educative activities "sexual social work." She spoke gently, leaning slightly forward, "I know it's really embarrassing to talk about sex." The listener expected some stilted social theory or psychological analysis. Wrong, very wrong.

The voice deepened, Susie leaned

Happy Pink

BY JULIE LEWIS

Happy Pink Triangle Day, everyone, and welcome to the *Gazette's* annual gay and lesbian supplement. For those of you who are thinking "what is this pink triangle business?", I thought it was Valentine's Day", let me explain.

During World War II in Nazi-occupied Europe, many groups were persecuted. Usually individuals were required to wear some sort of badge to make it easier for the "authorities" to identify them (re: send them to concentration camps). Most of us are familiar with the yellow star worn by the Jews. Fewer would recognize the pink triangle that identified gay men.

Over the years as lesbians and gay men have risen up against persecution and oppression, we have reclaimed the symbol of the pink triangle. We have taken the Nazi badge and turned it upside-down, just as its meaning has been. The pink triangle which was once a tool of persecution has become a symbol of gay and lesbian pride and strength. That's why on February 14, we choose to celebrate Pink Triangle Day rather than buy into the romantic heterosexual notions of Valentine's Day and the ideals of love which continue to marginalize same-sex relationships. So, the pink triangle has become a symbol of the determination of lesbians and gay men to create and explore a healthy identity and to celebrate ourselves, even though vehicles for this kind of

expression are systematically denied in this culture.

Enough of the history lesson and on with the show. I would like to point out that the gay and lesbian supplement is primarily by and for lesbians and gay men. The supplement is meant to foster pride, to strengthen the gay and lesbian voice and to inspire those who have yet to venture from their closets.

This is not about educating straight people or trying to get them to like us. There will be heterosexuals who enjoy this paper and who will learn something which may help temper their homophobia. This is good and we are GLAD (get it?). However, that is a fringe benefit, not our primary purpose.



Neither is this supplement meant to offend anybody (gay or straight). It is about diversity and freedom of expression and celebrating that. Unfortunately, some people will be offended because some people find my lifestyle offensive - not to mention the fact that I dare write about it. This too is a fringe result and not our goal. So let's go ahead and celebrate the big Pink Triangle.

To a friend

BY MICHAEL HENSCHEL

I would like to go on about a few things; nothing original. I'm not sure if there is anything original to say — only new ways to say it. I hope.

Today I have a resource. I have a friend who is trying on the new-ness in herself. I think I have just attached a new meaning to that word. I could go on, for her, about lying to herself, to yourself. And I could ask why do we lie? How? What do you lie for? To protect yourself?

To protect yourself.

That's a good theme. Protection from what, from whom? From the *them* who don't even know who you are; from the *us*, our *friends* and family? How about protection from ourselves so that we don't reject ourselves because of the lies *the them and the us and we* have spread, about you and me. I could go on about the methods we use to hate *them*; then what *they* use to hate everything — when the hate serves no one and never will *serve*.

I could talk about what all the secrets do to you. (or my favourite) What it is like to never walk down the street holding hands; because you're afraid (some think that fear is healthy). I could talk about how people forget that you are gay — just

because you don't look it and you're not a misogynist, or the female equivalent.

I could talk about a thousand things, as you can guess. I could write about how important it is for you to be vocal about who you are, for the *us* and especially the *them*.

I could talk about all of those things and more. But I'm not sure of the audience. Why should I waste

"What it is like to never walk down the street holding hands; because you are afraid."

my time and energy on "preaching to the converted". Don't get me wrong, I think things like this supplement are of extraordinary importance, but the only people who really read the supplement are gay and lesbian. I know I wouldn't want some amateur, or even professional for that matter, telling me what it means to be gay. Telling me how to face the closet door. I've been through the door, my door. No one else will ever go through the same thing. No one will have my mother reject them and then come back even to the point

where she likes the man I lived with, until recently. Unfortunately, my mother still likes him.

But some things must remain constant. All doors open in and I can see you there, standing with your foot braced against your door trying desperately not to open it. And at the same time hoping without hope that the warmth you feel from outside will be something of which you may become a part. maybe you don't even realize you are gay.

Then once the opportunity arises, there is no sound from outside, you consider:

you read a newspaper article or see something on the news, maybe this article. You're sure everyone thinks you are gay, for no reason. *They* don't even notice that you are alive!

They will not notice that you have read the whole *Gazette*. slowly; slowly turn the door knob. Hold fast with all your might but you take the risk.

you see your first gay film or read a book. Something concrete something that you have to spend money on. I bought *Maurice*. Maybe you bought *Ruby Fruit Jungle*.

Then through frustration and courage and hope and need you pull the door a little, with all your might

still braced against it. you write it down. or tell someone off the cuff as a joke or just to be eighties — of course they never believe you, or do they? And no one ever finds the stories you've written because you could never have the courage...

Then the poking and prodding that you have done through that minute little crack in the door has not been rewarded with pain, and you ease the pressure of your foot. A larger crack, a ray of sunshine.

You stop laughing at gay jokes, or at the very least you stop telling them. You think more seriously about who you are. You give up dating because you realize that you will never find the right member of the opposite sex — except as a shield to use against *them*.

You get scared. You try to put a little more pressure against the door.

Your parents talk about marriage or about someone who is queer (not queer nation) and they don't know how much hurt they have caused, because either word is damaging. You read the walls in the bathroom: KILL FAGS. DEATH TO QUEERS.

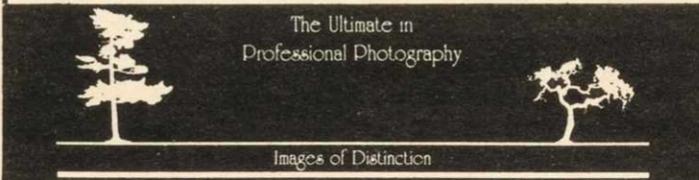
You hear that all the feminists are dykes that all waiters are gay. You're told that you won't be accepted, ever.

But the door won't budge backwards because every push makes you feel sick to your stomach.

continued on page 14

GRADUATION PORTRAITS

The contract for DAL PHAROS Yearbook Graduation Portraits has been awarded to Robert Calnen, Master Photographer of Halifax. Sitting Fee : for four poses - \$10.50 and up. For an appointment call 454 - 4745 Calnen of Canada Ltd.



Writing on the wall

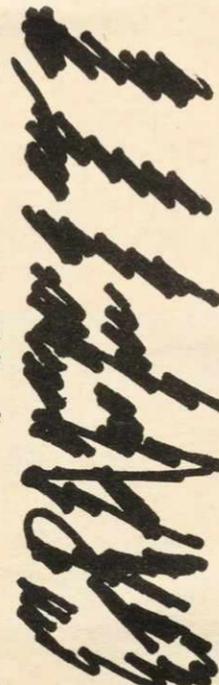
Graffiti on the theme of gay white men are...

full of shit. Gay white men are full of shit. Why are gay white men full of shit?

Gay white men are full of shit because they enjoy lives of privilege and don't give a fuck about Others.

Oh sure, relative to straight men, gay white men have it tough. Others have it tougher. Others? Imagine "women" (strange that women would be considered "Others", no?) *you boys still don't have to feel like a piece of meat when you walk into a hardware store, or be treated like you can't possibly know what you're talking about* and "persons of colour" (don't you love that for the sheer beauty of its awkwardness).

The gay white male experiences a peculiar paradox indeed; a life in equal parts diminished by homophobia and enhanced (by virtue



of genitalia) by an assured if somewhat marginalized place in the ruling councils.

A warning: because of this paradox, gay white male shit is particularly noxious. Because gay white men have experienced lives of privilege and oppression, they should (a moral imperative) understand and do everything they can to abate the oppression of Others.

They don't. Notwithstanding a functioning brain and a caring heart, empathy alone should like gay white men to Others. *After all, it's only your dick and skin colour that separates you from all those you're ignoring.*

The questions (and they're pregnant with recriminations) are why gay white men are not turning their special Power to Others' advantage. Why gay white men are not swelling the marches and the fora exploring Others' experience. Why

continued on page 11

CAMPUS COMEDY FINALS

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 15th
See Us in The Grawood
La Laughs are on Us



FIRST AID COURSES OFFERED

St. John Ambulance Emergency First Aid Courses will be held at Dalhousie over the next few months. There is a \$25.00 charge which covers the cost of the work books and pamphlets. The one day sessions are scheduled for:

February 19th March 7th
February 21st March 21st

From 8:30 am. to 4:30 pm. Registration and payment must be made prior to the day of the course and a confirmation will be made.

For more information, or to register, Contact the Safety Office at 494 - 2495



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BACK PAGES

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Women's only events

BY JULIE LEWIS

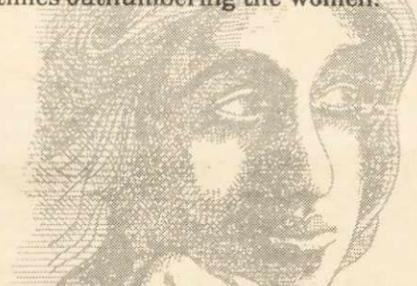
There has been a lot of discussion within the pages of the *Gazette* last term about the merits of women-only events. There have been some convincing arguments both for and against (I would say mostly for, but then again, I am completely and unabashedly biased). I won't get into the details of the argument, but I will say that the same debate has been raging within the Halifax gay and lesbian community.

Contrary to popular belief, the lesbian and gay population is not a homogenous one. The differences between lesbian and gay lifestyles are often profound. This is reflected in the very different needs and expectations gay men and lesbians have of our social club and community centre. *Rumours* is in the unique position of being a business owned by a community organization (the Gay and Lesbian Association of Nova Scotia). As such, the building at 2112 Gottingen Street is not only a bar, but a community centre. Therefore much of *Rumour's* programming and practice is determined by GALA policies and initiatives. Gender specific nights are such an initiative.

For years women in the community have been saying that the programming at *Rumours* has not been fulfilling our needs - that the club catered to the male clientele who tended to spend more money at the bar (which can be chalked up to wage disparities between men and women). Many of these women chose not to be involved in an organization which was not addressing their needs. This served to perpetuate the problem - fewer women involved means less concern for women's issues which means fewer women involved, and so on.

In an attempt to provide more entertainment for women, GALA established Women's Program Nights a few years ago. The second Tuesday of the month was designated for women-oriented programming and a committee was formed to provide special events for these

evenings. While many women were hoping to have women-only space at *Rumours* and GALA was supportive, it was believed that the Liquor Licensing Board regulations prohibited gender exclusive events. Therefore these nights were declared "women-oriented" rather than women-only, and men came - sometimes outnumbering the women.



In 1990, meetings with the Liquor Licensing Board resulted in *Rumours* getting the go-ahead to hold gender specific events. This was based on the recognition of the unique cultures of gay men and lesbians and the need to cultivate them separately on occasion. Perhaps this is more of a need for lesbians than for gay men, because we have welcomed women-only nights, while most men feel men-only nights are unnecessary or unwanted.

Gender specific programming is not for everyone. In fact, some complaints have been made (mostly by men who have been turned away on women's nights). However, most lesbians in the community enjoy the atmosphere of a women-only space. Generally, those who are indifferent still understand why it is important for others. I think it's great. Women come to *Rumours* on a women's night who are seldom or never seen on any other night. The feeling on a women's night is very different than a regular mixed night. This is not to say that all lesbians have the same interests and needs, but that women-only space provides some refuge and relief for many of us in the community.

Women-only nights are every second and fourth Tuesday of the month at *Rumours*. If you're a

Graffiti

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gay white men are not standing shoulder to shoulder with Others in their struggle with the social, political and cultural agenda of this Society.

Wake up, boys, you are lying to yourselves, you are playing the game of the 'oppress-or-be-oppressed'. That's really sick.

The gay white male enthusiasm for liberating Others stops with liberal-guilt, -cheque book and -pose. "One for all and all for one." "Everything would be okay if we'd all just put aside our differences and listen to each other", as though gay white male sentimentalities constitute real understanding of Others' experience...

...Others...let's add drag queens, gay men of colour, gay men living with AIDS, a list which grows and never steps outside the realm of "gay" man.

Unity in a Brave New World, where the Chair- of the Board is definitely a gay-Man. Gay white liberalism affirms difference only insofar as difference affirms a whitebread view of society safe for gay white men.

Others will never feature prominently in the official History as written by the white male victors. *Even if I do make it into the history books, the first thing written about me will be my marital status and probably my hair colour.*

I am a white lesbian. I have lots to learn, too; we all do, but I like to think I won't have to play power games with my gay-white-male friends. I don't need that shit, I get it everywhere else.

Of the suffering masses, gay white men are the pampered elite. Though it's crowded by homophobia and fear, gay white men enjoy clearer access to Power than the Others ever will. As a Natural lot, Power awaits men. Weirdly phallogentric, Power doesn't care which way your dick is oriented, just that you have one.

Graffiti, DAN HART
Italic, LEIGH ANN VARDY

SUSIE SEXPERT continued from page 9

she said, "Your breasts get bigger but so does your clit. I said to the doctor, plug in the Hitachi wand and hand it to me."

Susie told of a friend who threw a lesbian orgy with 140 women. The friend complained that there was no space to have sex. ("That's like a bad lesbian joke," said Susie. How much space do you need?)

"More gay men are long term in their relationships. Lesbians are the queens of serial monogamy," said , warning of the dangers of ig into the 'Let's get married, let's get a cat' trap. "You can have great sex with assholes," she said. **Safer Sexpertise**

Parts of her new book and a big part of Susie's talk focused on safe sex and AIDS. "Nobody knows anything about women and AIDS. The information is pathetic," said

Bright. She added that the number one question is the safety of oral sex.

"Lesbians have been guilty of thinking of AIDS as a man's disease just like straights have been guilty of thinking of AIDS as a gay disease."

"The people who are in the bigger danger from sex, physically and psychologically, are people who can't talk, who can't communicate," she said.

Bright called safe sex an incentive to exercise the imagination. She said if a vaccine against HIV could be found tomorrow, we'd be wise to hang on to safe sex practises for other STDs. "Safe sex is here to stay."

And so is Susie Sexpert. She has lectured at Ivy League schools like Harvard and recently took her road show to Amherst college, Massachusetts, where she got physical threats. "A man called me

and said, 'I did security for George Bush , and I'm doing security for you.'"

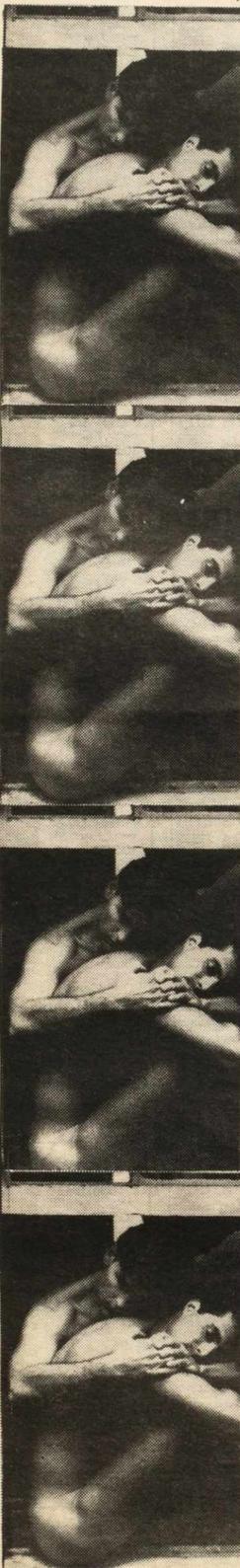
The Amherst experience was among Susie's stranger ones, the town being the stalwart, conservative penis it is. ("They've all been pussy-whipped by Andrea Dworkin.") Bright was taken to speak at, of all places, a church. "I gave them my most militant talk. Catholic areas don't seem to phase me. Must be all that lesbian nun movement."

Susie spoke confidently of the healthy progress made by women speaking and writing freely on sex, especially when it leads to more suggestions. "I almost want to say 'yes' everytime for positive reinforcement."

"Women taking sexual power just seems very down to earth to me."

GEORGE AND THE CAT

I began this particular Monday by losing a contact lens down the bathroom sink drain. The optician told me over the telephone that the fitter would be out for a week and to call back next Monday for an appointment. He hardly believed me when I said it was a matter of life or death, and he told me jokingly that it would probably do my ego some good to suffer the humility of eyeglasses for a week.



"Look on the bright side," he had said, "people are often a lot smarter-looking when they wear glasses." It wasn't exactly the response I was seeking, and I certainly didn't appreciate the implication that I looked stupid without glasses. Still, I was in no mood to argue so I made an appointment for the following week and then headed off to the university to get some reading done.

It was almost noon by the time I reached the Dalhousie Student Union Building. The cafeteria was beginning to fill with noisy students. I waded through the queue for coffee, hunted down a place to study, and found myself at a table-for-two in a row of tables-for-two. There was a blue vinyl bench seat attached to a plant-filled divider which looked as if it provided more comfort than the orange, moulded fibreglass chairs. The rest of the adjacent tables were occupied by single patrons, couples and groups, all of whom were studying, talking or eating. I set my coffee onto the table, staking claim to the dingy arborite, and as I unpacked my books I took a quick survey of the area for friends, classmates, or potential hazards to heart, mind or pure thought.

Still scanning the room, I sat down and reached for one of the textbooks I'd piled on the opposite corner of my table, and in the process I tipped my cup and sent a tsunami of Juan Valdez's not-so-finest over the whole table and all of my text books. My first impulse was to throw a temper tantrum but thought better of that idea when I looked up and realized I'd already drawn enough attention to myself by exclaiming FUCK quite loudly and with full feeling. I removed the soaked, stained books and began to dab at them feebly with a single sopping napkin. The oatmeal cookie I'd purchased to eat with my coffee was also awash, and busily soaking up coffee into each of its dry pores. I stared at it, imagining how good it would taste, all mushy and drowned in hot coffee, but I was too much of a chickenshit to scoop it from the tabletop, saturated and crumbling, and pop it in my mouth.

I suppose I looked pretty dazed and ridiculous. From around me there came a few half-stifled snickers, and even some outright laughter, so I did my level best to look calm and controlled. Well, I wasn't, and so my face had more a look of confident hysteria than self-assurance.

I turned with violence when I felt a tap on the elbow. It was the guy at the table to my right. He was offering me a handful of paper napkins. "Here," he grinned with sympathetic amusement, "I thought you might be able to use these."

You know how it is when you screw up really hard in a public place and the embarrassment puts you into mild shock? Well, before this guy tapped me on the elbow every ounce of my concentration was bent upon keeping intact my constituent faculties - and when I was jarred out of my head suddenly, my brain was left unprepared for communication with the external world. "Huh!?" I managed a prehistoric grunt.

The fellow laughed. "Take these." He shoved the balled up napkins into my outstretched hand and then forced my fingers to close around them.

I felt stupid, so I laughed. (What other recourse did I have?) "Oh, thanks. I, uh, I guess my mind was a million miles away. Thanks again." I set to mopping up my mess.

"Hey, my pleasure." A broad smile beamed across at me followed by an open hand. "My name's Evan."

"Good to meet you, I'm Shawn."

We shook hands.

"Bad day?" He inquired with a knowing smirk.

I laughed again, wiping away the last of the coffee crisis from the table. "Yeah, you could call it that; I started out this morning by losing a contact lens down the drain."

Evan grimaced, "Ouch. I hope it was insured."

I shook my head. "Are you kidding? Now this. I hope the next disaster happens soon. I don't want to spend the rest of today worrying about when I can expect it."

Evan was confused, "What?"

"Bad things always occur in threes."

"Nonsense. You're just being superstitious." He smoothed down the front of his plaid shirt and tucked the excess material into his pants. "Bad things do not always happen in threes; that's just an old wives' tale."

"No; or at least not for everyone. Just me."

"You're paranoid."

"No," I shook my head and gave him my best philosophic frown. "I have simply come to recognize that no matter what I do, the universe will unfold. It's just the way things happen for me, and I've come to accept it, that's all."

Evan laughed again. I excused myself and bought another coffee, then returned to the table. Evan had picked up his book and was reading, but when I returned he set it aside once again.

I took my seat, and sipped hot and bitter coffee from the styrofoam cup. Evan pulled a pack of cigarettes from inside the denim jacket that lay beside him on the blue bench seat. "Cigarette?"

"Sure, thanks," I replied. He placed two John Players Specials in

his mouth, lit both and handed one to me. Evan began talking about the book he was reading when I inquired. It was Hubert Selby's *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. I hadn't read it but I'd seen the film at Wormwood's in the summer. This led into a discussion about modern American social history. I mentioned that I was taking a course in this subject and Evan remarked that he'd taken the same course the previous year and had become interested in modern American literature as a result. After talking books we talked music, and we discovered that we shared a common interest in blues.

After several hours, and untold quantities of smokes and bad coffee, I discovered that it was nearly five-

ing card said simply, "Thinking of you - for the last time. Kelly." I guess that meant our relationship was over for sure. I was content to allow her the last word after all. It had been exactly this spirit that had attracted me to Kelly in the first place. It was strange that while I no longer felt anything for her, I still loved her acidic wit. Though I did not admit it at the time, Kelly's parting shot was a pretty damn good one, and it was one that I laughed about for many years after.

Evan took an intense interest in the story of my tragic break-up. It was really no tragedy as far as I was concerned, but Evan teased me that I was merely hiding my tear-stained eyes to protect my machismo. He

We'd tried living together when we first met but broke up shortly after. Both of us were single for a month following this first break when we decided to try it again without the cohabitation.

thirty. I was to have met my girlfriend at five, and I hadn't done a scrap of school work. I gathered up my things, apologized to Evan for running off so abruptly, promised to pick up the conversation at our next meetings, then made my frantic exit.

Lately, Kelly and I had not been getting along very well, so needless to say she was unimpressed by my lateness. Our relationship was two and a half years cold. We'd tried living together when we first met but broke up shortly after. Both of us were single for a month following this first break when we decided to try it again without the cohabitation.

That had been two years ago. Now we were both comfortably bored, and securely frustrated by our relationship. Remaining together seemed less strain than breaking up, so here we were. But I guess when all was said and done, it really wouldn't have taken very much at this point to bring our relationship to a catastrophic finale: My lateness provided the perfect catalyst to ignite more than two years of dissatisfaction. Right there in the Thirsty Duck, Kelly, in her loudest voice, poured out every single incident of the times I'd been inconsiderate towards her. She told me that I was idiosyncratic, neurotic and annoyingly shallow! I retaliated in kind, and said she was selfish, manipulating and suffocating! My parents were crazy! Hers were uptight... as was she! I was a fucking, shit-for-brains bastard! She was... She left before I could respond. (Kelly always had the last word, damn her!)

Not this time, though. I wanted the last word for once. On my way home I picked up a postcard, addressed it to Kelly and wrote: "I guess this is finally it. You can keep all the memories, I'm not very fond of them. With feeling, Shawn."

Three days later, just as I was beginning to regret my impulsiveness, a candy box full of dog shit arrived from Kelly. The accompany-

ing card said simply, "Thinking of you - for the last time. Kelly." I guess that meant our relationship was over for sure. I was content to allow her the last word after all. It had been exactly this spirit that had attracted me to Kelly in the first place. It was strange that while I no longer felt anything for her, I still loved her acidic wit. Though I did not admit it at the time, Kelly's parting shot was a pretty damn good one, and it was one that I laughed about for many years after.

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insisted that we go out and get drunk and said he'd even buy. It was Thursday, the first day of the weekend for most students, and I had no Friday classes. Besides, I have never been known to turn down the offer of a few free beers. The Seahorse was too noisy; the Flamingo had a band and a prohibitive cover charge, so we settled on the Up Here Bar as the place in which we would drown our lives.

Evan and I found the place empty except for a lone bartender and a single middle-aged man who was well into his cups. The bartender hurried over to our window-side, corner table. She seemed almost grateful to us for helping to rescue her from the guy at the bar. She said he was boring and drunk and dropping every desperate hint conceivable that he simply could not leave without her phone number. The more she refused, she told us, the longer he stayed and the more persistent he became, and the more he drank. She told us that she was a lesbian and that he was wasting her time. He said he could reform her; "cure" her had been his exact words. She said it was at that point when Evan and I had walked into the bar. Following the story, Evan introduced me to the bartender named Kate. She was dark-haired, dark-eyed, and her Annie Lennox hairstyle suited her sharp facial features and her tall, fit frame.

A mischievous grin stole across Evan's face. We ordered our drinks, and in addition he ordered a pen and cocktail napkin. Kate left with a wicked, knowing smile on her face and returned shortly with our order. Evan scrawled something on the napkin and handed it back to Kate with instructions to give it to her bardside Cyrano. Kate winked at Evan and hurried back to the bar.

I felt I had to ask...

"So, what phone number did you give Kate?"

Evan washed the sly grin from his

lips with a drink from his tumbler of scotch and soda, "Dial-a-Prayer." I smiled, then burst out laughing when he added, "Well, it is for people who don't have one...and I figured that the guy could probably use a prayer or two."

We watched amused as the forty-something, suburban desperado swaggered, or rather staggered, proudly down the stairs and out into the night time streets of another busy Halifax downtown Thursday. A few more patrons had drifted into the bar by this time. On her next trip round to our table, Kate brought us a free round of drinks to thank Evan for his help.

Our conversation throughout the evening was subdued and centred on academics at first. As the liquor flowed, so did the topics of discussion, and we digressed from school into other, more interesting things. Evan spoke of his family, and his two brothers, one who was younger and one older, only separated by a year on either side of him. His parents were divorced, like mine, and he said his mother worried about him too much and his father cared about him too little. Also like mine. There was thinly veiled hostility in his voice when he spoke of his father. Evan didn't refer to him as father, or dad, but simply as "he", which he ejaculated each time through clenched teeth as if the mere mention of this parent angered him.

Evan ordered another round of drinks which was meant to signal a change of topic. It was my turn to speak, and Evan pressed me to reveal what he called the sordid details of my sorrowful break-up and broken heart. In a few minutes I was able to give him a detached and disinterested history of my relationship with Kelly. Naturally, he asked about the sex. I confessed that after only a few weeks into our relationship I'd grown very bored of our sexual encounters. Both of us were pretty conventional and conservative in bed, and after a while, sex became more of a routine than anything - once a month, whether we needed it or not! I admitted I was probably as much to blame that our relationship could only sustain such a dry toast sex-life. But it wasn't as if I hadn't tried. The one "kinky" overture I had made towards her met with:

"Shawn, I have sex with you out of duty, not because I enjoy it. What makes you think that bringing another body into the picture will make it anymore interesting for either of us?" (We nearly split up over that comment but I foolishly accepted her apology and our relationship was unfortunately spared once again.)

Evan was intrigued by the three-some story. "So, you had another woman who was willing to sleep with you both? Wow!"

"No," I felt myself blush, "actually it was another man, a friend of Kelly's named Calvin. He and I got really stoned one night while we were waiting for Kelly to get home so we could go out. Cal told me that he'd had fantasies about the three of us. It made me feel sort of strange at the time, but later when I thought about it, the whole idea gave me

kind of a thrill. I agreed to ask Kelly, but she, naturally, said no. I argued with her, and pointed out that Calvin was very attractive and athletic. They spent a lot of time together as it was and for all I knew they were already bopping each other. But it wasn't that. Kelly just didn't seem to want to have sex, with me or anyone else for that matter. I know that Calvin was really disappointed. He stopped hanging around us after that. I think he was probably pretty embarrassed, too."

"Maybe he was just disappointed in you," Evan offered the speculation with a gesture, drink in hand.

"Maybe." I took a long drink. I was parched from telling the story and a little embarrassed for having told Evan. The alcohol had probably got the better of my conservative good sense. I realized that I'd known this guy for four days and I'd just divulged a choice and deviant tidbit from my sex life to him. I had never taken to anyone quite as quickly as I'd taken to Evan. We seemed to become instant friends. Though it had been only four days, I felt that I'd known him for years. For a moment I felt like a jerk for being so self-conscious, and I laughed. He asked what I was laughing at.

"I can't believe that I just told you that story. For Christ's sake Evan, besides myself, Kelly and Calvin, you're the only other person who knows."

"Don't let it bother you," he said, swirling the ice around in his scotch and soda. "I wouldn't dream of telling anyone; and anyway, you didn't have to tell me if you hadn't wanted to."

I trusted him; I trusted him implicitly, though I did not know why. "Yeah, I suppose you're right." I held up my glass deliberately, hoping I could get Kate's attention. She was very busy, besieged on three sides by liquor quaffing patrons. Kate waved at me indicating that two fresh drinks were forthcoming. I turned my focus back to Evan who was watching me closely, a broad smile spread across his face. I smiled back and laughed self-consciously. I could feel the alcohol and it was making me lightheaded. "It's funny that I've only known you for four days and already I feel as if I've

"If you want to know what my T-shirt says, you either have to be with me when I undress for bed at night or when I dress in the morning." Evan sat back in his seat and smirked.

known you all my life."

"Yes. It's true. Not only am I intelligent and blessed with charm, grace and good looks..." he began, grinning devilishly, "but I'm friendly too."

I could not help my smile, "Uh huh?"

better word." We both laughed.

"Helpless." I nodded, "Yes, you're right."

"Of course I'm right. I'm seldom wrong." Again the devilish grin. "I'd seen you around the SUB and around campus before...Isn't it funny how you recognize so many faces of the regulars who hang out at the SUB? I often have the urge to strike up conversations with other SUB regulars when I see them elsewhere. Then I remember that I don't really know them and that they'd probably think I was weird if I did speak."

"An unfortunately truth of our modern, urban society." I replied.

Evan gave me a pained look. "Please, let's not get into social criticism, I'm having fun." He smiled, yawned and stretched. I noticed that the T-shirt he wore beneath his checked, flannel shirt had something written on the front. I loved T-shirts, and having acquired a unique collection of my own, I was curious to see what was on Evan's T-shirt. "What does your shirt say?"

"Pardon?" he asked.

"Your T-shirt; what does it say?" Evan eyed me silently for a moment. Slowly, a mysterious smile rose on his lips. "People ask that same question all the time. As a matter of fact, you're the fifth person today who's been curious enough to ask."

"T-shirts with pictures, logos, sayings - no matter how inane - are one of the single greatest inventions of the twentieth century, in my opinion. I sort of collect them. I guess, that's why I'm curious." It was a childish obsession for a twenty-two year old but an obsession all the same.

Evan leaned forward slowly, his elbows propping up his clasped hands upon which he rested his chin, not lazily but almost sternly. "Do you know what I say to people who share your intrigue with my T-shirt?" I shook my head and was eager to hear some witty line. Evan's face held its solemn cast, except for the very corners of his mouth which were minutely upturned. "If you want to know what my T-shirt says, you either have to be with me when I undress for bed at night or when I dress in the morning."

Evan sat back in his seat and

smirked. I laughed. I laughed because I didn't know what else to do. Evan's manner had been such that I couldn't be sure if he was telling me or if he was telling me (if you get my meaning).

Kate brought another round of drinks which helped to break the growing uneasiness. There seemed to be unspoken agreement between us to drop the subject. We carried on with light conversation. Kate brought another round. I watched Evan telling Kate a story about a

continued on page 14

(a curious story)

continued from page 13

mutual friend of theirs. He seemed so at ease with himself. I was bothered by something and I felt a little uncertain of him all of a sudden, almost wary. What had he meant, if in fact he'd meant anything at all? How should I have responded? Should I have responded?

"Shawn?" Evan reached across the table and tapped my arm, rousing me from my thoughts.

"Sorry, I was day dreaming. What did you say?"

"I think I'm going after I finish this drink. I'm feeling kind of wasted. I don't usually drink this much." I agreed. We traded drinking stories until we'd finished off the drinks.

Instead of catching a cab, I decided that a walk would do my buzzing head some good. Evan lived about mid-way between downtown and home, so I agreed to walk with him. Our conversations along the way were subdued by exhaustion, the alcohol, and by the fact that I was still puzzling over what Evan had said earlier. I stole a quick look

out of the corner of my eye. He had bent his concentration on the uneven sidewalk upon which we were now travelling. Had Evan implied that I had to sleep with him in order to see his T-shirt, or had I mistaken a joke? He didn't look gay, or sound gay,...maybe his mannerisms, or the way he put the things he said, but...

I glanced at him again. He was quite handsome, I suppose. Not in that outlandish way like a lot of gay men tended to be...He looked so - so normal...Like any other guy...Like me, for Christ's sake! Just as I had with Calvin and his little sex triangle scheme, I tried to imagine, to visualize having sex with Evan...

"This is where we part company, my friend." Evan said, standing on the first step leading up to his flat. He yawned. I mimicked him, unable to resist the urge to yawn. "So, uh, I guess I'll see you at the SUB tomorrow?"

The question sounded tentative. "Yeah, sure."

"Goodnight Shawn."

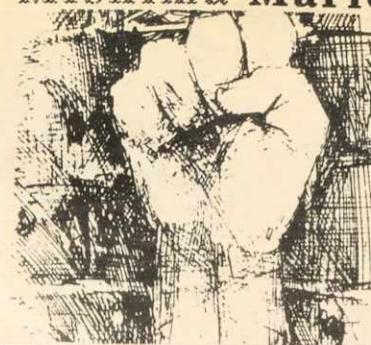
"Goodnight." I stood and watched

Evan go inside. He closed the door behind him and I heard a bolt lock slide into place. I sat down on his step feeling wobbly from the drinking bout, and all the thinking. I was perplexed, and with an intensity previously unparalleled for me. No one had ever fucked up my head like this, no one. Not even Calvin, or Kelly.

Before I was fully aware of my actions, I had pressed Evan's doorbell three or four times. The porchlight flashed on above me, the door swung back and Evan stood before me looking puzzled and expectant. I felt so stupid; I couldn't speak. He smiled warmly.

"I'm curious," I said.

"I thought so," he said, and stepped aside to allow me entrance.



Rumours

continued from page 11

woman, you should come down and check it out. Better yet, think about doing some programming (just imagine a fully-staffed and stocked club for you to play with)!! These nights are for lesbians to celebrate our culture as we determine it to be. If you're interested in planning some music, hosting a pool tournament, organizing a theme night, dance contests, anything...talk to the friendly manager of *Rumours* (ask for Marilyn). It has been a long hard road to get this far, we can make women's night happen.

P.S. Men's nights are the first and third Tuesday of the month.

Signifiers Through the Aegis

A Greco place
a pubic face
to touch the man.
To get Socrates.

Gum,
smegma,
the problems of the
indentured.
Biting off more than you can
chew.

Lorne,
wranglers,
Hoss and Little Joe.
"The memory of your late Mom
is to be respected."
After that,
it don't matter to me
whether you punch cows
or each other.
Goes without sayin' the nine-to-five
hardly does compare with a
good
blow-job.
Love freely and with abandon, ya' big lugs."

You pitch,
I'll catch.
Sax whales fill the night air
a resonance that sings of you.
Water my eyes when I hear that
refrain
the one you blew me to.
Now and then, chuckling to
myself,
I remember tentativeness,

my coy warm
your affectionate apple,
buffed and ready to bite.
Play me, the gay blade,
the cutting edge.

Dan Hart

Friend

continued from page 10

Then you try. Shaking, hoping to
God, because you still believe in a
God at this point, hoping to God,
that if you tell someone, not someone
you want preferably someone of the
opposite sex, if you tell them that
they will not reject you, that they'll
help you, or at least not tell on you.
And you stand with your foot on the
door slowly easing the pressure, all
your muscles are tense, waiting.

You tell them.

BANG. You shut the door. Listen, it
is still out there.

They don't react; they smile; they
say so what, or they say that they
are glad you trusted them.

Listen... Listen.

If you choose someone you could
trust you smile back. otherwise you
run scared.

Maybe the door opens wider now,
maybe you just aren't watching as
carefully

You make a mistake, blurt it out.
"I'm Gay"

SLAM. But the lock is gone, you
can't keep the door closed. It feels so
good to feel the light, the warmth,
and the fresh air. You need more
and more, the moth balls are getting
pretty stale.

You meet someone with whom you
can share something special.
You step out of the closet into a
world full of eggshells, trying not
break too many and you're heading
for the life to come, and others
stories.

And then we start talking about
rights and activism and pain and
need. We become adults and live for
ourselves. We do the things that we
require of ourselves. I could go on.
As you all know.



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To see or not to see

Eternal Hamlet a cinematic success

by Angel Figueroa

YOU'VE GOT TO be skeptical when hearing of Hollywood's intent to produce their version of *Hamlet*, one of drama's most demanding creations. Even moreso when Mad Max is slated for the leading role.

Despite the respectable name of Zeffirelli, Mel Gibson's stardom doesn't prevent you from assuming yet another mutilation of another great play. However, as Zeffirelli does not disappoint, the dashing rebel from down under delivers a very pleasant and rewarding surprise.

Franco Zeffirelli, who brought us *Romeo and Juliet* and *Taming of the Shrew*, has embarked on his boldest ambition ever, ignoring the critics who were calling it suicide. Twenty-two years after he immortalized the world's most famous love story, he has established himself as a cinematic giant, alongside Laurence Olivier, Orson Welles, and Akira Kurasawa. Motifs abound, his newest film carries an aura as distinctive as his two previous films, perhaps even greater.

What is immediately striking is how well Gibson seems to suit the

role of the Prince of Denmark. His resolute, slightly mad, sense of humour is as much a part of Shakespeare's prodigy as Gibson's own personality. His feature roles in *Gallipoli* and *The Year of Living Dangerously* only set the stage for his greatest performance ever. You'll be convinced that the darting eyes, veneerish smirk, and intense aura of Hamlet was perhaps made to suit Mel Gibson.

Cast alongside Gibson is Glenn Close and Helena Bonham-Carter as the Queen Gertrude and Ophelia, daughter of the lord chamberlain Polonius. Bonham-Carter is simply brilliant. Her enchanting character in *A Room With a View* is matched by this polar role as a girl gone mad from torn loyalties and the shock of her father's murder by Hamlet, whom she loves dearly. As adaptable Gibson is to his role, Bonham-Carter immortalizes hers. But Close's portrayal of queen Gertrude leaves more to be desired.

Given the dynamic complexity of the play, Zeffirelli had to formulate a plot acceptable to Hollywood. Inevitably, this becomes the main liability. But Zeffirelli does his best not to destroy key elements integral to Shakespeare's creation



Mel Gibson confronts Glenn Close in the exasperating scene of Zeffirelli's *Hamlet*.

and message. As a director producing an eternal play, Zeffirelli has proved himself a mature artist in not surpassing certain boundaries. As a film maker, he has done the best anyone could have in dramatizing the play, considering Hollywood's grip on production and marketing. However, as a producer of Shakespeare, he has created certain fallacies.

Hamlet is soliloquy, yet some were edited or shuffled around. Certain scenes were cut short, such as Hamlet's instructions to the players, while the opening scene with the ghost was cut completely. Some dialogues were edited substantially, which created subtle anachronisms. The character of Fortinbras was non-existent. While even the execution of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern was depicted, only a few lines remain of the play-within-the-play, an important part of the story.

There are some interesting anomalies between Zeffirelli and Olivier's 1948 version. Zeffirelli stressed incest in the exasperating scene following the murder of Polonius, whereas Olivier had only suggested it. While Olivier envisioned Hamlet as an immature boy of genius in the grip of melancholia, Zeffirelli uses an older Hamlet as a more vibrant but elusive character, more passionate and unpredictable, devious and aloof, less of a brooder yet more of a sa-

thetic. While Olivier's *Hamlet* begins at the end with Hamlet's funeral, Zeffirelli's begins at a crypt entombing his father, the dead king.

Renowned Shakespearean actors Paul Scofield, Alan Bates, and Ian Holm, each of whom had played Hamlet himself sometime in his career, give convincing and excellent adaptations of Claudius, Polonius, and the ghost of Hamlet's father. Alan Bates especially succeeds in the pragmatic character of the king, who is as diplomatic and devious with his wife as with his nephew.

Nathaniel Parker as Laertes, Stephen Dillane as Horatio, and John McEnery as Osric supplement the cast effectively with their unusual talents and exceptionally untypical looks. Although their roles are notably edited, Horatio and Laertes are the sensitive characters they're supposed to be.

Attention to set design and costume is ravishing. (This is not surprising, considering Zeffirelli's experience as operatic director). However, the lush sensuousness of the photography may be distracting to those who would otherwise prefer the rich Shakespearean dialogue to be the production's primary asset. This effect is heightened by the emphatic musical score by Ennio Morricone. Simply atmospheric, as opposed to

thematic or dynamic as in *The Mission* and *Chariots of Fire*, it offers an effective compromise between dramatic action and dubious intellectualism. This affords probably the film's greatest merit: it becomes generally understandable and appreciative by the inauspicious and wary student of Shakespeare. (Whether or not this is acceptable to the skeptics of the realist school is another matter).

Zeffirelli's usual flamboyancy and vociferation, so conspicuous in his earlier two works, is now more mature and considerate: less roaring, more subtle in character, with more metaphysical tension, pronounced pale lighting, and muted or pastel colours resonating within the dim (but not Gothic) castle interior.

Zeffirelli's vision and Gibson's interpretation of Hamlet is strikingly modern and existential in certain aspects — as timeless yet contemporary as great plays befit. As massively appealing as *Romeo and Juliet* was to youths in 1968, so too is *Hamlet* in 1991. He shows Hamlet as a young person in a chaotic, ambivalent world — independent yet superfluous, with doubts and hopes, haunted by the mysteries of fate and the paradoxes of life, chastised by the scruples of his conscience, and searching for his soul within an intense and puzzling consciousness.

Art show a must see

by Alberta Schaap

COMING TO Anna Leonowens Gallery Feb. 12-16 is senior NSCAD student Jacques Albert's grad show "MASK IN VISION". Using state of the art technology, Albert has created a variety of computer-generated images which he will show, together with a hand-carved mask. The mask, larger than life and suspended from the ceiling, is a massive undertaking which has taken two years to complete. It's an intriguing metamorphosis, from bulls' skull with eagles' heads for eyes, to outspread thighs in the throes of birthing. The computer images also speak of metamorphosis and transformation. One, entitled "The First Birth of the Animal Nature," depicts an organic horse-like mass emerging from the primordial earth. Another, called "The Compromised", shows elegant elemental human forms precariously perched on the cubes of logos or reason.

Throughout these images and more, there is a strong connection to the earth and nature, set in opposition to the realm of spirit and cosmos, the realms where Albert says true transformation occurs. For it is change being depicted here, the infinite cyclic process of life to death and back to life again, a process which resides in the spirit realm and plays out on the earth

stage.

Though the choice of wood and computer may seem to be an unusual combination of materials, Albert's approach to both is intuitive and reflective. With only some initial sense of design, he manoeuvres in a communicative way with the material until the image emerges, much in the same way that the Inuit coax and release images from the stones they carve. For art is, at its best, a process, never complete, always drawing forth. In this way of working, Albert has found the computer to be especially useful. It is, to him, more cyclic and flowing, because the source (of the image) is always available. The image can be altered, moved forward or backward, and yet always remains, in the source, the same. Thus the seed (source) is constant, as, cosmically, the seed of life is constant in death, the seed of death in life.

Albert draws some of his imagery from myth, yet throughout works through and for himself and the process. This show in Gallery 3, together with the computer-generated imagery of Robert Rogers, NSCAD faculty, in Gallery 1, is a good opportunity to see how, graphically, computer technology can be put to use. Showing concurrently in Gallery 2 is the sculpture work of NSCAD student 'ris Seyler. All three shows are well worth taking in.

Women's blues review

by Barbara Leiterman and Munju Ravindra

"IT'S AS GOOD as good sex"
"And more available sometimes"

Two older women summed it up during the intermission of Black Woman's Blues Revue.

The evening held at the Casino

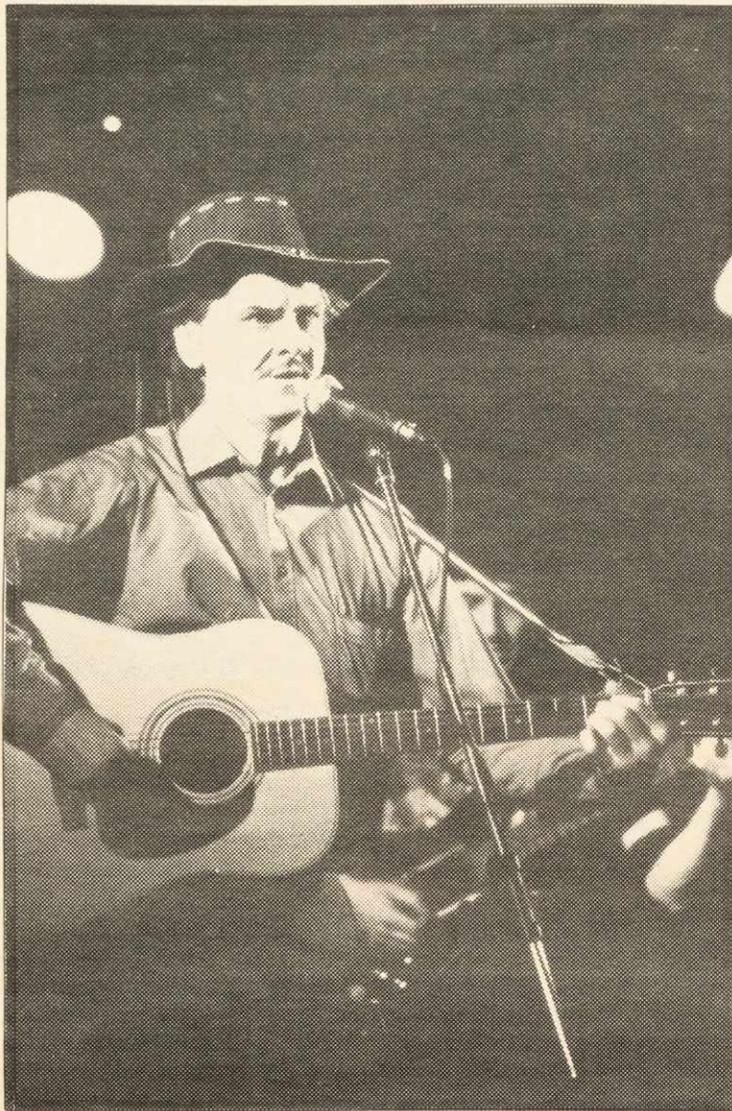
Theatre was hosted by Charla Williams and was opened with her sister Murletta Williams. In true *Gazeteer* style we missed the first act, so Murletta Williams' performance will go unreviewed. We heard it was great.

The second performer was Kim Bernard. When she started 'Inseparable' by Natalie Cole, the audience broke into yelping and

claps at the first word. This was followed by a Gwen Guthrie tune, 'Close to You'. It began with slow sulky vocals, then a pregnant silence, until the drums, trumpet and bass jumped in with a tight fast beat. Bernard caught the beat on an upswing, settling into a boppity blues tempo that had the audience

• continued on page 17

Open mike policy proves successful



Open Mike Night at the Pub Flamingo provides a stage for every type of music—even country and western.

by Aran McKittrick

EVERY MONDAY night at the Club Flamingo in the centre of Halifax local musicians come together to "jam" in front of the local crowd. Hosted by Mark Macmillan a remarkable talent in himself, the range and quality of music at the show is quite outstanding.

The show is given the name "Open Mike Night" and quite rightly so, the night I was there nine or ten bands were allowed to approach the microphone and produce their own renditions of songs by artists such as Muddy Waters, the Chili Peppers and Randy Travis. Most important of all however, there were a half dozen or so original songs produced by the likes of Jeremy Robinson and several of the other bands.

In between the hustle and bustle of sound checks and the actual acts themselves I was able to nab an interview with Mark MacMillan, "the man behind the show".

Gaz: How did the "Open Mike" night start at the Flamingo, and what is your role here?

Mark: It originally started as a Jazz/Blues night where bands from the local area would come out and play on an irregular basis.

I made the suggestion to Derek and Keith (the managers) to make it a regular event which I would man-

age. They agreed and everything came together from there. Basically what I do is to organize the show, making sure there are bands to play, what bands play, when they play, and so on.

Gaz: So what type of bands play here or have played here?

Mark: Oh, we get all types here. There are blues bands, jazz bands, country bands, rock and roll... Black Pool was one of the bands that started out here! We have even had people just come in and read poetry on stage before! There is quite a variety.

Gaz: The bands don't get paid for playing here but what other incentives are there for the bands who play?

Mark: No, the bands don't get paid but I think they enjoy performing for the audience so much that they don't mind giving up one night a week to come out and play. It also provides the band with the experience of playing live in front of a crowd which can build a band's confidence. It also provides the bands with exposure to the public which is important for an up and coming band.

Gaz: So how long have you been playing guitar?

Mark: Well, I have been playing for quite a few years now. I have done a fair share of touring with different bands. This show, however, has been going on for two and a half years.

Gaz: What about the crowd? Are there regulars?

Mark: Oh yeah, there's a regular crowd here. They're great because they're really open minded about the whole thing. It is not just older folks we get here either, we get all age groups. Lots of them come down to support their friends or family, even from as far away as Antigonish. We get some newcomers as well who just come down to find out what it's all about.

Gaz: Earlier you mentioned that there was a lot of talent in the Halifax area yet this show is one of a remaining few which promotes local bands. Why is that?

Mark: Well, I believe that there has been a dramatic change in the music scene in Halifax. There used to be numerous live bands all over town. Argyle Street used to be nothing but live bands...

I think it has come about from the change in taste of the crowds. All they want nowadays is loud dance music which any D.J. with a good P.A. system can provide. A lot of bars don't want to pay for a live band when it is possible to make a profit by just hiring a D.J. .

Gaz: If the "Live Band" scene is indeed dying out, do you think this show is going to continue?

Mark: Yeah, I think so. I believe it will continue for a while longer because there will always be musicians out there who love to perform a live show. There will always be a crowd out there who will want to listen as well.

Dal photo: Michael Devanport

Keep your heads down in dreamland

by Andrew Duke

Black Box
Dreamland
BMG

THE BIGGEST SELLING U.K. single of 1990 came from an Italian trio, Black Box. The song was "Ride on Time"; it consisted of bits of vocals from the Loletha Holloway track, "Love Sensation", strewn over a house rhythm paired with the bassline from S'Express' "Theme from S'Express". Despite the lack of original ideas and the fact that the main vocal sample is "because you're right on time" (not "ride on time"), the result is still brilliant. The full-length release from this band is the same way. Technology and an absence of creativity threaten to reduce the disc to the level of computer-driven robomusic, but, thankfully, some soul manages to rear its head. Almost all of the credit goes to former Weathergirl, Martha Wash, who provides incredible vocal work on six cuts. Without her input, these disc jockeys (including DJ Lelewe

of Starlight and "Numero Uno" fame) would undoubtedly have come up with six variations on one piano-line.

What we end up getting is two more perky singles - the bastardized 7" edit of "Everybody Everybody", and "I Don't Know Anybody Else" - an Earth Wind and Fire cover ("Fantasy", the fourth single in the U.K.), two Chimes-like offerings ("Open Your Eyes" and "Hold On"), and some other surprises. The first bit of inspiration is "Strike It Up", a hip-house chugger that makes little lyrical sense but sounds great. The other oddity is the inclusion of two short but beautiful instrumentals; in the slow jam style is "Ghost Box", a track that could be a perfect ballad if vocals were added, and the relaxing sound of rolling ocean waves forms the title track. *Dreamland* is certainly one strange and inconsistent mixed bag of music, but somehow it works.

Boxcar
Vertigo
Nettwerk

Nettwerk Productions, the pride of the West Coast, continue to

scour the globe for exciting, underexposed bands. Boxcar, a quartet from Brisbane, Australia, have kept many waiting for their domestic debut since "Freemason (You Broke The Promise)" hit No. 8 on the Billboard dance chart last summer. This track was deserving of its hit status, helped along, though it was, by its similarity to New Order's "Bizarre Love Triangle".

On Vertigo, Boxcar continue, in the words of guitarist/vocalist David Smith, to "write songs rather than just lay down grooves or beats." And like one aforementioned artist, Boxcar have a knack for writing quirky, dance-pop gems that get under your skin and stay there. The lyrics do not make a lot of sense, but the grooves are irresistible.

Some big names have helped out here. Arthur Baker remixed "Freemason" (after it became a major hit, incidentally), Australian DJ Robert Racic (known for smoothing the eccentricities of Severed Heads into house hits) produced the disc, and Francois Kevorkian (who mixed Depeche

Mode's *Violator*) remixed their newest single, "Gas Stop (Who Do You Think You Are?". You've probably heard this song, it's that wonderfully pensive number that deals with a dilemma we've all faced: when your date has gone into the gas station's restroom for a second, do you wait or take off without him/her?

Don't get me wrong. Depeche Mode, New Order, The Pet Shop Boys, and many others have been writing odd songs like this for ages, but Boxcar does it just as well, and sometimes better.

Moev
Head Down
Nettwerk

This is the third full-length release in six years from Vancouver's Moev, and the second featuring vocalist Dean Russell. *Head Down* highlights the efforts of Tom Ferris, the only remaining original member, and Kelly Cook (on keyboard/programming and bass/guitars/drum programming respectively), and has John Fryer producing. Known for his work with Love and Rockets and the Cocteau Twins, Fryer has certainly

brought out the best in this band. While their second release, *Yeah, Whatever*, managed to be both claustrophobic and schizophrenic in style, *Head Down* has been given room to breathe.

The joy in this release is the interplay of rock and dance elements. No, this is not like the British indie-dance of late, this is different. Moev melds rock guitar grind to a heavy dance beat to form one heck of a DJ's delight. Russell's vocals are fitting for the Moev sound; never lightweight, never too morose, just a dark human growl. He offers lines such as "It's only natural/to be sexual/to feel a certain longing", and song titles range from "Sadistic Years" and "Noise" to "Miracles". *Head Down* is a complete and pleasing effort.

"In & Out" and "Head Down", the two singles thus far, are further fleshed out by Nettwerk's resident-remixer, George Manaiatis, and given the extended remix treatment. Distributed by Capitol, Nettwerk Productions can be reached at 1717 West 4th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V6J 1M2.

L.A. Law addresses real issues

by Cigana Raven

EVEN IF YOU didn't see "L.A. Law" last week, you may have heard by now that Abbie and C.J. sent sparks flying through the airwaves.

Three scenes, only a minor portion of air-time, were devoted to a not-quite-innocent kiss between the two women, celebrating a professional victory. The characters surprised each other, but no one nearly as much as they surprised their viewers.

NBC is receiving calls and letters of protest from homophobes across the States, still reeling from shock. Sponsors are pulling their commercials from the top-rated series, in fear that their products could be associated with homosexuality. I too was shocked;

shocked that finally (thankfully) a realistic portrayal of how many women, even straight women, explore their sexuality with each other was being viewed by million across North America.

It was an innocent enough kiss, only made frightening because of what society thinks when women kiss women (or men kiss men). The characters Abbie and C.J. acted perfectly naturally; they felt awkward, embarrassed, and afraid at what they had just shared. Later in

Women's review

• continued from page 15
clapping in rhythm.

In this song, as in many others, not only did the band never let up, but each of the six members got a chance to strut their stuff in alternating solos. Gary Steed and

the program they both said that they like men, but a little tension remained. It remains to be seen if this will develop into a romance, or will be left as a forgotten kiss. Nonetheless, it's time for everyone to accept that women do kiss women, sometimes as friends, sometimes as lovers. It is a natural expression of either kind of love, that only becomes controversial when the two involved are of the same sex.

I am very glad that narrow-

friends are not only an incredibly tight band, but each player stood on their own with amazing technical skill and a certain nonchalant style.

After intermission, the woman that every one had come to see strode onto stage. Jody Drake — Canada's first lady of blues — a silver haired goddess in a long flowing robe. As the hostess said "Jody started singing when she was three years old — got up on a soap box, and she hasn't stopped since".

Drake's first song, which she began with little preamble, was a glorious version of one of the most technically daunting and emotionally uplifting blues songs we had ever heard, called 'Gonna build me a mountain'.

The most striking song was 'Stormy Monday'. Without any introduction, it started with a spare, slow, impelling lead guitar, that coaxed in a steamy bass, keyboard, and trombone. The trombone screamed a showy solo, before relaxing into a low note, which Drake's voice then joined. The effects were tremendous, her sound rich and drippy as molasses.

The song followed the turbulent emotions of a woman, from "need yer lovin' baby, need it so bad" to "got to really bend my knees and pray".

Needless to say, Drake got a standing ovation. The producers of the show, the Ad Hoc Black Woman's Group joined the performers for a riotous finale, which had the whole theatre dancing, while the mike passed between Williams, Bernard and Drake.

It was a fantastic show — a great way to start off Black History Month, support the illustrious Casino Theatre, and hear some good blues.

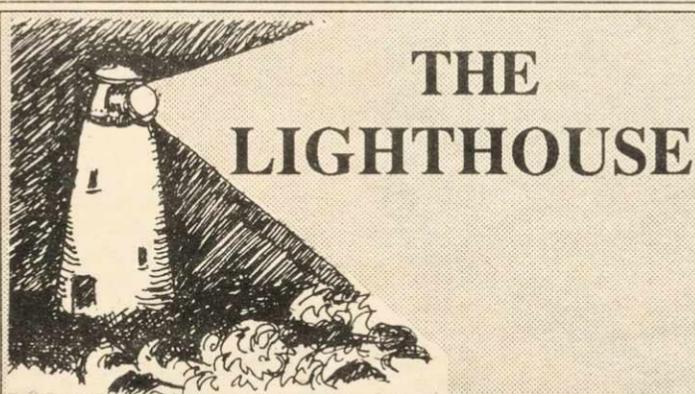
Watch for other events during Black History Month. On Feb. 28, the final party for Black History Month, will be held at the Flamingo.

Coming up at the Casino, on February 14, an evening of women's celebration, song and erotic poetry — Wayward Girls and Wicked Women. The Casino hotline is 425-4240, and for more information on Black History Month, call the North Branch Library.

minded viewers were forced to acknowledge, at least for that second before they could change the channel, that homosexuals and bisexuals exist, and sometimes even heterosexuals want to know what they're missing.

It is estimated that at least ten per cent of the population is ho-

mosexual, not including closet cases and bisexuals. Many, many more have a "homosexual" experience of some kind at least once during their lives. Let viewers get upset, but make them accept these facts of life/love. And don't censor C.J. and Abbie's next kiss!



OK - shed some light - house, and tell me why Oh why are clumps of dust called bunnies, and where Oh where do these little critters come from?

— E. Fudd

Dear Elmer,

'Dust bunnies' are so named because, lets face it, 'dust roosters' just doesn't flow, and really, they do really look like cute little clumps of bunny fluff, don't they? As these negatively charged bunnies drift across the desert of your not so tidy floor - the snowball effect comes into play. Smaller, positively charged baby bunnies (commonly known as bunnilets) are sucked into the electromagnetic vortex of the master bunny. These ionic amalgamations then take refuge under your bed, and in the true rodent spirit - fuck like minks... ie: reproduce.

Why is it, that during a tv news broadcast, the anchor person has a neat little pile of papers in front of him/her, but they never bother to give it a second look? Or, come to think of it, a first look.

—Angle

We suppose that its a safe backup system just in case the Teleprompter conks out. These plastic barbie doll techno-drones are wired up with battery packs that go in their shirt tails and out their ears. Therefore, they really don't need notes, but countless viewer polls have shown that that lonely stack of paper is both solidly comforting and aesthetically pleasing. In fact, 73% of American viewers have said that they simply don't trust or lend any authority to a broadcaster who appears sans-papers.

Dear LH,

What's in head cheese?

—O. Meyerr

We hope you're sitting down, preferably not at the dinner table. Head cheese consists of mechanically separated beef and pork, including all the bits and pieces that can't be sold commercially under their real names ie-snouts, ears, cheeks, lips, etc.; add gelatin and a whopping 50% fat to this delectable taste sensation and you have head cheese! Enjoy.

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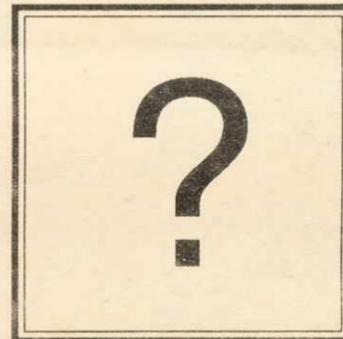
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Joan Who?.....BA
(no photo submitted!!!)

The date for submitting graduation photos to the yearbook has been extended until

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If you have any questions please call the
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Sermon: Are You Kidding? Rev. John E. Boyd

Music: Greene, Wesley, Weaver

7:00 p.m. Ecumenical Bible Study for Lent

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Director of Music: David MacDonald

ARTS

Tasty tea room titillation for two

by Chris Lambie

WINTER IS A very cold season. In fact, it's probably the coldest of them all. Therefore, there is no better place to hang up your woolies than the Ardmore Tea Room.

Pepsi refrigerators and pink curtains are the total extent of decor at the Ardmore. There is no emphasis on the aesthetic here, but there is an emphatic stress laid on the quality of food delivered to your table.

The first thing you must do upon entering this stately pleasure dome, is order the fresh rolls and a steaming cup of strong, undiluted by foreign substances such as Irish cream or minty mocha java (yech...), coffee.

The next thing to do, is casually unfold the morning paper and read what wonders of the world have been destroyed/invented and/or destroyed again while you slept. There is no hurry at the Ardmore; no power breakfasts, no quickie business lunches; its been on Quinpool Road for over forty years - so why rush tradition?

Not that its the last bastion of backwardness or anything, the Ardmore can move as fast as you want it to. They open the doors at some ridiculous hour - five AM, I think... but if you want to do breakfast at that hour, I personally think its time you do some serious re-evaluation of your social life.

Once you've finished your paper, you may casually pick up the menu and peruse at your pleasure. My partner in crime was almost a half hour late, but the waitress showed a remarkable understanding in filling my coffee cup three times before asking me if maybe I

didn't want to go ahead and order on my own. She didn't even smirk over the fact that I was obviously wrapped ever so tightly around somebody's little finger to wait so long amidst all the smells and sensations of a completely bonus breakfast a brewin'...

Once my alabaster friend arrived, red-healthy with the frost prevalent in the atmosphere, we sat down to do some serious damage to that wonder of twentieth century miracles - the slim fast plan.

Hey - these guys have hot cereal! Apparently its a healthy thing to do, and a tasty way to do it. They

also serve amazingly cholesterol-like treats you thought had disappeared with the styrofoam cup, like steak and eggs, salt cod cakes, grilled sausages, pancakes and french toast (for last two, read: drenched healthily in butter and syrup).

We, of course, ordered the bran cereal and dry toast. Yeaah - right.



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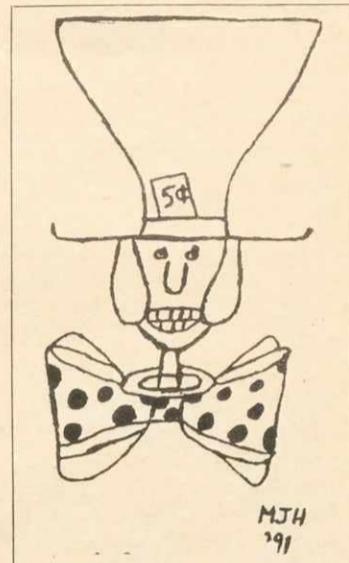
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So we're sitting around this place with people wearing sideburns and some guy who's telling the waitress he and his friend have to go and fell some trees, digesting heavily after appeasing the wrath of the feast gods, and the conversation wanders to the philosophy of food.

Most people just eat without ever really thinking about why or how. It's pretty common to worry about taste and quantity, but when was the last time you ever linked food to the other desires? For instance, when the coffee steam is licking the underside of your nose and you licentiously gaze into your dining partner's eyes while casually bursting the yoke of your egg with the tip of a knife, the yellow honey spilling liquid on to the buttered atmosphere of your cinnamon toast, does this really mean that your stomach is empty? Uh-huh... so were you looking for sex and death, or just a good meal.

Enough of all this craziness. Go to the Ardmore, you'll never regret it. The food is tantalfabulizingly good, and hey - thought provoking too.



Fifth ranked Tigers split pair

by Gordie Sutherland

On Saturday evening, the fifth ranked (CIAU) Tigers, scored three, third period power play goals in less than two minutes en route to a 7-3 win over the ninth ranked University of New Brunswick Reds.

George Wilcox had two goals for the Tigers while singles went to Stuart Birnie, Kelley Bradley, Alan Baldwin, Derrick Pringle and Joe Suk.

Jamie Landine, Jamie Colvin and Joey McMamney responded for the Reds, who are battling for first place in the MacAdam Division.

The turning point of the game came at 3:29 of the third period with the Tigers leading 4-2. UNB defenceman Costa Papista rammed Tiger Ken MacDermid from behind, sending him into the boards and down to the ice. Referee Bob Best gave Papista five minutes for charging, while Dal's George Wilcox received two minutes for roughing after retaliating against Papista. Just over a minute later, another UNB defenceman, Brian Wilson, attempted a wrestling pin while defending a one-on-one break. He too was sent to the box.

The Tigers accounted for their first power play tally at the 6:37

mark and potted their second just 18 seconds later. Then Dominic Deluca continued the UNB penalty parade with another holding infraction.

The Reds took eleven minutes in third period penalties, compared to the Tigers who only took three minor penalties in the same period. Tiger player of the game, Brian Melanson, agreed that Dal's relative restraint contributed to the team's success.

"We talked yesterday in practice about taking penalties," he said. "In the Lobster Pot Bowl over the weekend we had something like twenty penalties in two games, so we were trying to really concentrate on staying away from all the crap after the whistle."

Melanson, who is known to be somewhat hot tempered, had two assists in the game. On Saturday, however, he remained remarkably cool in a game that was filled with cheap shots and after-whistle encounters.

"When the playoffs come, you want to get a little more concentrated on your game," said Melanson, explaining his composure. "Being in my last year, I want to do really well. I don't want to let the guys down by taking penalties. I'm trying to stay focused because it's [my] last time around."



What turned out to be the winning goal came midway through the second period. Tiger Derrick Pringle led teammate Alan Baldwin with a feather pass as Baldwin rushed to the net from the left side. Baldwin caught the UNB goaltender down, and lifted a backhand into the top lefthand corner, putting Dal ahead for good

On Sunday afternoon, the Tigers

ran into the hot goaltending of Shane Corston. He stopped 42 of Dal's 44 shots as the St. Thomas Tommies upset the Tigers 4-2.

Early in the contest, it looked as though Tiger discipline would, once again, be paying dividends. Ref Charlie Banfield handed out a total of four minor penalties and a ten minute misconduct to the Tommies within the first five minutes of the game. The Tigers only

partially capitalized with one power play goal by Scott Milroy at 2:02 of the first period.

The only other Dal marksman in the game was Todd Mondor.

The Tommies were led by Phil Daigle, who had one goal and three assists. Vojtech Kucera, Shayne Arsenault and Ron Vaive also scored for St. Thomas.

The Dal power play sputtered through the entire game, and by the 14:39 mark of the second, they had only scored on one out of eight power play opportunities.

The game was tied 1-1 after two, but the offence broke through in the third. St. Thomas scored at 2:14 when Dal goaltender Pat McGarry got tangled up behind the net. The puck came out to Phil Daigle, who found himself alone in the slot. He was able to hit the open net before McGarry could return.

St. Thomas scored on three of their five third period shots, but the Tommies' third and fourth goals came on one-on-two and three-on-one breaks respectively.

Despite the weekend split, the Tigers still have an impressive 6-2-2 record in the MacAdam Division.

The Tigers are travelling to St. FX and Cape Breton for a pair of weekend games.

Canadiens keep Ranger's jinx alive

by Steve Mills

Montreal fans experienced an exciting surprise last Saturday night as the hometown Canadiens plowed past the New York Rangers in a flurry of third period scoring to win 6-4.

Going into the game, the Rangers were aiming to shatter an eight year jinx at the Montreal Forum. They had not won a game there since 1983.

Bernie Nicholls opened up the scoring at 11:11 of the first, and Mark Hardy followed suit soon after at 13:00. At the first intermission, the Rangers went to the dressing room with a 2-0 lead.

New York exploded early in the second period as Kris King, a player not generally known for goal-scoring, blasted one past rookie goaltender Jean-Claude Bergeron from just inside the Canadiens blue line.

Bergeron again failed to stop the puck at 10:38 of the second when Mike Gartner notched another goal for the Rangers. Bergeron was immediately replaced by the Canadiens other rookie goalie, Andre Racicot.

The Rangers, who had been completely dominating until this point, were handed a setback when Bernie Nicholls was given a game-misconduct penalty for carelessly high-sticking J. J. Daigneault in the face. At this point, Canadiens Lyle

Odelein and Ranger's Randy Moller were also ejected from the game for fighting.

This lost momentum for the Rangers resulted in a goal by Tom Chorske just seventeen seconds back into play. The score remained 4-1 at the end of the second period.

When play resumed in the third, rather than trying to increase their lead, the Rangers were content to maintain a defensive strategy which ultimately led to their downfall.

At 11:16 of the third, Mike

McPhee scored his 16th of the year on assists from Guy Carbonneau and Russ Courtnall. Less than a minute later, the Canadiens went on the power play when Mark Hardy was called for high-sticking. Denis Savard scored a power-play goal, narrowing the gap to 4-3.

At 13:17, the New York Rangers received another penalty, this time for too many men on the ice. Russ Courtnall scored the Canadiens second power-play goal at 13:59. The score was now tied 4-4. The frustrated New York coaching staff

began some heated verbal disputes with Montreal coach Pat Burns and referee Terry Gregson, and were served with yet another bench-minor penalty.

In an attempt to curb Montreal's force, the Rangers pulled goalie Mike Richter and substituted John Vanbiesbrouk. On their third power-play in under two minutes, the Canadiens again capitalised as Guy Carbonneau put one in the net on Vanbiesbrouk's first shot-on-goal. The crowd went crazy as Montreal took the lead.

Vanbiesbrouk was then pulled and Mike Richter returned.

The fans remained in a frenzy for the remainder of the game as the Canadiens were now in complete control. Montreal's dramatic comeback was complete at 19:31 of the third, when Mike McPhee scored on an empty net to finish one of the most thrilling games of the year, 6-4.

The Rangers jinx remains, and the two teams will not meet again this year unless in a Wales Conference final.

Tigers barely squeak by SMU

by Todd DeWolf

Those at the Dalplex for the Dal vs SMU basketball game last Tuesday were treated to a real nailbiter when the Tigers fought to an 82-79 victory.

The start of the game was not particularly good for the Tigers, as they fell behind SMU 13-4. Marcus Williams quickly accumulated three fouls, and spent much of the remainder of the game on the bench.

The Tigers then began to break SMU's full court pressure with some good passing, working down the lead down to 25-22 for SMU by the eleven minute mark of the first half.

The three point lead lasted until there were only forty-one seconds left in the first half, when Keith Donovan was fouled on a breakaway layup. Donovan made the shot and the free throw, giving the Tigers a 42-41 lead.

In the dying seconds of the first half, Jeff Baltzer launched a three point shot from just behind the half court line that hit nothing but nylon, giving SMU a 47-44 lead at half time.

As the second half began, so did a touch of the turnover bug for the Tigers. Luckily, it was only a mild case of trying to do too much to gain control of the game. The variety of turnovers kept many of the

spectators on the edge their seat, as players from both teams sprinted all over the court trying to gain possession of the ball.

Dal built a 64-61 lead, only to have SMU get a hot hand and go on a 6-0 run, leaving DAL behind by three. With 54 seconds on the clock, and the Tigers gaining a 78-76 advantage, the intensity of the game rose another couple of notches.

SMU became frustrated and began to drive to the hoop even harder trying to gain control of the game, resulting in several charging fouls.

Because of the new 10 foul-2

free throw rule, the Tigers went to the charity stripe three times in the last thirty seconds. Mantley, twice to the line, made all four of his free throws, giving the Tigers an 82-76 lead. The last basket of the game was made with seconds to go by SMU, cutting the lead down to three.

In the absence of David Paquette (out with the flu), Mantley picked up some of the offensive slack, finishing the game with 19 points. Donny Chisolm and Dean Thibideau both worked hard, as usual, on the defensive end of the court. Chisolm shut down Jason Darling in the last half of the game.

Drugs taint AUAA football

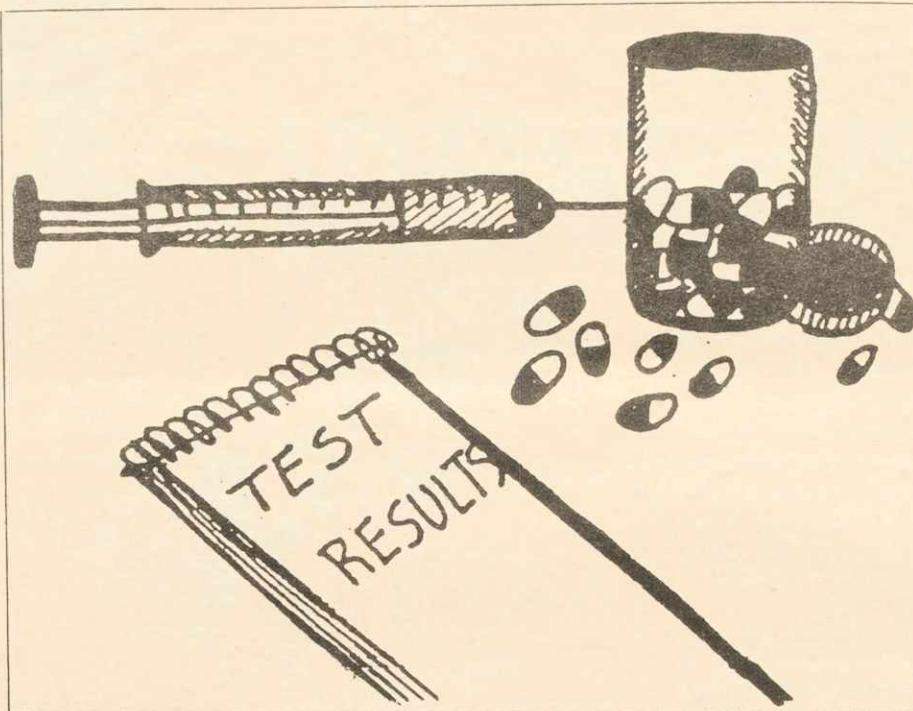
Ben Johnson was 'banned for life' from competitive running just a little over two years ago by the federal ministry governing sport. They must have meant the life of a goldfish however, for a little over a month ago Johnson ran his first post 'lifetime ban' race at the Hamilton Indoor Track and Field Meet.

SPORTS EDITORIAL

Well now the whole drugs in sport issue has again resurfaced, a little closer to home; this time the message that drugs in sports are o.k., is being sent by the Canadian Football League.

The Halifax *Chronicle Herald* recently reported on a story of Acadia University football player Anthony Hannem having tested positive to a random drug test done by the CIAU. Approximately one week later another article appeared in the same newspaper, listing the players in the AUAA that had been asked to go to the CFL evaluation camp. Sure enough one of the six players mentioned was Anthony Hannem. Although it must be made clear that Hannem has not yet been found guilty of steroid use, (a second test needs to be done) it is doubtful that if he is found to have used steroids for sure, it will change the way the CFL scouts look at him.

Hannem, a native of Cape Breton, was an all Canadian linebacker, a finalist for the CIAU defensive player of the year in 1989,



and a good pick to make the CFL. If he is found guilty of using steroids, the message that will again be sent to young football players in Canada is that if you want to make it to the pros, you can enhance your chances by using drugs.

Sources that asked to be unnamed, including a teammate of Hannem's and a

former teammate, have confirmed that there is a lot more steroid use in the AUAA football league than most people are lead to believe. One source claimed that nearly all linemen and linebackers who make the pros from Canadian universities are either on steroids or have been on them at one time.

Part of the problem stems from the compe-

dition Canadian players face from their neighbors to the south. After the NFL takes the top few players that they want from the thousands of hopefuls at American universities, there are still hundreds more who flock to Canada for their shot at playing pro football. For many, who only went to university on scholarship to play football, making the pros is their only option. If they did finish their degree at all, the job market for basket weavers is not great.

Only about one per cent of all CIAU football players are ever tested, and according to sources the penalties for being caught are not nearly as great as the rewards. Once you make the CFL, the chances of being caught or punished, if you are caught, are even smaller. A current player in the CFL, who also refused to have his name used, indicated that drug tests do take place during training camp in the summer, but everyone knows when they are coming, and they are very easy to cheat on. He indicated that not only are steroids a problem, but so are cocaine, crack, LSD, and marijuana, especially among the American players.

In recent years the CFL has been in some difficulties, to say the least, and it would be a shame to see it have to fold. What is even more a shameful is the fact that the CFL is ignoring the problem of drugs in sport, and by doing so, sending the wrong message to Canada's youth.

Rob Corkum

Tigers are down to last gasp

by Kevin Barrett

Heading into last weekend's games, Bev Greenlaw, coach of the Dalhousie Men's Basketball team was not about to let himself or his team get caught up in the hype surrounding the AUAA playoff race.

Entering the weekend action, the Tigers were 4-7 and had an out-

side chance of reaching the post season party. However, the Tigers, being in sixth place in such an evenly balanced conference, would need a minor miracle for things to fall into place. Five of the last six games against the conferences top teams were on the road, and the young Tiger team would have to win them all.

But to qualify for the AUAA

championships at the Metro Center March 9-10, they would need some help from other teams. As it turned out, Dal lost to St. Francis Xavier and UCCB, and are now virtually eliminated. However, this does not mean the team has not accomplished the goals it set for itself at the start of the season.

"The goal of the team at the start of the season... which remains unchanged, was to build a proper foundation and attitude for this squad," said Greenlaw.

Dalhousie had also missed the playoffs in 1990 and only had four players returning from the '90

and Concordia, and a narrow loss to SMU in the Dal Classic, people went 'crazy' with post season talk. It would have been easy for Greenlaw to deviate from his goals but he resisted.

"We have played extremely well at times, and we have developed a great attitude for a team that missed the playoffs last year and had no new kids that were considered blue-chip prospects," said Greenlaw.

Coach Greenlaw reflected on the team's performance in light of elimination:

"I want to stress that no matter what happens, we have not nor will we give up. We will work as hard or harder than we have before. With a team that is as first year oriented as ours, it takes time to develop but we are convinced that we will play our best ball of the season in these last games," stated the determined Greenlaw.

Dal had defeated SMU last Tuesday 82-79 in a game that featured a strong defensive stand in the last seven minutes by the Tigers to record the victory. After a couple of tough seasons all wins are important but even more so against SMU. "Seeing themselves win right now is hard and the win over SMU was good psychologically," said Greenlaw. This was apparent, as with less than a minute to go, the Tigers were high-fiving each other and looking very much like things were coming together.

Despite the disappointing

"We will
not give
up"

team, causing experts to forecast a last place finish for Dal, possibly without a single victory.

According to Greenlaw, this was probably a fair assessment. "We only had four guys that had ever worn a CIAU uniform. Dean Thibodeau was the veteran as a junior, Shawn Mantley played a bit in '90 but David Pacquette and David Chaisson saw very little action last year," stated the coach.

After a couple of impressive wins over #1 ranked teams St. F X

STUDY IN FRANCE

Students can enjoy a unique opportunity to earn university credits toward a Canadian B.A. while studying in the south of France near Nice. The Université canadienne en France offers studies in Humanities, Social Sciences and French and English language courses to students who have the equivalent of one year of university studies.

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Information Session
 Dalhousie University
 Mon., Feb. 25, 1991
 10:00 am - 2:00 pm
 Main Floor Dal SUB

**HEY LITTLE
PEOPLE —
FEEL LIKE
CONFABULATING
A
WONDEROUSLY
GRAPHIC
SPORTS
ARTICLE FOR
THE
GAZETTE?
COME UP TO
ROOM 302
OF THE SUB
AND WE'LL
CHAT.**

weekend results, the conviction that Greenlaw had in the development of his team was encouraging. The Tiger future is maturing on the court right now and while they have had trouble in the past season, there is much to look forward to.

Residence councils' voting results

by Donald Wong

Last Thursday, residents of Howe Hall, Shirreff Hall, and Eliza Ritchie Hall made their choices for next year's Residence Councils. Nominees had submitted their names by January 30, and by the beginning of last week, their election campaigns were in full swing.

This year's election at Howe Hall was particularly competitive as every position was being contested and there was an overwhelming turnout for the campaign speeches (standing room only). The positions up for election were President, Vice President, Treasurer, Sports Rep, and the DSU Rep. Some of the candidates proved more persuasive than others and this certainly influenced the voters. Here are the final results (votes in brackets):

President: Shane Wambolt (236) def. Kurt Hepditch (187);

Vice-Pres: Peter Lilly (230) def. Eric Schibler (202); **Treasurer:** Gaye Johnston (286) def. Scott McDougall (150); **Sports Rep:** Kirk Cox (358) def. Stephen Moses (64); **DSU Rep:** Todd McDowell (160) def. Neal MacIsaac (131) and Danny Perras (119)

Elections for each of the five separate Houses which make up Howe Hall were also held (votes in brackets). In co-ed Bronson House, Tom Kochanoff defeated Jennifer Bowen (62-16). It was more competitive in Cameron House where Luke Disney narrowly defeated John MacMillan and Tim Aulenback (42-40 and 32). The closest race was in Henderson House, where Neil Decoste edged out Jeff Rappell by one vote (53-52). In Smith House, John Dorion was selected over Dave Barton and Steve Hepditch (43-27-7). Peter McCracken won

the "yes-no" vote as the sole candidate in Studley House (39-7).

Over at Shirreff Hall, most of the candidates ran unopposed. The results are as follows (the number of votes for each candidate are not revealed publicly by the two other residences):

President: Billi-Jo Stubbert def. Eileen Mantey; **Vice-Pres:** Linda Ellis def. Cara Bell; **Secretary:** Maureen Kirkpatrick by acclamation; **Treasurer:** Janique Harpell by acc; **Sports Rep:** Regan McPhee by acc; **DSU Rep:** Tina Sweeney def. Carrie Rigney; **Food Rep:** Krista Kesselring by acc; **Fund Raiser:** Julie Evans by acc.

And the floor Presidents are:
Basement: Angela Cantwell by acc; **First:** Wendy Clute def. Roberta Cude; **Second:** Robyn Reed def. Julie Simard; **Third:** Cindy Foss def. Michelle Berry; **Fourth:** Helena Altass by acc.

At co-ed Eliza Ritchie Hall, the election results are:

President: Karl Smith by acc; **Vice Pres:** Tori Douglas def. Kim Greenlaw; **Treasurer:** Chris Daly by acc; **Chair:** Nick Pearce by acc; **Sports Rep:** Chris Keough by acc; **Food Rep:** Monica Larade by acc;

Fund Raiser: Jeff Blair by acc; **Secretary:** no candidate.

And the section reps are:
Section A: Matt Smith by acc; **Section B:** Janice Lawrence by acc; **Section C:** Trina Rideout by acc.

Those are the election results for the 1991 Residence Councils at Howe Hall, Shirreff Hall, and Eliza Hall. I hope everyone got out to vote, and best of luck to those who decide to run next year.

Write now

by Mea Culpa

A source at the Dalhousie Gazette, who wishes to remain anonymous, revealed that there is a conspiracy amongst the newspaper's staff to eliminate the Focus on Dalhousie page.

"I hate the ^%#^%\$#@ Focus page" Robert Carlson, the paper's typesetter, revealed yesterday at a secret meeting held by the militant wing of the staff.

The group, commonly known as the Light Table Butt-Heads, is reportedly ready to make its move after accumulating assorted weapons and devices used for overthrowing pages in newspapers.

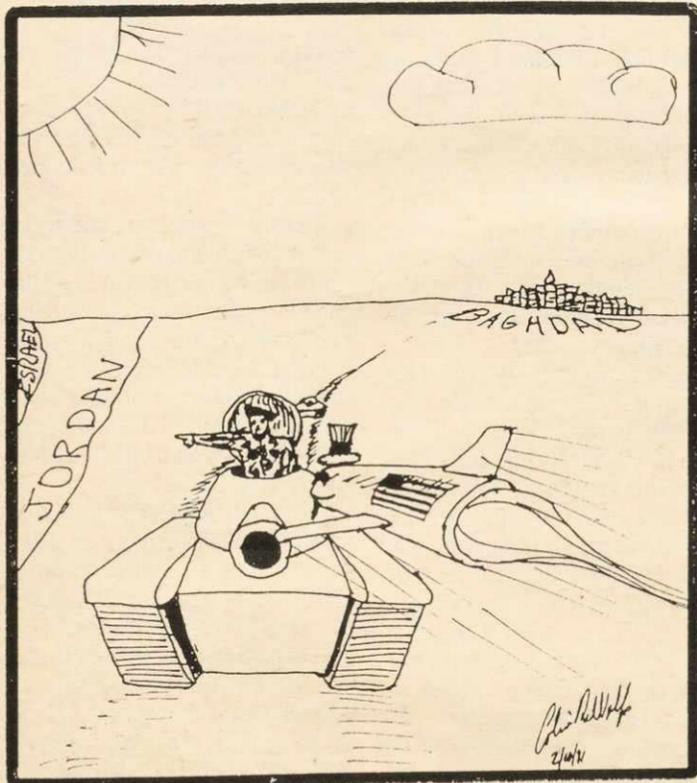
Co-editors Allison Johnston and

Alex Burton say the situation is very volatile.

"Since practically no-one has given us submissions for the Focus page we're having a great deal of difficulty quelling dissent on staff", says Johnston.

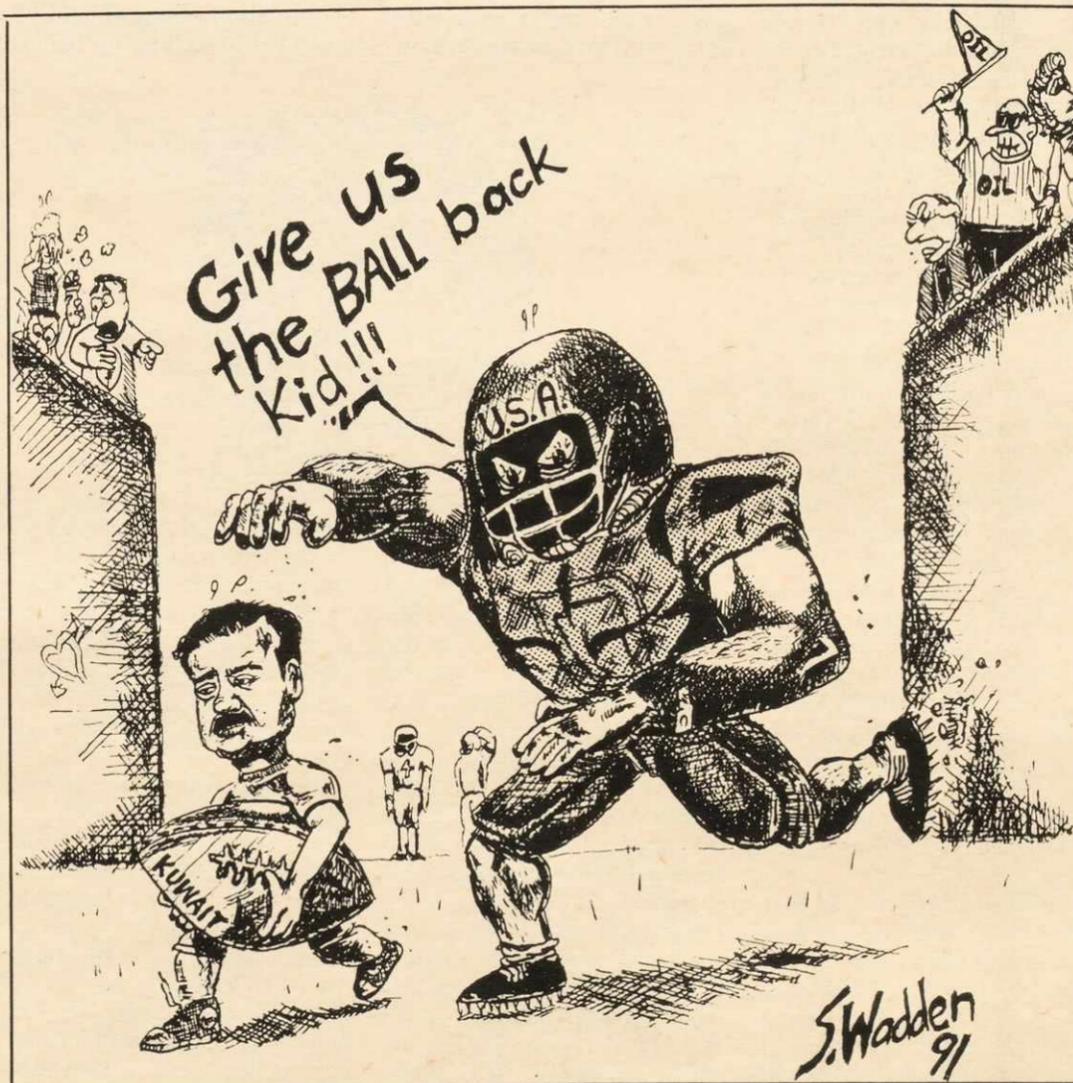
However, Burton says there is an obvious solution. "If we can just get rid of Jerry (West) I think we'll be alright."

Chris Lambie, a general nuisance, says "If only Sasha wasn't making love all the time to his crazy long haired, peace-nik friends then maybe we could get some work done around here. Actually, they aren't so bad - if you ignore them, they usually just go away."



US Cruise Missile asks directions

GULF HUMOUR



Global warming heats up SMU

by Jennifer Seamone

"Look in the papers, what we see is garbage, communicators don't get it right", said Dalhousie Oceanography professor Owen Herzman during a three-day Pollution Conference at Saint Mary's University.

Five guest speakers were invited to present findings and thoughts on environmental problems to a concerned and interested group of students and professionals over the

weekend. The heated and controversial debate focused on the Green House Effect or global warming and its long and short term effect on the atmosphere and ecosystem.

Opinions among the scientists and professionals involved in the conference covered a broad range, but one fact all agreed on was the lack of accurate and competent coverage by the media.

Fingers were repeatedly pointed at popular CBC science writer David Suzuki for his outdated and one-sided coverage of global

warming. "Two years ago", explained Allan Clark from the Bedford Institute of Oceanography and department of Fisheries and Oceans, "Suzuki used information that was out of date and radical and this year re-ran the show even further out of date. Now a book is written on it, and it's crap."

He has lost credibility as a scientist, said Barry Hargrave from the Marine Biology department of Oceans and Fisheries, "but Suzuki is trying to educate in his own way.

He's a good teacher. People who grandstand like that lose credibility with scientists, but he does want a new stewardship of the planet, a caring for all things in the future."

It seems that finding one concrete answer to the question of global warming is next to impossible. Even the scientists cannot agree on who, what, where, when and why.

One possible solution described by Allen Clark, is to educate the public about the role and possibilities of scientists. "Science is not

exact, it is about probability and acts out scenarios. Scientists are not experts with all the answers, they can only help find possible solutions", he said.

In his ten minute address, Clark called for greater awareness from people and the need to throw away the Judeo-Christian Myth of humans being apart from nature. "Too many people believe their activities are separate from the environment", said Clark. "Humans are part of the natural system, you cannot separate the two."

Dr. Charles Lin, a meteorologist from McGill who spoke Friday Night, was reluctant to confirm an increase of global warming for the future, because he said, we just don't know enough about carbon cycles to make predictions. However, he did confirm that carbon ice core results taken in Siberia indicate that temperature changes over the last 160,000 years have mirrored changes in the carbon cycle.

Bill Richards of Environment Canada presented shocking statistics on global warming, predicting an increase in precipitation of 9.8 per cent, a rise in sea levels of 6 cm per decade, and a 3.6 per cent rise in temperatures. He confirmed that 1990 was the warmest year on record, and the top six warmest years have been recorded since 1980.

Richardson said the majority of our environmental problems are caused by human beings. If all the natural causes of global warming happened at once, which is unlikely, it would result in a 12% overall change in atmospheric carbon content, but that is the lowest effect of man-made global change", he said.

Although Richardson admits there is no concrete proof of global warming, he said there is fairly credible data that can be used as the basis for policy making.

It appears to be extremely difficult for scientists to come up with corresponding data, but there was a consensus reached over the weekend. There has been and will continue to be an increase of carbon dioxide emissions into the air. Divergence in opinion occurs, however, over the amount and the damage that increased gases in the atmosphere will cause. The greatest obstacles come in policy-making when leaders are expected to make wise responsible decisions about spending money and creating programs for environmental safety, but as Hurtsman points out, the lack of data and knowledge on global warming makes these decisions difficult.

The problems are not only environmental but economic, political, and social, said Hurtsman. "We all want a new stewardship of the planet."

Environmental casualty of the war

by Lilli Ju

Who hasn't heard about the "massive oil slick" or "the acts of environmental sabotage and terrorism" in the Persian Gulf? How could anyone have not? Media coverage of the war in the Gulf has suddenly become environmentally oriented due to the dumping of millions of barrels of oil into the Persian Gulf and the burning of Kuwaiti oil installations.

The media was quick to cover these events, sending a slew of journalists to track down every environmentalist analyst and specialist to document each's profound insight and comments on these events. All of this was then regurgitated and presented to the public. CNN reported a few days after the oil was dumped that "pollution like this now endangers all of the Persian Gulf." And how many times did you hear George Bush say "Saddam Hussein continues to amaze the world"?

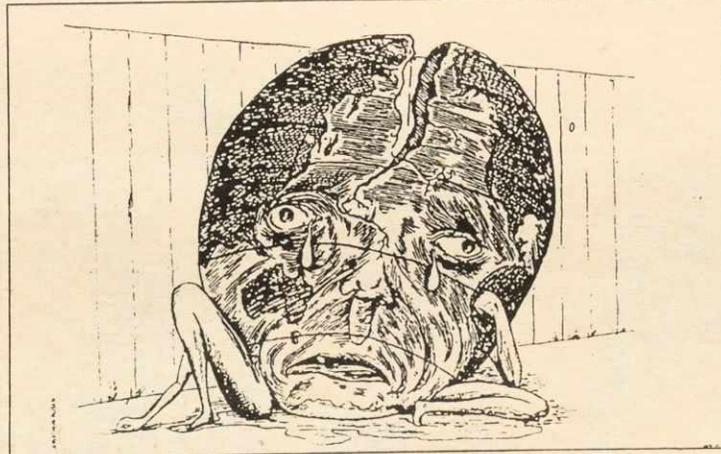
In our own little corner, we saw External Affairs Minister, Joe Clark, saying such things as "[there are] no limits to what this man will do...[making the] environment, too, a hostage and casualty in this war." As well, Environment Minister, Robert deCotret added that dumping of millions of barrels of oil was "an unprecedented act of environmental terrorism."

However, most mass media coverage is accompanied by some degree of "media hype" which often neglects to give a wholly complete and accurate picture of such situations. Environmentalists, even before January 15th, predicted that any outbreak of war would create some sort of environmental impact. And they were right.

As Dr. Bill Freedman, an environmental ecologist and Biology professor at Dal would tell you, there are a number of other environmental impacts due to warfare in general. In fact, Freedman devoted a whole chapter dealing with

the "Ecological Effects of Warfare" in his book *Environmental Ecology* (1989).

Concern for the environment began with the burning of Kuwaiti oil wells and storage tanks (since Jan. 22) which created a thick, black smog and showered Iran with "black rain." It was feared that drinking water would become contaminated and agriculture in the area would be affected. Even climate changes were cited. However Freedman states that, overall, the effects would be "minimal and manageable" and the proposed climate changes were overblown, since he did not think the "oily soot will be lifted high enough...even in a worst case scenario" to create any more than "local weather effects."



With the deliberate dumping of oil in the Gulf, global attention abruptly turned from the theatre of war to a threatened environment. This oil slick, now the largest one in history, originated at the Sea Island Terminal off the coast of Kuwait. The first evidence of damage was observed in the northern coastal town of Khafji, Saudi Arabia, where images of oil-drenched, struggling cormorants and sounds of waves of oil 'glugging' onto shore were witnessed by the world. The U.S. reacted immediately with air strikes to diminish the oil flow and by sending a team of advisors to the area. Canada, too, said that it would help. (Already B.C.-made

"booms" and "skimmers", found effective with the Exxon Valdez spill, are on their way to the area.)

Freedman commented that with such a "humungous quantity of oil," it was very "fortunate that it has stayed offshore"; however, eventually southern Arabic coastlines and low-water ecosystems will be directly endangered. In an area important to migratory and indigenous birds, the short-term effects will be catastrophic. Rather than attempting a clean-up like the one with the Exxon Valdez, Freedman said that we should "write the place off for a number of years" and "optimize the natural degradation of the oil." Desalination plants should be protected by setting up booms

around the area, and as much of the coastline as possible. Efforts to contain or skim the oil would be a "waste of time and money." The cost of cleaning up the Exxon Valdez spill was in the vicinity of a billion dollars. The cost of cleaning up the Gulf would be astounding.

Any lost natural habitat and wildlife in the area would be recovered by "succession," a gradual rebuilding and restoration process; but inevitably some species would be lost to extinction.

In a lecture given by Dr. Freedman last Wednesday, Jan. 30, for the President Leadership Class, a number of other environmental impacts were discussed. Freedman

backed up his talk with references to wars in the past. The "legacy of unexploded munitions (duds)" creates a "lingering hazard on the landscape." In the past, on average, 10% of munitions remained unexploded. In particular, mines left and forgotten in former battlefields have been known to maim and injure innocent people, even over 40 years after a war. An estimated half a million Iraqi mines are now being used in the Gulf war.

Disturbances caused by explosions destroy cities, fields, natural ecosystems, and so on; during WWII coastal France and Belgium, once rich in agriculture were converted into a "gooey and sticky" mudfield. Similarly, Kuwait's rich natural resources could be needlessly wasted.

Fear of unconventional warfare, chemical and nuclear, have brought up other concerns. In the case of chemicals, the full extent of their impact is not known. It is possible that they may remain harmful in the air for an extended period of time, but will be most likely dispersed naturally. Vietnam and WWI saw the use of such chemicals as agent orange (a herbicide used to remove forage) and mustard gas (a nerve gas).

Freedman did not dismiss the possibility of nuclear arms being used, stating that one should "always expect the unexpected." In the event that nuclear weapons are used, he believes that any exchange would be short and limited. He commented that the impact on Hiroshima and Nagasaki (the only deliberate offensive nuclear attack in history) represent "relatively small explosions...(compared to)...the potential yield in today's weapons... which could fundamentally change the biosphere."

Overall, the potential environmental impact of this particular war, happening right now in the Gulf, cannot be accurately predicted. It will all depend on the possible scenarios that the war will bring out.

KALENDAR

Abudywa! And welcome to yet another week of exciting things/messages for those exciting someone's special. Seeing how TODAY is Valentines' Day, it's good to see so many people are in love either with people, or with Life. Happy vacation, and keep submitting-The Reverend.-

Angus O' : Did you have a good "leadership convention" on Friday? Did you get any "delegates"?

Happy Valentines' Day Gazette Staff!

Peter, at Kings: I missed your Birthday, and I think I'm going to miss you today. Happy Valentine's Day and I'll speak to you soon.

Master Paul: We can handle this polygamy stuff, but who will be wife #1?
-Luv, Paula & Stephanie-

A.Z, J.D,C.V: Better get a...muzzle!!! -J.P, N.S.-

To Jody L.: Let's get together before we get much older.

Lisa, short women really are a turn-on. You really should call more.

Lisa: Happy Valentine's Day, I hope we can find the time to patch up this mess!

Steve: Happy Loving Day! Why not throw away our cares and frolic?

Dear Matt: Wish you were here or I was there(never soon enough)...TTMAB, ILY, Cath.-

Seen on a desk in Dunn 117:
"Fighting for peace is like fucking for virginity."

Dave is dead from the Waist Up.

Dear Rob: You're so sweet, can't be beat, nothing sweeter ever stood on feet!

Big Daddy Ryan-Thank-you for being my moral support! And Happy Valentine's Day!!



THURSDAY 14

Equality Eve from 7:30 to 10:30 in the Green Room in the SUB. "What's Your Experience of Equality?" Bring a song, skit reading, poem or just yourself and a friend to our open-mike coffeehouse

Dialogue: Political Goals and Agenda at 7:00pm with guests Rev. Darrell Gray, former Executive member of the Rainbow Coalition and Publisher of "The Provincial Monitor". This will be held at the Black Cultural Centre for Nova Scotia.

Valentines, an exhibition of work by local and regional artists open at the Eye Level Gallery on Gottigen st. The public is welcome, where there will be live music and performances starting at 8pm

Dal MBA society presents: **Professor Adelbayo Adekanye**, of the University of Ibadan in Nigeria reviews "Prospects for Democratic Development in Africa" at the Halifax Main Library on Spring Garden at 12noon.

FRIDAY 15

"A Lie of the Mind" is a play being performed in Studio One in the Arts Centre at 8pm...it runs until the 16th.

There is a flute recital put on by students of Patty Creighton, at the Art Gallery of Dalhousie Arts Centre from 12:30-1:30.

There is a lecture being given by Darryl Bruce of St. Mary's University at 3:30pm in Rm 4258/63, in the Life Sciences Centre. The topic is not yet announced.

We are looking for women who might be interested in woking on news, arts and sports stories for the up coming Women's Issue of the Gazette. If you have any literary or photographic contributions, please drop them off at the Gazette office which is on the 3rd floor at the SUB. Make Your voice heard! Call 494-2507 and ask for Allison or Lara for any details you may need.

SUNDAY 17

Two exhibitions: Urban Images (over 200 years of Canadian painting) and an installation by Breton artist Carl Zimmerman. Beside Still Water will close at 5:00pm on this same Sunday please call 494-2403

Trop Belle Pour Toi est un film d'une femme superbe et le pere de deux enfants. Ce film français d'une durée de 91 minutes, et voir! parce-qu'il est beau! Cinéma Wormwood 'a 14hoo.

Today there will be demonstrations of basket-making in the Micmac, Black and European traditions at the Nova Scotia Museum Complex, the day is going to be eventful. From 2-4pm

SATURDAY 16

Lion and the Mouse will be the puppet show at the Halifax North Branch Library on Gottingen street at 2:30pm. All are welcome.

The Company of Strangers is playing at the Wormwood Theatre. This movie is about 8 women who are stranded in the woods after their bus breaks down. (7 out of the 8 are senior citizens)

The Federation of Nova Scotian Heritage is pleased to present : Heritage Showcase 1991 at the Bayer's Road Shopping Centre. It is a showcase based on the interpretation and preservation of Nova Scotia's long and rich history. Coffee and cookies will be offered to all present from 9:00-5:30pm

Concerned Citizens Against Drugs are organizing a benefit at the Casino 2120 Gottingen st at 8pm. Tickets to see four cool bands are \$5. The bands are: Island Boy(Reggae), Black Season(Rap), Worth the Wait(Blues), and the Floorboards(R&B) For more info call 425-4240

MONDAY 18

Today in Heritage Day, and a workshop will be held at St. George's Anglican Church to assist those charged with the care and conservation of churches. The day includes a morning session, an afternoon look at case studies and an evening of public lecture and exhibit. For more info call: 421-7787, Dan Norris.

TUESDAY 19

The 1990 Cannes Advertising Awards will be playing at the Wormwood Cinema until the 20th. I've already seen it out west, and it is a hilarious look at international ads.

WEDNESDAY 20

"Schizophrenia Society of Nova Scotia" is a self-help group providing information to anyone affected by schizophrenia. The meeting will be held at 8pm in Hancock Hsll, Dalhousie University, on the corner of Coburg Rd and Oxford St. for more info call 464-3456.

Symphony Nova Scotia is putting on a Scotia Bond Luncheon Series held at noon in the World Trade and Convention Centre, with music provided by Symphony Nova Scotia. Tickets for this luncheon are \$30. call 421-1300 to order now.

The City of Halifax Recreation Department, special services section, is looking for people who like to have fun and a challenging time. Through their new program a volunteer is matched with a person who has a disability. Together they will participate in a recreational or leisure activity of their choice. If you are interested in volunteering to help a friend who has a disability, please contact: 421-2849

THURSDAY 21

The Halifax Group #15 of Amnesty International will be holding its regular monthly meeting in Rm 316 in the SUB at DAL at 8pm. For more info call 429-8164

DECLASSIFIEDS

Typing/Word Processing — Papers, reports, letters, resumes, etc. 454-8441. Reasonable rates, professional quality.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

"Land and Sea: Nova Scotia's Sustainable Development Strategy" Feb. 28 to March 2, 1991. Dal. Univ. Life Sciences Building.



PS/2 SALE!



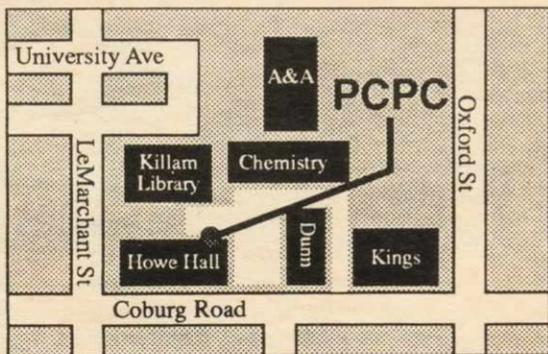
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This map is not to scale.

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