

GRAWOOD PLUNGES 3 STORIES!

BY JOHN BLACKMORE

The Grawood funeral party happens this Thursday. Dalhousie's student bar will be moving downstairs next year to the basement, remodelled and with a new look. For those of us who have made that fateful climb up to the third floor and oozed back down several hours later, as babbling, incoherent and pleasantly soused fools; it will be the end of an era.

I don't want to sound like a romantic alcoholic but maybe I am. I've already said one farewell to the Grawood; that's a rite of grad week. But I was back, possibly because of the allure of Dalhousie's L-shaped bar. It stands to reason; we have a

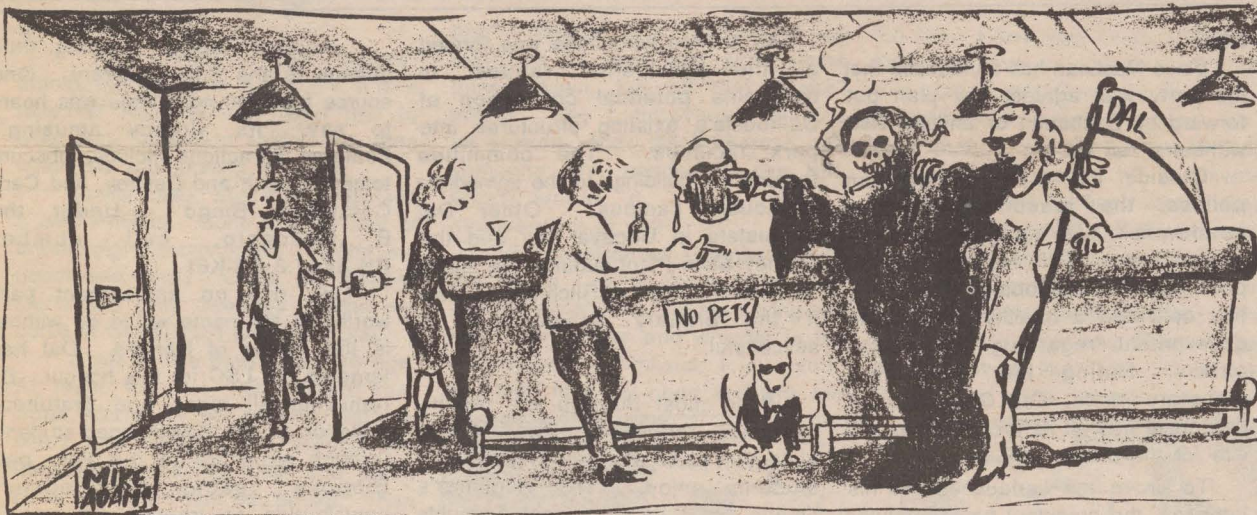
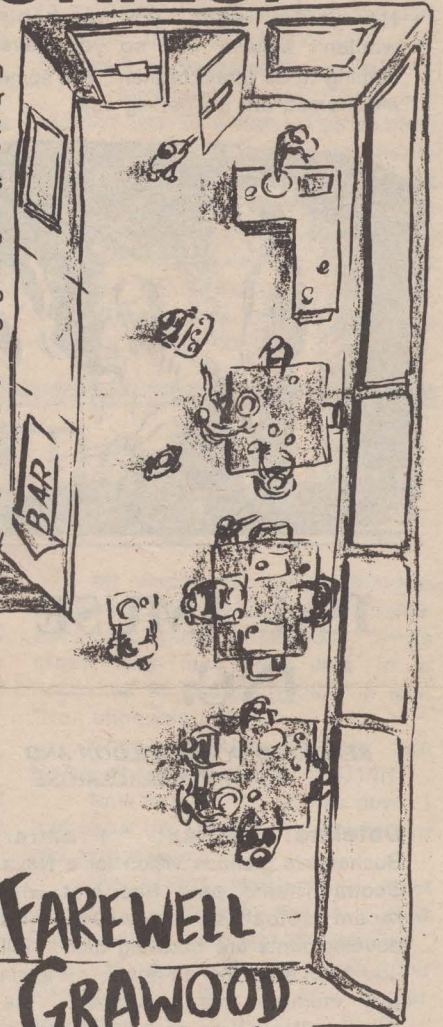
I remember one Friday afternoon at the Grawood where a couple of us 'went up for a beer'. A beer...sure one more...time to die. We ended up at this crowded table discussing surfing, philosophy, poetry, Maritime beers and the Grateful Dead. I probably missed a topic or two but I'll have another margarita anyway.

Forgive my sin against meteorology, but there's an atmosphere up at the Grawood. It's one of the few bars I know without bouncers and the tunes are always good. People have complained that there is no dance floor, there's no

atmosphere. You can taste it in the old Grawood, like a good scotch or cold brew. The bartenders may not tell the piano player to 'play it, Sam' but they're the best around. Has anyone out there ever been cut off?

But the end is near. Bob the bard told us the times are changin'. Next year we'll all be able to dance to our heart's content and down draft to our liver's demise.

So you see, I have to attend this funeral party on Thursday, 'cause in a way, it's my funeral too. Barbara of the big nose told us memories are misty, water-coloured. I say they're more the colour of an icy Keith's.



FAREWELL
GRAWOOD
LOUNGE...
FROM THE DISPATCH

library with a hole in it, a sports facility that's a tent. So our bar should be somewhat different as well.

The Grawood is home. A Thursday wouldn't be a Thursday without an hour or so spent there. On other days, there's something about the place. I mean, how many times have you been down to Lawrences or Brandy's or Scoundrels and seen some person working on their honour's thesis? Things like that may happen at the Seahorse or the Grad House, though I am barred from the Grad Bar for academic reasons, but it abounds at the Grawood.

draught beer, that there's plants on the walls. The new bar downstairs is supposed to remedy the draft and dance problem; I can only guess at the fate of the vegetation. But it will be different.

Did someone try to get Mona to give a goofy grin for de Vinci? Did critics tell Beethoven to add some more drums to the Fifth Symphony? Did someone tell Jack Daniels to lose the charcoal aging? I don't think so but I'm becoming emotional.

Thanks, yes...another margarita, no salt.

I'll be there Thursday, and like any good corpse, I'll be thoroughly embalmed.

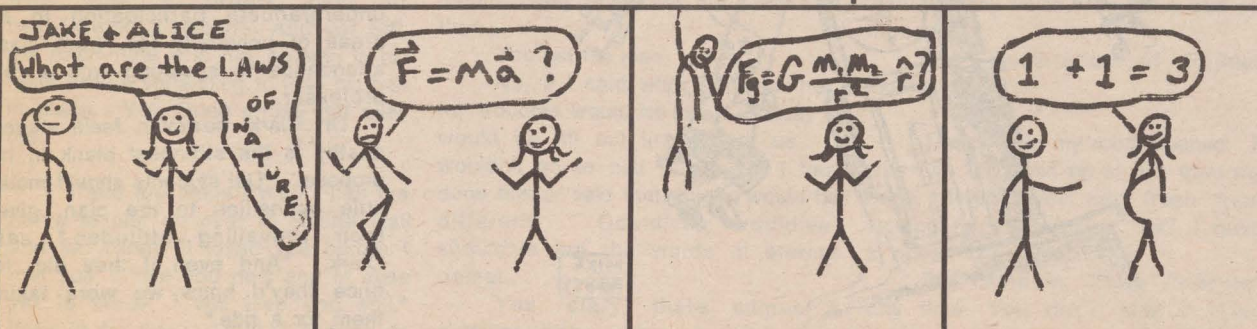
Valedictorian Nominations

The Dalhousie Valedictorian committee is now accepting applications for valedictorian for the 1988 graduating class in Arts, Administrative Studies, Health Professions and Science. We request your assistance in identifying those students who you

feel are most representative of their graduating class. Towards this end, we would appreciate your submission of respective candidates. Applications can be picked up in Room 222 of the Student Union Building. The deadline for nominations is Friday, April 8, at 12:00 noon. Accompanying the application form must be a draft of the speech to be delivered at the respective convocation. This speech will then be presented to the Valedictorian Committee. The Valedictorian will be chosen by the committee and the respective candidates will be notified.

If you have any questions or queries please feel free to contact myself, or Ian McCarthy, Executive Vice-President, through the Student Union Office.

Caroline Zayid



GHOST STORY

GHOST STORY

BY KEN FALOON

The summer is on the way, I love the summer nights.

Gather round the camp-fire, the sun has gone down and we no longer know what is under the bed. Huddle closer. Don't worry that was probably just a small animal. No moon tonight. Yes I know there's a graveyard not far from here.

Do you scare easy? Well, what if I told you these are true stories? No you're right, you probably wouldn't believe me, so you have nothing to be afraid of then. Put some more wood on, it's getting cold.

On another cold night, there were four boys who were very drunk and very brave, it seems they had a new toy which was very tempting, they felt the graveyard would be the perfect place to try it out. They made themselves comfortable beside a grave; a few laughs, a couple of creepy whispers; they thought they were pretty funny. Then it was time to ask the Ouiji board some questions. Who are you? The grave beside them spoke it's name to the Ouiji board, then upon request gave all the information that was on the headstone. This was great fun, but a little spooky, they asked it another. Is it safe to be here? The board hesitated, "No, get out...hurry!" A sobering thought.

"The best palce for those boards are in 'the fire.'" But not yet, another

story.

This happened to me when I was fifteen, I went to visit my cousin. They had a Ouiji board too. So I said, "Sure lets give it a try." Well it was fun, it answered all kinds of questions, except if I was going to pass school. It even told jokes, but I wanted to move on to something more serious. I was sure I was the butt of my cousin's joke, so I set out to ask some things she couldn't know. "What are the three kinds of chicklet packages on the window sill?" It was right. I naively figured my cousin was prepared for all of my questions. Then I had the perfect question "What is on my iron-on t-shirt?" It answered with a description of the picture on the front, but I had meant the wash tag on the back, "What else?" I said. It answered ROACH '76. That can't be on the tag I thought, I checked, no tag. I searched the t-shirt, what could this mean? On the bottom of the decal was something, I squinted and I saw what was almost completely washed away, it said ROACH '76, it was the trademark.

It was wierd, the room suddenly felt like there was someone or something trying to get in, it gives me goosebumps even now. You see if they got in, it wouldn't be by the door and I don't think they would have wanted to leave. It was bad news.

"I think you would be right to use those boards for firewood, and nothing else."

A voice drew near the fire. You don't need boards for that kind of stuff, have any of you tried Transcendental Meditation? Well, this is my story. I used to do it twice a day, until one day. Once, when my friends were over, I went into my room. I needed quiet. Well this day I finally did it, it was an out-of-body experience. There I was, sailing across the prairies, then into a house, up some stairs and into a bedroom. In a crib was a sleeping baby, I leaned over to see it, but I was blinded by a flash of red light.

Then I was back; I went back into the room where my friends were. They were amazed at my eyes, they said they sparkled, it was an amazing experience. but then the day came when I visited my aunt in Saskatchewan, her house seemed strangely familiar, though I hadn't been there before. I went inside, then up the stairs. Yes, then in the bedroom and there slept my aunt's baby girl. This was too much. But if that wasn't enough I saw a red ribbon on the crib. "What is this for", I asked. She said "Oh, that's some silly old wive's tale; it's supposed to keep evil spirits away or something.

With that something, we put out the fire.



DAL AMUSE INC.

REPORTED BY KEN FALOON AND JOHN BLACKMORE

Dateline: Halifax: Premier Buchanan's glorious vision for a Nova Scotia Theme park has met with recent setbacks. However, new developments are occuring daily. Bill Joe MacLean, the on-again, off-again tory member has suggested the Sydney Steel Plant as a likely site for the park.

MacLean quotes an Enviroment Canada report, circa 1902, which calls the plant, "...one of the most progressive factories of its time..." Maclean says the plant demonstrates the essence of what it means to be a Nova Scotian.

Planned activities for the park include hourly wildcat walkouts by unemployed workers. Park visitors would be given strike placards and small throwing objects. Audience participation would be a must.

The high-light of each day would be a confrontation between management and workers that would erupt in "spontaneous" violence. MacLean's eyes lit up with his description, "It will be so real, you can taste it." he said.

B. J.'s proposal has received little attention from the government. Quipped one party insider, "He's just trying to figure out a way to pay all those lawyers' fees."

On the left hand, Alexa McDonagh wants all of Nova Scotia to be a theme park and the rides would be

free.

Vince MacLean has announced that his party was against any plan put forward by Buchanan or anyone else without a red tie.

Outside the realm of partisan politics, the reasoned voice of academia has suggested an alternative. Dr. Howard Clark, president of Dalhousie University, has delivered a healthy proposal to government regarding the theme park. Noting his university's monetary woes, Dr. Clark offered Dalhousie and all its properties as the site for the theme park.

To prove the seriousness of his intention, the president has scheduled a Symposium on Socio-technical Amusement. Guest speakers will include Micky Mouse and Goofy of Walt Disney U.

An ad hoc committee was formed at the president's request to determine potential conversion of Dalhousie's existing structures into park facilities. The committee focused on buildings in the immediate Dalhousie campus. Other Dal real-estate in Ungava Bay and the Sydney Steel Plant suburbs are slated for future study by Ritchie and Ass. if the primary development is successful.

While most building will require extensive renovation, one ride is already in place and one which all Dal students enjoy. The Registrar's Queue and Part II: Student Accounts Filing give the visitor the pleasure of unending lines. No more waiting in turn for a ride; the waiting is the ride!

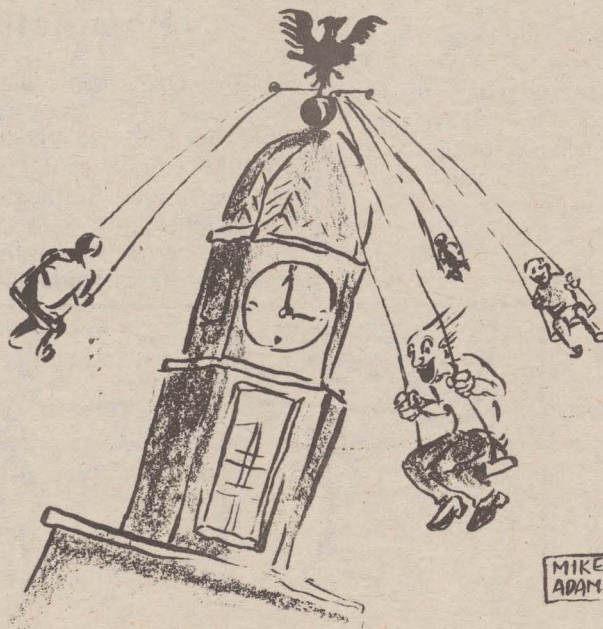
Another facility needing little change is the Killam Library. One source from the committee was heard to say, "Its already amusing." Featured attractions include, obscure tomes: Search and Destroy, and Card Catalogue Bingo - Under the B...Boccacio, call number PN-3447.8-E2-K6!

One ride no amusement park worthy of the name would do without is the House of Horrors. Dal has targeted the LSC for this honour. By removing all signs and gratuitous mutation of the psychbiogeo-students through exposure to our very own Slopoke reactor, Dalhousie's contribution to trauma will be an experience not soon forgotten.

Other rides are in the planning stages but are cloaked in secrecy. Dr. Clark wants his university to maintain its edge over such competitors as the holy twins- St. Mary's and St. F.X.

But how will all of this affect the students? President Clark feels this "theme park" approach to post-secondary education will enrich the university experience. Dalhousie's student apathy is often cited as a major failing point of the institution. Dr. Clark believes a Dal theme park will increase undergraduate participation in all areas of university life, from class attendance to speaking with a real professor.

Dr. Clark, however, feels student apathy is the strongest plank in his proposal. "Dal students should mount little opposition to the plan, given their prevailing attitudes." said Clark. "And even if they did, for once they'd know we were taking them for a ride."



HOME EXORCISE

WITH EWAN WALLACE



As a university student, I've always wondered how to stay in shape without any real effort. I have found the answer in a very unlikely field of endeavour, home exorcise.

No, there are no typographical errors, exorcizing is the answer. Not only can it be done at home, it is becoming a necessity in today's society. I discovered this while babysitting my four year old niece on a Saturday afternoon.

I have yet to run across the satanic manifestation in a human but have in fact discovered demons now prefer more subversive methods.

Man has created the perfect

vehicle for satanic possession. This creation walks, talks, piddles, and can almost think for itself. I happened upon my niece having a conversation with her new Cabbage Patch Kid. It was telling her how loney it was and how it wanted more "little friends" to keep it company.

I naively assumed this was an extremely ingenious marketing ploy. In very little time I discovered this was untrue.

I was in the living room reading my Bible when my niece came in walking the doll. They settled on the floor and began to play with knitting apparatus and humming Beethoven's Fifth. Nothing out of the ordinary on

the surface.

Before I could react, my Bible was flung into the fireplace and the doll stood before me brandishing two knitting needles. It's head began revolving and stretching up and down. Balls of stuffing in a gooey mess of ectoplasm spewed from it's pinched mouth and the eyes released a green fluid which dripped all over the floor. I was taken aback.

It gurgled strange words intermingled with "death to oppressive, righteous, road-apple of an uncle". Jumping up and down, it stabbed me in the hand with a needle, picked me up and tossed me against the wall. My head snapped against hard plaster and I apparently lost consciousness.

When I came to, I was tightly wrapped in yarn which the doll was soaking with naptha and rubbing alcohol. The cigarette dangling from its mouth was unlit, but I couldn't help noticing how dangerously close to the fire I was. What a bind.

Summoning all my individual spirituality, I meditated and left my body. Floating above the doll, I

ordered the demon to battle on ethereal grounds. With a gleeful jump, the little devil left the doll and we circled each other. It was a purple and green beastie with giant hands and razor-sharp oversized fingernails. We blasted each other with our thoughts and my moral subconscious almost caved in. It put images of sex-starved nymphs languishing naked on bear-rugs with pitchers of long-island iced tea, beckoning my presence. Terrible, terrible temptations.

I overcame it and then extricated my physical being from the giant ball of yarn before returning to my body. I then picked up the doll, stormed into the back yard and hacked it to pieces with a trowel.

Triumphant, I sat down and reclined against a tree. This is when I thought of marketing my home exorcise kit. I lost five pounds and gained immense knowledge while battling on the astral plane. Anyone can do it, as long as they believe they can. Be careful how you wield the trowel; make sure it is on inanimate thinking objects only.



THE DIARY OF PHILEAS FROSH



Dear Diary:

April may be the cruelest month, but spring is in the air. It is a time for renewal, at least that is what Pat Robertson said. But, then again, he was looking for votes.

In my case, this spring will see a new Phileas. Gone are the day of underweight scrawniness. Gone my uncombed hair. Gone my flannel shirts and grey sweaters. gone my bottle of Old Spice I took from Dad.

It will be the dawn of a new age. At least for me. Oh brave new world, diary. I go over to Dalplex every day now. I run around the aesthetically pleasing track and pump oil at the hydro-gym equipment. Then its down to the pool for a couple of laps. There's already a change in me. I'm tired all the time.

It must be working though, I've got athletes foot.

Every now and then I ask myself, "Who am I kidding?" Then I look around to make sure nobody hears me talking to myself. But really, diary, will even this new me impress Guenivere? Is this what she wants?

It is nearly inconveivable, diary, but there are time I wish I was Biff. Biff, the athletic, blonde Nordic who cuts a profile like an over-faceted diamond. And yet Biff, the room-mate who has nothing in his head except something to hold his hair in place. Yet, Guen chose Biff over me.

There are times I wish I had the nerve to just go over to Sherrif Hall and tell Guen, "I loved you before I met you, I love you now and in ages yet to come, I will love you still." Why is it, diary, that I cannot do

that? Why is it so difficult to say that? I sit here and write these things down, but all that doesn't matter. Say I discovered the cure for stupidity and didn't share it with someone who needed it, like Biff. What would it matter that I discovered it at all?

If I confronted Guenivere with the words I write down here, my anguish would end. I'm not saying she would come over and whisper in her breathy voice, "Phileas, I love you," and then take my hand and with her



mouth barely open kiss me softly and then...

You get the idea.

No, if I said what I felt for her, my troubles would be over. Finally it would be all out in front of us. I wouldn't go to bed thinking if I had done this or said that, things would be different. Could've, would've, should've are the words of eternal defeat.

Yes, diary, there comes a moment when you have to put it all on

the line. I love you, Guen, I love you love you love youloveyou. It's not that hard to say. Gone are the days of Phileas the Spineless Wonder. It's a new season; there's a new Phileas. Biff, take you hands off Guenivere, we were meant for each other. Gee, that sounds great! Biff, end your shallow relationship now. This is the new Phileas speaking. No Dad, I'm not going to study business and I never will. This is the new Phileas, new and improved, like Tide. Don't take that tone of voice. I'll take any tone I

want, it's my voice, my tone and my thoughts.

The Declaration of Phileas Independence.

The door to my room opened. It was Biff. I looked up at him from my desk, holding my pen fresh from signing the declaration. "Biff, I have to speak to you."

Biff came in, "Sure Philly-pal, any time. You don't mind if Guen comes in for a moment, do ya?"

My mind raced. My palms began to sweat at the mention of her name. Am I turning into a werewolf? That's crazy, but my head was in a nose-dive to death. I tried to say, "No...uhhh.yes...well..."

Guen walked into my room. She looked at me and smiled. "Hi, Phil."

Now is the time. It was now. I had to tell her I love her. I opened my mouth and then...

"So...uhhh...how's the newt doing?" I cursed myself. New Phileas didn't even last five minutes.

"Oh, fine. Reptiles look after themselves." Biff chuckled at her comment.

I stood up and closed the diary. It was like Popeye eating spinach, the Green Latern recharging, He-Man and his sword.."Guen..."

She looked at me. She was wearing sunglasses but I could see her eyes.

"Guen, I loved you before I met you, I love you now and will always love you. I don't mean to embarrass you and if I'm embarrassing myself, well, that's just me."

I looked at her. Biff was staring at me. It seemed like I was the biggest person in the room.

"Phil...well..." I had never heard Guen stammer.

"That's okay, Guen." I walked out of the room, taking my coat. "I'll be back later Biff."

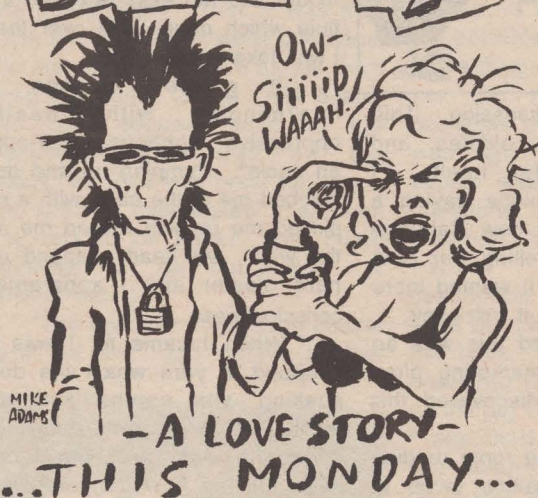
"Phileas. Come back!" It was Guen. But I had done it. I had said it and perhaps the real thing would not stack up to what I had imagined.

"Phileas, please." I walked forward. Out into the last cold night of winter because now it was spring. The air was clear and Guen's voice calling my name was all that I heard or imagined.

...YOU ARE NOW
READING THE
**-2-PLY-
TISSUE**
DISPATCH
ISSUE M.A.

Staff Box
Editors - JOHN BLACKMORE
KEN FALON
Writers- R.T. MORGAN
EWEN WALLACE
Graphics- MIKE ADAMS

THE DSU PRESENTS
SID AND NANCY



DALHOUSIE STUDENT UNION
ATHLETIC FEE REFERENDUM
VOTE

WEDNESDAY MARCH 30TH
INFORMATION FORUMS:
FRIDAY, MARCH 25TH, TUPPER LINK 12:30 AM
MONDAY, MARCH 28TH, DALPEX CAF. 12:30 AM
MONDAY, MARCH 28TH, HOWE HALL 7:00 PM
TUESDAY, MARCH 29, SUB LOBBY 12:30 AM

**ELECTIONS DAL COMMERCE
SOCIETY**
SUB LOBBY, A&A, SBA
9:00 AM TO 4:00 PM

COMMERCE BALL
7:00 PM TO 1:00PM
TICKETS ON SALE
22ND, 23RD, 24TH

LOST KILLAM BOOKS FROM THE ATLANTIC

BY R.T. MORGAN

So you like Atlantic literature? So do I. I love it.

We've got a wealth of talent and emotion out our way. The central Canadian publishing companies would rather have somebody write about international espionage, or about Mackenzie King, than have our Atlantic stories grace their pages. So it goes.

That's their mistake.

Consequently, Atlantic writers end up on the pages of small publisher's books. Writers such as Ray Guy, Leslie Choyce, and Al Pittman are to be found on Jesperson, Harry Cuff, Creative, Ragweed, or Pottersfield Press.

These companies have faith in our regional writers, and have offices full of people who spend long hours with inadequate equipment and not enough co-workers. Publishing companies that warm hearts when they succeed.

And many homes have these writers on their shelves. Books they like; books that win the Governor General's Award, the Stephen Leacock Award. Books that didn't win anything but our approval.

Most importantly, books that might manage one pressing. For example, XX Press from Bonavista, Nfld., who scrambled out 1000 copies of Geoff Cuff's translation of the *I Ching*, a book requiring years of work and research. In other words, rare books.

So, now you're going, "Yes, Morgan, I like our writers and their beards. What's yer point?"

The point: have you ever gone looking for these books in Dal's Killam Library?

No, I didn't think so.

Good luck, my friend, good luck.

Case in point: My frosh year, 1984. I get incredibly hungry for some Newfoundland literature. I go to the Killam, right over to the card

catalogue, looking for the Atlantic guru of wit, Ray Guy. In the catalogue, all right. When I get to the desired floor, my book has a 9000 number. The numbers there only reach the 3000's

Where are the other 6000?

I was finally instructed by a helpful librarian that Atlantic literature was to be found in the Special Collections section of the library. Unfortunately, not all the file cards contained this info.

But that was all right. These Atlantic writers I so dearly respect (as they are the giants whose

the indexing.

Very few books had call numbers on the bindings. Instead, little slips of paper have been jammed in between the pages, making the effort of finding the book you want even more difficult. Eventually, well, I found the book I wanted, and headed out, determined to voice my displeasure ASAP.

Unfortunately, things got in the way, and I didn't.

Until I went back this year, and things hadn't changed. They'd only gotten worse. The card catalogue said they had a Kevin Major book,

Atlantic literature roulette.

But don't get me wrong -- like Mellencamp said: "I ain't braggin', nor do I mean to place blame; that's just the way things are around here..."

The material of which I speak should be top priority for such a large library in such a central position in such a culturally fragile part of the world. Still, in regards to university courses, these books aren't of critical importance.

And we all know the Purse String Syndrome. Oh Percy, I know you well... If it's not critical, the university can't afford to spend bucks on it. Unless, of course, some pencil pusher loses the ability to exercise basic horse sense...

Still, I won't get into that.

Understandably so.

Yet, something should be done. It's common knowledge in the Atlantic historical community that important paper lies dying in basements across the four provinces, because there's nowhere to put it. Perhaps we can try to deal with the inadequacies.

Even a grump like me can deal with the size of the Special Collections room.

But not the disorganization.

So, critic, offer us a solution...

A call to all who care, perhaps? We've got a radio station, a couple 'o newspapers, museums, historical societies, and billboards galore. Notice should be served, and anybody who is concerned enough should be urged to get involved.

Pressure the library. Pressure the university. And if that fails, and they can't handle the bill, everybody should f***** well show up at the Killam on weekends to organize books. It might not be easy, and it will take some effort, but...

But maybe it's only me who cares. Whatever gets under your skin, people.



shoulders I'm standing upon) are in a special section. Special.

I liked that. Special. Wow. Probably all in an environmentally controlled atmosphere in a "special" room of the Killam, where you probably have to prove your deep underlying concern for the Atlantic just to get in. Wow!

Was I ever suprised. Boy was I surprised.

I don't think I could comfortably use that Special Collections room as an apartment. Was it ever small. What was all the more appalling was

published by Deacorte Press. After fifteen minutes, I found the place where it should have been.

Along with a couple of books that should have been somewhere else, Mr. Major's book is afloat in there somewhere, for there was no record of it being borrowed.

It also comes to mind that many of the books don't have any computer I.D. on them: they put them on as you withdraw the book, Isn't that a collection-builder's delight? Along with this, some of the books are circulating, and some aren't. It's like