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GAZETTE

Volume 121 Number 11

Thursday, December 1, 1988

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GAZETTE

Third floor of the SUB
Volume 121 Number 11
Thursday, December 1, 1988

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Commentary should not exceed 700 words. Letters should not exceed 500 words. No unsigned material will be accepted, but anonymity may be granted on request.

Advertising copy deadline is noon Monday before publication.

The Gazette offices are located on the third floor of the SUB. Come up and have a coffee and tell us what's going on.

The views expressed in the Gazette are not necessarily those of the Students' Union, the editors or the collective staff.

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Deforestation rampant

Extinction of species threatens the globe

by Scott Randall

Dr. Norman Myers packed the McMechan Auditorium with people eager to hear his public lecture on the rapidly disappearing tropical rain forests and stressed that every individual can help face this challenge.

About 150 people filled the McMechan Auditorium last Thursday to hear Myers speak on *The Extinction of Species and Habitats Around the Globe: At What Cost?*. The talk focused on the vanishing tropical forests and the profound effects this is having on the entire world.

The tropical rain forests of Central and South America, Africa, Asia and some Pacific islands are being cleared for lumbering, cattle ranching and farming. The thin layer of top soil left behind is only useful for a few years, after which a new tract of forest has to be exploited.

such a rate that the tropical rain forests may be lost within a few decades.

A "mass extinction spasm" could drastically affect the evolution of life on this planet. In order for life to evolve there has to be a wide diversity of species to create a large "gene pool" from which new genetic combinations can emerge. According to Myers, one half of the species on earth are found in the tropical rain forests.

Myers says there are many benefits that could be lost to deforestation. In recent years, new sources of food have been found in the tropical rain forests with the possibility of more being found in the future. New medications to fight such diseases as leukemia are being found in the tropical forests. Myers says there is a one-in-four chance that any medication has its origin in a tropical rain forest raw material.

sage on impoverished peasants and land owners of these areas, but some of the biggest culprits are large multinational corporations that exploit the tropics for

Deforestation may cause a "mass extinction spasm"

their resources to provide the Industrialized nations with their way of life at a cheap price.

Myers says a great global effort is needed to stop this and every individual can make a difference; "A lot of people doing a little can do a lot." He says people can write to elected officials in government, and analyze how we live and what products we use that are the product of exploitation of tropical rain forests.

Rather than considering it a problem, Myers sees the situation as a challenge, saying "magnificent possibilities" could result from our actions.

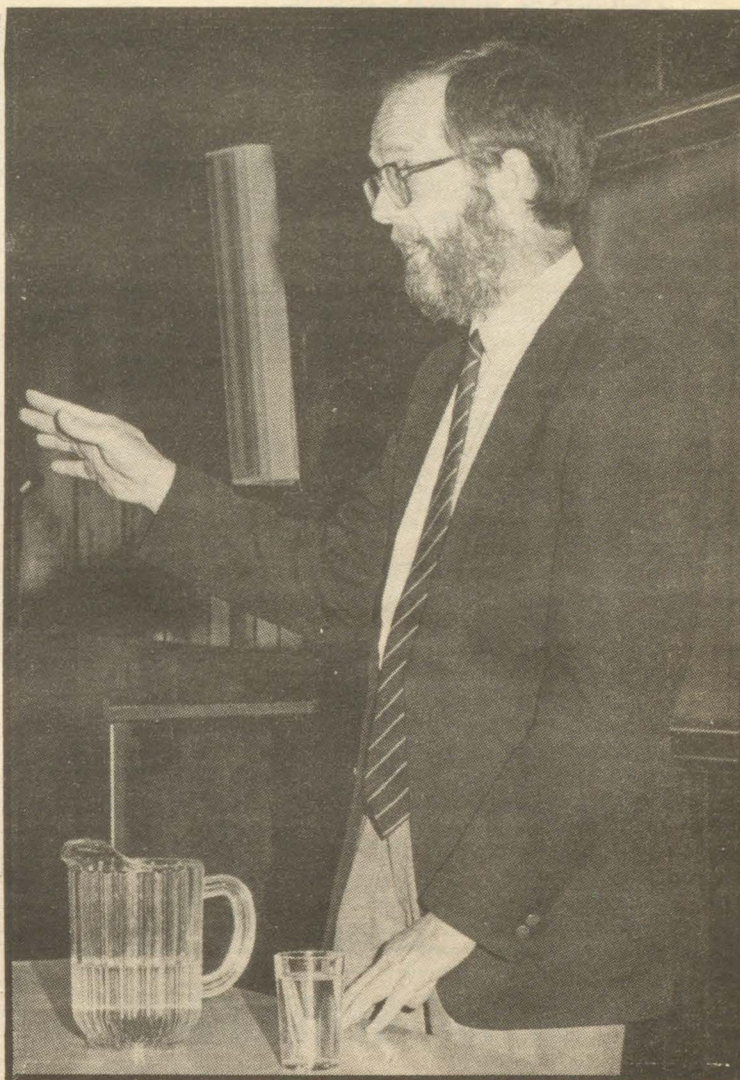
Conservation is not necessarily detrimental to corporations and capitalist enterprise. Myers points out that the fastest growing sector in the economy is recycling. As well, the boycott of Burger King (they once used beef from Central America) has led to better cattle-ranching techniques in those areas, once the boycott was lifted, that will maintain the industry for years to come. If there had been no boycott, the industry would have depleted itself within a few years.

More sustainable cattle-ranching techniques often go against the Central American culture, which celebrates the image of a man on horseback, ignorant of what he is doing to nature. Myers says this is much like the way our culture celebrates the image of a man with his car.

To save the land, more people must go to the cities instead of farming the tropical forests. More jobs in manufacturing, in such sectors as electronics, would have to be created in Third World nations. Myers says many protectionist bills that limit imports from the third world add to the deforestation, because all the people that lose their jobs go back to farming and depleting the tropical forests.

Myers has travelled to over 70 countries around the world giving this message and raising consciousness about our fragile world. He teaches at Oxford University of England and is an international consultant on environment and development. He is the author of such books as *The Sinking Ark*, and his articles have appeared in National Geographic and the New York Times.

PHOTO: Raymond Mah



Dr. Norman Myers, international consultant on environment and development, speaking on the dramatic impact of deforestation.

Special places need protection

by Scott Randall

An environmental workshop concluded that Atlantic Canada needs a stronger environment lobby, more education and more involvement with the private sector.

About 60 people attended the workshop "Valuing Special Places and Rare Species" on Friday November 25. Most of them were from the universities and from the government though there were also some people from business and non-government organizations.

Some delegates expressed concern that certain groups were not represented. Raymond Cote of the School for Resource and Environment Studies at Dal says they will try to include more groups in the future, though it is hard to do in a one-day workshop.

The delegates decided at the workshop that there should be more education and programs in the school system dealing with special places and the preservation of the environment.

They also noted that Central and Western Canada have larger environment lobby groups, and ways to create a more effective lobby in Atlantic Canada should be looked at. Art Hanson, former director for the School for Resource and Environmental Studies, says we can build on

experience gained in other regions to improve the situation in Nova Scotia.

Delegates also said there should be more involvement with the private sector. They would also like to get more donations from private sources from wildlife funds. Cote said he had hoped for more representation from the private sector. However, a representative from the Bowater and Mersey pulp and paper company attended, as well as a recreational land developer.

The preservation of special places and species need not all be done by the government. Much work is done by the Boy Scouts, the Girl Guides, and numerous wildlife groups. An example of this is the large tract of land that was recently purchased on Brier Island in Nova Scotia by the Nature Conservancy in Toronto, who will see that this special place is preserved.

Perhaps best of all, the workshop established networks between the various groups that work in this area.

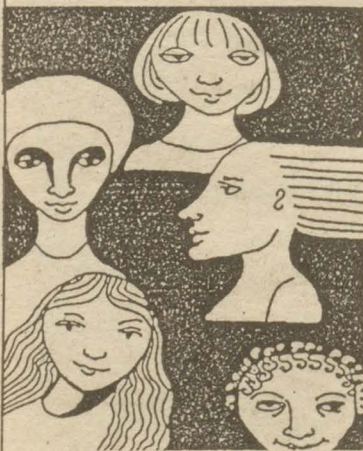
Cote says environmental costs have to be factored into the uses of raw materials. It is not appropriate for future generations to be saddled with our misuse of the environment. "Environmentally friendly" products, ones that are biodegradable and not the result of exploitation of the environment, are also a welcome trend.

Upcoming conference

New perspective on immigrant women

by Jessica Meijer

This week the International Education Centre at St. Mary's will mark the 40th Anniversary of the United Nations' Universal Declaration of Human Rights in a unique way. A conference this weekend will recognize the contributions immigrant women



have made to Canada. Previously, the media has focussed on the plight of immigrant women and the hardships they have suffered, but not to actually identify and give credit to these women for the contributions they have made to the country. This conference hopes to give a new perspective to

the role of immigrant women by featuring an exhibit of their artistic and cultural expression, in conjunction with a student-teacher conference about immigrant women.

Organizer Debra Dickson's says although the mental picture of a poor woman dressed in black, scurrying down Toronto's Chinatown streets, is often identified as being the typical immigrant, this is not so.

Working class women's contributions are to be examined at this conference as well as contributions from other women, of varying economic and personal backgrounds.

Dickson says the conference will hopefully serve as a place for information sharing, and a place where teachers can see how they can integrate these issues into existing courses.

The Conference begins tonight with the keynote speaker Dr. Roxanna Ng, an associate professor at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education. Dr. Ng is an immigrant to Canada herself, and has worked with immigrant women's groups across the country since 1976. She has written various books and articles on immigrant women. For further information call the I.E.C. at 420-5419.

CFS debates voting issue

Universities. . . Is bigger better?

by Corilee Fox

OTTAWA (CUP) — Delegates to the annual meeting of Canada's national student lobby group were accused of navel-gazing after big schools again tried to convince the membership that large universities deserved more than one vote.

Steven Howard, Simon Fraser University student council resource worker and long-time participant in CFS, said members are looking inward because they lack direction.

"There's a fear of dealing with the real issues so people are left with worrying about internal matters," he said.

The Canadian Federation of Students, representing 400,000 students across the country, held its annual week-long conference representatives from 63 schools.

Brought forward by the University of Saskatchewan, the weighted voting proposal — which has nagged members at other recent CFS conferences — would give schools votes based on their enrolment.

Larger schools could therefore conceivably control a vote and the smaller schools would have much less say.

The motion was defeated.

"I'm getting dirty looks from the other Atlantic region schools, but why should I be for weighted voting? Our school would be screwed," said Nova Scotia College of Art and Design student council president Allison Lewis.

All Atlantic schools but NSCAD, which has a student population of 500, were in favour of the proposal.

But the 15 members of the Pacific region were against the motion — including the University of Victoria and Simon Fraser.

Those in favour said that schools which pay more money into CFS should have more votes. Each student pays \$4 a year into CFS, and proponents of weighted voting see it as more accurate and more representative.

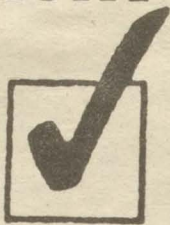
A francophone from Université de Moncton gave a well received speech on how francophones, natives and other disadvantaged groups would be affected by weighted voting. She said members of minority groups usually go to smaller schools — weighted voting would help large anglophone schools while disadvantaging the others.

Others felt weighted voting would be a good selling point for getting other large schools into the federation.

The motion — which needed a two-thirds majority — was defeated 26 in favour, 25 against. The University of Ottawa abstained.

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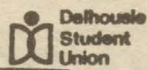
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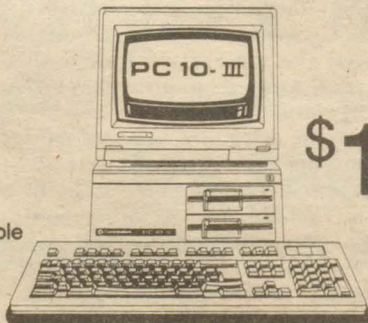


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CUP Briefs

Satan burns in Toronto

TORONTO (CUP) — For sale: one book. Slightly burnt.

Don't be surprised if you see an ad to that effect somewhere soon, after an unidentified pyromaniac slipped into the University of Toronto bookstore Nov. 17 and torched a copy of Salman Rushdie's *The Satanic Verses*.

Bookstore employee Nicholas Pashley was the first to notice something was amiss.

"Two or three of my colleagues and I started sniffing around," he said. "There was a smell of butane in the air."

The book was discovered smouldering on a pile of books in an alcove, where someone had brought it from a main display area. "It was just sort of smoking," said Pashley, so "one of my colleagues put it under a tap."

Michael Jackel, a bookstore manager, said *The Satanic Verses* may have been targeted from what some have called its unflattering portrait of the Muslim prophet Mohammed. The book has been banned in India and South Africa.

Besides the one copy of *The Satanic Verses*, two other books that were under it and an adjoining book shelf were damaged.

For bookstore general manager John Watson, the expense of replacing the books is not an issue. "The concern is not the damage. We don't want this to happen again."

U of T police say they have no suspects, though they would like to find the anonymous tipster who phoned the student newspaper minutes after the incident occurred. "We're looking for him as a witness and we'd like to talk to him," said investigator Kevin Ward.

Jackel said the bookstore is not planning to make any changes as a result of the burning. "I don't think it's a trend or anything," he said, though "it is still very strange. I think it's the work of some crazy person."

Pashley, the bookstore's fiction buyer, just can't understand the mentality of bookburners.

"If people are going to burn books I wish they'd at least buy them first."

Microwaving molecules

SUDBURY (CUP) — A new use for the microwave oven has been discovered — in Laurentian University's chemistry laboratory.

Three scientists have found that microwave ovens can speed up chemical reactions as much as a thousand times faster than normal.

A microwave oven took 35 seconds to create a compound that usually takes 12 hours to produce, according to a recent article in the *Canadian Journal of Chemistry*.

And the secret of microwave chemistry lies in the solvent used, say the scientists. They found that "highly polar" solvents work best.

A highly polar solvent is one in which the electrons of each molecule are distributed unevenly so that one end of the molecule is negative and the other end is positive. Only with this imbalance can a molecule absorb microwave energy.

The chemists — Richard Gedye, Frank Smith and Kenneth Westaway — report that their culinary experiments ran into a few troubles. So powerful is a microwave oven that some of the reactions were explosive. Also, the researchers found they could only use sealed Teflon bottles, which are strong enough to withstand the pressures created inside them by microwave energy.

Boozing it up

SUDBURY (CUP) — The next time you attend class, look around for your peers. If you can't find them, chances are they were boozing it up the night before.

In fact, 40 percent of the Ontario university students have missed a class because of a hangover, according to a recently-released report called *The Drinking, Drug Use and Lifestyle Patterns of Ontario's University Students*.

The survey was answered by about 5,000 students at four provincial universities in the fall of 1987.

Almost 50 percent of respondents reported having a hangover in the last month, and 10 percent thought they had a drinking problem. Thirty percent of students are heavy drinkers.

Co-writer Louis Glikzman of the University of Western Ontario isn't alarmed with the numbers. "The alcohol consumption rate is lower than in American universities. Our average is around 12 drinks per week. In American universities the average is 15 drinks per week."

"What was most surprising was the low incidence of other drug use on campus, particularly cocaine," he said.

Only 4.5 percent of students use cocaine, 5 percent take stimulants, 7 percent consume hallucinogens, and 30 percent use cannabis.

Smoking isn't cool anymore. Sixty percent of the respondents report that they never smoke, and 25 percent smoke fewer than one cigarette per day.

According to the "Lifestyles" section of the survey, 75 percent of students have engaged in sexual activity in the last year and one-fifth had sex as many as three times a week.

However, about half have never had a love relationship, and only 14 percent have had more than two.

Fifteen months ago Dale wasn't feeling well.

He went to see his doctor, after various tests were run and nothing could be found to be wrong, he was tested for HIV infection. He was told he had AIDS.

"God, it seems like it was ten years ago and yet it seems like it was only yesterday. I was 24 but I felt like I was in a body that belonged to a man of at least 90 years old," says Dale.

Dale was very ill for several months, not only physically but psychologically. He went through a long period of depression compounded by a bad reaction to a prescribed drug.

"It was like being high on acid for five months straight."

When Dale Oxford was first diagnosed with AIDS, he went through stages of denial and anger. His first reaction was "This is a nightmare — wake me up." Then he became angry. "I think for quite sometime I was

between rests. "At 25 years old I shouldn't be exhausted at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but I am."

Dale is no longer angry at his illness. He has almost a philosophical acceptance of his condition. "I guess I'm a fatalist," he says. "Whatever will happen will happen. Whatever we do to try to change the inevitable, it will still happen." He says he doesn't blame God, nor does he believe, as some people would say, that God is punishing him. "I always kind of chuckle when people say it's the wrath of God, because I know that the one person or entity that has helped me more than anything else is the spiritual side of myself."

Dale says society's attitude toward people with AIDS makes it unique from other terminal illnesses. "Society is very supportive and helpful, even sympathetic to someone with cancer. 'Oh that poor kid, 24 years old with cancer.' The difference

"We all get depressed, but you can always think that things will be better tomorrow. But in my life I know that things will be worse tomorrow. So unless I can find some way of focusing in on a positive attitude and holding that focus, I couldn't get to tomorrow."

— Peter Wood

very angry. I cursed everybody, including God."

Today Dale is feeling much better about his life. Treasurer and co-founder of the Nova Scotia Persons With AIDS Coalition, as well as production manager for The Names Project Foundation of Canada, a memorial to people who have died of AIDS, Dale feels good about what he is trying to accomplish. "I enjoy what I'm doing. The Coalition and the Names Project are the two most beautiful things I've ever been involved in my life. I'm proud to be working on something that not only helps myself, but if I die in 2 to 5 years of this illness, I'll be proud that I've been instrumental in setting up something to help other people."

Born and raised in a small town in Newfoundland and educated at Memorial University in St. John's, Dale is a clothing and textile designer who ran his own studio in St. John's until, as he puts it, "I made my grand mecca to the mainland seeking fame and fortune."

Dale's life is quite different today from what he had pictured it to be a few years ago. An active person by nature, he has found it difficult to accept the fact that he must slow down. "I went to university full time, worked full time, taught piano lessons and practised 2 hours a day myself. Even when I moved to Halifax I worked two jobs and went to school two nights a week, but I can't keep those schedules anymore."

A typical day for Dale now is to sleep until 10 or 11 o'clock, work for 3 or 4 hours at the Coalition, and go home and try to do a little sewing and piano playing in

between my being 24 years old with AIDS is that people will say 'you deserve what you get. If you weren't gay you wouldn't have got it.'"

Dale has encountered this kind of negative reaction on a few occasions. He has had people refuse to shake his hand for fear of catching AIDS. He says that he lost a very good job and has been refused apartments because he has AIDS. When he was very ill, Dale returned to Newfoundland to be with his family, whom he calls very supportive, but while in his home town he encountered some very bad reactions.

"When my mother and I walked into the grocery store people walked out, and one day at the post office I was told to get out of town."

The PWA Coalition has been a great help to Dale in dealing with the negativism surrounding AIDS. "We all help one another. Here it's alright to be angry. We can get angry at government policies, discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation, or disease discrimination."

The federally funded organization, established last May, was put together in less than six months. "Things happened fairly quickly," says Peter Wood, chair person and co-founder of the Coalition, "largely because we pushed. I have a sense of urgency about everything in my life. I want to get things done, and I intend to badger people in order to make things happen."

And Peter does make things happen. Extremely vibrant, articulate, and quick-witted, Peter is a man who works very hard to make things go his way. Recently his organization, with the help of

Getting personal with ... A Person with AIDS



by
Ruth
Legge

Christians Assembled to Respond to AIDS, was instrumental in purchasing a home to house four PWAs who, for various reasons, have nowhere else to go or need the company of other people.

"We do many things in a day," says Peter, "and the things we tend to be seen doing are the advocacy and media things. That's just a very small portion of what we do. What we spend more of our time doing than that is staying with someone in the hospital all night while they die, or finding a place for someone to live."

"These human problems we deal with every day are much more important to us, because really what this whole thing is about is people, and these people that it's about are all dying and they need help."

Until a year ago, when he became too ill to continue his career, Peter worked in the theatre as a set designer, mostly in Ontario with the National Ballet, the National Arts Centre, the Shaw Festival and others, as well as briefly in Halifax.

His work at the Coalition is now a full-time job. His life has changed considerably in the last few years. "When I left Toronto a few years ago I said to my friend Hugh, 'I'm glad I'm leaving Toronto — this AIDS thing is really getting out of hand.'" Hugh died of AIDS two years ago, the same year Peter was diagnosed with the disease.

Neither of Peter's parents are

now living, but he has three brothers, only one of which he calls supportive. "The others think I'm doing this (his work at the Coalition) just to get attention and embarrass them." Peter feels that with the little time he has left, his family should be more considerate and supportive. "I spent thirty years of my life taking their priorities into consideration. Now it's their turn."

Peter says the only way to survive this disease is to keep a posi-

tive attitude. "I've had to work so hard at it that I think after awhile it just became part of my nature. We all get depressed, but you can always think that things will be better tomorrow. But in my life I know that things will be worse tomorrow. Tomorrow is not my salvation, so unless I can find some way of focusing in on a positive attitude and holding that focus, I couldn't get to tomorrow."

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More guidelines . . .

More guidelines have been passed, if anyone's interested.

A special Senate meeting last Tuesday passed four motions. The first affirms that material must be made available to students in a substantially equivalent form on the basis of mutual agreement between students and faculty.

The second originally asked the board for compensation for any make-up classes given by faculty. The student union reps present said the DSU was upset that the Faculty seemed to be using the Senate as a bargaining tool to get what it didn't achieve in negotiations. They asked that profs just give the courses and not make that dependent on the Board's giving them compensation.

This generated a split in the 300 senators and visitors, some argued that discussing money was inappropriate to the Senate and complaining of a "union meeting" atmosphere. These profs argued that classes should be given again with or without compensation. But others said the Senate could not "legislate" free teaching. One prof congratulated President Clark for "doing his divisive work so well". Refusing to pay professors and insisting three weeks ago that classes would go on as usual had gotten the administration in this mess. Now they could sit back and

watch students and faculty squabble with each other in the post-ally stage.

At the end, Clark rose to tell the crowd that he would recommend to the Board that "appropriate measures be made for limited compensation for a limited number of cases where there is genuine hardship". He promised to form a committee including both the DFA and DSU presidents to locate such cases. He also promised to propose that the Board recognize that students were the injured third party.

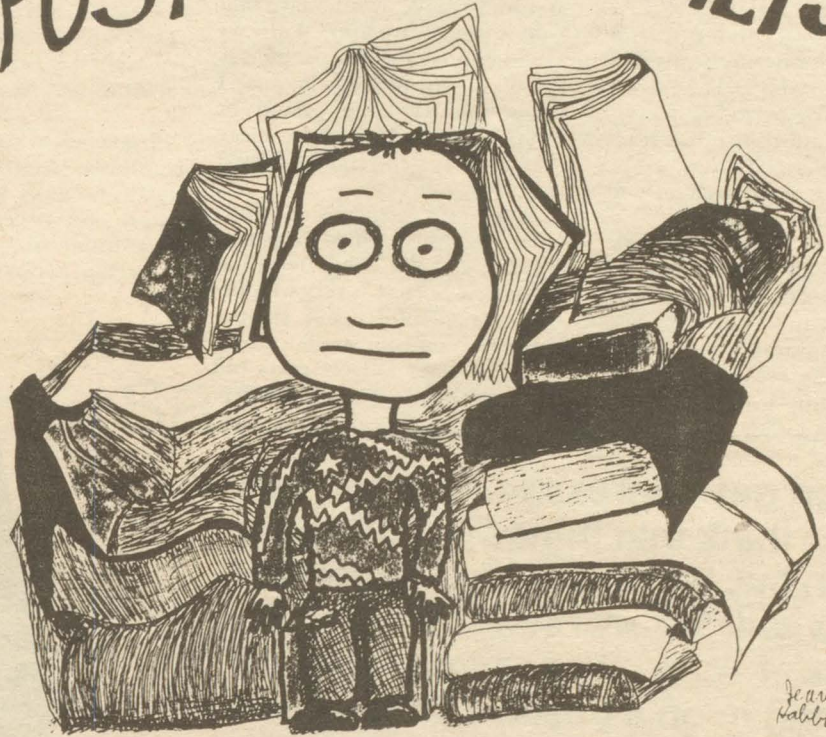
What Clark should have done was to have taken the clear and simple action of cancelling all classes during the strike and agreeing to pay the faculty for teaching make-up classes as part of the settlement. It would have saved this limping ad hoc process of finding out what material is gone for good, what profs will help you and who won't, and so on.

Although it's a bad deal that profs won't get compensation as a matter of course, hopefully profs will, as one prof put it, "continue to quietly give the courses anyway".

They should not be forced to do so, but they should realize that students *did* give the DFA their support and should now expect some flexibility in return.

Heather Hueston

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Letters



The old stereotype

Dear Gazette:

The only thing interesting about the unsigned letter in your last issue (Students booze it up Nov. 16) was the fact that you printed it.

I had thought you, as a student paper, would offer alternatives to the stereotypes perpetuated by the mainstream media.

The stereotype of the wealthy, care-free (hence liquor consuming) car driving, Florida vacationing student is what movies may be made of but is it really

representative of students?

Are students really an elite group somehow a separate entity from society as a whole? Do they live in a vacuum? If "today's student body is a pretty pampered self-indulgent one" isn't it because they merely reflect the society they are part of?

The letter writer accepts the elite group theory and then arrives at several conclusions: students are not entitled to liquor because they aren't burdened by taxes hence students are not consumers; the "privilege" of education means sacrificing your right to consume what you want; higher education doesn't include learning to be responsible; alcohol is a privilege obtained by those who are burdened by taxes. Interesting.

Perhaps a campaign for A Year Off Stereotypes would be more beneficial than A Year Off Booze.
Stephen Shay

Need to push AIDS education

To the Editors

AIDS awareness in our university communities is almost non-

existent . . . Not because of a lack of resources available, but because of the indifference of the students towards the subject. A great number of students believe that they are not affected by this deadly epidemic because they are not homosexuals.

AIDS is not just a "gay" disease. In Africa the majority of PWA's are heterosexuals. AIDS has been spread because of promiscuity by homosexuals, heterosexuals and bisexuals alike. It has also been spread by contaminated blood. This is why we must restrict ourselves to one sexual partner, while practicing safe sex. It is up to each of us to take a stand against AIDS and educate ourselves as to how to prevent it.

Both Dalhousie University and Saint Mary's University have had lectures on AIDS. Saint Mary's students have shown very little interest in these lectures. As stated in "The Journal" (SMU's campus paper), 10/06/88, fourteen students showed up for three lectures. Some of those who didn't show up said they had "better things to do". What is more important than learning how to save your life?

Dalhousie has had one AIDS lecture that I am aware of. The lecture took place in Shirreff Hall's study lounge. A person with AIDS (PWA) was the main speaker. There were about forty females and one male in attendance. Compared to the number of

students living on campus this is a very small number. Perhaps the lack of male attendance had something to do with homophobia. As I have said earlier, AIDS is not a gay disease. It is something that affects us all, particularly university students, who are at a sexual height in their lives. I am not saying that the majority of students are sexually

promiscuous, but there are risks being taken.

We have to accept that we are all potential AIDS victims, but we have the power to prevent it. If there are any AIDS lectures going on in your community be responsible and attend. You may be surprised at what you learn. Educate yourselves and stay alive.

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December and
 December and
 The dishes steam
 In a square of light
 I am thinking
 I am thinking that this pan
 Could split your skull,
 An apple halved
 Spilling your sickness of black seeds
 Glisten

Listen
 I can hear the wheels catch
 Inside your smile.

— Lisa Fiander

Dive
 right on
 into the
 Gazette



PHOTO: Ariella Pahlke

Arts Supplement

s Because everyone survived
 doesn't mean the plane crash
 never occurred.

h Look at the man with
 the cast on one hand!
 He has taught himself
 to write with the other.

s In another town his mother smiles
 through the delicate lines of her face.
 "You see, he is ambidextrous now."

r Stitches on her chin and under her eyes
 left scars pale as gossamer that quiver
 as she speaks. In the dusk of her kitchen
 she reads her mail one letter at a time,

A from the bottom up; he writes each week
 but the handwriting is unfamiliar,
 she no longer recognizes her name
 on the thin blue envelopes.

— anonymous

A Twenty years,
 and never an affair —
 her husband
 takes his vows seriously.
 Like playing darts.

U He is very good.
 Throws from the shoulder
 and aims with both eyes.

D His sight is bad now
 and getting worse
 but his arm knows
 its path.

I The circle of her face opens wider, wider, wider.
 She has forgotten how to scream.

— anonymous

yeah

I wear a walkman
 and I'm anti-social
 I don't give a fuck about you

— Andrew M. Duke



2,4-D

Crash, crash
And all falls apart:
Who holds the pen
For the script of my life?
Scratch, scratch,
The blade descends
The heroes fall,
And nothing is left.

— Andrew M. Duke

PHOTO: Pauli Grandy

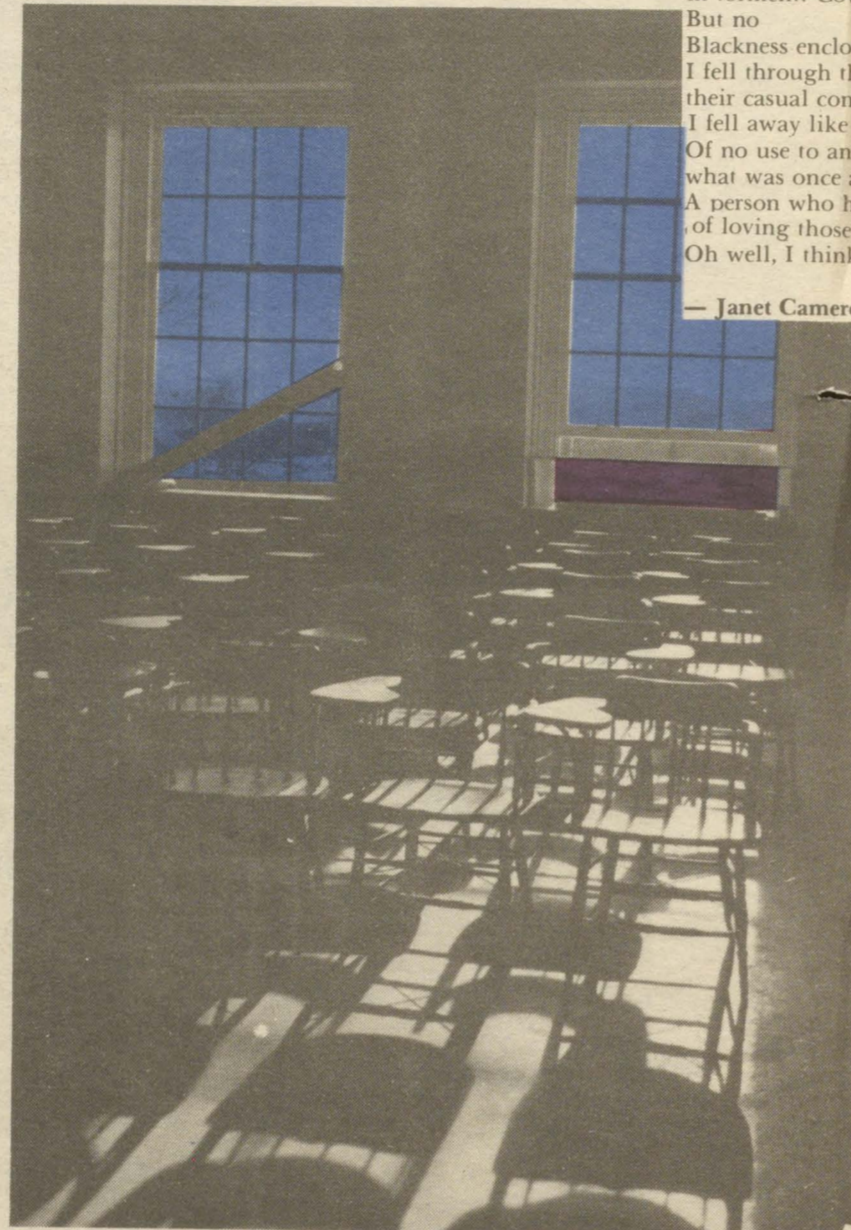


PHOTO: David Deveau

Cowshed

I was in the cowshed yesterday
The cows told me to go away
By heaven and hell, I'll never know why
They'd mistreat such a lovely guy
I loved those cows! I loved their eyes
I never told those cows no lies
But still their cruel silence persisted
Their eyes full of hate burning my soul
Their smooth flanks turned away like
a wall blocking out my entreaties
Cows! Don't turn your backs on a soul
in torment! Cows! Listen to me!
But no
Blackness enclosed my senses
I fell through the dark hell of their rejection,
their casual contemptuous dismissal
I fell away like a red leaf, like garbage
Of no use to anyone, a twisted scrap of
what was once a feeling, thinking person
A person who had the tragic flaw
of loving those aloof cruel cows
Oh well, I think I'll see what the rooster's doing.

— Janet Cameron (alias Hideous Helen)

DEMOLITION on the horizon

Dim lights
Shade the room olive
A sharp
rectangle of black
represents
the world outside
It is framed
by
engraved mahogany.
On a silent night
it is like
the house respire —
a woman whose lungs
are a century old

A handsome nostalgia
shines
at four o'clock
on certain
brilliant afternoons
Her panes
reflect jagged pieces
of prised light
weaving
a most magnificent
pattern
on the otherwise geriatric carpet

Her
works of art
protects
dwellers
from rough edges
of a cruel world

Cobwebs grow
on corners
of ceilings and walls
Every detail has been washed
in shades of
Age
creating
the image of nobility
common to all
well lived in houses.

— Pamela Fairfield

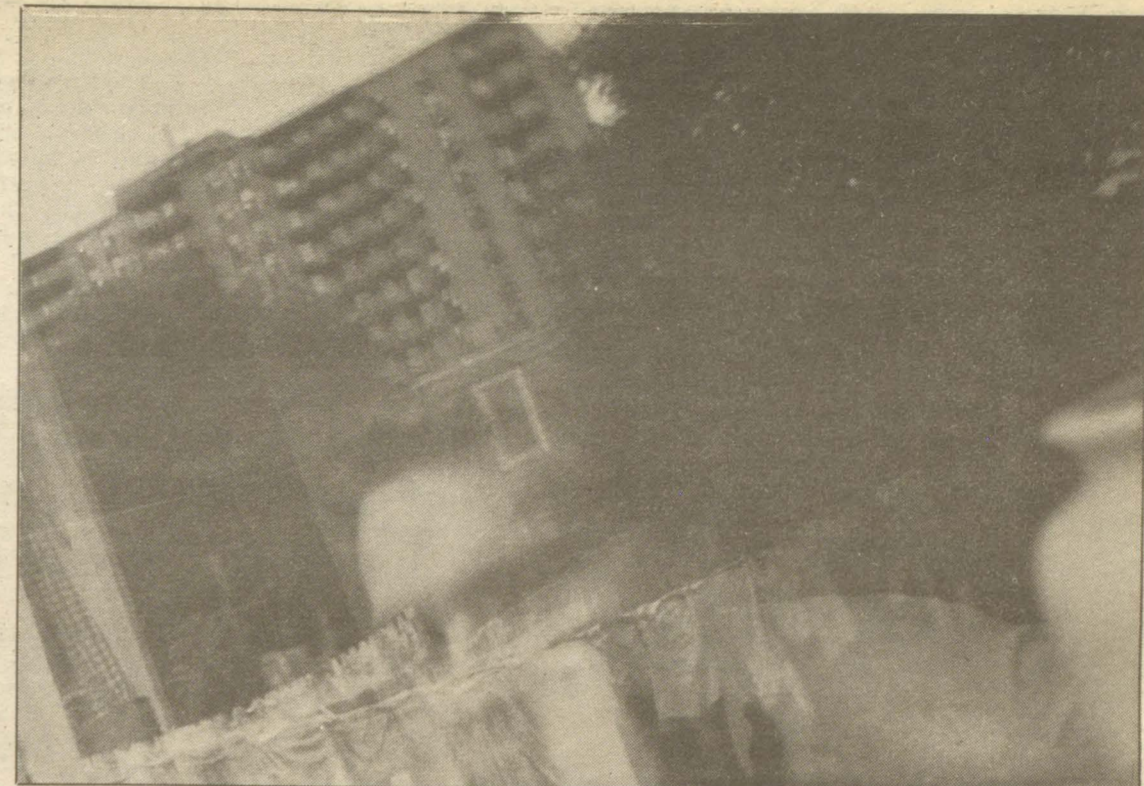


PHOTO: Ariella Parlike

We are imprisoned by the phases
Of a circle moon. . . snow moon. . . wolf moon.
My footsteps are nearly silent
As the train whistle beckons
From a tunnel built by prisoners. . .

I can smell their sweat
And hear songs
See the hot soup passed round
Behind hedges of time

Fence me in
Don't fence me in

Change hands on the whip, time-master,
Be discreet

We see the lay of the land
The diffuse moonlight
Spreads our perimeter

Our enclosure defines
A turning point

Show restraint with the belt
Do not punish me

As the wind blows
In the natural course of things
I have only the moon
A pen
and someone else's
Distant memory.

— Phil Thompson (alias Leon Virgo)

Invoking the Gods

invoking the Gods
of Public Transit
Siddartha lights a cigarette
and sits down
at the last bus stop
before the Bridge

he inhales
and exhales the incense

he inhales again
and a thin trail smokes
up the road

he inhales a third time
and a cloud envelopes
his head sweat glistens
on his dark face

the cloud vanishes
and a bus appears

we bunch up joyous
try outguessing where
almost pearly doors will open
and Siddartha grinds out
his almost whole cigarette
on the sidewalk chanting
under his breath and he's last
to board the slow bus

— Joe Blades



PHOTO: Kristen Nichols

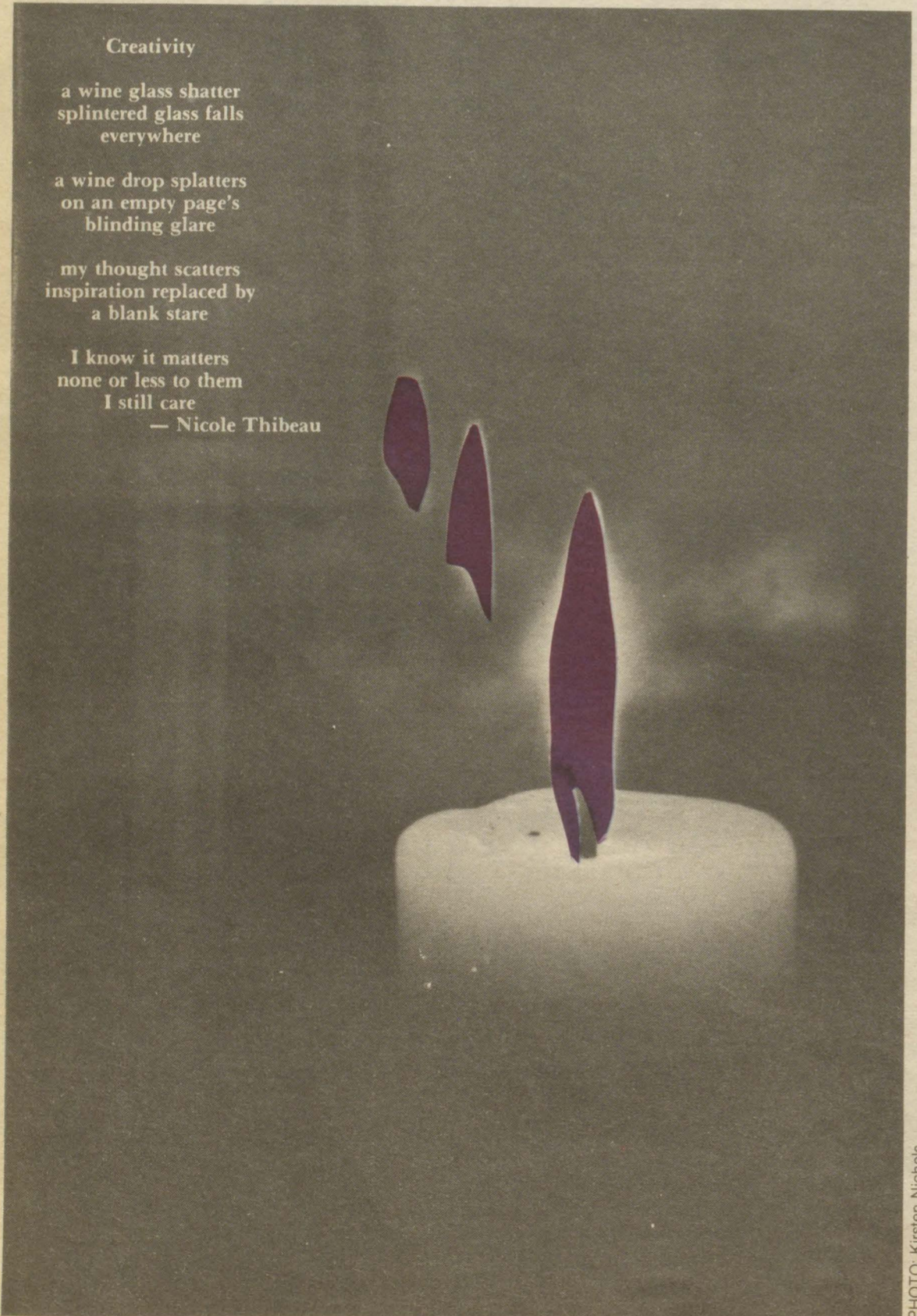


PHOTO: Kristen Nichols

Creativity

a wine glass shatter
splintered glass falls
everywhere

a wine drop splatters
on an empty page's
blinding glare

my thought scatters
inspiration replaced by
a blank stare

I know it matters
none or less to them
I still care

— Nicole Thibeau

Untitled

Scraped from its shell
the oyster in my child palm
cold, wet as a mouth
turned inside-out

I wondered at its deadness
the smooth bloodless transition
from life to the blade
of my uncle's knife

I feared death then

as I feared tigers
and starvation on the Russian steppe
or the poison skin
of green apples

I place the oysters equidistant
on a bald hot rock
their deadness gapes at me

Now it is not dying I fear
but loss of life,
the inability to fear
an impossible death

— anonymous

Sybil

A primal shout
Is crying out
Deep from within
And 9 long years
Created those fears
Forced to witness sin

Because they teased
Laughed when they pleased
And performed procedures all to vile
In Sybil you'll find
A tortured mind,
The conscience of a child

— Andrew M. Duke

The Accident

This is the lake in morning
Where water cold as steel
Whitens your feet
On the aching garden of stones

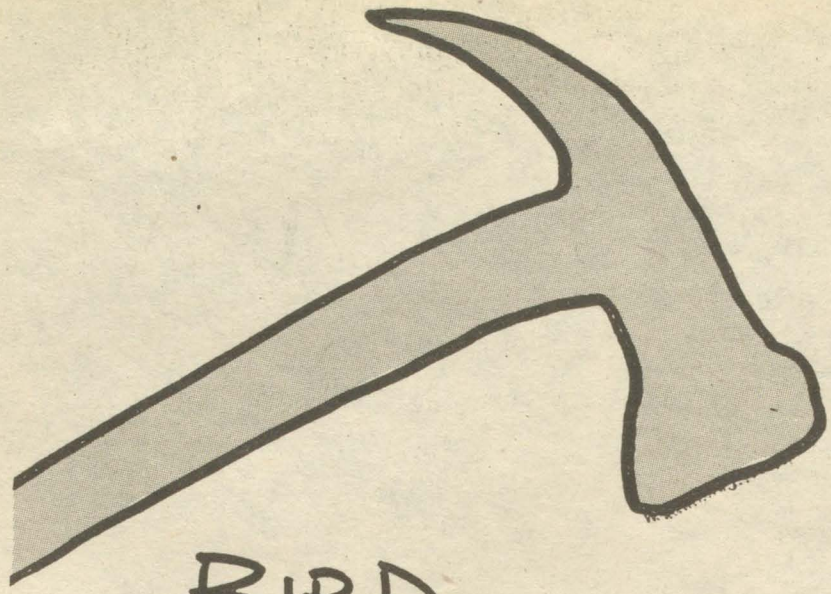
This is the lake in evening,
Where tadpoles rise to kiss
The swirling fatigue of weeds
And the loon's cry can break your heart

This is the lake in darkness
That swallowed you down from light
and bore your shoes
Like shells
Upon the sand

This is the lake in mourning.

— Lisa Fiander

Graphic: Michelle Thibeau



BIRD

(a tale about love and death)



F I C T I O N
by Sandy MacKay

Just after Bird twisted his ankle, he was back on the skeleton roof again. He felt fine, but his foot really hurt. . . It was his left foot, and he cautiously bent over to look at it. The wind was brisk, and so it was necessary to take caution, or else one would be flung to the winds. It was his left foot, and this is important, but not yet. His left foot, upon examination, was very queer. He decided to examine his right foot, and this was no small feat.



Ordinarily, one would simply look at one foot, then look at the other foot. However, as previously mentioned, Bird was back on the skeleton roof again. When one stands on the skeleton of a roof, there are usually very few safe places to place one's feet. Beside one another is impossible. Skeletons of roofs usually consist of 4 to 8 rafters supporting a narrow ridge. Bird's left foot was in front of him on the ridge. His right foot was behind him on the ridge. He was perched pretty precariously; he turned slowly to get a glimpse of his right foot, and did so. Normal as beans. He turned again and looked at his left foot. Still queer. He moved again slowly, for that is the only way one moves on a skeleton roof, even if one is the Bird and used to such places. He moved his left foot, the queer one, slowly forward to a rafter, about a foot away. This foot slid down the rafter until he was able to place a hand on the ridge and lowered himself into a sitting position on the ridge. Left foot still on the rafter, he swung the right foot up to compare. Very queer. He didn't call out to those below him to look at his feet — he wanted to check this out. He pulled his cigarettes out of his pouch, and his matches, and attempted to light one.

Twelve for the day and not yet lunch, he noted, bad bad bad. Bird, like any smart smoker, quit smoking almost after every cigarette, for at least a half an hour, until the next one was lit. Bird's 12th for the day was not lit, for as he steadied himself on the



ridge with one hand, the other hand had difficulty lighting a match in the brisk wind. He cursed the Bird curse and threw the unlit cigarette away. He regarded once again his feet.

The problem was roughly this. His right foot was encased in a sturdy black shoe. It was one of a pair of shoes that had been a gift from a friend. It was an unspecial shoe. It was a heavy shoe, thick-soled and worn, what one might call a brogue, if one wished to. It was mostly unremarkable usually. At this moment, it was, however, remarkable in its solitude. Bird's left foot was encased in what one would definitely not call a brogue. It was encased in what one might call a dancing slipper. It was black, like the brogue, but there all similarities ceased. The slipper was narrow with a turned up toe, and a black marble on the tip of the upturned toe. At the midpoint of the tongue of the slipper was a black satin bow, a simple, stiff bow. The heel of the slipper was high and slightly tapered, and wooden, either black wood, like ebony, or just wood stained black. It was a remarkable slipper, not only in its fineness and style, but in the fact that it was upon the foot of one who would never, even for a sum of money, wear such a slipper.

Bird yelled down "Chiefy, I'm taking a break." There was no answer, which was not unusual. Bird was, by virtue of his own self, entitled to take a break whenever he wished. Whatever Chiefy had said, had he said anything, would have been of no importance. He moved down the skeleton roof, through the skeleton walls and to the ground below. He, more than anything, wanted to get rid of his slipper. The others would have called him "fag", and though that meant nothing to him, he still wished to be rid of it, hopefully before anyone saw it.

The Irish Woman, the Owner, was an interior decorator. She was a recent graduate of what is well known to be a very good course in interior design, and with the money that her Irish Husband had plenty of, she had planned in her mind and designed on the drafting board her dream home. She had a New Irish Husband, because her Old Irish Husband was dead. He had been a Protestant Irish Husband, and he had lived in Carrickfergus on the opposite side of the inlet from Belfast proper. But his luck was bad, and one day when he was innocently bystander, a speeding bullet had carried his life away.



Much to the chagrin of the Gunner, one might add, for the Gunner too was a Protestant Irish Husband. He found out, later at his dinner table with his evening newspaper, that he had killed another Protestant Irish Husband. That caused him no end of self-reproach. The Gunner was a Professional Protestant Irish Husband, and he was mostly chagrined because his target was meant to be a Catholic Irish Husband, Wife, Daughter or Son. He knew that he had killed someone — he had watched through the scope of his rifle as the unidentified Husband fell. He had even gone to the length of the telephoning the authorities himself, to proclaim the vengeance achieved for Protestant Irish Husbands everywhere! But he had mistakenly shot another Protestant Irish Husband, and boys, was he upset with himself for his lack of Professional Care.

So, the Protestant Irish Wife lost a Husband, left the country to mourn, and then remarried. She married simply an Irish Husband, because outside of Ireland, everyone loved the Irish so much that they didn't care what kind of Irish they were; Protestant, Catholic or Hindu. They didn't care. Everywhere, but in Ireland, people wore proud badges that proclaimed "Kiss Me. I'm Irish!" And because the Irish are loved for simply being Irish, they were kissed! And more! The Irish Wife, out of Ireland nonetheless, was still very used to Death. Speeding Bullets, Bombs Hidden in Cars and Alcohol had carried away, blown away and washed away the lives of her brother, her son and her father, respectively.

The Owner (the Irish Woman, if you'll look up) was meticulous. She complained about the lack of straightness in the pieces of wood that kept the ceiling from crashing into the floor. She complained about the money the Company's Boys wasted when they broke the expensive Styrofoam Insulating Bats over one another's heads in order to amuse themselves during breaks. They didn't smoke. The Owner complained about the garbage. The Owner complained about her new Irish Husband.



The Owner complained about lost time, lost money, lost will-power, lost minds and lost men. The fellow who she complained to listened very stoically and nodded his head in seeming agreement to her every complaint. He was stone deaf and not about to tell the Owner. He lit one cigarette from the butt of another, smiled at the Owner and nodded her on. "His" thought the Deaf "sure beats the hell out of working."

So the Owner was very used to Death. When Death happened about, she carried on. Death, she claimed, pays no attention to her which notices him not. She was sure Death was male, and carried on complaining.

"Hello Bird", crooned Kim. "I see you have a new shoe."

Bird blushed. He hadn't even wanted Kim to see his odd shoe, but better her than anyone. Bird was in love with Kim, the only woman working with them. Bird thought that it was ridiculous to have a woman working with them for many reasons. Bird couldn't say "Cunt" in front of Kim, and the others loved it when Bird said "Cunt". It usually meant that Bird had hurt himself somehow, and the others got a kick out of that. Bird couldn't talk about sex in the graphic terms he so loved in front of Kim. He also felt that Kim did very little work, but the Boss who had hired Kim was something called an Equal Opportunity Employer, and although he too felt that Kim did very little, being an Equal Opportunity Employer was quite a thing to be in his business. In fact, he was the only Equal Opportunity Employer in his business, and he felt that status was more important than the small wage he would have paid any woman, no matter how competent. Two workers thought that Kim did a fine job, but they were fired one day for smoking marijuana cigarettes. They refused to smoke tobacco cigarettes.

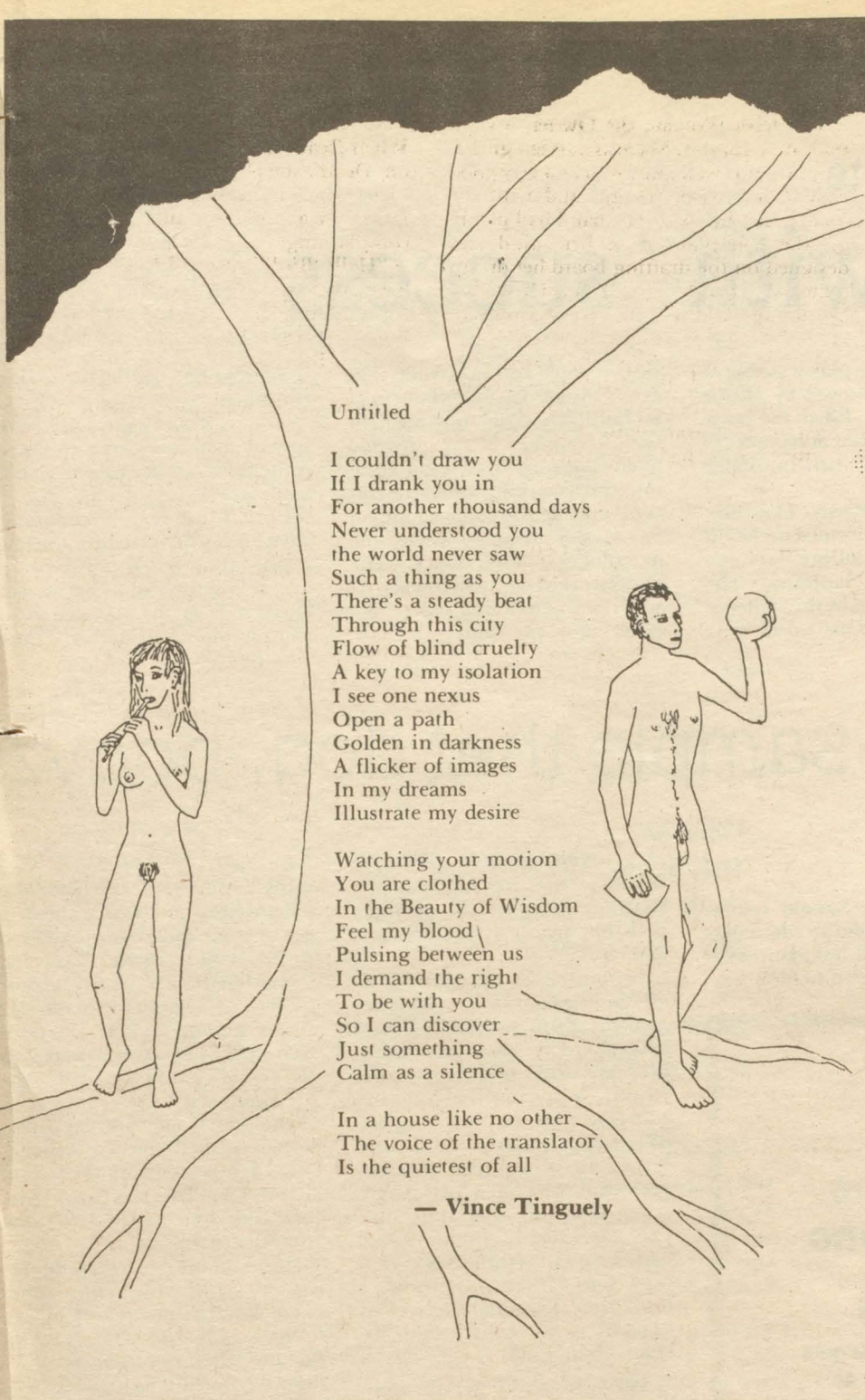


Bird loved Kim for many reasons, even though he felt that her presence was unnecessary and down-right intrusive. He loved Kim because he could ask her questions. When the radio played advertisements for products dealing with feminine hygiene, products that claimed to end the worry of "Personal Freshness", Bird loved to ask Kim if she worried about "Personal Freshness". Bird teased Kim about the boy-friends she may or may not have had, and when Kim blushed, Bird went soft inside.

Bird loved Kim especially because she was a Beautiful Woman, and one of the few that spoke to Bird anywhere. Bird loved Kim because she wore no bra and she wore loose shorts. When Bird was up on the skeleton roof and Kim was below, Bird often tried to look down her shirt to see if he could see her breasts. When Kim climbed and Bird was below, he tried to look up her loose shorts to see if he could see her underwear, or maybe even her labia major! Once, Bird caught a glimpse of her underwear as he looked up. There were flowered with yellow flowers on a pink background, with a simple cotton trim. Bird nearly fainted. They were exactly as he had imagined them. He had imagined them often, and often in the shower at night, Kim offered her pink underwear with yellow flowers to him, he imagined. Kim offered him many other things in the shower too, and since very few women offered Bird anything anywhere, anytime, he took what he could imagine. Bird loved Kim, and Bird loved to shower.

Kim knew that Bird loved her — Kim knew that many of them loved her, but especially, she knew that Bird loved her. He was too obvious. Because Kim knew that Bird loved her, she would often do things to make Bird notice her. If they were working near to one another, Kim would bend down so that Bird, if he looked, could see inside her shirt and see her breasts nuzzled up to one another like birds in a

continued on page 11



Untitled

I couldn't draw you
If I drank you in
For another thousand days
Never understood you
The world never saw
Such a thing as you
There's a steady beat
Through this city
Flow of blind cruelty
A key to my isolation
I see one nexus
Open a path
Golden in darkness
A flicker of images
In my dreams
Illustrate my desire

Watching your motion
You are clothed
In the Beauty of Wisdom
Feel my blood
Pulsing between us
I demand the right
To be with you
So I can discover
Just something
Calm as a silence

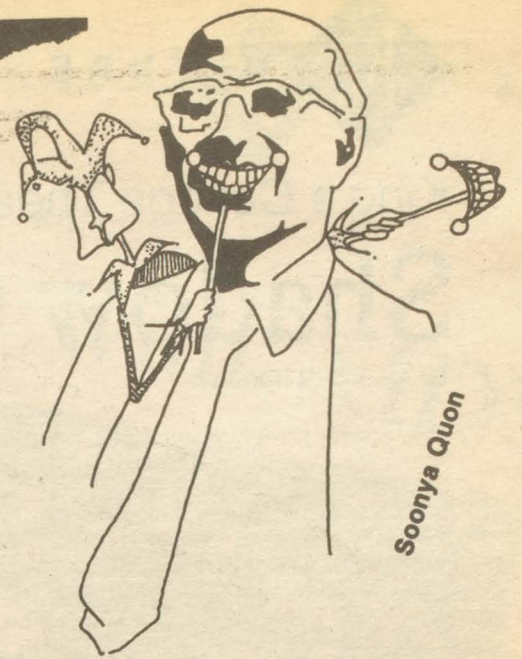
In a house like no other
The voice of the translator
Is the quietest of all

— Vince Tinguely

A Study in Black

Churches falling
People calling
I feel black
Too full of emotion
But they
Like I
Don't care
Society sickens me

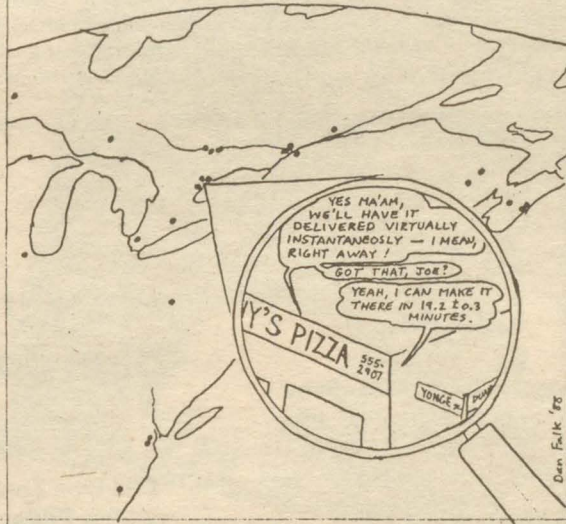
— Andrew M. Duke



Soonya Quon

PORTRAIT OF A
DOCILE MAN

WITH A DEGREE FROM
DAL, YOU CAN GO
ANYWHERE!



Thanks to everyone
who contributed to the
Arts Supplement '88.
Don't worry if you
don't see your
creations this week.
We are going to try a
weekly Creative Arts
page. Keep it coming!

continued from page 10



nest. Kim did this not because she loved Bird. She did it because she hated Bird, and she didn't give a damn who saw her breasts. Kim knew that Bird was a Pig, and she knew that Bird was driven simply wild when he had a chance to see down her shirt. She liked the thought that Bird would never touch her breasts, though he might see them. Kim never guessed what Bird did with her breasts in the shower. She probably would have stopped showing them to Bird had she known.

A few moments later, Kim was cold and pale. She joined a cold and pale group far from where she had met Bird earlier. It was a cold and pale group talking distractedly. Many in the group loved Kim, but none of them noticed her arrival. She had gone to pee in the bushes earlier, and no one had missed her. When she returned, no one noticed her arrival except the Owner, who thought "That shameless girl, running around these men in such scanty clothing." She had noticed the way that the men looked at Kim, and she wished that some of the men would look at her the way they looked at Kim. Yet, she complained and wore her black, baggy shapeless dresses, and no one looked at her, except in loathing.

Bird was as dead as a door-knob, a door-nail and the door all together. His neck had snapped like a dry twig in his fall from the top of the skeleton roof to the hard ground some 45ft. below. His arm was twisted under his back, and he was just all too

obviously dead. Nobody bothered to check his pulse, let alone touch him. His head was at a 160 degrees angle to his left shoulder and his eyes had rolled back in his head. A little blood which had trickled out of his mouth had coagulated upon his cheek and already a few flies buzzed around his corpse. The flies loved Bird, for if he would only stay put long enough, he would be the bearer of the flies infants. The flies knew and loved all things such as Bird had now become.



The Boss, Chiefy, cursed Bird for being so stupid. Bird's death meant many things to him. It meant that all of his workers would not work while they could stand around, viewing the corpse and looking pale and afraid while they smoked cigarettes. It meant that an Evil Safety Inspector would come and question him about Safety on the Job Site. He would want to know all sorts of details that Chiefy was at that moment trying to remember where in the space behind the seat of his new Dodge Dakota those details were. He

wondered if those details were written on a piece of paper anywhere in the world. He hoped that his Partner had them, and expected not. He expected nothing but grief in the next few days. He silently cursed Bird again for his stupidity and carelessness. It was going to cause him a lot of trouble.

Kim started to cry, and allowed herself to be comforted by another worker who incidentally loved Kim almost as much as Bird did. He put an arm around her shoulders and pulled her close. While she wept, he took the opportunity to look down her shirt at her breasts. He thought to himself "Wow! This must be my lucky day!"

The Owner continued to complain, although no one paid any attention to her. She had seen Bird fall and was pleased that at least it wasn't one of the men that she was in love with. She had hated Bird because he had always said "Cunt" around her. She was almost glad that he was dead.

Bird's cousin, who happened to work there as well, wondered how he would get home from work that evening, and then began to daydream about how his uncle would give him Bird's car, because they had been so close. He was younger, and only imagined himself driving Kim around town in Bird's flashy muscle-car.

Meanwhile, Bird was having some difficulty. His shoes now matched, but they were both now dancing slippers. The fairy who had come to take Bird away strolled up to him and asked him if he was ready to go. Bird looked at her, and because he was mostly stupid, he didn't even notice her wings. In fact, he was so stupid he hadn't even noticed that he was dead. When she told him, he didn't believe her. He then

looked at her for the first time, really. They were whisked to the top of the skeleton roof again. Bird knelt gingerly on the top of the ridge again, as if it mattered. He couldn't have fallen this time even if he had tried. The fairy just hovered. she was waiting very patiently.



Bird inspected the rafter by his hand. Someone had nailed it to the ridge very poorly, in such a way that if anyone stepped on it, it would twist and spill whomever had the bad fortune. He examined the board, to look for the indent of the hammer. All hammers that they had used had tiny pyramid teeth on the heads of them, and depending on the age of the hammer (and therefore the wear in the teeth) the owner of the hammer could be discovered. If nothing, Bird knew how long it took to wear down the teeth on the head of a hammer, and he knew how long each person had been working with each hammer. He was going to curse someone, but good. The fairy waited. Bird looked over at her, and with her hand, she indicated that he was to look down.

"Oh," said Bird.

King's College Theatrical Society presents. . .

Shadow Boxing with success

by Michele Thibeau

A thought provoking and realistic performance of Michael Cristofer's "The Shadow Box" was presented at King's College last week by their Theatrical Society. It left some of the audience dabbing the corners of their eyes.

The play takes place in three cottages on the grounds of a large hospital for the terminally ill. The opening scenes introduced the three patients by means of monologues, which ran a bit slowly. In fact, the characters were being interviewed, almost interrogated about how they felt, by a voice from the dark. This was an interesting start but perhaps a bit choppy, as the play progressed the characters and the subplots became clearer.

The oldest patient was lady named Felicity who lived with her youngest daughter Agnes, waiting day after day for her dead

daughter to visit. Agnes (Veronica Pross), meanwhile continued to write letters from her dead sister everyday which she read to her mother, with the intent of letting her die happy.

Brian (Chris Little), the writer, lived with his lover, and Mark (John Goodrich), and he dealt with life by trying to complete everything he could before he was to die. He said, wrote and acted on every idea that popped into his head.

The third patient, Joe (Michael Melski), was a family man whose wife, Maggie (Fiona Highet), could not accept the fact that he was going to die, and could not break the news to their son Steve (Chris Murphy).

In the end all three characters began to accept that their lives were going to end and that there was no easy way to deal with it other than to use the time wisely, for tomorrow might not be there.

The end of the play was a set of short scenes followed by all the characters who filled the stage and expressed their acceptance of the truth and of their inevitable deaths.

Directed by Martha Hancock, the play was performed in the Pit of the King's College Arts and Administration building. The stage, surrounded by the audience on two sides, had two sides for the

cast to enter and exit from. The actors moved in somewhat circular fashion to avoid showing their back to one side or the other too often. The stage itself was divided into three working areas; the cottage, outside the cottage, and an interviewer corner, where the monologues took place. The lights worked well with the separate stages, and the crew were like mice, quickly and correctly

changing sets while the action continued.

The actors did a great job, with special mention going to Carol Anne Gillis in her role as an old battle-axe.

Chris Little is to be congratulated for his performance since he stepped in at a late date. Edward Rix, originally cast as Brian, was forced to leave the play due to an accident after putting lot of time into the role.

S-s-sample that dog, booyz!

by Scott Neily

Frozen Ghost, Arnold Lanni and Wolf Hassel, did an admirable job of kicking off last Saturday's concert at the Metro Centre.

As Wolf pointed out after the show, they like to make each show as enjoyable as possible, both for themselves and for the audience.

In touring and promoting an album like their latest *Nice Place to Visit*, a fun attitude is almost necessary. Like their last record, this one deals with topics that require a bit of thought and introspection to fully enjoy. "Your basic 'hiding of the truth' is the permeating theme throughout," said Wolf. "Censorship, TV evangelism, all that neat stuff that happened to Jimmy Swagart. That kinda thing has always been big with us. Lyrically, I think this album has more of an edge to it but in a tongue-in-cheek kinda way.

Their first album was produced in the Arnyard Studios — a.k.a. Arnold's basement, den and bathroom (for the sax solos). After winning the 1987 Juno award for 'Most Promising Group', the Arnyard was upgraded and moved to an industrial unit for the second album. With more freedom and produc-

tion quality, *Nice Place to Visit* sounds somewhat different from its predecessor. "Arn wanted to get in some different production stuff," Wolf revealed. "Basically, it was having a more live, acoustic flavour — acoustic piano, 12-string guitar, and a real horn section. The idea was to make it a little less slick and not overproduced."

Judging from Saturday's performance, they have achieved that goal. The tracks from the second album sounded far better live than did some of the selections from the first.

Honeymoon Suite would be wise to retitle their third and latest effort (if one can call it that) from *Racing After Midnight*, to *Playing After Midnight*, because the only time it'll be heard is after midnight. While their second record, *The Big Prize*, did not win any big prizes for music, it did have the virtue of having a decent selection of catchy tunes.

The only song worthy of note on the new LP is a remixed version of the number one hit, "Lethal Weapon", from the movie of the same name. As one of the best songs Honeymoon Suite has produced, it makes sense to be included in a concert.

The absence of "Lethal Weapon" was one of many flaws. Too many of their big hits were played at the beginning of their set, giving a top heavy feeling to the entire show, making for a rather boring climax and an unsurprising encore. Lead singer Johnnie Dee's lack of audience interaction was especially notable after Frozen Ghost's performance. Derry Grehan played around with some pseudo-classical acoustic guitar near the end of the show, but he doesn't have the acoustic prowess or flamboyancy to pull it off. Like many hard-edged Top 40 bands, Honeymoon Suite's songs are of the kind that are easy to perform on stage without any alterations. Unlike Frozen Ghost, who rearranged several of their songs for live performance, Honeymoon Suite made few such attempts, resulting in little more than a live replay of their albums.

11 Movies For \$15! Ho Ho Ho! ...Or how to keep your friends in the dark for Christmas

Give the gift that will keep your student friends entertained all next term! A student **Monday Movies pass** will get you into 11 movies on the big screen of the McInnes Room! Thrill to the likes of **Broadcast News, Betrayed, The Untouchables** and **Crocodile Dundee II**. You'll laugh to **Planes, Trains & Automobiles, Big, Midnight Run, Roger Rabbit, and A Fish Called Wanda**. You might even cry to (although we don't know why...) **Casual Sex** and that Stanley Kubrick classic, **A Clockwork Orange!** Buy two passes and save more at 2 for \$25! Buy three passes for 3 for \$35 and somebody will call you smart! **Faculty, staff and alumni** get deals too! (\$20 for a single, two for \$35 and three for \$50). Mondays don't have to be dull any more! Get your passes now at the **SUB Enquiry desk** and spend next term in the dark!



The Guys At The Library

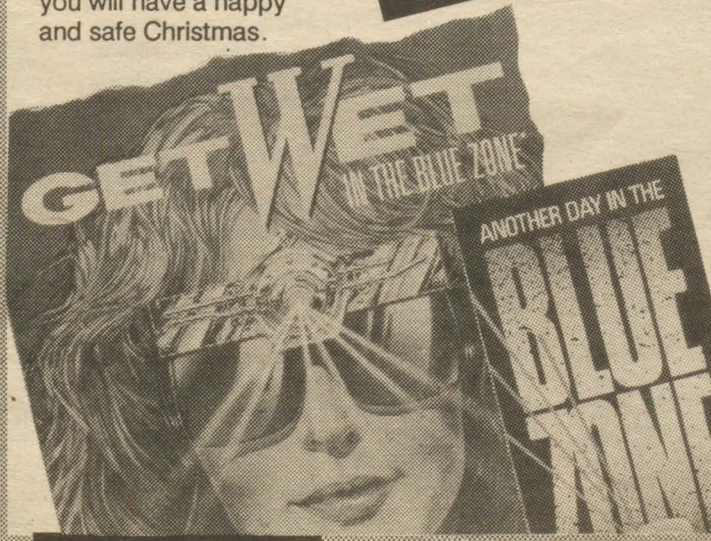
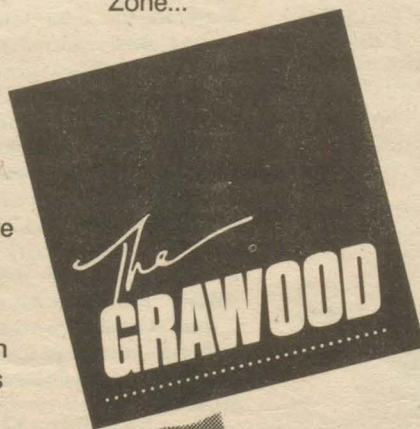
Back once again by popular demand, the Guys at the Library play the Grawood **Friday at 3 pm & Saturday at 2 pm**. Folksy and stylish, their music continues to attract larger audiences every time.

Don't Forget...

The Grawood continues through to **December 19th** before taking a break for the holidays. At this time the staff would like to wish you good luck on your exams and trusts you will have a happy and safe Christmas.

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A Weak Cry in the dark

by Amber-Leigh Golding

In 1980 during a family vacation, Michael and Lindy Chamberlain's infant daughter was killed by a wild Australian dog. The child's body was never recovered. Subsequently, by a bizarre and ironical turn of events, the dog 'alibi' was discounted and the parents were charged and convicted of murder; the verdict resulting largely from rampant sensational journalism coupled with public antagonism towards the couple. Only after the mother spent time in prison did new evidence surface which exonerated the pair.

Is not this sort of thing the stuff of riveting cinema? Not necessarily so. The Chamberlain story forms the basis for a new motion picture release, *A Cry in the Dark*, directed by Fred Schepisi and starring Meryl Streep.

The film takes upon itself the job of tackling the thorny issue of media exploitation, how it shapes public opinion and wreaks havoc with innocent lives. Unfortunately, in its zeal to

examine media accountability, the film loses touch with narrative art. Poor focus is an all-too-common problem with this sort of movie, usually referred to as a docu-drama. The script, co-written by the director and Robert Caswell, fails to flesh out the two protagonists. The audience is told precious little about them outside of the tragedy that they are engulfed by. Numerous other characters are utilized as little more than peripheral devices, so poorly drawn as to be rendered nearly invisible.

Blame should not only rest on the inadequate script but must be levelled equally on the star. Meryl Streep, surely the decades most overrated actress, has been miscast again in yet another pivotal role. The trouble with Streep is that she too often goes beyond inhabiting a role by overwhelming it. Her performance here is not poor in a conventional sense but rather, inappropriate to the needs of the role at hand. The sad story of Lindy Chamberlain is essentially that of a simple woman caught up in a storm of

sensationalism. It was Lindy and her husband's reserve in the face of tragedy that started the vicious rumours in the first place. Anything other than extravagant emotions, it seems makes people highly suspicious. In Streep's overwrought hands, Lindy spends so much time sobbing and agonizing that the public reaction portrayed in the film fails to make sense.

Sam Neill, though saddled with a less flashy role as the bereaved father, fares much better. His is a performance controlled, precise and consistent with character; a quality which more often than not eludes his illustrious co-star.

Of course, given the facts of the plot, audiences can not help but sympathize with the Chamberlains. A person would have to be heartless not to. It is important to remember however that these feelings are not generated by competent film art but rather from what the audience instinctively knows of the people up on that screen. *A Cry in the Dark* is playing at the new Park Lane Cinema.



Meryl Streep in Aussie regalia

Check those run-off matrices, kiddies

by Andrew M. Duke

The latest dancefloor smash from the Scarborough-based Electric Distribution people — remember Pobi's "Dance With Me" and Kon-Kan's "I Beg Your Pardon"? — is the track "Pop Density" from Live Cinema featuring a brilliant 119 BPM treatment by mega-mixer Dakeyne.

KMFDM (with help from Adrian Sherwood) combine grating vocals, funky grooves, and heavy percussion in their hard-hitting "Don't Blow Your Top" 12-inch. Look for the album of the same name on Wax Trax! Records.

The Pet Shop Boys' 6-track *Introspective* (Capitol) is bound to be viewed as a singles compilation in the future, even though most cuts are lacking in some areas. The Lewis A. Martinee remix of their new "Domino Dancing" single is the best on this offering, with a new mix of "Always On My Mind" and "It's Alright" riding the house wave.

New York's Profile label presents the ultimate house music collection in their *Best of...* with the likes of seminal producer Marshall Jefferson's "Move Your Body" anthem and the often-sampled classics "You used To Hold Me" (Ralphi Rosario featuring vocalist Xaviera Gold) and J.M. Silk's "Jack Your Body". These twelve tracks from 1986 to '88 highlight the original house sounds, a far cry from the mainly unimaginative material being mass-produced today.

Black Flag's *Wasted... Again* (SST) compiles the best of this group while chronicling the many vocalists and musicians who have been through the ranks. Great stuff for fans of their grungy odes to alcohol and excessiveness.

Two of the best new albums in the "rock" category come from Britain's Primitives, who know the advantage of keeping things simple and show this in the fourteen short-and-to-the-point songs on their self-titled BMG debut, and the *Close Lobsters*. While the

Primitives could be thought of as the Jesus and Mary Chain of pop, *Foxheads Stalk This Land* (Enigma/Capitol) has the Lobsters dealing in the abstract. (Australia's The Church could be a reference). Don't judge them by the titles: "Just Too Bloody Stupid", "I Kiss The Flower In Bloom", "A Prophecy" and the rest are serious tracks that must be felt, though you may want to shuffle your feet a bit too. John A. Rivers (known for his work with Love and Rockets) handles production duties.

The Gazette meets Wednesday at 5:30

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Dal, Acadia, St. FX and SMU to square off

Lobster season opens Feb. 1

by Chris Murray

The four mainland Nova Scotia University hockey teams; Dal., Acadia, St. FX and SMU will play a sudden death tournament Feb. 1 and 8. The tournament is called

the Lobster Pot and is fashioned after the Beanpot Tournament held in Boston each year. The concept caught on in Boston 37 years ago with four Boston area universities, and is held in the

Boston gardens in front of sell-out crowds. This prompted a group of alumni from the four local universities to try to stage such an event in Halifax at the Metro Centre. Tom Lynch, a Dal. Alumni, explained that attempts by the alumni themselves to find sponsors failed, but with some help from a company that specializes in such things, their problem was solved. They were put in touch with General Motors of Canada who agreed to become the main sponsor of the event.

The tournament will open with Dal. playing Acadia in one game and St. FX playing St. Mary's in the other on Feb. 1. The winner of these two games will meet for the championship game on Feb. 8 with the losers playing the consolation match on the same day. Game times for both days will be at 5:00pm and 8:00pm. The first game between Dal and Acadia counts in the regular season standings and is free to students from the two universities. If you are a Dal student wishing to see the other game there is a fee of seven dollars for adults and four dollars for children. The price for the two final games is the same but students must pay the fee as well. The admission for the finals covers both games.

During a new's conference held at the Nova Scotia Sports Heritage Centre, there was a cautiously

optimistic view expressed by those on the organising committee about being able to sell out the Metro Centre, but they realised this is asking for a lot. With the wide variety of events occurring in the city at any one time it is almost impossible to fill the Metro Centre, a fact the Halifax Citadels know all too well. The coach of the SMU Huskies, Randy Nesbitt, said "The tournament might not catch on quickly, but the alumni will gradually support it". John Carter, an alumni of St. FX explains the long range goal as a result of the tournament. "While presently many of our young men are heading to American schools to play hockey, we feel if the Lobster Pot concept can continue to grow and attract larger audiences and interest over the years, these young men will be staying at Atlantic Universities." Coach of the Dal Tigers, Darrell Young, echoes this statement, "Before this idea

we had to go to the States for good hockey tournaments. "Another point brought forth was that of the four teams in the Boston tournament, three of them had an excess of 50% Canadian players on their rosters.

The University College of Cape Breton had also expressed an interest in joining and although it would make the organization of the tournament more difficult, the organizers are considering it for future Lobster Pot tournaments.

The tournament will definitely put a spotlight on our local teams and will serve another purpose for the players and coaches involved. Coach Young says "It will provide a good picture of how the teams involved look heading into the playoffs and what to work on until then." Regardless of the results in the tournament it will be an exciting event and one to look forward to in this year's hockey schedule.

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Athletes of the week

Graham Stanley — Hockey
Nov. 27 - Dec. 3

Graham had an outstanding weekend for the Hockey Tigers on their two game road trip.

On Saturday, he netted four goals and added an assist to lead the Dal squad to an 8-1 victory over St. Francis Xavier. On Saturday, he upped his totals with a goal and an assist as the Tigers took Cape Breton 5-2.

Graham is a fourth year winger from St. Catharines now studying education.

Other nominee: Brian Rourke — Volleyball

Kathy MacCormack — Basketball

Kathy had an outstanding weekend for the Basketball Tigers in their own Centennial Women's Basketball Tournament.

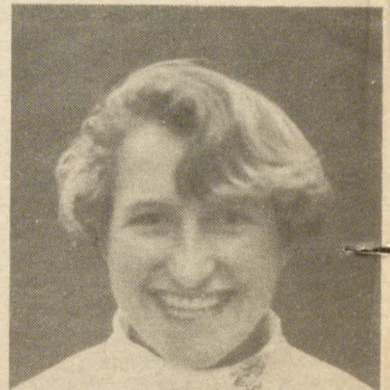
In Friday's 122-37 win over Maine Machias, she sank 28 points and was named player of the game.

Saturday, the women defeated York University 80-50. Kathy netted 35 for the Black and Gold to lead them into the final. She was again, named Player of the Game.

Kathy was named to the tournament all-star squad for her efforts as the Tigers finished second to the University of Prince Edward Island Lady Panthers.

Kathy is in her fifth year of eligibility. Having played a year for UCCB, she is a fourth year Tiger. She is now in Texas on a tour with the national women's team which she had been a member of for the past two years. Now studying public administration, Kathy has completed a Bachelor of

Science in Kinesiology.
Other nomination: Lori Welsh — Volleyball



Lucy Smith — Cross Country
Nov. 27 - Dec. 3

Lucy continued her winning streak on the national circuit in Vancouver over the weekend. she defeated Canada's top runners in the National Championships with a time of 16:47 over 5 kilometres.

She was hoping to finish in the top three, however she surpassed those expectations to many people's surprise.

The win earned Lucy a spot on Canada's national team which will compete in Norway next March in the World Championships. She also qualified to represent Canada in the Ekiden Relay which will be held in Japan in mid-December.

Lucy is a third year arts student from Bedford.

Other nominee: Sandra Rice — Volleyball

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Calendar/le Calendrier/Miosachan

Thursday 1

Conference - Women and Human Rights: The Canadian Experience of Immigrant and Refugee Women will be held in the Student Conference Centre on the 3rd floor of the Student Union Building at Saint Mary's University. It will open on Thursday at 6:30pm with an exhibit of visual art, poetry and prose by immigrant and refugee women. A keynote address by Dr. Roxana Ng will follow at 8pm. The following day will include a panel discussion and workshops. There is no registration fee, but people who are interested in attending Friday's sessions must register immediately! For further information and to register call Debra Dickson, Conference Coordinator at 420-5419.

Friday 2

Lecture - Dr. Edgar Friedenberg will be discussing *The Gay Teacher as a Role Model* from 12:15am to 1:30pm in the Learning Resource Centre of the Education Building at Dal.

General Meeting - Election for various officers of the Political Science Students' Association will take place at 2:30pm in the Political Science Lounge of the A&A building. Everyone is welcome.

Seminar - The Dal. Political Science Dept will be presenting Bob Finbow who will be discussing *Political Culture and Social Policy in Canada and the U.S.* at 3:30pm in the Political Science Lounge of the A&A building at Dalhousie.

Film - Powaqgatsi will be presented at Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema from Dec 2 to Dec 8 at 7pm only. The film explores the profound effects the industrial world is having on native people and lands. Roughly meaning 'life in transition', Powaq-

gatsi is Hopi Indian word for "a negative sorcerer who lives at the expense of others". Following *Powaqgatsi*, *Comic Book Confidential* will be showing at 9pm only from Dec 2 to Dec 8. Ron Mann, the director has an enviable record of producing documentary films that are respectful, articulate, and very accessible. *Comic Book Confidential* offers a look at 22 contemporary cartoonists. It is a wonderful look at an art form with a distinguished history and brilliant future.

Sunday 4

Church Service - Sung Eucharist, 11 am. Kings College Chapel (Anglican) at the Coburg entrance to King's.

Church Service - Real Life Fellowship holds a weekly worship service in conjunction with Community Bible Church at 11:30 am in SUB 314. A teaching class is held from 6:30 to 7:30 pm. Everyone welcome.

Church Service - a Roman Catholic mass will be held at 4pm at the MacMechan Auditorium in the Killam Library.

Film - *Dark of the Moon* will be playing at the Sir James Dunn Theatre at 2pm and tickets are available at the Dal Arts Centre Box Office. Based on the haunting ballad of *Barbara Allen* it is full of gusto, vitality, humour and folk songs that add up to an engaging evening. For further information please contact Blanche Potter at 424-2253.

Monday 5

Seminar - The Dalhousie Law School will be holding an admission seminar at 7pm in room 214 of the Weldon Law Building at Dal for all prospective applicants in Metro interested in applying to the Law School for the 89/90 year.

Tuesday 6

Church Service - The Campus Ministry in Dalhousie will be holding a bible study from 12:30 to 1:30pm in room 310 of the Dal SUB. For those of the United Church.

Lecture - *Recent Activities in Chart-making* from acoustic brooms to electronic charts, will be outlined in an illustrative talk by Robert Burke, head of Hydrographic development, Bedford Institute of Oceanography, at 7:30pm in the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic on Lower Water Street.

Wednesday 7

Support Group - *Coping with Cancer*, an information and support group programme for cancer patients, their families and friends, meet the first Wednesday of each month from 7 to 8:30pm at the Nova Scotia Treatment and Research Foundation, University Avenue entrance. For more information, please call Verle Marchand, 428-4078, Jan White, 428-5634 or the Nova Scotia Cancer Society, 423-6183.

Film - *Die Grunsteinvariante* (German with English subtitles) will be showing at 8pm in the MacMechan Auditorium of the Killam Library at Dal. Admission is free.

Church Services - Worship and Fellowship for those of the Lutheran faith will be held at 7pm in room 310 of the SUB. Worship for those of the United Church will be held at 7:30pm.

Thursday 8

Seminar - The Dalhousie Biology Dept. will be presenting Dr. Janice Doull of Dalhousie discussing *The Regulation of Gene Expression in Streptomyces-Bacteria with Complex Lifestyles* at 11:30 am in room 332 of the Life Sciences Centre at Dal.

DALHOUSIE TIGERS



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Dec. 2 — Hockey
Acadia at Dal 7:30pm

Dec. 2 — Swimming
Acadia at Dal 7:00pm

Dec. 3 — Men's Volleyball
UDM at Dal 6:00pm

Dec. 3 — Women's Basketball
UNB at Dal 1:00pm

Dec. 3 — Men's Basketball
UNB at Dal 3:00pm

Dec. 3 — Men's Volleyball
UDM at Dal 1:00pm

Dec. 4 — Men's Basketball
Dal at SMU 8:00pm

FOLLOW THE TIGERS!

Community

Free Trade Agreement - A copy of the full Free Trade Agreement and other related material is available for the public to read in the Reference Department of the Halifax City Regional Library. To check the Library's hours, call 421-6983.

Recycling - The Clean Nova Scotia Foundation, Nova Scotia's non-profit, voluntary agency formed to discourage littering and promote recycling across the province, has published a Recycling guide and lists recycling centres throughout Nova Scotia. Contact the Foundation to request free copies of the *Guide to Recycling in Nova Scotia* and learn why recycling is important! The CNSF, P.O. Box 2528, Station M, Halifax, N.S., B3J 1A3 or call 424-5245. There is also a bin for recyclable paper in the photocopy room of the Killam Library at Dal.

Choir - All singers interested in joining the Senior choir of St. Mary's Basilica are welcome to contact Andrew Ager at 423-4841, or call the Basilica at 423-4116. The Choir rehearses Wednesdays 7:30 to 9:30pm and sings at High Mass, Sundays at 11am. If you are interested in a rewarding and challenging choral experience call today.

Volunteers - The Atlantic Region Orientation Centre is recruiting families to provide accommodations for professionals from the People's Republic of China while attending a programme of orientation to Canada. Families needed for 3-4 week periods throughout the year. Must have an interest in China and Chinese people and culture. Training provided. For more information contact AROC, Saint Mary's University, 420-5526.

X-mas Cards - Save the Children Canada Regional Office has Christmas cards and gifts for sale. Roy Building, 1657 Barrington St. 137, telephone 422-9618.

Daily Mass - is at 11:45 am, room 310 in the Dal. SUB.

Relief for Jamaica - Caribbean Information Group is interested in establishing a hurricane relief programme for Jamaica, interested individuals please call 479-2343.

GLAD meeting - Gays and Lesbians at Dalhousie meet every other Thursday at 6:30 pm in room 314 of the SUB.

Classifieds

For sale - One way plane ticket to Calgary on Dec. 16. Must be male. \$300. Ph. 424-6532, days.

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