

The

dispatch

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BREAK DOWN THE BARRICADE

Dave Shannon
Andrew Nurse

There has been a great deal of talk lately about the rights of physically challenged individuals.

A recent article in the Dal News highlighted the problems and outlook of one particular individual who is a member of the staff at the Killam Library. This year, a number of students have formed a society which they hope will eventually be a permanent part of Dalhousie campus life. This group is called the Dalhousie Advocates for the Physically Challenged (D.A.P.C.).

challenged individual, it is difficult to realize and respect the dignity of the person. A non-challenged person does not want to ask for help opening a door. A challenged person does not want this either.

The special needs of challenged people must, however, be recognized. It is time that this university began a comprehensive policy aimed at removing all physical barriers to an independent lifestyle for challenged persons that exists on this campus.

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The purpose of the group will be to act as: (1) an advocacy society.

(2) an information distribution organization for physically challenged individuals.

Thus far, the response of all groups on the Dalhousie campus that have been contacted has been positive.

The Nursing Society, for example, has offered its continual assistance. Members of the DSU council have also demonstrated a great willingness to help on an individual basis.

Optimistically the DAPC believes that increased campus awareness of this issue is signalling the beginning of an attitudinal change on the part of society at large to the role of challenged people within society.

But, as numerous other disadvantaged social groups will tell you, attitudinal change can be slow to occur.

For members of society who are not or have not dealt with physically

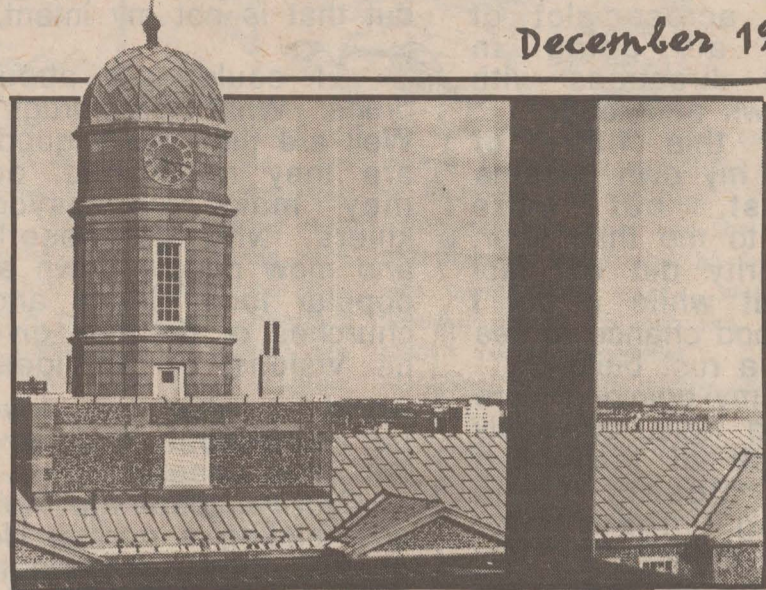
be necessary to recognize the financial conditions of the university (which is always before the students, faculty, staff and administration).

Goals must be long, medium and short term.

The long term goal which should be recognized, is total accessibility: the medium term goal should be the improvement of the campus to accommodate challenged persons until the completion of the long term goals.

An example is making one of the three houses of the history department accessible. The immediate goal is the improvement of specific areas with greatest need. The side (and only accessible one) to the Arts and Admin. building is a prime example.

As students who are active in this organization we must admit that we have never before attempted anything like this. Any criticism or help would be greatly appreciated.



The A & A, one of Dal's busiest areas has one, poorly equipped wheelchair entrance.

Photo courtesy of Dal Gazette.

MULRONEY MAKES SPECTACLE OF SELF

By John Blackmore

Dateline: Nova Scotia.

Prime Minister Mulroney's recent visit to the Nova Scotia riding of Central Nova prompted angry comment from local resident, Wilbur Barnes. Barnes, a retired English professor from St. Francis Xavier, said, "This man doth bestride the riding like a colossus."

The professor's bone of contention is the PM's choice of eye-wear. Mulroney's granny-glasses, used for reading prepared speeches, are exact copies of Barnes' self-ground ones. Mr. Barnes said, "My family has been making their own glasses in that style for well nigh 80 years. Now the locals accuse me of wanting to look like The Chin we elected. It boils my blood to be linked with that man and I want to set the record straight."

Barnes has taken his case to court, seeking an injunction to disallow Mulroney's wearing of the glasses. His lawyer, Maxwell Sharpe is confident of victory in the legal arena.

"We have patent legislation to protect Canadians," said Sharpe, a Christmas graduate from Dalhousie Law School. "Mr. Barnes is originally from Newfoundland, which at that time was a British colony. The family patent is registered with the Crown.

In Newfoundland's terms of union of 1949, all past patents were guaranteed by Canada, as long as Newfoundland remained in an economic position that made the rest

of the country look good. That surely is the case."

Mulroney's legal advisor's say the injunction is completely without any hard legal facts. They are confident they could stall the case in court until Mulroney loses the next election.

Maxwell Sharpe has an ace up his sleeve, however. In an exclusive interview, Mr. Sharpe told *The Dispatch* about the possibility of an out-of-court settlement. "It is a little known fact that those glasses of Mulroney are manufactured by a firm owned by Sinclair Stevens in a blind trust in his German Shepards name.

"We all know what blind means," said Mr. Sharpe with a little chuckle. "Also, the manufacturing firm is located in East Germany. If Brian wants to stop the socialist hordes in Canada, he should begin by taking the communist blinders off his face."

An insider at the P.M.O. has neither confirmed nor denied these allegations. However, she said that Mulroney has considered a new style, either "Top-Gun" aviator glasses or the wing sunglasses preferred by Randy "Macho Man" Savage. "A new image is necessary," she said off the record, "when your platform is disintegrating."

Mr. Barnes is still not satisfied. He was happy, however, to see some of his students who were bussed from St. F.X. to give the appearance of a supportive crowd.

There is always a rosy lining if you can see straight.

Top Ten returnable Christmas Gifts

10. Super wide tie.
9. really ugly ties with strange designs.
8. face it, who wants a tie?
7. tickets to a Barry Manilow concert near you
6. the complete works of Shakespeare if your in Commerce
5. 'Iacocca' if you are in english
4. subscription to Teen- Beat magazine
3. 8-track stereo complete with gramophone
2. engagement ring from "the steady" back home and the number one returnable Christmas gift
1. an autographed collection of all Reagan's speeches



Season's Greetings

The staff and students of the Dalhousie Student Union would like to extend their warmest wishes to all students during the festive season. Good luck on your upcoming exams. We look forward to seeing you in the new year. In 1988 you can look forward to the Dalhousie Winter Carnival, which has been planned for the end of January. Please remember to drive safely and have a Happy Holiday.

Editorial ... or not to be?"

In the search of the right idea, the right view, the right direction. I came across a lot of people, all going in different directions with their views and ideas.

In this flurry of opinions my own became not lost, but more obvious to me than ever. This clarity did not last long, but while it did I had a good chance to see a bit of a rust build-up.

Yes, my opinions were becoming rigid, obviously from lack of inspecting them closely and checking them for possible defects.

It would be impossible for me now to stand up here and tell you this is right or that is right. It no longer seems appropriate, no matter how subtle or sneaky the ways I try.

Whether self-determined or beamed via satellite, opinions seem to act like a blind person's cane. They are relatively effective in any given area, but by no means replace the accuracy of sight.

I could try to layer this editorial with images or metaphors

developed to lead you down my garden path, (wanna buy an apple?) but that is not my intent.

I could talk about drugs. What about drugs? Well are they really good, are they really bad, do they make us psycho killers, who go berserk and mow people down at popular food stands and churches or do they give us visions of an ideal world in which we love our neighbour and turn the other cheek?

Can we moderate their use leading a normal life or will they inevitably lead to our destruction?

Will the answers be black or white or should we escape to the ever popular "grey area"? (and people say the twilight zone is bizarre.)

How about lesbianism or homosexuality, or hetero-sexuality for that matter. Is a sexual relationship with the same sex wrong? "Sure, it's in the bible," some say. If the Bible were a strict reading requirement for the course of life, why are there no revised editions?

The institution of marriage between men and women: does it seem like the right thing to do or is the attitude "Well, everybody's doing it?"

One thing everybody's doing is trying to make money. The root of all evil, or the root of success? Do we screw somebody in a business deal and say "The devil made me do it?"

Really! I'm being as serious as I can, which borders between a Monty Python - Pee Wee Herman mentality, for the sophisticated, my seriousness might be found hanging out around useful causes like "Wars to end all Wars or Radical Feminist vs Sexist debates.

But I digress to the eternal bog of rhetoric.

Can we earn a living and be prosperous without pulling our neighbours underwear up over their shoulders? If the Wheel of Fortune is real life do we have to play by Pat Sejacks rules or can we win and not have to beat our opponents?

This may seem like a lot of questions. If you're starting to get the feeling I don't have a lot of answers you might be right or maybe you just stopped breathing (that's one way out of this mess).

If the latter is not the case and you're still stuck here I'll give you some relief. It appears one British author of notable esteem has hit on an unrefutable answer to the meaning of life, it is the number 42, hey, not bad! And once you get the meaning to life the rest is a piece of cake.

When you get some answers, speak up, let us know, but don't yell too loud. Beware of the well fed majority who will say "Those are your opinions and you would do best to keep them to yourselves."

What do you do, eat their apple or grow your own? Do we have to trade our personal freedom for our self-preservation? Ever heard of the expression "dead right"?

I hope I've questioned some of your answers.



A few nights ago, I got out of my chair to look for a snack. I went to the refrigerator and checked the shelves. There was some cheese, some marmalade, and two slices of three-day old pizza.

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GRAPHICS

MIKE ADAMS



Having only thirty seconds before the Cosbys returned I quickly opened the freezer and rummaged for anything to pop in the microwave. My hand found something really solid underneath boneless chicken breasts and store bought home-made bread.

I pulled it out and to my surprise, I found what I thought was a good cause. At least it wasn't broccoli.

What's a cause, you're all probably wondering, doing in my freezer? That's what I initially pondered as well. I dusted some ice crystals off and read the label. It was quite long but the Cosbys were sitting down to dinner and I was starving. It read as follows:

- Contents under pressure.
- Liberation movements are all passe.
- Greenpeace is off on its own tangent.
- Rock stars are handling Band-Aid, Farm-Aids and Aids in general.
- Social reform, not in this package, governments handle those now.
- No-nukes, not here governments don't pay attention any more.
- OPEN AND FIND OUT.

I wondered if I should open it, I mean, what if it was freezer burned? I thought about it for awhile. The Quebecois were blessed with separatism. Another generation got to battle over Vietnam. What could I discover in this frozen package? I started daydreaming while it thawed.

How old are members of the Woodstock generation now? Somewhere between forty and fifty is a safe guess. Isn't this when people feel a burning in their loins and the need to revitalize their youth? Of course that's it, or else someone is scared for nothing. A new hit from an old band has a chorus which I have heard in shopping malls and liquor commissions everywhere. "I will get by, I will survive."

What better anthem for powers that be to promote, the one to calm the activism of the activists. Rejuvenate their heroes as a commercial success claiming middle-age "ain't so bad." What a stroke of luck. The powers are not worried about one or two people, they are terrified of the masses.

All those people who cheered the preciseness of the guillotine, who

stood with Lenin, who marched with Martin Luther King Jr., and who spent days of harmony at Woodstock.

Imagine a Woodstock today. The government has made this impossible by inventing punk and heavy-metal narrowness to divide the masses. Something really big must be going down in North America.

Maybe this cause is in context to Iran. No, everyone knows Khomeini is an ass, he believes Ronald Reagan is the devil, I wonder. Everyone is content the Iran-Contra scandal surfaced, look at all the Ollie haircuts. Nicaragua, El Salvador, these can't be involved, they are all stagnant issues. Perhaps they are diversions.

I snapped out of my reverie. The Cosbys were over and I had a few minutes to put the contents of the package in the microwave. What was this cause? I opened the wrapper and found to my surprise, U.S. - Canadian free-trade issues. What could this mean?

Completely thawed, this vile little nine-legged creature looking like moldy Kentucky Fried told me

BLUES INVASION

MATT "GUITAR" MURPHY

By Derek Jensen

Do you remember the movie "Blues Brothers"? If you do do you remember the diner scene when Aretha Franklin told her man where she was at? Well if you remember this man you know who I'm talking about.

Matt "Guitar" Murphy, a veteran of blues, recently played a week-end gig at the Pub Flamingo. Over the course of three nights Murphy and his band kept the dance floor packed with their fiery brand of music.

Among the many highlights of the show were renditions of classic soul songs including "In The Midnight Hour", "Soul Man", "Knock On Wood", and an excellent version of "Dock of the Bay".

"Guitar" Murphy opened the shows with a set of jazz fusion jams, showing a lesser known side of the band. After a sufficient warm-up he launched straight into blues.

Murphy ripped through a series of blues standards such as "Sweet Home Chicago", "Messin With The Kid", and T-Bone Walker's "Stormy Monday", songs which emphasized his clean biting style.

A career that stretches back to the mid fifties, Matt Murphy has played with some of the giants of blues. Sonny Boy Williamson, Junior Parker, Muddy Waters and James Cotton are all on his list.

At one time Murphy was the guitarist in a band with Memphis Slim. He recently reunited with them to cut a live album.



(Editors' note: Kuakolol Ararwak, in an effort to assimilate himself into North American society has gotten a real job, sort-of, a consumer reporter. Following is an interview he conducted with Rock Savage, violent-toy advocate.)

ARARWAK: I, Kuakolol Ararwak, Aztec Priest of the Third...

SAVAGE: Cut the bull. I know who you are. Ask the questions, I got to fly to a mercenary confo in Libya.

ARARWAK: My humblest apologies. (bows head, Savage snorts and lights a Cuban cigar)

What toys do you recommend for Santa to bring to good tykes this...

SAVAGE: Santa? Santa? What are you, some kind of misleader of young soldiers? Jeez. (blows smoke in Ararwaks face) Santa is dead. The Reindeer Revolt of '58. Bloody massacre. There's a junta of elves running a dictatorship at the North Pole.

ARARWAK: A junta? But Santa, that kindly old man, who rode a sleigh...

SAVAGE: A commie pinko, that's all. We tried to sell him machine-gun mountings for that tank of his. He refused, and look at him now. I hope you're reading this Easter Rabbit. You'd be a good stew. (shouts, laughs and smokes) Ask me about the bloody toys, Out-of-whack.

ARARWAK: Yes, the Christmas toys...

SAVAGE: About time, you freak. I

recommend the new Soldier of Fortune line of real life war toys. We have figures, bigger than those wimp G.I. Joes. There's the infantry men with detachable limbs, a whole pack of six victims of a nuclear war that even has a pouch of dust imported from Hiroshima, and my favorite, the "Torture Trio": three mean mothers with everything from branding irons to bamboo. That one comes with victims with detachable everything! (smiles) Each figure comes with its own tube of blood.

ARARWAK: Do you think these.. toys...are a good influence on young minds?

SAVAGE: Hell yes. Do you want your kids growing up thinking the world is a nice place? We let the brats see the rough underbelly of life. People try to sugarcoat a civilization that is basically blood, gore, death and, hell, lots of fun. Would you rather go to Rambo or Bambi, answer me that, you loose-brained pacifist moron.

ARARWAK: I'd rather stay home and listen to my Zamfir records.

SAVAGE: Zamfir? Mother of all that's holy. Try playing that backwards. There's secret messages on it for Ruskie infiltrators. Say, who won the World Series in '54? (glares at Ararwak)

ARARWAK: I don't follow baseball. It's not very interesting to me.

SAVAGE: Freak! Commie! (shouts) I thought Canada would come over to

our side when they got those baseball teams. It was all a plan of the CIA to counter that Pearson guy. They're introducing grenades into the game next season, that's what all the fuss was about this year with the different balls. To get the public ready. You pinko pacifist.

ARARWAK: We are getting off topic, about the toys, do you feel...

SAVAGE: I don't feel anything. I've had all my nerve endings taken out. Watch...(cuts himself with nasty-looking barbed knife)

ARARWAK: Mr. Savage! Doctor! Doctor!

SAVAGE: No pain, no sane. That's my motto. It's just a flesh wound. (bleeds over Persian rug)

ARARWAK: You've cut a main artery! (blood spurts in time to American anthem, hummed by Savage)

SAVAGE: I've practiced this. Not bad, eh? About them toys. Let's see. We got a whole collection of poison gas...(doctor arrives and drags Savage off. He hauls out a weapon of mean appearance which stops doctor) try and interfere with my constitutional rights. (relights cigar) As I was saying.....

(Editors' note, Kuakolol did not finish the interview and received minor wounds to the head and legs in the fire-fight that ensued. He is recuperating at a local hospital. Savage is due to receive a medal from the U.S. State department.)

to "sit my apathetic, sorry little ass right down."

"As a Canadian I say this," he proclaimed. "Free-trade can only benefit our economy! Yeah!!! I don't give a damn about the economy when there's the slightest threat to our national identity."

"I sure as hell don't want certain Middle-Eastern, Asian, or South American governments thinking I've got any fraternal, especially paternal, ties to the U.S. outside the fact we're neighbours. We're almost British, you know.

In true Canadian tradition I'm looking for a radical, conservative cause. I don't want my gizzard in any Iranian chopping block and I sure as hell don't care if I ever get the Key to New York City."

"I just want to passively exist in a nice little city, go about my daily routine, and know that nobody thinks I'm in the least way American. I'm doing a very radical thing. I'm getting a friend of mine in economics, minoring in bureaucratic mumbo-jumbo, to help

me sift through the upcoming three-thousand page report.

If we have a referendum I'm not letting our government explain what's going on. They already gave us a pre-version with slight variations from what the Americans received. I never have trusted Yankee Traders."

After completing his outburst the bony little mass of goosebumps wrapped himself in cellophane and jumped back in the freezer. I checked my pulse. Seeing a nine-legged, moldy chicken walk, talk and point did not bother me.

It bothered me that he made sense. I will not go into his assault on the Vatican's concoction of the Aids virus in their underground secret laboratories, I will not enlighten you on the pit of demons guarded under the Great Pyramids until Armageddon.

Nostradamus would have been interested in these, but not even he could have foreseen a free-trade agreement between the U.S. and Canada. Ewen Wallace

DSU- MONDAY MOVIES

JANUARY 11th, Crocodile Dundee
18th, The Lost Boys
25th, Star Trek IV

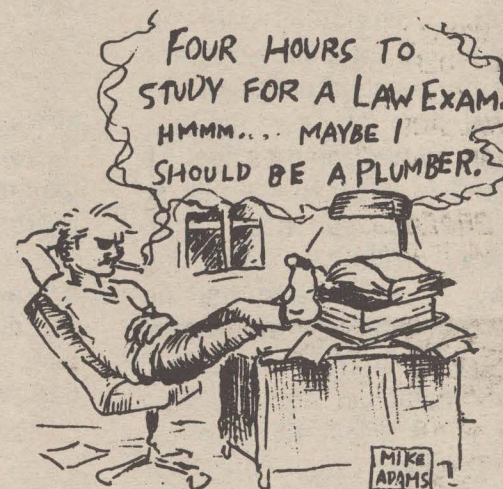
FEBRUARY 1st, Kiss of the Spiderwomen
8th, Witches of Eastwick
15th, Roxanne
29th, Jagged Edge

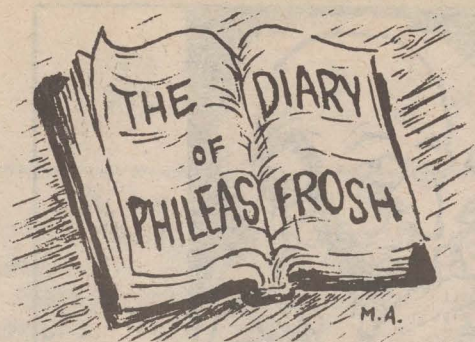
MARCH 7th, InnerSpace
14th, Full Metal Jacket
21st, Stakeout
28th, Sid & Nancy

Submissions to the Dalhousie literary magazine FATHOM have been extended until mid-January Time is running out to be immortal.

TO ALL COMMERCE STUDENTS

The Commerce Society holds their general meeting every **TUESDAY** at 11:30 in the S.U.B. Commerce Students invited to attend. Check inquiry desk for specific location





DEAR DIARY: December, the month of Christmas and overdrawn bank accounts, the month of carols sung by every one from Hank Snow to Motorhead, the month of being friendly to people you don't know, the month of exams. It is the latter that makes my ulcer churn out 'O come all ye peptic acids'.

I am not too worried, however. I listened to some Chinese tapes in the language lab and now understand my calc professor. He actually tells a mean joke, albeit in Cantonese. My Comparative Mythology course is doing well also. Guenivere, the subject of many

I love to travel. This is a beautiful province and I like to see as much of it as possible. But I don't have a car and I couldn't afford to even think of one.

Even busses are luxuries.

Some people I know, well their parents are able to sponsor a summertime trip to Europe, you know, check out the food in Greece, walk the sewers of Paris, see a soccer riot. "Do the Europe thing," like the college kids say.

But I'm poor. I've never even seen the happier side of the poverty level.

So I travel by thumb.

Hit that highway on a fall afternoon, pop on the walkman, munch an apple. Get the feeling of being where no man besides the Department of Highways has ever been before; the side of the road.

Still, I don't like standing there too long.

And it's been happening a heck of a lot lately.

Standing outside of Dartmouth, I estimated I was passed by a car every three seconds. Therefore, I was passed by over 3000 cars that afternoon. I got a thumb cramp and my arm ached at the elbow.

I was livid.

In the nick of time I caught a ride, and before hypothermia set in, I was in a van heading up province. The van had no ashtray, no seat belts, and no radio. It defied the laws of gravity by just moving. Still, I couldn't complain about getting from point A to point B.

But I did get to thinking about all those people in Audis, Subarus, Jettas and other happy yuppie family cars, and why

illicit thoughts, and I got an "A" on the paper we wrote about the Jorgmunder Serpent and the Snake of Paradise Lost. The prof was really impressed by Guen's idea to staple snake-skins to the title page.

Guen can be so theatrical.

I don't think she despises me anymore. She confided that she considers me merely a geek now, as opposed to an annoying, prepubescent, scrawny, unfun and disturbed geek. I have removed the adjectives, now the noun is my only obstacle to true love.

I don't know what to buy her for Christmas. One has to be careful, as we are only Platonic, not yet Dionysion. Guen, the goddess who wears sunglasses 24 hours a day, whose biggest smile makes the Mona Lisa's seem a grin wracked with hilarity.

I am considering the purchase of a lizard, her pet name for me. I will present the creature with a card saying, "You turn me into a newt."

didn't they pick me up.

They must have been scared of me.

Me?

I'm not very dangerous. I like to travel by thumb because I like to meet people. Tennyson was cool, man, when he said you're a part of all you've met.

I don't look very imposing from a car window, either. A grey overcoat, Levis, and an English motorist's cap don't

But enough of my dilemmas. Biff, my roommate and evolutionary throwback is in deep trouble. He has missed all his essay deadlines and mid-terms.

Normally I would frown on such, but he had the nerve to tell his profs that he "had a disease of a private nature" and "was undergoing treatment." Now he wants to skip all the rescheduled tests.

We spent several late-nights trying to come up with good excuses. My favourite was that his only brother, Bart, was marrying the princess of a small Middle-East Duchy and that owing to his parents being taken captive by Mexican banditoes, he was the only relative who could stand for his brother.

Also, it was a custom of this unheard of country, that if no relatives showed up for the groom it was assumed that he was the progeny of the country's devil and subject to death by being thrown to a herd of starving zebras.

hitch-hikers carry some remnant of the 60's around with them, like love or trust. Which is not an 80's thing to do. You're asking for trouble to let your social fronts down and bum somebody for a ride.

Most importantly, everybody in the car can have a good look at me. They can decide.

I can't.

Any perverted s.o.b. can stop and pick me up. I have to get

we had too much to drink when we wrote that one down. Biff is definately in trouble and I don't think the zebras will help.

He still hasn't made up with his girlfriend and the prospects are dim. She has returned all his gifts including a football jersey with convenient rips, the rosters of the NHL for 85-86, a jock-strap and a poem he wrote her entitled "I Love You as much as a Touchdown".

The poor boy can't write, but there was love in those words.

Biff is pining away.

Well, diary. I have a practice-date with Guenivere. I am going over to the Garden Cafeteria to have a pretend coffee with a nonexistent person. They say love does strange things to you. I call this trist "Being and Nothingness", in honour of J.P. Sartre.

I want to be ready for the real thing. If I learn to drink my coffee black, I'm sure I will impress Guen. The things you do for love....

all-time low. You either have it or you don't, and the suburbs don't create it.

So we end up with the highways full of people with no common sense, hurtling along, pleased as punch with themselves.

In one of the few places where it's still safe to trust somebody where you can still hitch-hike with a happy face, where you know that if you've never won the lottery, you're probably not going to meet somebody who wants to kill you.

Anybody with common sense, even a grain, could see it's safer to pick somebody up than to hitch-hike.

Isn't that painfully obvious?

So it must be mass paranoia if 3000 German engineered road sedans won't pick up a smiling, harmless, and harmless-looking traveller.

And what would cause this paranoia?

Try the mass media - mug stories from L.A., gay stories from Vancouver, murder stories from the Big Rotten Apple.

Try mass entertainment - the films where you can't own a home, go on vacation, drive a car, go in the woods, be young, old, smart, stupid, or meet an insect without being terrified and then brutally murdered.

I guess if I thought like that I wouldn't pick anyone up either.

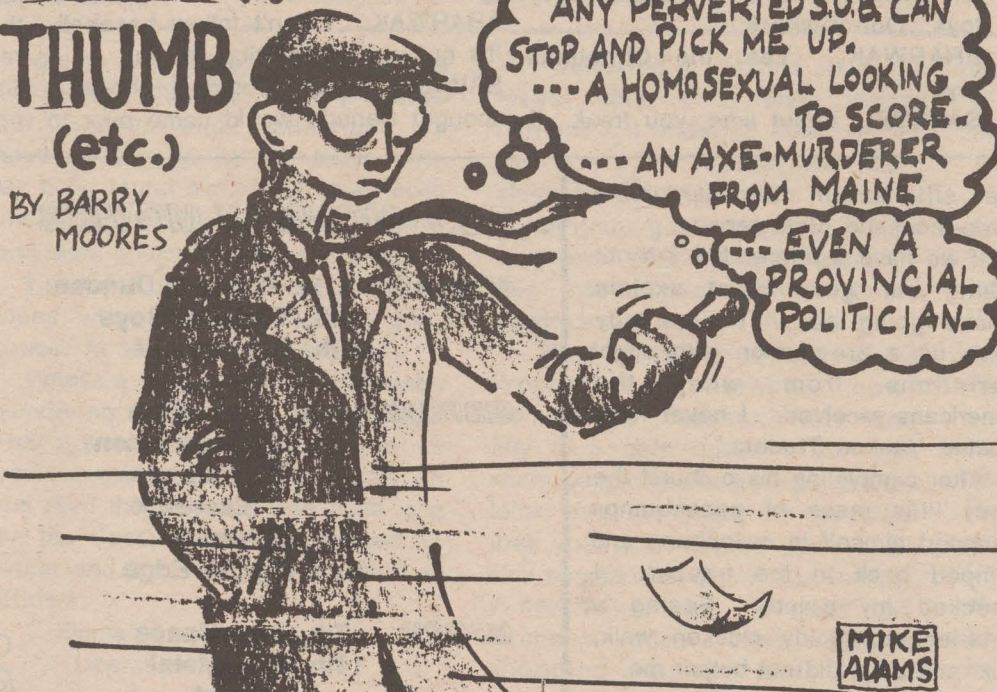
But I'm going to try again. Next weekend I was going to carry a sign, see, like in the 60's, with this piece written on it. But I couldn't comfortably carry such a big sign

So now it says "Newfoundland or bust."

Should do the trick.

RIDE MY THUMB (etc.)

BY BARRY MOORES



strike fear into my heart. Look. I don't even own anything leather since I lost grandads old mitts.

I'm not genetically sized to be a brawler. I even like our main three political leaders, as people. The last confrontation I had was with the buttons on my 501's during the first week I had them.

Logically, I have more to be afraid of than the people who didn't pick me up. Most

aboard the car before I can see who I'm with. Could be a homosexual looking to score. Could be an axe-murderer from Maine. Could even be a provincial politician. I shudder.

So let me tell you, you don't hitch-hike unless your wit exceeds your social skills. Even then, out-talking somebody is always a risk. But nothing comes easy. On the stock market, conversation and common sense are trading at an