

WEEK OF OCTOBER 11, 1992

PORN DEBATE :

GOLDSTEIN DIDN'T GIVE A DUCK.

The Great Pornography Debate was, at least in one sense, a great success. The McInnes room sold out for the event, packed with pros, cons and neutral observers.

Waiting in line for the 'discussion' to begin, I caught sight of Al Goldstein as he was escorted to the washroom by SUB-FBI security. Fears for the porno king's safety were obviously a concern.

Goldstein was wearing a loud blue and red pullover with Donald Duck adorning the front. Somehow, I got the impression that Al wasn't going to take this very seriously.

The debate began a little late but that is always expected. The speakers were introduced, Al in Walt Disney World and Susan Cole, his adversary. Both appeared composed before the 'action' began; Al was shuffling through a stack of books and papers he had brought, and Cole seemed anxious to begin.

Al was the first to start, attempting to shift the debate

from its more seedy aspect of naked exploitation to a constitutional issue of free speech. During the course of the debate he would return to this defence of changing the topic, intermixing with well-placed lewd comments and simplistic impressions about rape.

As an aside, Al said that he was too fat and his dick was too small to do porno flicks.

Susan Cole refuted most, if not all, of Al's claims, statements or generalizations. As a debater, she was extremely competent and presented her view of pornography as exploitation and, more importantly, an affront to the sexuality of both men and women extremely effectively. The crowd obviously swung to her view.

Susan Cole won the debate, if I was some ring-side scorekeeper. However, I could not escape the opinion that Al really didn't give a damn and proceeded in a kangaroo-court manner. The question whether this subject should have

demanded more seriousness was answered resoundingly 'yes' by Cole.

The question-and-answer period that followed the debate proper went another direction from the previous arguments. Most were good queries and most were directed towards Cole. Al would jump in from time to time so say some comment or other. Actually, Goldstein began to turn ugly and lashed out at the crowd as no men had stood up to ask a question. He called them "pussy-whipped".

Al has a way with words.

As a debate, it was a mixture of farce and sobriety, Al contributing the former with ejaculations of bawdy comments and Cole giving a clear presentation. It was a discussion of apples and oranges with the issue at hand lost like virginity in a Roman orgy.

It was rumoured that following the event, Al went downtown to 'pick someone up'. I would doubt that he had any more success than he did at the debate.

Career Days

Once again AIESEC dalhousie and AIESEC St. Mary's are hosting Career Days. This Event allows students to candidly discuss potential career paths as well as meet with company representatives. A lot of students enter into university wondering whether their course of study is appropriate for what they want to achieve in the future. Career Days '87 is an opportunity to find out.

AIESEC is a non profit, apolitical, student managed organization operating in 64 countries at over 500 universities. AIESEC's goals are to expand business studies by providing practical business experience, develop management skills and leadership potential, as well as promote international understanding and cooperation.

If you should have any questions regarding Career Days or AIESEC in general, feel free to contact us at our office.

AIESEC Dalhousie
6094 University Avenue
Halifax, Nova Scotia
B3H 1W7 (902)
429-8717
Dates: Oct-7th — St. Mary's
Oct. 8th — Dal SUB Lobby

One of Canada's most legendary artists, Gordon Lightfoot, will be performing at the Cohn for three concerts on October 23, 24 and 25 at 8 pm.

With a career spanning over 25 years and 18 albums, Lightfoot has one of the most prolific and successful recording careers in contemporary music. *East of Midnight*, his latest album is also one of his most satisfying and pivotal to date. Its fresh, new sound is certain to carry him well into the 90's.

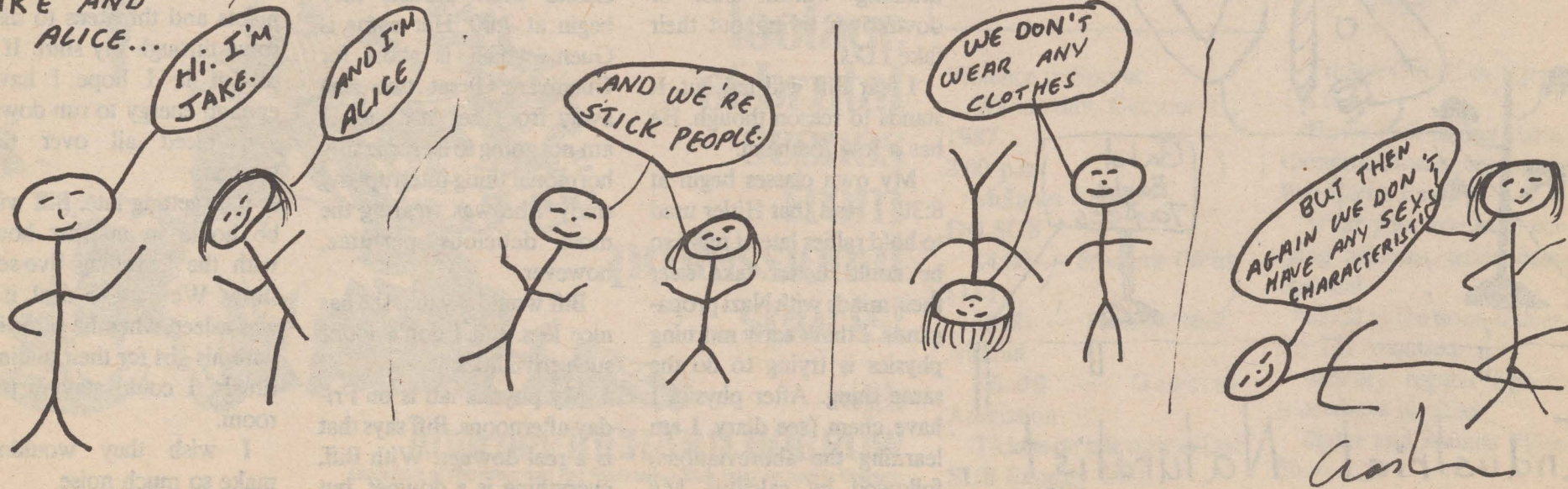
Like many others before him, Gordon Lightfoot began his career by singing in a church choir. When he was 17 he wrote his first song and shortly after left for California. Eventually, he returned to Toronto and caught the tail end of the Great North American Folk Revival.

The net result is that Lightfoot has become one of the most influential and enduring artists in the history of contemporary music. Album sales skyrocketing, a consistent run of chart-topping singles, and sold out concert halls all attest to his phenomenal popularity.

By blending the simplicity and sincerity of folk and country styles with the intensity and drive of pop and rock, Gordon Lightfoot is sure to present a concert you won't want to miss.

Tickets are \$22.50 and \$20.50 and are on sale now.

JAKE AND ALICE...



EDITORIAL!

My intake of coffee has risen again. That means one of two things: classes have begun or those Juan Valdez commercials have a subliminal effect on me. I think it's the former. I have a resistance to most advertisements, except the 'soldier leaving home' 501 blurb.

Other signs point to the resumption of university. I've made the New Year resolutions not to miss any classes and to keep up my reading. They both should last as long as a South American government.

Also there was that major withdrawal of funds from my Lillipution bank account. The end of Sep-

tember has overtaken us and Dal likes to have its tuition on time.

Tuition fees is one of those subjects that most students like to gripe about but before October we all empty our pockets like good sheep. I took out my calculator last weekend and did some figuring. I have 13 hours of classes a week. Lucky I'm not supersitious or one might think my transcript for this year would alliterate on the consonant F.

Anyway, given 13 hours a week and 26 weeks in a school year (not counting exams) that works out to 338 total class hours in a year. I pay \$1693 for a year

and when you do the division it works out to \$5.00 per class hour. Think about that the next time you decide to sleep through an 8:30.

Another thing to think about. Taking an average class size of 30 and everyone chucking a five-spot for a lecture, the prof makes \$150 an hour. Just slightly above minimum wage. But we all know Dr. X in course Y does not take that home. Even if he/she did, professors would not be rich people. They usually teach two or three courses a terms, which is about 100 hours a year and an annual income of \$15,000.00 if they got it all.

So really the professors

are not getting rich quickly, we are getting poorer and Dal as a whole is in the hole. Where is the money? It's a shell game with faculty and employees, students and the institution as the shells and money or a balanced budget as the illusive pea. There is no simple finger-pointing to be done.

In regards to the payment of tuition, five dollars an hour doesn't seem all that bad when you get down to it. You pay a mechanic much more than that to have a look at a car.

Some mention the idea of free university, along the lines of England. An ideal concept, but paying for Dal-

housie alone, some government would have to shell out 17 million approximately for one year, in addition to what they already give. Atlantic Canada would have to get off-shore oil in a big way for anyone to handle that.

So it comes down to the opinion that I think what I pay Dal is realistic and fair. I can't honestly suggest anarchy and burning fee requests. I hate giving up nearly 1700 dollars as much as anyone but in difficult money questions, there are no easy solutions.

So, do I make out the cheque to Dalhousie University or the University of Dalhousie?

The Dispatch is a service of the Dalhousie Student Union.

Editor in Spirit — Henry Miller

Editor — John Blackmore

Staff this issue

Phileas

K. Ararwak

Durf

Zwick

Wesley Randolph

Angela Underwood

Fish Crashman

DIARY OF PHILEAS FROSH

Diary: Classes have begun, much to my chagrin and worsening of my peptic ulcer. I have never been so confused before in my entire life. Except for the night Biff, my recently evolved roommate, shared his tequila with me. First my feet went numb, then my arms and then I couldn't feel my scalp. Biff says I laughed a lot but I don't remember. All I know was that I woke up the next day wearing the curtains from our residence room while air was being pumped

into my head.

I have two professors only that speak english. The rest are nice people but there is a large linguistic barrier separating us. It is difficult to take notes when you are not really sure what alphabet one should employ.

Already I have an essay due and a lab report to finish. Five courses seem like 500. Biff, the neanderthalic co-habitant has attended roughly 40% of his classes, even though they don't start until 12:30. He says one of his buddies gets the notes for him. I doubt the validity of this as most of his 'friends' are either over at our room drinking warmn beer or downtown trying out their fake I.D.s.

I fear Biff will fail out. It stands to reason though. He has a low forehead.

My own classes begin at 8:30. I read that Hitler used to hold rallies late at night so he could better take over their minds with Nazi propaganda. I think early morning physics is trying to do the same thing. After physics I have chem (see diary, I am learning the abbreviations) followed by calculus. My

calculus professor would fail a TOEFL test. But calculus should be easy, I did it in high school.

My comparative mythology course is on Tuesday nights. That prof tends to rant upon Gods demi-gods, demons and other things. I get the feeling that he doesn't follow conventional religions. Pastor Burbidge would have an interesting discussion with him. I'm sure.

There is a strange girl in the myth course. She has long, brown hair and is fairly tall. I don't know what her eye-colour is, though, as she wears sun-glasses to all the classes even though they begin at 7:00. Her name is Guen, which is short for Guenivere. I sat two seat away from her last class. I am not going to let some silly hormonal thing interrupt my study. She was wearing the most delicious perfume, however.

Biff would say that she has nice legs. But I don't notice such trivialities.

My physics lab is on Friday afternoons. Biff says that is a real downer. With Biff, everything is a downer, but

he is horizontal most of the time. With his live-in girlfriend.

Guenivere is prettier than Biff's girl. If I took time to notice such.

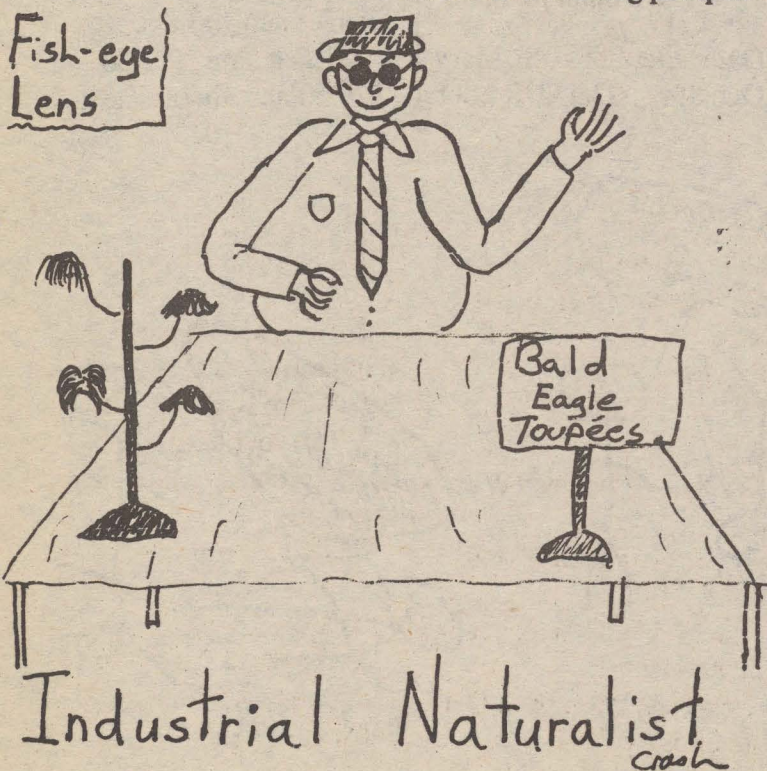
Residence food is getting me down. I was told that I could speak to someone about having a special diet. I talked to one of the cooks out back and expresses my wishes in the culinary line. He asked why he should do it; what was the reason for my request.

He became very upset when I told him 'because I don't like anything you serve'.

So my ulcer is pumping out more acid than U.S coal plants and threatens to dissolve through my shirt. If I die of it, I hope I have enough energy to run down and bleed all over the kitchen.

It is getting late. Biff will be home in another hour with the travelling live-sex show. We made a deal, if I was asleep when he came in with his girl for their mating rituals, I could stay in the room.

I wish they wouldn't make so much noise.



Industrial Naturalist
Crash

The Dalhousie Student Union and Q104 present:

Halifax's Own

Toronto's Hottest



SONNETS of the PORKYOU- GUISE

DANA

Savage lips of heaven will
collar the Drifting Flame,
Upon mad adventure
leased by a broken leash.
Behold love's adventurous
scythe when it lies lame,
While sour weeds of
wretched seed gives dignity
to each.

I forfeit Tempest's kiss to
be that 'no man ever loved';
Spitting divinely in
honeyed jewels of stinking
desire.

Even to the edge of
doom', with spirit unglowed,
I shall crawl to extinguish
the worms's foul fire.

On my corpse they feast,
on wasted 'gilded monu-
ments',

Lifeless, despising relics
of a king's miserable fortune.
Once contradiction is
blended, spooned with
fraudulence

My paradise becomes for-
feit among the shadows of
my ruin.

The Goat will let me bed at
his house this week,
And I shall graft beauty to
my soul when cattle speak.

Wesley Randolph
27.9.87

Freedom of Will

Crank the bastard twine
tight, guise:

Comfort the tension of
deep consecration,

Until fingers bleed — 'till
"death to me subscribes";

Crisp and cruel, the fate of
servant obligation.

Architect of dreams and
shepherd of fear,

Leak an old lover's kiss
into the warrior's sore.

Let him rape the bow 'till
cries of complaint tear,

From wooden vein, and
martyred blood of war.

Scotch the 'whore of
Babylon, who's bones
prevent

Will from 'Dorian mood',
and puissant nerve.

It is another mortal test
from heaven sent;

Fabled merrymen that
makes the arrow swerve.

Will Tell's thirst for spirit
seek apple-ade,

Or miss, and see of what
his son is made?

Wesley Randolph

Howe Hall Party

Friday, Oct. 16th, 9 p.m.-
1 a.m.

Howe Hall dining room
Cameron House presents the
P.J. House Party

Wear your favourite par-
tying pajamas, teddy bears
optional

\$3.00 at the door, univer-
sity I.D. required.

wet/dry regular sign-up
procedures in effect

Sights and Sounds Video
Show

The Flopping Penguins

Super Sub

also featuring Sweet Surrenders
and Mike Woods

\$6.00 Advance
\$7.00 Door

Saturday, October 17th.

9:00pm - 1:00am

Tickets Available at SUB Enquiry Desk.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21ST, 8:00 p.m.
McInnes Room, DAL SUB

TICKETS NOW ON
SALE AT THE ENQUIRY
DESK!

\$4.00 STUDENTS
\$5.00 STAFF/FACULTY
ALUMNI
\$6.00 GENERAL

Violence in Sports

Featuring
explosive
film
footage
of brutal
scenes
from
professional
sports!

with

Attorney RICHARD HORROW

Chairman of The American Bar Association Task Force on Sports Violence.

Violence in Sports:
Wednesday, October 21,
1987
8:00 p.m.
McInnes Room
Dal SUB
\$4.00 — Students (With
I.D.)
\$5.00 — Faculty/Staff/
Alumni
\$6.00 — General
Admission
Tickets on sale now at Dal
SUB Enquiry Desk



"WITH OR WITHOUT YOU, we'll be at CHEM 4:30."



PHOTO BY ANTON CORBUN

DESIGN/LAYOUT BY A.K.O.

CHEM 4:30, where the streets have no name.

Appearing every Friday.

Chemistry Resource Center, the CHEM Building.

Tragic Interview with the DEAD

Greetings once more, my brethren of the northern climes. I, Kuakalol Ararwak, Aztec Priest of the third tier, astral traveller, consumer of strange concoctions once again have prepared another interview with the dead.

I was at home in my cave, listening to a Zamfir record with a skip on it when I was overcome by a magnificent sensation. The record stopped, all the lights flickered like an out-take from Saturday Night Fever, and a lizard I never knew before flew into the room riding a neon marshmallow.

I was speechless. The reptile, noble gas and confectionary had to be portents of some terrible psychic disturbance in the ethereal sphere. Or Singing Sammy, the Happy Dust Man ripped me off. But no, Sam was legit.

I was in contact with the neural residue of the Thane of Cawdor, of Glanis and King after. Yes, it was Macbeth.

I had intended to pursue the voyages of Bjorn the Norwegian Rat and Morton

the Moose in this article but the impression coming from the malignant Scot was too powerful to neglect. He kept talking about "So much blood in him."

Macbeth could have written the script for some Chainsaw movie masterpiece.

Needless to express, I was somewhat nervous 'speaking' with the murderer of sleep and the amphibian doing mach 2 on a Los Vegas Stay-Puff did not ease my tension. Yet the opportunity was too much to turn down.

Macbeth explained his situation in a word-triplet: "Nag, nag, nag." So accustomed he was to soliquay, I could not get a word in edgewise. What follows is a transcript in somewhat Coleridge fashion of what he told me

"As I said, nag, nag, nag. First the witches telling parables to a poor unfortunate Scotsman who found grade two the toughest three years of my life. I didn't know what they were talking about. Could've been a recipe for hags for all I

knew.

Then I go home and the wife is at the door with a broad sword ready to lop off my head. She starts in with that whiney voice of hers, "You're late, you look a mess and the lass next door said she saw you flirting with three ladies." So in my sweetest voice I tell her I just got back from a war, the mess is from the guy that I unseamed from his eyes to his privates, and the ladies weren't that good-looking anyway. Not good enough for her.

See, she had just finished one of those Dale McCarnegie courses on self-assertion. All of a sudden, the quiet lass I had married was a font of ambition. So I tell her what the old gals had said to me, the business about moving to Glamis or becoming kinky after and all that prattle. She gets this gleam in her eyes something fearsome and starts to look like Nancy Reagan. Quite the scare.

Then she starts talking in this poetry stuff about unsexing her there and then. I didn't know what to make of it all. Instead of milk we

were going to start drinking gall and the whole household is turned upside down.

What was I to do? Next she becomes fanatical about spots on the dishes, ring-around-the-kilt and keeps a bandoleir of daggers in every room. Real wierd.

So then we get this invitation to go to Duncan (the king) and have a party at his castle. The wife gears up with more weaponry than lochs got monsters. While at the wing-ding with Duncan, the old king chokes on a quail bone and goes to the big First Folio in the sky. Next thing I know, I'm king of the whole shebang and she's pleased as Punch.

But this wasn't good enough for her. Soon all my drinking buddies start to die off; all choking on poultry carcasses. The three old ladies keep coming over to my place and cook up these awful stews and talk about murders and child-birth. Next she gets on my case about washing my hands.

I felt real bad when she died, but she should have died before, you know? Could've said some words.

So I tells the bleedin' night porter to blow out the candles and that was the end of that.

Then MacDuff comes over to my home with a whole troop a guys all armed with partridges and cornish hens. I figure we're in for a big feast. So I goes down to the gate, open the door and before I can say hello he stuffs a bird down my throat and suffocates me. All the while he's talking about how he was bore out by a cesarian section. What did I care? I was dying with a sparrow in my gob.

So that's the story. And that reminds me of a buddy of mine, King Timothy Leary"

Before he could continue, visions of Bjorn the Norwegian Rat floating by Greenland sprang to my head as the lizard in his tacky craft immolated in a candle.

(Editor's note: The submission by Mr. Ararwak becomes quite indecipherable after this point with vague references to lizard-gods and child-hood campfires. We decided not to print the remainder.