The Dalhousie Gazette since 1868



Gay guys can't give blood p.4

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Sexy poetry to set the mood p.14

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WEEKLY DISPATCH

DSU Weekly Dispatch

Mark Your Calendars – Upcoming Events

Events:

Wednesday, February 17

Dalhousie's Got Talent

Semi-Finals @ the Grawood
The show begins at 9pm so be sure to come out and support
your fellow Dal students!

DSU Executive Office Hours (Sexton Campus)

Shannon Zimmermen - President	Tuesday	9:00am - 12:00pm
Mark Hobbs - Vice President, Internal	Monday	3:00pm - 6:00pm
Rob Lefort - Vice President, Education	Wednesday	12:00pm - 3:00pm
Doyle Bond - Vice President, Finance	Monday	4:00pm - 6:00pm
Kris Osmond- Vice President, Student Life	By Appointment	

CASA Conference

The Canadian Alliance of Student Associations (CASA), your federal lobbying organization, will be hosting it's annual lobby conference in Ottawa from March 6-12th. Rob LeForte and Shannon Zimmerman will be out of the office during this time as they will be attending the conference. Both Rob and Shannon would be glad to receive any feedback, suggestions, or concerns you may have leading up to the conference.

Please contact <u>dsuvped@dal.ca</u>

Seeking Student Input

The **DSU Sustainability Office** is seeking student input for the formulation of the DSU Sustainability Policy. If you have any suggestions regarding the scope or depth of the policy, methods of enforcement, areas of focus or any other topic for the please email Emily Rideout at dsu.sustain@dal.ca or fill out a survey at http://www.surveymonkey.com/s/T9MBHPX. Responses must be submitted by Friday February 19.

Accused of Plagiarism? Failed a Course?

The Dalhousie Student Advocacy Service (DSAS) assists students with academic appeal and discipline matters. All inquiries are confidential. DSAS is located in room 310 of the SUB. Phone: (902) 494-2205 Fax: (902) 494-6647

Walking home after dark?

Tiger Patrol offers a walk-home or drive-home service that operates 7 days a week (6:00pm – 12:30am). Visit http://dsu.ca/services/tigerpatrol for more details.

Society News

60

The DSU is pleased to welcome Holly MacDonald to our team of full time staff. Holly will be taking on the position of Society Administrator and can be reached by email at Society.coordinator@dal.ca or by phone 494-1106/7718.

Sincerely,

Your DSU Executive

P.S. Don't forget to follow us on Twitter: @dalstudentunion, and visit us at www.dsu.ca











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THE FINE PRINT

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A "staff contributor" is a member of the paper defined as a person who has had three volunteer articles, or photographs of reasonable length, and/or substance published in three different issues within the current publishing year.

Views expressed in the Hot or Not feature. The Word at Dal, and opinions section are solely those of the contributing writers, and do not necessarily represent the views of The Gazette or its staff. Views expressed in the Streeter feature are solely those of the person being quoted, and not

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All students of Dalhousie University, as well as any interested parties on or off-campus, are invited to contribute to any section of the newspaper. Please contact the appropriate editor for submission guidelines, or drop by for our weekly volunteer meetings every Monday at 5:30 p.m. in room 312 of the Dal SUB. The Gazette reserves the right to edit and reprint all submissions, and will not publish material deemed by its editorial board to be discriminatory, racist, sexist, homophobic or libellous. Opinions expressed in submitted letters are solely those of the authors. Editorials in 'the Gazette are signed and represent the opinions of the writer(s), not necessarily those of The Gazette staff, Editorial Board, publisher, or Dalhousie University. The views or editorial content on the Sextant pages does not repersent that of The Gazette. The Gazette is not responsible for material that appears on The Sextants page; The Sextant is solely responsible for content that appears within their page.

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ckdu's weekly top 10

for the week ending Feb 9, 2010

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- 2 RUTH MINNIKIN AND HER BANDWAGON / DEPEND ON THIS / SONG MILL
- 3 THE DIVORCEES / LAST OF THE FREE MEN / HAY SALE
- 4 THE RAVEONETTES / IN & OUT OF CONTROL / VICE
- 5 FIELD ASSEMBLY / BROADSIDES & EPHEMERA / SELF-RELEASED
- 6 BASIA BULAT / HEART OF MY OWN / SECRET CITY
- 7 Ox / BURNOUT / WEEWERK
- 8 KLARKA WEINWURM / KLARKA WEINWURM / SELF-RELEASED
- 9 DEVILS HOTROD / DIRTY ROCKS FOR BROKEN HEARTS / STUMBLE
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Smooth Grooves: The infamous RS Smooth brings you phenomenal hip hop. listen live: Sundays, 5:00pm-7:30pm

Radio Payam: Tune in to the only program in Farsi on the east coast. listen live: Sundays, 10:30am-12pm

Letters to the Editor

Editorial

My life as a porn star

Kaley Kennedy Opinions Editor

dmit it. You've Googled yourself. You've typed your name in quotation marks and hit enter, wondering, just a little, what would come up.

Would it be a photo from a high school debating tournament when you still had braces and hadn't yet discovered contacts? Maybe your top hits will include message board fighting from when you were 15, or an embarrassing family website on www.geocities.com (complete with cheesy animation), or your face in some newspaper's streeter.

The truth is, in this age of digital reproduction, most of our 2,000 parts are out there on the web: past and present, flattering and embarrassing, absurd and tiresome.

I don't ever Google my name. But I'm not going to pretend I'm a self-righteous luddite. As the majority of my friends know, I am kind of like a lost child without my Blackberry.

I don't Google my name because it's futile. Googling "Kaley Kennedy" just brings up a seemingly endless roll of

"Hey - do you know there's a porn star with your name?"

sites for Kaley Kennedy, the young co-ed porn star, instead of Kaley Kennedy, the young contemporary studies student.

I'm not particularly offended. I don't really need to heed to warnings about what potential employers will find when they Google my name – they'll find a pile of spam. However, it's actually quite a useful thing to share your name with an Internet porn star.

People Google their names, not to see what the Internet knows about them, but instead to know what will happen when someone else Googles their name. Maybe you're worried what a potential employer will say, or what your parents (or kids) will see, or maybe you're really concerned about an old photo you don't want any potential romantic interest having access to. You're only worried about it because you know people Google names all the time.

Before there was Facebook, there was Google. Maybe you Googled your crazy professor, or maybe the cute girl

you met at the history society social. Maybe you've Googled the "smart kid" in your class. Or my favourite: maybe you Google an old friend/classmate/crush in search of what they're doing now.

You'd never admit you Googled someone's name. Unless that is, they share a name with an Internet porn star. "Hey – do you know there's a porn star with your name?"

Yes, I know that there is a porn star with my name. It's definitely hilarious and random, but, no, it's not embarrassing, demoralizing or shameful. There aren't many times when porn, sex work and feminism come up light-heartedly in conversation. Often, people ask me if I feel disgusted or upset that I share a name with an Internet adult entertainment star, and then we get to talk about why I don't.

I get to talk about some of the things I'm passionate about – prisoner justice, sex worker rights, feminism – with people who are not necessarily up on the legal and social impacts of the criminal justice system, all while we have a laugh.

Sure, there are times when sharing a name with such a lady has reminded me

that we still live in a sexist, misogynist society. I've had people make inappropriate comments to me about sex work or jokes about serious and intense realities faced by women. Once someone even implied that my opinions and beliefs would be worth less if I were a sex worker.

Those are the times when sharing your name with a porn star are the most disheartening: when you remember that people who do sex work are seen, not as humans, but as insignificant images. Throwaways. When you remember that sex workers are raped

and beaten and don't have anywhere to turn, and then, a classmate tells me how I should exploit my name to get laid – those are the times I feel ashamed.

All in all, Kaley Kennedy the porn star has been a good addition to my life. Once in a while I get a sketchy, random Facebook message. Sometimes I have to get on a soapbox. But for the most part, it's just a funny and random product of how technology and sex go hand in hand.







News

News

Gazette News covers Dalhousie and the greater Halifax community. Contributions are welcome! E-mail Lucy or Laura at news@dalgazette.com



Lucy Scholey, News Editor news@dalgazette.com

Local sex biz booms

Industry thrived through recession, sex show trumps traditional Maritime views



Tracy Estey and Karen DeWolfe, owners of Pole Catz, at the Everything to Do With Sex Show. | Photo by Lucy Scholey

Lucy Scholey News Editor

Some might have said it was unexpected in a city like Halifax, but the Everything to Do with Sex Show returned for a second year with even more local businesses.

"It's funny, you know, because Maritimers are known for being conservative," says Rachel Dodds, owner of Sexy Girl. "They're not really as conservative as we make them out to be."

Her business was one of many from the city and across Canada that was showcased at the event during the weekend of Jan. 30. Haligonians strolled through, checking out the cock rings, pussy shavers, butt plugs and pleasure wands while women strutted around in lacy underwear.

Show Manager Mikey Singer says there were about 40 per cent more businesses involved this year. About half of the newbies were Halifax businesses.

"The people of Halifax enjoy it because it's something different and it's something that doesn't necessarily come into their spirit of living," he says, adding that the sex market is under-serviced, with only a few sex stores in a city of 360,000 people.

With a bylaw limiting sex shops

downtown and a reputation for being hard on its sex workers, Halifax doesn't come across as the most "open" city.

"I didn't quite expect, last year, for this to last," says Rhea Gallant from Dartmouth, who owns a franchise in the Ontario-based Passion Parties. "We're becoming more open, a little more liberal."

Maggie Haywood, manager of Venus Envy, says business has been steady since the store that sells erotic books and sex toys opened 12 years ago.

"It stays good even through years when there might be an economic downturn or a recession," she says of her store.

Dodds says she's even seen an increase in business since she opened shop seven years ago. She says it's partly because more people are becoming informed about sex toys and demanding better quality in these products.

There is no industry regulation," she says. "But (businesses) really had to sort of create their own standards because consumers are becoming more educated, more involved and more interested in making these purchases"

"The visibility of adult products is much more mainstream than it used to be," adds Haywood.

The industry is also expanding in other ways. Karen DeWolfe and her business partner Tracey Estey started a pole dancing business called Pole Catz when they noticed a demand for the service. DeWolfe says their business offers a different way for women to work out.

"(There are) a lot of women trying something that's fun and different other than your same old treadmill or crunches," she says.

A local fetish group has also joined the mix. The Society of Bastet holds kinky parties and fetish education sessions. It just started last July, but it's not new to the city.

"There has been certainly a history of loose communities around the city and having private events at houses and other private venues," says Jeff Warnica, communications director for the Society of Bastet.

There are about 52 members, but more people have shown interest. "At the sex show there were thousands who came through ... interested and

curious and asking questions," he says. But for Dodds, the burgeoning interest in adult toys and sex shops should not be a surprise.

"Ithink Maritimers are a lot more open, a lot more fun than we make them out to be."

Waiting for the chance to donate blood



Patrick Hawkes, Dalhousie University student and gay rights activist, takes regular HIV tests, but still can't give blood. | Photo by Pau Balite

Katrina Pyne Staff Contributor

Patrick Hawkes would love to stand in line, roll up his sleeves, and donate blood. There's just one problem - the Canadian Blood Services (CBS) won't let him.

The reason Hawkes can't donate is because he's gay. As it stands now, a man who has had sex with another man (MSM) at least one time since 1977 can't donate blood because he is considered "high risk."

It doesn't matter that he goes for regular HIV screening tests. It's irrelevant that CBS say they will need 90,000 new donors a year to satisfy the growing need.

"You want blood. I'm willing to donate. Why wouldn't you take it?" says Hawkes, a fourth-year pharmacy student at Dalhousie University and an activist for change in Halifax.

The CBS website states that "the Canadian Blood Services' deferral policies do not apply specifically to individuals based on their sexual orientation; the policies are in place to defer any individual, regardless of gender or sexual orientation, who has engaged in one or more high-risk behaviour."

It's true there is more prevalence of HIV in MSM since 1977," says Jacqueline Gahagan, a professor in health promotions at Dal. "I'm not disputing that. What I am disputing is that all gay men are prolific spreaders of disease

The McLaughlin Donor Deferral Risk Assessment of 2006 outlined what it called the "risk-risk" situation. There is an estimated increase in the risk of transfusing infectious diseases, however, there is a potential risk of inadequate supplies of blood.

"I know the policy isn't based on discrimination, but it's promoting it. It's saying that all gay men are extremely sexually promiscuous and they all have AIDS, which just isn't true," says Hawkes.

"We all want to know the blood is

safe for our consumption when we need it," says Gahagan. "The down side is that we are weeding out such a sizeable part of the population doing this."

"If it was your human rights being violated, you wouldn't be happy about

The CBS is currently reviewing whether the MSM deferral policy is discriminatory under the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Kyle Freeman's case has sparked this review.

Freeman is a sexually active gay man who provided false information during the donor screening process and illegally donated blood. He later confessed this in an anonymous e-mail, which the CBS traced back to him.

Freeman has now counter-sued the CBS and the Attorney General of Canada for discrimination, seeking damages and a declaration striking the MSM policy down.

"I think they should test his blood and if it's okay, then ... thank him for the 18 donations he's given," says Hawkes.

The Supreme Court of Canada is expected to provide a verdict later this year. "The screening process should

be more bio-medically driven," says Gahagan. "Screen the blood properly (and) put the extra cost into that as opposed to interrogating people."

"The public health machinery needs to do its job, so it's okay to violate rights."

Gahagan would like to see more emphasis on HIV testing, instead of on a more specific and comprehensive interview process to blood donors. Hawkes says he goes for regular HIV screenings.

"I can say I know my status. I don't know of any other people, specifically heterosexual, that can say that."

"Come on, if you got HIV tested every three months saying you're negative, you're probably okay," says Hawkes.





Consensual speculum

Dal med school avoids ethical controversy over non-consensual pelvic exams

Laura Parlee Assistant News Editor

anada's medical schools may be lagging behind in ethical patient care.

Public health reporter for the Globe and Mail, Andre Picard, published a column last week about medical students performing unnecessary procedures to unconscious patients without their consent.

The article has sparked a vibrant debate on the nature of consent, the importance of practical learning and medical ethics. But according to Dalhousie bioethics professor Lynette Reid, this is not a new issue.

"It's been a sort of a periodic scandal," she says. "It came up in the 1980s in the U.K. and then again in the 90s, then from 1999 to 2003."

The controversy centres on students who perform pelvic examinations on surgical patients still under anesthesia to gain practical experience.

The Dalhousie school of Medicine has always stressed the importance of practical learning. Reid says it's one of the more clinically based programs in Canada. Dal medical student, Matthew Clarke, says he learns best by doing.

"There's certain skills you can't learn in a book," he says. "It's awe-some. Gives you more of an idea of what you'll actually be doing someday. It can get kind of boring and tedious just reading from books."

"It's been a hallmark of our program. Our students do well in residency placements because they have

a very strong clinical preparation," adds Reid. "It's very focusing and motivating to start to contextualize what they've learned in science class with the real patients they have contact with."

However, Reid says she's never heard of pelvic exams happening here without consent.

"I obviously can't say for absolute sure that it's never happened. They're out in practice and they see a variety of role modeling," she says.

Clarke is in his first year at Dal's med school. He says the school has handled ethical dilemmas well in his experience. His professors specifically discussed the issue of un-consensual vaginal or rectal exams in class.

"I thought they handled it really well," he says.

Clarke says it was made clear that performing any procedure without informed consent from the patient was unethical, and students were taught how to handle a confrontation if a superior asked them to do something unethical.

"It was good for us to get that training," says Clarke. "It's still not right for me to take blood pressure if a patient doesn't know I'm a med student and hasn't consented to it."

Reid's research on the subject suggests that the Society of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists of Canada policy is inadequate for ensuring ethical care.

Both the U.S. and U.K. have more specific policies ensuring that patients give specific consent for medical students to examine them.

"The Canadian guidelines stand alone in asserting that consent to practice exams is contained in the general consent to trainee involvement in surgery," states a research paper Reid wrote.

Reid explains that the controversy often arises when students are asked to do procedures by their superiors and don't have the knowledge or confidence to object.

"The ethics issue is: what if you're asked to do it? There we would discuss that balancing act of being concerned about your own academic investment ... and doing a serious wrong-doing," she says. "How do you maneuver that challenge of being the junior person on the totem pole?"

"It can become confusing to sort out, am I doing this for the patient's good or their own learning, or both? Where's the line? It becomes a grey area."

Reid says Dal is currently working to improve its system for student communication. Under the new system, the medical school aims to be "responsible and responsive" if students feel uncomfortable debating ethics with their superiors.

They also want to increase screening for the medical institutions where their students shadow.

"One of the criticisms of policies people have written so far was that they placed a heavy onus on the student and (are) less clear about the institution's responsibility," she says.

These are policies and procedures that we are working on improving," says Reid. "We're considering ways to regularly scan the environment and know what's going on, and proactively address any concerns."









Food rules restricting says DSU councillor Proposed terms and conditions aren't satisfying



Campus Action on Food gave away free food to protest the Dalhousie Student Union's exclusivity contracts on Feb. 2. | Photo by Pau Balite

Lucy Scholey News Editor

A campus food awareness group can now dish out its own plates of food in the Dalhousie Student Union Building if it follows certain rules. But one DSU councillor says these conditions are not satisfactory.

"It really limits anything they can do," says Senate Representative Glenn Blake.

On Feb. 2, Campus Action on Food (CAF) arrived at the SUB armed with plates of homemade food and prepared for confrontation with the DSU. Instead, DSU president Shannon Zimmerman presented them with a proposal – they can give out free food under certain conditions.

According to the terms and conditions, CAF can serve food if they meet food safety regulations, become a ratified society under the DSU and don't distribute propaganda.

It's the third rule that concerns Blake. He says this rule will censor the message CAF wants to make about food and exclusivity contracts.

"Students have a problem with something going on campus that directly affects the DSU and people they engage in business transactions with," he says in an e-mail. "They want to not only draw attention to the issue by making a statement, but also by providing other students with something that stays after the free food is gone."

But Zimmerman says the rules are there to keep CAF accountable for the safety of its food.

"If they're willing to make sure that they're following the rules that are set out and ... putting somebody there that can be accountable for it, then Sodexho is willing to help them make sure that the health and concerns are met," she says.

It's not the first time students have spoken up about food contracts. Last semester, Students Mobilize for Action on Campus (SMAC) started a petition, calling on the DSU to make its exclusivity contracts public. They collected nearly 1,500 signatures from Dal students.

Sodexho and Aramark are contracted with the SUB and Dal, respectively. The details in these contracts are largely unknown – such as their start and end dates – but it's clear that stu-

dents can't prepare and serve food in the SUB without going through Sodexho.

"It's pretty much governed our choice in what we can eat," says CAF member Gwendolyn Muir, about the contracts.

Aside from the limited vegan and vegetarian options on campus, Blake says students have a right to see these food contracts.

"If you're a member of the union, you should be able to see what you're entering into."

Kelly O'Neil, a first-year social work student, was one of the first in line for food at the protest. She says she attended because she agrees with CAF's message.

"We should have the right to ac-

cess decent food that's affordable to students at this university and the way that the structures exist now, that's not possible for students," she says.

Zimmerman says Sodexho is open to working with students when it comes to food issues. For example, when societies hold bake sales in the SUB, they have to go through Sodexho, first.

"There's always been the opportunity for (CAF) to work with us on this and to try and work with Sodexho on this," she says, adding that she will continue working with CAF on the issue.

If an agreement is reached, the terms and conditions would last until April 30.

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Tim Mitchell Features Editor features@dalgazette.com

NEW SEX ROBOT ENTERS MARKET

Is Roxxxy a tech-sex revolution or a step back for feminism?

Katie Toth Sex Columnist

n January 2010, love found a new name She's called Roxxxy

Roxxxy was unveiled on Jan. 9 at the Adult Entertainment Expo in Las Vegas by her creator and TrueCompanion. com founder, Douglas Hines. The sex robot comes with a year-long subscription to her support and services network, a 24-hour helpline and an online personality sharing community that allows you to share your doll's personality with Roxxxy users around the globe.

If you order now, you'll have to wait a few months due to her custom-made nature. Depending on the custom features chosen, Roxxxy can cost between \$6,995 and \$9,000.

With three vibrating orifices, and what the company describes as "complete artificial intelligence," you can have everything you ever wanted in a companion without ever having to negotiate the difficult compromises of companionship.

This silicone doll has an original format: she starts out blonde, plastic, with large breasts, and what Hines says is a "completely anatomically correct body." But Roxxxy also "comes a la carte."

Users can create their dream companion complete with dream body and dream personality. And if you're not into women, then just hold your horses, because "Rocky" is almost ready for his debut.

Roxxy comes programmed with five different characters, one of which is "Frigid Farrah" who responds to sexual advances by saying "don't touch me there," allowing the user to explore all the non-consensual sex he or she has ever dreamed of.

Another winning personality is "Young Yoko." This character has not been demonstrated in any of Hines' promotions, but he assures media representatives that this "young girl person" is 18 or older. I was under the impression that "young"



The wonder woman of sex toys, or a feminist nightmare? | Photo by Abram Gutscher

declined to comment on the basis of not having done enough research – again, she was not fully aware of this new product.

Yet Hines is confident he has spawned a kind of revolution in sexual technology. Despite the fact that sex robots and blow-up dolls are readily available, he believes his prototype is original because, as TrueCompanion.com writes, it can "be your loving friend." emotionally and mentally vacant object. "She's designed so that you can just yak at her and she won't nag," Alberg said. "She does basically whatever you want her to.

Is that the perfect female specimen?" Roxxxy does not talk back, unless you program her to. Her S&M character has a safe word, but she cannot seek legal recourse if you decide to ignore it. She does not place any demands or understand the culture that birthed a Roxxxy is by talking to her maker.

Upon e-mailing TrueCompanion. com demonstrating interest in Roxxxy, I receive a personal response from Hines giving me his personal extension and suggesting we talk over the telephone.

At 11 p.m. on a Thursday night, I call, expecting to leave a message. Instead, Hines himself answers the phone.

Hines talks with a light New Jersey accent and is soft spoken, especially when discussing Roxxxy's capabilities. Regarding Roxxxy's sexual prowess, he says, "I have to keep it clean, but there are the three inputs, that kind of thing."

I can almost hear the man blushing. On various online media, Hines has refrained from describing Roxxxy's ability to climax with words such as climax or orgasm. He refers instead to a "special moment ... that keeps going until you are finished," and a "special experience," even after asking reporters repeatedly if he is "allowed to be graphic."

When I ask if many people are purchasing the doll, he responds quickly. "Yeah, we have thousands," he says. "There's been a lot of interest because there's nothing out there like it."

The variety of blow-up dolls and sex robots available on the market, such as the Japanese sex robot HRP-4C, seem to contradict this position. However, Hines tells me his creation is unique in its ability to make conversation: "It's truly like a personality." From the moment of purchase, she'll start building a relationship with her owner even before her robotic body has been finished, "e-mailing him about sports, the stock market - that kind of thing."

This contrasts sharply with his web site, which proudly boasts her "off switch." Besides, stating facts about superficial topics does not a conversation make. Is Roxxxy truly as innovative or as lovable as Hines says?

"I'm not impressed," says Märta Vigerstad, University of King's College student and sex enthusiast. "She needs to have an ability to open and close that mouth. ... Nobody puts their lips like that; she must not have teeth."

But is Vigerstad merely jealous that she's going to become obsolete due to the arrival of the fantasy woman? I ask the happily married Hines: Will my boyfriend leave me for Roxxxy if I purchase her for him?

'You don't have to worry about that," he insists. "Idon'tknow what you will or will not do, but it's completely different. ... Roxxxy loves everybody. Guys, girls, it's all good."

Hines claims that his target market is awkward or older men who have trouble meeting girls. This sounds like a noble endeavour, though these people might be better served by datcoaches or online personals.

Roxxxy might be able to offer many people the companionship and sexual experiences they have a right to enjoy. The concept that some people will instead resort to having sex with a robot is unfortunate.

The new sex doll offers the possibility of sexual contact for people who can't, or won't, for whatever reason, have partnered sex.

I could write about how the answer is not to create robots but to move into a more sex-positive space, one that is less judgmental of difference. But we don't live in that space. We live in a world where right to sexual expression is legitimized by physical and social norms that some people will never be able to fit. In this way, Roxxxy might fill a niche that I don't see us eliminating in the near future.

Roxxxy, ultimately, is a new spin on an old idea. The doll is able to say what her owner wants and receive their sperm. Ultimately, her high price tag makes massmarket appeal improbable and people's lack of interest makes her a less than crucial element in the sexual dialogue. However it remains unsettling to consider what kind of environment would foster someone's desire to produce and market a sexual receptacle as an ideal woman.

The doll's silicone may be made with the most innovative of technologies, but the antifeminist attitude towards sexuality - and the companionship that the invention represents - is ages old.

"Is Roxxxy just a creepier example of the sex toys and relationship issues we've always had?"

is an age attribute, and not a personality trait, but hey, whatever floats your boat. has been merely a blip on the collective radar, a sort of sensationalist filler.

Feminist activists and sex store representatives across the country, from Venus Envy here in Halifax to Womyn's Ware in Vancouver, declined interview requests on the basis that they hadn't even heard of this new product. Dr. Lisa Price, assistant professor of psychology at Acadia University,

there's anything Roxxxy is incapable Instead is Roxxxy just a creepier

tionship issues - we've always had? Ashley Alberg, president of the Dal-

housie Gender and Women's Studies Society, has heard of Roxxxy, and has some serious reservations about the product. She is troubled by any culture whose "ideal female" is anatomically correct, but

The irony, of course, is that if expectations on your character. She comes quickly to a climax, and just keeps For most news media, Roxxxy of doing, it's being your loving friend. coming until you are finished with her.

But doesn't at least part of the joy of xample of the sex toys - and rela- partnered sex lie in the agency of your partner? The struggle to get them off? The feeling of success when a job is well done?

"If it's just another sex toy, then fine, add it to your arsenal." Alberg said. "(But) I don't think it's okay if you think that's what a woman should be." The only way I'm really going to



Opinions

Opinions

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Kaley Kennedy Opinions Editor opinions@dalgazette.com

Sex Ed

Everything To Do With - Shhhhhh!



Katie Toth

o you like shopping? Do you like malls? Do you like sex? Only if you said yes to all three of these things is the Everything To Do With Sex Show catering to you.

A couple of weeks ago, the Everything To Do With Sex Show came to Halifax for its second year. This trade show hooks up (mostly local) sex stores, vendors, and other goods and services with the public of Halifax in a way that's meant to be fun, non-intimidating and exciting.

I tell him that I'm not comfortable doing so, and I'd prefer if he would first explain to me what it was about. As I'm mid sentence, his colleague comes up from behind me, takes the whisk-like item and rushes it through my hair.

Maybe I should clarify something to you, readers: I don't like it when strangers touch me without asking first. My spine is tingling and I feel like I'm going to throw up. I try to explain to this jerk that I feel violated and don't appreciate his tactics.

"It probably just felt too good, eh?" he asks in his fake French accent. "Sit down and I can violate you some more".

I grumble later about this heinous experience to my friend. "That's really odd," he responds. I agree - you'd think that a vendor at a sex store would comprehend common concepts of consent. My friend, however, has noticed something else that completely slipped my mind: this was only one of many vendors that just didn't feel comfortable talking about sex.

He could have told me how the

show," Singer explains.
For Singer, all the products here are related to sex if they're related to improving or spicing up relationships.

toy flea market," he explains to me. He's totally right, of course. But I'm not sure whether the answer is to merely sell a wider range of products or not.

"Nobody wants to go to a sex-

I move on to the seminar room, where Venus Envy's Shannon Pringle is giving an inclusive oral sex workshop. I notice the same distance. It's not from Shannon - she's great, and her PowerPoint presentation is informative, too. But we have these strangers wafting in and out of the curtained off area. People stare straight ahead, not making eye contact.

I saw this workshop at my school and it was fantastic. People asked questions. They made jokes. The audience was alive and excited. When this was just a bonus for attending the trade show, it had a completely different vibe. There was no comfort, no community or confession. In such an anonymous and market-based environment, there was no room for sharing.

Maybe I just need to up the ante a little, I tell myself. I enter The Dungeon, a space to educate and inform people about safe kink play

In the back-left corner, a man in a leather body suit is ritualistically flogging a woman who lies against a wooden cross. Just beside me, a beautiful trans woman is being gently electrocuted by an invention described as the "Violet Wand".

That's when I begin to realize I'm bored. Surrounded by some of the most supposedly scandalizing demos of these products available outside The Dungeon has left me not titillated, but tired.

Just because I think selling sex is dull doesn't make it bad thing. If some people feel less intimidated in a giant convention centre full of people than they would at home on their laptop or walking down to the quiet neighbourhood sex store, then damn it, I want them to have that convention centre, and I want it to be beautiful.

I'm glad the Everything To Do With Sex Show came to Halifax, and I hope that, as Singer put it, the show can help this "underserved market" get hooked up with fantastic local businesses.

But selling sex doesn't necessarily make it more intimate or fun, either. I guess I was craving a Sex Comic-con, some environment where sex is more than just a catalyst for capitalism, but also a chance to find intimacy and community.

I came to the sex show hoping for dialogue. It did its job and I did mine. In return, I got four free condoms, 30

minutes of free online porn from www. HotMovies.com, and a \$10 coupon off my next \$50 sex toy at Venus Envy. Too bad I can't get back my Friday night. LIVE THE CANADIAN EXPERIENCE



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"Consistently, I would go up to someone and try to talk about sex, and they didn't want to talk about sex."

Sex is a pretty individualized experience. You can't sell a generic sex toy the way you push apple cider or an eggplant: it's an industry where people have to find exactly what they're looking for.

You would think, then, that the sort of aggressive marketplace of multiple vendors found at the Everything To Do With Sex Show would be ideal. With so many toys and products, the exact item you're looking for must be out there somewhere, right?

The problem with that logic is that within an environment of direct competition, helping you find what you're looking for has been relegated to a niche of far less importance than promoting and pushing product. It's a basic difference between "Come talk to us and we'll see if what we have will fulfil your needs," and "Hey! Over here! You need this to shave your nether regions!"

"Every toy we have you're also going to find the same thing an inch longer, or in a million different colours," said one sex store representative. "It's overwhelming." And potentially unnecessary.

I approach one gentleman, who is selling what appears to be a whisklike prod labelled the "Orgasmatron".

"Do you want to tell me about your product?" I ask him, showing off my shiny media pass.

"Sit down and let me show you," he

Orgasmatron works. He could have explained the sexual nature of the situation. But doing that would take the mystery out of sex, which wouldn't sell. It would also mean feeling comfortable enough with a complete stranger to engage in such a dialogue.

Consistently, I would go up to someone and try to talk about sex, and they didn't want to talk about sex. They wanted to talk about the product.

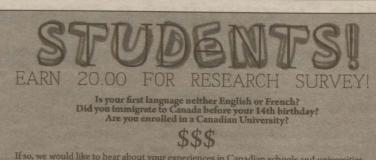
Hair Artistic & Laser Clinic is promoting their laser hair removal services, right beside the booth for the Halifax Sexual Health Centre. I'm a bit bewildered as to the connection, so I decide to be candid. As I ask them what their product has to do with sex, they blush and squirm.

"Men don't want stubble," one woman explains to me like it's a nobrainer, shutting down the conversation.

One of them talks about how the sex show "isn't just about the kink and the vinyl - we have Planned Parenthood

We certainly do, but the Halifax Sexual Health Centre (formerly Planned Parenthood) is about sexual education and cheap birth control. The hair removal product just seems to be about making you feel bad about your stubbly calves. I don't get it. And they don't seem to need me to.

So lasked Mikey Singer, the show manager, why some of these products are here. "This isn't a porn show – it's a sex



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Opinions

Lessons learned from a Seadogs insider

Glenn Blake Staff Contributor

ast year money was tight, so I did what a lot of students do: I got a ■job. After taking away food and retail from the list of possible places to get a job, one that was left was the local bathhouse.

For those of you who may not know what a bathhouse is, it's basically a private club for men to go and relax ...or whatever.

If you already know what I'm talking about, or if you have no desire to know what I'm talking about, feel free to skip this story. If, however, you're kind of curious or want a good laugh, read on.

The first thing that happens when you enter is you get a towel and a key to your room or locker. To ensure we get them back, we take your ID.

Tip 1: Don't leave with the room key. The staff will want to chase you down just as much as you will want them calling your house to get it back.

Bathhouse fashion dictates that the towels must be worn in the lounge, but once you're out back, anything goes. In the back area you can check out the different rooms. The first stop is most often the hot tub.

Tip 2: Hang out in the hot tub until you see something you like. The hot tub can be compared to your umbrella at the beach. Eventually you'll come back and meet up with people and swap stories about what you did all day.

A sign on the mirror reads: "No sex in the tub!" Please respect that. Have you ever seen a tub that two (or more) men have defiled? I have. Don't do it!

There's also a sauna.

You can get your freak on in there, but don't piss on the rocks. If watersports are your thing, take it somewhere it won't evaporate instantaneously - maybe your place.

Plenty of customers tell me they just come to use the hot tub and sauna and

I've never taken a stats class, but those numbers don't add up.

Tip 3: Don't bullshit the staff. We know what you're doing and we don't care. Just leave us out of it. For that mat-

ter, if you see us out in public, don't try to hide. We see you and it looks pathetic.

If anonymous blowjobs are your thing, there's the glory hole downstairs. It's dark, so you can hide from your girlfriend. If discretion isn't your thing, throw caution to the wind and hang out in the sling. It's hung from the ceiling with chains, so everyone downstairs can hear when something is going on. There are portholes, so people who just want to watch the goings on without participating are able to do so. Perverts.

Tip 4: A whistle means "Follow me." If all else fails, there's a dark room upstairs, so just hang out there and eventually something will come along. As long as you're safe, you can't regret what you can't see.

When your time has run out and you've had your fun, it's time to pack

"For those of you who may not know what a bathhouse is, it's basically a private club for men to go and relax ...or whatever."

your stuff up and go. But there's something important to do before you leave.

Tip 5: Tip. It's not mandatory, but the people who work there deal with a lot of gross stuff so you can have fun. Some people make a mess when they're doing their thing (you know who you are). If someone is cleaning up after your ass, you should show them some love, too.

At this point, you may be asking: "Why is this bathhouse only available for men?" For the answer to this I'll direct you to Marina Adeshade's Economics of Sex and Love class. If you really can't wait that long, Seadogs does open exclusively to women a few times a year. The next time is Feb. 23. Play safe!

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Bathhouse etiquette NDP has bold words, little action

Financial consultations inaccessible, yet essential for students

Opinions Contributor

or months, our provincial government has told students we should come to the upcoming financial consultations for Nova Scotia. These town hall meetings, our government says, will be directional for the province, culling opinion from 16 communities about its significant deficit.

And indeed, when the Canadian Federation of Students handed over a petition to provincial legislature with almost 3,000 signatures that called for reduced tuition fees in N.S. - a demand necessitated by the province's tuition fees, which are the second-highest in the country - Premier Dexter cheerily pointed to the consultations as the solution, that they allowed students to "make sure your voice is heard."

AsofFeb. 10, the government announced a consultation in Halifax, however they had not released the date or specific location.

In not previously holding consultations on the penninsula, the provincial government decided to cut out its most economically crucial demographic from participating.

There were three consultations near the central Halifax area that is the hub of student life - one in the distant Eastern Passage, one in the booming metropolis of Lower Sackville and one in Dartmouth. The consultation on the other side of the harbour was scheduled for 1 p.m. in the afternoon, a time when most students were still in class. For many students, lack of transportation made these meetings inaccessible, even if they wanted their voice heard.

This must be some sort of logistical

After all, the provincial government must be aware that of the 11 N.S. universities listed on the Ministry of Education's website, seven operate out of Halifax. The city's student population constitutes a significant chunk of the province's 42,000 students. Just one month ago, the provincial

government named N.S. the "University Capital of Canada," claiming that universities define our social landscape, and play a significant role in our economy. are worrying for students, especially as the Memorandum of Understanding between universities and the province for funding remains is up for renewal next year.

"We must hold this government more accountable for refusing to act with the same boldness as their words."

Deputy Premier Bill Estabrooks was there. He said N.S. is a "destination for education," and that the campaign "is one part of government's overall goal to attract and retain young people to the province."

But fun rhymes aside, how does the government intend on retaining students when we pay so much in tuition fees that we cannot afford to make roots here, that we're then forced to go where the jobs are? It is hard to reconcile that pride in our title as the university capital and the provincial government's decision to make inaccessible these province-visioning consultations, especially when they purportedly intend for us to be a part of this province's vision.

The importance of student voices at these consultations is especially paramount because of the patterns that this provincial government has shown in regards to post-secondary education.

During his term in the '90s, Saskatchewan's NDP Premier Roy Romanow downsized social programs after appointing an independent body to review the dire state of his province's finances. The independent panel called for drastic cuts from social programs. Similarly, on Aug. 17, 2009, the new NDP government in N.S. commissioned Deloitte, an independent firm, to survey their financial situation.

The resulting report revealed that without action, the province's debt would climb to over \$16 billion. University funding was singled out as one of two items that would affect the provincial budget. The parallels

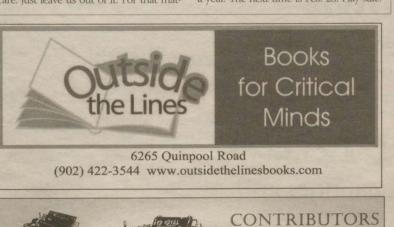
Students should be sickened by the hypocrisy of a government that is only too happy to toot its own horn in dubbing itself the "University Capital of Canada, but then backtracking by cutting out the university contingent from discussions of its fundamental financial issues.

We must hold this government more accountable for refusing to act with the same boldness as their words. We cannot allow them to claim that students are a key to this economy if they will not let us be a part of the actual directional process of that economy whose fabric we are reportedly a fundamental to.

We cannot allow them to dangle the keys to the car tantalizingly in front of us, just for appearance's sake, but not give us the actual ability to change the direction of our own education. How can they claim a quality education if the keys to that service won't be handled by the engine itself: the students?

But mostly, I am sick of institutions creating the opportunity to call my generation apathetic. How dare this provincial government call for student opinions in a publicity bid, using these consultations as an easy answer and supplication, only to pull the rug from under us by making them inaccessible.

Adrian Lee is the Vice President (Student Life) of the King's Students' Union.

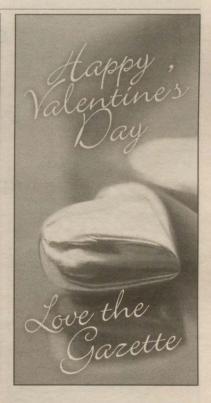




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Overheard at King's: The Sexier Campus

Girl: "I love Hume. If he was alive today I would have sex with him and make him spout his sexy philosophy to me.

In the Wardroom:

Girl: "Why am I reading about hairy tes-

Guy: "Why are any of us reading about hairy testicles?"

Girl 1: "Is that a seam?" Girl 2: "No that is my nipple."

Outside Alex Hall:

Girl: "So she left. Got rid of a few extra boyfriends.

Second floor of the New Academic **Building:**

Girl: "I don't think I could mate with animals - it would just be awkward."

Student: "A mask? I don't even need to wear a fucking mask. Everybody knows who I am. I'm brown."

Girl 1: "I would do Dumbledore! He's got magic!" (Suggestive eyebrow wiggling)

Girl 2: "How would that work? He's like 100 years old."

Girls 1 and 3: "Wingardium Leviosa!"

At 1:05 a.m. while writing essays: Girl (while putting lotion on her hands got some in her hair): "Ew, looks like I was giving a guy a BJ and he jizzed all over

A group of girls doing Tarot card read-

Girl: "That means you must reap and sew your oats. And by oats I mean ovaries."

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Question: If you could be the opposite sex for one day, what would you do?



"I would definitely spend all day stiffing guys by getting them to buy things for me and (then) leaving."

Steven Kelly, second-year engineering



"I'd go to parties and get money for kissing other girls.

Ryan Hartigan, first-year Foundation Year Program



"I would sit in front of the TV in my underwear eating a mega-size

Steph Reynolds, fourth-year psychology



"Sexy slumber party with sexy pillow fight.

Jonathan Weinberg, third-year environmental science and community design



"Pee in the snow to write my

Tory Bitove, fourth-year commerce



"I'd touch my new parts."

Wake Kuiken, fourth-year commerce



"I would do the same things I do now as a woman.'

Crystal Campbell, second-year religious studies



"Play hide the bottle." *wink*

Matthew Ritchie, 69th-year genital studies







Grammys tasteless Music award show disappoints year after year

Matthew Ritchie Assistant Arts Editor

t's safe to say that the Grammys, that annual music award ceremony that happens in Los Angeles, may be the most confusing and angering night of trophies in show business. The Oscars are at least generally predictable (Titanic and Lord of the Rings: Return of the King swept in 1997 and 2004). The Teen Choice Awards also fit nicely in the predictable category (vampire films and crush-worthy blonde singers).

This year's Grammys might actually have been the worst awards show to be televised in popular memory. The problem begins with how nominees are chosen.

Let's start with the worst. The Best New Artist Category may be the most Willy Wonka-esque category of all. One of the problems with this year's award show was the lack of Lady Gaga in this category. Her hit singles "Disco Stick" and "Poker Face" dominated the Billboard top 100 this year. She also had the honour of performing on Saturday Night Live. However, Lady Gaga was ineligible to belong in the category this year.

In an interview with Spin Magazine, Bill Freimuth, the Recording Academy's Vice President of Awards, said, "One of the rules for the Best New Artist category is that this is supposed to be the first year that an artist comes to prominence. Lady Gaga was nomi-



Contradictory decisions aren't the only thing to rip on about the Grammys. | Stock photo

nated for a Grammy last year ("Just Dance", Best Dance Recording), and that, as far as we're concerned, signifies prominence. If you have a previous Grammy nomination, you're not eligible to be a new artist anymore."

This sentiment seems to make sense. However, his logic completely backtracks with the inclusion of MGMT in the Best New Artist Category. Although never previously receiving a nomination, their presence in the category is a little baffling. Freimuth argues their inclusion was based on their prominence with a single released in 2009.

"(MGMT) achieved the nomination based on a single ("Kids") that was released this year. Some of the rules about nominations are hard and fast and some of them are a little more subjective," he told Spin. "Like we were talking about with Lady Gaga, 'comes to prominence' is a subjective phrase. What constitutes prominence?" What indeed.

Although waxing philosophical about Grammy nominations and categorizations may be fun, the argument can still be made that when MGMT's Oracular Spectacular came out in

2007 their single "Kids" became a hit in non-mainstream circles in North America and England (which is evident at their performances in Glastonbury and Coachella) and graced the cover of Spin in November 2008.

Another error in categorizations occurs with American rock band Wilco. According to Freimuth, labels or members of the academy enter artists into given sections. This year Wilco was entered into the Americana section for their album Wilco (The Album). The band lost, but that isn't the problem with this categorization.

In 2008, Wilco were put into the Best ing, as promoted by their record label.

on a popularity contest. However, it would seem that the Grammys are nothing more than a popularity contest; they promote musical sell-outs.

The winner in this year's rock album category was Green Day's 21st Century Breakdown, an album that lacked creativity and tried to promote a rebellious image by ripping off a Banksy-style graffiti piece as its cover. Pitchfork described the album as "pompous and dumb," giving it a 4.8 rating out of 10. Spin gave the album three stars out of five and described it as "terribly comfortable" for an apparently radical record-

"This year's Grammys might actually have been the worst awards show to be televised in popular memory."

Rock Album category for their 2007 album Sky Blue Sky. The weird part is that Wilco's most recent album contained more typical rock songs and less Americana traits, while Sky Blue Sky had a more traditional Americana or folk tinge to the songs. It is almost as if Wilco was categorized in a Bizarro universe.

The Grammy awards are also chosen by fellow musicians or members of the record industry as opposed to fans in an attempt to limit awards based

In 2009, the album of the year award went to Robert Plant and Allison Krauss for Raising Sand, a stunning album with production by T Bone Burnett that was mostly overlooked in the eyes of critics. At the 52nd-annual Grammy Awards, Phoenix's Wolfgang, Amadeus, Phoenix won for Best Alternative Music Album.

Overall, the Grammys lacked any form of strong content. Instead, it gave even more fuel to the fire for critics.

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No gunk on my junk canadian glube best of its kind

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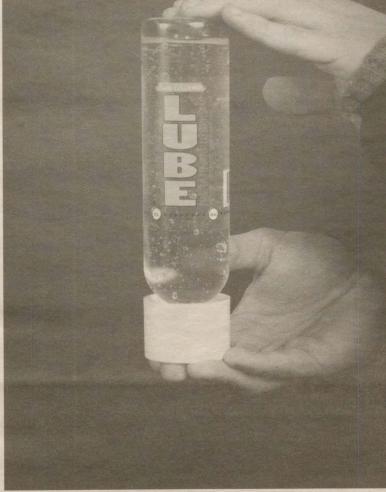
nybody who has watched the movie *Superbad* remembers the scene where a young Evan (played by Michael Cera) is mocked by his teen accomplice Seth: "Oh Evan, thank you for bringing that lube for my pussy," Jonah Hill's character mocks. "I would have never been able to handle your four inch dick inside my pussy without that gigantic bottle of lube."

The scene is memorable due to the mocking most teenagers experience. Joking aside, lubricant certainly provides a lot of help for couples old, and in this case, young. The practicalities behind using lubricant are numerous from making sex more comfortable to allowing less chance of condoms breaking. In most cases, it just adds to the fun.

There are a lot of kinds of lubricant on the market; most of them have ridiculous names. Astro Glide may promote out of this world smooth sex, but in reality it gunks up.

Gunking is a problem most lubricants have, but one brand is attempting to fix that. At Halifax's recent Everything To Do With Sex Show, a certain bottle of lubricant stood out above the rest. Simply called Lube, the lubrication is made by Canada's own Triesco.

Created by a safe sex educator, this Lube (also known as Personal Lube on the company's website) is made first and foremost with distilled water. The water is the purest that can be achieved and mimics the human body's natural lubrication. Because of this the product can be used with latex condoms and won't allow them to degrade at a higher rate in the same way an oil based lubricant would. Glycerine is also added to the product, making it even more slippery and giving the lube a sweet taste which is also natural for the body to consume; the lubricant is edible, which adds even more fun for couples.



This bottle is affordable and practical for those who practice safe sex. | Phot by Josh Boyter

The product states it doesn't gunk, and it stays true to its claim. However, most of us don't have marathon three hour bouts of sex. Putting a small amount on my hand and letting it stay for a few hours, upon even putting the smallest drop of water on the applied area the lubricant came back to life.

This is hands down the best lubricant on the market. It is Canadian made, so purchasing it helps the economy.

Triesco have also supplied the product to a number of AIDS-prevention agencies in North America and plans to continue support for safer sex around the world. The bottle is massive and has an easy spout for application so you don't waste any of the lubricant.

If you want a lubricant that doesn't gunk and has no frills, this product will get the job done.



Maxwell is delightful ...in bed. | Stock photo

Let's get it on Top six songs to bang to

Matthew Ritchie Assistant Arts Editor

ave you ever reached across the bed to your stereo to throw on some music for love making with that special someone, only to discover a Puddle of Mudd album? Probably not, because if you listen to that band, chances are you're a virgin. However, most of us have been in that predicament, grasping out for a sought-after Duke Ellington collection but coming up short.

Here's The Gazette's song guide to getting your freak on with. For those quick on the draw, the top two shall suffice.

1. "Love and Happiness" – Al Green

Oh, the smooth sounds of Reverend Al Green. Before he became a man under god, he was a man under fierce booty. In his soulful R&B hit Love and Happiness he analyzes the meaning of love and happiness over top of funky keys and groovy guitars. The stand out line of the song? "Happiness is when you feel real good with somebody," especially when you are naked with that somebody.

2. "Get to Know Ya" – Maxwell

Any song Maxwell touches is sure to delight when it comes to time in the bedroom. Pulsating funk beats, operatic soul inflected vocals; Maxwell is one of the most underrated singers of our time. Although it's a more romantic song about getting to know a woman, you can be sure Maxwell would prefer to get in her pants.

3. Any track by Prince

Although the Purple Rain soundtrack is an oddity in the music world, it's hard to deny its groovy nature. Prince's distinctive voice also influenced the next singer on this list. And come on: when you hear the line "Let's go crazy, let's get nuts," it is hard not to imagine the

words "bust some" thrown in there.

4. "Prototype" - Outkast

Are you interested in doing some of that down and dirty, brand new relationship sex? The kind where everything goes slow and soft because you aren't ready to go at it like monkeys in a caged zoo? It's hard not to get in the mood when Andre Benjamin sings "I think I'm in love again" next to the sounds of a bass thump similar to Bootsy Collins. Andre Benjamin is the go-to person for people who find Prince a little too freaky.

5. "In a Sentimental Mood" – Duke Ellington and John Coltrane

No lyrics are needed to get the mood set with this 1962 jazz classic. With the repetition of Duke Ellington's soft and inviting piano playing, your body gets heated up right as John Coltrane's beautiful sax drifts you into a land of sensual delights. It may as well be called foreplay. Sadly, Boston created a song with that very name years later; nothing is un-sexier than the music of Boston. "In a Sentimental Mood" even has a time shift for all those lovers out there who don't want to be slow and soft for every second of sex.

6. "Sex Planet" - R. Kelly

Nothing turns a couple on more than R. Kelly. He has the beautiful timbre that could rival Marvin Gaye, but with none of the focus on community or enriching humanity. R. Kelly fully thinks with his boner. He is also a devout Christian, which entirely contradicts this highly sexualized song. "Sex Planet," off of his 2007 album Double Up, is an intergalactic bang song in which he flies with a young honey throughout the galaxy while having sex. The desired location is the sex planet. In reality, isn't that what all couples are looking for — our own sex planet? The answer is yes.





Poems of to set the mood

Voluptuous verse by our creative contributors

Sexy Science Rap

By Lauren Edwards

She got my cardiovascular system on overdrive, baby

Makin' me think I got a psychopathology An anxiety disorder would explain a lot Like why when she's around I feel like I been shot

Sympathetic nervous system really takin' over

Just wanna tell her, that I really love 'er

Almost wishin' I was going into cardiac

Hopin' she'd perform CPR on my chest Keep me alive girl, keep things from going south

Oh, wait, I think I'm gonna need mouth to mouth

Come on baby, press down on my sternum

Get my heart started, got me sayin' dayummmn

This girl's so fine, considered giving her a rock

If it was made of sugar, it'd cause diabetic shock

But my baby's healthy, she's a perfect specimen

Just wanna take her home and show her to my love den

Baby, you're my double helix and you know what that means

I'll be your DNA helicase and help unzip your jeans

Girl you make my heart beat so fast I wanna vomit

Definitely over the average 72 beats per minute

Hold me baby, palpate my anatomical landmarks

Biggest in town, now that's a trademark I'm gonna end this rap, girl, let me explain It's hard to think with the lack of blood in my brain

Beauty on, Beautiful By Boss Whirly

"I'm gonna fuck you"
at backgammon in the bar early.
Our first game
Not our first game.
A comedy show for you I get on the list

a comedy show for me you pay my cover. Women. Are. Funny.

Fuck how we laughed.
You bought the beer at home I bought the beer at the show and when I looked at you

over the drunken laughter you said you were going to destroy me. At backgammon.

Back at the house, a tall dark stout I put on the Slits vinyl and make you do pushups I do sit-ups and I know they are not good for your back.

I teach you plank breathing heavy I plank

on top of you.
Breathe I say

you hold my ankles while I sit-up

Again And again Coach

You count and talk me through

two more

me and you on a yoga mat on the living room floor

and when you're finally in me we have warmed up

and we rep

rep hot and wet

the fire trucks screamin' while we breathin' and we don't look out the window cause let it.

The funny girl said how in the U.S. everyone's trying to sell you pills.

If your eyes are dry they try and sell you pills;

she said:

"Cut an onion" and me and you laughed and drank and

she said: "Can't produce tears? Maybe you're just

happy."
And after we wiped our feet
and after we took the garbage out
and after we worked it out and fucked on
the floor I cried and I laughed and

I cried.
Because

I love you. I love you

Ilove you.

Sweet Infatuation

By Dana Carly Andrews

She's walking on tiled ground, solid, she stands lipstick slick and sealed up.
Her eyes graze the counter lazily blinking, hazel lonely.
She stares and says nothing.
A single finger lifts to feel the glass, her nail clicking, a lone typewriter pressing y-e-s please.

I w-a-n-t it hot and thick.
Soft pinks moan, curved around dark chestnuts coming out from under sweet mouthfuls of flesh.
Lips release to breathe soft white mist twisting up cigarette smoke in a 1930s film.
Anxiously tonguing her lower lip she waits while a weathered hand slices through warm skin.
Cinnamon, crimson reds spill slove.

skin. Cinnamon, crimson reds spill slowly over the blade.

hungry scarlet juices scream grasping the cool metal, bending over and around over and

over and over again. Finally exhaling when lifted in –

Yes, this woman is infatuated.
Who needs a man, honey, when a dollar and change can buy love?

Juliet

By Dana Carly Andrews

The river, my Juliet and I hers.
She, a blanket for my temple,
I, swallowed under decades of diamond sea.
Sand brushes my two feet freely —
I visit often.
When night calls,

When hight caus,
I breathe silk and race her.
My skin in, under, over her
and I, catching fingers on ribs of rock and
branch,
cover her in warm red blood
spilt easily.
It doesn't hurt much.
Put to be without bor?

It doesn't hurt much.
But to be without her?
I would fill my insides thick with poisons, let strangers in,
bruise and beat my empty skin with dead men.
They would lick me swollen, kiss me lipless, sick me rotten, and I would lay in the place

kiss me lipless, sick me rotten, and I would lay in the place where my thighs came together and I would weep for her. Juliet Juliet

I. Love. You.

By Erica Newman

I'm smiling, looking into your eyes when it happens.
Uh oh.

My lungs expand to allow sufficient air in order to push it out,

Simultaneously vibrating my larynx in hopes that the sound waves will travel from inside of me into the immense, scary world,

And find their final resting place in the quivering hairs of your cochlea. Passersby might steal a single sound but the waves belong wholly to you. Against my will my body's strongest muscle arcs and lifts,

To form the words my brain has chosen without consulting me.

It lingers there, dripping off my rebellious tongue.

"I" could be the beginning of any inane and harmless sentence.

But not today, Not out of my mouth.

"Love".
The weather? This room?
If only it could be that simple.
Wide-eyed and frightened I realize that

I'm two-thirds there. Only one-third of the third grade mathematics pizza pie could instantaneously bring tears to my eyes,

And a tear in my heart.

"You."

I said it. It's done.

The words hang between us on a string, bobbing slightly and swayed by the wind of the open door.

I feverishly grasp to grab them and stuff them in my mouth,

Forcing them down my esophagus and into my stomach,

Where it's dark and quiet and acid can

Where it's dark and quiet and acid can break down the foolish notion of love like a simple carbohydrate.

But it's too late.

I can tell by your face that the waves have made their destination,

And the sound has registered from thought to emotion to rejection. You leave and the wind from the door blows "I love you" into my face, Mocking me.

I want to tell you that it wasn't my fault, That it was an unconscious bodily function,

tion,
That it was no more controllable than the beat of my heart, which is now rapid,
Or the blink of my eye, which is now watery.
But it's too late.

And left in this room is only my body with "I love you" on a string and my mind somewhere else.

Sheet Music

By St. F

Sex

so now

is in the rhythm of Mother Earth and Mama knows cause every birth was begun with a headboard beating to the same drum every time you come your erection becomes part of the horn section blowing your load aloud when I come I'm proud to sing in harmony with all my sisters that come with me and our vibrators hum along but they don't know the words

'cause sex is in the rhythm of Mother
Earth for what it's worth
I've had men who could
hit G perfectly
but without timing
without integrity
well
it's just not going to do anything for me

I only fuck musicians and I know my mom's wishin' I'd do otherwise she's told me these guys'll pluck your heartstrings until they sting and still it sounds so good and I always understood she told me time and time again these men when they turn old and grey you're going to get sick of hearing them say I am employed

but even my mother married a bass player so she can't say shit 'cause even my mother knew that

sex was in the rhythm of Mother Earth

it's not about size not about girth not even about making love 'cause if you need sex to make love you've got your own shit to deal with tonight we're not going to make love tonight

let's make music



Arts

F is for fiction

Pants full of want and head full of beer

Say My Name, Say My Name

By Anonymous

Karaoke should never lead to sex. No man, anywhere in the world, should ever be seduced by a pedestrian rendition of "Love Me Tender". It goes against all logic. But if I've learned anything in my 23 years on this planet, it's that four beers and a handful of cigarettes destroy logic. They eviscerate it, like a knife in the gut of a self-righteous samurai. That night, our self-indulgence did a real number on logic - cut it from bow to stern, and wore its duodenum like a scarf. Our sins looked fashionable wrapped in the entrails of our common sense. Still, I can't say, not if I'm being one-hundred-percent-raise-your-righthand-and-swear honest, that I regret what happened. To tell the whole truth and nothing but, I had been thinking about it for a while - been "having the thoughts while touching the spots", if you catch my pervy drift - been wondering if something might happen, where it might happen, when, and with who watching. That night, I got my answers:

"Yes. At your apartment. After a night of poorly chosen karaoke numbers. Your cat."

My cat is a dirty voyeur.

But, wait. Let me fill in the gap between beer guzzling, and cat perversion.

The bar was empty that night. It was just the two of us (and a handful of people who, as far as I could tell, never left the place). We had the room for all intents and purposes to ourselves. He stood in front of the teleprompter. I stood in front of the stage, watching him, ogling him really, wanting to devour him faster than I had gulped down my fourth beer. He was singing Stevie Nicks' "Edge of Seventeen", and joking with the regulars about how Destiny's Child had perverted a classic.

With him in the pulpit, and me on the altar, I was a little lamb. With a head full of beer, I danced for Him – not quite a Virgin sacrifice, but something wholly ritualistic. A holy ritual. Sweaty palms, finding each other in 4/4 time, hair glued to a hot, wet forehead, the female equivalent of a raging hard-on springing up in my jeans.

When the song ended, he jumped off the stage. We hugged. We smoked, and then the emcee called my name. Suddenly I was nervous. Conscious of the sweat clinging to unshaved armpits, reminded of my grade-F singing voice.

He held my hand at the front of the stage, laughing, saying stupid, perfect things like "Will you marry me?" and "Baby, you're Wild At Heart." My head was swimming in a sea of booze and impure thoughts.

We ran out of the bar with our coats half on, riding our bikes as fast as our wobbly legs would allow. By the time we got to my apartment, our minds were on the same, solitary track. We didn't have time to lock our bikes.

We stumbled into my apartment, gaining speed, and losing clothes. Hands grabbing wildly at lust-seared flesh — our breath a sweltering vapour. He kept calling it "sexy sex." "This is very sexy sex," he said. I laughed, saying nothing. It was true, I had never felt sexier, but I've never thought of myself as sexy.

We slept together a few more times that summer, but eventually, sexy sex became boring sex, and then, finally, non-existent sex.

There's a rule written somewhere, in some dusty book, in some dusty man's library that says "Friends Should Never Fuck, Period." I think I read that book once, but somehow, in my memory, the "Never" dissolved, replaced with a "Probably" – the period, with an "On the Regular." I think I need to revisit that book.

Afternoon Daydream

By Phallus in Wonderland

This is the story of a would-be sexual encounter. It's about one of those truly great afternoons that manage to leave only dreamy memories and hazy details. This is the good stuff.

On May 12 of last year I had a conversation with him. Actually, I had more than that. He was simple and kind, and he did things that I really liked. I mean, he had a true charm about him. I remember sitting and reading a book, sipping iced tea and smoking a cigarette something I rarely do. He looked at me as if he didn't really know what to do, but I saw him smile. He was working at an indoor rock climbing business around the corner and, as a result of six months of instructing, had this fantastic shape. He said something about my book, I can't remember what, and then sat next to me on the grass. He sort of kicked off his shoes and rolled onto his stomach, taking out great pieces of paper from his backpack and then some dark pencils. He started to draw, and I think I was so surprised that he was there, I barely moved.

I'd been wondering about him for months. I first noticed him when I was sitting on that very grass one day, taking a break from the bookstore/coffee shop where I work. He had smiled at me then, too, as he strode across the back lot with a handful of kids, off to their climbing lesson. I liked him instantly. It usually takes me ages to be really interested in somebody.

Several weeks after I first saw him, I was drinking wine with my friend Pascale. She was telling me about the awful sex she'd been having lately and how, suddenly, she had met a beautiful man at a flower shop and he'd pushed every button in just the right way and, well, it was suddenly dawning on her that sex was the most healthy thing you could do for yourself. After she left I sat by my window for a long time. I looked out at the street and watched people come and go. I wondered how many would go home to feel a warm touch on their skin. I wondered how many would scream out in pleasure or laugh with delight. I realized that his face was right in front of mine - that I was picturing him with his lips engaged in a full-on grin. I really liked his smile.

As he was drawing there on the grass that day, I noticed that it was getting quite warm for spring. I, too, kicked off my shoes and lay on my stomach. He kind of looked at me sideways and then asked me what my name was. I told him: Lucy. His name was Sam. He spread out his lunch on the grass and unwrapped a jug of sweet tea and two small teacups. It crossed my mind that he may have been wondering about me too. We sipped and discussed books and work.

I felt a breeze tickle my legs and thought it might be better to move down to the brook behind the back gravel lot, to get out of the wind. We picked up our shoes and wandered down, the sun flicking our faces and the breeze grabbing our hair. We dipped our feet into the cool water and settled down on the small sandy shore. I suddenly felt the dreaminess of it all, the absolute delight. I looked at him and he looked at me. His lips were closer then, and then they were gently around mine. I took his hand and squeezed it tightly, and he smiled broadly. He slowly removed my feet from the water and lay over me on the sand. His lips felt every inch of my stomach and waist, and his hands felt all there is to feel. I could smell springtime on him, and as I rose up to sit atop him, and my hair fell before my face, I felt true happiness. We moved into the grass and he lifted my legs to taste me.

The rest is merely dreamy memories and hazy details – the good stuff.



AU student Marc in Toronto, Ontario, Canada

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Pinecones - Sage

Nick Laugher Staff Contributor

Grade: A

Bearing down on your ears like a freight train of psychedelic tomfoolery, Brent Randall and his Pinecones make stops at 1960s hippiedom, mellotron and songs about tea. Their newest album, *Sage*, is the first entirely collaborative effort by the band, resulting in the apt retitling of the band as "the Pinecones." With each member contributing to the songwriting process, the LP is a smörgåsbord of jingly-jangly, dancey, spacey pop tunes that glitter with the broad wave of influences from J.J. Cale to the Beatles.

A hearty 16-track treasure chest of atmospheric, light-hearted pop jams and experimental sonic ambiance, the Pinecones craft a unique, nostalgic sound-scape. The material doesn't sound dated – it sounds familiar. The songs range from brooding ballads like "5 o'clock Shadow (of a Moonbeam)" to upbeat

Dylan-esque jams about the Ardmore Tea Room, all weaving in and out of the speakers with delicate, masterful production. Though the band clearly shows their influences, they manage to deliver a sound that's intelligent and their own. The record steers away from the realm of knockoff or pastiche, and unfolds like a loving tribute to the days of flowers in the hair and LSD on the tongue.

The Pinecones, with their legendary dry humour and sarcastic wit, have littered the album with homages, tiny tales of tea and fun facts about songs that you can't help but giggle at. The Pinecones are just pure, honest fun. A perfect album to throw on when you're slumped on the couch, nursing that perpetual hangover, Sage immediately lifts your mood and opens your ears to a wonderful universe of lighthearted, brilliant pop music the likes of which the world has been severely deprived of. The Pinecones fill that empty space with enough happiness and hilarity to induce a titter in even the sourest music snobs.

Get the buzz on vibrating cock rings

Tool makes boner quiver like an arrow

Wango Chango Sex Pirate

Recently while working for The Gazette, we were introduced to a young connoisseur of pounding vag named Wango Chango. Hailing from the mean streets of Fountain Hall, this tall glass of manhood sported an un-ironic moustache and baggy American Eagle Jeans that were loose enough to gently grind against his Birkenstocks. With hair slicked back and an upside down visor resting gently on his wannabe varsity athlete dome, he began to wax philosophical about one of the sexier new products on the market place: Durex's Play Vibration ring.

Wango Chango here, reporting for The Dalhousie Gazette.
This just in! Breaking news! I know

how to make girls come three times as hard bro (and dude's too, but I don't rock that thang). The secret is a device called the Vibrating Cock Ring from Outer Space (a.k.a Kryptopussy). Actually, the product is under Durex's line of Play Vibration products, designed for girls rocking it solo or performing as a duo (Sonny and Cher style) with their lovers.

The vibrating ring is a simple design. Press the on button (or as I refer to it: "go time") and it's lift off, Apollo 13 style, because shit is going to get fucked! Strapping it on your wang is a bit of an endeavour. The secret is to get it nice and moist beforehand. After sliding it onto your junk, roll on a condom. Insert into vagina and boom! You get a pussy that begins to purr due to all the vibrations — cat metaphor son!

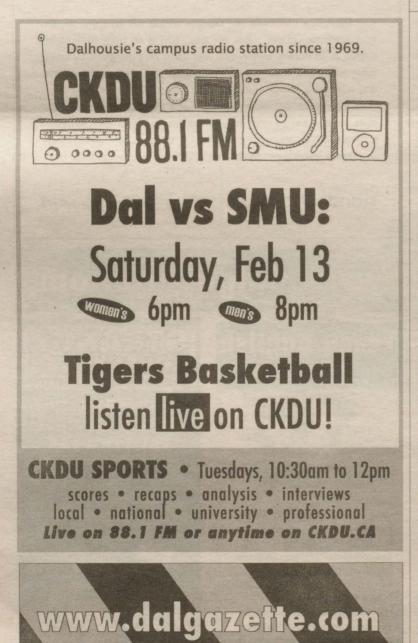
As for how it rocks your body: if you're a guy, it's nothing spectacular.

One of the highlights is watching your penis subtly wave from side to side due to the vibrations. It's like a little vibrator, or in my case, a massive 12-inch dildo.

For the guys the only pleasure derives from jamming yourself all up in your ladies grill and watching her cash out a subscription to *O Magazine*. And by *O Magazine*, I mean O Facial, because she's having an orgasm son.

If you're a little pussy, this 20-minute-long device will last two or three sessions with your lady friend. However, for those of us with raging boner's and libidos stronger than He Man, the 20 minutes will seem a short amount of time for the \$9 price tag.

However, watching that girl get freaky on your robot wang is certainly worth at least \$20.







Sports

Sports

Sports

Gazette Sports covers athletic events and topics relevant to Dalhousie. E-mail Joel at sports@ dalgazette.com to contribute



Joel Tichinoff **Sports Editor** sports@dalgazette.com



2006 Buffalo Sabres draft-pick Breault has scored seven goals as a Tiger. | Photo by Pau Balite

Beat the Kipper

Questions:

1. Name the four captains of the men's Canadian Olympic hockey teams from 1998 to present.

2.Who is the only goaltender to open his Maple Leafs career with two shut-outs?

3. Who has the longest hitting streak in the history of the MLB?

1.Eric Lindros (1998), Mario Lemieux (2002), Burnaby Joe Sakic (2006), Scott Miedermayer (2010) 2.J.S. Giguere 3.Joe Dimaggio had a 56-game hitting streak from May 15-July 16, 1941.

Farine nets 32 as Tigers fell Axemen Dal basketball teams close in on playoffs

Natasha White Staff Contributor

decent student turn-out witnessed hardwood action last Wednesday night as the Tigers took on the Acadia Axewomen and Axemen. Victories for both the men's and ladies teams helped solidify Dalhousie's standings as the season enters its final few weeks. It's been a stellar second half of the season for Dal; since the 2010 January start, both basketball teams have gone an impressive seven for nine (as of Feb. 6). The Dal Men's only losses came at the hands of the St. Francis Xavier and Cape Breton University teams who currently lead the AUS, ranking third and fourth respectively in national standings. But the real heartbreaker stat belongs to the ladies, whose two losses of 2010 were by a mere two points at the hands of the undefeated CBU Capers and third-place Memorial Sea Hawks.

The second-last home game of the season saw Tiger guard Simon Farine deliver a beautiful performance. Just two assists

shy of a double-double, Farine put up a season best 32 points. If not for some heavily contested lay-up misses, Farine could have topped 40. 6'8 forward Sandy Veit pulled a Rodman (okay, slight exaggeration), dominating both offensive and defensive boards against the Axemen. It's great to see Veit's aggressive rebounding excel each game. The clock's a ticking, and it's time for every Tiger to amp up. Coach Campbell and his staff must have been pleased with Dal's lights out free throw show, hitting 22 of 25 attempts. Threes also played a big part in the win as Dal went seven for 22. But, it was thanks to a stifling defence of the arch by guards Sullivan and Farine that made the difference. The Axemen, blessed with two pure shooters in Anthony Sears and Casey Fox, were denied any opportunity to shine by the Tiger pair. The Tigers need to bring this defensive intensity to the floor for 40 minutes every game as they battle for the next three weeks before the big show in Sydney, March 12 to March 14. Andrew Sullivan had an incredible game Sunday, Jan. 31, against UNB. Sullivan

took over in the second half with threes, free throws, and sweet inside feeds to big man Joe Schow, who came up with a game high of 20 points. The Tigers went on to defeat last place UNB 69-55. Where were the ladies, you ask? The Dal ladies edged the Axewomen 72-64 with the help of a much-improved full court press break. Granted, the Axewomen's press efforts lack the strength of the upper echelon teams. Nonetheless it provided good practice for Coach Stammberger's crew. Turnovers were reduced as we saw more passing, less dribbling and thinking, taking the ball up the court. However, the press will remain a sore spot for Dal until they start to move to the ball versus waiting for the pass to come. It will be too easy for the top-ranked teams to simply wait for the telegraphed pass to the immobile middle, forcing the turnover. I'll end with one final plea - nay, let's call it a dare. I triple dog dare you to show up for the last home games of the hardcourt season. Dal takes on our bitter rivals (dramatic writer's license) St. Mary's University on Saturday, Feb. 13. Tip off is at 5 p.m.

Panthers plough Tigers' playoff hopes UPEI Panthers 5 - 3 Dalhousie Tigers

Dylan Matthias Staff Contributor

he Dalhousie Tigers missed a tremendous opportunity last Friday – several in fact – losing 5-3 to the visiting UPEI Panthers. With only four games remaining in their season, including two against the unbeaten and number-one-ranked UNB, the Tigers needed to pick up points to hold off Moncton in the battle for the last AUS playoff position.

"We just can't make the other team pay. When we take a penalty, they make us pay. Our powerplay's just not clicking right now," said Tigers coach Pete Belliveau after the game. The Tigers missed seven powerplay opportunities in the game, including four in the third period when they trailed the Panthers. Late in the period the Tigers had a five-on-three advantage but couldn't convert. "We got our chances, we just couldn't score on the powerplay ... that's why we lost," said the Tigers' centre Daniel Bartek, who had one of the Tigers three goals. Bartek, who represented the Czech

Republic at the 2008 IIHF World Juniors, has seven goals in 25 this season. Panthers' net-minder Wayne Savage was a big part of the UPEI penalty kill, backing the Panthers up when the Tigers were able to break down their strict positional play. The Tigers never quite sorted out the UPEI attack, though, and gave up several bad goals. Cory Vitarelli beat Tigers' goalie Josh Disher with a wrist shot 42 seconds into the game. Vitarelli also scored the Panthers' second goal of the first period by skating into the slot from the boards before winding up a massive slapshot that beat Disher. None of the Tigers bothered to stop his advance. Dalhousie solved UPEI's Wayne Savage in the second period, getting three goals past him in less than four minutes, but not without conceding another to Vitarelli on a lethal powerplay move. A bad change gave Dalhousie their first, with Benjamin Breault breaking in two-on-one before passing to Patrick Sweeney for a tap in. Breault, a 2006 Buffalo Sabres draft-pick, has led Dalhousie offence with seven goals in 11 games since coming to Dal in January from the ECHL's Florida EverBlades.

The Tigers' second and third goals were both spearheaded by Jeff Larsh. He powered his way through a clogged neutral zone to clear space for line-mate Jordan Gagne. Gagne scored on his first chance, firing a shot past Savage, but missing his second chance. Bartek collected it behind the net and faked Savage before tucking it in on a wrap-around. Vitarelli's hat trick came just before Gagnés first, off a lethal back-door play from Thomas Stryncl and Jared Gomes on a powerplay. At the end of the flurry, both teams were tied at three. Despite out-shooting the Panthers all game (and ending up with a final shot advantage of 42-30) the Tigers could not keep them off the board. A horrible pinch by Josh Manning left Matt Carter alone in front of Disher at the end of the second period, and Carter easily recorded his 30th point of the year with a goal. The final blow came as the Tigers tried to rally in the third. PEI's top powerplay line worked their backdoor play again, with Stryncl passing to Gomes at the far post before Gomes found Vitarelli cross-crease, leaving him an open net.

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Olympics about honour, not buck Amateur athletes draw 5.6 million viewers

Zack Wilson Staff Contributor

This past holiday season, sports fans the world round were privy to one of the greatest hockey tournaments in the history of the game. That said, the 2010 Olympic form of hockey will be hard pressed to outdo what transpired at the 2010 IIHF World Junior Hockey tournament. At the 2010 Winter Olympics, the world's eyes will be fixated on Vancouver, B.C. Eight years ago, the city was chosen. Since then it has undergone a massive transformation in an effort to ready the city for the world's greatest sports event. Vancouver is no different than any other metropolis in Canada, in that it is a hockey crazy city. For the first time since Calgary, Canadians will be able to watch our athletes strive for victory on home soil. As is usually the case, our men's hockey team will be under the microscope, although, unlike in Calgary, this team will be made up of professional players from the NHL. Whereas in the past Olympic hockey was played purely by amateur athletes, for the first time Canada will witness the game's best players in our own backyard. For millions of Canadians, the two most important weeks on the sporting calendar (in non-Olympic years) run from Boxing Day through to the early days of the new year. Within this time frame, young men from 10 nations travel thousands of miles,

don their country's colours and go to war in an effort to be crowned kings of the junior hockey world. Unfortunately for the 5.6 million Canadians that tuned in to watch the final game of the 2010 IIHF World Junior Hockey Championships between Canada and the U.S., our boys came up just short. They lost 6-5 to the Yanks in overtime in Something that needs to be taken into consideration is that when these juniors shed their club jerseys in favour of their national colours, they do so without a professional contract. National Hockey League players on the other hand have the luxury of signing multi-million dollar deals and then simply playing them out, these teenagers don't

"Canadians love their amateur athletes. Despite the fact that our government does relatively little to support them, we always rally around our under-endorsed crop."

what will undoubtedly go down as one of the greatest games in tournament history. Some may find it hard to believe that a tournament made up of amateur teenage competitors could draw an audience of that magnitude, but it really isn't all that inconceivable. To begin with, Canadians love to see their country win. Unlike any other major hockey tournament, the Canadians have dominated this competition in a way that no other nation can possibly dream of. We are watching the future of hockey. A great number of these young men will grow up to be some of the greatest players in the game. Canadians love their amateur athletes. Despite the fact that our government does relatively little to support them, we always rally around our under-endorsed crop.

have such liberties. Hypothetically speaking, all an NHLer with a multitude of talent would need to do is put in a few good years until it came time to sign an inflated contract. The player could then relax while watching his retirement fund grow. This is not to say that men who sign these deals (which are now exceeding the \$100 million mark) did not work to get where they are. But once they have reached this point and have their names on these financial papers, where is the incentive to perform? Unlike the men of the professional ranks, the teenagers that defend their country's honour in the hockey world are playing for their livelihood. Aside from a select few, none of these kids are guaranteed jobs in the NHL and not a single one of them is assured of a long and fruitful career in the

game of hockey. For a considerable portion of them, the NHL is anything but a given. Due to this fact, these boys are willing to play more recklessly and lay more on the line than any paid NHLer (whose base salary is \$475,000 per year). This all translates into a much more exciting brand of hockey. One can't help but salivate at the prospect of the world's best hockey players (junior and professional) taking to the world's biggest stage and vying for Olympic supremacy. Despite the fact that the Olympic rosters will be bloated with professional hockey players, the tournament itself is an unpaid event. Much like the World Junior tournament, the men partaking in this competitive event are doing so strictly out of national pride. Once the two weeks in which the Olympics take place have come to an end, most of these guys will strut back to the financial security of their NHL clubs, but for the Olympic fortnight these pros will become unpaid soldiers, fighting a labour of love for their countries. It is almost as if these endorsed stars will have been transported back in time to the days when they played the game of hockey for nothing more than pride and pleasure rather than the pursuit of capital gain. Many of the Olympic hockey participants are not strangers to the international game. For example, of the players selected to the Canadian roster, 18 played for their country at the World Junior tournament. The number of those with international experience is even greater considering those who have

represented their nation at events such as the World Under-18 Challenge, the World Championships and the Spengler Cup. There is no doubt that the NHL is an exciting league. With a fan base that far exceeds 100 million, and TV broadcasting deals in more than 80 countries worldwide, it is impossible to deny the league's status. As a direct result of such widespread popularity, massive revenues incur and the league's players are paid accordingly. Each and every one of these competitors played some form of junior hockey in which they were unpaid. All of them looked forward to and hoped for a successful playing career. As a result, these young men were willing to lay it all on the line in hopes of being given a shot at the big leagues. This determination and drive has produced - and continues to produce some of the greatest hockey ever played. Quite a large number of men, who were themselves once amateur juniors, will take to the ice this month in Vancouver dressed national colours. For some, it will be the first time in a while they have not been contractually obligated to play hockey. Whether this will ultimately result in a form of hockey that cannot be paralleled by the NHL is yet to be determined. Will the 2010 version of Olympic hockey produce an on-ice product comparable to this past year's World Junior tournament? We'll have to wait and see.

MEET THE TIGEPS! SIMON FARINE, BASKETBALL, #4 Favourite pump-up song: All That You Are Words to live by: Live in the moment. MAGGIE MORRISON, VOLLEYBALL #7 Degree: Commerce Favourite pre-game meal: Curry tuna sandwich salad, fruit and a coffee Favourite pump-up song: Eye of the Tiger Words to live by: Don't Whine. Don't Complain Don't Make Excuses SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13 WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL vs. CBU, 2PM* BASKETBALL vs. SMU, W 6PM*/M 8PM* *Visit www.athletics.dal.ca/tigers to view the webcast. Admission is free for Dal students with ID

Tigers stand tall against CIS-best UNB **UNB Varsity Reds 4 - 1 Dalhousie Tigers**

Dylan Matthias Staff Contributor

The Dalhousie Tigers weren't expected to beat the UNB Varsity Reds last Saturday. The V-Reds are the best team in the country by miles; undefeated all season. So nothing really unexpected happened when the horn blew at the end of the game with the Tigers losing 4-1. But Dalhousie made sure it was still an event to come and see for fans attending the final regular season home game of the season. "If we didn't play well, we were going to get spanked," said Tigers coach Pete Belliveau. "We didn't want to get embarrassed. Everyone pulled up their socks. Bobby (Nadeau, Dal's goalie) was incredible." Nadeau denied UNB chance after chance, and stared down AUS leading scorer Hunter Tremblay on several occasions in the first period. UNB's Tremblay leads all Canadian varsity hockey players with 51 points in 26 games this season. The Timos Ontario native is in his third year of eligibility for the Reds and is on pace to end his career as the all-time leading scorer in AUS hockey. Nadeau held off Tremblay as the Tigers skated to an improbable 1-0 lead after the first period. "It's in my best games," said Nadeau. "I wish I could have closed it."

Even their goal showed a changed Tigers team. After a borderline dirty hit on Jordan Gagné by Josh Kidd, Dalhousie responded - not with undisciplined penalties but with a hard-earned goal. After winning the puck along the boards, Stonehouse passed to Francois Gauthier at the blue line. Walking into the slot, he let a wrist shot fly, which found the net. UNB scored early in the second period when UNB broke in three-on-two while shorthanded. Kyle Bailey found Tremblay, who scored easily. The rest of the second period had a distinctly playoff feel to it, with Dalhousie outplaying UNB for much of it. "It was 1-1," said Belliveau. "I honestly think if we make it 2-1, it's our game. They came close, too. Nadeau stopped Tremblay on a breakaway and his post stopped Matt Fillier, but then Dalhousie had their chances. A Tigers break up the ice drew a hooking penalty for Jonathan Harty and could have easily been a penalty shot as the UNB defenceman had lost his man by a step or two. The Tigers' best chance came early in the third period with a delayed penalty against them. With the UNB net empty for an extra attacker, the puck was misplayed down the ice without the Tigers touching it to draw the penalty. It slid agonizingly slowly toward a gaping UNB goal before thunk-

ing off the goalpost and bouncing out. Gagné came close and Ben Breault looked increasingly dangerous in the third. Nadeau continued to shine, stopping Tremblay in close twice. Then UNB found a way to win, as they've done all season. Alex Aldred got in front of Nadeau and deflected a Chris Culligan over the Dal goalie's left shoulder. UNB never looked back. Jordan Clemdenning banged in a loose puck off a face-off with four minutes to go. Then Tremblay capitalized on a Dal turnover with two minutes to play, and dropped a pass to John Scott Dickson to seal victory.

Game notes:

Dalhousie were without several players due to injury, and both Jordan Gagné and Ryan Jenner picked up injuries after late hits by Josh Kidd. Luke Gallant missed the game for UNB after coming down with the flu. Dal are holding the last playoff spot over Moncton by one point after the Aigles-Bleu lost twice in overtime last weekend at Saint Mary's and Acadia. The Tigers play on the road this weekend at UPEI and UNB. If they make the playoffs, the Tigers are guaranteed one home game, most likely on Friday, Feb. 19.

EDITOR IN CHIEF: BEN WEDGE

DALHOUSIE'S OFFICIAL ENGINEERING NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 12TH, 2010

PULLING FOR THE KIDS A HUGE SUCCESS!

Ben Wedge and Kaylee Shannon

Dal students raised over \$8,000 as part of Pulling for the Kids on Saturday, February 6th, 2010. The 12 hour relay involved two teams at a time pulling cars around a circular track at the corner of Spring Garden Rd and Queen St.

This year, the fundraiser was in support of Camp Triumph, a camp for children whose family members are affected by chronic illnesses. It is located in Malpeque, PEI, and was founded by Dal Medical student Jordan Sheriko, and his family.

The event was organized by the engineering students, spearheaded by Stephanie Hagmann (Mechanical '10), President of the Dalhousie Sexton Engineering Undergraduate Society (DSEUS). Various professional faculties, and Greek letter organizations partook in the event.

Samantha Nowlan (Civil '11), a member of one of the four Civil Engineering teams,



Students pull one of the cars as part of Pulling for the Kids-Zhindra Gillis

says "Pulling the cars was harder than I thought, but it was worth it for the kids."

The faculty challenge was based on faculty percentage participation, and money raised, and was won by Engineering, who raised over \$3272. The top team was Dalhousie Engineering Graduate Society-Materials, who raised \$343. The top individual fundraiser was Matt Harding, who raised \$190.

The discipline challenge winner (based on number of participants and observers from each discipline) had not been determined by print time, but will be announced

Even though it was a cold day, there was a great turnout. The event attracted a lot of attention, not only for the car pulling, but for the great live music. The after-party was also a success, raising over \$175 through cover charges and the charity auc-

Hagmann adds "Thanks to all who participated in the event, and supported Camp Triumph."

SEXTON PERSONALS

Michael Joseph Greencorn Age: 22 Sex: Male Sign: Gemini Looking for: My cell phone

No matter what happens my toes are always tappin. I am a submissive male seeking a dominant female with extensive knowledge of knots. My perfect woman needs to be able to read and use the telephone.



I am a mediocre pilot and an even worse teacher. I don't know what's more embarrassing, the fact that I got into a plane crash or the fact that the other pilot was my student.

Engineering is not my true passion. My dream job is to follow my parents and grandfather into dentistry. People with cavities need not apply.

CO-OP CORNER

Things to Remember:

- The co-op website offers many tips and is very informative. The website is: www.engandcompscicoop.dal.ca
- Round I Match: Feb 12-15-CHECK YOUR RANKS



Trivia every Friday! (But not tonight, 'cause we'd only move it for Tech Ball.) Thursday, Feb. 18: DalOut Drag Show!

Scan the code at right with your phone, and get directed to all of our online content!



A CHARITY EVENT HOSTED BY THE WOMEN WITH A WISH FOUNDATION

RED DRESS LUNCHEON



OUNDATION OF NOVA SCOTIA

WHEN: SUNDAY MARCH 21 | 12 - 2 PM WHERE: THE WESTIN HOTEL WHAT: BUFFET + NETWORKING ATTIRE: RED DRESS

FOR TICKETS AND INFORMATION CONTACT WOMENWITHAWISH@GMAIL.COM | 902.489.0304

ATLANTIC ENGINEERING COMPETITION

Ben Wedge Industrial, '13 Editor in Chief

From February 5-7th, a number of Dalhousie Engineering students participated in the Atlantic Engineering Conference in Fredericton. In true Dalhousie non-athletics style, their cars almost didn't make it home, they were weighed down with so much hardware.

Dalhousie came out on top, thrusting itself onto the podium in nearly every event. Dal placed first in consulting and debating, second place in communications and innovative design, and third place in senior design.

The consulting team was made up of Stephanie Hagmann, Aziz Martakoush, Jason Lead-

ODE TO FLOOR HOCKEY

At ye olde Sexton Gym,

There are two teams who always win.

Every week, a team they beat,

Not another can even compete.

I speak of Civil 4, and Civil 3, They are the best at Floor Hockey.

Betwixt the posts, they always score,

-Kaylee Shannon, Assistant Editor

I don't think the Mechs can take any more.

better, Shoneth MacInnis (all Mechanical, '10).

-Francois Pelletier, Brayden Murphy, and Adam Krajewski (all Mechanical,

The Senior Design team was filled by Jean-Pierre Brien, Brett Dickey, Michael Greencorn (all Mechanical '10), and Barry McCulloch (Chemical '10).

Heather Armstrong (Mechanical, '10) went solo for communications, taking on their all, they came up short. a number of guys by herself. Ian Bailey (Mining, '12) and Joshua Ford (Materials, '12) tag-teamed the so-called master debaters that competed against

them. The girls who finished second in debating will be tangling with them again in Toronto for the Canadian Engineering Innovative design was comprised of Jean Competition. All teams who placed first or second move on to Toronto for the CEC, March 18-21.

> The teams went down with lots of beer, a smoke machine, and things that vibrate (far too many BlackBerries). Somehow, we still managed to score.

A special acknowledgement goes out to the Junior Design team, for despite giving it

This event is an annual one, so mark your calendars, Dal Eng needs to keep dominat-

Hey party peoples, here is a quick little Happy Gram.

Tech Ball is tonight, so get your tickets quick. The theme is a night in Vegas, and its gonna be sick. So get your Tux, and get your dress, this is bigger than your prom. And what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas, except for the Herpes Bomb.

Tickets are on sale in the Design Commons for 10 bucks and will be sold at the door tonight for 12. -Nick Allen, Sexton Entertainment Director

dalhousiesexton Wear a Sweater Vest for a Free Beer!

Every Friday Afternoon • EngiBEERing in the Design Commons engineering undergraduate society Apparel • Belt Buckles (Bronze, Silver and Gold Toned), Key Chains and T-Shirts

Questions, Comments and to Contribute sextant@dal.ca



Visit Sexton Campus's Online Resource dalsexton.ca

FOR HIM, IT WAS ALL ABOUT THE JOURNEY.

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