



## PICKING UP THE PIECES : CAPE BRETON STOCK EXCHANGE PLUMMETS

by John Blackmore

The Cape Breton Stock Exchange is one of the recent victims of the plunging markets plaguing other exchanges around the world. In the wake of the TSE and NYSE drops, the CBSE index dropped 312 points yesterday.

Leading the plummet were bituminous and lignite coal with Cape Breton Power Corporation not far behind. Posting less severe losses were DEVCO and the steel industry, already depressed to such a degree as to not go much farther.

Stocks faring well included Anthracite in the metals index and Unemployment cheques in the general tally.

Local market analyst, Grandma Aggie MacDonald, blamed the drastic drop on several factors. "A return to the bear market was foreseen," said Grandma Mac-

Donald, "overpricing, Free-Trade anxiety and arthritis in my left knee all pointed to this economic rout."

As the panic spread and investors lost their 'Capers' shirts, police were called in to rescue a man who was going to descend Kelly's Mountain in a tractor-trailer without gearing down. No injuries were reported.

Meanwhile, at the Newfoundland Stock Exchange, where it is already supper due to the time difference, markets fell as well.

Inshore stocks dwindled with Come-By-Chance Preferred at their heels. Transportation did little better as Terra-Transport and Consolidated Dories plunged to record lows.

Premier Brian Peckford almost closed the exchange to prevent further losses but his personal courier failed to

reach the exchange office in Leading Tickles on time, being way-laid at happy-hour in a local pub.

Local fishermen blamed the occurrence on foreign over-fishing.

Related to the poor markets was the drop in the Newfoundland Three-Dollar. Normally valued at a bushel of caplin, it has fallen to a record low of one pecuk of squid. (about a tentacle.). In Canadian terms that means a loss of approximately .3 beaver pelts, (or 3 tories in New Brunswick.)

Analysts in both areas are not predicting when the markets will turn around. However, Dr. Lloyd Shepard of Memorial University spoke for his colleagues at UCCB when he said, "Judging the NSE and CBSE is like living next to a fish-plant. One day all is rosy, the next the wind changes and you're caught in a stink."

## NIGHTMARE ON ARGYLE

REVISTED

by Edward Kaff

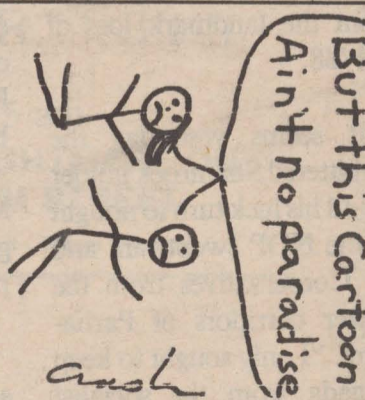
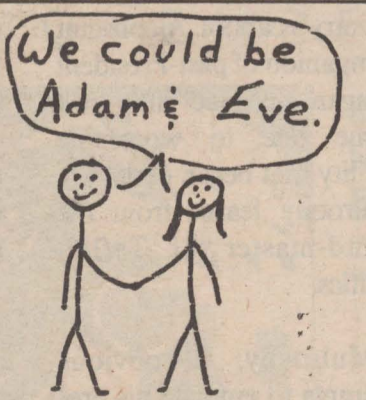
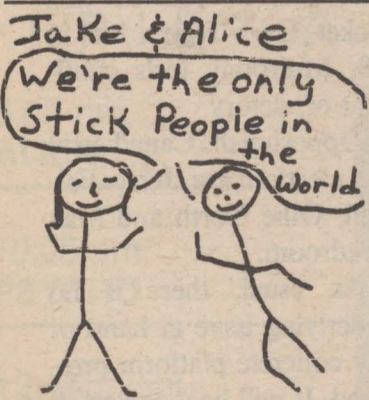
Well, another Halloween has crawled past and the scary masks of reality are back. It is nice, however, that once a year we can remove the facade and be who we really are.

From the pool of sharks eating penquins to the Amazon women that towered over us, Argyle St. once again bubbled and boiled with life.

One local mayor, citing police statistics, commented that there were too many drunks; "we're sorry, we know, instead of being in a controlled area we should have been running amok throughout the city, our fault."

It does seem true that, on halloween, people become more themselves without fear of reprisal. Instead of inhibitions hiding behind a mask, like the rest of the year, they remain at home hanging in an empty closet, along with the mask.

It could not be better put than "what a party". For those who were not there, don't make the same mistake next year, take off your mask, it is only for one day. Oh, and Cleopatra, wherever you are, could you do something about these gold pins?



### Top 10 List of places to fly on your student bursary

- 10 — Home
- 9 — Munich for Oktoberfest
- 8 — Skiing at Sugarloaf
- 7 — With Howard Clarke for the holidays

- 6 — Save the ticket for Reagan's funeral
- 5 — Bribe for CIA to explain why you spit on his grave
- 4 — Mexico for real tequila
- 3 — Ft. Lauderdale for

- Spring Break
- 2 — Your girl/boy-friend's house and number 1 for top places to fly on your student bursary . . .
- 1 — Richard Hatfield's post-election bash

The Dispatch: A professional paper staffed by lunatics.

Write crazy  
Write sane  
Right for us.

Reach us at room 222, SUB. If we are out to lunch, leave a message.

This time it's serious.

I recently purchased and scanned the 20th anniversary issue of Rolling Stone. It's not the best thing I ever read, but there was promised an interview with Hunter S. Thompson. I've read a bit by the man, "Fear and Loathing in Los Vegas," "The Great Shark Hunt" and parts of "F and L on the Campaign Trail."

From such works and the movie about him, "Where the Buffalo Roam," I fabricated an image of him. It is probably unfortunate for me that I ever read or saw the things I've mentioned. I fear he has tainted my style forever, if I ever had one to begin with.

Back to the article, his and mine. Hunter was being interviewed by P.J. O'Rourke, a Stone staffer who writes like Thompson after a fashion. The point made which struck me, by my guru of Gonzo journalism, was that our generation,

the ones in university now, are "a generation of swine".

Certain ages have a tendency to garner certain labels. The post-WWI peopel were a "Lost generation", according to Gertrude Stein. There have been the baby-boomers, beatniks, psychedelics, hippies, yuppies, me's, disco and yuppies. I'm sure I missed someone along the line.

We are swine. Not quite an appealing term. I like bacon in the morning and my roommates cook a mean pork-chop, but swine still does not lose a trifle of a negative context. Pigs are not attractive, as baby seals; they live in dirt and eat garbage.

So do we live in mud and each garbage? No we don't, but in as much as we let others do so, we share there shelter and diet. What Thomson was trying to get at, if I dare paraphrase the god of gonzo, is that we have

lost the idea of 'cause'. He is from the 60's; a time when it seemed that a cause to rally around hid under every rock or behind every politician. Hunter says that "I miss in them the sense of possibility." The interviewer affirms saying if we don't get into dental school or law school, we feel it is the end of the world.

In as much as swine are into self-satisfaction and lack of concern for their fellow swine, we are such. I haven't heard of too many reports about a pig swimming out to sea to rescue drowning people.

You may say I'm too hard on swine; pigs don't naturally do that. Nor do humans actually. It is not natural for a person to suffer for the benefit of another. We come from animal origins. Kill or be killed. Get my fair share of dinosaur meat or beat the Neanderthal trying to steal what's mine. Later it became

'my country right or wrong,' better dead than red and so on . . . .

We are no longer concerned with causes. A favourite saying of our time is 'a BMW, a house in the suburbs and 2.5 kids.' It isn't so much self-satisfaction, but a worship of the new god called Success. Nietzsche said "God is dead" in the previous century. I'm sure he didn't envision the resurrection in the form of bank accounts, bonds and British Motors.

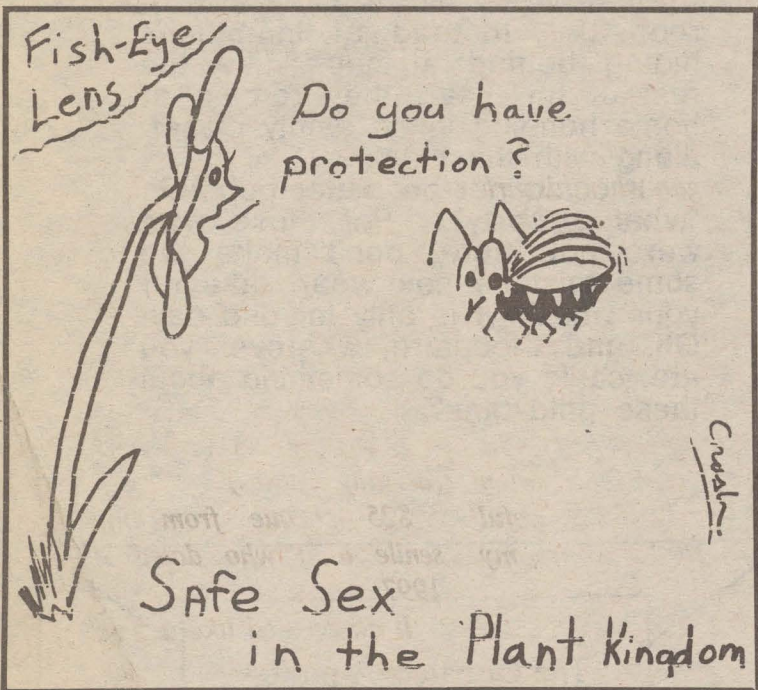
In as much as we have lost our idealism, we are swine. This is our time to seek the ideal. Before we were too young, later too old. "Don't trust anyone over 30" said a 60's slogan. The loss of idealism is a defect in our development. God, we have 40 years after this to buy a Mercedes. Without a childhood, you can not become a real adult. Without an idealistic youth, one to envision a bet-

ter world, you won't grow old confident of a change you might have effected.

There are no causes today?. We might not have a Vietnam War, thank above, but there are things to be concerned about. Nuclear War, Third World Hunger, hunger in our backyards, Canadian culture, torture in our civilized world, the U.S., our proposed economic bed partner and its bizarre foreign policy and more that you will find under rocks or behind governments.

The least we can do is think about these things. The most we can do is become committed. A famous revolutionary a long time ago said, "Leave your nets and follow me." Perhaps some of us could leave the BMW's.

We might grow old a little poorer, but wiser, confident we did something that mattered and that for one, brief shining moment, the swine wallowed out of the mud and were counted.



**Staff this issue**  
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 Small furry animals  
 Fish Crashman

Submissions to the Dalhousie Literary Magazine, Fathom, are being accepted. Closet Vonneguts, Eliots and Shakes can drop off stories, poetry and more at the SUB Enquiry Desk.

This is your chance to be published. Become immortal. At least for awhile . . . .

Dateline: Washington. Brian Mulroony has tossed his ceremonial beaver cap into the ring for the campaign to become president of the United States in Election '92. Mulroony, ex-Prime Minister of Canada, has regrouped from the landmark loss of fall '88.

It seems yesterday the embittered Shamrock holder found his luck turn to nought as the NDP swept him and his Conservatives from the power corridors of Parliament. "I only sought to keep Canada from the socialist hordes pressing at the doors of our once-great country," said Mulroony in an interview after the results were tallied, leaving the Big Blue Machine last in popular vote and total seats. Three months later, the ex-politician emigrated to the

## NEWS FROM THE FUTURE

U.S. to "escape the destruction of the Canada I knew and loved".

But that occurred January '89. The boy from Bay Comeau began to rebuild south of the border, winning influential friends in the country's capitol. A constant companion of past-President Reagan, interred in a rest home due to worsening senility that began early '85, Mulroony learnt from the grand-master of Teflon politics.

Mulroony, in obvious attempts to emulate his presidential hero found his way to Hollywood where he made three Westerns and co-starred with mayor Clint Eastwood and an orangutan in the smash hit *Every Which Way but Left*. Following his acting stint, the ex-patriate ran for senate in

Louisiana where his bilingualism proved a big seller with the Cajun chefs.

Now the stage is set for his race for president of the U.S. Selecting as his running mate the controversial Fawn Hall of the scandal that rocket Gary Hart's bid in '88, Mulroony feels confident of victory.

Opposing the Canadian in the election are Jerry Falwell, Ollie North and Max Headroom.

As usual, there is no underlying issue at hand or any concrete platform presented. It will be a contest of television personalities decided by whoever has the best make-up person.

John Turner, the leader of the Canadian Liberal Party declined comment on his rival's campaign as Turner is in the midst of another leadership trial.

# BLUES INVASION

by Derek Jensen

Blues, jazz, swing, cajun and country; Texas blues legend Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown kept a near capacity crowd cheering with this wide array of sounds for over two and a half hours at the Pub Flamingo on Nov 4th and 5th.

It was the second appearance for Brown and his band, "Gates Express", in Halifax, having been at Pub flamingo's former incarnation, the Club Flamingo, in August.

Gatemouth Brown's shows are part of the new direction sought by the pub, other well known

blues artists Matt "Guitar" Murphy and Luther "Guitar Jr." Johnson are coming in the near future.

On the other side of the harbour similar action is taking place. The Crazy Horse Cabaret is featuring shows by prominent bluesmen, Johnny Copeland, James Cotton and a show by the man regarded as "one of the finest Chicago Blues singers of all time", the great, B.B.King.

The way it I see it, Blues fans will have many enjoyable nights in the months to come.

## THE RIGHT TYPE WORD PROCESSING SERVICE

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Resumes are done in **letter quality** on high wuality **parchment paper**. Resumes are kept on file for a six month period which enables you to update your resume (i.e. new address, new degreee, new job, etc.) at a minimal cost of \$5.00. Extensive changes are based on the same rate for revisions at \$10.00 per hour. Prices include **one draft copy** for review purposes and the **final copy**. Any additional copies are an added cost.

The Rel Life Fellowship is conducting worship services in the SUB room 314 on Sundays at 10:45 am and 6:30pm.

Come and be a part of these practical expositions of Scripture and singing as believers are edified that they might fulfill the work of service in a way that pleases the Lord.

All are welcome as we do not seek to discriminate according to race, dress or religious background but rather seek to communicate the universal spiritual truths of the historic Christian faith.

For more information contact:

Jerel or Carol at 422-3641, John or Mary at 425-5929.

# THE DIARY OF PHILEAS FROSH

*Dear Diary: The leaves are falling, PC popularity is falling, and my grades are falling. Now is the autumn of my discontent.*

*Despite my vow not to miss any classes, I have been truant several times in the past few weeks. I had to explain to my calculus prof (the one that doesn't speak English) that my ulcer was bothering me. He didn't understand and tried to*

*explain related rates problems to me.*

*It is my lot to be a misunderstood person.*

*But all is not bad, diary. I see Guenivere, the beautiful girl in my Comparative Mythology class more than ever. She still wears sunglasses all the time, though. We are partners on a project comparing the Midgard Serpent of Norse Mythology to the snake of Paradise Lost.*

*It isn't all that interesting*

*and Guen's first comment was "Fab, you should know alot about reptiles."*

*We are getting along better now though. She consents to go to the library with me now, but only 45 minutes before closing.*

*The Killam Library will remain a mystery to me forever, I do believe. It is exciting at times, however, when you take out a book that was last read before my*

*parents were born. They are very old.*

*The books, I mean.*

*Biff, my roommate and proof against Darwinian evolutions and Creationism, is faring worse than I expected. He is practicing the 'withdrawl method' of attending university. His course-load, not ambitious from the outset, has dwindled to 3 credits. He still doesn't attend them either.*

*It all began when his girlfriend broke up with him. Then he proceeded to break all his recortds and various items in our room. I wasn't sad to see the Santana and Led Zepplin collection go to shards of toneless vinyl but his entourage of stolen shooter glasses were useful for measuring our my Triminic.*

*After his most violent moment had passes (Biff is a phelgmatic humour at heart) he drank himself into oblivion for four nights straight. The last night he couldn't afford much and bought two bottles of Hermit's sherry. I always thought sherry was a classy drink.*

*It tastes like sewage with sugar.*

*Biff became violently ill and could have been an extra for 'The Exorcist'.*

*I tried to console him as best I could but found it diffi-*

*cult to relate to a person who could not speak in complete words and had to leave from time to time to rid himself of excess red alcohol.*

*My parents sent up a care package to me yesterday. Here are the contents:*

*1 pair of earmuffs, plaid.*

*I scarf, plaid also but a different sort.*

*1 sweater too ugly to ever wear.*

*3 packages of ENO*

*2 bottles of Pepto-Bismal (for my ulcer)*

*47 cookies of undeter- mined variety*

*2 bottle fo strawberry jam which broke.*

*1 box of Ritz crackers (actually crumbs)*

*\$25 cheque from my senile aunt who dated it 1997.*

*It all seemed like a time capsule from a family better off buried.*

*They meant well and Biff made good use of the antacids. He thought it was nice of them to think of me. He says his family only sends him postcards from wherever they happen to be travelling. I didn't tell Guen about it.*

*Well, diary, it is nearly 9:30. Guenivere said she would meet me earlier tonight. She said she is becoming more accustomed to me.*

*Dare I dream . . . .*

# SURVIVE THE FIVE DUSK TO DAWN HORROR

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 13th

8:00 pm.  
**ALIEN**

10:05 pm.  
**PSYCHO**

12-Midnight  
**FRIDAY THE 13TH**

1:45 am.  
**THE SHINING**



4:15 am.  
**NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET**  
(Part 3 - Dream Warriors)

**ADVANCE PASSES \$4**

DSU Wet/Dry Policy in effect for this event.

Be sure and enter the Freddy Krueger look alike Contest. Tickets and information available at the SUB enquiry desk

# THE DAY I MET KUAKALOL ARARWAK

by Wesley Randolph

I recall, when reading for Nuclear Physics and Awfully Difficult Languages at Cambridge, a recuperative moment at a splashing urinal in which my thoughts surfaced like toxic waste on the waters of my mind.

At the time, I was nurturing an obsequious passion in my imagination; metamorphosing the sweet and occasionally autistic essence of my betrothed, Miss Elizabeth, into an insatiable demon of sex. Conceiving her in the absence of ethics to be a nubile nymph, omnipotently destemming the gods. I was standing there theatrically

for sacrifice with my trousers stuck wetly to my legs when an obstreperous, moist wretching from the nearest stall sent me into a fit of apoplexy.

During the intellectual chaos of recovery, or lack of the spurring concupiscence which normally restores the excessive reverence I hold of *idyllic* episodes of toilet reflection, I grabbed my manhood with two hands and shook myself into a dry awareness. I remember remarking somewhat bitterly, "What *romantic* individualism you must be experiencing!"

From the depths of an

apparently monstrous chasm of suffering, amid horrible slobbering noises and the deathly stench of far-too-long-held farts, a Latin tumult of newfy imagery



Kuakalol Ararwak

corrupted the air.

The stall door had been flung open violently and

through the lumps of gastric gore and goo a murderous glare disrupted the industry that fed my own, hardly begun, campaign of abusiveness. It was obvious that he had been gambolling in the vineyard.

The man with hairless skin and weak chin erupted, "I KUAKOLOL ARARWAK, batard gargoyle, do hold in contempt one savagely constipated lizard, commanded no doubt by its percipient god to twist my eyeballs from their sockets with a keen flick of its rabid tongue!"

I could tell by the abundance of drool on his chest

that the man was immoderately mad. I mustered a squint and stiffened for defense. "What's this? You say you were bitten by a rabid lizard?"

Kuakolol's eye's lurched towards the ceiling like the turning jaundice bellies of dying fish. In fear I promptly assuaged him with Miltonian footnotes to buy the time I required to sterilize him with my handy blade, which the citizens later thanked me for, and tossed him through the window to the pestiferous pitch below.

Felix, my insufferably illustrious but ignorant tutor told me later that the possessed Kuakolol was unharmed.

— From the recently discovered archives of an unremarkable mime.

## INTERVIEW WITH THE APPARENT DEAD

Greetings, denizens of North America. It is I, Kuakalo Ararwak, Aztec Priest of the Third Tier with another startling interview from the realms of the otherworldly. It was only the other day that the psychic impressions came upon me from which I derived this mind-expanding piece.

I found that my cave/apartment was very low in essential food-stuffs. Not a good thing to have when the munchies strike after a religious festival. So I left my cave, saddled Virgil, my Llama, and rode to the nearest supermarket. Tying Virgil to a parking meter, I entered to buy sustenance for my physical body.

Nothing happened at first. I walked down the canned food section and to the frozen victuals area. For a moment, I thought I detected a disembodied voice emanating from the freezers.

"Gods of the Serpent-With-Feathers!" I said aloud, much to the concern of an elderly lady nearby, these foods are not dead but in suspended animation! Quickly, I ran to these chambers of cold and threw the boxes out of their frigid prison.

"Be free!" I canted. "Thaw and feel the warmth of life!"

Next the manager of the store, a man no doubt related to Klaus Barbie and other such misrepresentations of humanity, came to me. He demanaded rather vigorously and vividly what in the Inferno I thought I was doing.

Store managers have no psychic talent. Nor compassion. Nor tact in ejecting patrons. But to see the frost condense and leave those coffins of tiny fried french beings and the flat ones called Turkish Pot Pies was well worth the scuffle.

Besides, the store sold bread near its best-before date.

Still requiring culinary supplies, I mounted my llama and rode to another food store. I found it eerie walking past the frozen section, but this store must have ensured the safe passage of their souls to the beyond of frozen dinners. Thus, everything was progressing well, and I filled my shopping trolley.

The trouble began in the fresh produce bins.

I was picking up some potatoes and lettuce when my hand brushed past a tur-

nip. Imagine my shock when the creature moved and uttered a little cry of, "No." The voice I'm sure could only be heard by one as in tune with the sounds of their universe as I.

So I stepped back a moment. I approached the wonder and said, "Fear not, brother. Ararwak is a friend." A man picking over the tomatoes saw me speak to the turnip.

"Does he tell you if they are fresh?" he asked.

"He is alive." I answered. "That seems fresh."

"It does, you have a point. But don't let me interrupt. The tomato over here was just reciting King Lear."

"Octopus of the Purple Beak!" I exclaimed. "ARE all these vegetables sentient?"

I began to walk around the produce section with my ear close to the fruit and vegetables. It was difficult to receive their thoughts as the muzak began to intrude on

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I began to walk around the produce section with my ear close to the fruit and vegetables. It was difficult to receive their thoughts as the muzak began to intrude on my senses. I returned to the

turnips.

Presently I bought all those that I could bear. \$476 worth of the tubers was just my investment in the salvation of bretheren. It took four trips on Virgil to ferry them all back to my cave.

Once they were safe, they began to open up a bit. One identified himself as the leader in this store. He called himself Thomas. Thomas went on to explain their dreadful adventures: grasped from their homes, trucked away at midnight, sorted in some mad manner to find the master race of turnip and more. The hairs left on the top of my head fairly stood in this frightful tale.

Thomas said that the turnips I had bought were all doomed. Bereft of a homeland and confined within the city, they were all dying. He asked me to stay up with him for his last hours. Thus I, Virgil and Thomas held a vigil for the last breaths of the noble race of Turnips.

Thomas' last words were, "I think, therefore I am." followed by the death-rattle of "It's full of stars . . ."

Llamas do not cry, but I saw Virgil shed a tear. I went out into the night to feel the release of their spirits into the everlasting earth above.