

DISPATCH!

D. S. U.

JANUARY

VOLUME 7,
ISSUE 5

WIN A "MURDER MYSTERY" WEEK-END FOR TWO COURTESY OF VIA RAIL AND TRAVEL CUTS - TO BE DRAWN AT THE SUPER SUB



A SOBER OUTLOOK

By John Blackmore

Cries for the testing of athletes participating in Dalhousie intramurals are expected to reach a fever pitch during the Winter Carnival next week.

Earlier this year, allegations that certain east-bloc societies were indulging in blood-doping or the use of steroids proved unfounded. Only when the special watch-dog task-force showed up at a Saturday morning football contest involving two residence teams did anything show up. Both teams were found to have a majority of players with blood-alcohol levels way above safe standards.

Players were charged with impaired passing but Dal Security soon dropped the charges. It was agreed that holding a beer shot-gunning contest before events did not enhance an athlete's performance.

However, with the approach of the sacred Winter Carnival, attitudes have taken a sober outlook. All parties agree that chemical alterations to an athlete's body before competition is not in the spirit of true sportsmanship. Internal regulation was decided and each society or group involved has agreed to police its own players.

Hopefully this action will work. Nobody wants a repeat of the unfortunate incident that occurred at McGill last year. There, during a winter carnival event, one of the participants, who was on steroids, lifted up a car during the car-pull and threw it across the finish line. Several students were injured and the owner of the vehicle, the president of the university, was less than pleased.

A spokesperson for Dalhousie Winter Carnival says such a debacle could never happen here. We rent the cars used in that particular event.

WINTER CARNIVAL '88

THE BLIZZARD BONANZA

The Dalhousie Winter Carnival kicks in on Wednesday January 27th.

WEDNESDAY 12:00p.m. Opening Ceremonies, S.U.B. Lobby

*12:30p.m. Banner Contest Begins, Outside, or in S.U.B. Lobby *3:00 p.m. Assassin Contest begins, S.U.B. Lobby -8:00p.m. Black and Gold Revue, McInnes Room \$2.50 or \$2.00 with Student Saver Card

THURSDAY *10:00a.m. Ice Sculpture Competition, the Boulevard

*11:30a.m. Travel Cuts Tricycle Rally, Sub Lobby - 4:00p.m. Judging of the Ice Sculptures
9:00p.m. Grawood in the Grawood with a special auction brought to us by A.I.E.S.E.C.

FRIDAY * 11:00 a.m. -Tug of War-, Front of S.U.B.

12:00 NOON Fashion Show, S.U.B. Lobby -*1:00p.m. Pudding eating contest, Garden Cafeteria -*2:00p.m. Scavenger Hunt, S.U.B. Lobby -6:00p.m. Pub Crawl, starts in Grawood

SATURDAY 30th 9:30 a.m. Dance Marathon in S.U.B. (All proceeds go to the DSU foster child) -9:00p.m. SUPER SUB - Blue Rodeo, The Sattellites, J. Brian tickets \$6.00 advance \$7.00 at door

* SUPER SOCIETY EVENTS (most are open to all - check inquiry desk for details)

M.A.

WATCH FOR THE WINTER CARNIVAL DANCE-A-THON

Proceeds go to the Dalhousie Student Union's Foster Child in El Salvador - Hector Javier Garcia-



Hector Javier Garcia

EDITORIAL

Do you remember the good old days when Winter Carnivals were held at the Halifax Armories? Beer was cheap and Dalhousie had school spirit.

Can you imagine 5000 students crowded into a cement barn chugging beer and passing the evening enjoying each others company - away from the everyday draws of

great time for a Winter Carnival.

"Ah I never get too involved in that kind of stuff", Chris remarked over coffee in the SUB. Not an uncommon comment, "but I do remember the year we were in the scavenger hunt. We drove around town gathering our lot of assorted and abnormal items and rushed back to the finish to



mid-January lectures, notes and mid-terms.

Linda Fromm says Dalhousie only caters to the graduate students. She suggests that it is not like the High School atmosphere of SMU. Its too serious.

There are 8 thousand undergraduates students at Dalhousie striving desparately for social fulfillment. A

find ourselves in a tie.

The judges wanted one more item, a pair of black panties. I couldn't believe it, that was what I was wearing." Chris's team won. Now how many people out there will make that kind of sacrifice for school spirit. We're not saying get out there and drop your pants, but let's get out there and show Linda Fromm a thing or two.

TOP TEN STRANGEST OLYMPIC SPONSORS

10. THE OFFICIAL WINDSHIELD WIPERS OF THE CALGARY OLYMPICS
9. RUSSELL CHIPPET, SUPPLIER OF OFFICIAL SALT COD
8. THE OLYMPIC PROPHYLACTICS
7. THE OFFICIAL HAIRDRESSER OF THE GAMES
6. LESTOIL LOUIE, THE OFFICIAL WINO FOR THE OLYMPICS
5. THE OFFICIAL DALHOUSIE NEWSPAPER, THE DISPATCH
4. THE OFFICIAL TOILET BOWL SANITIZER
3. BILLY JOE MACLEAN, THE OFFICIAL CROOKED POLITICIAN
2. TEN-A-DAY, OFFICIAL SUPPLIER OF STEROIDS
- AND NUMBER ONE
NIETZSCHE, THE OFFICIAL DEAD PHILOSOPHER OF THE WINTER OLYMPICS

The Dalhousie Winter Carnival is sponsored

by the DSU and:

C 100 FM
Light Rock... Less Talk.

TRAVEL CUTS
Going Your Way!

VIA
VIA Rail Canada

Coca-Cola

**WINTER CARNIVAL SUPER SUB
JAN 30TH**

- MCINNES ROOM ~ BLUE RODEO
- GREEN ROOM ~ J.BRIAN
- GARDEN CAFETERIA ~

THE SATELLITES

TICKETS \$6.00 ADVANCE
\$7.00 AT DOOR

DOORS OPEN AT 8:30,
MCINNES RM AT 9:00
YOU MUST HAVE YOUR ST. I.D. TO BUY
TICKETS
YOU CAN BUY UP TO FOUR TICKETS
IN ADVANCE

SPORTS INFORMATION

THE TIGERS, WHO ARE NOW 11-0 IN LEAGUE PLAY, WILL NEXT PLAY HOST TO SIX CANADIAN TEAMS AND THE NATIONALLY-RANKED GEORGE MASON TEAM FROM THE U.S. IN THE ANNUAL VOLLEYBALL CLASSIC FRIDAY, JAN 22ND -24TH AT THE DALPLEX

THE BASKETBALL TIGERS (3-3, FOR FOURTH PLACE) HOST THEIR CROSSTOWN RIVALS, THE HUSKIES ON JAN 26TH, 8:00P.M. AT THE DALPLEX

THE TIGER WOMEN HOST THE ANNUAL DALHOUSIE VOLLEYBALL CLASSIC JAN 22-24 AT THE DALPLEX, FIVE WOMEN'S AND EIGHT MEN'S TEAMS WILL BE FEATURED.

THE HOCKEY TIGERS (9-5) WILL HOST THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF CAPE BRETON CAPERS JAN 23RD AT 7:30P.M., DAL ARENA. THE GAME WILL BE PRECEDED BY AN OPEN SKATE AND CHILI SUPPER. FOR TICKETS CONTACT DALPLEX INFO DESK

The last issue of **The Dispatch** contained an article "Ride My Thumb" which was offensive to some members of the Dalhousie community. We do not intend to perpetuate negative stereotypes or cause embarrassment or offense. We regret having done so.

WEDNESDAY NOON IN THE GREEN ROOM (SUB)

free admission

JAN 27TH
When the Mountains Tremble

Feb 3rd
MANDELA

Feb 10th
Mozambique: Apartheid's second front

Feb 17th
A Witness to Apartheid in South Africa

STAFF BOX

EDITORS

KEN FALON, JOHN BLACKMORE

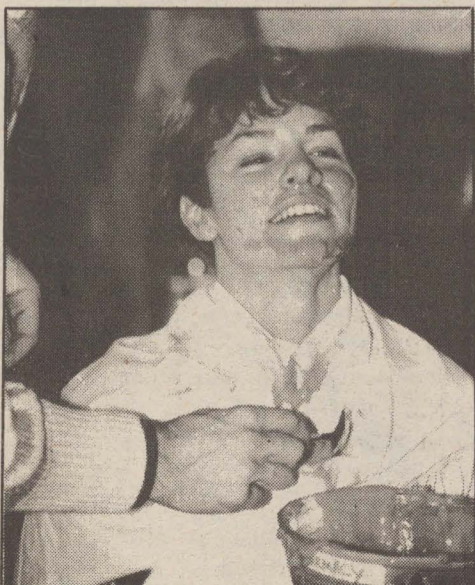
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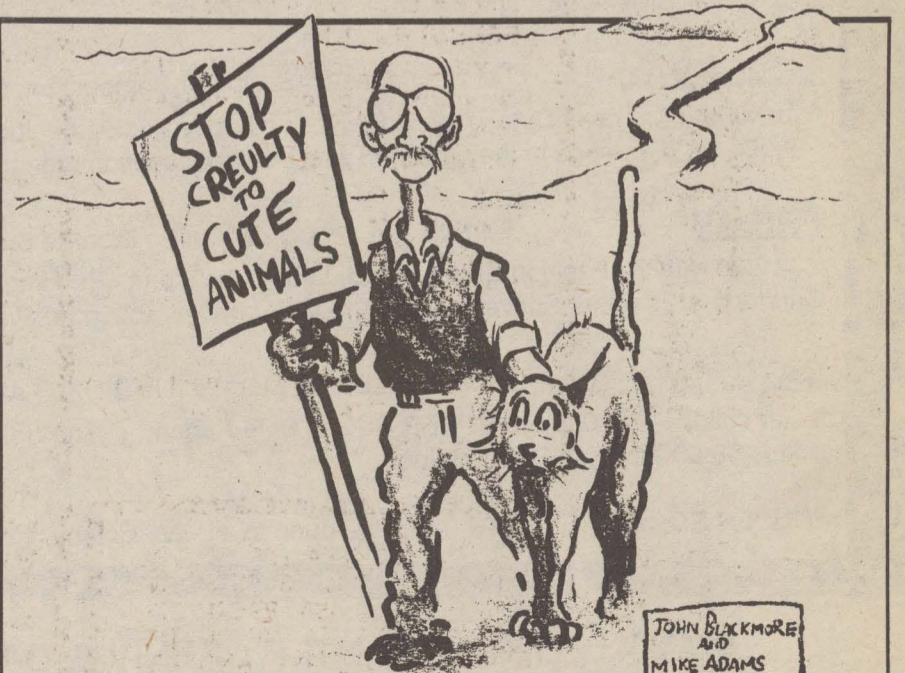
MIKE ADAMS

SPECIAL THANKS TO MARY ELLEN,
ANDREW AND CHRIS



"A FOOLISH CONSISTENCY IS THE HOBGOBLIN OF LITTLE MINDS"

EDITOR-IN-SPIRIT
R.W. EMERSON



P.E.I. ENVIRONMENTALIST PROTESTS
AGAINST THE 'FIXED LYNX' RESOLUTION.

FROM SHOOTING PRESIDENTS TO MURDERING MUSICIANS

In this day of instantaneous communication and the international media, public figures tend to play an important role in our lives. They provide us with images and attitudes which represent and define us. The death of a respected and important figure, then, places the population in a curious situation; we sometimes mourn the loss of complete strangers.

The murder of reggae legend Peter Tosh in September helped me realize this. At first, I simply recognized that something which was important had suddenly, like all things must, come to an end. But a couple of days later after talking to a friend about the incident, I had what can only be described as a strange dream about the man.

Tosh and the King of Reggae, Bob Marley, were jamming away, rocking to a heavy beat within the glass walls of a recording studio.

They were playing for me, yet the glass created a complete barrier between us. There was no door to gain access into the studio. Occasionally, someone would join me in the attempts to break through the glass. Jerry Falwell tried and I think Timothy Leary was there too.

This nightmare (any dream with Falwell in it has to be called a nightmare) inspired me to try and understand the passing of this Jamaican, who I had never met. I figured that in the least, I would purge these wild visions and get some sleep. At the most, I might be able to find out why and how he had affected me.

I managed to borrow a stack of records by various artists with names like Marley, Tosh, Burning Spear, and Third World. It was a good mix; reggae being a unique blend of political and spiritual lyrics with a happy yet laid back groove.



It was a great musical experience and I felt bad about being turned on by this influence so late. Marley died from cancer in the early eighties; now Tosh is gone.

The very nature of his religious beliefs made Peter Tosh a controversial individual. He had no respect for plastic-patriotism. As a Rastafarian, he recognized no political borders because "God put no lines on the earth man." Yet, as far as anyone knows, his murder was not politically motivated.

In the turbulent and often violent atmosphere of Jamaica, Tosh put out albums such as "Legalize It", but he

PETER TOSH R.I.P.

didn't retreat into an armed mansion afterward. Instead, he hung around his place in Kingston trying to get some good vibes going with some friends, music and smoke. It was in this type of atmosphere where he got blown away by a junkie looking for heroin.

In 1981 after John Lennon's death a fan wrote "We've come a long way in seventeen years, from shooting presidents to murdering musicians." The irony of these incidents lies in the fact that neither killer was some right wing conservative crazed in the name of the status quo.

No, these killings couldn't even contain this kind of warped justification. Instead, the deeds were performed by the very generation these figures were created by and represented.

In the end, even Tosh's death will help define us ... just as his life did. Somehow though, it's difficult to be optimistic while contemplating such a demise of a public figure.

Will they all have to withdraw into the safe confines of a sealed glass cubicle?
By Duncan Floyd



Mussels: Not Just For Breakfast Anymore

By John Blackmore

In a bold move, the United States Government yesterday made a deal to buy all the mussels produced in Atlantic Canada for the next two years. Top-level aides in Washington have discussed the matter with their comrades in Ottawa, using the deal as a cement to repair any damage in the proposed Free-Trade agreement.

The agreement is scheduled to go before the American Houses of government later this year. There have been fears that the pro-protectionist factions of the Senate and Congress would stymie or halt passage of the agreement despite the imprimatur of the President.

American trade representatives are using the shell-fish acquisition to show the rich opportunities open to the States if they agree to the Free-Trade Package. In Canada, many insiders of the PMO were mystified as to the "why" of the American mussel offer.

But then again, it's their job to be mystified.

The most plausible reason for the deal was discovered by Dispatch staffer Wolf Trondheim. Wolf, an emigre from Norway and Ph.D. student in Marine Biology was visiting a friend in Maine following his sixth unsuccessful thesis defence.

While in Maine, he became acquainted with a researcher working on the Mussel toxin. There he learned that the toxin has great capacity as a biological weapon. Putting two and whatever together, he figured the deal was solely for the extraction of the toxin from the shellfish.

Political experts on the Dispatch assume that due to the recent rash of missile reduction talks, the U.S.

government is worrying that the balance of power may be shifted. Therefore, they are seeking a "Mussel sleeve" to throw in the face of Gorbachev.

Senate and Congress hardliners have increasingly expressed fears that their country was losing ground to the "Soviet menace". In such a climate, it was believed that a



Free-Trade deal with Canada, a country that lets socialists run for election, would never survive battering by influence groups deep in the political heart of darkness in the nation's capitol.

However, if the Free-Trade deal could be linked with the development of a sufficiently nasty weapon, the dissenting vote would be placated. Enter the unfortunate Maritime fishermen faced with a loss of income due to poisonous shellfish.

The agreement to buy said mussels was seen to benefit all parties concerned and did not violate the ban on biological warfare as it was simply a trade deal. Many feel that the grizzled Senators backed by the National Rifle Association and other interest groups will jump for joy at this gift from their trading partner up north.

Local fishermen have said little about the entire matter but one commented, "If the Americans want to drop a bunch of mussels on Moscow, maybe we can get them to buy some sea urchins too."

D.U.N.M.U.N.S. OPEN WORKSHOPS

- JANUARY 31st**
-position paper workshop and drafting of a U.N. resolution.
- FEBRUARY 7th**
-rules and procedures of the U.N.
-what every delegate needs to know
- FEBRUARY 21st**
-first simulation
- MARCH 6th**
-second simulation
- MARCH 13th**
-third simulation

If interested please contact the D.U.N.M.U.N.S. through the Poli-Sci Dept., Dalhousie.

CONFIRMED SPEAKERS INCLUDE GORDON CUMMINGS, PRESIDENT OF NATIONAL SEA PRODUCTS, PAUL BEESTON, EX. VP OF THE TORONTO BLUE JAYS, AND ART MACNEIL, C.E.O. OF THE ACHIEVE GROUP.

-TICKETS PRICED AT 25.00 S.B.A.



DBS '88
THE COMMERCE SOCIETY WILL HOST THE DALOUSIE BUSINESS SEMINAR ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, AT THE WORLD TRADE AND CONVENTION CENTRE.

THE SEMINAR IS PRESENTLY IN ITS 5TH YEAR, THIS YEARS THEME "INOVATIONS IN BUSINESS".

NEWS IN BRIEF

The Dalhousie Physics Department has published a bold new treatise. "The Wave Motion of a Slinky, Vol I and II" is expected to be THE definitive work on the subject. Any student who has taken Physics 1100 will realize Dalhousie's expertise in this field.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of a certain quantity of fissionable material are requested to phone the Chemistry Department. The material is said not to pose a health hazard but those in possession of the material are asked to reconsider any decision to have a large family.



A large rat, armed and presumed dangerous has escaped from the LSC. Readers are warned not to approach the rodent as his claws are estimated at 6 cm and, do to conditioning, is very aggressive. A researcher connected with the project mentioned that the rat is very intelligent and will quote Hamlet to beguile the unwary.



Dear Diary: I am back at university, having completed one-sixth of my degree. I wrote a letter home on the weekend, signing it Phileas(1/6 B.Sc.) I want to impress upon my parents the inroads I am making in the world of academia.

Christmas break was one I had rather not broken. My bed, where I had slept throughout my troubled early years of teen-agesity was foreign to me. I pined for the over-washed sheets of residence, sheets you never know who slept in.

Or worse.

Mom and Dad were fine and I did the usual routine of visiting relatives. They would pat me on the head and before I could sit down, ask me what I was going to be. I quickly learned that the "No comment" thing doesn't work for family.

The only one who liked this approach was Uncle Silas. He is the black sheep of our clan. Uncle Silas has been everything from an airplane pilot to an editor of a magazine dealing in questionable literary and photographic escapades. He liked the idea that his prim sister's son was not aspiring to be a doctor or something even more unspeakable.

He sat me down at his place and uncorked a bottle of rye. I hate rye but couldn't disappoint blood. He seemed to enjoy my drunkenness and we had a great time. We smoked cigars all night, watched Casablanca,

SWEET SCENTS OF DALHOUSIE M.A.

For Four years now I have shuffled myself between the educational establishments of Kings College and Dalhousie University, with the last three years being spent more in the buildings of the latter.

There is something now I must discuss, something that has revolted and annoyed me for the past three years. This involves the repulsive and peculiar smells that I associate with my college days.

Does Dalhousie smell? Yes indeed it does, in many places and in many ways.

This year I am blessed with having few classes within the strongly shaped walls of our Life Sciences Centre. The odd, yet raunchy, odors which haunt this facility strike me as particularly gross.

The smell of old food and decaying garbage is one I cannot bear. Have lunches found their way under the concrete blocks, discarded by fretting undergraduate students worried about approaching mid-terms, never to be recovered, discovered or reclaimed?

Have the janitors been deceiving us by hanging about the entrance steps or making amusing faces at the fish in the Science Museum? Is there a reason? Is it in my mind? I think

not, for the difference in the air when I go from the Science building through the connecting door to the Arts and Administration Building is awesome indeed.

Unfortunately, the smell is not better just a little different. The second floor of the A and A Building contains an odor that almost takes my life, very early in the morning, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Each of these days I am forced to stomach the unforgettable, yet vile, odor of some type of odd Indian tobacco. Is there some strange professor who was given an eccentrically large pipe of a big chief while on Sabbatical in some foreign land? Does he get some type of savage vibes about how much it annoys me? Is it a drug? Is it a cigar? Why doesn't it go away?

What about the faculty lounge? Are they really cooking in there or is it just some type of mechanical odor record contrived to send me off to the S.U.B. for lunch? Is the food as greasy and as unnutritious as it smells? How about the Killiam Library, doesn't anybody ever wash their socks?

Kings is not innocent either for there are just as many offensive scents there as well, such as the

stench of liquid dispenser soap which overcomes the ladies toilet in the breezeway. I must also add the whiff of the Day-Student Lounge furniture is characterized by dirty shoes, sweaty foreheads and drool. Has Koolex Cleaners ever even seen the upholstery? I think not.

There are some pleasant smells I must associate with my school days such as the lip-smacking aroma of the fish and chip truck outside the Student Union Building, and the whiff of the fresh ink on a good grade. The sweet aroma of beer in the Grawood is memorable as well as the remarkable scent of the grass peeking through the April snow after my last exam.

I realize this is rather an odd subject to write about, but it is something which has been on my mind for a time now. I tend to find myself wondering whether these odors do not define this whole educational process for me

Are these scents as trapped within these walls, as I? Have they no where else to go, like me? Are they tolerated, ignored, or even worse, unknown to anyone else but me?

Perhaps I will return in a few years in the future with a clearer sense of smell and self-understanding and find out

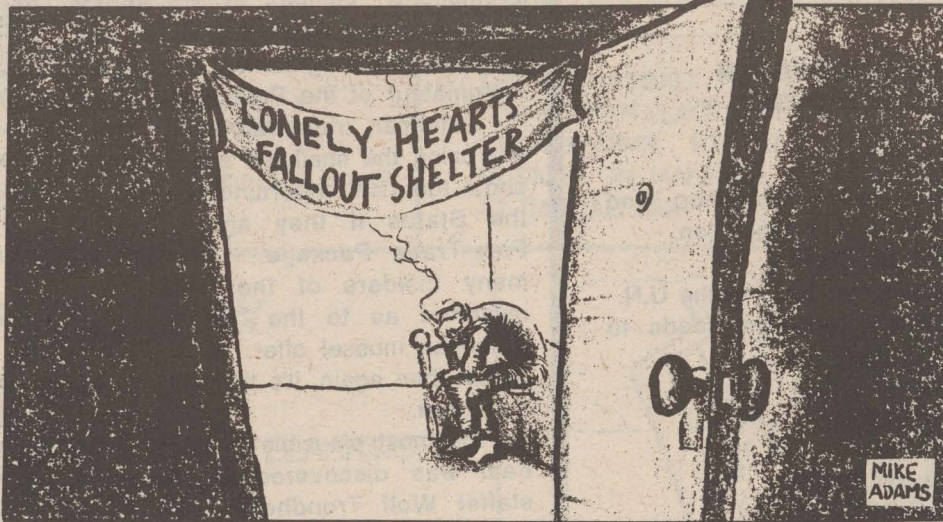
Sarah Holland

and drank til dawn. Mom was a trifle upset with me when I returned but that's the price of revelry.

For Christmas I received a lot of books. As if I don't have enough to read. Dad gave me How to Win in a Bear Market and GREED: The Secret of America. They sound interesting. Mom gave me Gray's Anatomy and some other thing about how this dedicated young med student finds love and happiness through becoming a surgeon and making a Pantagruelian salary.

me. I think that was what she said, it was hard to tell as she was laughing or crying. I couldn't say.

I believe that my gift has made a definite impression on her. She smiles at me during every Comparative Mythology class. Actually, her smile turns into a grin and then a giggle. Her laugh crinkles up the sunglasses she always wears. I talked to her after class last week to see if we could ever get together for a drink.



My senile aunt gave me the Communist Manifesto and forty rubles. She has of late turned on to communism after losing faith in televangelism. Plus I got some sweaters, shoes and three pen and pencil sets with my name engraved on them.

Guenivere, the rival of Aphrodite and Kelly McGillis, did not give me anything for Christmas. I gave her a salamander with the note, "You turn me into a newt" as I had planned. She phoned me on Christmas day to thank

Lucky Uncle Silas taught me how to be suave around girls.

She smiled again and then, really seriously, "But you're a newt." Then she broke out into raucous laughter and nearly lost her breath. I had to leave. She was making a scene.

Honestly, diary, I don't think she likes me. It isn't fair in a way. I know life is not supposed to be fair but that doesn't help. She is my Guenivere, but I am not her Arthur or Lancalot. If I knew what love was, I might be in it.

Then again, I don't know how to make a fool, but I think I'm doing a fantastic job of making one of myself.

Talking about Biff's troubles always makes me feel better. Biff received a warning from just about every Dean and professor Dalhousie has and I think they brought a couple out of retirement to write him as well. He has made the Dean's list, but on the bad side of "naughty and nice".

He still hasn't made up with his girlfriend. I thought the Christmas break would have cured him of that, being an athlete with overactive hormones and all. But no, he is still distraught. We have designated our room as the Lonely Heart's Fall-out Shelter for the entire universe.

You need a place like that to go and feel sorry for yourself with alot of other people. The first night back, Biff and I did just that. He had stolen a rather dusty bottle of cognac from his father (later we learned that it was 36yrs old) and we drank it. We both sympathized with each other and talked well into the night until we both passed out.

We reminisced about our favorite Honeymooner's episodes. Some day, Alice.

Biff and I both plan to do better this term. I am tutoring him. Nature may abhor a vacuum, as they tell us in physics, but nature sure let one develop in Biff's head.

Anyway, I have to stop writing. It reminds me of the old days of first term when I thought Guen liked me. Now I've lost my innocence and though the world may be clearer, it's a hell of a lot less brighter.

I didn't mean to swear.

Guen, what you do to me....