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Cover by Jonathan Rotsztain, Angela Gzowski & Halloway Jones

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Thursday, March 29

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This is a wet/dry event and tickets are only \$5.00!

This event is open to all Dal students, faculty, staff, alumni and guests!

Doors open at 9:00 pm

Last Class Bash at the Grawood

Thursday, April 5

Last Class Bash featuring SIGNAL HILL, need we say more.....

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The DSU launched a voter registration drive on Feb 14th that will run through to May 1st

We know that Students love this city and we want to make sure that they get to have their say in how it treated and how it is run!


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March 23 - March 29, 2012 •

The Dalhousie Gazette

North America's Oldest Campus Newspaper, Est. 1868

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the fine print

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Students dissatisfied by university leadership

CONSULTATION IS NOT ENOUGH

Calum Agnew
Staff Contributor

On March 14 Dalhousie University held the first student consultation session on tuition fee increases. The administration says the session is meant to give students a way of communicating their thoughts with the university's Board of Governors.

The administration will now consult students on their proposals for fee changes before recommending those changes to the Board. The new consultation policy was proposed by outgoing DSU President Chris Saulnier. The Board approved it in February.

Dustin Griffin is a third-year law student and one of three student appointees on the Board. He says the Board was enthusiastic, and that the consultation process was a great success its the student members.

The administration's recommendation contains a three per cent general tuition fee increase, and up to a 10 per cent increase for students in professional programs.

But Reclaim Education and Democracy (READ) says there are no solid provisions for the feedback given by students in the consultation process. The administration has to use the feedback as they deem appropriate.

"This could mean anything, and really doesn't mean anything at all," says Jacqueline Vincent, a fourth-year student at King's

"Students don't really have that much say in the running of the university," says Vincent. "Students are not seen as an essential part of the puzzle of governance."

The Board consists of 27 voting and five non-voting members. The majority are appointed or recommended by the Board. Students have three appointments, two of which are elected. The DSU president is a member by convention.

Many of the Board's appointees also serve on the boards of private and public companies, and there are numerous CEOs and CFOs represented.

The composition of the board "illustrates how the university is more of a business model than anything else," says Anna Bishop, a member of READ.

READ is "against the corporatization of university, six figure managerial positions, inflated fees and tuition, and curriculums that emphasize careers rather than education," says Ryan Lum, one of the groups organizers. These are all "symptoms of a structure that does not foster participation by its members."

Although Board members "give free expert advice, it is expert advice in a very narrow sense," says Lum. "It would be nice to hear from someone who is not so concerned with financial issues, but concerned with

student issues such as health and well-being and student experience."

Griffin says that composition of the Board is largely due to forces outside the university's control.

"If the government fully funded the university, you'd see a different approach." He says the university is suffering from limited resources and the Board's expertise reflects the fact that financial constraints affect policy.

But Griffin says that does not mean the Board thinks of the university as a business.

"Students are not seen as an essential part of the puzzle of governance."

"Students are why the doors open every day. They care about how students feel," he says. The Board members are "going to make sure the university stays healthy for years to come," says Griffin. "The Board would rather not raise fees."

But when it comes to the Board's operation, students are in the dark. The Board hasn't posted the minutes for their meetings for over a year. Although students can attend meetings, Lum says they can't really do anything.

"Their hands are tied," he says. "Besides, many decisions are made in camera or at the committee level."

Griffin says his expectations joining the Board of Governors did not match his experience there. Being a member is a "unique situation for a student," he says. As with any other member of the Board, student appointees have a fiduciary duty to the university.

Prior to his election last March, Griffin told the *Gazette* "he would give the Board back to students."

"You can't be a student representative," says Griffin. Board members are responsible for the university as a legal entity and Griffin says this does not line up with what people think of the university generally. Lum says READ believes university governance is about more than financial issues, and the Board's composition should reflect that.

"Money as the issue needs to be thought beyond," says Lum. "Because if that's the be-all and end-all of our issues, then yeah, of course different interests will oppose each other. But I hope we can find some sort of commonality, beyond the stuff we use to buy things." ☺

Is Dal run too much like a business?
••• Photo by bsabarnowl via flickr



HAVE YOUR SAY: DalGazette.com



news briefs

Ecolympics at Dal

For Dalhousie's residence students, the next few weeks will be a little more competitive than usual. The Ecolympics, two weeks of residence-based activities and events to try to get students to reduce consumption and waste are coming.

The events will go from March 20-31, and culminate on Earth Hour Day with different celebrations in Howe Hall, Sheriff Hall and Gerard Hall.

Other activities include campus flashlight tag on March 28 and a group trip to the Halifax Seaport Market on March 31.

This is the fourth year the Ecolympics have been running. Howe Hall, last year's winners, and Gerard Hall, who won in 2010, will be fighting to win back the title.

Honorary degrees

The University of King's College has announced the recipients of three honorary degrees this year, which will be awarded at the Encaenia graduation ceremony in May.

Elizabeth Fountain, one of the founders of the Alex Fountain Memorial Lecture at King's and a well-known philanthropist, will be receiving an honorary doctor of canon law.

Lewis Lapham, journalist, former editor of *Harper's Magazine* and current editor of *Lapham's Quarterly*, will be receiving an honorary doctor of civil law. The Right Reverend Ron Cutler, an Anglican bishop, will receive an honorary doctor of divinity.

The Encaenia ceremony will take place May 17 at the Cathedral Church of All Saints in Halifax.

—Torey Ellis
Assistant News Editor



Celebrating seniors

Dal student hosts seniors' summer camp

Katrina Pyne
News Editor

When Jesse Robson thinks of seniors, she doesn't just think of crossword puzzles, Sudoku or Jeopardy. She thinks of dancing, magic tricks, art and, most importantly, an opportunity to teach others.

This was the basis for her award-winning vision, the Centre for Arts Exchange, in Halifax. Her idea won her \$5,000 from the Start Something with Alesse contest to get her project off the ground.

Robson, a Dalhousie neuroscience graduate, was already volunteering at the Geriatric Day Hospital at the QEII Health Sciences Centre.

"When I first started, I asked people what their hobbies were—what they would do when they went home. And then they'd just look at me and say 'nothing.' And I think they really meant it," says Robson.

"It wasn't because they didn't want to be doing things. It was because they didn't have the transportation necessary to get places," she says.

"They didn't have the financial means to sign up for certain activities, or they didn't feel comfortable participating because of chronic health conditions."

So Robson decided to ask seniors what kinds of activities they were interested in. She started teaching dance classes for seniors at the QEII once a week. Soon after, they started

running magic trick classes by popular demand.

She figured if seniors were interested in magic tricks and everything from ballet to hula dancing, why not initiate a summer camp with a variety of art-oriented activities?

"We are trying all different kinds of activities, from action painting to juggling to break dancing and other similar traditional arts like sculpture, song-writing, and poetry. We'll just have to see what works."

Robson hopes the camp will be a way to re-introduce creativity, camaraderie and physical activity to seniors living in isolation, poverty or with an illness.

The camp will be fully funded by the Start Something With Alesse contest and will be free to any elderly adults wishing to participate. Caregivers or family members are welcome to participate as well.

Robson says there are few opportunities for seniors to engage with the community in a creative way. The YMCA offers elderly aerobics classes but Robson says those tend to cater more to seniors who are already active, as opposed to someone who has been sedentary for a long time or someone recovering from surgery.

The idea of the Heart and Soul Summer Arts Camp is to inspire these people while simultaneously offering programming with physical, cognitive and social benefits. It all started when two Dal professors and geri-

atricians, Ken Rockwood and Laurie Mallery, began to advocate that physical activity could prevent many physical and cognitive ailments associated with aging.

"It's very important to us to include as much beneficial activity as possible and not just to get people moving a bit, but really to make sure they are getting particularly beneficial exercise that is going to help them build the muscle of their lower limbs to prevent falls," Robson says.

She says the camp will also seek to provide meaningful cognitive stimulation through discussing works of art and putting together performances and art projects.

The camp will run on Mondays for the entire summer from April 16 until August 31 at the Lutheran Church of the Resurrection, which is accessible by Metro Transit. ☎

Jesse Robson (left) and Kayla Mallery (right) are putting together the Heart and Soul Summer Arts Camp for seniors in Halifax. ••• Photo by Katrina Pyne

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Senate shares seats with NSAC

Dal prepares for agricultural merger

Daniel Boltinsky
Staff Contributor

There's a new seat on Senate: on March 12 the Dalhousie Senate, in anticipation of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College (NSAC)-Dal merger, passed a motion that would add a seventh student seat representing the new agricultural faculty.

“We’re trying to make sure there are a lot of strong ties between what goes on at this campus and what goes on at the agricultural college.”

The measure, as well as other initiatives that have been discussed between the Dal and NSAC student unions, highlights recent efforts aimed at giving students of the newly integrated college in Truro representation at Dal.

“The issues that affect students at the agricultural campus may be somewhat different than the issues that affect the students at the main campus in Halifax, and so we want that representation,” says Lloyd Fraser, chair of the Senate.

The Senate also passed a motion to establish a faculty of agriculture, which automatically created four new non-student seats. According to the Senate constitution, one seat is appointed to the dean, and there

must be three elected faculty members for every appointed one.

The resolution for a merger still has to pass through the Nova Scotia legislature.

“There is no doubt in anybody’s mind that that will occur,” says Fraser.

“Everything will be in place for the merger to take place the first of July. That is the anticipated date for the formal merger.”

Adding another student seat required a constitutional amendment, but Fraser says this will play an important role in providing input to the administration.

“Our student members are very active members of Senate,” he says. “We have them represented on all our key committees, as well as on Senate itself.”

The Dalhousie Student Union (DSU) has taken a similar step to incorporate the Truro campus. An agricultural faculty seat has been added to the governing council, to be filled next year if the merger takes place.

Chris Saulnier, outgoing president of the DSU, says the move will hopefully help students in Truro yet involved with the decision-making process at Dal’s main campus.

“We’re trying to make sure there are a lot of strong ties between what goes on at this campus and what goes on at the agricultural college,” he says.

A strong relationship between the two can benefit students at both, says Saulnier. Those in the agricultural college will get DalCards, and the services that those entail. He also mentions the idea of joint programming during orientation week and the possibility of bringing students from Truro to Halifax for concerts and other events.

NSAC on the other hand has a woodsman team and hosts woodsman competitions. “It would be great to bring some of our students down to the agricultural college to experience that,” says Saulnier. ☺



The DSU is hoping to bring some of NSAC’s activities to Dal, and vice versa. ••• Photo by emiliokuffer via flickr

DalGazette.com Website Top 5

1. DSU election appeals rejected
Daniel Boltinsky, News
2. Hann solo
Matt Ritchie, Arts
3. Go with the flow
CarolAnne Black, Opinions
4. Trojans win on record-breaking night for IWK charity
Tim Vanderweide, Sports
5. Will the DSU opt for a self-op food model?
Kat Pyne, News

Student Evaluations Begin:
I really like this professor. He's fair and gives excellent feedback. Dal needs more profs like him.

The professor's method of teaching is boring. He marks way too hard and doesn't scale the grade enough. His handwriting is awful and his corrections always look like a bunch of scribbles. *Let's rate him low so he never gets hired again.

Later:

Your Results:

Comments from Students:

- Boring, uninspiring voice combined with long class
- Dreadful handwriting, ambiguous meaning
- Poor office hours, low attention span
- An undeclared god among men

* student evaluations (SRE) may not actually work this way

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OVAL WOES

Outdoor skating rink needs some work

Matthew Ritchie
Opinions Editor

Two years ago I sat next to a few friends the week before the Vancouver 2010 Winter Olympics. We watched news reports highlighting the ongoing hill maintenance, wondering why they chose to have the winter games in a city notorious for its warm and rainy climate. We watched as reporters spoke in fear of the hills not having enough snow and the possibility of slush on the slopes, causing inaccurate times in races and unfavorable conditions for landing aerials on the hills.

"Who would spend all that money to have winter sports in a place that is entirely unsuitable for winter sports?" we wondered.

Well, apparently the people of Halifax. In late 2010 the city began construction of the Oval, a large speed skating track located in the Halifax Commons. Originally chosen as a temporary location for the skating track, the city voted in favour of the Oval and chose to make it a permanent fixture.

But on March 9 of this year, the HRM announced that the newly named Emera Oval would be closed for the rest of the year due to "weather fluctuations" that made it impossible to "sustain good ice for skating." It had only been open since Dec. 23.

Now, I can understand the reason for wanting an outdoor rink in Canada. Canadians love the winter, and we like ice-skating. But usually that means ice hockey, not speed skating in one of the wettest cities in Canada. So I find it a little hard to stomach that a chunk of our city dollars goes toward a project a large portion of the population has apparently yet to use and is only open a few months of the year.

When the Oval began production for the 2011 Canada Winter Games, the whole city seemed to be excited. In a 2010 article in *The Coast*, it was reported that the cost of the Oval would be under the original \$1.2 million dollar budget, equaling out to less than \$1 per visit a year.

A few months later, the HRM was telling an entirely different story. The Oval was never meant to be a

permanent thing; it became one by the urging of citizens towards city council. On Feb. 24, 2011, *The Coast* reported that to keep the Oval running for another season would cost \$1.25 million - \$1.75 million.

.....
"Canadians love the winter, and we like ice-skating. But usually that means ice hockey, not speed skating."
.....

By March 30, 2011, *The Coast* reported that the entire cost for the Oval in 2011 would be \$3.75 million, with costs being around \$1.4 million in 2012 to transfer the Oval from a temporary rink to a permanent one.

In December 2011, local journalist John Wesley Chisholm broke the finances down even further. On his Tumblr account, Chisholm stated that with roughly 44.5 days of skating a year on the Oval—with 100,000 skaters hitting the Oval in 2011 (at about 2,247 skaters on the Oval per day)—the actual cost equaled \$15 per skater per usage, as opposed to the previously estimated less than \$1 a visit.

That all being said, the city of Halifax is doing its part to get some of us curmudgeons on board with the Oval. The city is currently hosting an online survey to gain information about the Oval's current use and asks for ways to improve it. Citizens are able to vote on a variety of possible summer uses for the Oval, including road hockey, bicycling, ultimate Frisbee and inline skating. They also have a section where you can vote on architectural styles for the permanent facilities that will occupy the space around the Oval, which will be a welcome change from the white trailers that currently rest on the Commons.

These are all steps in the right

direction and I urge the citizens of Halifax to vote and share their comments on how to improve the Oval as it progresses toward a permanent structure.

But that being said, it's still slightly alarming to see the amount of city money already spent on a project that still has a ways to go before it becomes a permanent fixture.

Hopefully by this time next year we'll all be gearing up for some spring and summer fun on the Emera Oval, as opposed to waiting another nine months to get a few skates in. ☺

The Oval looks better than last year, but there is still room for improvement.

••• Photo by Angela Gzowski

Correction

In last week's opinions piece "Don't block my views" by Ben Wedge, Dale Godsoe was inaccurately labeled as "he" instead of "she." The *Gazette* apologizes for this error. The online version of the article has since been corrected.

You can vote on the Emera Oval's future usage at www.Halifax.ca/Surveys/index.html





BRAUN OVER BRAIN

The first overturned doping case in MLB history raises some eyebrows

Justin Hartling
Opinions Contributor

Do you remember the times when, if someone was proven innocent in court, they didn't have to deal with constant accusations and people doubting their credibility?

No? Me neither. But that whole cynical nature gets multiplied when you are talking about celebrities and professional athletes.

Milwaukee Brewer Ryan Braun made history recently when he became the first MLB player to test positive for drug use and have the ruling overturned, on what many are calling a technicality.

See, when Braun gave his sample, it wasn't sent to the lab for two days because testing took place before the weekend—even though the MLB's drug agreement says "the specimens should be sent by FedEx to the laboratory on the same day they are collected."

Would two days of a sample sitting in the wrong location change the result of the test? I have no idea, but this was a rule the testers clearly did not follow.

Though Braun, last year's National League MVP, escaped a 50-game suspension, the decision has been met with mixed reactions.

Sports columnist Paola Boivin said in an article published in the *Arizona Republic* that, "We're losers, every one of us" because of Braun's acquittal and what that says for future dopers.

The worst comment by far was published anonymously in the *Bleacher Report* by a member of the New York Mets, who said: "Ryan Braun is out there saying this shows he is innocent. Does that mean O.J. Simpson is innocent, too?"

Are we really going to compare Ryan Braun going to a court hearing and pleading his case as being remotely comparable to O.J. Simpson being accused and acquitted of murdering his wife? Is that honestly what the best comparison is?

But that's not to say everyone in the sports world was against Braun for his case being dismissed.

Gabe Feldman, the director of the Tulane Sports Law program tweeted, "Chain of custody a technicality? It's critical to fair drug policy, and is

mentioned 33 times in the MLB drug policy."

A friend of Braun's, Green Bay Packers quarterback Aaron Rodgers, tweeted: "MLB and cable sports tried to sully the reputation of an innocent man, Picked the wrong guy to mess with. Truth will set u free."

Now apparently there is even a "Ryan Braun Defence" for other athletes being charged with doping.

DJ Williams, a linebacker for the Denver Broncos, was suspended six games in to the 2012 season for his urine coming back "non-human." His legal council is now blaming the specimen collector.

Here is the thing about all this drama and hatred over Braun becoming the first person in baseball history to overturn a doping case: the MLB has a loophole in their agreement. Is that Braun's fault? No. That rests solely on the shoulders of the MLB. Should the MLB tighten up the legal jargon in the drug policy? Yes. But everybody needs to put it behind them; Braun was proven innocent.

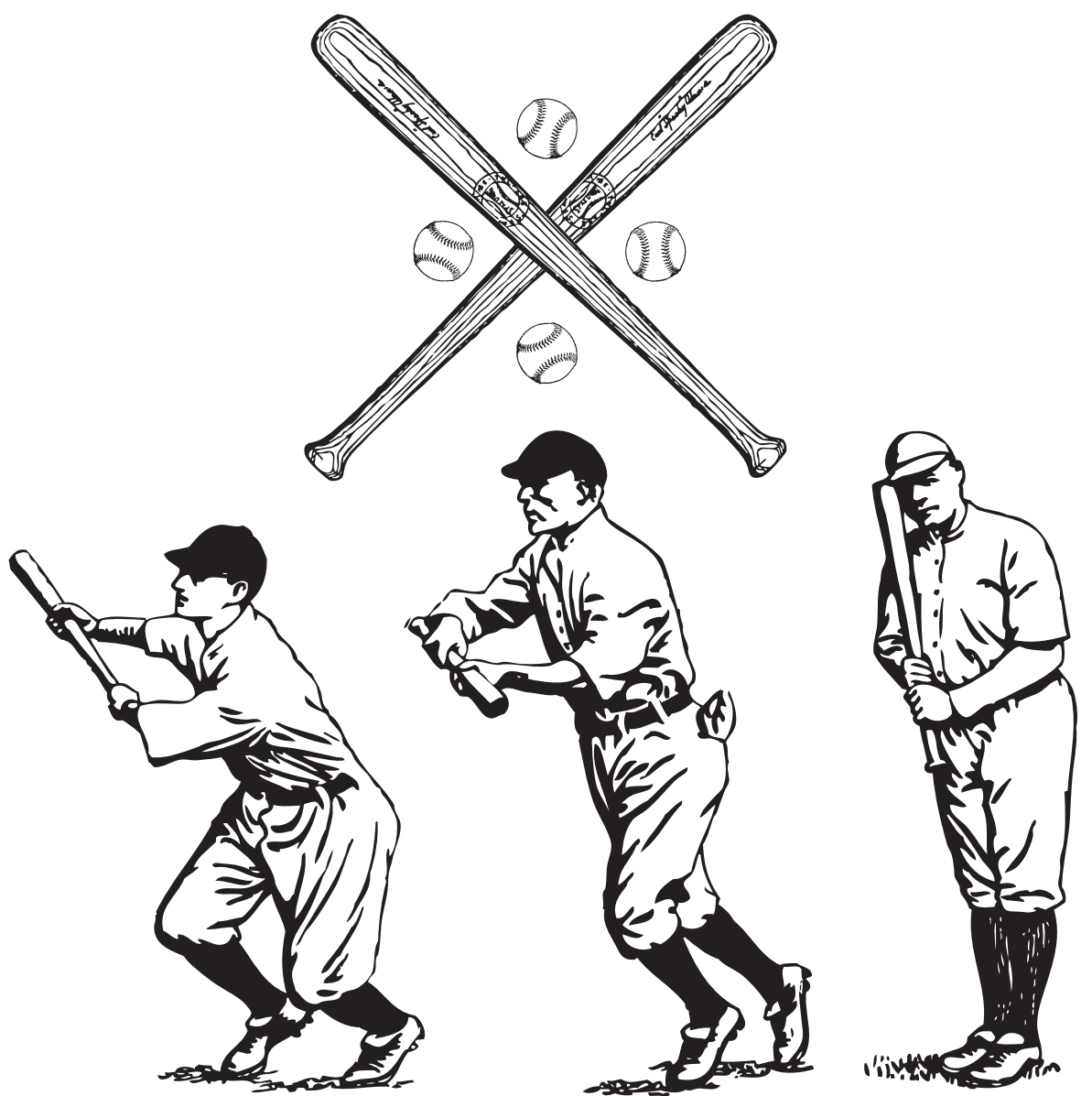
People should just leave Braun alone and let him play baseball. Let's face it: the Brewers are probably going to win the AL central without much competition—especially since the St. Louis Cardinals just lost Albert Pujols—and almost everybody will forget this ever happened.

It just really upsets me that courtroom decisions mean nothing. At one time it would be innocent until proven guilty, but now it seems you're considered guilty regardless of the outcome. Everybody just keeps speculating and pointing the finger at Braun, but at the end of the day he was found innocent. He is still last year's NL MVP and one of the best players in all of baseball. People are so quick to discredit all of these accomplishments because he was accused of something that was discredited in court, and I think that it's ridiculous. He earned his accomplishments on the field and that is where people should judge him.

And just an update on Braun: his first at bat during spring training was a two-run home run. Keep that up and we will all forget this doping drama soon enough. ☹

YERRRRR OUT!

••• Photo via pictures-of-men.blogspot.ca



Final fantasy

Why fantasy sports are kind of stupid

Matthew Ritchie
Opinions Editor

As I write these words, I'm pretty psyched. Seven days from now I will participate in my annual Yahoo Fantasy Baseball draft. What will follow will be seven months of rampant smack talking, bogus trades that would never occur in the real MLB, and a little bit of gambling.

My girlfriend is also going to get angry with me way more often than usual, as I'll be spending every free moment checking baseball stats, hunting for unknown ball players and checking the scores of games between baseball teams I've never really cared about before.

I can't say I really blame her. Fantasy baseball (and fantasy sports in general) is probably one of the stupidest activities you can take part in. But for some reason, it seems all of my friends in university are into it.

For those who don't know what fantasy baseball is, let me explain. Fantasy baseball essentially answers the question: "What would you do if you were a baseball manager?" Who would you draft if every major league player were available to you? Would your team be pitching dominant or batting heavy? Would you name your team something derogatory, or would you name them after a baseball player, or both (my brother's team is called Hamels' Toes after Phillies pitcher Cole Hamels and, well, you know)? Fantasy baseball gives you the sense of control in what is otherwise a spectator sport, which is probably why everyone seems to like it so much.

But that doesn't mean it isn't stupid.

Take for instance my current 12-person league: nine out of the 12 people have played baseball most of their lives, with a few of them even coaching professionally. Then there are three other fans of the sport in our league (including myself) who don't actually play the game.

You would think that the people who actually understand the game of baseball from personal experience would play the best in a fantasy league, but that's not the case. Last year I got second place in my league, winning \$140, and to be honest, I knew barely anything about baseball going into it. In fact, I drafted most of my players based on name recognition from N64's *Ken Griffey Jr. Slugfest*, a game that came out 13 years ago (which is why I drafted Vladamir Guerrero, even though he is awful).

Yet, for whatever reason, I came second in my league against a bunch of dudes who teach kids how to field for a living.

The reason is simple: fantasy sports somehow make spectator sports more interesting by breaking events down mathematically. It's basically like the nerds the jocks bullied in high school are now enacting their revenge by somehow knowing more about a sport than the athletes who play them.

You no longer have to understand how to play the game; you just have to be OK at statistical analysis.

But for whatever reason, fantasy sports leagues have become a common part of our society. U.S. television channel FX's premier comedy,

The League, is a series centered on a workplace fantasy football league. Then there is the Academy Award-nominated film *Moneyball*, and the book by Michael Lewis on which it's based. *Moneyball* is based on the statistical analysis of the sport by baseball hobbyists (which actually led to the creation of fantasy baseball in the first place) and how the Oakland Athletics used that information to their benefit.

But that was a professional baseball team. Me, my 11 league members, and the hundreds of thousands of baseball fans who join fantasy leagues every year are not professional managers, and we're pretty unlikely to win very much money by playing these fantasy teams. (In fact, for the amount of hours we spend piling through all these stats, we probably make less than 50 cents an hour every time we win in one of our leagues).

For the amount of time and effort we put into this game, you'd think we must love the sport. But as I pour over statistics of players I've never even seen play before (Zack Cozart?) and team reports of teams I really don't care about (the Royals), I have to ask myself: do I really like this sport, or am I just doing random mathematical equations to win a bit of money?

The answer is probably the money. If that's the case, why am I not just playing the stock market? ☹

Ahh, the days when baseball had fat guys and nerds kept their noses out of MLB.

••• Illustration via vintagevectors.com



Erica Eades Arts Editor

g *Dystopian satire in a brave new medium*
MARGARET ATWOOD EMBRACES THE DIGITAL SINGLE

Andrew Mills
 Arts Contributor

Margaret Atwood's latest story *I'm Starved For You*—a 44-page short story, published electronically on Byliner.com—begins with the discovery of a love note. The note is punctuated by a purple lipstick kiss, the gaudy imprint of everything missing from Stan's life.

Stan is a part of the machinery of Consilience, a rapidly expanding program in the prison industrial complex where citizens escape the crumbling outside world to volunteer for rotating shifts as labourers, guards and inmates in exchange for "gainful employment, three wholesome meals a day, a lawn to tend...A Meaningful Life." It's a world where Bing Crosby is allowed, but heavy metal is not, a pre-colour Pleasantville of middle class benefits that mute the spectrum of primal and spiritual colour.

This satirical setting might be the Harper government's alarming prison expansion policy taken to its dystopian conclusion. It makes me wonder if Atwood has glimpsed the recent graph online illustrating how the \$200,000 plus it costs taxpayers to keep an inmate locked up for two years could pay for a child's primary through post-secondary education.

I'm Starved For You plays out like the dark punchline to a joke that disturbs more than entertains. There's great humour in the dialectic between penal comfort and Dionysian destruction, and like the best speculative-fiction writers, Atwood allows the hubris of both to play out in her characters. Especially clever is the cheerful contradiction of Charmaine, Stan's "perky, bland" housewife with "safe teeth" (like Orwell's Julia, member of the Junior anti-sex league yet self-proclaimed "rebel from the waist down"), whose

appearance might just front a creature of darker impulses. Atwood suggests that institutional repression and self-destructive desire are intertwined in a series of fatal reactions, sometimes contained inside the same skull.

Atwood's brush can be thick, smearing the post-apocalyptic world outside Concilience as one "crawling with black mold...in a stench-filled trailer dumped in a nothingland where you'd spend the nights beating off feral dead-eyed teenagers armed with crowbars and broken bottles who were ready to murder you for a handful of cigarette butts." Atwood wants to be anathema to the language of public relations, to religious, political or economic gloss; and, in weird ways throughout her career, she's kept the voice of vital outsider. Now, her mid-life adoption of social media comes with the older, wiser perspective of a digital immigrant.

The story starts with a note, because in a binary age, real paper is dangerous, erotic. I think Atwood might view her story similarly—a shot in the arm to younger writers and a contribution to what, in an interview for Byliner.com, she calls "the short fiction revival that's taking place online." Since I don't have an e-reader, I read it off my laptop screen, a decidedly non-sexy experience, but I won't complain.

Atwood has been productive lately, writing against the clock—whether of her own mortality or of social collapse doesn't matter. She has ensured that neither her work, nor the short story itself, become mere museum pieces. **g**

Atwood embraces the digital format for short story.
 ••• Photo by Jim Allen



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sense. Nobody said a word. The room was small, smaller than the other room she'd been in so far. She **g** knew the grey steel had eyes.

STREET INTERVIEW

What do you read?

by Jonathan Rotsztain and Angela Gzowski



"BBC News and my email"

Zaharaa Abdulhussain
1st-year science



"Endless scientific papers"

David Adams
4th-year biology



"My textbooks"

Arnold Hamilton
3rd-year management



"FYP books"

Hamzeh Hadad
Foundation Year Programme



"Facebook"

Yuan Xue
1st-year commerce



"Course work and the newspaper"

Norma Livingstone
Information management master



"Health and fitness texts"

Jessica Shannon
1st-year arts



"The Chronicle Herald"

Katie Hanlon
4th-year science



"Your mind"

Abdurrahman Gattous
2nd-year computer science

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ours by not beings ours

Saturday mornings with the guys
 he'd tell bed-sheet war stories.
 I'd ask something like how'd she taste anyway
 and we'd crack all into fits
 like brunch comrades or brothers.

Picking her up, he'd take me -- all pithy chest
 and split knees -- and she'd wonder
 who's side I was on, I'm sure. I'd tell racist jokes and he'd snort
 hard at me with his eyes
 on her like something wild.

Later crowded in a drunken doorway: he'd find
 the crook of my belly hiding
 under my breasts and slip his fingers over the trigger
 like he'd known all along
 that I too was an enemy.

—Kelly Larkin Conway ••• Photo by dbking via flickr



Queerness of the Whole Damn Thing

Too easy. It was too easy. A ladder lead us to the roof;
 a quick kick sent it down and hid it in the bushes. No
 lights on the south side. Jay used the crowbar to unclasp
 one of the skylights while I prepared and suited up in the
 harness. Alarm wasn't armed, our luck and the museum
 guard's stupidity. Saturday night. Everyone was out but
 nobody saw.

Down we went, rope cutting into the flesh of our soft
 hands. Moonlight shone on our faces. No gloves, no
 masks, didn't need them. Our harnesses hit the ceramic
 floor with a clang. Left them and moved out of the atrium,
 past tall fossilized dinosaurs and down a dark narrow hall-
 way. We signed the guestbook; a signature we had used so
 much.

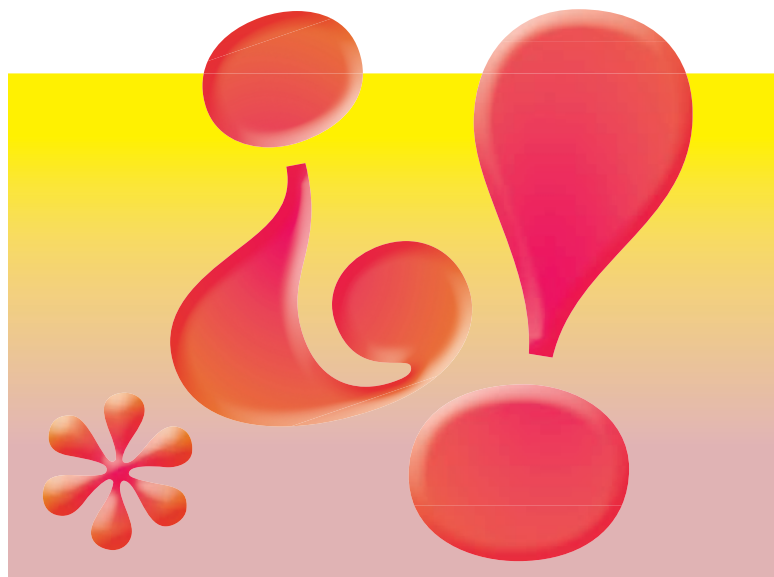
The guard rounded the corner with his light. Jay came
 out of the shadows with the crowbar and hit the old man
 on the head and he fell back and landed on a glass display
 glass, smashing it. I shot him with my honestly bought
 pistol. Chest wound, missed the heart. Hurt more dignity
 than anything.

I grabbed a few paintings off the wall and threw them to
 the floor as the museum guard started to die. Grabbed my
 small can of kerosene and drenched the paintings with it
 and then threw a match, igniting them. Thousands of dol-
 lars burned away in minutes. We didn't need it.

When the cop came, I was out of kerosene and prepar-
 ing a blast charge to exit the building. The cop grabbed me
 roughly by the arm and pointed his gun at Jay, who was
 prepared to make a run for it.

"Hey, wait a minute!" the officer said as he let go of my
 arm almost instantly. "You're the CEO for that bank. And
 you, you're that millionaire that ran that Ponzi Scheme!
 You know what? Forget this. You gentlemen didn't mean
 to do any harm. Get outta here. I never saw you."

—Chad Durling ••• Illustration by Jonathan Rotsztain



UNTITLED

She could never quite figure it out:
 did the link descend to the left or the right?
 how big was the loop?
 and an ear—just like that?
 At the time, of course, she wasn't familiar
 with typography and its terminology.
 She was writing poetry—
 a limerick or an epic, maybe—
 for the sake of writing,
 pressing pencil to paper,
 carefully tracing the shape in every case.
 She moved slowly, deliberately across the lines,
 letter by letter, lending character to each.
 Yes, she thought, just like that.

—Gaeby Abrahams ••• Jonathan Rotsztain

Something Shameless

To write a bad poem and mean
 It, in love, is something shameless
 That tells a laughing at, a proverbial
 Fit, that to reject is not to redress:

That to me is, no less than eating
 Good food and liking it for its shape,
 The mood that wanderers, bless'd and singular,
 Take when they tell you frankly:

What's good of leaving is coming home.
 So let me be frank,
 You still my love,
 This still a poem.

—Shane Bryson ••• via istock





FEBRUARY AFTERNOON, NEAR TAMPA

unsteady – but not quite anxious – from the limp of this deck furniture’s scuff-addled vantage, this small, prefab balcony’s whitewashed aluminum rails: strobe-frames the inflatable beach slide’s flaccid blue end-of-day posturing – captures everything here, uneasy; collapsing; folding in, on itself. and there is near nothing as far as wave action goes; the water sleepily-dimpled, the gulf a sun-soaked newsprint facsimile of overworked Levi’s. afternoon’s now a breezy, disinterested sigh; nameless near palms struggle to grab the air’s pay. checked, the view’s a strip-mall waffle house, segmented and greasy; you can’t un-stick your eyes’ thick lids for all the air’s syrup. the beer’s not quite warm. this, it would seem, is america. you sit here. you lounge in a favourite shirt worn and washed once too often – the seams ready to give, but no one’s willing to wager, just now, on quite how.

—Matt Robinson ••• Photo by Jonathan Rotsztain



Slugs

I cannot think of anything worse than being born into this world as a slug. It’s because of this that I kill any slug I see. Life didn’t give them a chance. Slugs crawl around on their bellies, trailing goop and constantly sloshing around in their own mucus. Who wants to live like that? Plus, they’ll probably get reincarnated as something better anyway.

Hi, my name is Caroline. I’m nine. I’m fat. These are just facts. Don’t think I’m self-loathing or something. I think more people should follow my lead and put those poor slugs out of their misery.

Mrs. Friedrich (that’s my teacher’s name) seemed to think my concern for the slugs was concerning. All I did was grab all the saltshakers from the tables in the cafeteria and empty them into the tub of slugs my fourth grade class had collected for science class. What I overheard Vince Levine planning to do with them, during science class, would only be adding insult to injury.

But I’m not crazy. Most days, if I’m not gazing out the window, waiting for the recess or lunch bell, I’m gazing at Tommy Dietrich, waiting for the recess or lunch bell. There’s just something about the ruffled black hair on the back of Tommy’s head that just helps the hours go faster.

Finally, the end of day bell rings. I pick up my Hello Kitty backpack (I hate it) and slip on my Power Rangers boots (I love them). As I’m walking down the sidewalk towards my house Vince Levine comes up behind me with his group of friends. They do this almost every day now.

Vince shoves me down into the grass, laughing, and reminds me not to jump off of anything too high. I’m so fat I might cause an earthquake when I hit the ground. I’m fat. It’s just a fact. It can’t hurt me. Soon their laughing ends and they keep walking, leaving me alone.

Lying there on the ground, with my face in the grass and specks of dirt lodged in my nose, I spot a slug. A stupid, insignificant, mucus coated slug. I slowly get up, brush myself off, and lift my foot over the goopy slug.

“Caroline?”

The sound of Tommy’s voice catches me by surprise, freezing me with one foot poised above the slug. He’s standing there, soft faced and with his wide blue eyes. I’m so caught up in those deep lakes that I don’t even notice what he’s holding in his hands.

Gripped by the stems as if he’s afraid they might float away, he holds two dandelions. Their yellow heads seem overly vibrant, as if coated with paint. Tommy thrusts the dandelions towards me.

I take the flowers from his hand and for the briefest moment our fingers brush each other’s. He suddenly lights up red like a traffic light and thrusts his hands in his pockets.

“Those guys should leave you alone. They’re...” Tommy struggles to find the word.

I’m right there to save the day. “Jerks.”

“Yeah,” Tommy nodded. “Jerks.”

Then Tommy starts walking again, leaving me there with legs that feel like jelly. I’m still clutching the dandelions. My mom will tell me they’re weeds and that I shouldn’t keep them in my room. But she’s wrong. They’re the most beautiful flowers in the world.

I look down to where the slug has left a gooey trail of slime across the grass, sliding its way along. I consider lifting my foot again and putting it out of its misery.

But somehow, today, I don’t really feel like it.

—Ross Chiasson ••• Photo by jalbum via mindhive

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Raging Waters

The windows shook and rattled as the over-powering winds off the Atlantic Ocean blew inwards towards the rickety old cabin she had since long called home. The storm had worsened greatly since the previous morning. It seemed as though, ever so suddenly, the distilled calm it had taken her nearly over a year to reach had been snatched away with the mere pulsing of the thunder and the rage of the ocean waves.

She could feel the cool air seeping in underneath the doorway. With each catch of chill, she could feel her bones grow more and more frigid. The cold had never been a friend to her.

As she rummaged through the linen closet in search of a blanket, her mind couldn't help but wander back to the earlier days. The days where the sounds of footsteps and laughter filled every nook and cranny of her house and of her mind. The days where finding a moment of peace and quiet solitude for even 5 minutes was a blessing all in itself.

The days where loneliness and silence weren't the only source of company.

Shaking her mind free of the past, she reached for the sheepskin quilt buried beneath towels and wash clothes that had long since been used. Wrapping her frail figure tightly beneath it, she wandered over to the window – the glass blurred with fat and heavy raindrops.

Raising a palm to the glass, her frail fingers began to wipe against the condensation, hoping she'd be able to squint through the rain and grey fog to better see the ocean.

The waves that have been so inviting merely a day before had seemed to undergo a true metamorphosis all of their own. They crushed against the shoreline, one after the other. The once tranquil waters now seemed to be breathing as though they had a life of their very own. An angry and vengeful life. One that took anything and anyone who stood in their way.

For several minutes, she peered out the window, staring at this scene. It was one that nearly a year ago, she had grown all too familiar with. As she continued to gaze out upon this natural war, of water and of wind, once again she couldn't help but wander back to the earlier days. The days

where the sounds of the footsteps and laughter of her and Harold's children filled every nook and cranny of her house—their house.

She knew that one day her children would grow older and leave her and Harold. Onto new chapters and new adventures. But she would never be alone as long as they were together.

Gazing out the window for one final moment, quiet tears began to roll down her wrinkled and weathered face. The distilled calm it had taken her nearly over a year to reach had been snatched away with the mere pulsing of the thunder and the rage of the ocean waves.

The waters were breathing a life of their very own. An angry and vengeful life. One that would take anything and anyone who stood in their way. Just as they had nearly a year ago.

Loneliness and silence were not supposed to be the only source of company.

She was supposed to have Harold.

—Kendall Erickson

••• Photo by Jon Sullivan
via public-domain-image.com



The New York God

Mary was walking as quickly as she could down the sidewalk. Her boss had kept her later than usual. Even with the late dismissal, Mary had still been sent home with a pile of papers. She checked her phone: 5:03. She was late. Picking up her pace, she began moving as fast as her heels would allow. She could still make it.

It started six months ago. Leaving early from work, Mary had decided to take the nicer route home. It was within the first few minutes, she found herself at the top of Wall St. There, Mary had stopped in her tracks and witnessed the movement of the most beautiful man she had ever seen. She felt the breath leave her body. The man was an ad already air-brushed for a magazine. He couldn't be human; he was supernatural—a God. Seconds stretched to hours as he glided past. And then he was gone. Suddenly everyone around her was ugly. Who could compare with that man?

A few days later, Mary left work early again. Upon reaching Wall St, she saw him once more: the most beautiful man in the world. It wasn't long before Mary found herself leaving work early as much as she could. Waiting for this man every day at 5:03 had become ritual.

One day, about two months later, Mary found herself dawdling around Wall St when she noticed someone else: she was a smaller woman, with short, pixie-cut hair. As the most beautiful man in the world swept past, she and this tiny woman made eye-contact. The woman put her hand to her heart and sighed. From that day forward, Mary began noticing that everyday at about 5:03, this woman made an appearance in her life as well.

It wasn't until a month later that they spoke to one another. Mary was at a gala of sorts when there, in a bright red gown, she saw her: the man's other follower. Mary was unsure of what to do at first: She didn't even know the woman's name, but she couldn't pass up meeting her. So she tapped her on the shoulder. The woman spun around and let out a laugh.

"I'm Lisa!"

"Mary."

It took all of three minutes for the two women to bond. Mary dis-

covered that Lisa too, took the long route home from work to see the man each afternoon. "He's not a man," she explained, "he's a God".

After that night they began meeting up together to watch for the man. They'd stand on the sidewalk and chat until they saw him. Mary decided to bring coffee's one day, and after seeing their man, they found a nearby bench to sip them. This too, became ritual.

Mary had reached Wall St. Where was Lisa? Had she missed her?

"Mary!" She heard through the crowd. Lisa was standing across the road, waving. But then she looked different. Her eyes were wider, she looked like she wanted to point but couldn't. Mary could have recognized that look anywhere; it must mean that somewhere nearby, the man was—

Mary's papers went flying everywhere.

"I'm so sorry!" came a heavenly voice. Mary froze. She had collided with a God. She wanted to say something, but she couldn't. "Here," he bent down and began scraping the papers together. "I think that's everything, sorry again," he said, handing the papers back to her.

"That's okay," Mary managed squeak. The man grinned and walked away. Mary turned to face Lisa, still standing across the street, dumbfounded. Mary crossed to the other side.

"Oh. My. God. You talked to him. You touched him! Oh my God!" Lisa exclaimed. Mary was still in shock. That was the last time that she ever saw the man.

The next day, Mary found herself leaving late from work again. In light of what had happened yesterday, Mary wasn't paying much attention as she crossed the road, for she was too busy hoping that she and the man would make eye-contact. It was on that day that Mary got hit by Claus, a cab-driver, decided to take a call while driving. It was on that day that Mary got hit by Claus, and it was also on that day that Mary met Joel, the man lying next to her in the hospital. He wasn't New York's God, but he was soon to become Mary's.

—Dana Hall

••• Photo by zoonabar via flickr

Betty



The respirator hummed and clicked away
a percussion ensemble, beating the rhythm of life

Huroooooom-click Huroooooom-click

She lay wrapped in her favorite linens
The warm embrace of her memories
Filled the room
Swirling and dancing with the somber music

Huroooooom-click Huroooooom-click

My mothers hand on her arm
She lets out a soft murmur
With no words, she speaks the love of a lifetime
Lyrics to the swelling composition

Huroooooom-click Huroooooom-click

The nurse hands us pictures
Flooded in from relatives in Scotland
Trembling hands sift softly through the photos
Distant performers in her life's orchestra

Huroooooom-click Huroooooom-click

Her body is frail,
A baby bird in its nest
Her spirit chirps the melodies
Learned in the morning of her life

Huroooooom-click Huroooooom-click

Later that day she would pass
Leaving an echo of her kindness
A sweet song of sorrow
Playing eternally in our hearts

—Brodie Robbins ••• Lisa via vector.net



Paris, 1968

Jean-Pierre ran down the hot streets, his boots clacking on cobblestone beneath him. People were shouting all around him, attracting more and more people as the roar of the crowd grew larger and louder. Panicked, he slipped down an alleyway and kept running. The brick walls of Paris folded in around him and isolated him from the chaos out on the streets.

He stumbled to a stop and tried to catch his fleeting breath. His legs felt like jelly and his whole body shook as he stood with his hands on his knees and panted, sucking in muggy air polluted with the anger of a whole nation. He looked around the tiny courtyard he'd wound up in. It was a cool, secluded corner of Paris, full of shade but not emersed in shadow. Jean-Pierre was just thinking to himself that it would be a nice place to come and read when he was interrupted by a loud clang.

A young man, to whom Jean-Pierre was probably a few years junior, stumbled out into the courtyard through a group of garbage cans carrying a brick in his hand. He swore as he flailed about, trying to balance himself. When he noticed Jean-Pierre, looking as startled as an atheist at the pearly gates, the young man hurriedly gathered himself. With a great smile spread over his face, the young man caught his breath and stood up straight.

"Je m'appelle Max!" He declared boldly. "Comment t'appelle?"

"Je...Jean-Pierre!" Jean-Pierre sputtered. Max scrunched up his face, as if he were thinking very hard about something, until he cheerfully said that he liked the name. He then let himself fall to the ground, his legs spread out in front of him and a look of content on his face. Jean-Pierre glanced at the brick, still in Max's hand. The corner was chipped off, a clean break. Jean-Pierre thought for a moment that maybe it had been broken smasing a police barricade. Or perhaps a policeman.

A loud crash echoed down the alleyway from the street

and Max grinned widely.

"Es tu prêt pour le revolution?"

Jean-Pierre asked him what revolution. Max simply hit his brick against the ground in a big flamboyant gesture. Jean-Pierre looked at him in confusion, waiting for an explanation. Max just kept staring up at the sky. Max said that he had found it too cold that morning and he was glad the sun was finally coming out. He shut his eyes and turned his face up expectantly. After a while he opened one eye and looked around the courtyard. Noticing that a sunbeam had fallen on the ground a few feet away from him, he laughed to himself. Then, in a quiet voice that sent a shiver down Jean-Pierre's spine, he said

"France sera le centre du monde encore."

When Jean-Pierre asked what he meant, Max explained that nobody wasn't thinking about France during the Revolution. They had reinvented politics and changed the way people saw their leaders and they'd do it all again right here.

"Nous, comme, les français?"

"Non." Said Max as he rose to his feet and looked at Jean-Pierre with a look so jubilant and frightening it was as if the very birth place of chaos was behind his eyes, "Tu et moi."

With that, Max tossed the brick at Jean-Pierre. It flew across the courtyard, headed straight for Jean-Pierre's chest. He caught it and stumbled back, lost his balance and fell on his behind. He squeezed his eyes shut and winced until he became aware of something looming over him. He opened his eyes and looked up into Max's grinning face, his smile seemingly no longer fitting in his head.

"Ici est ton billet de vote."

—Michael Wohlfahrt

••• Liberty leading the People by Eugène Delacroix



GLASSON BAR

St. Sunday becomes the bloom of my eye;
we follow on highs and smoky nights,
in bars, the sidewalk, the silver rain.

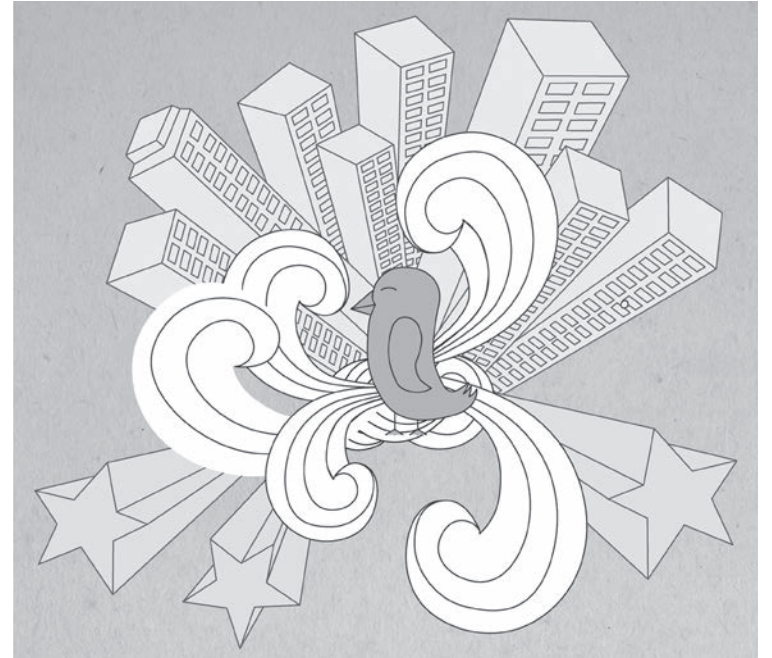
Then again, I help myself to the vanities, the proof—
I've wasted my time trailing coffee rings
and muddled bassoons.

Three blockades present themselves, the golden three:
the taken, the departed,
and the not-yet-arrived.

Faceless, I encourage the red stains further.
She whispers:
"Incomplete hours. Another."

—Brett Bell

••• via stainexpert.blogspot.ca



The Gentle Bird Weeps

The gentle bird flies the earth
In search of what is right
It glides among the most beautiful things
But never stays the night

Everyone knows this gentle bird
But no one as much as me
The bird; so nice, so naïve
Is trying just to be

Except one day a man came by
Killed the bird and had it stuffed
Because that poor little bird
Was just never quite enough

So until this very day
While every man earns his keep
If you try hard enough
You hear one little bird start to weep

—Seth Earle ••• Illustration by iamyung via freevector.com



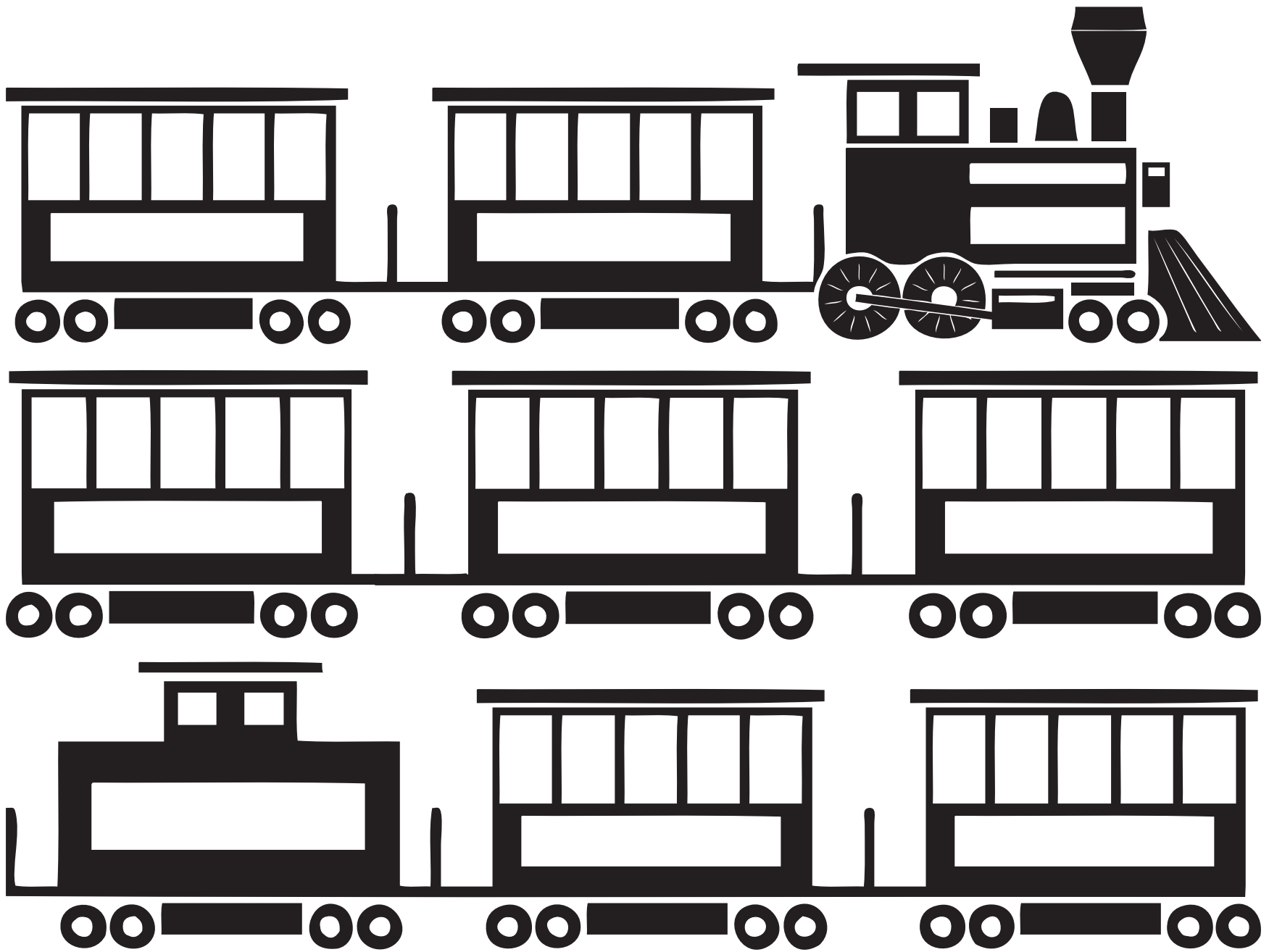
The Lover in the Mirror

That Lover in the mirror—
If he is my second-half I wonder.
I talk to you and you talk to me;
I wave my hand and you wave your hand;
We visit us in our rooms alike.
Oh both of our worlds are just the same!

...I kiss you, touch you, but coldness prevails...

Or are both of our worlds just different?
That place beyond your room I'll never know;
I wave my right and you wave your left;
I breathe out my words, but can't hear yours.
Am I his second-half would he wonder—
That Lover in the mirror?

—Adrian Lacson ••• Photo by dherrera_96 via flickr



Seen from the Window-seat of a Saskatchewan Train at Night

The train crawled down the tracks into the prairie dark. From his window-seat, Jimmy could see little – the blur of gravel and shrubbery, fleeting and anonymous, shown in a dim light. But there was nothing out there anyhow. A lot of empty sky. Even in the daytime there was nothing; a great space for birds to fly and men to watch their dogs run, never losing sight. No place for any man, really, even a man with a dog and some money. When he looked out he saw only the ground rushing past him, while he sat still in his sleep-resistant chair. After two days on a train, a chair becomes that. Any sane person would rather sit on the floor, in dirt and abandoned footprints.

“Hi.” The voice of a young woman forced its way into his thoughts. She smiled a wide-lipped smile.

He pretended not to see or hear.

“Hey there.”

Only a moment passed... “Hi.”

“I’m Fagia.”

Silence. *Chug-a-chug-a-chug-a...* The train stutters in the gap.

“Where are you going?”

“Saskatoon.”

“What’s in Saskatoon?” Her eyes shone obsidian, a shining he’d have thought impossible but that he saw. He still thought it impossible, and looked away.

“Same damn thing that’s in Halifax.”

After a few more moments, “What’s that?”

“Hard to say... Why so curious?”

“I like to ask people about themselves,” she blurted defensively, finally giving up. She blushed deep red and he felt a certain satisfaction.

Jimmy went back to looking out the window into the dark. He noticed his reflection staring back at him, a ghost of himself. He smiled and frowned half-heartedly, hoping to feel even vaguely animated.

“Don’t you?”

“What? Oh... Don’t I what?”

“Like to ask people about themselves, stupid.”

More interrogation. “No.” He tried to block out the annoying voice to his left, shifting his weight. Unable to find a comfortable position, he slowly drifted back to introspection. If Galvin could find him some work in Saskatoon, he would stay there a while. He had a comfortable couch. And they got along all right; Galvin could be trouble, though. He would be trouble. No choice, really. Jimmy was a calculating man, sure, but he had a knack for getting into bad places. “Aw, shit,” he muttered under his breath, resigned. Sometimes it could be tough to live with himself.

“Why not?” the voice interjected once again.

“Look lady...” his eyes were aflame for a moment, and she subtly recoiled, hers’ still shining. They were sweet, exuding darkness. Pushing it on him. He sighed. “Well fuck, lady, why should I care?” The question was impulsive, automatic, asked to fill a void that should have been filled with harsh words but somehow wasn’t. It was a mistake. His brow knitted as he anticipated the conversation with spite, running like the train, on and on, just making noise, stuttering nonsense, and on and on, heading nowhere, departing from his mistaken utterance.

“Oh, well... people have such juicy life stories, you know. You know? That guy over there works with underprivileged children. But just the wild kids. You know the ones. The guy beside him, he thinks Edmonton cops are crooks. He’s moving to Toronto to get away from crooked cops. Can you imagine?” she whispered. Jimmy couldn’t imagine. “The old man behind us plays harmonica soooo well, and bowled sixteen strikes in a row once. He has a newspaper article to prove it. You should ask him. He’s going to visit his mother in the hos-

pital and she’s over a hundred now. Skin cancer. The conductor is a pretty neat man too. He spends more time on the tracks than he does anywhere else. He just goes from one end of the country to the other, and then back. On the same tracks all the time. He’s kind of homeless in a way, you know. I mean, moving around like that all the time, he must never get to know anyone. No really good friends. No sex. I think that would be hard. Don’t you think? Just look around. All these people, thinking their own thoughts, with their own passions. Oh my God. It’s too much for me to even get. I’m freakin’ out. So many people. Like, there are over three hundred people on this train. And they are all going somewhere and there are so many different things that matter to each of them. You look like a thinker. God. I bet you think a lot, eh? Well, think about how much thinking is going on in this train right now. So much. Fuck. So many dreams – literally you know – so many people thinking strange things. And guess what. Everyone has a mom and dad, if not some other family too. And each one of them is thinking something too – probably something just as strange. That’s like three times the amount of people on this train, thinking. And then each one of them has a mother and father too, maybe. And then this train route runs every day. People get in and out. Oh. Too much!” She flapped her hands emphatically.

“Whoa, whoa. Jesus, girl! Where the hell are you from and what the fuck do you do there?”

“Oh, I’m from Yellowknife and I write for a newspaper. And people there say my pieces are too long, isn’t that so mean? And Grace, the editor, is always cutting my stuff down. Wait, I’m not really from Yellowknife. But pretty close. I live outside Yellowknife in a town called Fort Providence.”

“And how is that?”

“Cold, usually.”

“I bet. Sounds like hell. So I dunno about how they do things in Port Impotence, or whatever, but where I’m from people take hints. And I have been giving you hints.”

“Fffffff-or-tuh Puh-raw-vi-dence. And, you look. It’s not cold in hell. So you’re wrong about that. Asshole.” She was earnest.

The corners of Jimmy’s mouth, for just a moment, almost imperceptibly, defied gravity.

“Whoa, there Oscar. Is that a hint?”

Jimmy giggled like a little boy in spite of his sombre mood.

“Oo la la. And I thought you didn’t have a smile – and here you are with a full set of teeth, even.”

“Yeah, yeah. So I try not to make a habit of it. Is there a bar somewhere on this thing?”

“I’ll ask Charlie – um... I’ll ask the conductor. He told me that two nights ago he had to throw someone off because they were so drunk that...”

“Yeah, yeah. Drinks first. Drinks first.”

“Okay, I’m gonna go ask. Wait. I didn’t get your name yet.”

“Right. I’m Ike.”

“Ike. Ike? Short for...”

“Ichabod.”

“Wow. Your ma had some taste, eh?”

“Yeah. Some taste.”

Off in the distance, Jimmy saw a crackle of lightning in the dark sky. The long processions of cars and people, people and thoughts, thoughts and empty space, rolled indifferently into the storm, and then through it.

—Shane Bryson

••• Illustration by Coniac Publishing
via freestockphotos.biz



tunes review

Mike Stevens & Matt Andersen—*Push Record*



Simcha Walfish
Arts Contributor

The theme of *Push Record* is simplicity. The title track is meant to reflect how far Matt Andersen and Mike Stevens took this theme, the liner notes say: “The tune arrived in the rehearsal room so we just “Pushed Record.” It’s just two talented musicians, one with a harmonica, and the other alternating between acoustic and hollow-body electric guitar.

Escaping all the technological frills that alter the recorded product in a studio, the artists boast that “All the recording was live off the floor—no headphones, no overdubs, no edits

and no processing.”

The album was also, for better, as well as for worse, produced as quickly as artistically possible: written in five days, recorded in one day in Banff, and mixed the next. For better, because it manages to catch some of the sparks that fly when two gifted artists and friends come together, but for worse, because some of the lyrics could have used a bit of polishing. For example, “She doesn’t talk much/ But she’s always on time/ That girl is like a train” (“That Girl is Like a Train”).

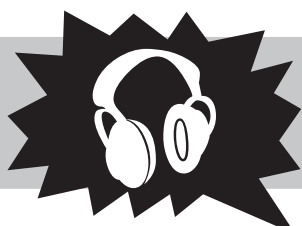
The record is the second collaboration between Perth-Andover, New Brunswick’s beloved blues guitarist Andersen and Ontario’s bluegrass

harmonica expert Stevens. The songs, all original and alternating regularly between slow and fast, are a mixture of blues and folk, with Andersen and Stevens drawing on their respective backgrounds.

It must have been a nasty winter in Alberta, because snow plows feature in the lyrics of not one, but two of the songs! The first, the opening track, “Snow Plow” is a pretty funky song, with instrumentals that are somewhat more satisfying than the chorus: “I’m a snow plow/ I can’t see in front of my face/ I’m a snow plow/ Gotta knock you outta your place.” The other is “Canadian Winter Blues.” The lyrics are a bit cheesy (“Sittin’

North of the border with these Canadian Winter Blues”), but it does get credit for being, almost certainly, among the first songs to ever attempt to rhyme the name of the North West Territories hamlet Tuktoyaktuk with anything (mukluk).

One of the best songs is “Pawnshop,” certainly the most convincing of the slow songs. The mournful tune then segues nicely into the very upbeat “The Mountain.” But, even though they were going low-tech, they didn’t exactly take it easy. Things got so heated in the studio that you can actually hear Andersen’s amp blowing up at the end of the last song. ☹



tunes review

WZRD—*Self-titled*



Matthew Ritchie
Opinions Editor

You got to hand it to these guys—WZRD is a pretty decent name for a rock band.

Made up of magic mushroom-inspired rapper Kid Cudi and producer Dot da Genius, *WZRD* is an album of psychedelic thrash and grungy riffs made by two hip hop luminaries as an ode to their Cleveland rock city.

For fans of Cudi’s molasses flow and spacey hip-hop, you may be surprised. *WZRD* is an album made up of not a single rap, with Kudi preferring to croon his way over guitar, bass and drums that Cudi and Dot da Genius recorded themselves.

But don’t worry; *WZRD* is nowhere

near as jarring of a hard rock project by a popular rapper as Lil’ Wayne’s *Rebirth*. Instead, *WZRD* seems to be an album made by two guys who truly love the rock music of the 90s and just happened to find careers in the hip-hop world.

Originally planning to record the album in one of the best studios they could afford, the pair regrouped wherever they could to put together *WZRD*, with the majority of the tracks being recorded on their tour bus and at Kid Cudi’s home. The result is a truly grungy-sounding record (which only becomes more clear when you open up the album and find Cudi in the liner notes wearing a cut-off jean jacket like an early 90s Bruce Dickinson).

But that doesn’t mean this album

is just straight ahead hard rock. “Dream Machine” is an intergalactic love song recorded in part with Australian psych rockers Empire of the Sun and recalls MGMT or Phil Collins. Then there are moments a hell of a lot darker on the record, like Cudi’s cover of “Where Did You Sleep Last Night?”, a haunting folk tune that emerged in the early 1900s and has been performed by Leadbelly and Nirvana. Thankfully, Cudi retains the song’s original nightmarish quality.

Critics will likely dismiss this album as being too off the wall, but there is something charming about Cudi and Dot da Genius being able pull off this kind of album so flawlessly.

But hey, 66,000 people can’t be wrong: the album debuted at #3 on the Billboard Top 200. ☹

.....
“But hey, 66,000 people can’t be wrong: the album debuted at #3 on the Billboard Top 200.”
.....

BUSES ARE BACK—AND SO ARE SHOPPING TRIPS

Rose Behar
Fashion Columnist

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One of the worst parts of the transit strike? Being confined to Park Lane Mall, Mills and downtown boutiques for a full 41 days of uninspired shopping. Unless you had an alternate mode of transportation, the Halifax Shopping Center, Bayer’s Lake, the Mic Mac Mall and Bedford were no longer in the picture.

But that all changed last week when, finally, our transit system was returned to us—and entirely free for a month, no less.

So now it’s time to take advantage of those free buses and go on a spring shopping trip extraordinaire. Round up your crew, set your budgets (if so inclined), wear comfortable, easy to remove clothes and get going on bulking up that new seasonal wardrobe.

It’s time to shop for the fun stuff: sandals, shorts and camisoles! I know, I can barely hold back my excitement either.

The last question that remains is, “Where are you going to go?” There are a few options for the savvy shopper, and each has their pros and cons.

Mic Mac Mall

The one reason to cross in to Dartmouth (joking, but not really), Mic Mac Mall is a glorious shopping destination. In terms of women’s fashion, it includes all the basics:

Dynamite, Smart Set, AE, Eclipse—everything you’d expect. But on top of that, there are some luxe options that are perfect for dressy nights, such as BCBCGMAXAZRIA. The Mic Mac also houses an H&M and a Winners/HomeSense, basic warehouses for any fashionista.

In terms of beauty and cosmetics, there is a Mac in The Bay, which is really all a girl can ask for.

And to top it all off, the food spread is not to be sniffed at. Two Starbucks and an East Side Mario’s? I salute you, Mic Mac. My fave has to be the Cinnabon, though, which welcomes you at the entrance with enticing pastry smells.

Halifax Shopping Centre

Maybe you’re looking for something a little quicker to access than the Mic Mac. Well, the Halifax Shopping Centre will work, too. It doesn’t have an H&M, Winner’s or BCBG, but it does have Club Monaco, in addition to basics such as Aldo, Hollister and Gap. They also have a Pennington’s/ Addition Elle, which is a nice touch if you’re looking for plus sizes.

Halifax Shopping Centre also excels in beauty and cosmetics, actually trumping Mic Mac Mall with not only Mac, but Sephora. They also have a Body Shop and a couple of nail parlours.

Its food array isn’t anything to write home about, but this mall does have an interesting bonus: it contains

the entrance to Fairlanes Bowling Centre. Interesting way to wrap up the day? No doubt.

Bayer’s Lake

Good old Bayer’s Lake. If you’re ready to do a little extra leg work, this is the perfect place for savings and a day out. Now, there is no real centralized mall or location for Bayer’s Lake; it’s what they call a “business park.” It’s sort of like an amusement park, but with retail—also known as every shopper’s dream.

Start off by hitting up outlets such as Le Chateau and Gap, where amazing deals are to be had at the handful—if you happen to find the right sizes.

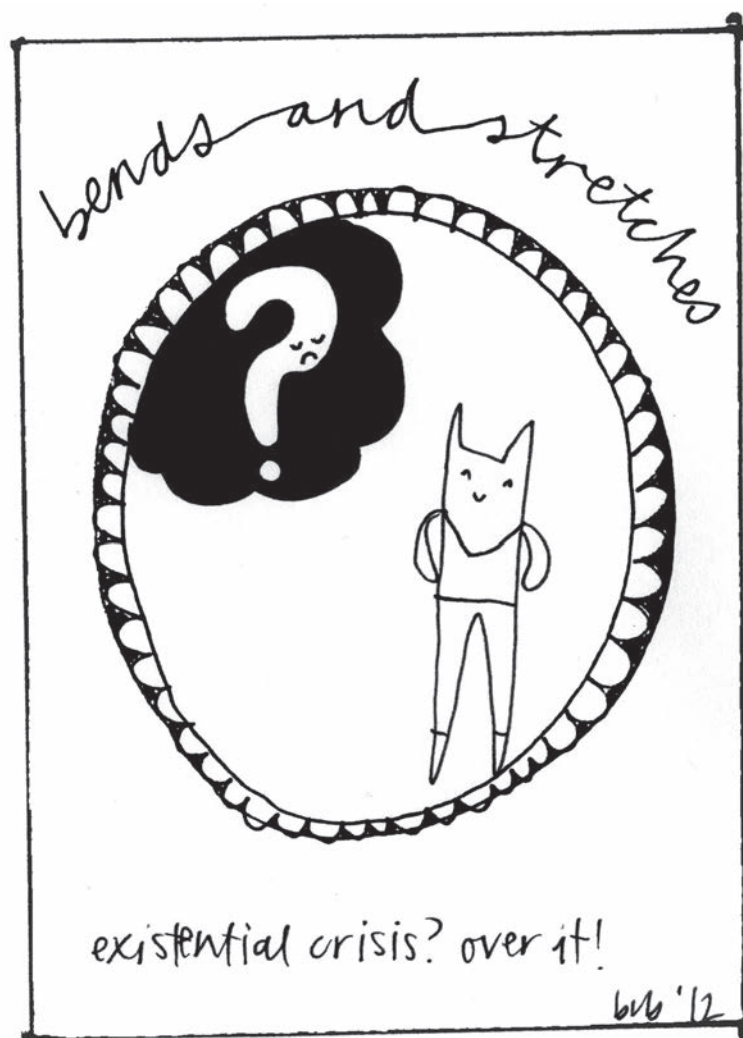
Next choose from a wide array of food options for lunch, from Boston Pizza to Swiss Chalet.

And of course, you can always end your day with a trip to the huge multi-cinema Empire Theatres.

Bedford

Now, this is a long shot, but if you’re looking for destination shopping, why not try beautiful Bedford? Bedford Place Mall is extremely small but oh-so-cute.

And, OK, to be truthful, the main reason to go is to grab lunch at the original Chickenburger, a super cute 50s-style diner, and walk around the quaint downtown. For a great day trip, it’s a perfect recommendation. ☹





Recognizing an athlete

When does the practice of retiring jerseys become too much?

Sam Burleton
Sports Contributor

If you're a varsity athlete at the University of King's College and want to wear the No. 7, you're out of luck.

The blue and white No. 7 soccer jersey of Matt Fegan is mounted to the rafters of the King's gymnasium. Pinned in a glass frame, the jersey hangs in one corner, adjacent to vin-

tage championship banners.

Retiring a uniform number is arguably the greatest individual honour an athlete can receive. It means the athlete's contribution was so highly appreciated no other person deserves to wear that number again.

The prestigious honour is generally bestowed when an athlete retires, but Fegan is an exception. His No. 7 was actually retired in the winter of

2004—before his 2005 graduation.

"I think the reason I was honoured was because I essentially put King's on the map [for athletics]," says Fegan in his thick British accent. "No one else has won a national (Canadian Collegiate Athletic Association) soccer MVP or an award of that magnitude before."

Today Fegan gives back to the school as an assistant coach of the men's soccer team.

"It's a bit surreal and crazy seeing my name up on the wall," chuckles the 29-year-old. "It brings back great memories of my playing days."

Over the last couple of years the sporting world's tendency to retire more numbers has grown.

According to Tom Van Riper's 2008 *Forbes* article, "It's A Numbers Game," "Finding a number for a new player joining the team was once the simplest of tasks. But it's getting tougher every year, as a growing stream of uniform numbers make their way from the locker room laundry pile to the outfield wall or rafters of the arena."

Teams and schools have their own selection criteria for retiring numbers. However, there tends to be one general theme: unmatched individual standards in athletic performance.

King's doesn't have a mandate for selecting who's worthy, but that's about to change if the school's athletic director Neil Hooper has his say.

"Matt Fegan is probably the most coveted athlete to come from King's, but we want to recognize other great athletes so retiring more numbers on the gym's walls will happen in the near future," says Hooper. "We will also be looking at athletes who we previously failed to recognize and look back through the school's athletic records to find candidates."

According to Hooper, the decision to retire more numbers is part of the athletic department's "special way to support and acknowledge our own."

Across the King's quad, Dalhousie has also reacted to this growing phenomenon.

Despite the recent decision to acknowledge standout athletes in the school's history by including them in the Dalhousie Sport Hall of Fame or the Dalhousie Hockey Wall of Fame, no numbers have been retired yet.

Despite bolstering an impressive athletic history and a hall of fame of their own, Saint Mary's has yet to retire any uniform numbers.

Nova Scotia Sports Hall of Fame executive director Bill Robinson believes it's a beneficial practice for universities and teams.

"Universities are retiring jerseys more than any other body," says Robinson.

"You're acknowledging achievements by individuals in their field of sports in their own time, which is special. It recognizes the stories of hard work, which is a good way for young people and other athletes to understand what it took to get there," he says.

The first ever number retired in professional sports was done in 1934 when the Toronto Maple Leafs recognized Ace Bailey's No. 3. Since then it has become a rite of passage for sports teams to honour great athletes by retiring their numbers.

But the custom has turned grim. Professional teams have undermined the retiring jerseys ceremony by sometimes using it as a marketing tool to garner more revenue and media attention. The selection and nomination criteria have also been simplified, leading to an increase in

bizarre retirement ceremonies. This has raised eyebrows and left sparse number choices for some teams.

One recent example of the lunacy behind retiring jersey numbers is Besiktas, a professional basketball team from Turkey. They recently retired the number of New Jersey Nets guard Deron Williams after he played a mere 15 games for the team while the NBA endured a lockout at the start of this season.

Back at home, Fegan welcomes the possibility of more retired numbers but says King's must be cautious.

"Of course I think people should have their numbers retired, but they have got to make sure they've earned it before they hand them out," he says.

Some sports critics believe the tradition of honouring great athletes is being degraded as an increasing number of jerseys are retired. They, like Fegan, believe selection committees should be more selective.

In an opinion piece published late last year, *International Business Times* columnist Palash R. Ghost said he's of the same opinion.

"I would compare it to the school teacher who hands out passing grades to all of his students even if some have failed. Such an act dilutes and undermines the achievements of the best students who actually earned high marks."

Time will tell whether King's Athletics starts passing unwarranted 'grades' for student athletes.

Editor's Note: Sam Burleton was coached by Matt Fegan as a member of the King's soccer team. He is graduating this spring.

Four banners hang from the Memorial Arena wall. Dal has yet to retire any numbers. ••• Photo by Pau Balite



World-class squash takes centre stage

Squash's finest set to clash at Dalhousie Arts Centre

Graeme Benjamin
Staff Contributor

At the end of the month, some of the world's best squash players will meet at Dalhousie for the first time ever. But not in a location you might expect.

Rather than a familiar sports venue such as the Dalplex, the fast-paced and action-packed sport will host its annual Bluenose Squash Classic from March 28-31 at Dal's arts facility, the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. Two days of preliminary round play will take place beforehand at the Saint Mary's Tower.

So, how is that going to work, you may ask? Well, a regulation squash court made entirely of plexiglass panels will be constructed on the Rebecca Cohn stage. There will be three one sided windows which the athletes can't see out of, but the fans who are sitting comfortably in the padded theatre seats will be able to see all the action.

"We've already sold more tickets for each day than we have for the entire tournament last year," said Tony Hall, the tournament sponsor responsible for bringing the glass court to the Cohn.

The theatre stage will be expanded from its usual size to allow more room for the glass court. It will be constructed by American contractors early next week.

This is the seventh year the Bluenose Squash Classic has been held in Nova Scotia. In prior years, the tournament was held at the Saint Mary's Tower, but this year the Tower will only see the two days of qualification rounds.

"This shift in venue elevates the Bluenose Squash Classic to the top echelon of sporting events in Atlantic Canada," said Zal Davar, Bluenose Squash Classic chair and founder in


the news release.

The Bluenose Squash Classic is not the local tournament one might expect it to be—it actually attracts some of the world's top players with a total pot of \$55,000 in prize money. Ten countries will be represented in this year's tournament. The No. 1 seed in this tournament is Amr Shabana from Egypt. Shabana is a four-time world champion and is currently ranked sixth in the world.

Representing Canada will be former junior national champion Andrew Schnell and Shahier Razik, who is currently the top Canadian. In opening round play, Schnell will face Stephen Coppinger from Russia, and Razik will compete against third-ranked Hisham Mohd Ashour of Egypt.

Davar encourages all sports fans to try watching squash.

"It's very exciting to watch. The players are extremely athletic and the matches are often suspenseful," Davar said. "Six out of the top 20 in the world will be competing in the same place."

There's no doubt that next week will be one of the most unique on the university sports calendar this year. It is also a great opportunity for general sports fans to learn about an untraditional sport. 

To watch the games, tickets cost \$9.50 for first round action, \$19.50 for the quarter-finals, \$29.50 for the semi-finals and \$39.50 for championship play. You can also buy an event pass for \$75. You can contact the box office at 494-3820 for more information.

Squashing the competition.

••• Photo supplied



TIGER TONING SPRING INTO ACTION AS THE SNOW MELTS

Send your fitness-related questions to Sports@DalGazette.com and check back in the Gazette weekly to see if your question gets answered

Colin Hebb

Health Columnist

"Spring seems to be coming a bit early this year, not that we had much of a winter to begin with. Any advice for how to get active with the newfound warm weather?"

—HeatHeatBaby

I wasn't expecting to write this article until the last issue for this year, but as things seem to be warming up quicker than expected, let's talk about Hali in the heat.

Obviously, we are moving on from things like the skating oval, snow angels and high-intensity curling. With the birds chirping and jackets getting stored away, a whole new area of possibilities opens up for our ever daunting goal of being

physically active.

Let's start with the parks. While Point Pleasant and other local spaces tend to stay open in the winter, it's not always enjoyable to run and bike while it's still cold outside. That's all changed, however, and now we activity hounds can once again use the park to its fullest potential.

Beyond Point Pleasant, there are other great parks around HRM that are now a lot more accessible and easy to navigate as the weather warms up. Shubie Park in Dartmouth is a great example, with lots of great trails for walking and biking.

Hankering for a picnic? Besides Citadel Hill and the Commons, check out Fort Needham Park in the North End. It's a great hidden gem for those looking to bask in warm weather.

Speaking of trails, there are quite a

few hiking spots around the municipality that are great for an afternoon getaway or simply an escape from end of term madness. It's best to jump online and search out your options, but please be mindful of the distance and quality of the trail. If you are a beginner, you may want to take a short and easy trail to avoid getting in over your head.

Now may also be a good time to think about finding a small plot for gardening. They have been popping up all over the city the past few years and are a great way to get outside and work the land. Planting season will depend on the weather, but as long as the warm weather holds, we aren't that far off from growing season.

For those geared more toward team sports, both the fields and diamonds around the city will start getting used


again for soccer, baseball and other activities that were made difficult by the ice. Once again, heading online is probably the best place to search out the right playing field for you, but the Commons is again a great destination for a variety of sports.

Closer to campus, you can find lots of open green space between SMU and the IWK, which can be used for team sports or simply to throw around a Frisbee with a friend (or dog).

For those looking for some tennis time, besides the courts located on campus near Sheriff, the Commons have a few courts close to the base of Citadel Hill. These spots are open and free for use, so grab your racket and smack a few around.

Finally, as mentioned in previous articles, outdoor boot camps will soon

start popping up around the city. There is the Maritime Heart Centre camp, and a variety of other options which will likely be advertised on posters and on the web (check Kijiji for details). These are usually meant for all fitness levels and are a good way to get fit and make new friends without even realizing you are putting in the effort. Some of them can be a bit early in the day, but there are also evening options for the not-so-morning people.

So, get outside and make use of the great spring that seems to be coming our way. But cross your fingers, of course—if this article comes out and there is snow and ice on the ground, I take the blame for jinxing it. 



King's embarks on new St. Patty's tradition

The Bays prevail in first residence hockey bout



Ian Froese
Sports Editor

It doesn't have the same stature or recognition of the residence hockey game put on by Dalhousie's residences, but that doesn't mean students at the University of King's College couldn't drop the puck on their own match.

King's students did exactly that on St. Patrick's Day when the school's two hockey teams involved in the Dal intramural loop capped their seasons with what they hope is a new tradition: the King's Cup. The Bays ultimately won the first incarnation against Alex Hall 3 - 2 at Memorial Arena. First-year Tyler Publicover scored the power play winner.

The match wasn't without fanfare. About 100 students were in attendance, a number of which were in varying stages of intoxication considering the date—like some players themselves. King's president Anne Leavitt was also on hand to drop the ceremonial puck.

Christian Pollard, founder of the King's Cup, said the first ever event was a great success, adding he intends to make it an annual fixture on the school calendar.

"I will personally make sure it happens next year, but I am hopeful it will continue beyond that [when I'm gone]," said the third-year.

The hockey game should have a long shelf span, especially considering the effort put into its trophy. In order to give it a King's feel, inspiration was gleaned from the campus pub as a Garrison pitcher was used as the trophy's actual cup.

"We wanted it to be super Kingsy." It's in that spirit that Pollard wants this game to be remembered by. He hopes this residence game can instill a little more pride in a liberal arts school not renowned for its sports.

"King's just isn't an athletic school. It isn't, and never will be. So King's Athletics is beautiful in its backwards way," he said. "We might as well embrace it."

ABOVE: Talking game strategy, rather than philosophy. ••• Photo by Calum Agnew
LEFT: Young hockey fan enjoys the St. Patty's game. ••• Photos by Chris Parent

Correction

In the sports section last week, two individuals were incorrectly identified. In the article "St. FX squeaks by for national bronze" the caption should have referenced Jeremy Dunn instead of Terry Thomas. As well, in "Trojans win on record-breaking night for IWK charity" Big Horns captain James Floyd was listed with an incorrect last name. The online version of both of these articles has since been corrected. The *Gazette* regrets these errors.

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THE SEXTANT

DALHOUSIE'S OFFICIAL ENGINEERING NEWSPAPER

Editor in Chief:
Ben Wedge

March 23rd, 2012
Page 1 of 1

Design at Dal: The Black and Gold Supermileage Tiger

Hussain Abdellatif
Mechanical '12

Finally, the black and gold tiger has been shipped, the tiger is cage, for now, in its 600 lbs shipping crate. It will soon be revealed in Houston, TX in the Shell Eco Marathon Competition. The objective of the competition is to build a one-manned super mileage car that will consume the least amount of fuel/energy while achieving the farthest distance amongst competitors. It is not a race, as it is not all about speed: it is about fuel consumption. Fuel consumption is an ever important engineering parameter, considering the decline of cheap crude oil and the increasingly apparent environmental issues associated with emissions.

The team competes against universities and high schools all over the Americas for the title. A loop 0.6 miles long in the downtown streets of Houston is dedicated for the competition. Each vehicle needs to complete this track a minimum of 10 times.

Unfortunately, the last Dalhousie super mileage team competed two years ago and only achieved 12th place with 872 mpg. There was no supermileage team last year but the new team picked the torch up and hopes that future teams will build on experience gained with this car to achieve better results. This year the team hopes to achieve 1000+ mpg.

The team has made it to this years competition, raising approximately \$11,000 to pay for all construction costs associated



Super light carbon fibre shell



Allison Chua (team driver) cruising the black & gold tiger

with the vehicle. The main focus of the design was saving weight and reducing rolling resistance. The super light shell, the lightest so far, was made from carbon fibre painted with proud Dalhousie colours: black and gold. The chassis, the lightest so far, is made from thin 0.0625 thick aluminum pipe. The engine is a small 1.6 Hp Robin Subaru 33.5 cc four-stroke engine. Yes, a grass trimmer engine powers the vehicle. The power train consists of a centrifugal clutch, planetary gearbox and roller chain. The team was so dedicated to save weight that they water-jetted the car's sprockets from aluminum aerospace grade 7071. Finally, the wheels: if you are a cyclist you will love the car's wheels. They are the legendary super light and strong carbon fiber Zipp wheel set.

The car is only as good as its team. Thumbs up for the design team members. The project would not exist without the wise guidance and dedication of the department's technicians: Albert Murphy and Mark MacDonald, who steered the team in the right direction. In addition, volunteers should be mentioned for their invaluable and dependable help. The team would like to thank their sponsors including Shell Canada, Vehicle Safety, DSU and Wolf Collision for their generous contributions that made this ambitious project a reality.

Drop by the wind tunnel lab in the C-building for further information about the team.



Write.
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Send articles to sextant@dal.ca
100-200 words = \$15
200-400 words = \$25
400-600 words = \$30
600+ = \$35

Picture of the Week,
Comic, Abstract = \$20

CO-OP CORNER

Round II is underway until May 4.
Offers can be received at any time.



Follow us on our new Foursquare page to discover tips about Sexton Campus!
foursquare.com/dalsexant

Sexton Events

Friday, March 23rd
1:30PM – Engibeering in the DC
9 PM – Trivia at the T-Room
9 PM – Tech Ball, Maritime Museum of the Atlantic (\$10)

Thursday, March 29th
9 PM – Live music (T-Room)

Thursday, April 5th
1 pm – Pork roast on the quad.



HALIFAX'S BEST TRIVIA!

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The Sextant is published by the Dalhousie Sextant Publishing Society and aims to represent all of the students studying and living on Sexton Campus. If you have any concerns about the paper, please email sextant@dal.ca and we'll arrange to meet and discuss them.

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Assistant Editor: Damon Surgenor
Treasurer: Sebastian Manchester

Being unknown: what's in a name?

Melwyn Neelankavil
MAsc cand., Internetworking

One of the most unique assets a person has is his/her name (I'm speaking in a general sense, as I know that more than two people can have a common name). The person is identified by her name, and very often it is the name alone that can

bring a lot of weight or depth to a person's character.

I often do my shopping at the Atlantic Superstore, where as you know a lot of stuff is quite affordable. On almost every rack and shelf, you can spot an item colored in yellow and black. These products are common features at Atlantic Superstore. They are named "no name". They are present in al-

most every section of the store, be it in the pizzas or peanut butter or chicken strips or chocolate bars. They are everywhere. And I'm one step closer to getting my roommate frustrated because all he sees in the kitchen are the "no names". I am actually a fan of these guys because they are less expensive compared to the other brands.

Sometimes I wonder: why would

a brand (if I may call it that) like to remain anonymous? Often when one makes a donation toward a project, he intends to remain anonymous as a sign of humility. Is this the case here? Or is it simply that they don't want to be known? In any case, they do have quite a monopoly, at least in the Superstore.

News briefs

• The Sextant is seeking an editorial team for next year. Each position comes with an honorarium. The positions are Editor in Chief, As-

sistant Editor, and Treasurer. Please contact us at sextant@dal.ca for more information.
• DUES is running a quality of life survey to find out about your experience at Dal. The

survey is available on the DUES website, www.daleng.ca.
• The Sextant is looking for articles, please email us if you have any ideas.
• Discipline shirts are now

available for purchase in the Design Commons for \$10. They feature the DalEng logo and a cog on the side.

Questions, Comments and to Contribute sextant@dal.ca



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