

Gazette

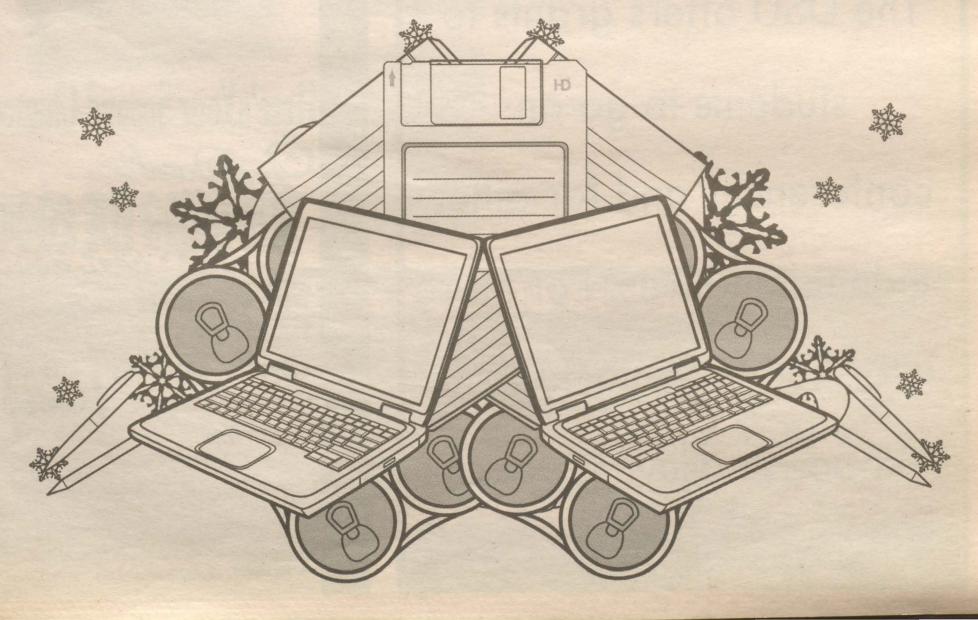
Dalhousie's Student Newspaper since 1868

January 8th, 2004 - 136:15



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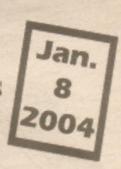
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Editorial

REPO KEMPT Editor-In-Chief

It's that time of year again—the turkey leftovers are long gone, and the difficult mission of returning all the clothes that didn't fit has begun. Hopefully most of you got exactly what you wanted and the January 1 hangover was mercifully short.

Now the difficult part begins—getting back into the swing of university. It is never an easy task to get motivated after a long and leisurely break. The struggle is made more difficult with increasingly miserable weather as the dreaded February approaches and the post-Christmas common cold outbreak is in full effect. The additional glitch of our fall marks being delayed only deepens the gloom and doom of a return to school. Bad grades would have been much easier to deal with if I had a glass of egg nog in my hand by a cozy fireplace and a few presents to soften the blow. Perhaps the Administration is having the same back-to-school motivational problem as the rest of us. I guess all that fee gouging and tuition increasing has left them feeling a little spent after last term.

Nevertheless, it's back to the grind, whether we like it or not. Unless of course you failed everything

and wound up in the express route known as pre-Christmas graduation. In that case, it may be best to pretend you're still in school and use your student line of credit to bankroll a plane ticket to a warmer climate.

For those of you who stuck with us, I offer a New Year's resolution more challenging and interesting than "getting back in shape" or "actually going to my classes." Each day we tread the same routes on campus and around the city. We follow the same schedule and see the same people everyday. As I run into more and more people with absolutely no people skills—like the sweaty, fat guy that I saw screaming at the copy center staff because his fax would not go through—I feel that this could be a golden opportunity for all of us to develop our social skills. Hell, it may even help us develop a few other skills if all goes well (insert rapid winking and nudging).

Your mission, should you choose to accept it, will be to strike up a conversation with one person that you have never met for 30 seconds every day. This is more difficult than it sounds, especially if you are shy or have trouble articulating yourself. At first, it may seem

impossible, but after each conversation, it gets easier and easier. You quickly learn what works and what doesn't, who is approachable and who wants to be left alone. Your best bet may be to launch into this one with a friend or group of friends as a challenge with a cash prize at the end. Regardless of who wins the contest, you will all gain valuable insight into dealing with people, build self-confidence and meet loads of people that you will probably run into over and over in this tiny metropolis. Here are the rules:

- The conversations must be conducted in person—no phones, MSN or yelling to a guy in the parking lot from your fifth floor window.
- The person must be a complete stranger.
- 3. The person must not work in retail, food service or public service—no waiters, coffee agents or the lady at the post office.
- 4. There must be an exchange of dialogue no 30-second monologues, kids.

Best of luck...and try not to get killed.

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04 Weekly Photo

Jenine Dowden gazette@dal.ca



PHOTO CONTEST

The Gazette is holding a photo contest, any member of the general public us eligible to win. Please submit any photos you are proud of directly to the Gazette office, 3rd floor of the Dalhouse SUB. The deadline for submissions will be Friday, February 6th. Prizes will be rewarded to top 5 entries and the top 3 will receive prizes as well as be published on the Gazette.

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Late Marks Disappoint Students Professor responsible for grades, says Registrar

JENN MORRISON Staff Contributor

Some students may find making a fresh start difficult this term because they have not yet received their fall term marks. Many students are missing one or more of their in grades in their online student records, despite classes finishing on Dec. 5 and exams finishing on Dec 13. But the Dalhousie Registrar's office says delays may simply be a case of professors being tied down by other commitments.

"It's possible that some professors are late because of research commitments, and travel," Registrar Deanne Dennison said, stressing that there are usually logical explanations for delayed postings. Sometimes professors grant extensions to certain students, she said, or professors have different criteria for group work that may take extra time to deal with.

Inquisitive students may want to ask their individual professors why their grades are missing—according to Dennison, professors, not registrars, enter grades into the system. University policy holds that professors must submit marks seven days after a course's final exam, or, if there is no exam in the scheduled period, 14 days after the last day of classes. There are deadlines, but there are no penalties for late submissions, she said.

Nick Scott, a third-year political science and sociology student, says he has no clue why he is missing one of his sociology marks even though the class wrapped up on Dec. 3. "The professor was always on time for everything—even early," he said. "This makes no sense." Scott said he laments the delay because without knowing his first term marks he doesn't know what to focus on for second term.

Michael Kent, a third-year political science and economics student, received all of his marks Jan. 5. "It is disappointing, especially in the holiday season, to have marks withheld from you until the beginning of the second semester," he said. Kent said that students must be concerned with passing

prerequisites for second semester courses, and Dal should be concerned with sending out bills for second semester before first term marks are received. He also said he was frustrated because a classmate received a mark for a course they had together more than a week before

Dalhousie political science



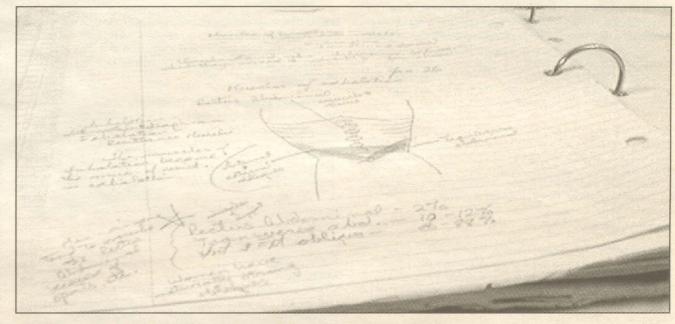
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professor Dan Middlemiss said all of his classes except for one have received their grades. However, his first-year political science students will not have their marks back until later this week. He came in during Christmas week to get the final exam grades from one of his teaching assistants, but he felt that they were scaled too low. "I've had to virtually remark the whole thing," he said. Middlemiss said that other professors' reasons for mark distribution delays vary, but didn't give any details.

To input grades, professors must complete two separate processes—submission and approval—for the grades to be successfully entered into the computer system. According to Dennison, there were workers in the Registrar's Office over the holidays to "roll" these marks into the electronic student records, but this requirement is not responsible for any delays, despite computer glitches.

Professors must bring any outstanding grades to the Registrar's office after mark submissions and approvals are

completed. Dennison said inputting the late marks into students' records is "the number one thing" the Registrar's office does so that all grades for a particular class can be posted. There have not been unusually high numbers of late marks coming in after the approval process so far, she said.

However, the Registrar's office is very concerned about getting grades to students as soon as possible. First term marks are especially important for students who wish to apply for scholarships and require a record of their academic standing, Dennison said. Professors with marks that are not posted soon will be contacted by the Registrar's office so that the students with those outstanding marks can see their grades as soon as possible, she said. "It is not a situation we will be ignoring now that everyone is back."





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While You Were Out... Breaking News over the Holidays

CHRIS LAROCHE News Editor

Upon returning from a month-long internship at that other Gazette in the snow-laden vestiges of Montreal, I decided to promptly wrap myself in the bittersweet cocoon of annual holiday festivities. In my neck of the woods, this generally means a lot of beer drinking, wine sipping, food eating, egg nog gulping, out-of-key carol singing and general holiday tomfoolery. You know, the joy of greeting all sorts of people you don't know or care for but pretending just the opposite while shaking their hands—or trying to fit a dead nine-foot tree into an eight-foot room through a seven-foot door, only to cover the poor tree top to bottom in plastic and metal absurdities that were somehow named "ornaments," despite being so wrought with horrible colors and shapes that people should normally cringe at the very sight of them...if it weren't the season of giving, that is.

Now in my neck of the woods, all this tom foolery is usually pleasantly wrapped, trim and tied up in a wrapping of late nights, late evenings, late afternoons, late mornings a loud headache or two and a much better idea of what the bottom of a recently emptied party glass looks like with somebody else's goggles on—some guy named beer—smudgy, apparently.

Ah, the Holidays. What fun.

After the presents have been opened, thanks given and the dead, decaying tree covered in plastic and metal absurdities stripped down and thrown out the door, it may occur to someone they've just spent the last week or so totally disconnected from newspapers, radio, television, CNN or BBC or ABC or any three-letter network.

This can be distressing.

The following is a compilation of what happened over the holidays—you know, while you were out—with valuable* insight included.

*results may vary

INTERNATIONAL "We got him"

The top story of 2003, of course, was the world's worst tyrant being found hiding in some of the world's worst living conditions, in a hole near his hometown of Tikrit, Iraq, which some Americans might consider the worst place in the world. Despite all the commanding, executing, exiling, gassing and pontificating Saddam Hussein did, Saddam sure as hell didn't appear all that fearsome when his bearded, homely face found itself plastered on TV screens, newspapers and magazines all across the world. Of course, you wouldn't look all that great either if you'd been living in hole for a few months.

Earthquake in Bam gets its 15 minutes of fame

An earthquake registering 6.5 on the Richter scale shook the magnificent ancient city of Bam, Iran, a timeless destination made up mostly of an equally timeless fortress and a sea of mud houses—but no longer. Or at least that's what I can tell from the pictures they've got up on BBC World News. CNN says 30,000 dead, BBC says 50,000 dead. That's about the equivalent of a 9-11 per day for nearly a month. Of course, massive amounts of death and destruction didn't prevent a story about 100 homeless cats from usurping Bam from the Daily News' A3 spread last Tilesday.

NATIONAL Martin Mania

Old, boring white man Paul Martin became the most powerful unelected leader of the free world after replacing old, somewhat less boring white man Jean Chrétien as Prime Minister of Canada. I suppose Martin was technically "elected," if only by about 10,000 people—that's 0.000343 per cent of the Canadian population. Martin's sweeping changes to Canada's dusty political landscape have included the replacement of a bunch of old, boring people called ministers with another bunch of old, boring people who, incidentally, will also be called ministers. They all live in a filing cabinet. They aren't priests. I'm also told regular old Canadian citizens actually voted for them once upon a time, though, when they ran against other old, boring people.

Cows Gone Wild

Somebody or something in America whom people unfortunately listen to blamed the infection of a US cow with Mad Cow Disease on Canada. Boo hoo. Over the years, the Yanks have also blamed us for letting terrorists into North America, calling their President a moron, burning the White House, becoming a refuge for Vietnam war dodgers, being indecisive, progressive, leftist tree-hugging communists—or any combination thereof—and finally for providing their workforce with decades of highly-trained, intelligent and qualified immigrant workers. Sorry, scratch that last one.

LOCAL

Graham out of the game?
Danny Graham stepped down as the official Progressive
Conservative lambaster and shit-disturber of Province

House. Thankfully, the Liberal party pretty much has an unlimited supply of shit-disturbers and lambasters to draw from, so the precariously balanced political miracle we call Nova Scotian politics can go on spending taxpayers' money endlessly arguing the mundane.

Brison traded to Grits

Kings-Hants Tory MP, Liberal finance critic and former Dalhousie student Scott Brison defected to the Federal Liberal Party after weeks of attempting to gain an upper hand as a leadership candidate for the newly semi-sorta-almost merged Progressive Conservative and Canadian Alliance parties. Brison, who is homosexual, cited irreconcilable differences between the two parties' somewhat vague ideological platforms and various levels of social, political and hypocritical conservativism. Methinks it might have had something to do with right-wing nut job Alliance MP Larry Spencer calling for the criminalization of homosexuality.

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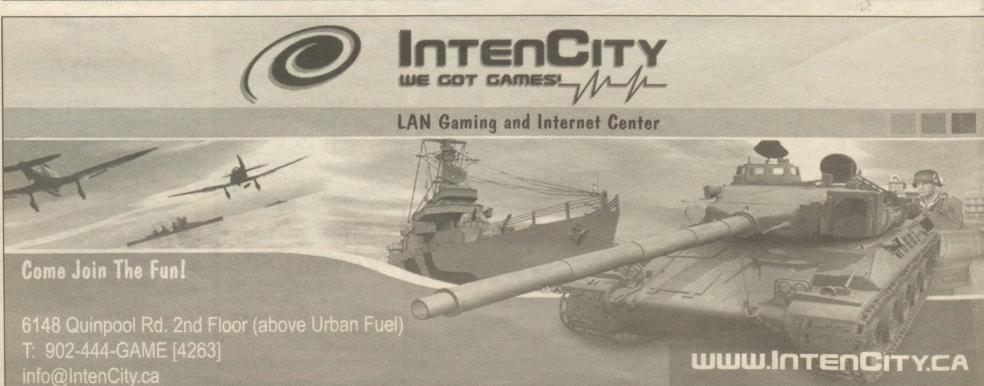
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Material Christmas

NOLAN RITCEY Staff Contributor

Every year I do my best to attend a church service on Christmas Eve. I imagine that this is a common practice for many, especially for those who can't make it on Sundays throughout the year. Usually at the Christmas Eve service, the minister preaches a sermon on the true meaning of Christmas, or the loss of the true meaning of Christmas, or the lack of common understanding of the true meaning of Christmas. While I do not at all disagree that the focus on material wealth has taken centre stage in the Christmas celebrations of the west, there seem to be a number of mixed messages in the antimaterialist argument.

I might note, before I begin, that the gift giving tradition, which dates back to the three wise men that visited Christ, is not often the attack of the antimaterialists. That is, it is not the tradition itself that is laudable, or the spirit of giving, but that gift giving has become a false idol.

It's true
that we're
quite devoted
to the God of
Material Wealth
at the end of
December,
but it seems
like our

devotion
is strong
year round.
Shouldn't the antimaterialist
attack militate eq
spending year round, and
Shouldn't we be giving to the

attack militate equally against spending year round, and not just on Sundays? Shouldn't we be giving to the poor (and the Church?), rather than spending for ourselves? Has the eye of the needle grown larger, or did the camel shrink?

To: From: Jane

The practice of exchanging gifts can teach us a great deal about attachment in giving as well as receiving. We can learn how to receive with true gratitude, (that is, regardless of the gift), without placing a higher value on the gift than on the thought of the giver.

And as givers we can give without being attached to the results of our actions, without looking for gratitude or acceptance, or being disappointed if our gifts are not appreciated.

So, there does seem to be at least some value in gift giving other than material wealth.

But, even excepting

this, I think that there are problems for the more positive message, that there is value in remembering the reason for the season—Jesus. I think that this is slightly misplaced for two reasons: the season includes holidays for a number of religions, and it fails to recommend developing a more inward relationship with God, something badly needed in contemporary Christianity.

I guess we are supposed to remember the life of Jesus and practice humility, peace, thanks and brotherhood during the Christmas season. But this all seems to be part of a social Christmas, rather than a spiritual one. And, while I'm a great champion of good social values, I think that the church might advocate a more inward and spiritual Christmas—say, taking a day to meditate, pray, give thanks and do little else.

So, spend less year round, and even less at Christmas if you so desire. And, if you wish to experience a more spiritual season, then take time to meditate and give thanks, or at least curtail your debauchery.

Streeter

CATHERINE COOPER Copy Editor
QUENTIN CASEY The Bearded Seal

What is your New Year's resolution?



I'm going to do Yoga-Flex.

Adrienne Ngan, second-year
kinesiology



I'm going to be dragged to Yoga-Flex with my girlfriend. **Mike Carr**, **second-year kinesiology**



I'm going to start working out again. I got really lazy. Jared Ryan, first-year arts



To learn how to cook—for my invalid brother Chris. Nadine LaRoche, second-year journalism



Save up enough money to buy a car—one that works. **Tobin Ansong**, **first-year computer science**



To take up smoking. Chris Payne, thirdyear environmental science



To not be so independent. I'm single now.

Lindsay Carruthers, first-year science



To not party so hard. Some unfortunate things happened over the break. Damn jello shooters. **Ted Slone**, **first-year DISP**



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Shying Away from Issues of Race

QUENTIN CASEY Opinions Editor

In 1997, Charles Frazier wrote a beautiful first novel in which a wounded Confederate soldier struggles to make his way home during the American Civil War. Over mountains, through bogs and forest, narrowly escaping death on a number of occasions, Inman pushes forward to be reunited with a woman he has met only a handful of times.

The storyline of Inman's journey is contrasted with that of his love, Ada, as she copes with running her farm after the death of her father—a task she is initially quite unprepared for.

But with the immense help of Ruby, a young black woman, Ada gains a sense of independence free of the petticoats, privilege and wealth she has been accustomed to. This story may sound familiar if you have recently seen the movie *Cold Mountain*, except, of course, for the fact African-Americans are involved.

That is because in the novel *Cold Mountain*, as opposed to the Hollywood movie, the story is told against the backdrop of the tumultuous upheaval that was taking place during the 1860s in the United States. The wildness of the expanding frontier and the destructive relationship between whites and African-Americans were major issues of the day, and both find their way into the novel as realistic elements affecting the lives of the main characters.

This was a time when race was an explosive issue in the United States. Yet race, and its far-reaching effects, is nowhere to be seen in Anthony Minghella's epic film. The interaction between whites and blacks was a defining aspect of life in the southern States for generations. From slavery, to the debate over free and slave states, to segregation, to black poverty, the list goes on and on. Nevertheless, these vital themes are

absent from the much-praised film.

The relationship of equality between Ruby and Ada is such an important theme in the novel that to leave it out of the movie (and instead cast Rene Zellweger for some form of comic relief) is purposely undermining the brilliance of the Frazier's work. Both women work side by side, each one gaining immensely from the other's company. In the process, Frazier illustrates that in times of despair and defeat, when survival is one's sole concern, issues such as colour are rightly relegated to insignificance.

Sadly, Hollywood productions have a history of shying away from important issues. By steering down the middle of the road, the film's producers create a vacuum of reality and lose sight of the author's intentions—it was not merely a story of two good looking white people falling in love.

This travesty of Frazier's novel bothered me for some time. But a recent story regarding the ongoing Stonechild Inquiry in Saskatoon has made me think further about the fact that, in many instances, society seems afraid to deal directly with issues of race and racial discrimination. Obviously issues of race and racism are heated, powerful and sensitive by nature. But that does not mean that such issues cannot be explored and dealt with in the public light without someone being labelled as a racist or a bigot.

In 1990, the frozen body of Neil Stonechild, a Cree teenager, was found on the outskirts of Saskatoon. He was last seen screaming for help in the back seat of a police cruiser. The investigation into his death was botched from the onset, marred by what seemed to be racist attitudes against aboriginals within the Saskatoon Police Department, and a massive cover-up of evidence.

Since the discovery of Stonechild's body, two other aborginal men have been found dead under similar circumstances, while another man survived to tell the tale of being left for dead by two Saskatoon police officers. Only now, with the Stonechild Inquiry's attempt to uncover who is responsible for such a heinous crime, will answers be brought forth about the young man's death and the extent to which deep and hateful racist sentiments persist in this country.

Yet equally as startling is the extent to

which the mainstream media has shied away from this story. I wrote a piece about the inquiry early last term and since that time little has appeared in national papers or on national news broadcasts. An article in the January 5 edition of *The National Post* provided one of the few examples of coverage. In this article, Brian Hutchinson admitted that the inquiry has seen "little fanfare and scant media attention."

But why has such an important inquiry, with the potential to reveal widespread racism amongst law officers in Canada, received so little attention in this country? It is as if there are two possibilities: either this story is not deemed newsworthy, or media outlets are afraid to get their hands dirty with the depth of hate, cowardly behaviour and racial division. Perhaps they feel that other stories are more deserving of attention, such as the one-millionth story on the war in Iraq, Saddam Hussein's capture, Britney Spears' marriage/annulment, Michael Jackson's overall grossness, Kobe Bryant's infidelity, or the parenting skills of Steve Irwin.

As opposed to these overplayed stories, the Stonechild Inquiry should be of concern for any Canadian who does not think that racist behaviour should be a part of our justice system, or general society, for that matter. This inquiry is of importance to all Canadians, whereas these other stories provide mere distractions and cheap, scandalous headlines. Essentially, mainstream Canadian media appears scared to cover this story.

Based on the Stonechild Inquiry and the adaptation of *Cold Mountain* to the screen (though obviously far less important), race and racial discrimination would appear to be issues that can be brushed aside when one does not feel up for dealing with subjects of weight and significance. But these are issues that cannot simply be ignored. If we exclude African-Americans from a time and place in American history when their rights were at the heart of major national divisions, or deny racial issues for fear of what might be uncovered, these potent tensions will continue to build under the surface, waiting for an opportunity to ignite.

If you want to contribute to opinions, visit us in Room 312 of the Dalhousie Sub. Mondays, 4:30

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Creating the News

JENN MORRISON Staff Contributor

I wrote an angry letter to The Herald during the 1996 Atlanta Olympics, complaining that the front-page picture was of a truck filled with chickens that had upset on the highway instead of the Canadian athlete who had just won an unexpected medal. I thought then that I had a good handle on what constituted a newsworthy story, but now, when newspapers often look like supermarket tabloids, I think maybe I shouldn't have been so quick to judge. All media cater to special interest groups, serving up shock to sell subscriptions or improve ratings, often ignoring "real" news in the process.

There was a week in mid-December when The Herald editors surely agonized over their front page. Obviously, there was the capture of Saddam Hussein, which graced covers the world over. But in Nova Scotia, there were two huge local stories—Danny Graham resigned as leader of the provincial Liberals, and former premier Robert Stanfield died. It is elementary to deny that the latter two events affected the lives of anyone outside this province, but it is not so to question how Saddam's capture, deemed a major global story, impacted someone without the luxury of buying newspapers every day, checking CNN for regular updates or

debating President Bush's foreign policy over drinks.

News cannot be earth-shattering and immediate to everyone, but it cannot be manufactured out of thin air, either. Still, the middle ground that the news media attempts to occupy is fraught with biases, and its reporting often verges on magic trickery. I had a discussion with a British-Canadian lawyer recently about the competing ideologies of the British press, which can spin the same events and make them come out completely differently. Similarly, The National Post fabricates importance when it makes headlines with findings from its reporters' Access to Information requests. Yet concern cannot always grow in unfertile ground: as Maclean's reported in its year-end poll, Canadians "remain preoccupied with bread-and-butter matters like social programs and the national debt, rather than the things that fill cable news programs."

The media plays an indispensable role in public debate and, by extension, in democracy itself. Yet media outlets also have the advantage of being in positions of influence, with access to pulpits to preach from and vast potential audiences—and often their subjects do too. Each December, the Canadian Press votes on the Canadian Newsmaker of the Year, and

Paul Martin received the 2003 title. Scanning the history of the choices reveals that a prime minister has been chosen almost every year. The process is like a self-fulfilling prophecy: the prime minister, more than any other Canadian, has access to the levers of power, prestige, and PR to polish his public profile, so the CP ends up covering his every waking moment, like a machine willingly oiled by the PMO that relegates other newsmakers to obscurity.

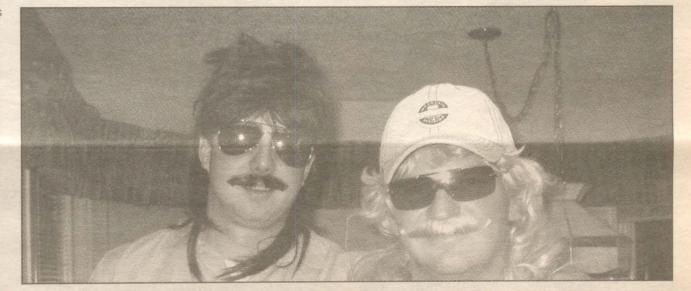
In the media world, someone always decides what is news and what is not, with little consideration for objectivity. That's why it will be so easy for the earthquake in Iran to fade from memory. However, if over 30,000 people were killed in a Californian earthquake, the story would be entirely different. Or, as I discussed with a friend last week, what if the Holocaust occurred not in Western Europe, but in Africa? We then answered our own question—unspeakable tragedies like the Holocaust do occur in Africa, and in other corners of the world, but because they are not subjected to the glare of media lights, someone, somewhere decides they are not newsworthy.

20 Things a Party Needs

LI DONG Staff Contributor

The spanking new year brings with it alarming amounts of free time, and with so-called "Reading Week" a stone's throw away, it looks like eternal weeks of partying until finals catch up to us. Taking from recent experiences with good, bad and downright ugly parties, I've listed 20 of the more agreeable elements here so that you can make your debauchery more enjoyable.

- 1. At least a 1:1 boy to girl ratio...I mean c'mon guys, it's not like we're voting here
- 2. A person who acts totally and completely out of character after a few swigs of cherry cooler. (This rule is predicated upon the assumption that there is alcohol at the party, if there is no alcohol, then the gathering cannot be considered a party but can only be referred to as a "board meeting").
- A dude whose only purpose in life is to pass out early so that his body can be demonically and artistically abused
- 4. A sentence uttered which must loosely follow the following format: "Dude, I just pissed/ puked on [Insert interesting object, i.e. Cheryl's cat]"
- 5. An Asian
- 6. Random, foundationless and unjustified accusations of ass-grabbing. I am 100 per cent not quilty, Jill.
- 7. A drinking challenge issued and a drinking challenge met.
- A person that you kind-of, sort-of know, but not really.
- 9. Custom designed apparatuses engineered to maximize alcohol-consumption efficiency.
- 10. A tough guy who seems incapable of smiling the entire night.
- 11. A girl who is (or at least seems to be) 12 drinks ahead of everyone else
- A pet animal being exposed to things pet animals normally wouldn't be exposed to
- 13. A girl who seems to mistake walls for open pockets of air. (Slam)14. A betrayal, a twist of fortune, all leading up to
- 14. A betrayal, a twist of fortune, all leading up to a declaration of unbridled love
- Colorful tagline uttered preceding an act of vomit. (i.e. "It feels weird down there")
- 16. Two girls kissing
- 17. A person who is happily chatting it up with everyone at the party despite the fact that



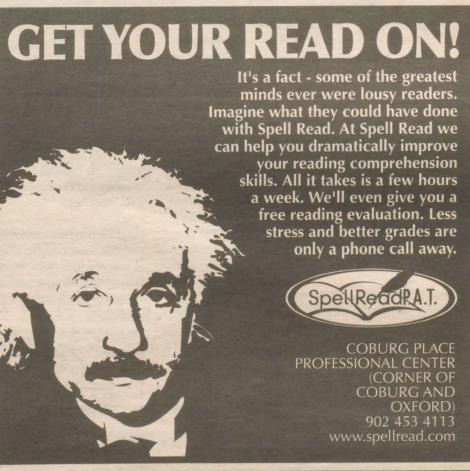
none of the hosts recognizes him or

- 18. A male dressed in a suit without explanation.
- 19. A girl who has lost the ability to speak to you at a normal volume and instead insists on screaming everything she says like you're her

baby's daddy and

denying it
20. Jagermeister

This awkward space would have been avoided had our ad person not decided to pull ads at the last minute and destory page layouts. But I am not bitter, not at all. I swear.



453 - 4113

Musical Wiles of Death by Nostalgia

NATALIE PENDERGAST Arts Editor



For Halifax underworld rock band, Death by Nostalgia, it's all about the music—that is, the way music should be. Though it began as a solo project for Matt Reid (keyboards, vocals) in 2002, the eclectic foursome is one of the few creatively unique groups that this town has yet to recognize. This could be because they have so many side projects, or maybe it's because they are slightly promotionally challenged. Whatever the reason, these boys put on a rock-solid live show with profound and energetic songs.

It's not surprising that Reid, Rod Affleck (bass, back-up vocals), Jon Hutt (drums), and Jim Cooper (guitar) decided they would make great music together. All hailing from the Maritimes, each member had an early start to what would become a life-long love affair with music. "I took piano lessons since I was five, and even when I was young I was composing," Reid said. "I was always really drawn to that." Affleck, Hutt and Cooper also began their instrumental hobbies during childhood, which for Cooper means that he's been wailing on the guitar for 28 years.

Before this fabulous four came together in harmonic eloquence, they had, according to their band bio, all "participated in the Halifax underground music scene for years." This includes stints with bands like Confidence Band, Piggy, Hercules, the Warming Signs, the Motes, Equation of State, Recyclone and The Plan. But while this demonstrates a certain loyalty to their home region, it has also made them twice removed from the mainstream. And since the Halifax music scene is already somewhat unheralded, to belong to the Halifax underground would have to put them in an underground scene's basement.

The band doesn't mind playing shows for only a few people, though and say that they play for the sake of making music as well as for entertainment. "It's very rewarding to see a crowd that's totally into you, but even if there's only one person who's getting it then we have to play for them if no one else," Affleck said. But by "play," Affleck actually means "rock out." One of the most charming qualities of Death by Nostalgia is their ability to always put on an indefatigable rock concert.

Many a band has graced our local stages, taken one look at their spiritless audience sitting in the murky smokiness before them, and let the gloomy mood suck their energy away—but they are the contrariety of Death by Nostalgia. "If the audience is not energetic," explained Affleck, "we just ignore them." The band admitted to learning this technique from some of the performance greats. "Rod, Hutt and some friends went to see Iron Maiden over the summer, and I think it was a turning point for them. When they came back they said they know how a live show should be," said Reid.

Another secret of their live success is their fearlessness and unfaltering confidence. They know that a dead crowd takes some prompting before letting their hair down on the dance floor. "If we want the crowd to move, we know that we should move," Hutt said.

In addition to their tireless stage presence, Death by Nostalgia completes their performance package with deep and melodically clever songs that have an interesting history. "When I started this project, I wanted to write songs in kind of a pop/rock vein which I hadn't done before," Reid said. "A lot of my earlier songs were pretty dark or just very quirky, so I was attempting to write something that would be more acceptable to a wider audience." Reid confessed, however, that the music he writes is his interpretation of pop, stripped of its conventionally shallow or commercial tendencies, "It's impossible for me to write bubblegum pop."

The band's fall 2003 EP, *Noisy Lights*, exhibits a fresh take on indie pop/rock, showcasing bizarre song-writing both lyrically and melodically. The CD has a traditional rock style until slightly past midway, when there is a much heavier mix of sounds that seems to come completely out of nowhere. And the lyrics, well, they speak for themselves. "With lyrics, when I started writing, my method was to take feelings and exaggerate them slightly for the sake of making a point, because you only have so much time during a song to do that," said Reid.

He explained that some may misperceive these feelings, and that even though many of his creations have a cynical or critical ring to them, he actually has positive intentions to help people become aware of pressing issues or emotions. Summing up the band's sound, Reid said, "I like the balance



Joel Plaskett

Date: December 31st, 2003 **Venue:** The Marquee Club **Reporter:** Ryan Potter **Stage Presence:** A

Audience Reaction: A+ Flash Pants, Party Favours: N/A

Sound: A Effort: A

Joel Plaskett should be Mayor of Halifax. No check that, King of Halifax. If for anything, Mayor Plaskett should be installed for having a New Years Eve show to relieve the masses from the normal NYE dribble and drunkenness that is commonplace. I could just see in his reluctant New Year's countdown that he felt for us, us the people, those who needed a saviour this night of the year more so than any other. As for the music, the Joel Plaskett Emergency was fantastic, playing two fine sets, each longer, more energetic, and of more quality then most mortal bands could manage in their finest hour.

of something that's really serious and has content, but also, I think this is important too, Death by Nostalgia has a sense of humour."

This depth is not surprising when you consider the band's name comes from a quote from Frank Zappa's autobiography. He observed that the time between a memorable event and the nostalgia that follows is shortened with each repetition of the cycle. Eventually the event and its respective nostalgia overlap each other, thereby igniting "death by nostalgia." The band shares these thoughts while tweaking them to fit their persona, "For me, I want to make a nod to the influences I've had and then maybe move on. If we're going to become more collaborative, that means the nostalgia factor is just going to go up," Reid said.

At this, Cooper poignantly said, "I'm willing to put to death a lot of my nostalgia."

Although having played at the Sunscad festival, Gobblefest, and the Halifax Pop Explosion in 2003, the band has only just begun. Look for Death by Nostalgia during their Maritime mini-tours early this year and for their full-length CD to be released in March.



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Artist Profile: Hush Hush

LINDSAY DOBBIN Staff Contributor



"My number one priority is making sure we are all happy in what we are doing," says singer and guitarist Keri Steele of the Toronto pop/rock foursome Hush Hush. "After that, the rest is just the cherry on top." Having been creating music for close to 11 years, Steele has acquired much experience and knowledge about what works and what doesn't in music and, as a result, she has developed a fairly humanistic approach to creating music.

Hush Hush began to take shape when Steele wanted to stretch her limits and explore different forms and sounds beyond what her other group, Imaginary Heaven, offered. Beginning primarily as a writing project, Hush Hush released their debut album, Cinematheque, in 2002. The album was

produced by Ken Harrison of the Wild Strawberries and was described by The All Music Guide as "one triphop adventure after another, while a remix-like atmosphere encapsulates each song."

Eventually, Steele wanted Hush Hush to be a full-fledged band. But when it came time to find musicians who would not only understand where she was coming from but who would also have chemistry with everyone else in the group, Steele faced some difficulty. "It [was] important for me to work with people who truly love and have input and attachment to what they are doing."

Eventually, Steele found classically trained cellist Anissa Hart, bassist Nina Martinez, and experienced drummer Gail Thompson. Merging all four of

their varied backgrounds and styles, Hush Hush moved more towards a minimal approach stemming from the live setting and the result was a very eclectic and fragile soundscape.

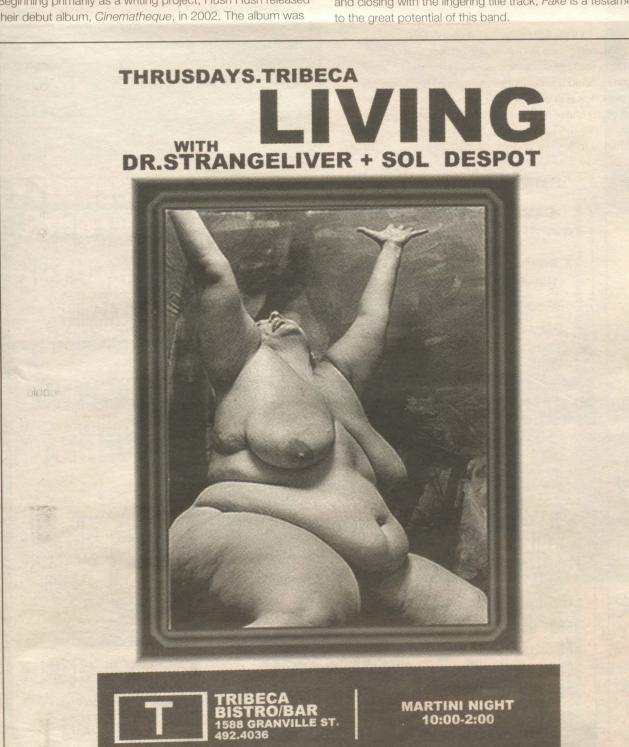
The chemistry the members share is apparent in their September 2003 release Fake (popguru/Maplenationwide/ Universal). The album showcases Steele's amazing voice and alluring lyrics, which lend themselves well to Hart's creative use of effects pedals on the cello, Martinez's enhancing bass lines and Thompson's tight drumming. Featuring a fitting and energetic cover of The Velvet Underground's "Femme Fatale" and closing with the lingering title track, Fake is a testament

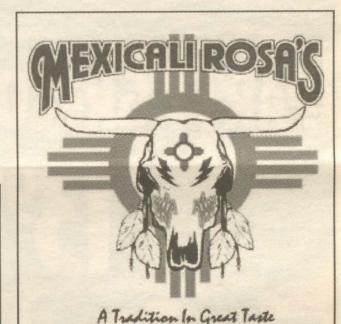
With a sound reminiscent of early 90's pop/rock, it documents where the members of the band are coming from right now." We're a new band and have been only working together for over a year and we have a lot of growing and learning to do," Steele says. "I think that the next album will not be a huge departure but a sign of growth."

An area that the band is exploring is combining film and music. Signed to popguru sound and vision, which dabbles in providing music for film and television, Hush Hush have already had their song "Razor Girl" featured in the movie Particles of Truth. "It's music that can be adapted to different situations, scenarios, and mediums," says Steele. "I'm not a storyteller when I write lyrics, I'm more about concepts...musically, it's still the pop song model, but there's still a little vagueness to it."

With a video due to be filmed at the end of January for the first track on the album, "Never Your Fault," and ever-gaining popularity, Hush Hush seem to be doing things right as a band. "I'd love to be able to make a career out of this and be able to quit our day jobs and tour," says Steele. "That's definitely what we are working towards, but we just need to maintain our sense of happiness."

See Hush Hush live Thursday, January 8 with 60 Watt Vamp at The Marquee Club. Doors open at 9 p.m., and cover is \$5.





"WE INVENTED DRYMOUTH ON TUESDAYS"

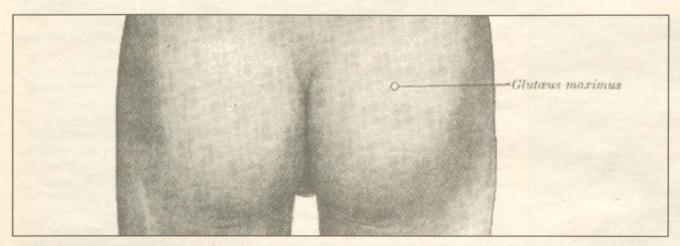
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It doesn't matter what word you use to describe it-ass, bum, can, derrière, fanny or tush-there seem to be more synonyms for the buttocks than you can shake a stick at. What's more, human beings have been interested in the behind since the dawn of time.

Going way back to caveman days, the butt was a very important factor in selecting a mate. Men sought a female partner who had a plump, full, ample rear

because it was a sign that she was healthy and able to bear children with ease. Women were also interested in their mate's buns because a male with a flabby or flat ass was deemed an inferior mate. A male who had a muscular, robust ass was more desirable, because it was a measure of strength and physical health. It measured his ability to be a provider in a huntergatherer society.

> The butt continued to have significance for several millennia. Often, one can conjure up images of European artistic nudes with voluptuous women showing off their natural assets. Anal stimulation is also discussed in the works of the Marquis de Sade, an 18th century French writer who delved into some of the most taboo areas of human sexuality. Today, with the sexual revolution behind us, butts are more visible in mainstream advertising and media than ever before. With this anal renaissance, more interest and discussion has also been paid to the joys of erotic anal contact, which brings this discussion to anal sex.

Anal sex is considered the final frontier of sexual activity, and rightly so, as anal intercourse is not as simple as penis-invagina intercourse. The anal cavity is only a thin membrane of tissue surrounded by tight rectal muscles. In addition, the anus produces no natural lubrication. Individuals who are exploring anal sex need to remember that lubrication is fundamental, and couples should use a water-based product like KY-jelly. Petroleum based products like Vaseline will deteriorate a condom, which should be avoided because anal contact is one of the higher-risk activities associated with the spread of sexually transmitted infections. For heterosexuals, it is also important to wash the penis between anal and vaginal contact. If no washing takes place, the male can carry anal bacteria to the vagina. These bacteria are foreign in the vagina, and can cause a case of vaginitis, or painful inflammation of the vagina.

Of course, anal stimulation is not restricted to penetrative sex. Some individuals enjoy manual stimulation of the anus whereby a finger is inserted in the anus. This can heighten sexual pleasure in males who enjoy manual rubbing of the prostate gland. Another anal activity, and good pre-cursor to anal sex, is rimming. This can be defined as oral anal stimulation and can be integrated with fingering for added pleasure. Medically, this practice is known as anilingus. For the most adventurous, there is also fisting. This practice is best saved for anal experts, as it requires the full insertion of the hand and forearm into the receptive partner's anus. Fisting is also commonly known as handballing.

Without any doubt, the butt is one of the sexiest parts on the body. It can be enjoyed from an observational standpoint, such as checking out a cute ass walking down the street, or in a sexual way, such as anal sex. Let's face it: everybody at some point in their life is guilty of checking out another persons ass.

Email questions to dalhousie_sex@hotmail.com

This is the first installment of the Dalhousie Gazette's weekly sex column with our resident sex expert, Dave Moriné. If you have ideas, questions, comments or conundrums, please feel free to contact or email Dave and let him know, or drop by our office: Room 312, Dal-





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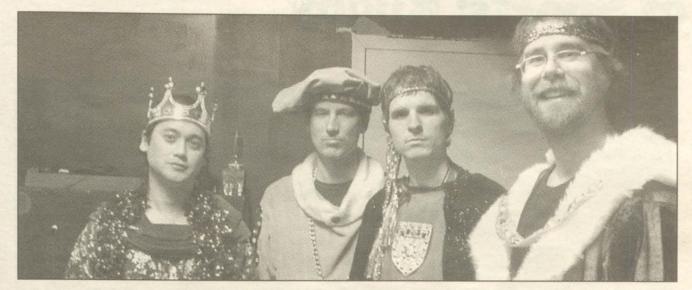


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6238 Quinpool Rd., Halifax

Superfriendz Recapture Past Glory

CHRIS MCCLUSKY Staff Contributor



Longtime fans of the music scene in Halifax will remember that The Super Friendz were far from a cohesive group when they disbanded in 1997. Following the immense success of their debut Mock Up/Scale Down, the young power pop band was plagued by various hardships including a revolving door of drummers, internal wrangling, and the release of a sophomore album that didn't live up to the expectations of fans or critics. "I think we had higher expectations back then too. The first album went well, and [Slide Show] wasn't as successful," said singer and guitarist Matt Murphy who has recently relocated back to Halifax. "It was more downbeat and not as catchy, and I think we got on ourselves and thought we weren't achieving anything."

"We were also traveling in a van together, and spending that much time together in close quarters we started to get on each other's nerves," he said, trying to effectively convey the reasons for the break up. "We started to become thick skinned with all of these little trials we were having with one another, and it became hard to talk and communicate and play music fluidly. We also saw a change in the number of people coming to the shows which we put on ourselves,

All of this was compounded by the fact that Murphy was feeling trapped creatively, which led to his formation of a similar sounding band known as The Flashing Lights. "I had

always written a little bit more than the other guys," continued Murphy. "I had a lot of songs and it wasn't fair to the band that I wanted to share them all. I just said to myself that I wanted to start another band."

While Murphy moved to Toronto and The Flashing Lights went on to the heights of Canadian independent music success, the other band members kept themselves busy by forming their own band. Bassist Charles Austin and guitarist Drew Yamada, the other mainstays in The Super Friendz, went on to form Neusiland. Austin also started a family, while Yamada is currently a first-year medical student at Dalhousie.

Following their distasteful break up, it was a surprise to many that they began playing New Year's reunion shows each of the past two years. But it was Dave Marsh, drummer on Mock Up/Scale Down and on a break from the Joel Plaskett Emergency, who spearheaded a full-scale reunion almost a year ago. "There were no weird feelings about the break up per say," said Murphy about playing together again, "but we don't let stuff slide anymore. We bring things up if they're bothering us."

What resulted was what music critics are calling one of the most welcomed surprises of the year: a rare, exceptionally well-received reunion tour and album. The Super Friendz's third effort, Love Energy, is poised to make independent

music reviewers' 2003 Top 10 lists across the country. While still distinctly recognizable as a Super Friendz disc, it contains an eclectic blend of influences from all four songwriters that they undoubtedly picked up during their time away from one another. "When it came to writing new stuff, we weren't together in the same place," Murphy said. "We didn't have time to rehearse, so we just brought our songs in and tried to put them together. There was no time to second guess anything. It happened really fast." There was an underlying and unifying goal behind the songwriting for Love Energy though, as Murphy concedes. "We were all concentrating on what was good about Mock Up/Scale Down, and Love Energy was what came out of that."

However, in spite of the strength of Love Energy, Murphy knows it will always be perceived by some as a nostalgia trip. "As much as any band would like to pretend they're going back and starting at square one, you're not," said Murphy. "But when we went out on tour, I realized you can't fight it, you can't re-write history." A sense of weariness comes with playing certain songs though, especially the hit "Karate Man." "Not that everyone wants to hear it, but certain people really want to hear it," said Murphy. "It's hard for everyone [in the band] to get the energy up for that one. But with most songs it's almost spiteful not to [play them], and we're still proud of

While the Super Friendz have recaptured the loose, fun vibe that made them Can-Rock stars at the height of the Halifax Pop Explosion and delivered a rock solid reunion album, the band admits they still have other priorities too. Matt says his next undertaking will be a solo album. "The Flashing Lights are probably much like the Super Friendz were in 1997, and the Super Friendz aren't as busy," said Murphy, "so I think the next thing for me is a solo album. I've got to do something."

With the other concentrations, it seems there is little time for the Super Friendz to keep up their newly found momentum. "If there is a demand for us to play somewhere we'll go do it, but I am not sure when we are going to get around to making another record. We're going to keep playing around and hopefully people will keep coming."

Catch The Super Friendz at the Marquee this Friday at 10pm.

Solcola: Serving Up the Funk

CHRIS LAROCHE News Editor

Anyone looking for a fresh new funk band that plays originals should make their way to The Marquee Club this Friday, sit back, relax and listen—all thanks to newcomer Solcola. Halifax's first urban/funk band. Solcola serves up original music mixed with some old funk classics and original hip hop tunes. The idea, says band founder and bassist Jeff MacArthur, is to get young people out of dance clubs and listening to live music.

"We want to become Halifax's own modern funk-soul-urban band," says MacArthur. "We want to fill in this gap that exists, in our genre at least, of no original music being played."

MacArthur began Solcola as a jazz outfit in Vancouver while studying design at Simon Fraser. A P.E.I native, he returned to the Maritimes last year and decided to continue the Solcola sound with a new group of Halifax musicians. After advertising band positions last fall, MacArthur was contacted by Dal music students Ryan Gray, and Dominic Morrier. Andrew Mosher quickly filled in on guitar and, Cheryl Bishop became the group's vocalist.

Group cohesion was almost instantaneous, MacArthur says. "I actually think this band has a little bit more cohesion than the Vancouver group, in a personality sense," he says. This might come as a surprise to anyone simply looking at the band offstage—it would be hard to find a more jumbled group of personalities. Morrier and Gray are third-year music performance students - Morrier listens to Jazz and wears Hawaiian shirts, Gray listens to metal and wears black nail polish—whereas Mosher and MacArthur appear more conservative, perhaps because they are a few years older

than their cohorts. Bishop, on the other hand, appears more along the lines of a jazz diva, and she's a generation older than anyone in the band. Despite all this, the band gets along just fine. Their strong musical chops and the different influences coming from each member mean that the band can stretch out on stage without getting tedious, MacArthur says.

"The main difference between this group and the [Vancouver] one is the emphasis on urban music," he says. Aside from original material, Solcola plays tunes by Outkast, Mary J. Blige, Jamiroquai, Stevie Wonder and De La Soul. "This is a band young people can listen to," he says.

Listeners can log on to the Solcola website at www.sightan dsoundenterprises.com/solcola/ and send in song requests. So long as requests are "within reason," the band will work out covers for a requested tune each month. Beyond upcoming shows at The Marquee and Planet Pool, Solcola plans to record an album of original music for this year's ECMAs. "In the Groove," an album MacArthur recorded with his Vancouver group, was already nominated by the Music Industry Association of Nova Scotia for a Nova Music Award. Solcola also plans to "fatten up" their sound with additional horns and backup singers. "We want to be able to knock you flat from the stage," Morrier says.

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Weird World of Sports: Rugby

ADAM SOMERS Sports Editor

Let's face it, all you know about rugby is that you don't wear any pads and you can't throw the ball forward. Now, while this is a good start, rugby is so much more. Rugby is as crazy as it looks, you do get very tired, and yes, those are atomic wedgies being given to those guys. But as the famous quote goes, "soccer is a gentleman's game, played by hooligans. Rugby is a hooligans game played by gentleman." Tell me another game where you can try to kill your opponent for 80 minutes and then go have a beer with him afterwards.

Rugby is somewhat at the forefront of the news lately because the World Cup was just completed. This 44-day event ended with an epic battle between Australia and England. The game went into extra time, and was decided by a drop goal with 20 seconds left. What is a drop goal you may ask? Read on.

Rugby is played by two teams consisting of 15 players each, plus up to seven subs. Unlike most other sports, you don't get to pick your number, as the numbers are based on positions. First up are the forwards, or the pack. One and three are props, these are the short, stout and generally refrigerator shaped guys whose job it is to push in the scrum and tackle people. Carrying the ball is kept to a minimum, because normally props have awful hands.

Number two is the hooker (yes I said hooker, and no I'm not ashamed that I used to be one). The hooker has the place between the two props, not at the nightclub, but in the scrum. The hooker hooks the ball back, and throws the ball in at the lineouts.

Four and five are locks, who stick their heads between the props' and hooker's legs and push (I realize how awful that sounds, but it is true). They are also the ones who are usually really tall and on the receiving end of those atomic wedgies (also known as jacks) at the lineout.

Six and seven are flankers, whose job it is to look pretty at the scrums, but break off fast and make lots of tackles. Flankers are also the ones who are told by the props to "go chase the kicks" because the props don't want to run anymore.

The final man in the scrum is number eight, who is aptly named the eight-man. He watches on the scrums, sometimes runs off the scrums and generally tries to wreak havoc wherever he goes.

Now that we have covered the piano movers (forwards), we will now turn our attention to the piano players (backs). The



backs are the pretty boys you see scoring most of the tries, usually doing relatively little work. Number nine is the scrum half, whose job consists of getting the ball out of scrums, rucks, mauls and lineouts.

Number 10 is the fly half, whose job it is to set up plays for the backs to run. Numbers 11 and 14, the wingers, and 12 and 13, the centers, execute the plays. The fullback, at 15, kicks a lot and returns a lot of kicks, while joining in on a few plays with the backs.

How to score: Scoring is done by a few different methods Try: When you cross the line of the other team and set the ball down. Five points.

Conversion: When you make the kick after the try. Two points.

Penalty: When the other team gets a penalty and you kick it through the uprights. Three points,

Drop goal: At any time in the match, a player may drop the ball, letting it hit the ground first and then kick it through the uprights. Three points.

OK, so you know the players and how to score, but you still don't know how to play. Well here are a few basic parts of the game you are going to need to know:

Scrum: This is when the forwards on each team crash into each other and the ball is thrown between the two teams. Many nasty things happen here, especially between the props. Punching, pinching, head butting and general foul play is the norm between them.

Ruck: A ruck is formed when a person is tackled and goes to the ground and his teammates and the other team meet

for tea and crumpets above him. Not really. They actually try and push each other off the ball and heel back the ball to their side. Hands are not allowed in the ruck, and if you hold on to the ball too long the other team will tell you to get off by taking their cleats and running them down your back. This is called raking, and in moderation is perfectly legal.

Maul: A maul is like a ruck, only standing up. Fingers are bent, punches thrown and generally nasty things happen here also. In case you haven't noticed, rugby is not for the faint of heart.

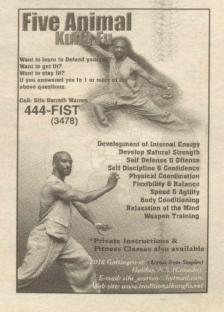
Lineout: When the ball goes out of bounds, there is a lineout. Different numbers of forwards line up against each other while the hooker throws the ball in to the jacked player. This is painful for the people being jacked, reminiscent of the nerdy guy in Junior High who received wedgies.

To go along with this, the ball must go backwards. If you knock it forwards, the other team gets it and your teammates will hate you. Despite what you may think, there are penalties in rugby, only they are played with advantage, meaning you only get the penalty if the other team can't move it past where they would have been placed, usually 10 yards. The most common penalties are offsides, or hands in the ruck. Both of these are exactly what they sound like.

All you need to play is a ball and some cleats. These are not normal cleats though—these boots are metal spikes about 17 mm long with a minimum diameter of 10 mm. These can and do cause real damage, including those bluish purple bruises that turn brown after a few days. A mouth guard is highly recommended, especially if your parents spent \$5,000 on braces, and mild padding is allowed, although usually made fun of.



There is even more to be said about rugby, but it can be summed up like this: try it. There is a place for everyone, from the fat kid to the beanpole. It's like football and soccer along with a little bit of heaven. You will never regret trying, unless of course you get a chronic injury...or break your neck...ah what the heck, try it anyways.



Tigers on Vacation

ADAM SOMERS Sports Editor

Over the Christmas break, while most of us were spending time with family, eating turkey and generally avoiding any mention of school, many of the varsity teams played exhibition games.

The main event of the break was the Rod Shoveller Memorial Men's Basketball Tournament, held right at our very own Dalplex. Competition was fierce, with eight teams competing. The Tigers played the first game against Bishop's University. Although the crowd support was clearly with the Tigers, there was the odd (and I do mean odd) Bishop's supporter. Either way, this game was neck and neck, with the Tigers eventually pulling out a 64-62 victory.

The next night, Dal had a rough start in their game against the Wilfred Laurier Golden Hawks, and it looked as though the roller coaster of the previous game had taken its toll. But after the first quarter, the Tigers shaped up and took a narrow 31-28 lead into half. The Tigers kept up the momentum until late in the game, when the Hawks were able to bring themselves within one. But the host Tigers would not be denied as they came away with a 61-56 win. Monte Francois led the pack with 18 points, while Matt Brooks came away with 14, and Nick Donald had 10, along with five steals.

In the championship game against St. F.X. (the number two team in the nation) on Sunday, The Tigers played well with Tim O'Connor, Matt Brooks and Nick Donald all scoring in the double figures. But in the end, the Tigers were outmatched by the X-Men's excellent defence and stellar offence. The Tigers never gave up though, bringing the score close at times, but never able to take the lead.

Earlier in the break, the men played in a tournament at Ryerson. They lost first to Waterloo 64-58, but then bounced back to defeat UQAM 77-73. However, they were outmatched in the final game against Ottawa, losing 79-60.

Meanwhile, the women hoopsters played an exhibition game against Ottawa at Dal and were able to come away with a 54-41 victory. The New Year found the Tigers at the SMU Holiday tournament, where they defeated Guelph 57-51 and then went on to maul UPEI the next day by a score of 81-42. However, they lost in the final to host St. Mary's by a score of 66-51.

The men's hockey team visited la belle province, defeating Holy Cross by a score of 4-2, before losing 3-1 to Concordia. Then this past Saturday, in a makeup game from Nov. 8 when the game could not be played due to high winds, the Tigers looked like they were still on vacation as the UPEI Panthers demolished them by a score of 8-1. Miles Agar suffered a rough night, facing 47 shots. Dominic Noel had the only goal on a power-play, and the Tigers let the game go early, giving up a shorthanded goal less than five minutes into the game.

The only other Tiger team in action was the women's volleyball team, who played a tournament at UBC. The Tigers lost their opening game three sets to none against the host team, but were able to regroup to defeat Simon Fraser by a tight three sets to two. With a narrow defeat to Trinity Western University, it seemed as if the Tigers might have a good chance in this difficult tournament; however, any momentum that might have built up was quickly squelched by Laval as they downed the Tigers three sets to none, and they were only marginally better against Alberta, losing three sets to one.

The month of February holds lots of great events for the Tigers, including track and field and swimming meets as well as other great varsity action. Come on out and support the Tigers.

Remember, it's your school, if you don't support it, who will?

4-3... Enough Said

ADAM SOMERS Sports Editor

If you don't understand my title, stop reading immediately, because not only do you obviously not follow Canadian sports, but frankly I have little to no respect for you and don't want you to read my pearls of wisdom.

After watching the Canada/US game highlights over and over until the image of Fleury banking in a goal on his own net, off his own player, was burned into my memory, I went crazy. In my utter rage, I was going to write a story, but then I realized it would be just like what's in our opinions section, which we all know is less than stellar. So instead I give you this, which isn't much better then what I would have written in my rage.

This past Monday, the Canadian World Junior men's team found themselves once again holding the wrong coloured medal for the third year in a row. Now in any other country, four straight medals in the championships would be quite an achievement, but this is Canada, where if you don't get a gold in hockey you have done the equivalent of burning our flag, killing a beaver and leaving Paul Martin alive. OK, maybe not killing the beaver. Three straight silver medals, three straight final games in which Canada was leading only to lose, three disappointments. Luckily for them, the teenagers are not alone in their disappointing losses. Here for your viewing displeasure, some other times when Canadian teams have stood up, only to fall flat on their face.

1998 Nagano Olympics

OK, for the first time ever they let NHL players participate in the Olympics. Obviously there was no way Canada wouldn't come away with a Gold Medal, let alone leave without a medal at all, right? Well, circumstances prevailed, and Canada lost 3-2 in a disappointing showing in the bronze medal game to Finland. That's right, sports fans, not a medal to be found.

2001 NBA Playoffs

With the addition of Vince Carter, Canada actually had a viable shot at making it into the NBA finals and maybe even winning. Alas, it was not meant to be, as Carter went to his graduation ceremony at UNC on the morning of game 7. Although he claimed it did not affect him, one starts to wonder, as he missed a last second game winning shot to see the Raptors lose by a score of 88-87.

1994 MLB Season

OK, sometimes you would just swear a team was cursed. The Montreal Expos had an awesome season going, they were the best team in the majors with a 74-40 record and showed no signs of slowing down. But they found themselves on the wrong end of a collective bargaining agreement that saw baseball enter into a strike that would eventually end the season without a World Series. The last time before this that they didn't have a World Series was back in 1904 when the National League refused to play the American League. Oh, and the only other strike in baseball was back in 1982, when (guess who) the Expos were leading the league. Instead of curse of the Bambino, this is the curse of the bad logo that always looked like a JB, not an M.

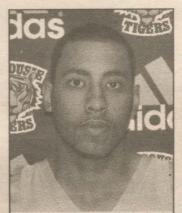
So what I am saying is, fear not young hockey players, there is always next year. But for now, take solace in the fact that even though you disappointed your country, so have lots of other teams. After all, misery loves company, and I love you.

Athletes Of The Week



Jennifer Smith, Women's Hockey

Jennifer Smith has been named Dalhousie's Female Athlete of the Week for the week ending January 4, 2004. Jen, a second year goaltender, was exceptional as the Tigers collected a win and two ties in exhibition play last weekend. On Saturday, Smith blanked the Carleton Ravens for 30 minutes of play. Smith was relieved by Ladouceur midway through the game after she stymied Carleton point blank on several occasions and turned aside every shot the Ravens fired her way. The Tigers tied Carleton 1-1 after the Ravens scored in the late in the third on a breakaway. On Sunday, Smith started again for the Tigers against powerhouse St. F.X. in Antigonish. The X-Women fired 50 shots her way, including five in overtime on a power play, but Smith held her ground for a 2-2 draw, Dalhousie's first success against St. F.X. in over five years. Jen facing 15-14-16 shots respectively in the three periods.



Matt Brooks, Men's Basketball

Matt Brooks of the men's basketball team has been named Dalhousie's Male Athlete of the Week for the week ending January 4, 2004. In this past weekend's 13th annual Rod Shoveller Memorial Men's Basketball Tournament hosted by Dalhousie, Matt was a standout for the Tigers, who finished off the weekend in second place. The six-foot-five forward totaled 49 points, 24 rebounds and 3 steals, and was the Tigers leading scorer on Friday and Sunday. For his efforts, Brooks was named to the Tournament All-Star team. Matt is in his third year of eligibility after spending two years at Saint Mary's. He is currently completing a sociology degree at Dalhousie and hails from Dartmouth, N.S.

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T-Room Listings

January 8th, Hinderwell January 15th, 60 Watt Vamp Every Friday, Trivia

Dalhousie's Official Engineering Student Newspaper

All I Want for Christmas

By: Chris Fedora, Sextant Big Kahuna

I hope everybody had a great vacation. While I realize not everybody celebrates Christmas, it's still a time for everyone to relax and get away from school for a bit. For me, it's a time to sit at home in Cape Breton and do absolutely nothing while my parents complain that I have been home all day and not done a thing to clean up while they were at work. It's also a time when I consume more turkey, potatoes, cranberries and stuffing than any human being should. Of course, I can't forget about the presents....oh the presents.

My sister and I split the cost of Christmas presents for our family, yet somehow I always end up still spending a small fortune. She does the wrapping, because I apparently have a wrapping paper folding deficiency somewhere in my genes. I am always stuck wrapping my sister's gift from me though, which usually ends up in a bag or encased in a roll of scotch tape. This year, however, I tricked her into wrapping her own present. I told her it was for a friend, and asked her if she could wrap it for me. My sister, being the sweet person she is, agreed, and being the wrapper she is, asked if I'd like some special things done to it. Who was I to say no? After all, who wouldn't want to perform the arduous task of unwrapping five boxes in a row, each one containing a smaller box until you came to the real present. It wasn't until she was done that I put the tag on it with her name as the recipient.

While my sister is quite adept at wrapping, she didn't seem as adept at reading tags. She must have looked at it for about two minutes before she realized what had happened. Which is when I got the look that I will remember for the rest of my life. Everyone knows that look, they get it from their mothers whenever they go walking through the house with muddy shoes, or when they come home with another tattoo or piercing. Oh yeah, I realize I never thanked her for doing

it, I was too busy running for my life. Thanks Amy.

I'm not sure about everybody else, but every Christmas I receive at least one gift that I don't like. I find it really hard to tell my mother that she must have been on crack when she bought it, so I usually end up keeping in the back corner of my closet under my old stuffed animals or damaging it in some way "by accident," so that I have an excuse not to use it. Well, this year was an exception. Somehow, my mom, aka Santa, remained crack free long enough to buy some of the best Christmas presents I've ever received. Here's a little taste of my stash from this past Christmas:



Elizabeth Chiu Voodoo Doll



Annual Most Valuable Son Trophy (I missed one year when we had an exchange student from Guam...man what a little



Dalhousie Tuition Piggy Bank



Commemorative Degree from when I should have graduated



A Thighmaster for my cat



My Depressing and Alone Fondue Set

How to Trap a Bin Laden

One thing that happens when I am home for Christmas, other than most of the food disappearing in the house, is that I come across objects from my childhood. Every time I come home, I find something else I can't believe my parents haven't thrown out or burned. This time, I came across an old board game that my sister and I used to play. Some of you may have had it as a child, or maybe you were never that fortunate. The game is Mouse Trap.

The goal of Mouse Trap is to catch your opponents' mice in the elaborate mouse trap constructed in the center of the board before yours has been caught. After playing 15 rounds by myself, I took a break and watched the news. There was a story about the capture of Saddam and how Osama Bin Laden was still out there. The story went on about how the Saddam capture was a great win for the US, and that efforts were going to be increased to determine a way to capture Bin Laden. "Win"? This sounded like a game term. My imagination started racing at this point, and I quickly thought of a way for the US to capture Bin Laden.



Since the search and eventual capture of Saddam amounted to a simple game of Marco Polo, it seemed only logical to attempt to get Bin Laden in the same way. It quickly became apparent to

me that a man that has evaded the US for this long must be too smart for such simple games, so this was my idea: Bush should capture Bin Laden by challenging him to a life sized version of Mouse Trap.

I know it's not a foolproof plan-after all, Bush might not be the best man to be playing anyone at a board game, but I don't see any better plans out there. If nothing else, it would be the most interesting, pardon the pun, "cat and mouse" game ever seen. Think of the marketing value. The networks would be killing each other off for the rights to air the game as a reality show. They might call it "The Odd Couple-Death Match" or something even more creative. In fact, why don't you folks send in possible names for this

the best name will get a cool prize. No, it won't be the Barbie Advent Calendar that I offered before Christmas, because no one wrote in to claim it, so I ate all the chocolates.



Send your e-mails to either sextant@dal.ca or thesextant@hotmail.com

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