

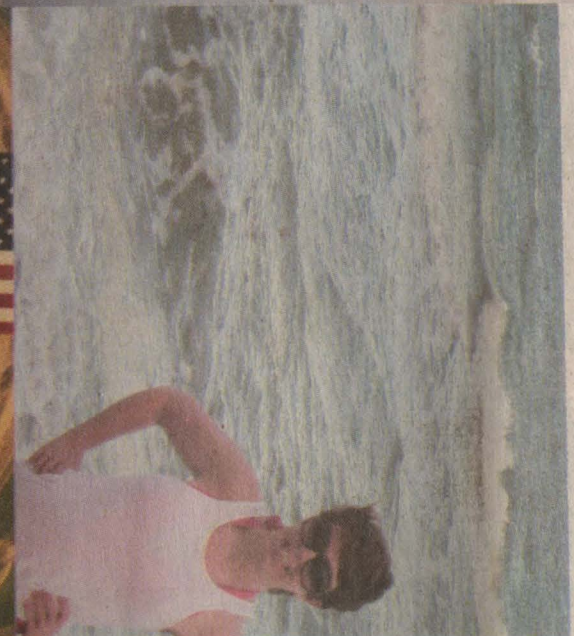


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# The Gazette Goes Traveling



Gullible's Travels pg 7



Idiot see's the World pg 12



Mind Your Manners pg 15



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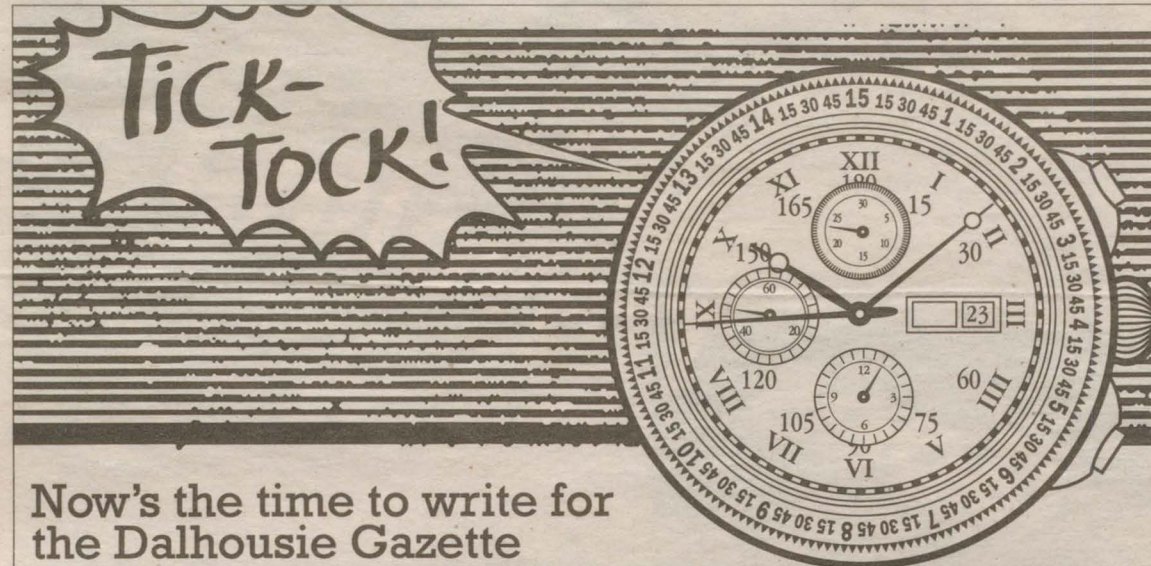
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# News

**News**  
 Gazette News covers Dalhousie and the greater Halifax community. Contributions are welcome! Email Bethany or Lucy at news@dalgazette.com



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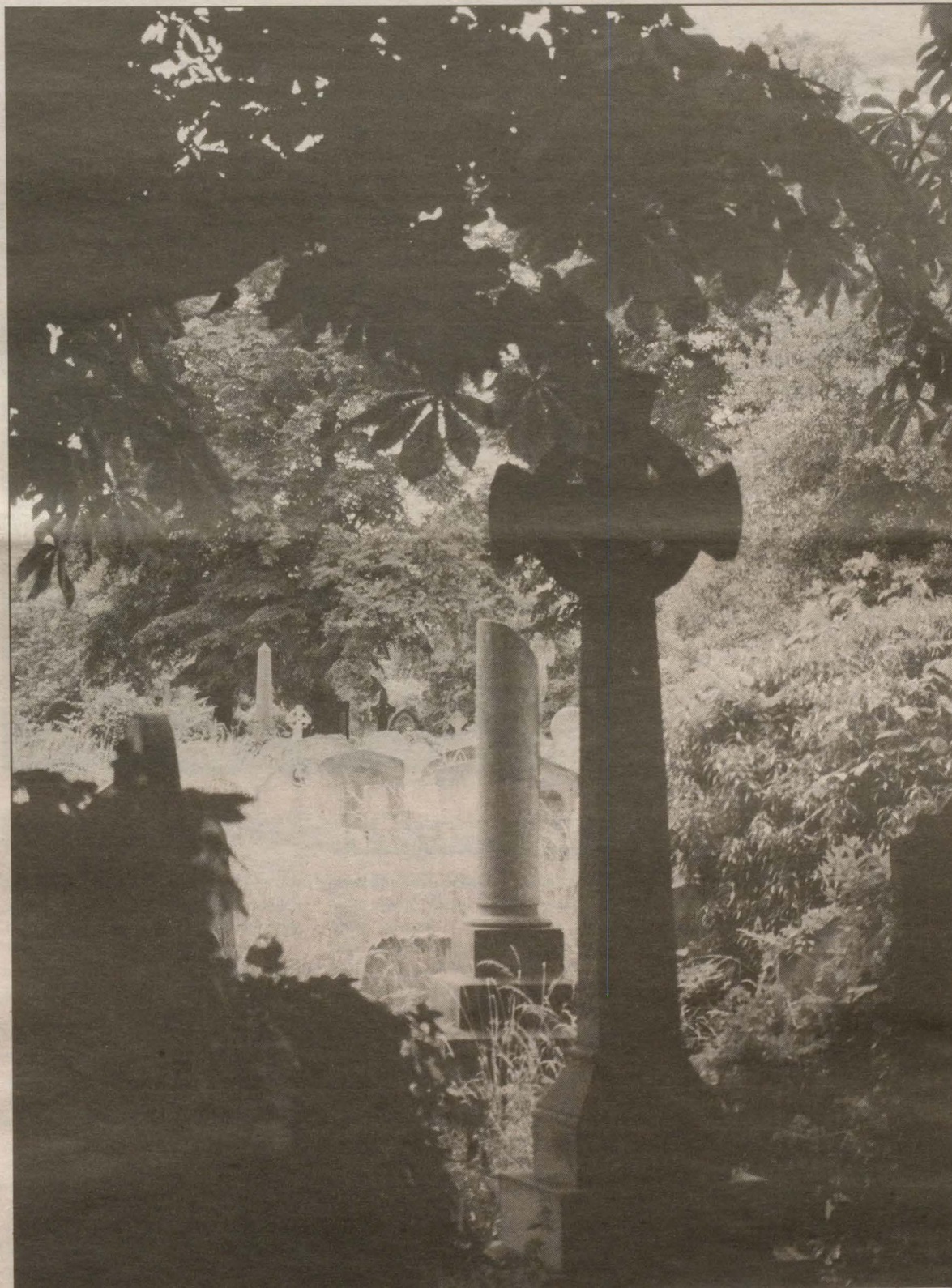
## Aged snapshots

A class project at Brompton Cemetery

Natalie Dobbin  
 News Contributor

Brompton Cemetery didn't top my list of places to visit in London, England. Covent Garden Market and the National Gallery—my first picks—seemed exceptionally charming compared to a cemetery. Yet, there I was outside Brompton's gates one day last June. The cemetery was on the agenda for a class I was taking at Queen's University's Herstmonceux Castle, which is located in the East-Sussex countryside of England. The class, called Image Bank, was comprised of 12 students from Canada, the United States and Hong Kong. We were required to collect im-

**"We teach you things you need in a social life, but in a spiritual wa "I started to think of the cemetery as an outdoor archive of culture and, oddly enough, life."**



Brompton Cemetery is home to thousands of graves and plenty of photo-snapping opportunities. Photo by Natalie Dobbin

ages over five weeks, recognize patterns within our photographs, and create a way to organize our collection digitally. I became a graveyard photographer of sorts that cloudy June afternoon, and my negative cemetery perceptions were proved wrong.

Entering Brompton Cemetery is like stepping into a British version of a jungle. Tall grass and vines cover many of the tombstones creating gigantic leafy mounds. Daisies and forget-me-knots peep through the grass surround-

ing Celtic crosses. Large grey squirrels leap from statue-to-statue while crows preen on monuments and in the grass. As recorded on the Royal Parks—a tourist website—the cemetery includes roughly 35,000 monuments. It

was founded in 1836 as one of several cemeteries approved by the Crown to deal with an overwhelming number of deaths from disease linked to population growth and poor sanitation. According to the website, those buried within the cemetery come from a variety of backgrounds, including 13

recipients of the Victoria Cross—the highest military award for bravery within the British Commonwealth.

The Royal Parks website also says the graveyard and its chapel have been featured in films such as the 1995 film GoldenEye.

Citizens were comfortably bicycling and strolling the pathways the day I was there. But I felt out of place and uncomfortable taking photos. Eventually, I gravitated towards objects left by graves, patterns on monuments, and signs of age.

I started to think of the cemetery as an outdoor archive of culture and, oddly enough, life.

There was a clear contrast between the graves still visited by families and friends, and those that weren't. I captured red and white glass candle holders covering a large, flat gravestone, along with a chipped white vase lying at the base of a tombstone covered with moss. At the same time, the fact that I was photographing the seemingly forgotten graves suggests they can still pique interest.

I recently e-mailed the class instructor and founder, Marna Goldstein Brauner, a professor from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, to ask about the trip choice and she said, "I wanted to take you to a cemetery, because of the combination of nature, architecture and the body (statuary). There are also aspects of memory, memorial and life that I thought would be interesting."

"My interest in cemeteries is the idea of making the impermanent (human body, flowers), permanent (statuary, fake floral wreaths)," said Goldstein Brauner.

I became particularly interested in designs on the graves. I took close-ups of meticulously carved floral patterns. Looking at the patterns was just as enjoyable to me as browsing through poster and fabric designs at the Victoria and Albert Museum earlier that day.

The graveyard designs are aging artwork.

Time has added colour to the cemetery. I photographed a wrought-iron gate and stone wall that were aqua blue and lime green from corrosion and overall weathering. This photo is now my desktop picture.

Kayla Dorsett, a friend of mine from the class and a student at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, said, "It happened to be one of the trips that I actually took the most pictures at throughout my trip in England."

"I just felt like it was a place overtaken by nature and you had to search for the beauty within its walls," said Dorsett.

And it was worth the search.



# Giant's Causeway

A summer trip to Ireland



Tourists climb the rock stairs of the Giant's Causeway. | Photo by Trevor Howlett

**Trevor Howlett**  
News Contributor

When I first decided to travel to Ireland, I was confronted with concern from friends and family, who had some vague recollections of troubles in the North. It required explanation that there were two countries on the Emerald Isle, and I was going to live in the South where there hadn't been problems in years.

I didn't mention that the Giant's Causeway – the place I wanted to see most in the world – is about as far north on the island as you can possibly go.

There are many similarities between Northern Ireland (U.K.) and the Republic of Ireland. Agriculture is huge in both countries, and the mix of green landscape with stone walls and fences doesn't end at the border. Celtic music and Guinness flow just as abundantly in both, but it's not hard to see they're two different countries.

It's difficult to drive more than 20 metres in Northern Ireland without seeing a Union Jack. As you move further from the republic you'll also see St. Andrews Cross or the flag of the Irish province of Ulster.

Belfast has lots of British-style red brick houses, contrasted with the plethora of stone houses in southern cities. The accents sound like a mix between Irish, Scottish and British dialects, and the people are courteous and friendly. I wasn't mistaken in Belfast for an American (or Australian) as I was in the Republic of Ireland, but perhaps I didn't spend enough time there. If you get the chance to visit The Olive Tree on Ormeau Road, don't pass up the opportunity. Lunch is an affordable and delicious mix of Mediterranean and European cuisines. Of course, if you'd prefer some "chippy food" in Belfast, there are plenty of quick, cheap and greasy restaurants to serve you.

There are remnants of "the Troubles"

– the time of civil conflict in Northern Ireland. The police station in Belfast is surrounded by high brick walls and barbed wire. You can sometimes see graffiti – both pro-union and separatist – that serves as a stark reminder of the frightening civil war, but there's nothing in the friendly demeanour of the citizens to suggest a bloody future.

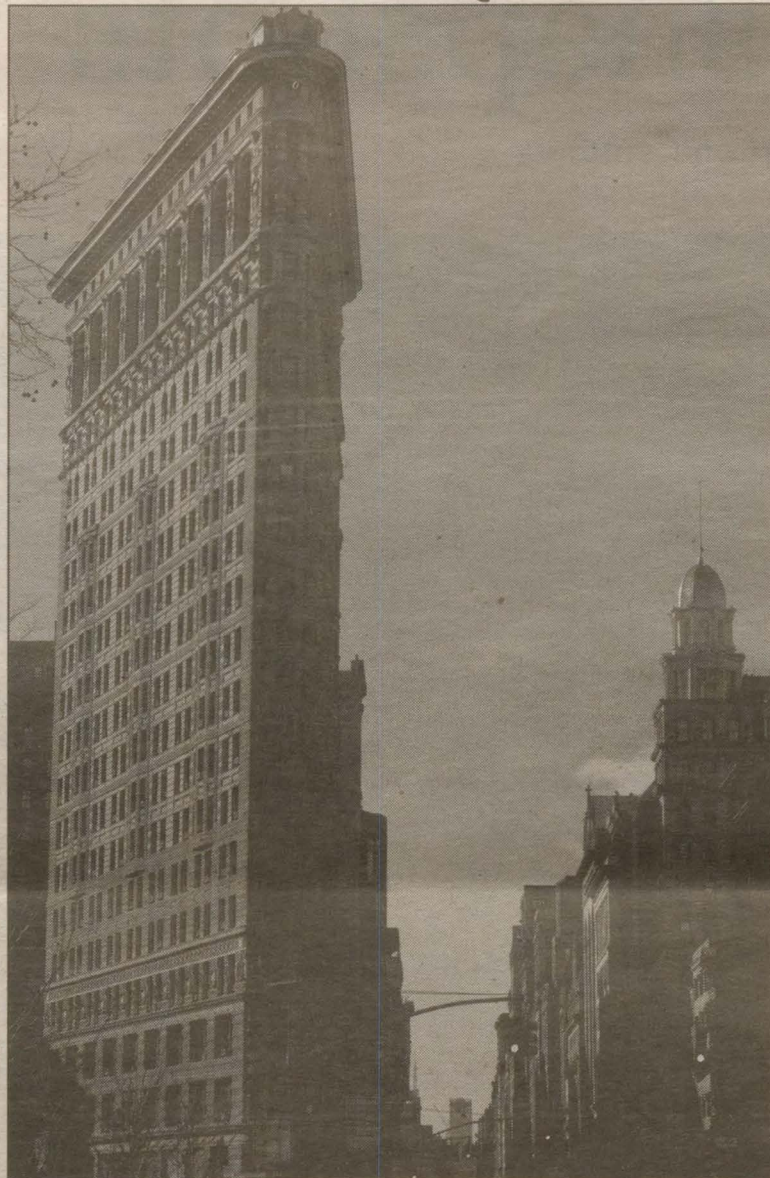
I finally made it to the Giant's Causeway, a site I had been waiting years to see at any price. Luckily it's free to see, but the weather wasn't so gratuitous. The skies in Ireland and its Northern neighbour are typically unpredictable. On that day, the walk to the Giant's Causeway was wet and frigid with nearly torrential rains. But by the time I reached the water, the sun had emerged with high heat and humidity.

The cascading rocks also opened up – hexagonal columns rising out of the seas in varying heights and sizes, like a giant staircase that flows in all directions. I expected people to re-enact the cover from Led Zeppelin's Houses of the Holy, but it probably wouldn't work with so many tourists.

Other than the famous rock formations, there are landmarks such as the Giant's Boot, and the Pipe Organ – both rock structures that resemble their names. You can walk around a high cliff that overlooks the Giant's Causeway by following a clearly-marked dirt path just past the rock columns. The view from the cliff is almost as amazing, but it's a much longer walk that isn't for everyone.

I left the site after about two hours, but browsing through my photos of the Giant's Causeway the following day I still could not believe that such a place was real, and that I had the chance to visit it. Over the entirety of my three months in Ireland, my short trip to the North seems romanticized, but with the beauty and wonder of the Giant's Causeway, it's difficult to think otherwise.

# New York, I love you



Midtown, New York City | Photo by Josh Boyter

**Laura Parlee**  
Assistant News Editor

*"One belongs to New York instantly, one belongs to it as much in five minutes as in five years." – Thomas Wolfe*

The city is belted out in ballads by Frank Sinatra, Madonna, U2, and now Jay-Z. It's featured in many classic Christmas movies, including *Miracle on 34th Street*, *Home Alone 2* and my personal favourite: *Sex and the City*.

New York City. It's the fourth largest metropolitan area in the world, and the largest in the United States. It's home to the Statue of Liberty, the Empire State Building, Regis Philbin and, from Dec. 17 to Dec. 20: me.

With graduation fast approaching and school stresses high, I knew Christmas break would be the perfect opportunity to get away and experience the glamorous life of the Big Apple.

Aside from driving through Syracuse on my way from Kentucky to Nova Scotia, I've only had one other experience with New York City.

In eighth grade, my cousin and I accompanied my uncle, a pilot for Air Canada, on his flight to the city. He had a two-night layover in White Plains, just a seven-minute train ride from the city – meaning one full day to explore the city.

At the age of 14, I was delighted to ex-

plore the numbered streets and search for Central Perk, the famed (and apparently fictional) coffee house from *Friends*, marvel at the view from the top of the Empire State Building, walk across the Brooklyn Bridge, barter on Canal St., and ride a subway train.

Yet with all of this invaluable experience under my belt, I felt unprepared and overwhelmed about my trip last month. Because let's face it, at 14-years-old, the most exciting part of the city was finding a ferris wheel at Time Square.

Determined to experience the greatness of this international landmark, my friend and I made a tentative list of things we wanted to see and do.

At the top of my list? Broadway. New York City is known as the birthplace of such musicals. Though the list of choices was long, we decided on the longest-running show in Broadway: *The Phantom of the Opera*.

Because we're broke, we did the big city glamour on a budget for the rest of our trip: window shopping on 'the fashionable road', Madison Avenue, a stroll in Central Park, pictures outside the New York Times building, a few laps around the Rockefeller Center outdoor rink, and a stop at the former site of the World Trade Center twin towers.

Strangely, I felt no list or Google map could really have prepared me for that adventure.





## News

# Twitter coverage of a DSU council meeting



The DSU meeting played host to a full council chamber of interested members | Photo by Pau Balife

## Bethany Horne Staff Contributor

The last DSU council meeting of 2009 was a doozie. The Dalhousie Student Union chambers were packed. The reason for the crowd? The secret contract petition was on the table, DSU VP (internal) Mark Hobbs faced a recall, and the budget was presented.

The results? Council voted against Hobbs' recall, they voted to bump the secret contracts petition to a legal counsel and Board of Operations for review, and passed the budget - no sweat.

That council meeting on Dec. 2, 2009, was a while ago. Let these tweets be a reminder. We've posted those we think relevant, funny or otherwise. The bulk of the tweets are about the Hobbs recall because the discussion took up a chunk of the meeting. Well, the part of the meeting we were able to see. All non-councillors had to leave when the Student Union Building closed at 11 p.m. That was before the budget vote.

Check out the rest of the Twitter feed and future DSU council meeting tweets at [www.twitter.com/dalgazette](http://www.twitter.com/dalgazette). Meetings are every second Wednesday at 6:30 p.m.

The Chair, during roll call, accidentally calls Glenn Blake "Glenn Beck". Blake does not look amused. 6:44 p.m.

This is the only council meeting I've ever been to where there has been food. Says a lot about how long the executive expects the meeting to go. 6:46 p.m.

Someone changed the "Secret Contracts" motion to be called "Confidential Contracts" instead. Nod to George Orwell. 6:48 p.m.

Star Chief Returning Officer appointed at last meeting has resigned because she didn't know at the time what the position was. 6:49 p.m.

The CRO is the person who bottom-lines student union elections. Very busy, very important job. 6:50 p.m.

Sustainability Office presentation to get everybody up to date on what they are up to. Emily Rideout is to draft a DSU sustainability policy. Presenter estimates nine out of 10 students are apathetic about sustainability. 6:53 p.m.

This is the first time I've ever been to a council meeting and there was no question during the question and answer period. Glenn Blake, Senate rep, is moving the "Confidential" Contracts motion. The group, Students Mobilizing for Action on Campus, want the issue to be voted on at a General Meeting where all students can vote. 7:05 p.m.

The councillor for Computer Science wants the decision on the Secret Contracts motion forwarded to the Board of Operations, then to the DSU's legal staff, who will make the contents of both studies available to the entire student body, after which the discussion is to be revived at the Jan. 20 meeting. Doucette thinks this is the way to make sure the possible repercussions of the motion are known to everyone in the room before the discussion. 7:10 p.m.

Doucette motion amended so the reports would have to come in no later than Feb. 1 - two days before

the Feb. 3 council meeting. 7:15 p.m.

Jocelyn Burr is concerned that the opinions of the 1,500 petitioners won't be represented in the reports to come back from the Board of Operations and lawyers 7:29 p.m.

Ben Wedge is calling into question whether the 1,500 students who signed the petition are students of Dal. 7:33 p.m.

Motion to send the Secret Contracts motion over to the Board of Operations and legal counsel passes. Modest applause. 7:46 p.m.

Gillis says she's been spending a lot of time telling VP (internal) Hobbs what he has to do as outlined in the constitution. 7:50 p.m.

Asraa Abidali moved to recall Hobbs, and Snow seconded. Gillis says she has had a lot of complaints from constituency about Mark Hobbs. 7:51 p.m.

Because the by-election date is passed, if Hobbs falls, the replacement would be appointed/elected by council, not by students. 7:54 p.m.

Council is debating the recall of Hobbs. Doucette has spoken about his efficacy in participating in the website committee. Gillis, Abidali have mentioned negative aspects of his handling of his portfolio. 8:01 p.m.

One student says Hobbs went out of his way to let him into the food bank during off hours, saving him from weekend of hunger. 8:12 p.m.

Asraa Abidali says Hobbs is decreasing the

efficacy of the executive. Says in day-to-day, he isn't doing what needs to be done. 8:18 p.m.

President Zimmerman speaks: she has said to Hobbs everything she is going to say, and these are her personal opinions. Not the execs. 8:26 p.m.

Positive: he is personable, made a good handbook, brought in good folks. 8:27 p.m.

Negative: he has issues with communicating, reliability and timeliness. He has been tardy to executive meetings, not communicating decisions. Lots of student complaints. 8:29 p.m.

Mark now has been sending his weekly goals to president and DSU general manager for review. 8:30 p.m.

Hobbs says, "I've worked hard. I'll work harder." 8:49 p.m.

VP LeForte speaks up. Says expectations aren't something to be set out now, says that should have been done ages ago. 8:58 p.m.

VP Osmond: "It's not (a team). There's four of us, and then there's Mark. He's lied to me on several occasions." 9:04 p.m.

Osmond is struggling to be honest. Probably not the best thing to do right now, but there's a reason this motion is up here right now. 9:06 p.m.

VP Bond: his vote is undecided, but his concerns are still there. Says Hobbs has missed important meetings in the past two weeks. 9:12 p.m.

Was that Perez Hilton on Zimmerman's computer screen? 9:17 p.m.

Mark Hobbs speaking again. Says it is an option to refer this recall to the Judicial Board. He's glad certain people think he's a nice guy. 9:20 p.m.

VP Hobbs makes emotional appeal, though he says it isn't one. 9:24 p.m.

Answer: that was not Perez Hilton on Zimmerman's screen. Just on her most visited sites. 9:34 p.m.

John Doucette thinks Hobbs is the optimal VP (internal), at this time. 9:37 p.m.

Saulnier makes good point: executive has probably spent the most time considering repercussions of this decision. Good thing they spoke out. 9:57 p.m.

Matt Byard speaking on behalf of his society: BUSA. Says Mark showed up to meetings with them. Finds him approachable. 10:15 p.m.

Zimmerman: concerned going forward what other recourses for VP (internal) accountability could exist. Thinks existing mechanisms have been exhausted. 10:33 p.m.



# Journey from Africa to Canada

# The frozen East



"They wouldn't always do what the teachers said, so they ended up beating up the teachers instead, and schools were then governed by the students."  
|Photos supplied by Marcus Bleasdale

**Mara Silvestri**  
The Cord (Wilfrid Laurier University)

**WATERLOO, Ont. (CUP)** – Yuetu Majok spent much of his life in a refugee camp in Kukuma, Kenya, 100 kilometres from the Sudanese border. While he endured many hardships while living in the camp, the ailing education system there only made life more difficult.

Due to large class sizes and a lack of resources, "We had to share everything," Majok said. Textbooks were taken and sliced in half so they could be distributed between two people.

However, teaching supplies was not the only lack of resources; there were also very few teachers. Furthermore, Majok explained that there was no curriculum; instead, a policy of "survival of the fittest" took place.

Due to such structural difficulties, "I never had a chance to learn well because of the poor structure."

It was this camp that Majok left behind to begin his journey to Canada.

On Nov. 19, as a part of the University of Waterloo's International Education Week, Majok and fellow refugee Tariku Kebede, both now students at Waterloo, shared stories about their personal journeys to Canada. The event, entitled "From Africa to Canada," was held at St. Paul's Chapel at the school.

While sharing a glimpse of what the 9.2 million refugees worldwide have experienced, the two managed to keep the room in high spirits.

Some of Majok's classmates in Kukuma were in the army or had been child soldiers.

According to Majok, "They wouldn't always do what the teachers said, so they ended up beating up the teachers instead, and schools were then governed by the students."

Majok also said that there were times when his teachers performed the beatings, and he frequently received them.

With all of these trepidations, the appeal of school was understandably starting to wear off.

"When I reached grade five, I was getting fed up and no one was serious about it. I just wanted to play and then go back home when I felt like it."

Although most of these hardships have been alleviated for Majok today, the transition into Canadian life was not easy. Recounting his first night in Canada, Majok said, "I could hear the sounds of all the lights on. I wasn't used to electricity."

Beyond that, Majok explains other transitions that were difficult to make, such as adapting to the Canadian linguistic nuances.

"I don't understand sarcasm at all. It exists in every culture, but when I try it, no one understands that I'm only joking when I say I will kill them," he explained, inciting laughter in the crowd.

Once past the language barrier, tackling technology was Majok's next step. Majok was soon introduced to Google and quickly picked up the popular university catchphrase, "just Google that shit."

Majok added that he often resorts to the search engine when he does not understand a certain Canadian custom.

One particular custom that Majok has had trouble adjusting to is the small talk that takes place at university parties.

"I've been to a few parties. When I party, people would talk to me about TV shows, and I am not experienced in these topics. In my culture, I would talk about cows, war, child soldiers, girls, but I don't know what it means to talk about these TV shows," said Majok.

"I start to look like a party pooper," he said. Instead, Majok has found entertainment in activities such as paintball and laser tag that don't rely so heavily on verbal communication.

Although it appears that Kebede and Majok have found a place in Canadian culture, they still face challenges.

The two men openly pondered where their future will lead them now that they have had the experience of attending university in Canada.

"If I get a job here, I can work here, but I don't plan on living in Canada forever," Majok said. Kebede, a second-year mechanical engineering student from Ethiopia, agreed. "I have no places that I feel is my place. My clan has land back home."

The event was hosted by the World University Service of Canada (WUSC), a non-governmental organization that fosters human development in 13 countries by educating and advocating students. The organization has a mandate of helping refugee students who have been displaced in civil wars obtain post-secondary education.



**Sarah Ratchford**  
CUP Atlantic Bureau Chief

**FREDERICTON (CUP)** – As New Brunswick students receive their third consecutive tuition freeze this year, three of the four Atlantic provinces have measures in place to stop tuition from rising. Other provinces, however, aren't so lucky.

The University of Alberta, for example, has proposed a tuition increase of up to 66 per cent for some professional programs. This proposal is in its preliminary stages, but goes against the province's regulation that tuition only be raised by the consumer price index.

Beverly Eastham is chair of the Council of Alberta University Students (CAUS), and vice-president external of the University of Alberta Students' Union.

"The situation seems to be very different here in the West than it is out East," she says. "We're lobbying to keep the tuition fee regulation in place for the 10 years that we were promised; it's only into its fourth year now."

Tuition fees in Alberta were frozen for two years starting in 2004. Easton says that at the time, the government was able to cover the difference in operating funds lost by freeze, which is no longer feasible to expect.

"Right now, as far as what's reasonable, we would just like to see the tuition fee regulation stay in place. The regulation provides a predictable measure that allows students and their families to plan for the cost they'll be incurring."

On the East Coast, meanwhile, tuition is frozen in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and New Brunswick.

The 2010-2011 freeze is the third consecutive one for New Brunswick, and was announced on Dec. 1 with the provincial budget along with a three per cent increase in universities' operating grants.

Jon O'Kane, president of the University of New Brunswick Student Union, is excited for the freeze. He says he's happy the government was able to enact measures to counter costs despite the current harsh state of economy.

"This sets a precedent for when we're in better economic times," he says. "I look forward to post-recession New Brunswick."

Cameron Campbell, director of external affairs for the Memorial University of Newfoundland Students' Union, says students in Newfoundland "fought long and hard" for their post-secondary education system.

Aside from Quebec, whose markedly low rates apply only to in-province students, Newfoundland boasts the country's lowest tuition costs.

"This has taken students lobbying and

organizing quite a lot. All public colleges and universities are CFS (Canadian Federation of Students members), so we're 100 per cent united under that banner. We can send one rep for the voice of all students on issues concerning PSE and debt," Campbell says.

As tuition freezes are "adequately funded," he says, they are one of the most effective ways of controlling student debt.

Katherine Giroux-Bougard, national chairperson of the CFS, says tuition freezes are "an important step to take in reducing debt for students."

She commends the New Brunswick government for taking that step, but draws attention to the fact that the province's tuition is still the fourth highest in the country.

In Newfoundland, a freeze has been in place since 2005. As a result, the province has seen a high influx of students from Maritime provinces, particularly Nova Scotia.

"There are about 1,000 students from Nova Scotia in Newfoundland," says Giroux-Bougard, an alumna of Memorial University. "So there are further steps (beyond freezes) that need to be taken. The fees are still pretty high."

"We've seen a 900 per cent increase in students from the Maritimes," Campbell says. "Ten per cent of those are Nova Scotia students. Until a couple of weeks ago, Nova Scotia had the highest tuition fees. Newfoundland had the lowest."

It is because of this disparity that Campbell chose Memorial for post-secondary education. He says it would have cost him at least twice as much to complete the same degree in his hometown of Halifax, N.S.

"A freeze is great," he says, "but there need to be reductions."

Maritime students might be flocking to Newfoundland, but it doesn't look like they'll be heading masse to the University of Alberta anytime soon.

Eastham says that while students can't expect a freeze in Alberta, the CPI

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Dal Gazette



# Features

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Tim Mitchell Features Editor  
features@dalgazette.com

## Gullible's Travels

An adventure isn't something you did - it's something you ate



Pamukkale, the "Cotton Fortress", is a Turkish landmark created by calcium carbonate dissolved in water, which flows over the mountains and hardens | Photo by Leyland Cecco

**Leyland Cecco**  
Features Contributor

I mean, it was on the menu. To our tired minds, it meant at least a few people before us had been feeling adventurous.

It seemed like the perfect end to about two weeks of travelling, which had taken us from Eskisehir to Izmir on the Aegean, then to the old city of Selcuk which held the ruins of Ephesus, Pamukkale, and finally onto Egypt. We'd travelled up and down the country via the rail line, convincing ourselves that we were seeing the not-so touristy side of Egypt.

When we told the waiter we wanted to order it, he seemed surprised - not as if we were the only ones who had ever asked for it, but as though we didn't quite understand what it was. He repeated it a few times in confirmation.

We spent four days in Izmir, a city weighed down by its history. Homer was born there, and mentions the place frequently in his works. The first residents are known to have lived there in 6,500 BC. Our hotel was near a market, and on the only day rain wasn't turning the pavement into sponges, we got lost (not so figuratively) in the bazaar. Since Selcuk is only an hour by train from Izmir, it lent itself to day trips.

He brought over napkins and forks first, and then, realizing his mistake, rushed over with knives. At this point, there was a feeling in my stomach. It wasn't hunger. It was closer to anticipation, but a wary form of it. If Hilary was feeling the same, she wasn't showing it. We both sipped our raki (a popular Turkish liquor) and ate the bread left on the table.

The ruins of Ephesus are only three kilometres from downtown Selcuk, so it's only a dolmuş ride away. At one point, Ephesus was the capital city of Asia Minor, and for a short time, the second largest city in the world (with a population of 250,000). From the pictures we'd seen, it was filled with cool ruins, and a copious amount of tourists. Fortunately, if you arrive in early December, when the sun spends most of the time hiding, not many tour buses drive out to the site. To stand at the top of an old theatre, blocks crumbling, but still with perfect acoustics, alone, is a pretty amazing feeling.

We'd only ended up in the restaurant for some food before our overnight train. At first we had ordered a tea, then two, but soon hunger overcame our want to sit and sip teas. We had then asked for the menu, and scanned over the regular items - dolma, kofte, kebab, gozleme. It caught my eye - midway on the page, tossed between eggplant salad and a sheep cheese platter.

"Hey, check this out! We need to get it. Come on, it will make us smarter!"

Pamukkale, the somewhat appropriately named the "Cotton Fortress" posed a challenge to us. By naming itself a fortress, we were left to wonder: "How easy is it to get into?" We'd tested our shrewdness the day before, when we scaled the walls of an old Roman fort, suggesting that if two young people can get in without a problem, perhaps the Empire wasn't as glorious as it had one claimed. So in Pamukkale, we learned two things: first, it's not really cotton. Second, we weren't the first people to try and sneak in. So we got caught, and the guards laughed

off our attempts at apologetic Turkish, and told us to go by a ticket. Which we did. Sigh.

Pamukkale is an amazing scene, once you're in, and have paid for a ticket. Cloudy water flows over the mountain, and calcium carbonate is deposited onto the rock, where it hardens. Over time, it builds up, and the mountain looks like a cotton hill. Unfortunately, the Turkish government has constructed pools at the bottom of the mountain, and a hot spring at the top (with fake-looking ruins underwater), now costing \$16 for a two-hour swim.

We both stared at the menu, our eyes on the same item.

"We should definitely get this," said Hilary. This was definitely something we'd never seen on a menu, and one we likely wouldn't see back at home.

After Izmir, we boarded a cheap, domestic flight to Istanbul, waited a few hours in the Ataturk airport, sipping disgustingly overpriced coffees, and then made our way to the Cairo gate.

We'd managed to get round-trip tickets from Istanbul to Cairo for a great price: \$300. This was due in part to the proximity to Cairo, but also the push on behalf of the Egyptian government to reign in Turkish tourists. It seemed like a good place to contrast my studies in Turkey. While the Republic here is staunchly secular, Egypt is a Muslim country. It uses Sharia law, and there is no real attempt to part religion and politics. Unfortunately, as we would soon learn, this well-intentioned trip would end as an exercise in futility.

So he brought it over. There was no fanfare. No lull in conversation. No rousing applause. No Oscar-like acceptance speeches

expected on our behalf. When he put the plate down, it just sat there. On some lettuce. With a few tomatoes. Oh, and cucumbers.

After flying into Cairo, catching a ride into the city to the hotel and checking into our room, we sat down with the young guy who ran the place. We told him we'd be in the country for a week, and wanted to see as much as we could, for cheap. If he'd heard this request before, his expression hid the well-rehearsed approach he would take.

After a few minutes of explaining, with diagrams drawn on napkins to further confuse, we learned we could see Cairo, with the Giza pyramids, then take a train down to Aswan (only 14 hours!), where we'd travel by boat to Luxor, and then back to Cairo in time for our flight back to Istanbul.

The days would be peppered with morning and day trips, which, in hindsight, are a traveller's worst nightmare. This became evident as we trudged up a sand dune over to the pyramids. I guess that's unfair. The horses trudged - we just sat there. But the guide, who promised us adventure, had allocated our adventure time into segments. 15 minutes here. 10 here. Five here. 10 minutes of free time. Yeah. That's right: free time. On our tour.

As the guide shepherded us around, the only thing I could think of was the time in Havana when our family toured the city. After 15 minutes, Dad called it quits, walked off the tour, met a Cuban doctor in a run-down bar, and spoke only Italian, while the rest of us were dragged to preset locations. If only I could have Larry Cecco'd our tour of the pyramids.

This horrendous formula for a tour replayed the next day, and after this, Hilary and

I hit our breaking point. Although we never thought it would come to this, we realized we would have to hijack our own tour. So we tried our best in the coming days to just do our own thing. We wanted to meet genuine Egyptians, which is surprisingly hard to do in Egypt.

We managed, a bit. But in the end, we realized that Egypt is set up for tourists. It's magnificently orchestrated to cater to tourists who want the charm of the desert, but none of the eyesores that go with it. The poverty is veiled by kitsch souvenirs, and magnificent temples now have outdoor cafés and ice cream for sale. The transportation network serves those on tours, and the industry has made it next to impossible to travel from city to city other than by "travel agents" prearranged trips. So we arrived in Egypt looking for a unique experience and a different perspective, and we left with both.

I picked up my fork and poked it. Just sitting there, staring up at me. Well, no it wasn't. It wasn't an eye. Or a foot. Or a tongue. I guess I should just list what it wasn't: intestine, heart, lungs, liver, kidney, toes, testicles, skin or stomach. So at this point, you're left with only one option.

Yup. A brain. Just sitting on the plate, like a brain should do, if it's been boiled up.

Before it arrived, I didn't think it would look like a brain. But seeing it now, it most definitely did: a solid mass of grey matter. Ready for consumption.

We could have just looked at it and said, "No way!" But we didn't. We said, "Way." "Afiyet olsun." (Bon appetite) we said to each other, and dug in.



# Opinions

## ANARCHISTS IN CHINA CREATE LIVING MODEL OF RESISTANCE

Social centre in Wuhan China the first of its kind



Activists in China, like those involved in the Wuhan social centre, could face extreme consequences. | Photo Supplied

**Dave Bush**  
Staff Contributor

Last year I travelled to the city of Wuhan China. I was invited to participate in an open forum of China's first anarchist social centre. Wuhan is one of the many mega-cities in China that remain unknown to most in the West. The city of six million is located on the Yangtze River.

The city is well known in China because it is where both the Qing dynasty was overthrown and where Mao swam across the Yangtze in a symbolic show of strength that was one of the opening salvos of the Cultural Revolution. It is also the unofficial home of Chinese punk music.

My first impression of Wuhan was rubble. Rubble was everywhere, even right next to the Starbucks in the city centre. All over Wuhan and most of the urban centres in China, there is a massive amount of construction.

The Chinese city is in flux. The urban landscape is being transformed by China's capitalist undertaking. The traditional decentralized layout of urban space in the form of communes is now being replaced with highly centralized business and shopping districts.

If the cities are in a state of flux than an earthquake has leveled the rural and suburban areas.

The social centre I was visiting was located in the outer suburbs. This is not the white-picket fence suburbia of North America. It is urban life without the most basic of services.

Since the dissolution of the communes after the end of the Cultural Revolution many of the suburban and rural areas have foregone the most basic municipal services such as garbage collection. The informal garbage pits that litter the suburbs and rural areas are emblematic of Deng Xiaoping's embrace of capitalism.

A social centre is a self-run commu-

nity centre. Social centres usually are venues for meetings, music, art, film screenings and independent literature. They are quite common in most European cities and in many North American cities. Halifax has its own social centre, the Robert Street Social Centre, in the city's north end.

Social centres are formed to cater to needs of the communities in which they exist. There are many types of models of how these centres are run. The Wuhan social centre, called Desiree in English, is run on an anarchist model, meaning that decisions are come to by consensus.

I arrived at the social centre in the evening. There were a couple of other foreigners from America and Europe. All the talks were translated into multiple languages, which took forever.

We talked about our past experiences with social centres and as activists. The Chinese activists were curious to hear about how we organized in our countries. We shared our stories but we were also cognizant that our lived experiences were not applicable to their situation.

The whole social centre in Wuhan is illegal. To engage in independent political action in China is just plain dangerous. The activists are risking jail time or worse. The state has so far ignored the anarchist project in Wuhan, but they won't ignore it forever. As the social centre grows in popularity, it will inevitably attract the attention of the security forces in China. The question is: will it inspire others to resist?

Our Chinese comrades informed us that anarchism in China has long history, especially in the pre-communist party revolutionary movements. Anarchism is in the unique position to critique the Chinese state. Most western-liberals decry human rights abuses but are silent on the economic

degradation of Chinese capitalism. This might be because those in the west who live fairly comfortable lives are themselves standing upon the backs of Chinese workers and peasants who are a world away.

It is not only affluent westerners who derive their riches from the mass exploitation of the majority of the Chinese population; the Chinese elites themselves are getting in on it too. The explosion of western-style gated communities shows that elites in China have more in common with the western mega-rich than with their fellow nationals. There is even one gated community that is an exact replica of a small English town.

China has become the worst of both worlds: an authoritarian security state partly funded by the Olympic dream, and capitalist economic system. It's neither a matter of trying to decide which is worse (they are both worse), nor trying to tease out the good from the bad, as many liberals try to do.

The baby and the bath water in this case can't be separated. This is where anarchism is relevant in China. It is able to critique both the economic and political repression of the Chinese experiment.

There is almost near constant unrest in China. This low-intensity class conflict is waged through daily protests surrounding wage and labour conditions. For instance, during my trip I was made aware of multiple strikes in the Shanghai area, one of which involved a bombing. These protests could continue to grow and challenge the social order or they could morph into vulgar ethnic violence as they did this summer in the Ürümqi riots.

Traveling to the Wuhan social centre was an eye-opening experience. I learned that behind the China of unprecedented growth lies a China rife with economic exploitation and social tension. The anarchists in Wuhan have built a living model of resistance that one can

**Opinions**

Gazette Opinions welcomes any opinion backed up with facts, but we don't publish rants. Email Kaley at [opinions@dalgazette.com](mailto:opinions@dalgazette.com) to contribute.



Kaley Kennedy Opinions Editor  
[opinions@dalgazette.com](mailto:opinions@dalgazette.com)

## Copenhagen lovely, environmental summit sour Canada dishonest about commitment to climate change

**Emily Rideout**  
Opinions Contributor

I've been in Copenhagen, Denmark for two weeks now, and this city is lovely. The reason I'm here, however, is far less pleasant. I am representing Sierra Club Canada at the UN Climate Change negotiations. My role here is citizen journalist. I've been filming, photographing and blogging about developments here that will affect the future of people in developing countries, the future of young people and the future of Canadians. And let me tell you: it's an uphill battle.

Canada's targets are some of the worst in the world - three percent below 1990 levels by 2020 - the second worst target from a developed country in the world after Saudi Arabia. How did we end up here? Don't Canadians want the government to act on the single biggest threat to human civilization, only rivaled by the threat of nuclear war? Well, yes, they do. A recent poll showed that 75 per cent of Canadians are embarrassed by this government's climate change policies.

But Ottawa doesn't seem to care. In fact, rather than take public opinion into account, the Harper government is working to weaken our already pathetically weak targets. On Dec. 14, CBC announced it had received documents proving that the federal government has a domestic climate change proposal on the table that would include emission reduction exemptions for the oil and gas industry.

I can throw a bunch of numbers and targets around here, but I think it's more important to

focus on one thing: this government is lying to Canadians and to the international community about its commitment to climate change.

How are they lying, you ask? The Canadian delegation here in Copenhagen has been negotiating on their three percent target and not budging from it by an inch, but clearly they have another plan in the works. Are they going to sign on to another climate treaty and then implement a completely different plan? Sound familiar? Think Kyoto Protocol.

According to CBC, this domestic plan "also says projected growth in greenhouse gas emissions from the oil sands in northern Alberta will be 165 per cent by 2020 and proposes to cut that growth - not emissions - by 10 per cent."

Just when you thought Canada's missing climate policy couldn't get any worse, the government comes out with a plan that will knowingly subject people to a greater climate crisis that we are already facing and pave the way for dirty industries to expand and make the situation worse. This is not democracy, and this is not acceptable. Phone Stephen Harper and Environment Minister Jim Prentice toll free at 1-866-599-4999 and tell them if you want Canada to be a leader and not a laggard when it comes to climate change.

*Emily Rideout is a student at Dalhousie. You can check out her Copenhagen blog and videos at [www.sierraclub.ca/witnesscopenhagen](http://www.sierraclub.ca/witnesscopenhagen).*



# Hot or Not

- |   |                                      |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| <b>HOT:</b> Getting frisked at the airport      | <b>NOT:</b> Racial profiling         |
| <b>HOT:</b> Riding the baggage carousel         | <b>NOT:</b> Lost luggage             |
| <b>HOT:</b> Spanish girls                       | <b>NOT:</b> American tourists        |
| <b>HOT:</b> Dance floor battles                 | <b>NOT:</b> The Glasgow Kiss         |
| <b>HOT:</b> Foreign flings                      | <b>NOT:</b> International infections |
| <b>HOT:</b> Hot chocolate                       | <b>NOT:</b> Cold coffee              |
| <b>HOT:</b> Drinking indoors                    | <b>NOT:</b> Leaving the house        |
| <b>HOT:</b> Hitting your friend with a snowball | <b>NOT:</b> It's not your friend     |

**DISCLAIMER:** Views expressed in the Hot or Not feature, Overheard at Dal, and Streater are solely those of the contributing writers or the individual pictured, and do not necessarily represent the views of The Gazette or its staff.

	5	3		2			8	7
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7			5		6	9		
2	7		4			5		
	6		8		1		9	
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		1	3		7			4
	9			8		2		
5	3			4		1	7	

# Overheard at Dal

## Outside Shirreff Hall:

**Guy:** "So I'm thinking Saturday for stress relief instead of Christmas caroling, cocaine."

## At Jean's Restaurant:

**Girl 1:** "I never believed in Santa Claus."

**Girl 2:** "Aw, that's so sad."

**Girl 1:** "No not really. My dad is a priest and doesn't believe in lying and stuff."

## In the bathroom:

**Girl:** "I hope my hands start working before the exam."

## On the number one bus going back to Howe:

**Girl 1:** "Well, yeah, I have to fly almost all the way across the country."

**Girl 2:** "Isn't Calgary, like, right next to Ottawa?"

## Outside Shirreff Hall:

**Guy 1:** "Dude what's all this white shit?"

**Guy 2:** "That shit's called snow, Bermuda!"

**Guy 1:** "Oh, nice."

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There are currently 208 City Transit buses that service Halifax's commuters | Stock Photo

## Missing the morning commute

Kaley Kennedy  
Opinions Editor

Growing up in the big city, commuting was a daily feature of my life.

Every morning I sat on a bus for 50 minutes to get to school, and 50 minutes to get home. Not to mention the hours going to and from friend's houses, to my favourite hangouts, to work. Add it all up, and I've probably spent days on buses and subways in my hometown of Toronto.

**"In most cities, you're more likely to find a diverse group of people collected on the bus than you will find anywhere else."**

Since moving to Halifax, I've spent maybe a half hour on a bus at a time – visiting friends in Dartmouth or Spryfield. My morning commute to school is a 15-minute bike ride; most of my friends live a 10-minute walk away. My local bar is three blocks away, and the grocery store is probably closer.

I can get behind living in a walkable city, and despite a few nasty spills on my bike last fall, I do like a good bike ride. So what's the problem?

I miss the morning commute. Between going to classes, work, and the

handful of community activism on my plate, it's hard to get a moment to myself, and while a crowded bus might not seem the best place for that moment, it's usually the best place.

You can't do much more on a crowded bus than read a book, collect your thoughts, read the morning paper, do some people watching. If you stick to the same routes enough, you might also come to recognize regular faces.

You're pretty much stuck there, too. You can't speed the bus up. You just have to sit and wait. The subway has the added feature of lacking cell phone service, which for me, was always a bonus.

But, my favourite part of my morning commute was that it gave me an idea about who lived in my community. I saw young mothers with their babies, students from all kinds of schools, working people of all sorts, young people, old people, middle-aged people. Once I even saw a young man dyed purple. Later, I would find out he was a first-year engineering student.

Once in a while, someone with a story interrupted my moment to myself – something I always welcomed. Often, while knitting on the bus, older women would tell me about their childhoods. Once, a woman even suggested I marry her son right there on the bus!

In most cities, you're more likely to find a diverse group of people collected on the bus than you will find anywhere else. While more people recognize public transit as an important part of an environmentally conscious lifestyle, it's also an important service for low-income people, young people, the elderly, and people living with disabilities.

More and more, public transit authorities are forced to recover more money from the fare box because of insufficient municipal, provincial, and federal government funding. An extra 25 cents might not seem like a big deal, but for people on fixed incomes, fare increases can hit hard.

Not to mention where service increases are going. So while it might be annoying that I have to wait an extra 10 minutes for the number one bus on a cold day, hourly service to North Preston might mean immense difficulties in working closer to downtown, and picking up your kids from the local school.

I'm interested in late-night bus service and airport service as much as the next person, but I also wonder about those students trekking in from Cole Harbour and Eastern Passage, shouldn't they see increases in service too? What about the single-parent students who have to find affordable housing off the peninsula – shouldn't service cater to them too?

## Somali "pirates" fend off illegal fishing



Illegal fishing off the coast of Somalia by foreign ships is hurting domestic Somalian fishing | Stock Photo

Asaf Rashid  
Opinions Contributor

Would anyone really believe a pirate? No, likely not, but people will believe a coastguard.

Somali voices and historical context, which have been missing from major Canadian media coverage of conflicts on the Somali coastline, change the conversation completely.

Add in these layers and the supposed Somali pirates are not just "pirates," but can be seen as defenders of the Somali coastline. The actions of the accused sea pirates include defending the coast against waste dumping and illegal fishing.

"We don't consider ourselves pirates. We consider pirates those who illegally fish in our seas and dump waste in our seas and carry weapons in our seas," explained accused Somali pirate Sugule Ali in an interview with Jeffrey Gettleman for the New York Times Blog. "We are simply patrolling our seas. Think of us like a coast guard."

The story of these coastguards starts more than a generation ago.

Following severe droughts in 1974 and 1986, tens of thousands of nomads, whose livestock were wiped out by the droughts, were re-settled in villages on the 3,300 kilometre-long Somali coast.

These villages developed into large fishing communities whose livelihood depended on inshore fishing. In 1991, with the collapse of the Barre government and escalation of civil war, illegal fishing trawlers started to trespass and fish in Somali waters. They attacked Somali fishermen as part of their incursions, pouring boiling water on the fishermen in canoes, destroying their nets and crushing smaller boats.

Since Somalia did not have an official navy and only had a "transitional" federal government, opportunists saw that, off the coast of Somalia, they could get away with bloody murder.

But Somali fishermen responded, arming themselves.

The illegal fishers increased their weaponry, and the process continued. Eventually, it wasn't just about the fish anymore for Somalis, but reparations as well. This is where "sea piracy" arises. Entire communities have based themselves on the economy generated from the reparations/ransoms, predominantly in the semi-autonomous Puntland state in Somalia. They even have their own de facto governments with written constitutions.

The fight waged by the Somali fishermen is no small matter.

The fishermen are up against a monstrous industry. The High Seas Task Force puts worldwide value of Illegal, Unreported and Unregulated (IUU) catches at a whopping \$4 billion to \$9 billion. IUUs are estimated take more than \$450 million in fish value out of Somalia annually. Ships have come

from Italy, France, Spain, Greece, Russia, Britain, Ukraine, Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, India, Yemen, Egypt and other countries.

Whatever the Somalis are getting in ransom for hostages pales in comparison to what illegal fishing is taking in. Somalis collect up to \$100 million a year in ransom according to Peter Lehr, a Somalia piracy expert at the University of St. Andrews in Scotland. This is less than a fourth of the value of illegal fishing.

Fishermen in Somalia have appealed to the United Nations and the international community to help them rid the country's shores of foreign ships engaged in illegal fishing. But the responses have been disappointing. In 2005, the UN Food and Agriculture Organization said that it is "impossible to monitor their fishery production in general, let alone the state of the fishery resources they are exploiting."

But catching wily pirates on the high seas appears to be within the realm of possibilities.

Two UN Resolutions (1816 and 1838) against sea piracy were approved in 2008. They gave a green light for countries to send military forces to combat sea piracy, and many, including Canada, have joined the foray. But – ignoring recommendations of Somalis – the resolutions do not make any reference to the fishing piracy, helping enable such activities further. Under the UN mandate, international forces are only legally allowed to combat the Somalis, giving protection to "international" vessels, which include illegal fishing vessels.

In the end, the only ones who have come to the aid of poor Somali communities are the de facto Somali coastguards.

In probably one of the more well-known examples of Somali coastguards versus illegal fishers, Spanish fishing trawler, Alakrana, was seized Oct. 2, 2008.

"We demand US\$4 million as a payment for illegally fishing in Somalia. After that we will release the fishing boat," Abdi Yare, a Somali spokesperson, stated in regards to the seizure. "Unless those conditions are met, we will not make any deal... The amount of fish they have stolen from Somalia is more than the amount of the ransom we have demanded."

Somali coastguards have caught many illegal fishing vessels over the last 20 years.

But the fish that were illegally taken out of the coastal waters off Somalia may not be nearly as bad as what was put into the water.

Following the massive tsunami of December 2004, in response to outcries from Somali people, the UN Environment Programme (UNEP) came in to investigate a disturbing finding: rusting containers of toxic waste appearing on the Somali shores.

"Somalia has been used as a dumping ground for hazardous waste starting in the early 1990s, and continuing through the civil war there... European companies found it to

be very cheap to get rid of the waste, costing as little as \$2.50 a tonne, where waste disposal costs in Europe are something like \$1,000 a tonne," Nick Nuttall of UNEP explained to Al Jazeera news. "There is uranium radioactive waste. There is lead, and heavy metals like cadmium and mercury. There is also industrial waste, and there are hospital wastes, chemical wastes – you name it."

As a consequence of exposure to the waste, people have been getting very sick, with ailments including abdominal hemorrhages and unusual skin infections, diseases consistent with radiation sickness.

So who's doing the dumping?

The European Green Party (EGP) followed up on the tsunami's revelations and identified two of the many companies involved: Italian-Swiss firm, Achair Partners, and an Italian waste broker, Progresso. The EGP presented before the press and the European Parliament in Strasbourg copies of contracts signed between these companies and representatives of the warlords then in power, to accept 10 million tonnes of toxic waste in exchange for \$80 million.

This was an illegal transaction that Somalis did not consent to, and it padded the bank accounts of both the warlords and the companies who got access to cheap dumping grounds.

But, as with the illegal fishing, the Somalis haven't simply watched these crimes take place.

In October 2008, Somalis captured a Ukrainian ship, the MV Faina, which was carrying a suspicious shipment of tanks and military hardware. The coastguards demanded an \$8 million ransom for continuous dumping reparations.

Whether against illegal fishers, waste dumpers or mainly for money, what is being expressed in various forms of sea piracy – the high-jacking and ransoming that offends sensibilities of many – arises out of desperation and alienation.

Perhaps it should not be surprising that many of these same countries declaring war on sea piracy – European Union countries, Russia, Japan, India, Egypt and Yemen – are also implicated in the toxic pollution of the Somali coastline and decimation of the fish stocks.

Powerful states and the UN will not allow this example of people taking survival needs into their own hands to persist, lest it spread. They also won't take their own corporations to task, especially not for poor Africans. So, the Somalis are left lonely on their seas, facing struggles that parallel rural fishing communities here. Their cries against the corporate pirates go unanswered.

This article appeared first on the Halifax Media Co-op Blog.



# Arts

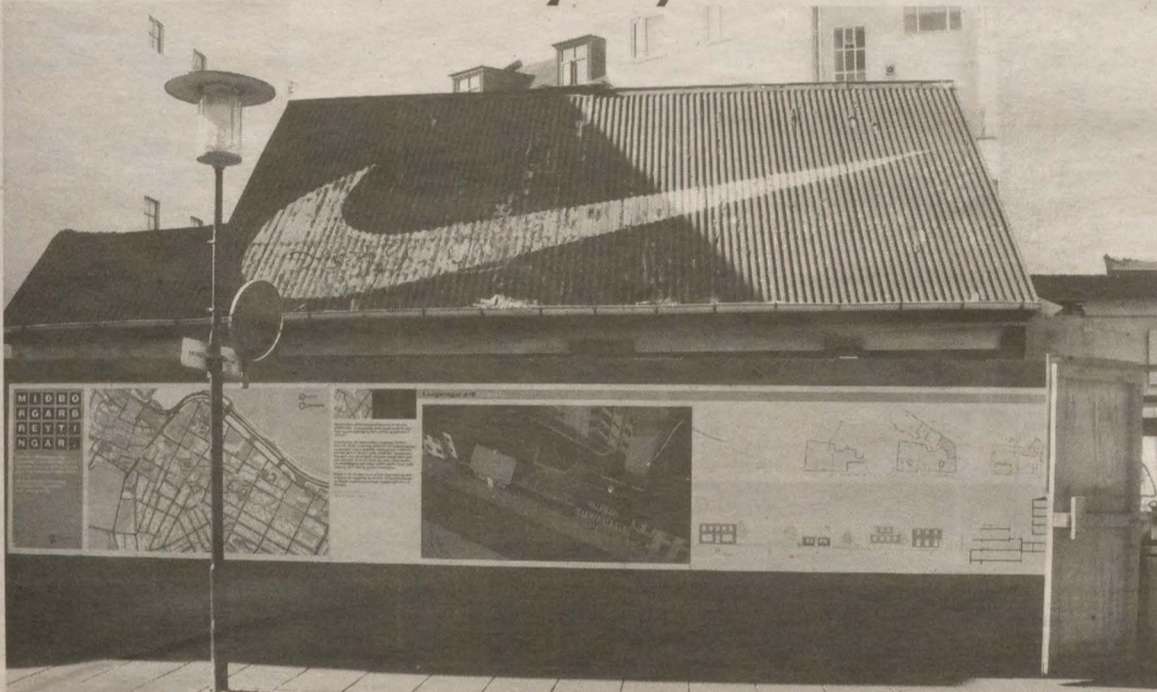
## Arts

Gazette Arts covers cultural happenings in the Halifax community. You heard it here first. Email Laura or Matt at arts@dalgazette.com to contribute.



Laura Dawe Arts Editor  
arts@dalgazette.com

## Lost in Reykjavik



Only in Iceland could a Nike store go bankrupt. | Photo by Matt Ritchie

**Matthew Ritchie**  
Assistant Arts Editor

Upon traversing the Atlantic Ocean during my first trip to Europe, I was surprised to discover that the sun does not set in the Arctic Ocean. While flying at 11 p.m. from Halifax International Airport I noticed a crimson sun floating to my right. Two hours, and three episodes of Friends on Iceland Air's in-flight televisions later, the sun was not on my right, but on my left. Orange and yellow cascaded across the faces of Icelandic families who seemed to find this occurrence quite ordinary.

Upon a summer excursion to Europe I passed through Iceland twice, before returning for a four-day vacation. I suffered one of those periods where you reconsider everything in your life. I wanted to go somewhere cold and dark where no one could find me. I should have hid in an attic instead, because upon arriving into a seasonably high 14 C mid-August in Iceland I was greeted with sun. Non-stop sun. The sun never, ever, set.

Iceland is known for having around 20 hours of sunlight a day during the peak of summer. This is not quite true. Due to Iceland's proximity in the Arctic Ocean, the sun doesn't so much set as spin around the sky, giving you four hours of dusk in which to sleep.

Do you remember the desert level in Super Mario 3 where a seemingly jolly sun descends from the sky and bombards you with attacks while you're in your Tanooki Suit? That's what the sun in Iceland feels like. So it seems no one ever really sleeps in Iceland.

When I asked a chef outside the Gullfoss Waterfall what he does in the winter when the sun is in the sky for only four hours, his response was: "Drink."

So with no ability to sleep, I began scouring Reykjavik every night in an attempt to absorb as much Icelandic culture as possible. On my first day, which began at 4 a.m., I wandered up from my hostel through the upper class

residential neighbourhoods until I stumbled upon Hallgrímskirkja – a giant, sky scraping church that shows off Iceland's finest architecture. Of course, the entire building was under renovations when I was there. However, 20 storeys of scaffolding are still impressive.

I continued on my stroll, and I came across an abandoned Nike store. The Nike swoosh adorning the top of the building was scarred with birds' fecal matter. After closing down due to a lack of sales it became pretty clear that Iceland is one of the only Western countries that refuse any form of globalization. Previously Iceland opened its door to McDonald's in 1993 by establishing three outlets. During my travels I didn't see a single one or evidence of one on my walk around town. Two months after my travels, the closed down its operations and vowed never to return due to the lack of revenue and high cost of importing McNuggets from Germany. However, most Icelandic people reject global fast food chains. Although this is a nation known for its love of hot dogs, most get their fast food from mom and pop diners as opposed to Burger King. The only thing close to resembling a chain I discovered in Reykjavik was a Subway, but even Icelanders can't deny a Meatball Sub with chipotle sauce.

My travels along the city's waterfront took me to a Domino's Pizza without a single car in its parking lot. After wandering into the gas station across the street to get some Egil's Applesin soda – a drink that tastes like the hyper sugary cousin of Orangina – I came across two Canadian travellers. The middle-aged couple told me that although Iceland is promoted as a hot spot for Canadian travellers, I was the only one they had encountered all week.

Iceland's economy is built on tourism. With a steep decline in the Krona, Reykjavik is a town like no other Western Capital. What Reykjavik sells is essentially Iceland. The common restaurants and stores you might associate with a global economy are

non-existent in Iceland. What Iceland sells to tourists – mostly German – is Iceland itself.

That being said, everybody I met thought I was Icelandic. Upon my final day in the country I decided to get lost and wandered to a geothermal beach. Although it was frighteningly cold, I did encounter a bachelorette party. I was attacked by a group of Icelandic party girls who wouldn't take my lack of Icelandic phrases as a sign not to dance. They dragged me to the bachelorette in question who was sober enough to explain to me that in my appearance – combat boots, grey sweater and massive beard – I looked like most Icelandic men. I slow danced with her on top of a picnic bench and was rewarded with a kiss – to the cat calling of raven-haired Icelanders with a video camera.

After travelling around town for a few days, and sticking my tongue in a girl's mouth before her wedding day, it was time to head home – but not before a stop at Iceland's renowned geo-thermal hot spring: the Blue Lagoon. After bathing in the murky blue water and slathering my body in silica mud, I returned to the parking lot to discover I had missed my bus to the airport. With 30 kilometres to the airport, and a walk across a terrain that resembled the moon, I was surely fucked. On top of that I had only the cash equivalent of three bottles of Coca-Cola. Still, I didn't panic. After wandering the parking lot for 20 minutes, I met a bus driver from the tourism company Iceland Excursions who was on a field trip with a private school. After I told him my situation, he extinguished his cigarette butt and invited me aboard an empty 56-seat bus. He drove me all the way to the airport for free and declined any sort of payment upon arrival.

I don't know why people are so nice in Iceland, but in no other country have I encountered such hospitality towards tourists. Maybe it's the lack of Big Macs.

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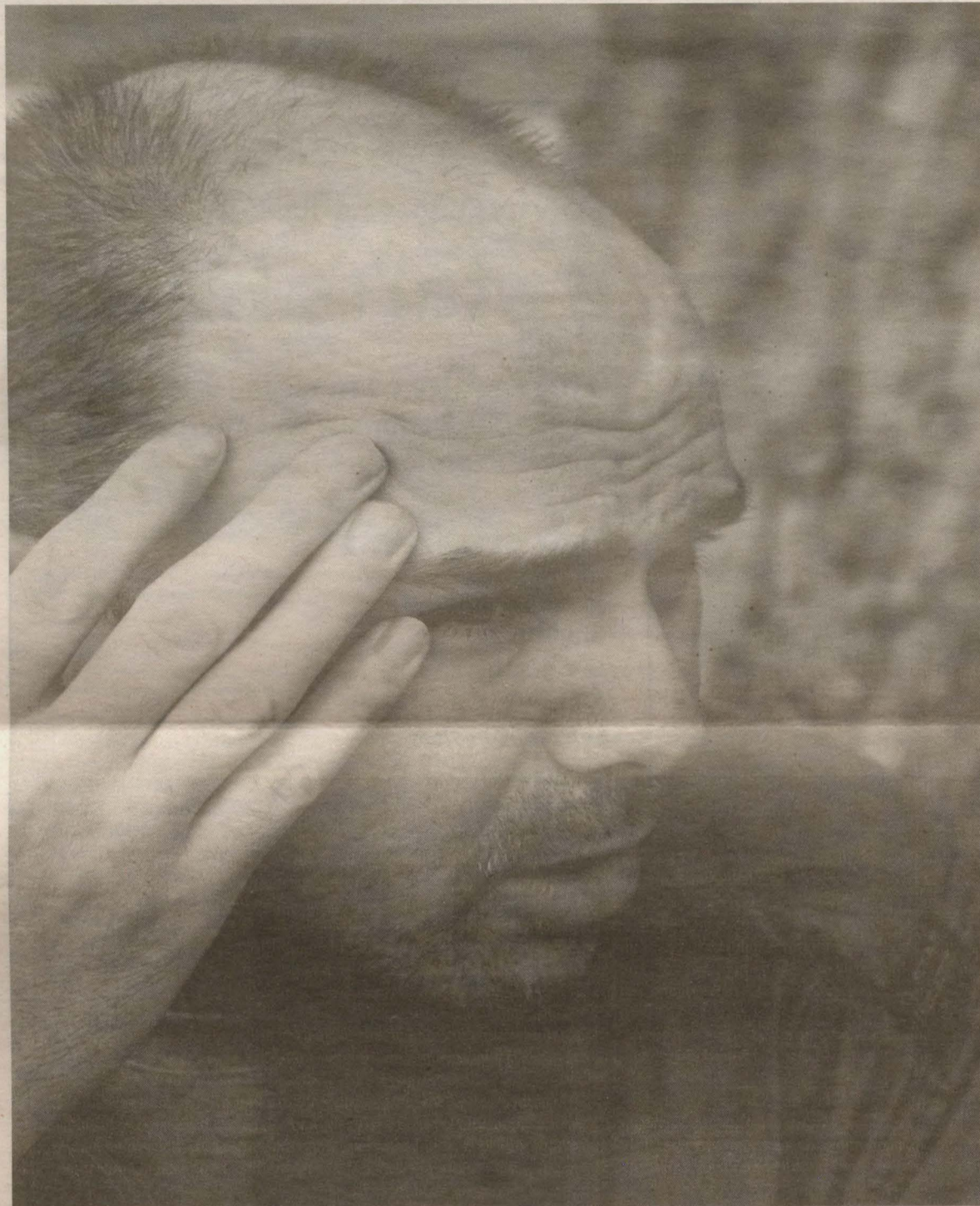
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# Cairo with Karl

## World famous idiot sees world's seven wonders



Karl Pilkington visited Cairo's Egyptian Museum in early December while on a quest to see the seven wonders of the modern world.

| Photo by Leyland Ceeco

**Hilary Beaumont**  
Copy Editor

The sight tore my eyes from King Tut's golden death mask. There he was across the room, with "a head like a fucking orange." He was taller than I'd imagined, wearing a green cargo jacket and an open-mouthed expression. He didn't look like an idiot. But I reminded myself: that's Karl Pilkington.

Discovered by Ricky Gervais while producing *The Office* (U.K.), Pilkington joined the comic/actor and *Office* co-producer Stephen Merchant on the Ricky Gervais Podcast. Due mostly to Pilkington's moron/mastermind ideas, such as babies born systematically from dying grannies, and cats with mops on their feet, the project quickly became the most downloaded podcast in history. By September 2006, they reached nearly eight billion downloads. The trio has produced five complete seasons since 2005.

More recently, Karl told me, Ricky quizzed him on his knowledge of the world's seven modern wonders. When Karl dismissed them as "a bit shit," Gervais and Merchant challenged him to refresh his history. Now Karl is on a mission to see the seven wonders, and a documentary team is following his every dimwit musing.

I spotted his round head at the Egyptian Museum in Cairo.

**Hilary Beaumont:** What were your impressions of Egypt before and after the museum?

**Karl Pilkington:** Emm, well, I can't really tell you 'cause I'm doin' a program on it. So it'll spoil it won't it. I knew when I was comin' here what it would sorta be like. So I'm not totally shocked. But I prefer the real stuff that's goin' on in the centre of town. Like the market, the food, the butcher's. The stuff that's goin' on. I'm not a big fan of loads and loads of old ornaments.

**HB:** Did you learn anything in the museum?

**KP:** Well I've been shown around by this fella 'ere (gestures to his guide, Ahmed). He's a genius. He knows everything to the point of almost being a bit boring about it. He loves it. I wish I had something in my life like he has, really. He lives for it. I haven't really got anything like that. I just trundle along and go from one thing to the next.

**HB:** What's the most interesting thing you saw in the museum, even if you don't think history's that interesting?

**KP:** They kinda got some little wooden figures knockin' around that show you what it was like to live back then. Like a little village: people goin' about the day. For me, that's all the stuff that's been happening, whereas all the stuff in boxes to me is like a shop of antiques. So unless you're like Ahmed here and you know a lot, you're just lookin' at stuff.

**HB:** Would you ever get mummified?

**KP:** I don't think I'd be bothered. Once

you're dead, you're dead, so I don't think I'm that bothered what would happen when I'm dead. I don't like the idea of being buried. You just turn to mush, don't you? I prefer to get cremated, I think, than be sat in a box. (To guide) Don't you like the idea of that?

**Guide:** Honestly, at the end of the day it makes no difference.

**KP:** Well you were saying it's like life goes on forever.

**Guide:** So in ancient Egypt the belief that you are to continue in the afterlife, you need to preserve the body. The Egyptians were very creative and smart, and they said even if you lose your body, you can have Plan B: you can have a statue. But even after all this is gone, you can have sacred texts and you will be resurrected – reborn.

**KP:** See what I mean? This is how he's gone on. I've been with him now for a few days and he's non-stop. Seriously, he's just non-stop. He's just kinda, "Blaah." And I can't suck it in. I admire him. I love the way he loves everything, but I'm just like, "I don't know what you're talking about anymore."

**HB:** I'm going to test your knowledge of ancient Egypt. I'm going to ask you both the same question. It's a pop quiz. So Karl, tell me what a canopic jar is.

**KP:** Well he hasn't shown me that so that doesn't count. If I had a guess (pauses)... It's a jar of some sort, innit?

**Guide:** He is correct, actually. He has seen something related to it. Remember the miniature coffins? What were they for?

**KP:** Babies.

**Guide:** No. They were –

**KP:** Oh, no, no, no! I know! They take out, like, your kidneys and your guts, and they take it all out and box it!

**Guide:** Part of it is that you extract the entrails. They are sacred, right? You want to preserve the body, so you don't throw them away. They are placed in miniature coffins or in the canopic jars. What are the canopic jars? They are sacred jars for the entrails and they are named canopic because they were discovered in for the first time in Canopus. Now you put them also in a chest and they have the names of divinities: the four sons of Horus.

**HB:** So Karl, are you absorbing any of this?

**KP:** I, uhhhh, I struggle with him. Because, you know, I left school with one "E" in history, and he's tried to teach me so much in such a short space of time. It's impossible.

**HB:** Are you bringing any souvenirs back from Egypt for your family and friends?

**KP:** I've got a little black sorta cat for me mam, a little bird-like thing for me mam, and I bought a long dressing gown type thing.

**HB:** You mean the traditional (Jel-labiya) robes Egyptian men wear?

**KP:** Yah.

To answer your question: even after meeting Karl, I still can't tell if he's a real person or a character. Once I thought I saw a twinkle in his eye.

Karl's documentary will debut on ITV in September. Before then, he will visit the Great Wall of China, Christ the Redeemer in Brazil, Petra in Jordan, Machu Picchu in Peru, Chichen Itza in Mexico and the Taj Mahal in India. He has already checked the pyramids at Giza off the list. Download the Ricky Gervais Podcast for more information.

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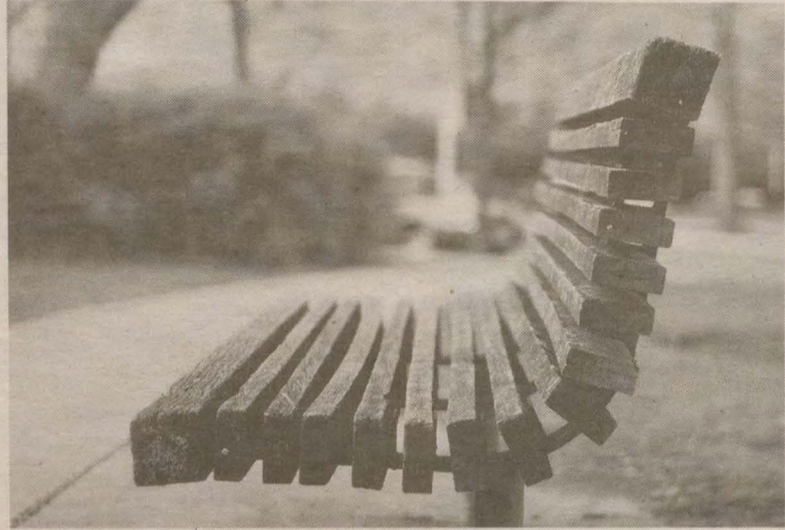
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# A park bench Best of music 2009

## Stream of consciousness in Vancouver



A serene place to think | Stock Photo

John Barnes  
Arts Contributor

I knew a girl from Austria. She was from Graz where there is a statue of Arnold Schwarzenegger the locals want to tear down. She told me that she found a cigarette pack on the ground at a rave in an abandoned castle in Eastern Europe. In it was one pill, which her and her friend broke in half and ate. Me and her slept together in my friend's basement apartment in a grimy part of Vancouver. He put a condom in a bedside cup filled with pens and change. When he picked me up at the airport he told me that the cocaine in B.C. was "pure as the driven snow." I don't do coke, but years later I found out that he flipped his Dad's sports car that weekend. He told his parents that I was in the car when it happened,

but I wasn't; he didn't even tell me about it. The night before I got drunk on a beach with some wino guy and street kids who swore his name – Rob – was an acronym for "right on, bro," I slept on a park bench. I woke up to a dog and its owner who were staring at me. We shot Jameson's whiskey from the bottle. I went swimming with a group of random people who congregated on the West Coast of Canada when the girls showed up. Black water surrounded a floating pier suspended one hundred feet into the Pacific Ocean. It was night and I thought of sharks. A woman walked up to the water with a wetsuit on. Nobody else was facing her. I swear she did not surface for 10 minutes. She came out and Rob, the wino, told me later that he went home with her and eventually busted on her stomach. What can I say? I can't say anything that will recreate what it was like to have been there.



The Animal Collective playing live Stock Photo

Matthew Ritchie  
Assistant Arts Editor

With a number of publications describing the first decade of the new millennium as being the resurgence of independent music, it is no surprise that 2009 saw some fantastic releases from the indie camp. Although there were a few stand out electronic records compared to 2008 (*Girl Talk*) and 2007 (*Justice*), 2009 was a great year for hip-hop mix tapes and oddball rap recordings. One band even made

this decade's must-have metal record. Let's look at some of the records that shaped 2009.

Animal Collective's *Merriweather Post Pavilion* gained praise for album of the year – including in *The Gazette* in late January. Their glitch-pop/Beach Boys harmonies and African beats showed the bands full culmination of Beatles songwriting and third-world rhythm.

For those who enjoyed African rhythms and Paul Simon guitar lines without the noise of Animal Collective, six piece *The Dirty Projectors* had something for everyone. Although being one of the most hyped bands of the year, their LP *Bitte Orca* and release of two others EPs in 2009 made them one of the busiest as well.

For those who were more prone to hip hop, Kid Cudi's *Man on the Moon* hit a chord with those who desired a bit more from their rappers. Rapping on subjects from alienation to drug consumption to face-bangs, Cudi rap/sang his way into critics' hearts through the inclusion of fellow Brooklynites *MGMT* and *Ratatat*.

Jay Z's *Blueprint 3* came under mixed review from fans. Some praised his Rihanna and Kanye collaborations, while others saw them as a cheap thrill amongst an album of weak flow. One thing is for certain, "Empire State of Mind" may be the most ballin' tracks of the year.

One of the most surprising break outs of the year came from four terribly horrendous looking Frenchmen. The boys in Phoenix are not new to the music game – they previously backed Air as a live band and one of the members started the first rock band featuring Daft Punk – but their brand of Strokes inspired rock made more than one critic remark "C'est si Bon!"

Near the end of the year, one band seemed to shine above the rest in the metal universe. Although a number of releases from some of metal's heavy weights emerged in 2009, the slow-core-esque metal of Savannah Georgias *Baroness* captured fans and critics alike with *Blue Album*. Although it was a relatively new release, *Blue Album*'s mix of hypnotic Legend of Zelda-inspired guitar riffs and sonic wizardry created a highly listenable experience from a genre that is usu-

ally associated with dragons. The album art was also gorgeous, only boosting the appeal for a band that sings about slaying things.

Throughout it all, one band captured the attention of critics all across the music landscape. With lead-off single "Two Weeks" and its plucky three chord piano intro, New York's Grizzly Bear gained the spot of album of the year with *Veckatimest*. Upon first listen, one can't ignore the entrancing vocals of "Foreground", the battling four-part harmonies of "While you wait for the others" and the album's overall ornate sound. Early on, the band was hailed as the next Radiohead. But *Veckatimest* showed the band is not simply following in the Oxford quintet's footsteps, but crafting a unique sonic landscape of their own.

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Arts

Anvil - This Is Thirteen

Matthew Ritchie  
Assistant Arts Editor

Grade: A

After releasing one of the best albums of the year in 2009 with the melodic Merriweather Post Pavilion, Animal Collective are back with one of their most infectious recordings to date with the EP Fall Be Kind.

Although last year's Water Curses EP offered a glimpse into some unused tracks the band had recorded during the Strawberry Jam sessions, Fall Be Kind is all original material. In pure Animal Collective fashion, the band members continue to evolve while maintaining a sound that is uniquely their own.

With opener "Graze" the album has an ornate start. Disneyfied strings give the feel of the beginning of time as Avey Tare's vocals meld into the rich timbre of Panda Bear's voice. The celestial track takes a turn to the jovial offering a techno sounding flute sample. As awkward

as that description sounds, it actually adds to the song's overall joyous tone. The album then shifts into single "What would I want? Sky." Stealing from The Grateful Dead's "Unbroken Chain" the song not only has the first ever license of a sample from the band, but also employs a spliced vocal as its backbone.

The album continues on its cosmic journey with three more ambient tracks that sound straight out of a Warp records compilation. "Bleed" is an atmospheric bridge on the road towards "On a Highway", one of the most beautiful songs the band has recorded in the past two years. Avey Tare sings about relieving a busy mind while smoking hash in the tour van which creates a song that sounds more soothing than local anesthesia.

The album ends with "I Think I Can", a dub inflected tribal song that molds into a Beach Boys-inspired melodic jam.

If the band weren't known for being the leaders of a new psychedelic movement, this album cements them as being exactly that.

Milks and Rectangles - Civic Virtues

Matthew Ritchie  
Assistant Arts Editor

Grade: B+

For some reason, when critics mention Nirvana's Bleach they tend to describe it as a pivotal pop record. Before a little album called Nevermind slugged its way into the pop charts and In Utero pummeled you into the back of your couch, Bleach was considered the most poppy of Nirvana recordings. Rumor has it that this is the period of time Kurt Cobain was at his most Beatles-heavy and many historians remark that his song-

writing resembles a young John Lennon.

This observation is a joke. As soon as the open E strum of "School" kicks in and Cobain wails "No Recess" over a fuzzed out D5 chord, you're in for a sludgy musical endeavour.

There are some Lennon-esque moments on this album, especially with stand out single "About a Girl", but mostly you get heavy swamp-filled noise.

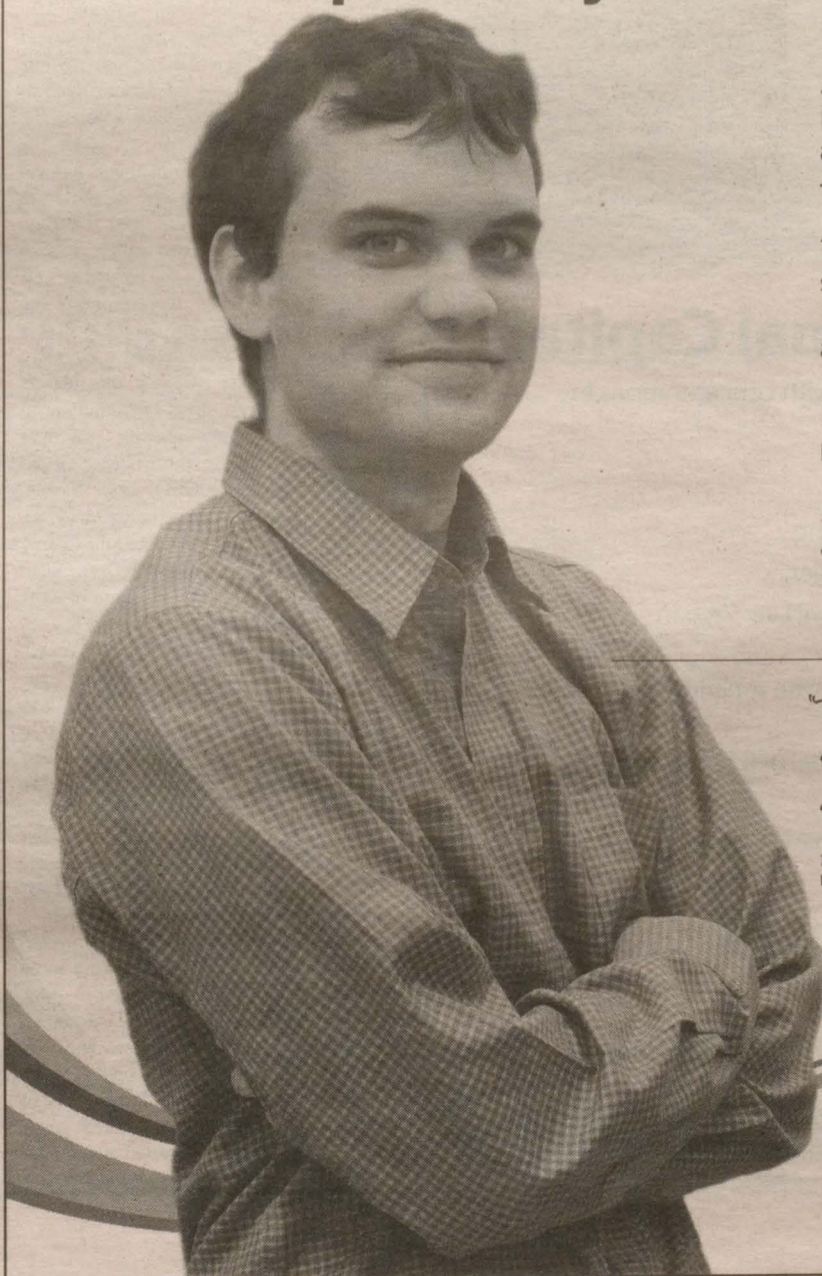
As with any re-issue, there have to be bonuses, and this disc does not disappoint. Not only does it have a full live concert of songs recorded in 1990, it also includes a beautiful picture book of the band traipsing around

Washington and other states on their first tour. Here you see Cobain and a young Kurt Novoselic looking exuberant and chummy; it offers a small glimpse into their worlds before stardom. There are no words here, but that doesn't matter. The Bleach reissue transports the owner back to a place most readers of this review don't even remember (I was two when the album was released). For that alone this belongs in the collection of any Nirvana fan.

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# MIND YOUR MANNERS

## A modern day etiquette guide for students



When and how much to tip is always a difficult question | Stock Photo

MONTREAL (CUP) — Etiquette may seem outdated, or even antique to most of today's students. Nowadays, it's associated with knowing where the salad fork goes in relation to the water glass, or with handwritten thank-you notes. But the truth is that there is a lot more to what is now commonly referred to as business or social "civility" than the placement of dishes.

According to certified self-employed etiquette coach Julie Blais Comeau, proper etiquette is about making others feel comfortable and respected. "This is easy enough to do," says Blais Comeau. "If you use your judgment, if you think about respecting others then you will probably make the right decision." Learning some rules of etiquette is unlikely to appeal to students who probably last learned about manners from Barney. Still, there are certain things we should all learn to ensure we are respectful citizens. Besides, with the uncertain job market, it never hurts to have superb manners.

### Café studying

With exams right around the corner, many students find solace studying at coffee shops. For those who deem the silence of a library intolerable, a café not only gives you a room with some noise, but easy access to caffeine and Wi-Fi. But have you ever stopped to wonder how appropriate your habits are? Is your three-dollar latte really worth four hours of studying? Or, how about if the two tables your books take up discourages other customers from sitting down? And how about your friend, who came to visit and didn't even bother to buy a drink?

According to Lewena Bayer, president of Civility Experts, an international etiquette training company, these scenarios are not polite.

"The idea is that we need to be respectful of public spaces and remember that they are public," says Bayer. "We need to monitor how much space we take up, the noise levels we create, and if there is any inconvenience to someone else."

Bayer explains that around universities, businesses tend to be a little more understanding of students and the lifestyle they lead — but this does not mean that come exam time, one can move into the coffee shop next door to school. She points out a student has to remember employers are trying to earn a living, and making their business your personal living room is not helpful.

"I am running a business," says Chris Coughlin, owner and manager of the Second Cup near Concordia University's Loyola campus in Montreal. "Most students are aware of this and will 'pay their rent,' but there are those who will buy one tea and take over three tables with their books for hours."

Coughlin says when this happens, he will approach a table and ask them to leave or

confine their books. He says most of the time students are understanding and willing to leave, separate their tables or buy more coffee.

According to Bayer, there is no rule that determines how much money should be spent per hour. In a coffee shop, she says a business owner would presumably hope to make at least the price of a coffee per person who can fit at the table per hour, though that depends on store traffic.

Since Second Cup does not have a policy limiting the time one can spend there, Coughlin says it sometimes makes it hard to ask people to leave. Recently, he met with other franchise owners to discuss implementing a time limit policy ranging between a maximum of one to three hours between purchases.

Bayer says one to two hours is an appropriate amount of time, though more importantly, she stresses that you be aware of your surroundings and your actions so they don't cause discomfort or inconvenience for someone else.

"Sometimes café studiers make it uncomfortable for people who are there to socialize and speak," says Bayer. "Those socializing expect to be able to talk and laugh, and someone trying to study may (be) glancing over or giving a glaring look to noisy patrons, but this is not fair to them."

Cell phones and iPods in public places

It is almost cliché to discuss how attached our generation is to technology, but it's an unavoidable topic when considering etiquette. Being on your cell phone in public places is generally inappropriate whether you're in the company of strangers or close friends, says Bayer.

"It really is selfish and I think often misplaced or over-estimated sense of self-importance to think that people are impressed by how often your phone rings," she says. "If you want to impress people, focus on making them comfortable instead of chatting on the phone."

Bayer believes it's especially important to be conscious of how accepting a call may leave whomever you are sitting with alone listening to a one-sided conversation. Doing so is also rude to your server, who may be ready to take your order but is now forced to wait until you have finished. In short: put your phone away, or on silent, she says.

When in the company of strangers, Blais Comeau says the best thing to do is to make sure you are at least two arms lengths away from other people so as not to disturb them with your phone call. Even if you are at this distance make sure to keep your conversation short.

"Unless you are alone in your home," says Blais Comeau. "You should not be having lengthy personal phone calls."

Bayer explains that doing so is what she calls social dandruff.

"Talking loudly on the phone about personal or private things when the other people are close by is wrong," says Bayer. "Because they can't really not listen, they are now forced to hear all your personal information and have all your personal stuff impinging on them."

Blais Comeau is quick to say there are a few exceptions to this rule — for in-

stance, if you're waiting for someone to meet you, or are expecting an urgent call. If this is the case, make sure to inform your company as to why you may need to answer your phone but keep the phone out of sight and have the ringer off regardless.

The same discretion applies to music players. The person next to you does not need to be able to hear all the lyrics of a song, nor should an employee be forced to serve you while you have headphones in your ears.

### Tipping suggestions

Tipping is another area many students struggle with when going for dinner or drinks. It isn't always easy figuring out how much to leave, but Blais Comeau says all this pressure is unwarranted.

"The tipping guideline is 15 per cent before tax," she says. "This applies not only to restaurants, but (also) to bars and even salons."

Nevertheless, you can tip more or less

depending on the service you receive, says Blais Comeau. She acknowledges that a student's budget does not always allow for the large tip a server may deserve.

In that situation, Bayer advises it's best to be very nice and thankful.

"Most people understand students are struggling money-wise, but it is still expected that social protocol applies; 15 per cent is the norm, and would be particularly welcome when the service-person is another student," says Bayer. "And if you are only going to tip five to 10 per cent, because maybe that is all you have, at least be polite and don't give the waiter a hard time."

If a situation arises where you feel you received worse service because you're a student and it seems the server assumed your tip would be minimal, there are certain steps to take. Blais Comeau's advice is to approach the management discreetly and tell them

your situation rather than leaving a small tip, which will confirm their original belief.

In terms of tip jars at cafés and eateries with counter service, Blais Comeau says it's to the discretion of the student and not at all mandatory to leave a tip.

"The situation is different than that of wait staff who receive less than minimum wage since tipping is expected and included in their income," explains Blais Comeau. "In the case of a counter service the employees will at least be paid minimum wage and tipping is therefore not obligated. It is up to the student."

"From an etiquette perspective, soliciting tips by putting a tip jar out on a take out counter is actually not appropriate and in my etiquette opinion, is quite rude," says Bayer.



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# THE SEXTANT

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## MEET THE NEW BOSS, SAME AS THE OLD BOSS

**Ben Wedge**  
**B.Eng. (Industrial) '13**  
**Editor in Chief**

References to *The Who* aside, The Sextant is currently undergoing some changes, hopefully for the better. Former EIC Anna West has moved to New Brunswick for a co-op term, and I have moved into her chair at The Sextant.

This semester, we will be seeing some pretty neat changes at The Sextant, with an all-new website ([thesextant.ca](http://thesextant.ca)), where you will find more pictures, videos, and updates about events on or pertaining to Sexton campus.

On this hallowed page, we would like to see more short articles, promoting a variety of events and groups on and pertaining to Sexton Campus.

If you are interested in contributing to the paper, please send an email to [sextant@dal.ca](mailto:sextant@dal.ca). We treat our contributors well, with cold hard cash. Honoraria will be changing slightly this semester, to be based more on length—this has to do with our goal of getting more snippets and shorter articles, to go along with longer feature-length pieces, as well as a drive to increase our online presence, without breaking the bank, of course.

What are the major issues affecting Sexton Campus?

Last semester, upper-year Engineering exams were initially moved to Studley Campus. This marked the first time in 102 years that exams would not be held on the campus. The Sextant was used as one of the tools to lobby the administration to keep exams downtown, and some were moved back.

Over the holidays, Sexton Campus was shut down and locked up tight. This was the first time that no access was given to students, and limited access to staff. Did this affect you? What do you think of it, in principle?

The Sextant can, and should, be used as a tool to ensure that Sexton students, faculty, and staff are treated fairly, and receive our share of the pie.

The construction boom at Dal is non-existent east of South Park Street. However, the Campus Master Plan wants the Sexton Gym to go, and use it as a lecture theatre for first and second year students. How will this affect your lifestyle? Will it be a positive or negative change? That is a key factor, and if you have an opinion, we'll pay you to voice it.

Some of the changes at The Sextant are fairly minor. For one, whenever possible, a person will be identified not only by name, but by class, as per the norm at many campus newspapers. We will try to include this information when speaking about alumni as well.

One goal for this semester is to talk about the Campus Master Plan (<http://campusplan.dal.ca>). We'd like to see a discussion about both positive and negative impacts, from students, and if possible, faculty, and alumni. We would like to see more input from other concerned parties in this paper, in general. That would include students living in Gerard and O'Brien Halls, as well as Architecture, Community Design, and any other students who frequent Sexton Campus.

Humorous articles are also very much encouraged. Taunting opponents in trivia (those other faculties who dare enter the T-Room!) is a must. I'd encourage both sides in any future Engineering vs. Law, Engineering vs. Nursing, or anyone vs. anyone trivia matchups to provide a short blurb (read: smack-down) pertaining to the event. Get it in before the deadline, and it'll be published! Just keep things clean, alright?

Speaking of deadlines, The Gazette gives me a deadline, so I'm giving you one too. That deadline will be Saturdays at 6 pm Atlantic, or 2200UTC for those of you who don't convert your time zones. If you're not going to make the deadline, send an email in advance and we'll work something out.

Have a successful semester, everyone, and hopefully we'll see some contributions! (And you'll get some green!)

## 20 YEARS LATER, THE PROBLEM STILL EXISTS

**Zhindra Gillis**  
**Sextant Treasurer**  
**B.Eng. (Industrial) '10**

It is hard to believe it has been 20 years since the horrible massacre at École Polytechnique. I don't remember the day myself, I was only 5 years old. I also could not have realized at the time that the echoes of the day would come to impact my life in a way I still don't even think I fully understand.

For three years now, I have been working with other engineering students and the Dalhousie Women's Centre to organize a memorial ceremony for the women who died that day. We always try to provide a graceful heartfelt non-denominational ceremony for the students, faculty, and staff of Dalhousie, that is also open to the general public. The idea behind the ceremony is that we observe the loss of 14 lives in the engineering and university communities and recognize that those who are left have not let those women die in vain.

We incorporate the White and Purple Ribbon campaigns as part of the ceremony. The purple ribbon campaign was started in 1990 and observes the 16 days for action against violence against women which covers November 25, International Day for the Elimination of Violence against Women, November 29, International Women Human Rights Defenders Day, December 1, World AIDS Day, December 6 and December 10, International Human Rights Day. Purple ribbons are worn in Canada for the 16 days. The White Ribbon Campaign is one that encourages men and young boys to wear white ribbons in support of action against violence against women and was started in 1991.

At this year's ceremony, as usual, the names of the 14 women were read and a candle was lit for each. The candles were held by a representative for each woman who died. Twelve engineering students, a nursing student, and a member of the Faculty of Engineering staff stood with lit candles and each held a

white rose. Stephanie Hagmann (B.Eng. (Industrial) '10); the President of the Engineering Society read a selected reading and said a few words. Shannon Zimmerman (BA '09), Dalhousie Student Union President read a truly moving speech in which she remarked that at 3 years of age she was too young to remember the day, so she relies on the people who have brought her up in this world to tell her about the day, and help her to learn from it.

The final speaker was Dr. Corinne MacDonald, a professor in the Faculty of Engineering, who, at the time, was a recent TUNS graduate, spoke. She told the crowd that what made it real for her was seeing someone, a girl she had met briefly through engineering, being interviewed on the news as a survivor. That girl was a girl like her, a girl like me, and a girl like many of the girls in the room. She then read a non-denominational prayer and the ceremony proceeded out to the tree just beside the main entrance of the Engineering building where the 14 roses held by the representatives were placed on a plaque that holds the 14 names.

That tree was planted almost 20 years ago, shortly after the massacre. One of the men who planted it, Carl Day, remarked at how much it has grown. A symbol of peace and a solemn reminder of a tragic event, the tree stands alone. In my 5 years at Dalhousie if I had to choose a single event that has impacted me more than anything, it is that ceremony. Every year it reminds me that it could easily be me. Those women were just trying to do what they wanted to do, just trying to live their lives, and learn, and it was all taken away from them. It motivates me to work hard to become an engineer and honour their memory by doing so. They will not be forgotten as long as we encourage girls to do what they want, no matter what, and as long as we honour them every year by supporting action to end violence against women.

**DSEUS** dalhousie sexton  
engineering undergraduate society

Every Friday Afternoon • EngiBEERing in the Design Commons Wear a Sweater Vest for a Free Beer!  
Apparel • Belt Buckles (Bronze, Silver and Gold Toned), Key Chains and T-Shirts

*Editor's Note: Information about the T-Room, as well as the Co-op Corner, will hopefully be making a triumphant return in the next issue. No communications were received due to the complete shutdown of Sexton Campus over the break.*