

The pleasure and pain of alcohol overindulgence

BY CONNOR WILDE and
WANDA STRIDE
Varsity Staff Writer

Ahhh! A taste of the amber nectar, the golden brew, a bucket of suds, or any other name you can think of for BEER. We all know it and I'm sure everyone at this stage in their life has tasted it. But at any institution of higher learning BEER becomes more than just a means by which to get blottoed, it's a way of life.

This article is not a history of beer at universities, but one person's mental and physical adventures with a box of beer. To set the story up properly the characters should be introduced: Smiley, a three foot high ceramic doberman doggy-bank; Bud, a very old but cold frost-full refrigerator; Loo, a very modern bathroom (up the stairs, first door on the right, switch is on the hall wall); and Bill, a chronic over-

indulger in anything mindless, or mind-altering (in this story beer and smokes).

The story starts out with our hero having a large plate of spaghetti with butter (he doesn't waste money on frivolous extras like meat sauce when it could be spent on more effective intoxicants) because he once heard that pasta is good for you, especially before consuming large quantities of alcohol. Bill is, as you have probably already guessed, health conscious.

Many miles away, in a land full of promise, two figures emerge from a darkened doorway. In the distance a cricket chirps, and a night-hawk screams into the blackened sky as she swoops down on unseen prey. One of the figures stops walking, and places a shadowy hand over his face. His eyes glisten for only a second as the match flares to life, igniting the tip of the

cigarette. The other figure murmurs something but the first ignores it, shaking the life from the match.

After his hearty meal he proceeds to visit Bud, relieving his rather callous friend of two beers, one for each hand (this of course is the famed double fisting technique). Chshh, chshh, both of the beers are now open and Bill commits himself to that first taste. Ahhhh, he sighs (sort of resembles an upscale T.V. ad huh?).

We move along and see Bill after his third visit to Bud. Our fearless drinker contemplates a serious issue in the world of beer swilling: "How long can I last before having to take that first pee?" (after that first one, it's a never ending walk to the washroom).

Smiley watches on quietly from the corner, knowing Bill will now be spending much of his time either going to get beer, trying to find a light for his smokes, or making that climb

upstairs to see Loo.

The night progresses and so does Bill's alcohol intake. He now has established a routine, a beer with a smoke to be followed by a run to see Loo and on the downswing, another beer. Smoking is another story but I will just point out that Bill's lips unexpectedly dry up, and as he takes a drag of his cigarette, the butt sticks to his lips.

The air is frozen in the autumn night. From the deep shadows of the suburban driveway comes an almost sublime jingle. Suddenly it stops, and one second later a rumbling belch erupts in the silent night. The figure sways near his car door, then stoops again to retrieve the keys. A soft giggling distracts him again as the other figure opens a car door.

The door on this side opens too, and the man slides in behind the wheel. He fumbles again, then finds the ignition and starts the car. They set off to meet

their friends.

In the distance, the hawk glides through the air, leaving an invisible wake in the sparkling stars.

Unfortunately Bill's motor functions have somewhat slowed and he doesn't notice the heater of his cigarette slide between his index and second finger. Next morning he'll feel that one, Smiley mentally remarks, but for now Bill is content to swear and move on to his beer.

At this point, friends show up to be greeted by a fully inebriated Bill. His speech is slurred, and everything either wildly amusing or totally unimpressive. His friends fear only the worst. Bill is going to start being affectionate with everyone. "I've onny known you for a few days but I think yourrr one helva good shit, I think your a bewful person." Bill will have a good cry and feel lucky to have such great friends who understand him. They, of course, are leaving because

all the beer is gone.

The two streaks of light from the car cut a ragged path along the highway. A small racoon stares up at the lights with bottle-green eyes, terrified until the car swerves past him. In a panic the animal turns and runs back into the woods in time to escape a sickening explosion of glass and fire. He glances back at the flaming skeleton that was once a car, then wanders back to the garbage dump on the other side of the woods.

Well, Bill finishes his beer and eats four pieces of toast with peanut butter, leaving the mess for later. He has two smokes left — one for right now and one for the morning. By the way, Bill would recommend the toast and p.b. to anyone. After a good drink up, he always feels better in the morning if he eats before hitting the old hay. A quick brush of the teeth, some cold water on the face and Bill will be a new person tomorrow.

Students want non-sexist titles

MONTREAL (CUP) -- Imagine this: a man studies Geoffrey Chaucer, Virginia Woolf and William Shakespeare.

He graduates and is granted a master of Arts in English.

Another student, female, also studies Geoffrey Chaucer, Virginia Woolf, and William Shakespeare. She graduates and is granted a Mistress of Arts in English.

Unlikely? If a Concordia University graduate student has her way, her degree will, indeed, read 'Mistress of Arts.'

English literature student Carolyn Gammon said the use of the work 'Master' to represent female graduate students and their academic work is sexist. She has made an official request to have the title of her degree changed.

She has suggested that women ought also to be able to receive a spinster of arts.

"I want myself, my work, and those who have inspired it to be reflected in the title of the degree I am to receive," she said. "Female students have a right to be fully and accurately repre-

sented by the degrees they earn at any university."

Gammon was to graduate in May 1989 but her degree has been put on hold until the university makes a decision.

She said 'mistress' has acquired sexual connotations while 'master' has lost little of its intent. "Any term that has been used for women is derogated to take sexual connotations," she said. "These words should not be mistreated and abused."

"It's about time that we reclaimed these terms. We have to take these connotations and wave them in the air."

The Quebec ministry would have to approve the change, which would apply to all universities.

Concordia's undergraduate Gender Equity committee, is reviewing Gammon's case.

Committee member Graeme Decarie said it may take years to conclude because "we can't just decide to change the name of degree."

"What are we doing is creating a new degree because we are changing a word that is not part of the present policy."

He also said the committee may not see it as a priority.

"There are enormous problems facing women at Concordia, such as lack of women on faculty and pay equity. Is this important and can we afford to put our resources behind it?" Decarie asked.

"It sounds like a simple request but it's not just a question of saying, OK, we're going to change it. It's a request that will affect thousands of people."

Gammon said she doesn't mind waiting but thinks the name change should be a priority.

"To say that it's not a priority is in itself sexist. They think that

because it's just dealing with words it's not a priority."

Gammon said she hopes other female students who see the necessity of obtaining a Mistress of Arts to come forth and also make a request.



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