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Vol. 129 No. 24 Thursday April 3, 1997

Rolling Stone

**Slamming
Oasis**

**Wrestling
cows**

**Butter
sculpture**

The King-Pinner

**Bowling's
consummate
showman
brings his
Vegas-style
extravaganza
to Halifax.**





Top ten things to do to confuse your student union president

1. Keep your hands in your pockets and watch his hands flap around as he tries to shake yours.
2. Change your first name frequently during the interview.
3. Make no eye contact.
4. Don't let him buy you a beer.
5. Say you're afraid of the word "well" cause your little brother Timmy fell down one as a child.
6. Whenever he says, "I'm not able to comment on that," kiss him.
7. Whenever he compliments you on a good story, complain of sexual harassment.
8. Walk into his office, say, "I want to talk to you," and then leave.
9. When he asks if he can buy you a drink, ask for a bottle of Champagne.
10. Whenever he says, "I'll look into that," call him every fifteen minutes to see if he's looked into it.
11. Tell him, "Man, *nobody* wears sweaters anymore."

*One more thing you can do to confuse your student union president
— frame him for the theft of thousands of dollars worth of liquor.*

DSU HONOR AWARDS

(disclaimer: the DSU accepts no responsibility —
actually this was all in good fun.
The Gazette had nothing to do with this.)

- Most likely to never get the knot out of his panties:

Squirty Cartwheel

- Best scandal waiting to happen:

The DRO and the Gazette reporter...oops it already did!!!

- Most likely to run for Treasurer next year:

David Leech Cox

- Most likely to use a Council meeting for useless information, political grandstanding, and basic monotonous babble:

Daniel "SCITPC" Clark

Runner Up: **Lewis Jacobson**

- Poster most likely to be seen next year:

Kevin Lacey for President

"I'll do anything Lydon wouldn't do and more!"

- Two groups to never invite to your dinner party at the same time:

SUPSA and the Grawood Society

- One group to NEVER invite to your dinner party:

SUPSA

- Most likely to be a member of the Andrew Younger Fan Club:

Andrew Younger

- Honesty and Integrity Award:

Wteve Shelan

- Most likely to can frosh week, raise tuition, and still get a million bucks:

Tom Traves

- Most likely to blame election mistakes on Council, and anyone else for that matter:

Jen Riordan

Gazette SUB Honour Awards

BY PLEASURE FORCE, MORON THE BALL AND SICK BOY

If you do not spend a significant amount of time in the SUB, do not read any further as you will not understand these awards. This does not make you stupid, just apathetic. Congratulations.

- Most likely to cause someone to lose an election by association: **Andy Doyle**
- Most likely to ignore all SUB staff complaints: **Katherine Hannah**
- Most likely to drink all the draught at the Corner Pocket and then blame it on the cleaning staff and/or a break-in: **the DSU executive**
- Most likely to be night manager for life: **Dean Smith**
- Most likely to be night manager only for as long as his girlfriend is in office: **Graham Kitson**
- Most likely to specifically offend large minority groups right before an election: **Chris Lydon**
- Most likely to not give a shit: **Carman Barteaux**
- Most likely to have returned to Dal in order to cause shit: **Lewis Jacobson**
- Most likely to blame everyone/everything else for his mistakes: **Andy Doyle / Chris Lydon**
- Most likely to be buried in the basement of the SUB: **Terence Tam**
- Most likely to not know what to do with 80 cigars after losing an election: **Chris Lydon**
- Most likely to be found passed out and naked at a Tory convention: **Kevin Lacey**
- Most likely to be found in a compromising position in his office: **Carman Barteaux**
- Most likely to be caught naked in the night manager's office: **Katherine Hannah**
- Most likely to be indicted for tax evasion: **Brian "Traders" Collins**
- Most likely to write the book on rhetoric: **Brad MacKay**
- Most likely to not know there's an election going on: **75% of all students**
- Most likely to ask himself questions during a council meeting: **Mike Murphy**
- Most likely to say nothing about everything: **Brad MacKay**
- Most likely to spend more time in the Grawood than in his office: **Mike Murphy**
- Most likely to be really **really** sorry about tuition "but there's nothing we can do.": **Tom Traves**
- Most likely to be questioned about his bathroom practices: **Curtis Cartmill**
- Most likely to be concerned about Curtis Cartmill's bathroom practices: **Mike Murphy**
- Most likely to request for his fellow councillors to be gagged: **Curtis Cartmill**
- Most likely to be accused of being pinko leftist commie bastards: **SUPSA**
- Most likely to be distracted by a nice pair of legs as the booze walks out the door: **Wayne Cross**
- Most likely to run a shelter for DSU rejects (aka the Judicial Board): **Brad MacKay**
- Most likely to still not be able to believe that the fucking co-op student was her boss: **Bev Myers**
- Most likely to be unable to chair a meeting: **any DSU Chair after Waye Mason**
- Most likely to not need an excuse to get LOADED: **Bridgette McCaig and Sassy Adams**
- Most likely to break quorum during a council meeting so she can have a cigarette: **Sue Garner**
- Most likely to break into his friends' rooms while in a drunken stupor with the express purpose of jumping on them: **Sassy Adams**
- Most likely to have ringing in his pants: **Pat Martin**
- Most likely to have funny smoke smells coming from his office: **Carman Barteaux**
- Most likely to end up in Betty Ford: **Brain Collins**

Gold found under Wickwire field

BY STAN CLARK

Canadian gold conglomerate, Brie-Axe, announced yesterday at a special press conference that it had found the world's largest gold deposit. The deposit is centred directly under Dalhousie's Wickwire field.

Brie-Axe has come under some scrutiny lately after its latest gold find turned out to be a large collection of McDonald's cheeseburger wrappers. Its stock, which has fallen sharply since the con-

trovercy was uncovered, rocketed up in heavy trading after the announcement.

Dalhousie President Tim Travis is ecstatic, he said, "Wow. I mean, like wow. The first thing we're going to buy is gold toilets for the staff washrooms. Then we'll hire Stephen Hawking to head our physics department. Oh, happy days."

Travis is not the only person who is happy. Joe Emptyhead, leading the movement to return football to Dalhousie, is also happy.

"The football program is alive

again," said Emptyhead "Dr. Travis assured me that once they had stripmined the field, they would install a retractable dome stadium for our new football team."

The other major change will be the proposed ASS Building planned to be built across from the Student Union Building. The new building will no longer be the originally planned five story department building.

The new plan is for a seventy-five story skyscraper that will include: 5000 underground parking

spaces, an indoor/outdoor swimming pool, a casino, a CANDU nuclear reactor, a proton accelerator, a Cray super-computer, a gene splicing lab, a vertical superconducting supercollider, and a shiatsu massage parlour (which will employ the President's wife).

Brie-Axe has stated that although Dalhousie's proximity to the Quinpool McDonald's is of some concern, they are confident that there is a strong possibility that there exists the chance that it is possible that there could be gold under Wickwire field.

To capitalize on the University's newfound wealth, Travis is investigating the issue of Dalhousie bonds. The idea is to generate capital for the planned building projects around the school.

When questioned if he felt that a bond issue might be jumping the gun when nothing has been confirmed, Travis said, "Absolutely not. Brie-Axe has an excellent reputation, and frankly...we need the money. Besides, if we have to default on the loans, then we'll pass the debt on to the students."

The Dalhousie Student Union has called the gold find a mixed blessing. Said President Mickey, "Well, Stan, what worries me here, ahhh, is that, ahhhh. Well, the problem is that, ahhh. Well, what are we going to do with the two blue lights we put next to the field? Ahhhh."

Wickwire is scheduled to be demolished tomorrow. As for Dalhousie's sports teams, Travis said, "Fuck 'em."

450 new parking spots Shirreff Hall Bites the Dust

BY SEAL MAYHEM

Last night, in an emergency closed door meeting, Dalhousie President Thomas Travis announces that Shirreff Hall will be demolished this summer so that 450 new parking spaces can be created.

The Gazette learned of this decision after receiving a copy of a confidential planning report prepared for the president's office by Dalhousie's senior campus planning staff. The report, which outlines Dalhousie's campus plan for the 21st century, evaluates the feasibility of maintaining large buildings, citing them as being "unnecessary in a largely electronic world." The report goes on to recommend steps to deal with the elimination of expired buildings.

All 445 displaced residents of Shirreff Hall will be relocated next September to vacant rooms in Howe Hall, Fenwick Place and the old Halifax Infirmary. The Infir-

mary was sold to TUNS by the Government of Nova Scotia last year and was acquired by Dalhousie as part of the Dal-TUNS merger on April 1, 1997.

The report projects a continuing decrease in student enrollment contrasted by continued increases in university tuition. Planning staff argued at the meeting that it is unrealistic for students to expect current levels of student housing to be maintained when there are not enough students to fill the residences to capacity.

"This is a plan for the future," adds Travis. "By dealing with anticipated problems now we hope to alleviate future inconveniences."

The report explains that Dalhousie will save money by eliminating duplicated cafeteria and maintenance services. President Travis was pleased to point out that the saved monies will be used to pay for the recent redesign of the Dalhousie Calendar.

"This is a change that will ben-

efit all students for years to come," said Travis. "Shirreff Hall is only used by a small percentage of the student body, but every student uses a calendar!"

The report also identifies an increasing trend for students to live off-campus and commute to school rather than applying for fulltime campus residency.

"It is for this booming section of the student body that we recommend creating 450 new parking spots where Shirreff Hall now stands," reads page 17 of the 85 page report.

The new parking lot will provide improved access to most of the Studley campus, especially the Life Sciences Centre. The announcement instantly received the approval of Psychology Department Chair Dr. C. Moore, who has been promised a new parking spot beside his department's entrance.

An official release of the new campus plan is expected on April 10.

SUB explosion

BY OZARK REYNOLDS

Sixty-two and a half people are dead and countless more injured after an explosion in the Dalhousie Student Union Building early this morning.

The explosion was the result of a bean surprise gone wrong at the Union Food Market.

One distraught cafeteria worker said that he had tried to reason with the cook, but to no avail.

"I begged him not to put the DSU's leftovers in the meal, but he just wouldn't listen!" said the worker, who asked for anonymity and a moist towelette. "Next thing I knew, the bean surprise had exploded and people were running in every direction."

The bean surprise took no prisoners. The stench, caused by a chemical reaction with the coffee at Robin's Donuts, seeped through the building stopping both students and faculty dead in their tracks.

A campus-wide emergency was declared and the blue light system was set off. Campus security, backed up by the Tiger Patrol, raced to the scene.

Despite the campus-wide alert, the music was so loud in the Grawood that no one was alerted to the problem.

"They didn't have a chance," said one student who escaped the death trap.

"They were all studying, and growing tired is a pretty natural occurrence."

DSU vice-president Chris Lydon made a valiant attempt to reach the unsuspecting students trapped

in the Grawood but was overcome by fumes and collapsed just inches from the entrance. Minutes later Lydon was rescued by members of the Tiger Patrol, but it was too late for the students in the Grawood.

"I guess that's what you get for skipping class," one heartless professor was heard to remark.

As of yet, there are no charges pending against any cafeteria workers. The cook did not make it out alive, and one can only speculate as to his motivations. One inside source said that he wasn't the regular cook, and that he had a grudge against students.

"He mumbled something to himself about hungry students, then he yelled, 'Get some grub in the SUB,' laughed satanically, and that's the last thing I remember," said the source, a horse, of course.

Another source links the explosion to an elaborate plot to get construction of the new Arts and Social Sciences Building (a.k.a. the ASS Building) started immediately. Apparently, there is a group of militant students who are bitter that they will graduate before the new building is constructed. No members have been identified to date, but rumour has it that membership in the group is growing.

In the meantime, it is still uncertain when students will be able to return to the SUB. DSU president Brad MacKay said he has been trying to come up with a solution to the problem with incoming president Chris Adams, but that, "He keeps getting sassy with me."

You may take our lives...

BY MICHAEL COLLINS

As the first days of the amalgamated Dalhousie University pass wistfully by, all is not at peace. A dreadful new terrorist group called the Polytechnic Liberation Organization (PLO) has entranced the city in a reign of terror.

An offshoot of the group, the Brunswick Four, inflicted the worst damage of their campaign the night before last when a bomb exploded in The Palachay bar on Brunswick Street. The bar, a well-known hangout for Dalhousie students, was devastated and twelve people were killed. Forty more were wounded.

The leader of The Four, Rod Coughlin, is a rogue of the worst degree as is his father, and fellow group member, Giuseppe Coughlin.

While the four were being escorted into police custody yesterday, Coughlin yelled, "I'm an innocent man, and so's my son. You may take our lives, but you'll never take our freedom!"

The PLO has also been very active politically. The leader of Sin Fine, the PLO's political

arm, is their chief fundraiser and organizer, Jerry Adamson. As part of the amalgamation agreement with Dalhousie, Adamson has been awarded a seat on Dalhousie's Senate.

In an eloquent speech during last night's Senate meeting, Adamson said, "There will be no peace as long as the imperialistic oppressors of Dalhousie University still control a single foot of TUNS property. This I'll promise you!"

To combat the rampant activities of the PLO, the Nova Scotia legislature has passed the Anti-Terrorism Act, giving sweeping powers to the RCMP to assist them in fighting the new reign of terror. Police will be able to pick up any suspect, hold them for three years, interrogate them and execute them before awarding them a fair trial.

Prime Minister Jean Cretien fully supports these actions.

"If da Var Measures act still existed, den I would enact it," said Cretien. "But we hated it, and we killed it. Wouldn't you know dat we would actually keep a promise. What a world. What a world. So, how about d'ose Blue Jays. I tink dey hav a chance to go all da way dis yer."

[Reporter's note: At this point in the conversation we could not understand what he was saying so we turned off the tape player, closed our eyes, and waited for him to stop babbling. This only took twenty minutes.]

In the meantime, Dalhousie's Prime Minister, Tim Travis, has promised that the PLO will be defeated and order restored to the Sexton Campus.

"I have my best men working on it: Inspector Lastrade and Frank Drebin from Police Squad!" said Travis, introducing the two detectives at an afternoon press conference yesterday.

Drebin then raised his hand to wave at the reporters, struck Travis on the back, and sent him sprawling into a pond of piranhas.

Before concluding the press conference for Travis, Lastrade said, "Don't you worry. We'll catch this fiendish Moriarty. What? PLO? What the hell is the PLO? I was told that I was being brought in from London to capture the most fiendish criminal of all times. Fuck the PLO! I'm going back to London. At least there I can get some decent fish and chips."

New Fresh Mint Taste Condoms

— with Dentech —

Two out of three dentist's children recommend Taste comments for that clean, no aftertaste fresh breath and a cavity free smile. Now try new Trident Dental Dams. All the great flavour of trident gum in a dental dam you can chew all day.

Marry your mother/sister/cousin for credit

BY MABEL TRAMP

A department of rural studies has been established at Dalhousie to hoots and hollers of approval.

The program, modelled after a University of Alabama initiative known as The Rural and Inbred Leadership Educational Resources Program (TRAILERPORK), has been designed especially to address the educational needs of Nova Scotian students in the face of criticism that Dalhousie has been overrun with out-of-province and city-bred students.

Newly appointed chair Dean Cletus McIntyre, feels the curriculum will be as familiar to Nova Scotians as Irving Big Stops.

"Entry level classes in spitting, cussing and buying the biggest damn gaudy ole belt buckle you ever did see will fulfil the educational demands placed on today's hayseed," McIntyre said.

Responding to criticism that computers and the burgeoning global village has eradicated the

distinct society of the redneck in Nova Scotia, McIntyre reddened and refuted the claim.

"I don't know what the hell burgeoning means, but I think the popularity of new country and fucking your mother proves that these are specific concerns for specific students," McIntyre said.

Dalhousie Student Union president Bad McKay feels the program is a first step, but worries about its potential for dividing the student body.

"Well Mabel, I like Shania Twain as much as the next guy. In fact, despite the fact that I hide it very well behind my 'I study International Development and hail from Upper Canada' exterior, I'm just a small time guy from Huntsville — I don't necessarily think that warrants an entire course of study but then again if pressed I'm not really going to make any comment that actually says anything. Thanks for stopping by," McKay said.

No additional funding is available to provide rural studies scholarships, but a moonshine/tuition

swap is being investigated.

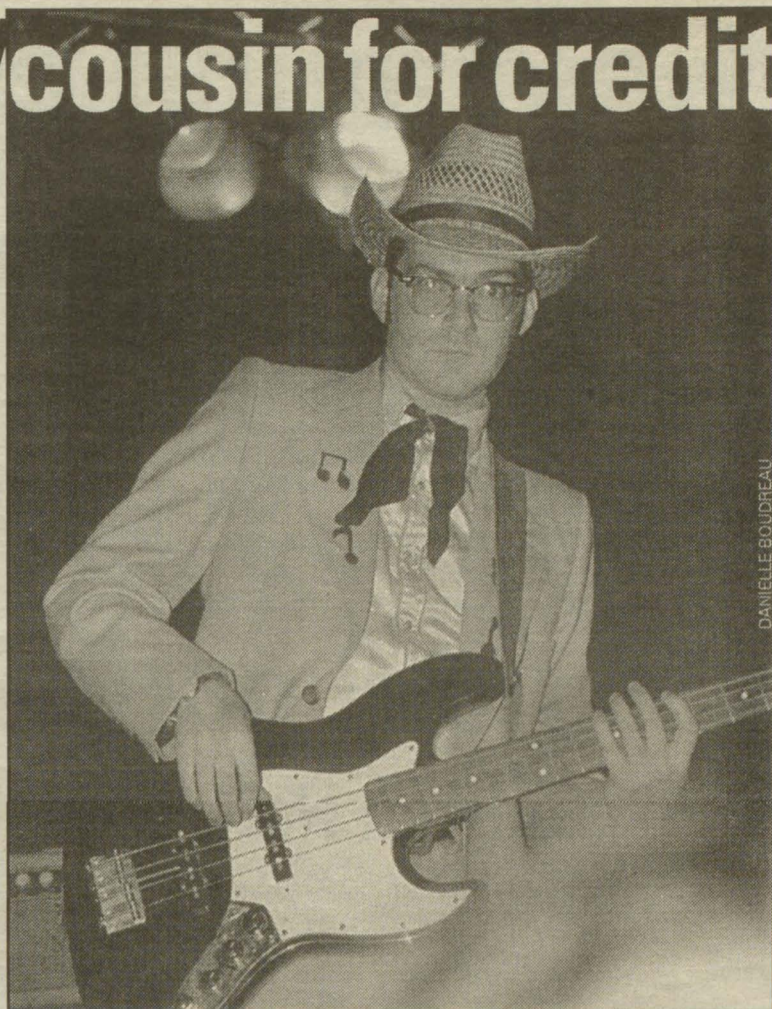
"Damn, you get me a couple more jugs of that homebrewed shit in me and I'll let you and your entire farm in the program. Save a little sheep love for me though," McIntyre slurred.

It is expected that many of the department's courses can be combined with those offered through the Psychology program.

In one room will be the rural studies students — learning the core skills of blissful ignorance, mouth breathing and knuckle dragging — in the next room behind one-way mirrors will be psychology students, observing for credit.

"I think this is a good way for me to be like my Dad — but not to have to live with the son of a bitch," prospective rural studies student Jed Slaunwhite said.

The department of rural studies will be having a get-to-know-you information hoedown and introductory cow-tipping seminar this Thursday, on Wickwire Field. Just don't tell them it's not real grass.



One of the prospective applicants for the new program.

Gazette editor busted on drug running charges

BY OPIE EHM

Halifax police have arrested Gazette copy editor Tim Covert on charges of drug trafficking.

Covert had been using the Gazette offices, located on the third floor of the Dalhousie Student Union Building, as a canter for his coke smuggling operation for the last six months.

"Make them tighter," screamed Covert as the drug squad put the cuffs on him yesterday.

Covert, whose criminal record includes unlawful use of body odour,

endangering the good name of step dancing, and wearing an indecent haircut in a public place, apparently started the coke ring after becoming frustrated with the limited variety of drugs on campus.

"I'm fucking sick of heroin!" said Covert as police led him away. "Don't they know they grow that stuff in East Timor?"

Covert's unlawful actions did not just stop with trafficking

drugs. He had evidently been using the pages of the Gazette to send pick-up times and other messages to his drug world contacts.

For instance, the picture that ran March 6th of a gun pointing at the head of a cute little doggy with the caption "Vote, or we'll shoot this dog," was in fact a message to a supplier. The caption was an anagram for "Thor God, sell two over this." Thor God is an alias of a notorious drug lord.

Covert had also apparently been using the Gazette's accounts to launder the drug money.

"I did think paper clip purchases of six hundred thousand dollars was a little much, but, pssshh, Tim's such a good guy. Why would he do something so...wank?" said Sherry Robinson, managing editor of the Gazette.

Brad MacKoy, president of the Dalhousie Student Union, was shocked that such a criminal operation could run out of the SUB.

"Well, you know Opie, I don't really think I can comment on that, Opie. It wouldn't be appropriate, Opie," said MacKoy, emotionally, tugging on a frayed string in his sweater.

Some Gazette staffers were not surprised to find that one of the top editors in their organization was running drugs.

"He had to be doing something in that room," said sports editor, Double-A-Ron Bleasdale, referring to the Gazette production office. "It certainly wasn't work. I had my section done by Monday every week and still he wouldn't get it done until the last possible minute."

Covert's drug moll and "companion", Sue "I knew Alanis" Garner, said that Covert should be treated leniently for his crimes.

"Tim has some issues," said Garner. "I'm sure all the girls at Shirreff Hall will be shocked to hear this. They just love that guy. I just hope the police let him keep those handcuffs."

Garner was unable to comment further, as she had to take her brand new Porche — a gift from Covert — to the shop to add leather upholstery.

Covert's preliminary hearing is scheduled for April 30th.

Nothing happened nowhere

BY NOBODY

There are indications of burgeoning events at a Halifax university. The school, who wished to remain nameless, has refused to comment.

A source who may hold a position of importance at the school, but has asked to maintain his/her anonymity may have said, "There is quite possibly something of some importance occurring at this school."

The event is rumoured to involve tuition, physical planning, and possibly abortion. Said the person in charge of the institution, "I cannot comment on these events because there is no proof of these events occurring — any proof that may exist has surely been lost. Any comment I made would be premature, and certainly would have to wait until the certainty of the events was certified."

A student commented, "There

seems to be something devious occurring. I would have to say that this is the biggest thing to happen around here since that thing the other year involving that guy."

The event the student was referring to was never confirmed, and should not be considered fact.

As for the event occurring at the school, one can be assured that action is impending, and that officials will try and create the best possible scenario.

Frat members strike out

BY ADAM CLAYTON

A popular fraternity function turned into a veritable den of pain last Friday, sending 16 brothers to the QEII hospital emergency room.

The Alpha Sigma Sigma members had a total of 37 broken bones and required 600 stitches to close their collective wounds.

One of the injured, Doyle Danderflake, kept screaming, "But they were all asking for it!"

The 16 were injured during an altercation with several groups of men inside the Fraternity House during the ever-degrading Red Light Green Light party. During such parties, the "willingness" of partygoers is determined by the colour of their clothing: green indicates "I want to be friendly" while red indicates the opposite.

According to police spokesman Harry Fartin, the 16 injured boys made the mistake of reading the wrong message from certain individuals' clothing.

"The lads first hit on some visiting American Green Berets, and on figuring out that the crack commandoes were not interested in 'giving head,' started massaging their headgear suggestively anyway," said Fartin.

The police report states that, with the soldiers in hot pursuit, the brothers next hit on the entire uniformed defensive line of the Green Bay Packers, who were settled comfortably into the back of the room with a two-four of Keiths.

One frat boy apparently "goosed" Packer linebacker

Reggie White — the student was still in surgery at press time and his condition is unknown.

"First the punk spilled my beer, then he grabbed my nads. Kept screaming some shit about my jersey. So I popped a cap in his ass."

According to doctors at the QEII, Mr White popped the cap and attached bottles of several beer into the injured boy's posterior.

"You could say that he has a severe yeast infection," said the attending physician, Dr. Stretch Collins, as he tried to contain his laughter.

In defending his actions, Mr. White, an ordained minister, claimed he just wanted to "put the fear of God into the boy."

The ruckus at the frat house reached a fever pitch when the Packers, the Green Berets and an enraged St. Patrick's High School Rugby Squad converged on the frat brothers. The final assault was led by a vicious pack of hospital orderlies.

"Just because we're partying in our uniforms, doesn't mean we're setting ourselves up to be assaulted," said one orderly.

"Those guys are not going to have much fun in the hospital when the boys get back on shift on Monday."

Police first expected to find large quantities of liquor in the frat house as explanation for the brothers' behaviour. All they found was several boxes of non-alcoholic coolers.

"Seems they were just acting drunk as an excuse for their behaviour," said Fartin. "Happens a lot with frat guys."

The King-Pinner speaks

BY RON JEREMY

He's been called everything from the "Master of the seven-ten split" to the "Tom Jones of bowling". Travelling in a souped-up Greyhound bus with his name brazenly air-brushed on the side, the King-Pinner brings his unique talents to backwater towns where bowling is still considered sacred.

He is the consummate showman, combining the magic of lights, pyrotechnics and disco music with his spectacular arsenal of trick shots in a Vegas-style bowling extravaganza. But as I would soon find out, this man is not just style and flash — there is substance to the glitter.

"For me, bowling isn't just a sport," says The King-Pinner during an interview in a local bowlarama. "It's both an art form and a means to attaining a higher level of spirituality."

In his element, The King-Pinner talks candidly about bowling, life and spirituality, while accepting drinks and handshakes from fans who revere him as royalty.

If anyone knows about the link between spirituality and bowling, it's the King-Pinner. At the age of eight, a local bowling alley played host to a life-altering epiphany for the bowling legend-to-be.

"I remember it being league night and my father had just bought me my first ten-pin ball," reminisces the Pinner.



"It was in the tenth frame, and I had the dreaded seven-ten split. I had to get those two pins down, or else we would have lost our house. [ed's note: King-Pinner's father was a chronic gambler] As I lined up for the shot, I caught a glimpse of myself in the ball. It wasn't just my reflection, but a glimpse into my soul. As I delivered that ball down the alley, I knew that my soul would take it [the ball] where it had to go. Naturally, I made the shot and haven't missed one since."

The King-Pinner's unique brand of bowling has arrived in Halifax for a week of shows at various bowlaramas across the city. For The King-Pinner every bowling alley is a sacred church whose parishioners deserve the very best sermon he can give.

"You've got your synagogues and your churches and your mosques, but the bowling alley has the unifying power to bring them all together. There is a place for every religion in the

bowlarama," proffers the pontificating Pinner. "When I go out there every night I'm not just bowling for me, I'm bowling for every little kid out there who hasn't had the advantages I've had. I'm bowling so that they can see what my spirituality has done for me, and what it can do for them. I'm bowling for these kids' souls and with such a heavy burden of responsibility, I can't afford a half-assed effort."

When asked what audiences can expect this week, the bowling behemoth smiles smugly. He knows that his show is the cream of the bowling crop, but he's not lounging on his laurels.

"We're constantly pushing the envelope," he says.

"When you come to the show you're gonna see some groovy stuff. There's a little bit of sex with a whole bunch of explosions and lasers, and the music...man the music — that polyester sound is as durable as the clothing. Add to all of that some bowling skills that can pay the bills on their own, and you're talking some substantial bang for your buck."

The King-Pinner's trademark shaven head glints in the bowlarama's fluorescent light as he talks. At



one point he even smiles, noticing my stare, and offers a candid explanation for his hair, or lack thereof.

"Well, on a really shallow level, it kinda enhances my image as a walking phallus, which is great

because I have sort of what you might call a special way with the ladies, and y'know, they dig that stuff," he says, oozing confidence. "But honestly, on a much deeper level, it's about the bowling ball."

Suddenly The King-Pinner looks pensive; almost introspective. A hush falls over the Bowlarama as the adoring fans prepare for a glimpse into the heart of their messiah.

"The sphere-shape of the bowling ball is a perfect form," he continues. "And by shaving my head I'm expressing a desire to bring myself physically and spiritually closer to that perfection."

"The Earth, our home, is a sphere and everything in life — nature, the planets, the sun, all that stuff — it all works in circular and spherical ways. The bowling ball is our spiritual rendering of everything that is beautiful."

Pinner has successfully monopolized the Trick Shot Circuit, but he has yet to compete on the lucrative Professional Bowlers Association (PBA) tour.

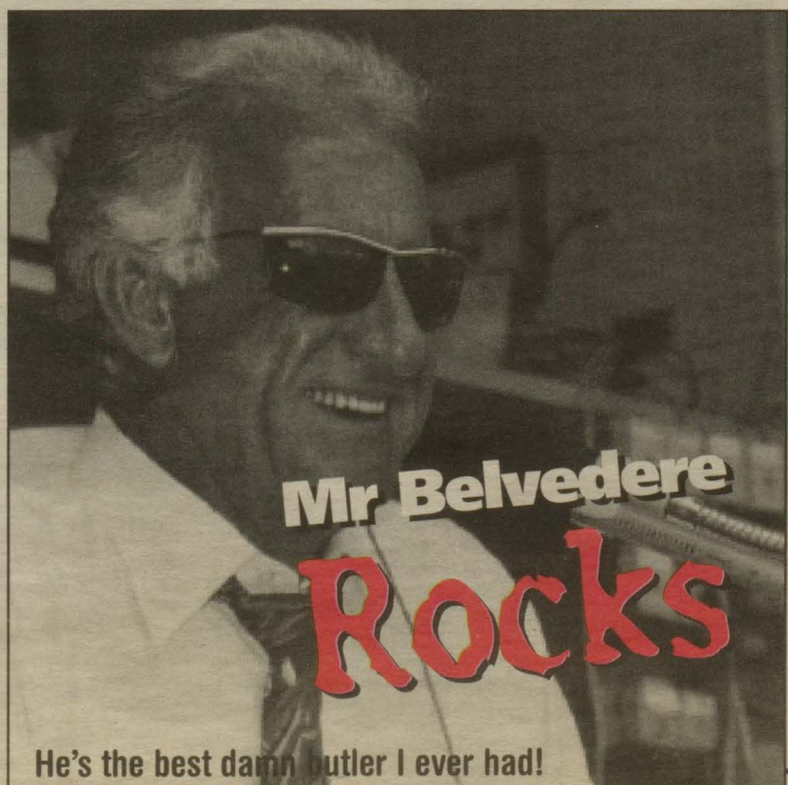
And when I ask him if his reluctance to compete in the PBA tour has any-



thing to do with his fatal choking tendency in big-money events, he becomes unhappy and quickly ends the interview.

"Look man, I'm the best there is," he snarls. "My strength and ball control is light-years ahead of any other man. I'm the high priest of professional bowling — let's go get some nachos, baby."

And with that, he grabbed the arm of an affectionate fan and headed for the snack bar.



He's the best damn butler I ever had!



THE CONSUMER AS SEEN BY



du Maurier

A quaint discussion with the Gallag-whore brothers from Oassis

BY RAVISHING RICK RUDE AND
NICOLAI VOLKOV

After their lacklustre performance at the Grawood last Friday night, Oassis bowed to the pressure of the Gazette and granted us an interview.

Gazette: Only sixteen people — including bar staff — showed up for your gig tonight. How does it feel to have gone from arena-rock gods to the university bar circuit in such a short span of time?

Gallag-whores: Well, it feels fine. The new album hasn't been selling very well cuz the listeners don't understand our direction. We've tried branching into the lucrative dance market. As for arenas, they're so impersonal. We like smaller bars — more audience interaction.

Gaz: Yeah, whatever. Audience participation my ass. One of the

sixteen people was asleep. Your new album has departed sharply from your previous incestuous relationship with the Beatles. What made you forsake your musical idols?

Gall: What are you talking about, the Beatles — those stoners who wrote "Satisfaction"? No way, we don't sound anything like them. And their lead singer is the ugliest motherfucker this side of Blur. No, we've never ripped anyone off; we're a bloody original band, watch your tongue.

Gaz: I believe you're referring to the Rolling Stones, and they didn't write "Satisfaction", Otis Redding did. So maybe you should watch *your* tongue, asshole. I asked you about the Beatles: y'know, moptops, Sargent Pepper, LSD...

Gall: Oh, those guys. I like them [long pause]. LSD's all right when you're thirteen, but it has gotta be bloody progression, mate

— which reminds me, I've gotta go powder my nose [Leeham leaves].

Gaz: You say you like the Beatles, but everyone thinks you've ripped them off so hard that your royalties from *What's the story? (Morning Glory)* should be going to Yoko's bank account for wild trips to Indonesia to find those ever-elusive, yet sexually compatible, spider monkeys. What have you got to say about that, chump?

Gall: Look mate, you have no right dragging the good name of spider monkeys through the mud. Leeham and I support animal rights on a global scale.

Gaz: Oh yeah? What does that entail? Going to press conferences, sucking up the free booze, posing for pictures, starting fights and then going home with whatever is closest to the door — man, child, woman or beast?

Gall: Pretty much, but we

don't start fights...on purpose.

Gaz: [Screaming] Whatever, just answer the fucking Beatles question!

Gall: Bullocks on that, *we are original!* Every song is *ours*.

Gaz: We're sick of your untruths...admit it — you're nothing but ear candy for the pre-pubescent masses that were too young to hear the Beatles the first time around!

Gall: Am not!

Gaz: Are too!

[Editor's Note: By the sounds of the tape recording of this interview, it seems Rick and Nicolai engaged in some form of hand-to-hand combat with Nowell, which included flying glass and tables. From Rick and Nicolai's account to the rest of our staff, Nicolai bravely declared, "I have had enough of your shit, white boy, time to meet you maker," and smashed a bottle over Nowell's unsuspecting head. At this point,

Rick dealt a severe kick to the groin while exclaiming, "This is for the children!" Apparently, hearing the ruckus, Leeham returned from the washroom with a trace of a baking soda-like substance under his nose. He proceeded to charge madly at Nicolai and Rick. Almost as if they had done this before, Rick immediately bent over into the suplex position, and flipped his intoxicated attacker. Nicolai, having already perched himself on the barstool, then proceeded to perform his first of countless deadly flying elbow drops, which were strategically mixed in with Rick's patented DDTs. Their WWF fantasies having been lived out — not to mention Nowell's vocal chords having been permanently damaged — the two then proceeded towards the Grad House, where an unsuspecting Billy Corgan awaited for what sounded like a harmless late evening interview...]

The Skye's the limit

BY CARL FENGMARGE AND
BETSI-ANE AELLO

On a dreary Tuesday night, huddled in the corner of an obscure Tim Horton's buried in the South End, Skye cultivates creamy butter masterpieces on cheap red napkins.

Skye is on the cutting edge, a phenom pushing the envelope with modern "butter art".

"I discovered butter art during a soul-searching journey through the Adirondack mountains in upstate New York," she exclaims in a throaty and mystical voice, her white plastic knife gracefully moulding the packets of butter into rich, greasy images condemning the ecological hypocrisy of the Albanian government.

"Those mountains have an aged soul, trampled on for millennia, first by the aboriginals, and then the savage explorers who bastardized their peaks. That tortured soul spoke to me and, for the first time in my life, my vision was clear; my purpose was found in...mmm...butter."

For a moment, Skye closes her eyes and sinks into a different dimension, oblivious to the everyday drudgery of our polluted planet.

When Skye finally snaps back to reality, we decide that she needs to prove not only the worth of her art form, but of herself. We asked her some tough, introspective, hard-hitting questions.

Gaz: Why don't you have a last name?

Skye: I'm not my daddy's possession. I reject the so-called norms of our society — where I belong to someone. In the utopian land of which I dream, people are not inhibited by cumbersome last names.

Gaz: What styles of art did you try before butter?

Skye: I went to King's, and I tried sculpting, but it failed me. There was something missing in

clay. It didn't have that metaphysical quality I was seeking. I went to NSCAD, and looked for meaning in sketching, but spiritually, my soul could not guide my hand to the truth. I failed again, miserably.

It was then that Skye realized that Halifax's environment was too constrictive for her free spirit. She left, and on her trek to intellectual fulfilment (she dropped out of both King's and NSCAD), she became adopted by a travelling band of gypsies who taught her the poetry-in-motion they called pickpocketing. Her relationship with the gypsies ended when she woke up one morning in the Adirondacks alone and penniless, her only remaining possessions being the psychedelic clothes on her back and a package of plastic utensils from Denny's. It was in this context that the mountains told her what to do with that third-rate cutlery.

Gaz: How did you feel when you first discovered the compelling magic of butter?

Skye: Oh, I can't describe it, it's like my heart was screaming with joy and anguish all at once. Butter! Butter! [louder] Butter! [even louder still].

Her voice resonates through the hallowed walls of Tim Horton's. Gus, the tough guy behind the counter, tries to play bouncer.

"Hey, Mona Lisa," Gus says to Skye, "there's other people here — some of 'em are old, too. They don't need to hear your shit."

"Look, we're trying to conduct an interview," Carl replies, momentarily inspired by Skye's euphoria, "so why don't you get your ass back behind the counter where it belongs."

"Look, buddy," Gus retaliates, "I took Foundation year at King's, and I have a degree in Southwestern Australian History from 1875 to 1901. I don't need to take crap

from a snot-nosed punk like you."

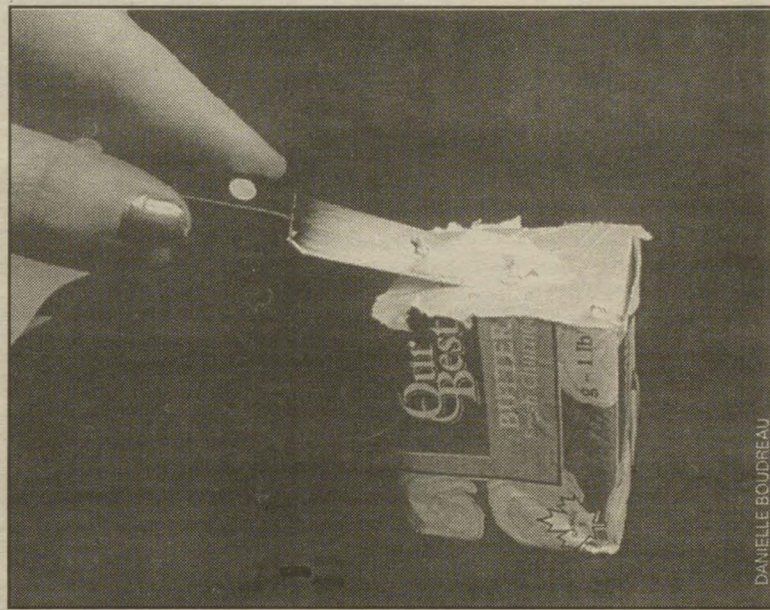
"I'm an artist!" Skye exclaims in a trembling voice, "I'm too fragile to be bruised by...by..." She breaks down, pointing an accusing finger at Gus.

Gus, obviously frustrated by this point, tries to intimidate Betsi-Ane, "Just take your freak show to Robin's or Dunkin Donuts or somewhere — just get the hell out."

"Hey...wait a second...we haven't been here twenty minutes yet," Betsi-Ane states assertively. "The sign *says* twenty minutes."

"Yeah, well I'm bootin' yooz all out anyhow," Gus yells. With that, he takes Skye's latest work-in-progress, "The Agony of Being a Backstreet Boy", and crushes it with a day-old donut.

Skye shrieks in pure psychological pain, and clings to the metal things that attach the tables to the chairs. Eventually we drag Skye, along with her fragmented ego, out of the donut shop



DANIELLE BOUDREAU

into its cold, barren, dimly-lit parking lot. We must part ways, knowing that the experience will forever hinder our quest for emotional equilibrium.

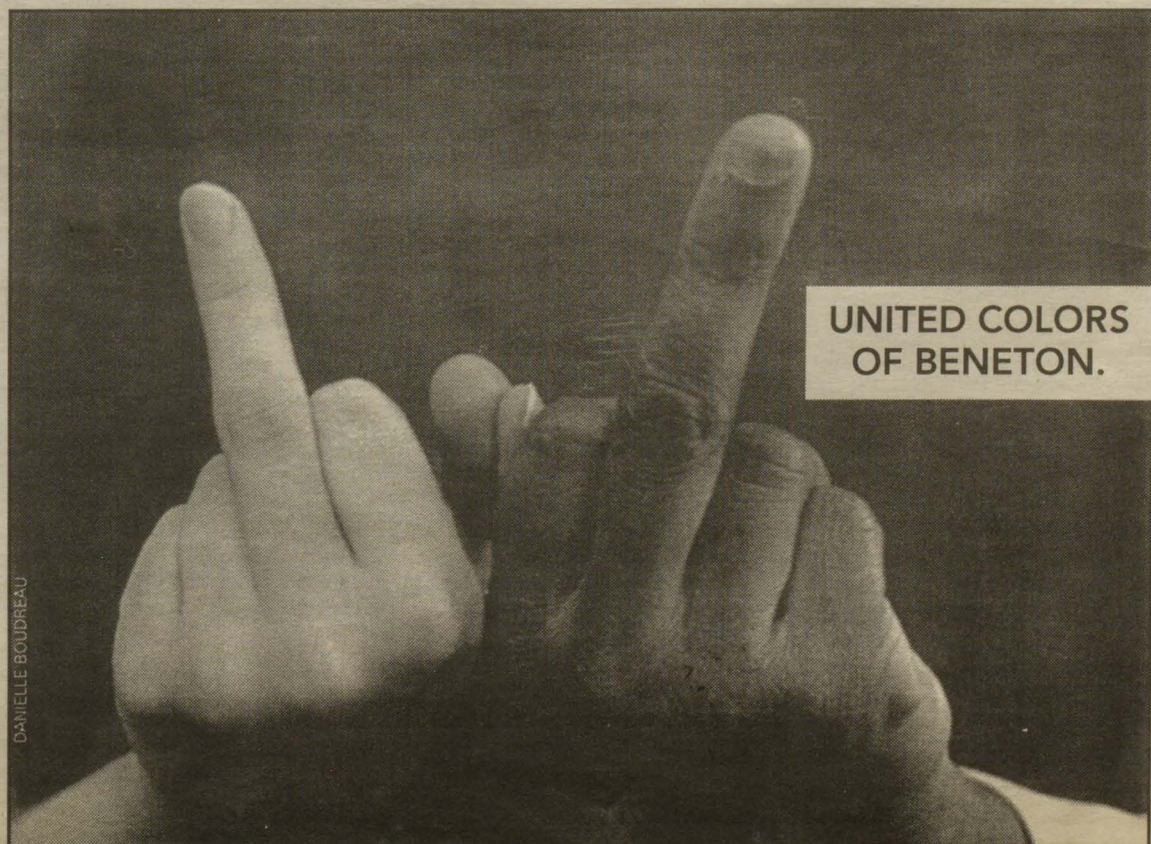
As we turn to walk away, Skye's voice calls out in the darkness, "Do you got some money? We all gotta eat, y'know."

Suddenly we understand the momentum which drives her very

existence and her butter art. She exists not for money, but to feel that inner hunger mere mortals feel only a few times in their lives. For once, we become jealous of her pathetic life.

"No, I'm out," Betsi-Ane says.

"As am I," Carl adds, jingling spare change in one pocket and hiding a package of melted butter in the other.



DANIELLE BOUDREAU

ISN profile

Name:
Carman Barteaux.

Position: VP Funk.

Salary: \$28,000.

Home town: Moschelle, NS.

Program: Kinesiology.

Course load: Three of 'em.

What is your job? Why don't we ask James Worrall?

Why did you apply? Besides the free beer, free concerts, free food, new car, and tons of other free shit?

Is the job what you expected? Yes, more. I've learned a lot about myself, responsibility, taking praise and criticism, and I've matured a little bit.

What are your greatest achievements? The fact that I ran, I won and I did it.

What are your greatest disappointments? To learn that I shared an office with Chris Lydon.

Would you want to run for one of the elected positions? Would you like a second term? Ummmmmm...no thank you.

The spooof is out there

BY FOX MULDER,
SPECIAL FBI CORRESPONDENT

7:58 p.m., Washington D.C.

While reviewing some of my previous X-File cases at my desk, Agent Dana Scully burst into my office with a distraught look on her face. I greeted her with my usual smirk and asked what was wrong.

"Mulder," she purred in that saucy voice of hers, "we just got a call in from Canada. Apparently there's been a strange blue light emanating from one of the university campuses."

"Scully, I can't be a part of this," I said. "Any international investigation we do would be in clear violation of any federal laws of jurisprudence of the FBI, not to mention the—"

"They think it's a UFO phenomenon," she interrupted.

"Whoopee! Let's motor!" I yelled.

9:12 p.m., Halifax International Airport

Upon our arrival in Nova Scotia, a strange sensation of nausea and dizziness overwhelmed me as I tasted the cool air. I recognized that lethal substance anywhere — sulfur dioxide. I wagered there was a coal-fired power plant somewhere nearby. The poor fools.

The maniac driving our cab to Halifax was very unhelpful in our

search for the blue light phenomenon. "Let me tell you, I don't care what dem fools up in Ottawa think they're doin', but don't count on none of dem to help you catch no UFO," he said. He later rambled on about the state of EI in this country, which I interpreted as Extra-terrestrial Invasion. By his slurred accent and clammy skin I could tell he was already under alien influence.

9:15 a.m., Dalhousie University campus

We had got ready after a well-deserved rest at the Sheraton hotel by the waterfront. This city's obviously been brainwashed into handing over its money to a foreign invader, and the absence of any other Canadian or American is proof of alien invaders re-allocating this province's wealth. It is still questionable whether or not the government are co-conspirators.

Upon arriving at the campus, we met with several students who were unable to help us. We arrived at the local student union and inquired with the campus media. The campus newspaper, the Gazette, was tucked away in the furthest corner of the building and in a terrible mess. A short young lady was wading through the mess and screaming obscenities. She noticed us and introduced herself as "Natalie". She was un-

able to answer many of our questions, but was so polite about it. Maybe too polite.

A few minutes later a hulking mass of a man wearing a silly hat walked in and introduced himself as "Dan". We asked Dan about the blue light phenomena, and his eyes began to bulge.

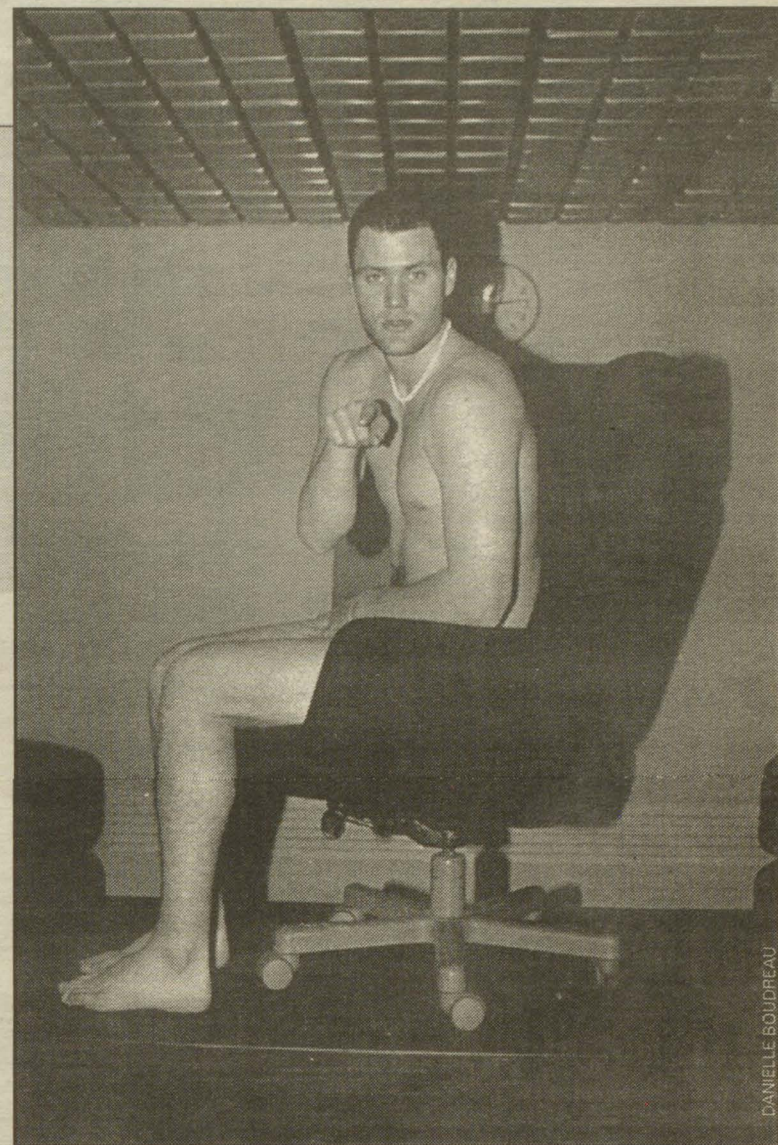
"Oh, you want to know about that?" he said with a laugh. "Go talk to Alan, he'll fill you in."

He gave us directions to the Geology department, and we were off. On the way out I picked up a copy of the Gazette. The boys in Washington may have wanted to analyze this.

9:38 a.m., Geology Department Lounge

Scully and I stepped off the elevator and peered inside the lounge. We burst into the room and found a young man lying on the couch, obviously passed on. I immediately became excited and said, "Scully, this is the proof I need! Look at this guy! He's all emaciated and pale, obviously his life force sucked out of him by some unknown alien life..."

Scully pursed her lips and looked over the man. "Mulder, he's not dead," she said. "He's just asleep." Scully shook the guy awake and he asked if it was time for math class. We flashed our badges and identified ourselves. We proceeded to tell him about



DANIELLE BOUDREAU

the blue lights, and Alan decided that helping us would be worth his while. He agreed to show us the phenomena that night, and I would have the proof I need for an alien invasion.

10:12 p.m., Arts and Administration Building

Alan took us to the strange glowing monolith, and my thoughts were confirmed. This was actually a relay station for some sort of UFO communication, complete with a strange speaker for two-way communication. Alan was willing to expose the truth, and we were forever in his debt.

Scully was proceeding to take camcorder recordings of the receiver when a brunette accompanied by two guards in orange vests snatched the camera away and smashed it. "Get the [expletive] out of here! You have no business here!" she screamed. She turned

to Alan. "Ah, it's you. Giving me trouble again, are you? Take him away!" she said to her goons. Alan was grabbed and dragged away to an undisclosed location. We tried to follow the group, but they disappeared into the darkness of University Avenue. Our one lead to proof of alien life was gone.

Scully turned to me and said, "Mulder, there's nothing we can do. This student government has obviously disavowed any knowledge of these blue lights and probably of Alan. He's probably dead by now."

I conceded to that, and gave up all hope. It was obvious that no one back in Washington would believe that these objects existed. It is my only hope that these devices will be used for the purposes of good only, rather than as a detriment to mankind.

The truth is out there...somewhere.

Dull Profile

BY ADAM CLAYTON AND DOUDLE-O BONDAGE

Having heard from several of our friends that a certain stone, rock, geologic formation or what have you, was a first-class partier and all around nice guy, we decided to profile hi...he...er...it for Dal Profiles. The results were mysterious and sketchy at best, but we think we've found its soul.

Name: [no answer].
Nickname: [no answer].
Age: [no answer].
What are you studying at Dal? [no answer].
Pastimes: [no answer].
Describe yourself: [no answer].
Things that you are known for: [no answer].
Things that bug you: [no answer].
Things that make you happy: [no answer].
What would make or break your day? [no answer].

Things that scare you: [no answer].
Any bad habits? [no answer].
Ambitions: [no answer].
What do you take pride in...something you have done or accomplished? [no answer].
Best stress reliever? [no answer].
Favourite place to hang out at Dal: [no answer].
Favourite procrastination activity: [no answer].
Favourite colour: [no answer].
Greatest regrets: [no answer].
Dream job: [no answer].
Things you'd like to have changed at Dal: [no answer].
Have any suggestions on improving Dal spirit? [no answer].
What you've learned most from your experiences at

Dal: [no answer].
What section of the Gazette do you read first? [no answer].
Best time-management advice you can give: [no answer].
If you were an animal/plant (in your next life) what would you be? Well, you see, while there are certain advantages to being an animal, cosmically I think I'm more in tune to the life vibrations of a plant. Eventually, as we all do, I will erode, some of my remains will be utilized by a plant, and I will then, in effect, be part of the life of the plant. It is further possible that my eroded minerals may be formed into a seed, a seed which may grow to be a plant — a plant which will, to a great extent, be a reincarnation of my sedimentary self. Further lives may be possible beyond the Plant

*Editors's note:

We did have a photograph of the rock featured in this profile, however, as with most profile photos, we couldn't bring ourselves to print something so dull.

World, but first my plant spirit must be visited by the Great Animal. What planes of existence lie beyond are only to be dreamed about.

What keeps you grounded/sane? Gravity.
Favourite author: Roch Carrier.
Things that you just gotta do before you bite the dust: Move.
Where do you see yourself in 10 years? Here.
Hero: Mick Jagger.
Motto in life: Don't get stuck between a rock

and a hard place.
Things you'd like to change about yourself: I've always wanted to be Igneous.
What you've learned most from your parents: Papa was a rolling stone...
Favourite book from your childhood: The Bible — people were always getting stoned.
Favourite phrase: Rock on!
Favourite TV shows: Third Rock from the Sun
Favourite Song: "Like A Rolling Stone".
Favourite music: Rap.

Fetch the scapula

Your badge of honour will only get polished if you stick your neck out on the line for the underwhelmed.

Stupid people can take as long as they like looking at the sky, but they will never see the clouds turn brown with the sugary sweet molasses that is a taste of sunshine and serendipity.

A prolific pervert is a perfect person provided he or she provides their partners with prophylactics. Elsewhere, every earwig is its own best friend.

The soul can be its own worst enemy, with the impromptu and spontaneous imprisoning its baser drives. Just skip over the flaws, go driving, literally or metaphorically, and floor the pedal to get your ass to happyland mother fucker.

So as I sit here, pondering all the cosmic bullshit that I have been subjected to in the last four years, I've realized that I am alone. Yup, just me and my goat — getting our freak on at club freak on.

Maturity, shamurity.

Spring has arrived (or so Mother Nature would like to have us believe) and it is once again time to sit back, max, lax and relax with a little R&R, baked out with the sun, unconsciously conscious of our consciousness.

Someday we will all own our own huts on the beach of life and it's up to each of us to decide whether our hut will be situated next to the outhouse or the concession stand. We will all have the opportunity to bury our heads in the sand where we can muffle our laughter.

Breed affinity for life. Basically, hang out with those worth hanging out with. Hit the galley dude. Hanging out with the slaves and criminals who actually row the boat is way better than hanging out with those schmucks who stand at the prow and pretend they know which way the wind is blowing, which way the water flows.

Texture, it all lies within the fabric. Sometimes we have to sail ourselves through the intricate

Breed affinity for life. Basically, hang out with those worth hanging out with. Hit the galley dude. Hanging out with the slaves and criminals who actually row the boat is way better than hanging out with those schmucks who stand at the prow and pretend they know which way the wind is blowing, which way the water flows.

and tightly woven paths of perplexity to find our niche. But instead, we just sit on our asses and watch Shaft get laid while we fuck ourselves over one more time. The ritual becomes habitual.

Fight the power, spike the punch, play the end of the year prank, pick your nose. A little bit of evil never killed anyone, just don't get caught. Worse case scenario, you can defect your ass to Euphoria.

The itch, it's there; it's always there. You wake every morning knowing the feeling until you truly understand it and it becomes one with you. Then the doc tells you it's just scabies. You wrestle with the idea, the idea becomes epitomic and then you let it go.

Yo, I'll tell you what I want what I really really want.

Tell me what you want what ya really really want.

I'll tell you what I want what I really really want.

So, tell me what you want what ya really really want.

I wanna I wanna I wanna I wanna I wanna really really really want, a blunt, just smoke,

Radio Free Europe, mother fucker.

KERMES ET AL



letters — That never quite made it.

Campus comment

Gazette sucks...

**Love,
Concerned students**

None of your business

I was very upset with the Gazette's March 6th issue, in which a gun was pointed at the head of a golden retriever.

When are you people going to leave me alone? Just because a guy wants to dress up in a dog suit, have his lover point a loaded weapon at him, and masturbate into a mason jar doesn't mean he should be photographed in secret and have the image splattered across the city.

Now as big a turn on as it is to know that thousands of people will be acquainted with the new doggie-style, I am shocked and ashamed that I was exploited in such a ruthless manner.

I expect a full apology or at least full frontal nudity for the next issue.

**Sincerely,
Rerald Gegan**

Enraged and indignant

Shocked.

I was appalled. Incredibly offended and outrageously perturbed.

Massive outrage and personal insult. Unbelievably furious with deep-seated indignation.

Shame.

**Affronted,
Vox populi**

Personal triumph

I thought Chris Lydon's story about the tough, smart Newfoundland, who triumphs against seemingly insurmountable odds and gains acceptance into an elite organization was intelligent and profound. I feel the negative response to this tale is grossly unwarranted, so I have taken it upon myself to write this letter, with the aid of my mother's writing hand and a thesaurus.

**Fuckin' A,
Mike**

Wrong paper idiot

I have been reading your paper from day one, but I will never read another issue again! In recent issues I have found Dan Savage's column to be more offensive than ever before. I would like to see that slime removed from your otherwise decent paper.

**Thank you,
Roseanne Skoke**

Editor's note: I am only going to tell you once more — we are not the Coast!

Things aren't cheap

I am writing in response to the article "Journalism Student Bribe". So what is wrong with that. I am a student journalist with the Journal, SMU's student newspaper, and we run on bribes. Things at university aren't cheap and when fudging the fact will gain you some money, personal favors or discounts on otherwise pricy objects, it's all good. I believe that this on all accounts is a good practice and other student papers should follow the example set by us.

**Money for doing nothing,
Jure Nall**

I'm not racist

I take offence to the idea that I am in someway a racist. I have prided myself on hating everyone equally. The idea that I might hate one race more than another is offensive. Ever since I was a child I have learned to hate people no matter their background, race or anything like that. They all suck.

**Life sucks,
Satan**

Ease up, eh?

You people are much too hard on the wonderful DSU Executive. Those five are the best in the country, and we should be grateful that they represent us.

**With contempt,
Defender of the Faith**

the Dalhousie Gazette editorialboard

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**DON'T
CALL US,
WE'LL
CALL
YOU!**

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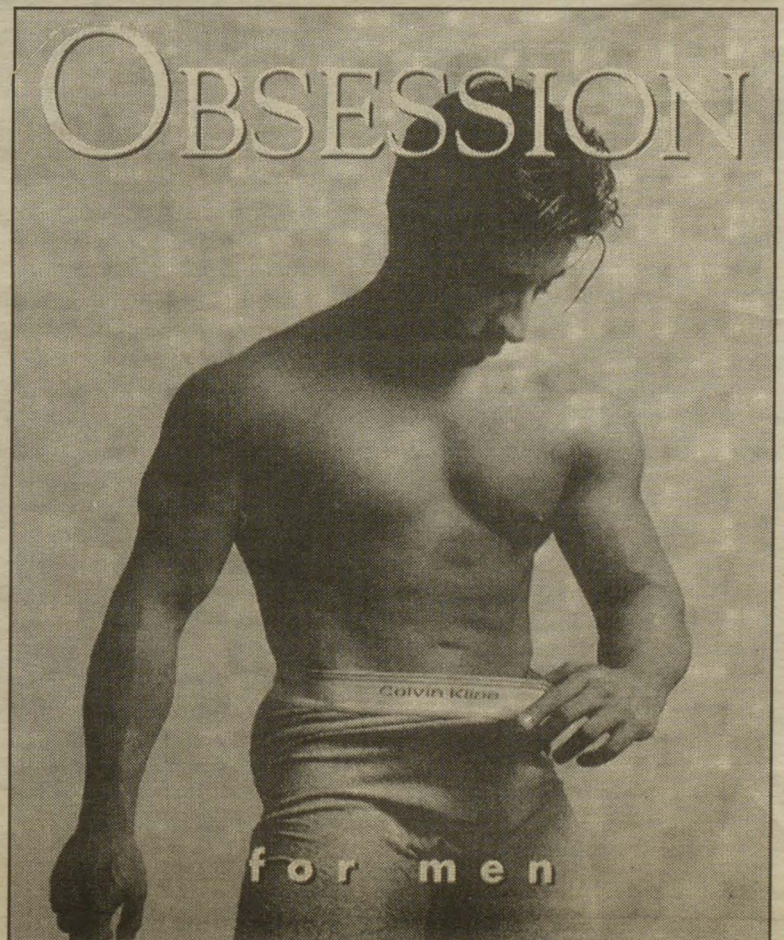
contributors

The crew on the second floor, Adam Clayton, Opie Ehm, Nobody, Mabel Tramp, Michael Collins, Ozark Reynolds, Seal Mayhem, Stan Parker, Pleasure Force, Moron the Ball, Sick Boy, Double-O Bondage, Carl Fengmarge and Betsi-Ane Aello, Fox Mulder, Carl Fengmarge, Betsi-Ane Aello, Ravishing Rick Rude, Nicolai Volkov, Al Scottredge, Kim Fadan

SUE US!

All letters need a name, address and phone number.

If you write something shitty about us, we will find you.



Wank this

BY PLEASURE FORCE

In a dramatic turn of events, Dalhousie head coach Yellin Doung has announced that the hockey Tigers will switch from the AUHC to the Atlantic Universities Synchronized Hockey Skating Conference (AUSHSC) by next season. The surprise move came after one too many playoff losses to the Wankadia Wankers which left both the team and coach Doung completely, totally and utterly pissed off and frustrated.

"Those Wankers...they're always kicking the crap out of us and we're not gonna fuckin' take it anymore, fuck," noted captain Ernesto Hans Morgan. "We're changing conference. That'll fuckin' teach them."

Captain Morgan does not seem worried that the Tigers have no previous experience in synchronized hockey skating.

"See, we have an unfair advantage because of the Nineinchnailer brothers [Puke, Duke and Nuke], Rusty Nails and Pablo Picasso 'cause those guys do everything the same anyways."

Synchronized hockey skating was founded way back in time by some Antarctic hunter guy who found that if he and his hunting buddies skidded around in formation, it confused their prey and they could then deliver a fatal slapshot to the skull of their victim so that its brains leaked out all over the ice and shit.

Over the years, synchronized hockey skating has developed into quite a complex sport. The rules for the hockey part of the sport are essentially the same but actually not really. The players have a mandatory technical program to comply with that involves a lot of complicated stuff. Incorrect technicalities can result in penalties. One of the more difficult moves is a mandatory triple toe-loop jump before taking any shot from the slot and that's expected to confuse the hell out of the Tigers until they settle into their game.

Other major differences include the rules for slashing and boarding. Slashing is marked on style while boarding is allowed only in the freestyle part of the program. The points system is quite different, too, but I can't be bothered to explain right now. Maybe you should buy a book and read up on it.

A lot of players are expected

to return to Dal, and seem quite excited about it.

"I can't wait to try out my double-axel reverse spin," said Tiger Ichabod Crane.

Ivor Fallenandicantgetup may return if he stops bouncing his head off the ice (or if other players stop bouncing it for him). P. Eddy Phile may return if he can find time in his busy shagging schedule. Other returning players will include: Ime Notdrunkmann (if he sobers up), Love Muscle (if he stops smoking), Alberta Skunkweed (if he stops smoking), Tardy Tommy, Lead Head, Giuseppe Chonis, DG Hammer, P. Whipt, Wood Stock, Jan [Whatever], Breakaway Doyle, Bush X, GQ Jason, Pepe LePew, Travelling Wilbury and last year's playoff MVP Milk Bag. The team was also pleasantly surprised to find that Swifty Buggeroff, the number one draft pick for the Leafs, turned the Toronto team down so he could stay with the Tigers. Buggeroff refused to comment after I called him a "bloody idiot" regarding the move back to Dal.

In fact, the only conflict appears to be over the team's new uniforms. While everyone is in favour of the new sequined suits, Doung seems a little concerned over the matter of the feather headdresses.

"I think it will interfere with their jumps for the time being," he said. "Once they're used to the new rules and shit maybe I'll let them wear them."

"We would like to see the boys in feathers," said Randy Rahraha, member of the Black and Gold Lamé Club, "but if Yellin doesn't want them to wear them just yet, then we have full confidence in him — though God knows why."

Some of the players think that this is a load of rubbish.

"The feather headdresses are crucial to our mental game," says former blue-liner Lee Terall Episstrunk. "How can we be expected to do well if there is such low morale in the dressing room? Besides, I think that the colour will bring out my eyes."

The Tigers are expected to perform well in their first season with the AUSHSC (well, at least they can't do any worse). Besides, the flashy new suits are expected to increase the groupie-per-player quota so everyone will probably be happy.

Wrestling bullish on varsity

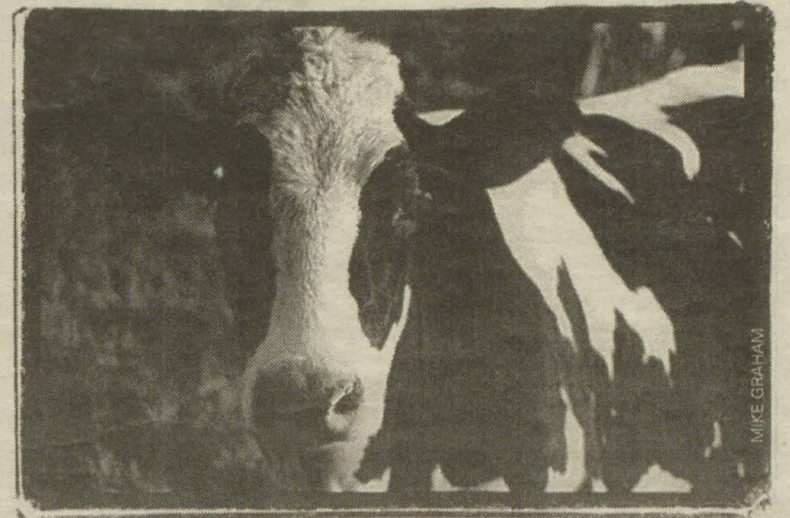
BY AL SCOTTREDGE

The Dalhousie Wrestling Club (DWC) is on a different track to varsity status. After wrestling a prize stud bull named Itsy, coach Al Scottredge was convinced that getting the animal on the team would be a good thing.

"I initially wanted to wrestle a cow to show the world how tough us wrestlers really are," explains Scottredge. "I was hoping the match would convince people to come out for wrestling, but the cow proved a much tougher opponent than I had imagined."

The previously undefeated Scottredge went out into a Pictou field, found the prize bull, and locked horns. The match went on for seven days and seven nights without much movement, until finally, the animal fell over (on Scottredge) and won the match.

"I was quite surprised," said the wrestler. "Up until that point he'd shown great defensive skills, but he wasn't too aggressive. I



kind of let my guard down on the seventh night and that's when he got me. Pretty clever, really."

Cows, in fact, have quite a long and distinguished history in wrestling. Spanish bull fighting originally was Spanish bull wrestling, but people kept getting trampled so the human competitors changed the name and started

bringing swords and spears into the ring. Things really weren't as evenly matched after that.

"I really want to see if I can get a cow to join the DWC," said Scottredge. "I think it could help us get on as a varsity team. Once people hear about the cow winning gold for Dalhousie, it'll be hard to ignore us."

Tigers announce signings

BY KIM FADAN

Dalhousie hockey coach, Darl Old announced the signing of former Junior-But-Not-Quite-as-Major-as-the-NHL player, Joe D. Smelly, at a press conference in Halifax yesterday. Smelly, an underage forward and part-time waterboy with the Halifax Deer-Butts, elected to come to Dalhousie ahead of tempting offers from other schools such as St. FX and UNB. Also joining the team will be Acadia's Mick Dawse, and SPEW's Kent Taskman.

Coach Old commented, "I'm a big fan of Mick's. We often have a beer together. He's a great guy, and Taskman is well known around the league for keeping his mind on the game. Dawse will be perfect playing in front of our goalie Niles Savalot. They compliment each other very well on the ice, and Taskman is the kind of guy that people pay money to see. A real fan favourite."

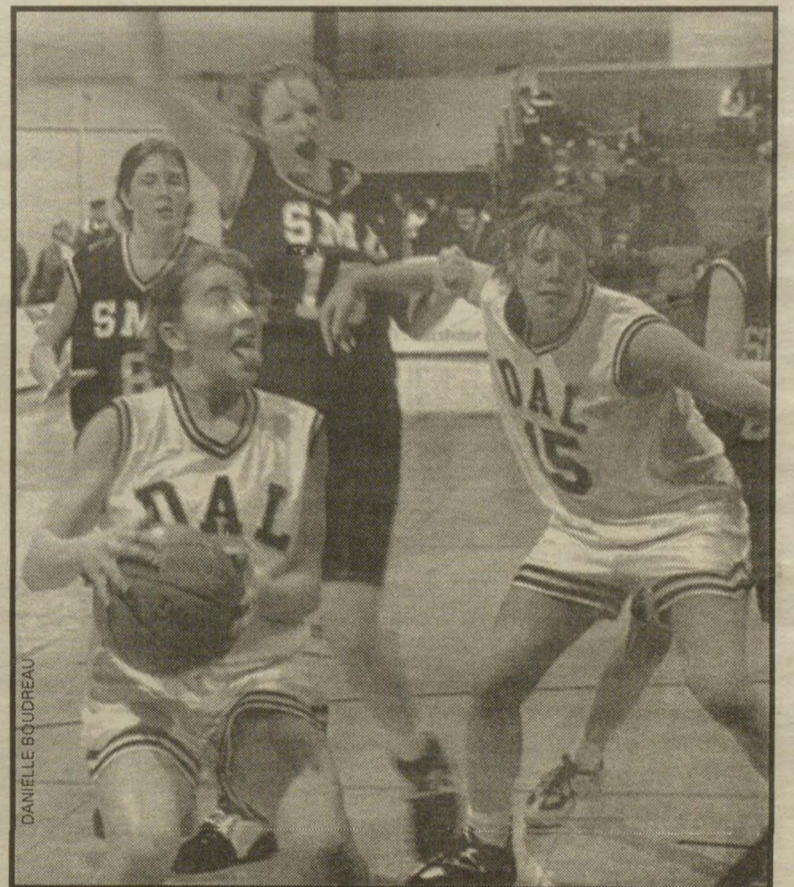
St. FX, whose motto is "I can't spell the name of my university so I just write X", has been chasing Smelly ever since he was born. Shocked St. FX coach, Danny Boy, said, "What do you mean he went to Dal? I never liked him anyway, the bastard. Darl is welcome to him. He'll probably use him on the power-play when we're seven goals down, just to run up the score."

Smelly, who has amassed one goal, two assists and 17,136 pen-

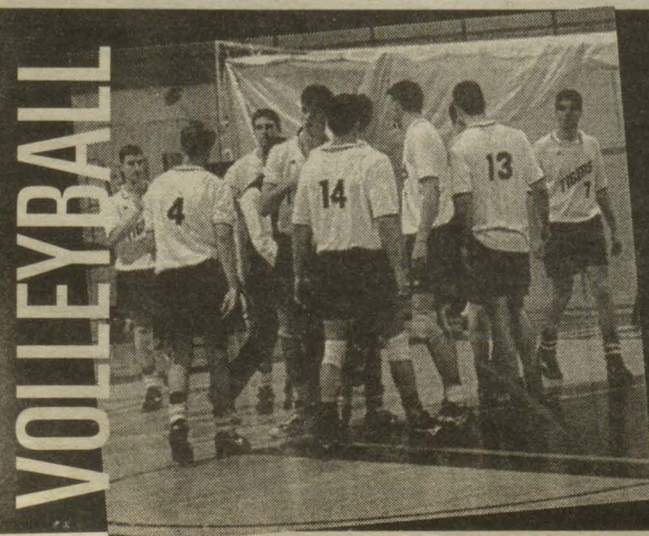
alty minutes in his three years with the Deer-Butts, commented, "I chose Dal because I already go there, and UNB has a dumb name for their team. I don't like St. FX, because their uniforms are ugly."

Mick Dawse, also known as "Iron Mick", noted, "I'm happy to be coming to Dal, because Acadia

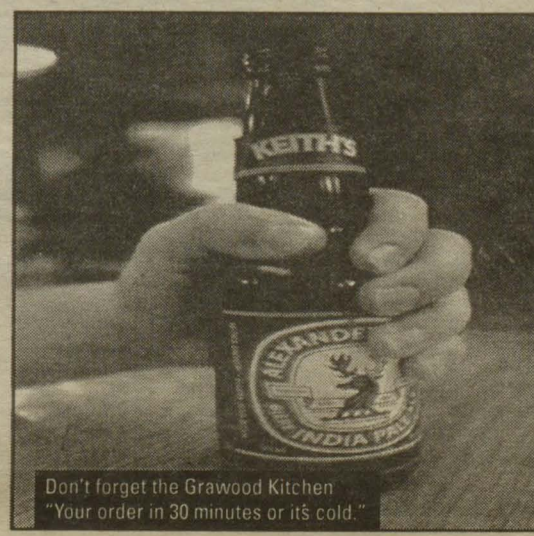
don't want me anymore. I have a lot of respect for coach Darl Old. At Acadia, me and the fans used to chant his name all the time." Taskman meanwhile, who completed an advanced major in colouring at SPEW, said, "Dal are cool because they wear black. I want to be cool too."



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