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THE GAZETTE

SPECIAL ISSUE 6 APRIL 2000

**DAL PRESIDENT
DOM TRAVES
SUPPORTING
STUDENT
ENTREPRENEURS**

**DAL: NEW DEAL
WITH DEVIL**

**REGISTRAR SERVICE
IMPROVES WITH
1-900 NUMBER**

**SAINT NICK
JIGGLES INTO PORN**

**INTERVIEW:
MAGNUM P.I.**

**CRAZY
CASTRATION
CLUB**



THE DSU wishes you a great summer!

We would like to reassure everyone that their DSU contributions are being well spent. Thanks to everyone!



Roseanne and Steven would like to remind everyone that this is the annual spoof issue of the Gazette, generally intended to be humorous and amusing, and that not absolutely everything in it should be taken at face value.

Dal president spending tuition money on sex

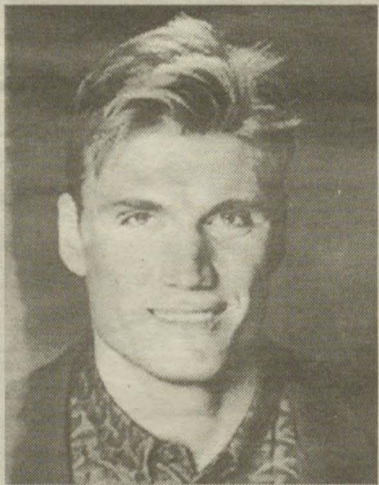
BY LANCE MURDOCK

It turns out Dalhousie's president might have more in common with students than most people think. Like most students, he's been caught spending tuition money on sex.

Dalhousie University President Dom Traves was accused last week of using students' tuition to solicit the services of some Dalhousie entrepreneurs.

The accusations first came from President elect Steve Cortez, of the Dalhousie Students Union (DSU) who saw the university president picking up "scantly clad women" on Hollis Street last week. An investigation into the case found that not only was Traves "getting it on" with hookers, but he was using student tuition money to pay for it.

University public relations officials denied that the president was using student money for sex, but added that "what he does on his own time, with his own



"I don't think he should do that. It's not very nice." — Dolph Ludrigan

money, is up to him."

"We don't keep track of the president's personal life," said public relations official Kristan Robertson "If he wants to sleep around with some tramp he finds downtown, or in rez, then that's fine with us. But he isn't using student money for it."

"Besides," she added. "He's not sleeping with anyone but me. Oh no, did I say that out loud. Don't write that down. Give me that notepad. Give it to me."

Documents obtained from Student Accounts confirm the accusations. Records shows that nearly \$2-million has been spent this year, with receipts being issued to women with such names as Hootie McBoobs, Chesty LaRoo and Busty St. Claire.

University officials say the documents are mistaken and they promised to look into it further.

On Tuesday night, a paparazzi photographer captured pictures of Traves trying to solicit sex from a prostitute. An interview with the prostitute 10 minutes later, after the pair finished, revealed that she was paid by a cheque issued from Dalhousie University.

"Yeah, he's one of my regular clients," said the prostitute, who goes by the name 'Amy D.' "I charge him only \$10. Keeping it cheap keeps him coming back.

"My only complaint is that it usually takes so fuckin' long to receive the cheques. I mean, I need that money to pay my late fees at the Library."



photo by Bon Bon

Records from Student Accounts confirm that a \$10 cheque was issued to 'Amy D.' Tuesday night. The first time in the University's history that a cheque was issued the day they said it would be.

Further investigation

I charge him only \$10. Keeping it cheap keeps him coming back

showed that some of the other people being issued cheques for "services rendered" are also Dalhousie students, living in Sherriff Hall, the all-female residence, as well as in Cameron House and Eliza Ritchie Hall.

One of the more well known organisations, "Ph.D" (Pretty Hot Dames) — can be reached by telephone at (902) 494-8814.

Cortez is glad to hear that Traves is supporting student entrepreneurs, but is upset that he's using tuition money to do so.

"I realize it's important to support student businesses," he said. "These women have to pay tuition, just like the rest of us. But I'd prefer if he used his own paycheque, instead of picking out pockets."

No one from "Ph.D" would talk on record about Traves' performance, but did offer to meet us at the Grawood at 7 p.m. Friday night. We'll see you there! *Wink*

They also admitted to having Cortez as a customer on more than one occasion.

The news that tuition money is being used for sex has angered many students.

"No wonder tuition keeps rising," said third year psychology student Monique Robertson. "The more he rises, the more tuition rises."

The DSU says they want the president to step down. "He's shown he can't handle money, or his libido," said Cortez. "We need someone in charge of the school that knows how to control himself."

Prostitutes on Hollis Street are disappointed Traves was caught.

"Well, there goes my new Mercedes," said one hooker who goes by the nickname Hot Harriet. "Traves promised me a new mercedes, but I guess that's not going to happen now."

"I don't think he should do that," said Dolph Ludrigan. "It's not very nice."

Officials at the university say they'll begin an intense investigation into the accusations, but say they'll stand by their man.

History Dept. divided

BY RST

The Dalhousie History department is again divided over an issue which threatens the very stability of tenured faculty.

For years the type of footwear worn by Herbert Hoover has been a point of contention for historians.

Now the debate has come to Dal.

"If you look at the facts, it is clear that he wore high heels," says Dr. Demento, director of the department. "We've always known from pictures and his diaries that he preferred heels."

But, some younger, more radical and left-wing professors have begun to suggest that Hoo-

ver in fact wore loafers.

Dr. Stream is an acting professor in the department.

"These old entrenched notions of high-heels are outdated," said the professor. "They simply do not make sense, nor do they appeal to introductory history classes."

This debate was safe within the walls of the once quiet department until the department developed an official policy toward Hoover-Heels. A petition was circulated amongst students in opposition to what was seen as historical revisionism.

"They can't silence truth in this history department," stated one third-year student.

"I've had it with professors who always try to blind them-

selves to new ways of thinking," commented another student.

Demento says everyone was fine until students had to start questioning the truth mandated and dictated by the department.

"I just don't see what they have to complain about," said Demento. "All the Hoover fans in this dept. wear heels and they're quite comfortable."

Fans of loafers say they will not give up.

"I can't stand heels, nor can I stand in them. Therefore, Hoover did not wear heels. That's the end of the discussion," concluded the student society president.

Clearly, this matter may have to go before the Bata Arbitrator for Better Foot-Wear for peaceful resolution.



Headlines that never made it

Religious asshole spreads ignorance

Cocaine prices soar
Commerce students worried

Dal President Dom Traves kills biker in Lighthouse Beer-Brawl

Pigeon meat makes you a better person, says drunk clown

Gazette in trouble!

Student newspaper run by illeterate junkies

Too much acid can give you a headache

DSU sells students' souls for case of Pepsi

Halifax to invest in monorail

Headlines we'd like to see

BY RST

Dal lets King's and TUNS return to independence.

DSU go bleep themselves.

Students strike — People care

Buildings designed for natural light

Copies of Gazette spontaneously combust

Board of Governors returned to natural breeding ground

Arts funding goes up — tuition doesn't

No more headlines

Batman coming to town

Caped Crusader targeting criminal element

BY DUM GRUNT

The HRM police force is about to get an extra hand in riding the streets of crime.

The vigilante known as Batman has recently been sighted in the vicinity of downtown Halifax, fighting the corruption that eats away at the city's very soul.

Batman leaves behind Gotham City, where he has defeated such nefarious foes as the Joker and the Penguin. However, the move to Halifax may prove his greatest challenge yet, as he is forced to confront the villainy of Ashley MacIsaac.

"The man's a horror," said one citizen, "what on earth can stop him?" It was unclear whether these remarks applied to the Dark Knight or his nefarious foe.

MacIsaac is charged with obnoxious behaviour, and lowering the IQs of all bystanders within 30 feet of his presence. The caped crusader has been charged for similar crimes, stemming from a TV show in the late

'60s and a string of bad movies. In a rare public statement, Batman claimed full innocence, and swore to bring the guilty parties to justice: "Adam West and Joel Schumacher cannot hope to escape the justice that their crimes against good taste demand."

Public officials have railed against the relocation of the Dark Knight, fearing for the public safety and property damage. Some fear that the publicity brought about by this move will cause a downturn in the Halifax economy, which is booming under an influx of capital from Wayne Enterprises.

"I think Batman is a little too much for Halifax," said Dolph Lundrigan. "If you know what I mean."

As for MacIsaac, he replied to this news from his secret lair, stating "Batman will never capture me! I will rant and rave where I please! I am God; you are fools! Expect no further statements from me, foolish mortals!"

We can only pray MacIsaac was sincere.

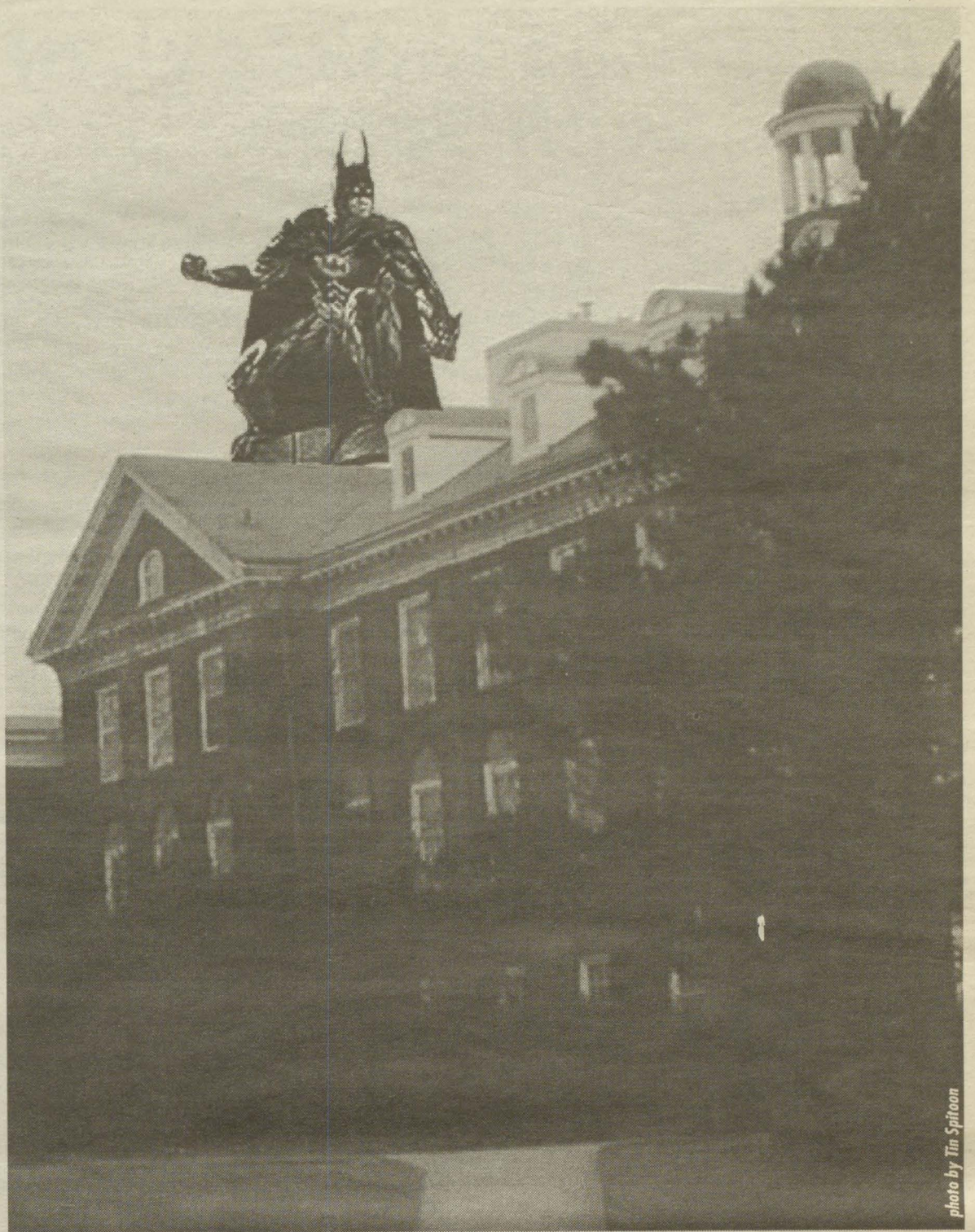


photo by Tin Spiteon

Who likes short shorts?

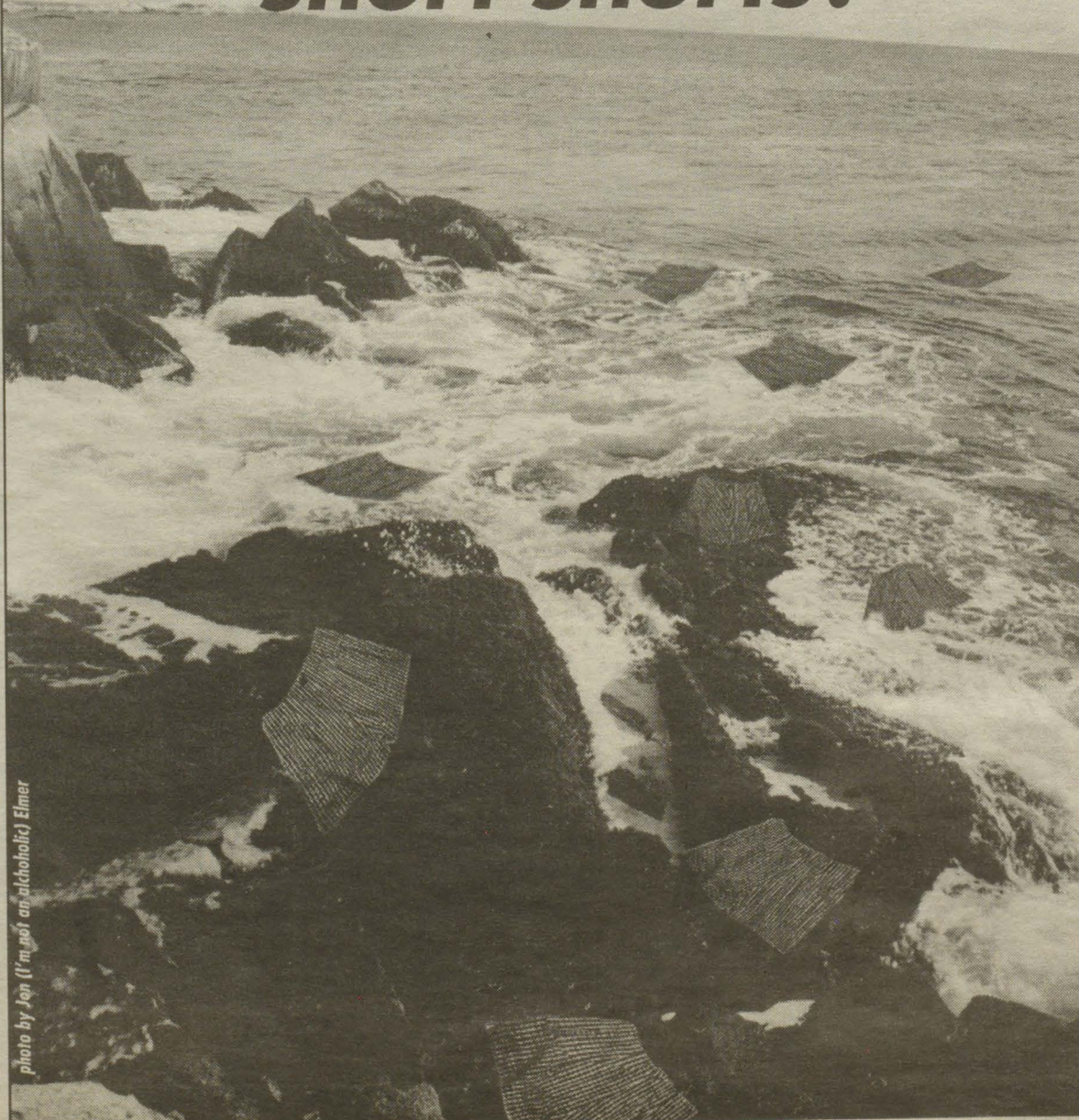


photo by Jon (I'm not an alcoholic) Elmer

Environmental activists upset over latest hot pants spill

Residents of Peggy's Cove got a bit of a fright last Friday as the automated lighthouse system, E.A.R.L., mysteriously stopped operating, causing one potentially serious accident.

The Captain and crew of the SS Whiskey were unharmed in the incident, but their "precious cargo" of 100,000 pairs of hot-pants washed ashore.

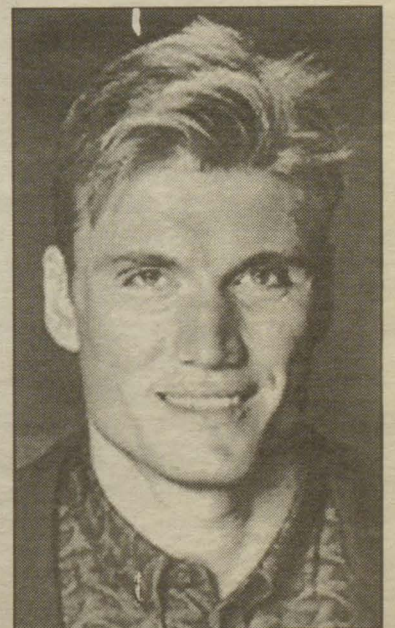
The supply of hot-pants was written off by all save the local residents.

"I don't know why they don't want their shorts back," said Peggy's Cove resident Mable Fipper. "Perfectly good shorts. It's foolishness."

The thousands of shorts that didn't make it to shore are now in the Atlantic ocean, causing environmental problems for numerous sea creatures. "Those poor fish," said Dolph Lundrigan. "I wish that hadn't happened."

But not all are worried about environmental impact.

When *the Gazette* approached the captain of the vessel about the lost hotpants, he replied: "Argh, I hate the sea and everything in it."



"I wish that hadn't happened."

Dalhousie makes deal with Satan

BY PHUQAZ AND CAPTAIN RON

In order to cut costs to areas like Student Services and Health Services, Dalhousie has recently signed a deal with Mestostphles. The new system, set to begin in September, means not only a higher tuition, but it will also mean that students will have less freedom on campus.

The first change to be made is the 20 percent increase in tuition. Students will be forced to pay the increase to supply new services at Dal. The new services include a Dal escort service which will only be accessible to administration, a new set of gallows, and a statue of Dalhousie president Dom Traves and Satan himself holding hands will be erected in front of the A&A building.

The second change will be that all religious institution and

representation will be removed from campus, and any form of non-demonic worship will be forbidden.

"It's not out of any fear of other beliefs," said Satan in an interview with *the Gazette*. "I just wanted to do away with the annoyance."

Students will no longer be allowed to transfer either. Any student enrolled in September will have to return for an undefined amount of time.

DSU VP Brian Kellow thinks the idea is not that big a problem.

"The deal brings in a significant amount of money for the students. We have a community of adults here, and they are intelligent enough to know that the soul exists to be sold. Any other notion suggests remarkably low opinion of the average student, which I don't have."

Kellow explained the deal over grilled salmon steaks at the Grawood — a perk of the DSU that Kellow was happy to share. Kellow explained that in the days before the corporate university, the DSU couldn't even afford to have salaries of \$18,000 or have free lunches all over campus.

"We simply can't raise tuition, that's out of the question. The 'devil-deal' is the best solution to the problem of independent, free thinking institutions."

Dal President Dom Traves, agrees: "in order to keep up with shifting trends in the social-structure, we'll have to sacrifice the integrity and independence of the school and its students to keep up with the corporate wave."

"I am looking forward to the next few years," said the Dark Lord. "I'm working with a really great group of people."



"I am looking forward to the next few years, I'm working with a really great group of people. Say, is there something in my eye?"

New cigarettes make people smarter

A JOHN PLAYER SPECIAL FEATURE

Now is the time to start smoking your brains out if you want to achieve good grades.

The cigarette company No Name has come out with a new brand of cigarettes that contain something no other cigarette has — knowledge.

"These cigarettes are targeted toward anyone who is in need of retaining information," said Thomas A. Export, CEO of No Name.

"Whether or not they are in the workforce, or in school...these cigarettes help the smoker retain large amounts of knowledge with each puff they take."

Export says he expects university students to be the biggest market. Studies done by the University of Switzerland on 500 students, both male and female, have proven that increased amounts of knowledge in their bodies have improved their marks by 42 per cent.

The "knowledge cigarettes" sell for slightly less than the traditional kind, and their addition to store shelves have already caused concern among the Nicotine-based cigarette companies.

"We derive a large part of our sales from students," said Paul Benson, a representative for one major nicotine company. Benson says his colleagues are concerned students will no longer have need for a nicotine fix if they could be smoking something that will help them graduate instead.

No Name's new line of knowledge cigarettes come in "flavours" that encompass every major subject taught by university campuses around the world.

"If it's calculus you need to learn," says Export, "just run down to the corner store and pick your-

self up a pack of our 'calculusmart' line, and you'll be tossing off equations in an hour or two. And you don't even have to pay attention — you can do it while watching tv or drinking beer."

Export adds that there's no limit to how much you can learn.

"I think they're great", said Janis Marlboro, a student at Dalhousie.

"My marks have increased significantly since I've started smoking."

Professors, initially perplexed at why an increasing amount of students were doing unusually well, have quickly warmed up to the idea of the knowledge cigarettes. Some of them are even lighting up themselves.

"I am definitely an advocate of this," says Tom Belvedere, an associate professor from the department of astrological nuclear physicists and neuroscientific resource evaluation specialists at Dalhousie.

"Smoking is an important element in comprehending the material covered in class. I have included smoking in addition to the list of required reading on my syllabus. I urge everyone to start smoking."

However, Hugh DuMaurier, a student at Dal, believes the new brand could be harmful to students.

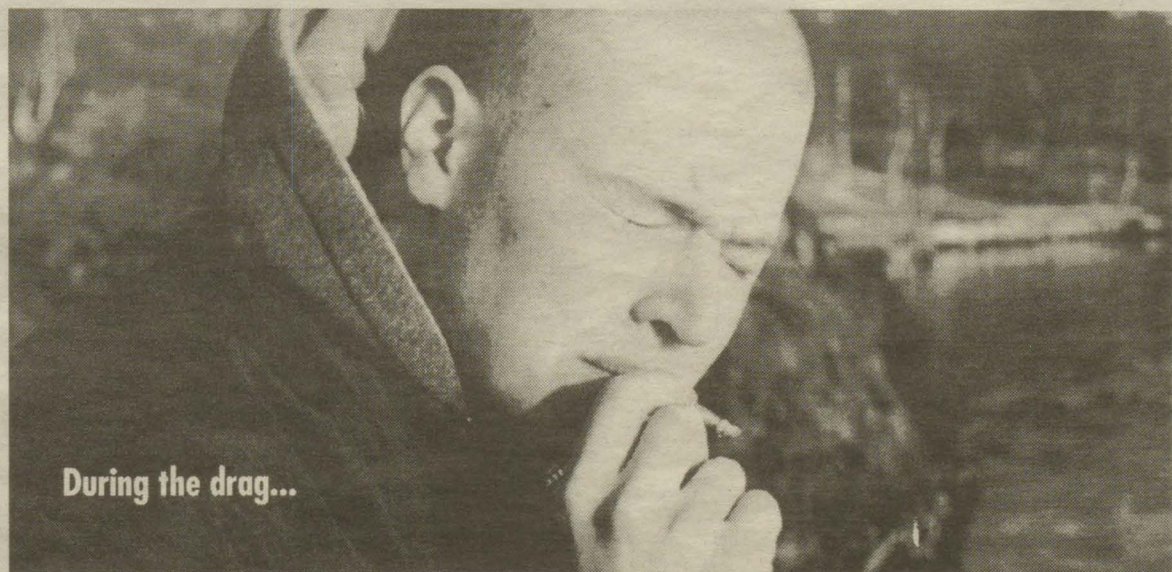
"If everyone starts smoking these cigarettes," he says, "we will all be at the same level of intelligence and society will become even more competitive, leading to even higher stress levels."

Jane Avanti, market analyst for No Name, disagrees.

"It will not increase stress levels. The action of inhaling and exhaling provides for relaxation, which is conducive to retaining the knowledge they are inhaling."



New "smart" cigarettes in action: stupid before a drag...



During the drag...



And smarter afterwards.



Do you think there should be an investigation and possible disciplinary action into the alleged affair between DSU VP Elect Rosanne Cousins and Dalhousie University President Tom Traves?



INTERVIEWS BY CLARK KENT. PHOTOS LOIS LANE

"Where can I get in on the action?"

Randy Sullivan,
3rd year Stats,
Halifax







"Damn right something should be done. We can't have a strumpet in office. We've got to keep the morals in there."

Rob Dudley,
Dal graduate,
Toronto, Ontario

"What? I think she should be kicked out if she did!! Get rid of her is all I got to say."

Kathy MacDougall,
3rd year English/History,
Abbotsford, BC







"I have no idea what you're talking about. I didn't even hear anything about it. But if you can keep your personal life and career separate, then there shouldn't be a problem."

Alia Mukhida,
1st year Biology,
Dartmouth

"I agree."

Maya Mukhida,
3rd Biology,
Dartmouth





"Rose is cheating on me?"

Mike Chumbley,
2nd year History,
Scarborough, ON

"No, she's cheating on me!"



Marie LeClair,
3rd year Engineering,
Philadelphia, USA

"No, she's cheating on me!"

Anton Robisheau,
3rd year Theatre,
Stockholm, Sweden

"It's a tough call. Maybe they're in love?"

Adam Squibb,
1st year IDS,
Carbonear, NF

"I don't think [anything needs to be done]. It's a private matter between the two of them, unless there's some obvious conflict."

Tina Piper,
2nd year Law,
Halifax

Disclaimer: This Streeter is part of the spoof issue and is pretty much completely fabricated. There is no alleged affair between Rosanne Cousins and Tom Traves. That we know of. If you've got something juicy on this call us right away. Actually we have very little embarrassing data on Roseanne at all, help us out here. Photos, exclusives on what's on the floor under her desk, where she stands on the condom recycling program, etc. But out-and-out slander should be sent to the Sextant.

GET REGISTERED LIVE!



The Dalhousie Registrar's office is excited to announce a new system for registering for classes.

The new number, 1-900-468-7399 (1-900-HOTSEXX), will still be answered in the Registrar's office in the A&A building, but the secretaries have been replaced with professional phone sex operators.

That's right! You can register for classes while chatting it up with a real pro. Any fantasy you can imagine — from raunchy guttersnipes to princesses fair, and even men.

"It gives Dalhousie students the chance to express themselves sexually while registering for classes," said Dalhousie president Dom Traves.

"Now students won't mind getting jerked around at the Registrar's office."

"Can I get a cab to the corner of You're a Fat Idiot and Go Fuck Yourself, Ugly?"

In this day and age of the apparent customer-is-always-right morality of big business that has spawned the free smile as an item on any menu in any one of the plethora of McDonalds inhabiting this planet, why are we letting people to whom we give our money treat us like assholes?

Well, the fact of the matter is you can make a living being an asshole (think Dennis Leary, Frank Zappa, or C. Montgomery Burns). But let's face it, while it is part of the American (and therefore Canadian) Dream to have the right to be a huge, dripping asshole, there are rigorous qualifications we demand be met: you gotta be funny as hell, disgustingly rich and powerful, or of the preferable sex and sexy. Fail to meet these and we'll eat you alive.

But how does that explain the existence of taxicab dispatchers? How many times will we tolerate the sweaty, fart-like grunts of countless inconsiderate assholes bitching at us while we try to put in an order for a cab? I called Casino the other day in a rush to make it to campus before my paper deadline and was the undeserved recipient of an earful of bitching by some fat slug of a woman taking out her loathing of the life she carved out for herself on any and all innocent incoming callers.

"Can I get a cab to the corner of Morris and Birmingham?"

"What's the address?"

"I don't know, by Mr. Chang's."

"Why won't you tell me your address?"

"5575 B Morris St., but it's hard to get to; can't I just meet the cab on the corner?"

"Why?"

"What do you mean

DRUNK RANT

'Why'?"

"-click-"

The asshole hung up on me!

And not only me, for this is far from an isolated incident. Coming across a friendly cabby dispatcher is like finding a Bible on the toilet box in a Palace bathroom.

But yet we put up with it! Why? There's no good reason. Now I'm not going to preach to you about writing a curt letter of response expressing your disdain. To do so would be to bet against not only the apathetic laziness that is so en vogue nowadays but the chance that these fat slugs can actually have the brain power to work an envelope let alone read the letter inside. No, my friends, I don't ask anything of you except an extra dial of the phone and a little penny pinching. What I mean is that if you are sick and tired of these rude surly assholeish phone conversations all you have to do to take action is one of two things: when calling a cab and getting an aforementioned response, order the cab with the utmost politeness, then hang up and call another cab to the same place; do this until you get an at least halfway pleasant response. Remember the name of the cab company and wait for the cabs

to show up. When each cab arrives, open the door and tell them that "the people working the phones are a bunch of assholes and this is the reason I'm wasting your time. Please take your anger out on them sorry bitches."

If the odds play out true and all the cabby dispatchers are assholes, just take whatever cab you call and tell the cabby that because the piece of shit on the phone was so stupidly and unentertainingly rude, I am not giving you a tip. Basically, piss on the cabby and blame it on the dispatcher.

"But the poor cabbies," you may say. "Tough shit," I reply. Unless the assholes answering the phones at Casino Taxi, Yellow Cab, or whatever get substantially funnier, richer or sexier (which would require bumping the IQ up past the eighty mark or partaking in excessive liposuction and extensive body-shaving or some other Biblical miracle), FUCK'EM. Not to swear in print for swearing-in-print's sake, but every self-respecting person that takes the bullshit I've hitherto described insults every person that — in this day and age — considers themselves self-respecting.

A cautionary note to those who may have taken offense to the preceding comments: the opinions here expressed are my own directed at cabby dispatchers with the sole intention to provoke a fight. If you assholes can read, my address is 5575 B Morris St.

Fredrick Vokey

UPCHUCK WAGON

BY CHUCKLES LASHER

Food is something you eat, typically a daily activity, although it can be delayed for protracted periods, but the undesirable side effects like death become more likely as time goes on, with several stages of discomfort leading up to it, which, really and after all, is an outcome to be avoided as it would prevent you from continuing to eat more food, and if you are taken to hospital you face the two least desirable forms of nourishment, the IV drip and hospital prepared food, which are slightly worse than the notorious Beaver Foods, which makes me wonder, why did anyone think that people would want to eat beaver foods, these are small dirty animals that routinely immerse themselves in stagnant ponds and end up as fur coats, and their diet, which you'd imagine to be very bland and even kind of woody tasting, and possibly even tough to chew or bad for your teeth, which are of course a major concern when choosing food products, you just don't want to do any permanent damage there, so focus on food types suitable to humans or your own species when deciding on a menu, and balance the food groups for nutritional benefit, reflecting a well-rounded approach to diet, an approach which is reflected by this week's recipe - Count Chocula cereal and extra spicy BBQ sauce, a dish which incorporates zingy flavours with sweet rewards, and can be served hot or cold for almost any meal of the day, with almost any lifestyle.

Count Chocula Cereal & Extra Spicy BBQ Sauce

(makes about 1)

- 1 bowl Count Chocula
- 1 bottle Extra Spicy BBQ sauce
- 1 carton of milk
- 3 jars of Cheeze Whiz
- 1 can seafood chowder
- 1 green onion
- 2 large eggs
- 2 tablespoons of lard
- 1 cup of water
- 1 barf bag

Preheat oven to 325° F. Beat lard until light and fluffy (3 minutes). Mix Cheez Whiz and seafood chowder (or use a whole fish for variety) by mashing in a bucket with the heel of your shoe. Chop up the green onions and line them up neatly on top of your fridge. If you're getting too hot turn off the oven for a few minutes. In the barf bag, mix the water, large eggs and lard, smashing the bag with your fist until the contents are well mixed together, or continue until you just don't enjoy doing it any more. Remember to turn the oven back on, 325° F. Place half the green onions in the barf bag, being careful to keep the remaining onions in a neat row. In a standard size cereal bowl, pour as much Count Chocula as you are comfortable looking at, then pick out the marshmallows and place them in the blender with the contents already there, add some milk to soften things up if they have congealed since you last looked in there. If you're warm again, turn the oven off for a bit. Pour the contents of the barf bag into the blender as well and give it a whirl, trying not to think about it too much. Empty the blender back into the barf bag. Tie the bag off tightly. Turn the oven back on, 325° F. In the cereal bowl, pour the entire BBQ sauce bottle over the Count Chocula, being sure to let it run into the spaces between the cereal. That's all there is to it — enjoy.

In the morning, if you can get up, take the barf bag to work with you and pop it into your company's lunch room microwave on absolute maximum for 30 minutes, but don't wait around.

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

Volume 132, no. 24.5

editorial bored

Madame: Brianne Johnston • Enforcer: Patrick Blackie • Nudes: Amy Durant (write for catalogue)
Groupie: Jon "Word!" Elmer • Sweaty Bodies: Christian Laforce • Filler: Lee Pitts
Pinko Propaganda: Naomi Fleschhut • Pornography: Jenn "is it art" Bethune
National Nudes: Vanessa Owen • Diatribes: Katie Tinker • Dullendar: Karen Rawlines
Orifice Manager: David Brock • Adult-only Website: Donna Lee • Peep-booth (25¢/1min.): William Roberts

people who just wouldn't go away

Mark Evans • Jay Cleary • Daniel McKillop • Shawn Kehoe • Kathy Reid
Caitlin Kealey • Kip Keen • Fred Vokey • Tin Spitton • Batman

2K

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For advertising information, call 494-6532, 9am to 5pm daily. We accept cash, cheques and sexual favours.

The Gazette just welcomes letters to the editor and commentary. Up to four letters will be ignored per week. The printing of additional letters is unlikely. Letters will be edited to make us look good.

All submissions must sent to an unknown post office box in a small mid-western town we will never go to.

Founded in 1869 at Dalhousie College for reasons which are now unclear, the Gazette is Canada's oldest student newspaper. Due to a lack of students that old, younger contributors were pressed into service after 1906, normally locked into the cafeteria and threatened with Beaver Foods unless they produced stories. With a noticeable circulation the Gazette is published every Thursday by the Dalhousie Gazette Publishing Cult, a very exclusive cult involving fun, family-oriented orgiastic rituals. The Gazette exercises full editorial autonomy regularly to keep fit and slim. All editorial decisions are made collectively by the biggest loudmouth on staff at the time. To become voting staff members, individuals must travel to an unknown small mid-western town and not come back. Views expressed in the Gazette are all completely true except those between pages 1 and 36. Unless otherwise noted, all text is unlikely to really matter in a few days.

Comments?

KEEP 'EM TO YOURSELF

email your comments to:

gazette@smallmidwesttown.com

or drop them off at 3rd floor washrooms

The Gazette would like to thank, in addition to all its writers, photographers and well wishers, the people and things that inspired us to publish not only a classy and respectable student paper, but a tasteful and consistent production.

Our sincere thanks to:

The Simpsons
 Satan
 Brian Kellow (Bribery pays off)
 Night Court
 Bill Cosby
 The pimps and chudds of Halifax
 All hookers
 Magnum PI (as well as Higgings, TC and Rick)
 Tom Traves (Let's hope he has a sense of humour)
 Organized Religion
 Crack/cocaine
 Porno (Only the 'tasteful' stuff)
 Andrew Woods (Hours of laughter at his expense)
 Colt 45
 The makers of Jesus liscence plates
 Optimus Prime
 Dolph Lundrigan
 The cast of Beverly Hills 90210
 All law enforcement agencies
 Dancin' Pete
 Boeing
 Jerry Springer
 The USofA (Such a wonderful country)
 Drug dealers (Hey, at least their intention is good)
 Island Hoppers
 Pierce Brosnan
 People who pay \$100 for a T-shirt (Nice work!)
 Dog catchers
 Tweeter
 Monkey Man
 Peter Fonda
 Superman
 Chocolate covered granola bars
 The Force
 Professional bowlers
 Tight binding underwear
 Explosives
 Green Olives that make Amy happy

Pop music is like awesome and stuff!!

Like, yah, so here's the deal. In response to Pat Blackie's opinion in the March 16 issue of the *Gazette*, I like just want to speak my mind. "Music and the Backstreet Boys" totally insulted me. I'm just a massive fan of pop music, my tastes ranging from the Backstreet Boys, *N Sync, Will Smith to Macy Gray and Abba. What do they have in common? Well they all have tunes that I can, like, totally dance to, which is one of my major deciding factors in my faves. Like, I don't think it was fair to say that I wouldn't have the "cranial capacity or physical means to communicate [my] displeasure," 'cause, like, I don't even really know what that means. But I like totally know what he means about those wierdo freaks who don't use

their stereos. I don't understand either how some people don't listen to music, I always need it around me. Those songs about teen crushes — it's like they like know me or something! And what's even more important is the beat. I'm totally into Jay-Z's "Can I get a...", but no way can I relate to "ballas" and "thugs"? And I'm just NOT into Gucci and Prada!...I know everyone has different tastes, so just because one of my friends shares my love of Guns n' Roses doesn't mean I, like, turn violent if they turn the Dixie Chicks on, anyways...

I totally think musical taste is, like, rooted in childhood, so as a "child of the 80's" I listened to Paula Abdul and NKOTB (New Kids on the Block for those of you who were like,

asleep). I know I like totally played into their whole marketing scheme, or whatever...I was, like, seven, okay? Am I embarrassed that my fave music is pop? Well, yah, um, I guess, uh, what was I talking about? Oh my God — total brain fart! But, like, anyway, I can always justify my opinion...I think. Music totally makes me feel better or calms me depending on the sitch. The millions of dollars from CD sales can't be wrong. It isn't all in the image. Okay, so like Nick from the Backstreet Boys, is like, a total babe, but that's just like, coinci— that's just, like, luck, right? So like next time you call something crap, just like remember that one guy's crap is another girl's, well, whatever.

Tammy Telawl

CONDOM RECYCLING



The DSU is pleased to announce the launch of the Dalhousie Condom Recycling Program.

As part of the effort to clean up some of Dal's popular doorways, washrooms, the cafeteria, and under Brian Kellow's desk, the DSU has installed a number of handy condom recycling bins throughout these areas.

"Pop it off and drop it in!"

FOCUS

Trimming the sausage

Female castration cult enjoys cutting off members

BY FREE WILLY

The glowing embers at the end of the cigarette can be seen from across the dimly-lit room. One woman is seated at the head of the weathered wooden table, beckoning a dozen or so women to take their seats.

She inhales deeply on her Extra Mild cigarette, holds it, and blows the smoke across the table.

The women, all Dal students, are members of a secret cult, the Sisterhood of Castrators, that meets regularly at a student-run coffee shop/bar on the Dalhousie campus. They're the only ones at the bar now, except for two employees. It's not usually busy at this time of night.

The woman at the head of the table is Kathy and she's in charge of the cult. She sees me and waves me over to join them.

Rumours have been going around campus ever since last year of a secret women's cult. Like most people, I dismissed them. But then, accidentally, I came across a real member. Under the influence of a truth serum (two pitchers of Keith's) she started talking. She confirmed everything, and even gave names. So I tracked them down. Kathy knew my intentions as soon as I approached her and despite the fact that I'm a guy, she agreed to let me follow them,

as long as I promised to not use real names. I agreed.

Tonight was their regular meeting. Members meet informally everyday for coffee or beer at their popular hangout, but once a week they have a regular meeting to discuss plans. This was the first formal meeting I was allowed to attend.

The Sisterhood of Castrators is an international organization with branches set up all over Canada. The group at Dal are the only ones in Nova Scotia.

The cult does exactly what its name suggests. The women take pride in castrating men after sex, if they don't reach orgasm. They feel these men are a disgrace to the human species. They believe castrating men will make the world a better place for all beings. And for their loyal service, members of the group will be transported to a "better" place to live out the rest of their lives. That is, once they reach their quota.

Many believe this "better" place is the moon. Others think it's Philadelphia.

Either way, the women at tonight's meeting are excited. Their star castrator, Jane, the one sitting across from me with the killer glare, snagged five members last night alone (and I don't mean new recruits). That's five more organs for the wall of fame. These women are well on their

way.

This group of women used to meet in a room in Eliza Ritchie Hall, but decided to move meetings to a campus bar this year.

"It's more of a central meeting place," says cult leader Kathy. But that's not the real reason. A bar is full of potential victims.

But some women at tonight's meeting were upset. They had hoped to reach their quota by now and move to this "better" place. But a couple of members, like Megan and Katie, are glad they're not done yet.

"I'm glad we haven't reached our quota yet," says Katie, who admits she gets a power trip out of castrating. "I want to graduate with a degree before committing myself to the cult for the rest of my life and moving to the 'better' place."

Either that or she just wants to keep on castrating.

Committing herself is an understatement. If any of these women are caught, they'll probably be locked away in a mental institution for the rest of their lives.

But these women insist they'll never get caught.

But why not? They didn't kill these men. They just cut off a vital part of their manhood, some might say. Couldn't these men report the women to the police, and save other men from this?

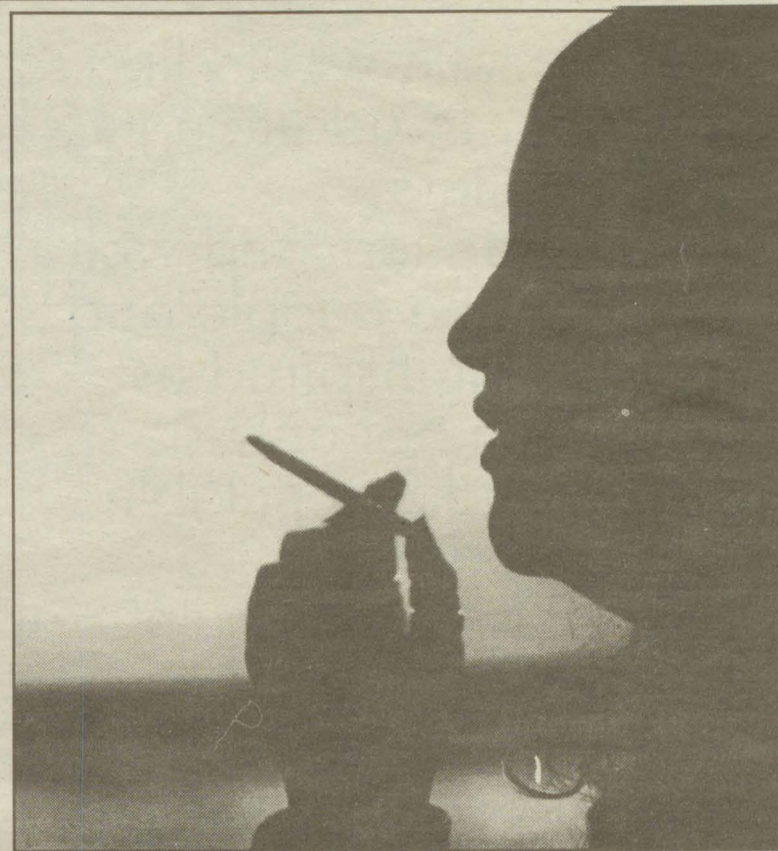
Apparently not. Kathy explains that the men are drugged and have no memory of the night. They wake up the next day, only to discover a carefully placed bandage, and a missing organ.

The post-traumatic stress from the castration also plays a part, according to Dr. Willie Pecker, a medical school professor at Dalhousie.

"The penis is an important part of the male anatomy. It's an important part of a man's life, not only its reproductive role, but its ideological role too," Pecker says. "Men measure each other by their penis. It's a sign of their masculinity. An important sign at that. We all know size matters and without a penis, these men aren't worth much."

Police have been on their trail for about a week now. They were alerted to high pitched screams late one night at Point Pleasant Park, and a female was spotted fleeing the scene. Police later found a man thrown onto the rocks, whimpering and castrated — which explained the high pitched screaming.

Kathy says one of the girls forgot to administer the drugs that night, but she remains confident that cult members will never get caught. Her confidence is not unfounded. Police say,



Castration cult member, so to speak, after the event — "Fuck that was great!"

despite an eye witness seeing a cult member flee the scene, they have no leads whatsoever.

"We know we're looking for a short girl, with short dark hair, we have some insider information claiming she's the incoming VP Internal. But we can't say anything for sure — don't print that," said local Police Chief Bobby Bacon. "That could be anyone. But we're going to keep on it. They'll slip up again and when they do, we'll be there." He didn't look very confident.

The police really didn't get a good description, but the woman they were looking for was Jane, and she was staring at me from across the table all throughout the meeting. Her shifty eyes were making me uncomfortable.

I wish she had been caught. But these women are good at what they do. Except for someone spotting Jane, no one has ever spotted a member or even come close to catching them.

"These girls are well trained," says Kathy. "It'll take more than a sighting for any of these girls to be caught. Jane slipped up when she was spotted and has been properly punished. That's never going to happen again."

But Kathy insists there's more to the cult than just castrating.

"It's a way for us women to bond, discuss our troubles and laugh and cry over our misfortunes," she says. "We don't really like castrating men. Honestly, we don't. Ah, who's kidding who. Of course we love it. But only the scummy men who don't pleasure us properly."

Tonight's meeting had an ulterior motive. With the summer coming, and some members going away for four months, Kathy has plans of implementing a better recruitment campaign, with the catchy slogan "I never get past the first date." The

slogan would be their secret handshake of sorts.

Plans of more recruitment have got the other women very excited. During last summer, women worked alone castrating men all throughout the country, but this summer Kathy wants to see active recruitment of other members. This will keep the women quite busy this summer.

Kathy begins to laugh loudly, cackle even, at the thought of increasing the number of members in her sect. Their worldwide membership exceeds two-million, with Dal's group being one of the smallest in the world. Kathy wants to change that. If she can get her branch any bigger, she might get elected to run the main office, located in a small town in Southern Alberta called Milk River. The thought of moving there makes Kathy smile.

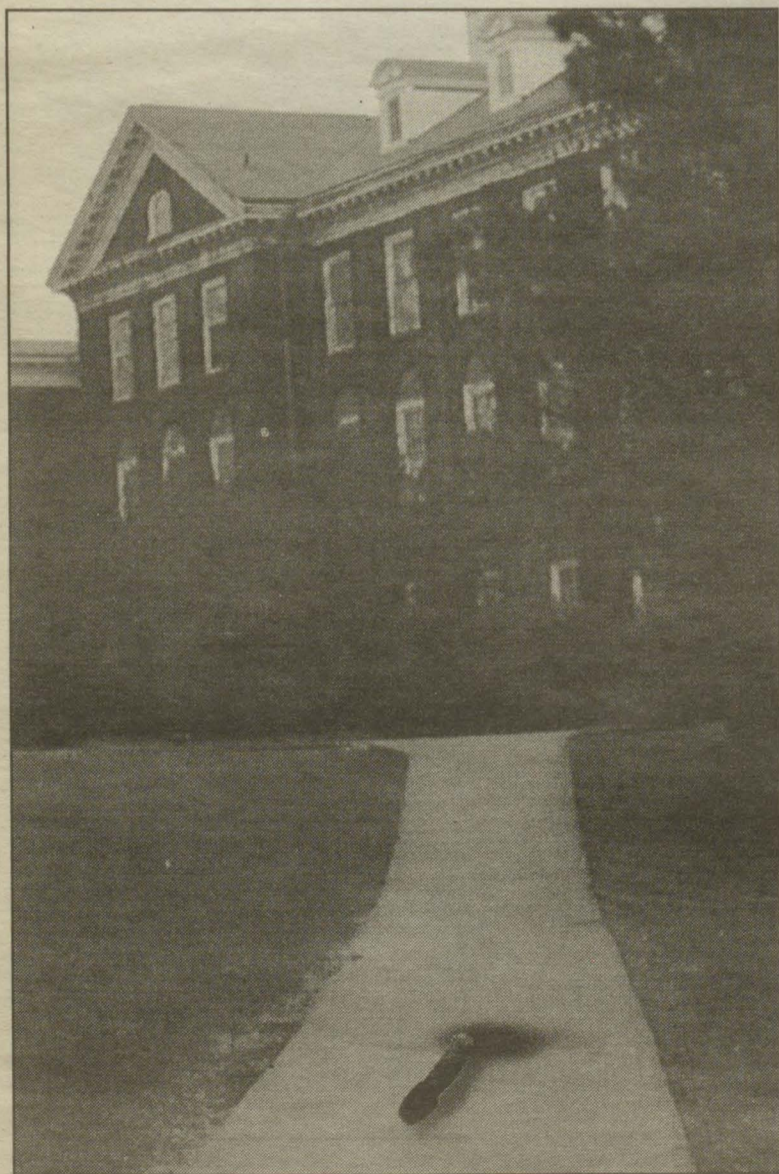
Who wouldn't want to live in Milk River? They say the river there is so white, it looks like milk.

After much detailed discussion over the new recruitment campaign, the meeting comes to an end, as Kathy crushes her cigarette in the ashtray. This was cigarette number 17, in just under 45 minutes. Yeah, she was going to live long enough to make it to the "better" place all right.

She initiates a ritualistic chant, which sounds just like "Barbie Girl" by Aqua, and other members begin playing the fiddle and tin whistle, while the rest go to the bar for pitchers of beer. These girls were going to get drunk, and go to work.

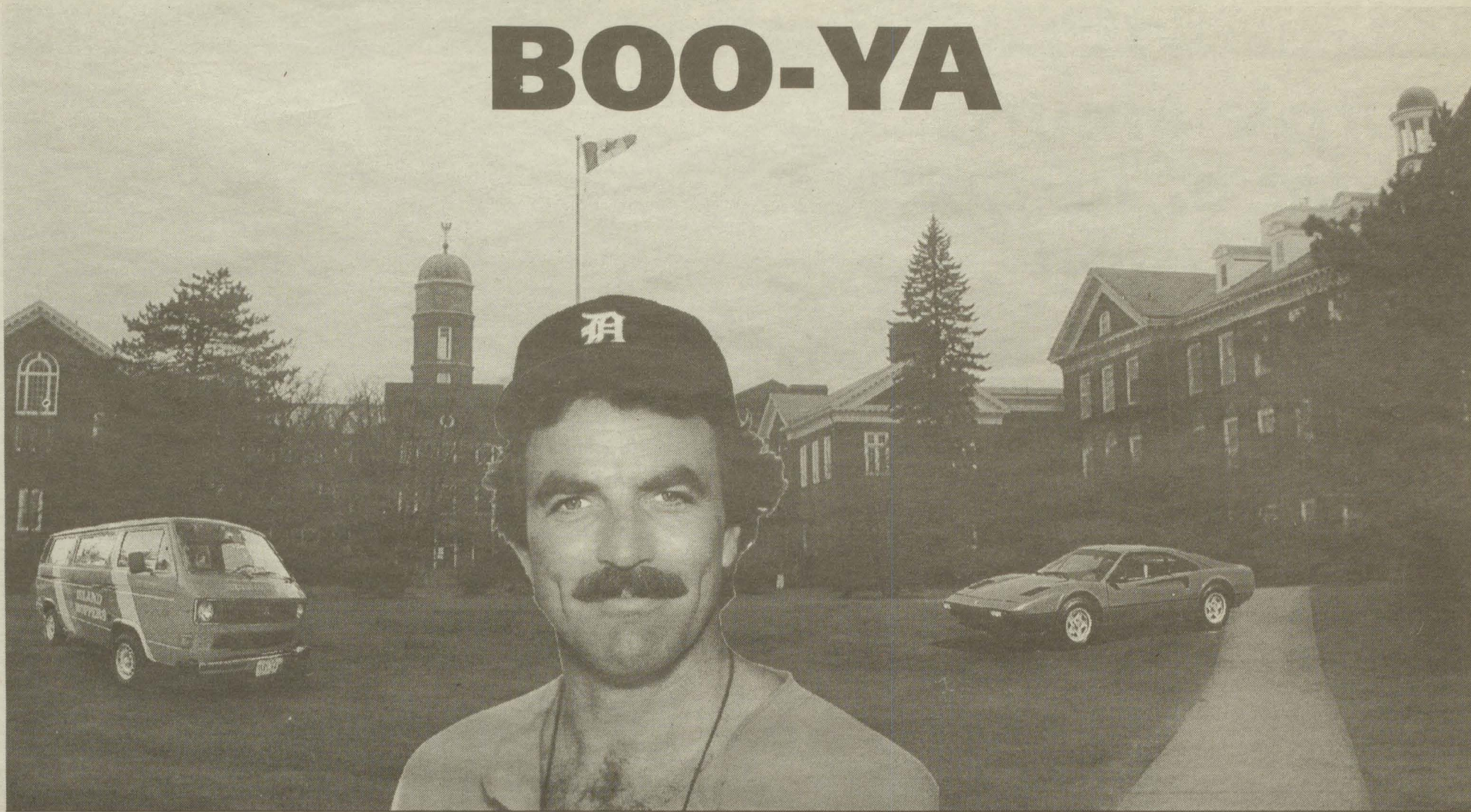
That was my cue to leave. I had to write this story, then I wanted to forget everything I learned about them. I wanted to push it all out of my head. As I walked toward the door, I was followed by a dozen pairs of eyes. It was eerie. Then again, this whole cult was eerie.

As I walked out the door, I could hear Kathy shouting "I never get past the first date."



Scene of recent castration. The DSU would like to encourage people not to leave their used condoms in the bushes around campus.

BOO-YA



An afternoon with Magnum

BY DILDO THE INTOXICATED MOOSE

I couldn't believe it. After months of trying to get an interview, I finally got one. An afternoon cruising in the Ferrari, solving crime, and talking with one of the worlds best Private Investigators.

I met him at the airport. I felt that if I were to do a story on Thomas Magnum, Vietnam vet and world renowned PI, I needed a picture of the legendary Island Hopper chopper, owned by a friend and associate of Magnum's. I got my shot, but I soon learned that TC doesn't like strangers touching his chopper.

"Get your filthy paws off

my chopper!" he exploded. "If it's smudged, I'll bust you up."

I was impressed by Magnum's entrance. As if a Ferrari that wasn't even his didn't already cut it, he apparently has free reign at the airport, and drove to meet us out on the runway. As he skidded to a halt, he motioned for me to hurry, waved to TC and left.

As TC yelled obscenities at us, Magnum explained that Rick had called from the bar, and that his girlfriend had been kidnapped.

"Load these up," Magnum told me as he passed me an Uzi and pistol. "We've got a busy day ahead."

"Four fat Hawaiian guys just took her," said Rick, taking a long sip of his Mai-Tai. "You gotta help me, Magnum." I felt bad for Rick, but I knew if there was anyone that could solve the

case, it was Magnum.

We headed back to Robin Masters estate to call TC. Magnum was tired of driving, and we planned to take the chopper for the rest of the day. I was particularly excited to meet the infamous Jonathan Higgins, the head of security on the estate.

"Magnum, you bloody idiot, if you can't take better care of Robin's car, you'll have to take the goddamn bus," shouted Higgins upon spotting us. "You drive that thing like a fucking lunatic."

"Fuck off Higgins," retorted Magnum. "I've got better things to do than listen to you shoot off. Asshole."

I had never imagined the animosity between the two to be that bad, but as Magnum told me later, he and Higgins often fought, sometimes coming to blows.

"It's hilarious," said Mag-

num. "He doesn't want to admit it, but he's too old to fight. I kick the crap out of him every time."

After TC picked us up, we headed to the Iceman's for some information. The elderly crime boss told us simply that there was no kidnapping. It was a hoax, but that was all. He wouldn't tell why, but he assured us the Hawaiian guys were hired by her to do it.

We returned to the bar to tell Rick the news, but he took it poorly.

"That's bull. The Iceman is a crazy old bastard, she wouldn't do that. If she wanted to leave, she'd tell me."

"Man, that ho was some serious scank," laughed TC. "All I'm saying is, who cares?"

The fistfight that ensued was an entertaining distraction, but we had work to do. TC and Rick finally decided to go talk

to some of their friends at the local police station, while Magnum and I went back to the estate for a joint break.

When we arrived at the estate, Magnum noticed that the lads, Apollo and Zeus, were not out patrolling the grounds. Magnum told me to start rolling in the guest house while he talked to Higgins.

When Magnum walked in, he was white. "I found her," he said. "As we speak, Higgins and her are mimicking scenes from a porno, while doing several lines of coke. His bedroom door was open, so I went in." He paused thoughtfully. "Let's get the fuck outta here. I'm going to need more than a joint to get the image of Higgins out of my head."

I don't know who I felt more sorry for — Rick or Magnum.

Gosh Wilbur, my skin is crawling it's so good!

What the fuck are you talking about Reggie?



PARTS & CLUTTER

Purple Smurfs a hint of larger invasion to come

City denies LSD in water supply

BY SORE THROAT

The Dalhousie campus was rocked last Saturday by an outbreak of rabid purple warriors, which are believed to have escaped from the Biology department.

The purple creatures' escape was witnessed by several students and professors, some of whom were injured by the monsters.

Although the witnesses have now been quarantined, *the Gazette* has managed to gain an exclusive interview with the survivors.

"It was horrible," noted Ken U. C. Mea, a 2nd year microbiology student at Dal. "They were... three apples high, gibbering and hopping around, and they kept screaming 'Gnap! Gnap!' I soiled myself in fear."

Ken's mother, Y. Mea, has publicly denounced the school for allowing the creatures to escape.

"How could they let those... things escape? Those are purple smurfs, not the Chipmunks!"

Alvin Chipmunk, who is currently studying the harmonica at Dalhousie, has issued

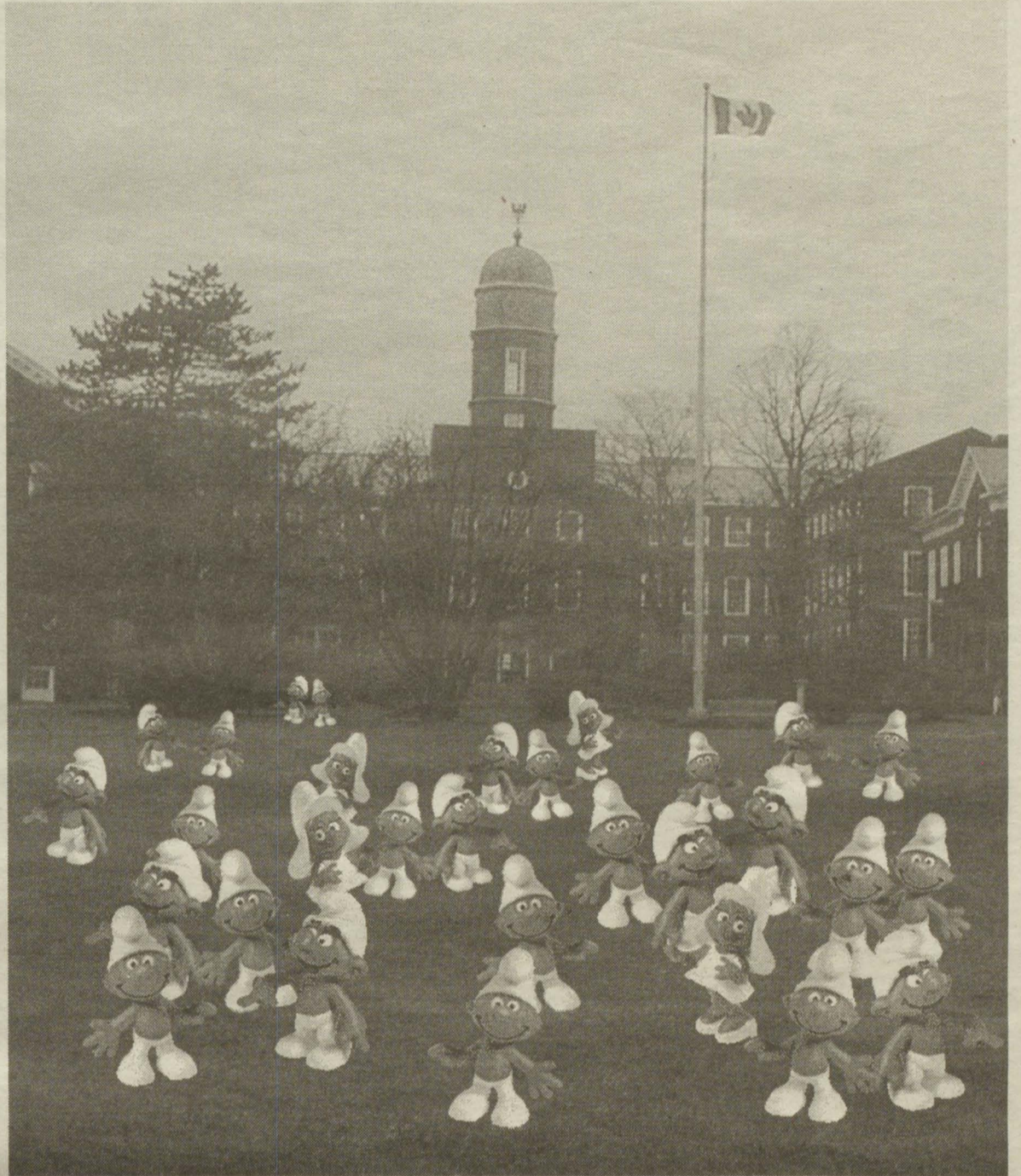
a public statement denying any connection with the Smurf menace.

It is common knowledge that the Smurfs live in an isolated, secret place, far away from any human contact. However, the Smurf village was discovered by Dalhousie researchers last fall, roughly a mile outside of Antigonish.

The creatures were found to be suffering from a sickness that induced a purple tone in the skin and extremely violent tendencies. The cause of this malady was unknown, although speculation ran wild.

Social services assumed the father was responsible, and moved to take custody away from Papa Smurf. Others thought the violent tendencies suggested a lack of mental stimulation, perhaps due to an overdose of Kathy Lee Gifford. The true cause remained unknown until a few days ago.

The Gazette, in an effort to bring its readers only the most accurate facts, travelled to the Retiring Home for Elderly Shakespearian Characters, to interview the infamous three hags of *Macbeth*. The hags confirmed that the disease is in fact part of



a renewed American offensive. Contrary to popular belief, the war of 1812 is not over; the Americans have merely been on an 188 year "tactical withdrawal."

In light of this news, the Canadian Armed Forces have

been mobilized, and the 10 soldiers guarding the Atlantic provinces are on continuous watch for "damn Yanks."

The Americans are coming, the smurfs are on the loose, and Dalhousie is responsible. But at least one member of the

administration is putting a positive spin on the events. The member, who asked to remain anonymous, noted:

"Purple Smurfs? Hell. Imagine what would have happened if they had stolen the Magic Flute."

PROCRASTINATION

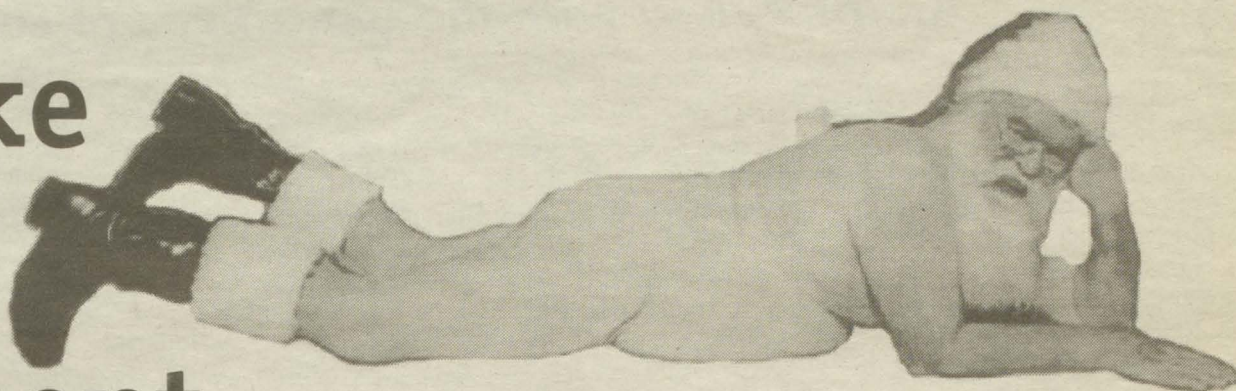
HARD WORK OFTEN PAYS OFF AFTER TIME,
BUT LAZINESS ALWAYS PAYS OFF NOW.

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT AT DAL

The DSU is seeking several highly motivated, ambitious, students for full-time summer employment. Successful applicants will be able to work team environment, and experienced in a sweatshop setting. Job involves cleaning and testing condoms for the DSU condom recycling program.

For details contact Steven Coté at DSU offices with your resume and samples of recently cleaned condoms.

St. Nick takes a poke at adult entertainment



Jolly bastard gets buck in new film, takes whole new angle on "getting up your chimney."

BY TIPSY MCSTAGGAR

As if porn wasn't already full of fat-ass slobs who need to get laid and get paid for it, yet another portly gentleman has decided to try his hand at tappin' some scanky porn-star poo-tang.

Saint Nick (aka Santa Claus) announced yesterday that he will be starring in his first porno flick, *St. Stick and the Elves in Milk and Cookies*. The decision, announced in an afternoon press conference, came af-

ter the jolly bastard decided that "spending summer after summer with that frigid bitch and a bunch of goddamn elves" was going to drive him to insanity.

"It's been a while since I've had a decent ride," said Claus in an interview with *the Gazette*. "Ever since the wife broke her back, I've been trying to reach my hand over my stomach. No luck yet!"

A lot of critics believe that this is just a publicity stunt, and that the legendary Christian figure is trying to rebuild his broken career.

"I think that he's trying to get some attention," said Dolph Lundrigan. "Kids don't believe in him anymore, so he's trying to jumpstart his reputation."

The talk that Claus had reached rock bottom came last

year when he was arrested and charged for assaulting a hooker.

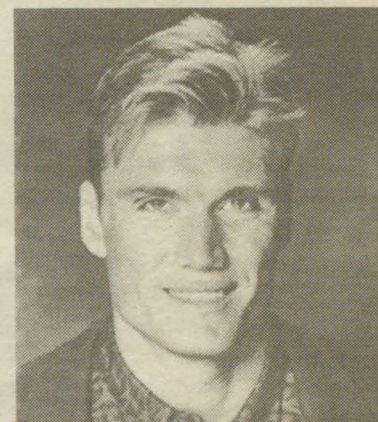
"Fuck the kids. I do what I want, and I don't care what He-Man says," said Claus. "This is no stunt."

Some porno stars are excited about the prospect of working with a man of such prominent status.

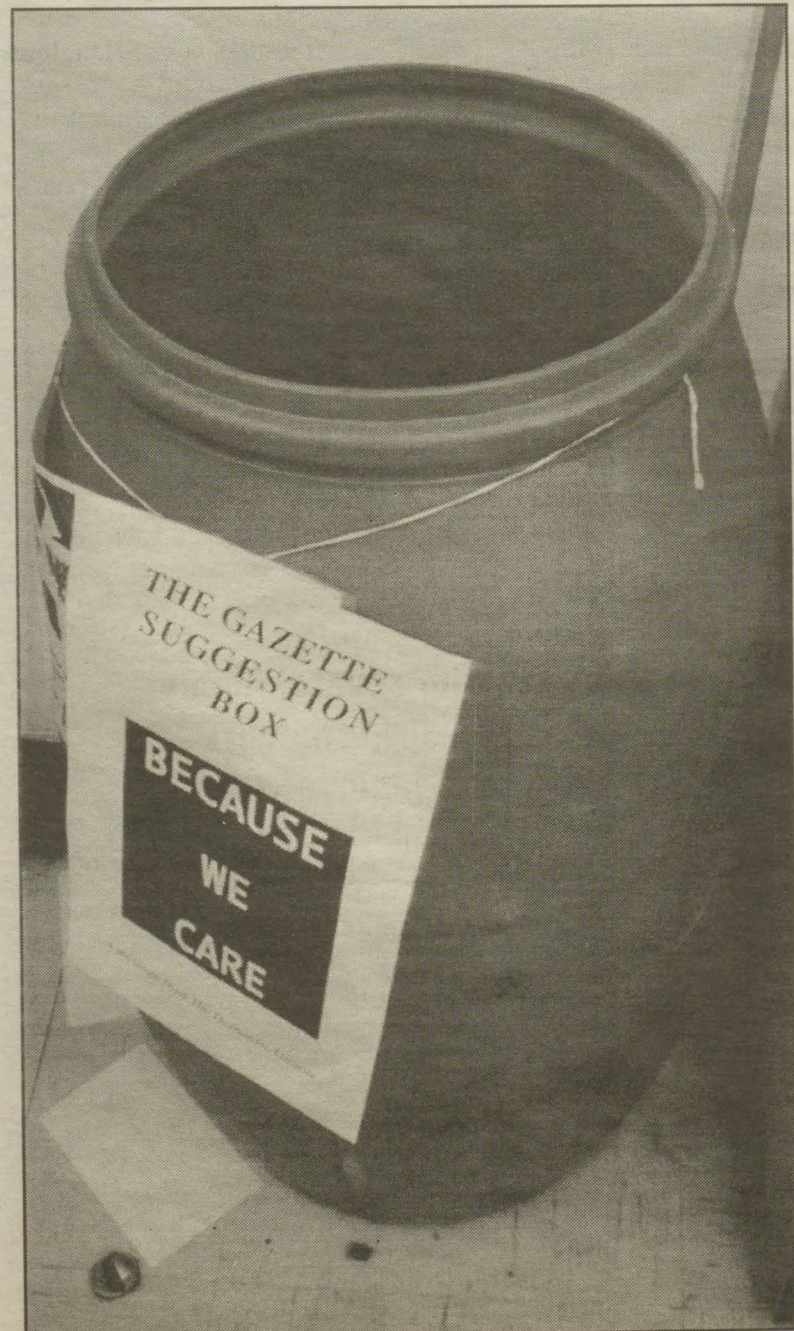
"I've done all sorts of guys,

sometimes three or four at a time," said Double D. Dwyer. "But [St. Nick] would be interesting."

Where St. Nick's career will go from here is up in the air. He says that he will stick in the adult entertainment industry for a few years, but he is also keeping his options open.



He-Man: against Santa as porn king.



SOCIETIES
a whole new attitude

Your VP Internal
Brianne Johnston
brings Dal a whole
new approach to
campus life...

Getting all those pesky
books out of the library
— imagine how many people
could party in there!

Making "societies" a
special word every day
cause it's just so fun
to say!

New consulting firm enters the Greater Halifax area

An interview with the executives of Lee-Thompson inc.

BY HAFMORE DRINKS

I had made the point of dressing formally for the interviews I was to conduct of Lee-Thompson's executives. The company is a consulting firm that first formed in Montreal during the late 1980s. They have only recently expanded into the Maritimes.

Last Friday afternoon, I was standing outside of the Thomas Jameson Building where a number of the executives of Lee-Thompson were holding a landmark meeting. The company was in the lengthy process of negotiating an under-publicized contract with the Tory government of Nova Scotia.

Not long after I had arrived, one of the Lee-Thompson executives came out of the double glass doors, and I approached him.

He raised his hand as if to keep me at bay and then covered his mouth with the same hand.

"I have only a few questions to ask you," I assured him.

He walked down the sidewalk, away from the main doors of the Thomas Jameson.

Another executive then exited the building.

I approached her, but she looked away, marched onward and shook her head in disgust. I was wearing my suit and tie, and didn't understand how that could be the case.

A third executive exited the building, and I approached him — finally.

"How'd you grow?" I said to him.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean...how'd you GROW?"

"What?!" he said to me.

"Who are you?"

"M gonna interview you,"

I informed him.

"Sorry," he said, and walked away.

I was dressed in my suit, and tried to keep doing the interview.

"Come 'ere!" I said.

I stopped the next executive leaving the building.

"How'd you grow?" I said.

"Pardon?" he said, and looked at me with a grimace on his face.

I told him that he looked like an ass with a grimace on his face.

"Pardon?" he said again.

"You look like an ASS!" I said.

He walked away.

"M gonna interview you,"

I called out.

"No," he said.

Then he wanted a taxi.

"Taxi!" he said.

So I went into the building.

It was the right one, but it took me forever to find it.

I approached another executive of the Lee-Thompson firm.

"O.K.," I said. "How'd ya git it all started?"

"What?!" he said.

"The business...how'd ya git it all started?"

"I'm not part of any business," he said. "How did you get in here?"

"Through that door," I said, and showed him the doors I went through to get into the building.

"Where's your tape recorder?" he asked, and laughed.

"Don't need one," I said, and laughed too.

"You're drunk," he said.

"No," I said. "Anyways,

can you answer my question?"

"No," he said.

I noticed a man dressed in red, holding a door for people on the other side of the lobby. He seemed to be the very person I was looking for. I went over to him.

"Where's all the executif's?" I said, angrily. "M supposed to meet with the executif's," I said. "I don't see any executif's!"

"You're not in the correct building," he said.

"The HELL I'm not!"

"Come 'ere!" I said to someone I knew for sure was a Lee-Thompson executive.

"Come 'ere."

She came over to me.

"You an executif?" I asked.

"No," she said.

"Jesus."

I tried to go up in the elevator, but I couldn't get in for some reason or other.

"Do you see any executifs?" I said to someone or other standing beside me.

"No," she said.

"Well, let me tell you somethin'...I don't see any executifs, either."

It was a fine and dandy thing that we had established that much.

I went through a door, and there was a lady. She was sitting behind a desk.

"What're you lookin' at?" I said. "I'm doin' interview's."

But she didn't say anything.

"Good," I said. "That's fine and dandy."

I then noticed a sign or something on the wall behind the desk. It reminded me of a song I knew. I started to sing it, and made a small drum beat on the desk with my hand. But nobody there was in the singing mood. Bastards.

I walked around for a while and went into some room. There were people sitting there.

"How're you doin'?"

They didn't say anything, so I went in. I needed to sit down for a while anyways. I showed them my new tie that I had bought. It was red with blue in it. And it wasn't all that expensive.

"Who are you?" someone asked, and I looked around to see who was talking to me.

"I'm doin' interview's," I said.

"For what?" he asked. I saw who was speaking to me at that point.

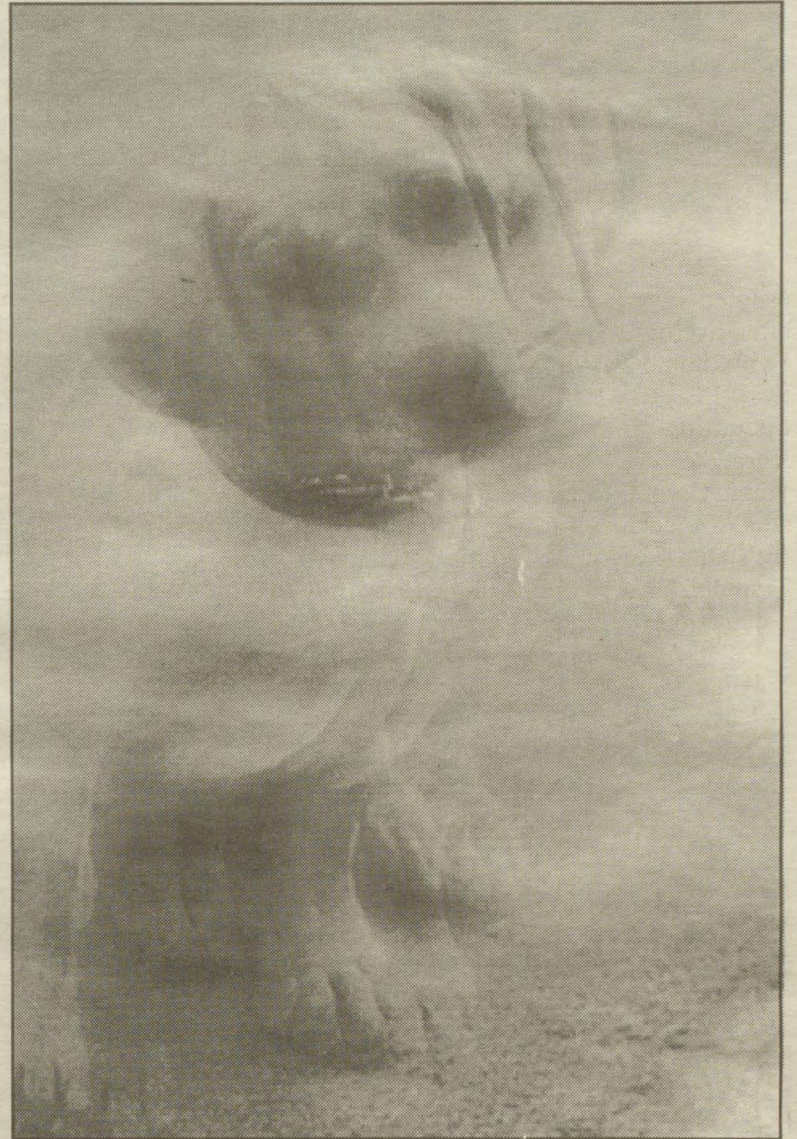
"Just interview's," I said. "Just interview's."

"Have you been drinking?" he asked.

"No."

"You have."

"No."



A short executif who wouldn't talk to me at all.

"Jesus Christ."

"So, how'd you start your business," I asked.

"We're not in a business," someone said.

"Oh. You an executif?"

"No," he said.

"Sonofabitch," I said.

"Sonofabitch."

The chair I was sitting on was nice, and I told them that.

But they didn't say anything, so I left.

I walked around some more, and met a few other people sitting around a desk in a small room somewhere.

"I'm wearing a tie," I said, and showed them my tie.

"I can see that," she said.

"It's a nice tie," I said.

They didn't say anything.

"It's a nice tie to do

interview's with," I said, cheerfully.

"That's nice," one of the men said.

"I bought it yesterday," I said to them.

"Uh-huh," one of them said, with not much interest in my tie that I had bought yesterday.

"See? It's red," I informed them.

They didn't say anything. "I like it," I said.

One of the ladies called me "SUCKER-ITY" really loudly.

It seemed to me those people were a little bit "funny," so I left the room.

I went into another hall or room or other, and there was a nice, big chair. That was all good. I wanted to sleep for a bit.



This executif was a bit bigger but bit me.



These buildings should be fixed cause they move around a lot.

SPORTS SORT OF

Triathlon added to Sydney 2000

Bowlers take to the streets in violence

BY HOWARD I. NEWCASTLE

The streets of Sydney erupted in violence yesterday after disgruntled members of the Professional Bowling Association (PBA) in training for the upcoming summer Olympics learned of the International Olympic Committee's (IOC) decision to reject their bid for Olympic status in favour of the World Triathlon Organisation's (WTO) application.

The announcement that bowling fans will have to wait at least another four years and perhaps as long as it takes for "Any St. Mary's University pro-

gram to be taken seriously by the academic community" was delivered at 12:00pm AST by IOC representative Tito Buenos-Dickie-Brown in front of the Olympic village. An avid pinsman himself, Buenos-Dickie-Brown made a heartfelt apology to PBA members.

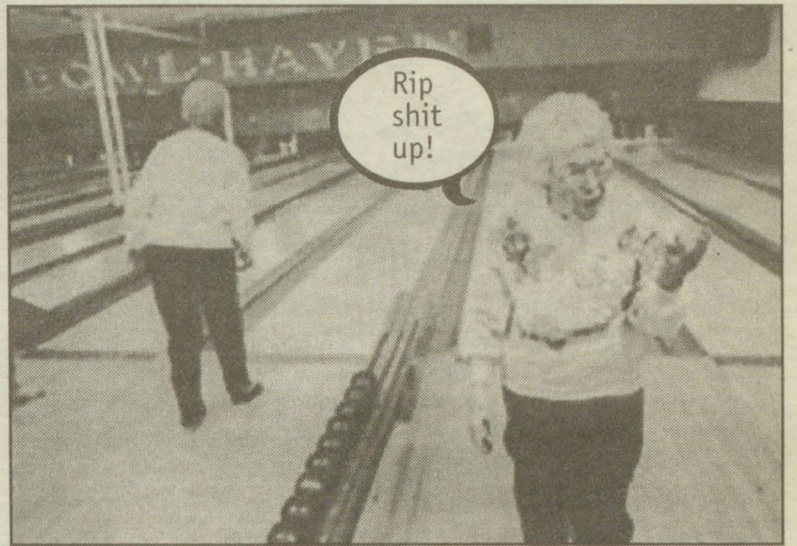
"Today marks the beginning of a sad chapter in Olympic history...when the precision of international-calibre bowling athletes is overlooked in favour of raw physical conditioning and mental stamina."

PBA Grand Puba Brucey 'Steeeerike' Konchalski took over the microphone, inciting fellow bowlers to "grab a few of those little triathlon pricks, beat

their asses, and rip shit up teamster-style..."

Konchalski's tirade sparked a flurry of insults directed at the IOC and WTO parties present. Flying bowling balls, pins, and Miller Genuine Draft cans from PBA members on hand were directed at WTO members in their vicinity as they chanted "Rip shit up! Rip shit up!"

"We're sick of this crap," said PBA member and Olympic hopeful 'Pins' O'Malley. "They screwed us out of a spot in the Pan-Am Games and the Goodwill Games. We're sick of bowling out to make way for the WTO...we won't take it any longer."

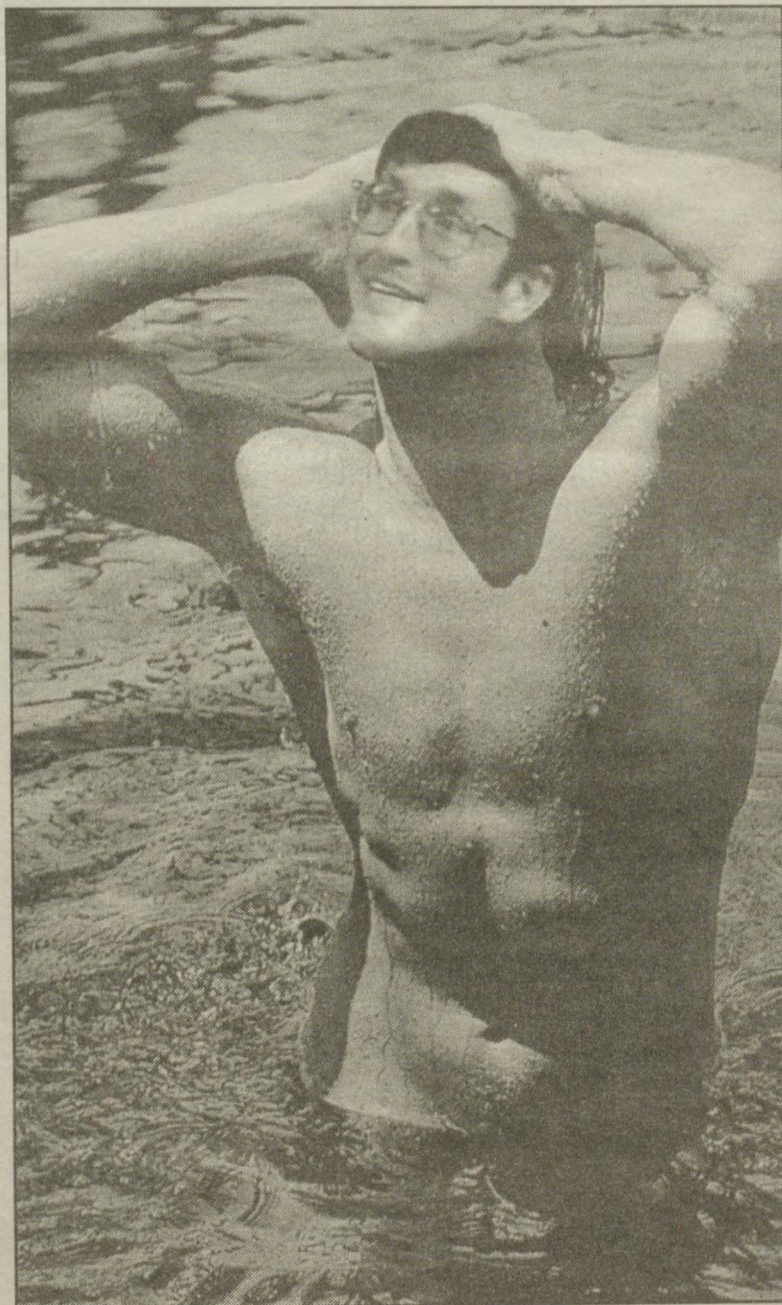


The bowlers, who outweigh WTO members by an average of 208 lbs, inflicted tremendous physical punishment on those triathletes caught in the throng. Latest reports indicate that the triathletes who managed to escape unscathed are still running.

Sydney city police, who used glazed doughnuts and reruns of Monday night football to

lure the riotous bowlers into paddy wagons, brought the situation under control.

Police spokesperson Mickey Walsh indicated that PBA members would probably not face jail time, but severe public bootings — an Australian disciplinary measure in which convicted criminals are kicked with a size 25 4E steel-toed boot — are very likely at this point.



A recent publicity shot for Sven Robinson who has been buffing up for the competition.

BY JACKIE BUCKETS

Final preparations are being made in Halifax as the city braces itself for the second annual and revamped Jackass Games. New events include media abuse and pedestrian punching.

Ed Belfour of the NHL's Dallas Stars is optimistic about his chances.

"You've seen me on TV," said Belfour. "I'm a shoe-in for security guard fighting and I think I can carry my experience over into the pedestrian punch event."

The recently approved pedestrian punch event — where participants compete to see who can inflict the most awe-inspiring sucker punch on an unsuspecting pedestrian from a mov-

ing vehicle — will be contested by Liam Gallagher of Oasis, TSN's Darren Dutchyshen, Leonard Nemoy, and Belfour.

Despite protests from various women's rights group the popular smack-upside-the-head event will remain a part of the Jackass Games. Unlike last year's event where contestants were judged based solely on power, this year will see more emphasis placed on style and technique. Rings are now prohibited whereas the judges wouldn't volunteer if the competitors were allowed the use of foreign objects. When defending champ Snoop Dogg was asked to comment on his preparations for this year's event, he replied, "At ease...Or you gets none of these...Beeeyatch," smacked several reporters with his pimpin' hand, and replaced his hair pick forcefully as a demonstration of dexterity.

Halifax Mayor Walter Fitzpatrick has thrown his name into the event and is set to appear as a special guest in the master's category.

"I slapped people around in my day," explained Fitzpatrick. "I know what it takes to win. I'm one badass old-school mofo."

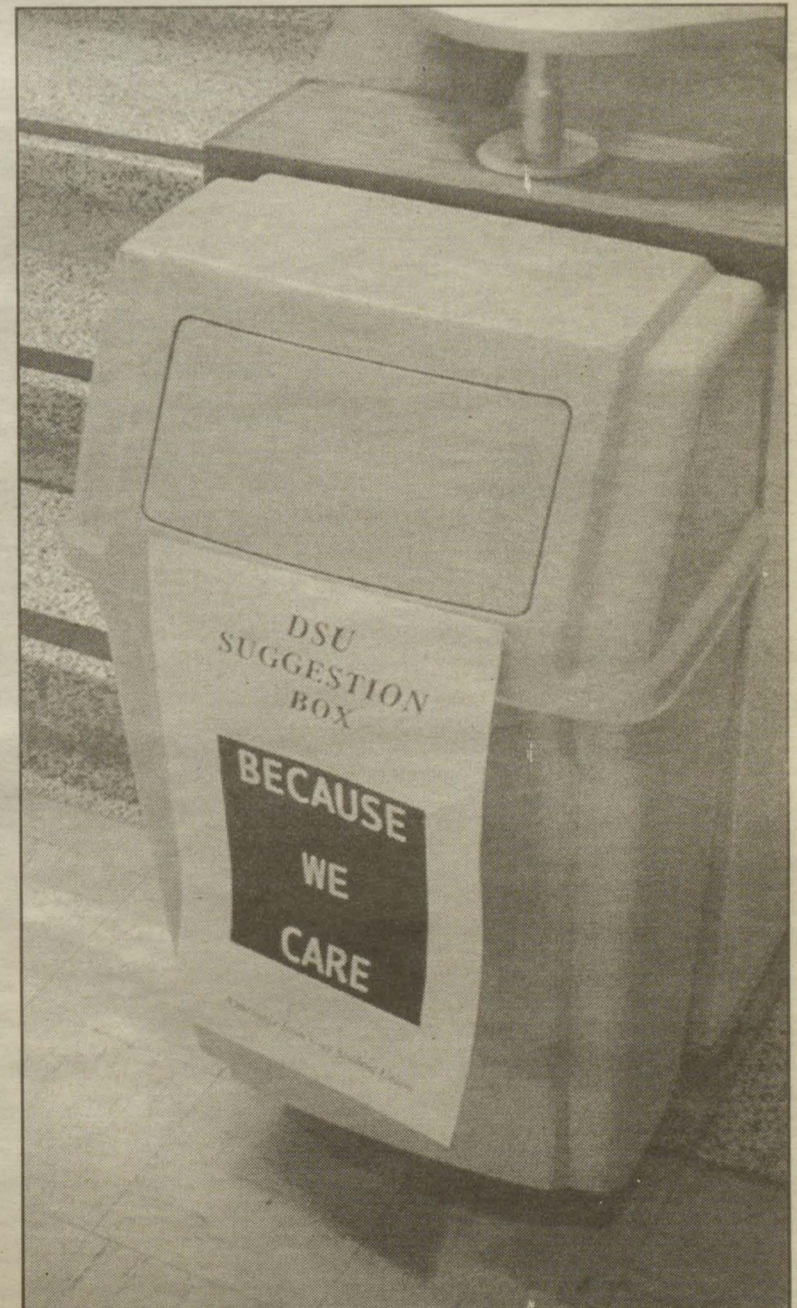
Not unfamiliar to most Halifax bar patrons is the drunken brawl event, in which all participants must drink at a rate of no less than five stiff drinks per hour and then duke it out with whomever they see. Points are awarded for total blows landed and received,

weapon originality, and survival.

NDP member Sven Robinson is "psyched" and ready for "some serious fisti-

cuffs" which will be held at JJ Rossy's. Rumour has it that Robinson has been in training for months for the event.

Halifax set to host revamped Jackass Games



Second annual Hardcore Games

Drugs and alcohol aplenty

BY DELORES MONTENEGRO

The second annual Hardcore Games hit Halifax last week, piling illogical amounts of drugs and alcohol into a group of users and abusers from around the world. This year proved to be even more entertaining as the drug budget tripled and the booze budget doubled, making for a sloppy few days of blatant civil disobedience.

The first event was the Wacky Day challenge. One member from five teams was slipped an undescribed drug at an undisclosed time during the day. No one knew what or when something was going to happen, and they each had a full list of things to get done during the day. The first group to fill their list wins.

The Canadian team, Joel "The Animal" Bates and Matt "I ain't afraid of no ghost" Eisses had an impressive run, but fell short. Eisses felt the onslaught of 10 hits of acid at about 9 a.m. He was in the process of trying

to test drive a car, but was unable to feign sobriety, and couldn't complete his list. Others weren't so lucky. The Swedish representative lost the use of his arms and legs in the middle of rush hour traffic after being pumped full of morphine. Luckily, he was so stoned it took almost three hours before he realized that both his legs had been broken.

The Colt 45 challenge was one of the more popular events from last year's games. Each team is given six 40 oz. bottles of Colt 45 per person. The Colt has to be drunk, and then each team has to smoke a five gram joint, without passing or camping (holding for extended periods). This was a relatively easy task for the Canadian team, but they were almost disqualified when Bates illegally glassed an American competitor.

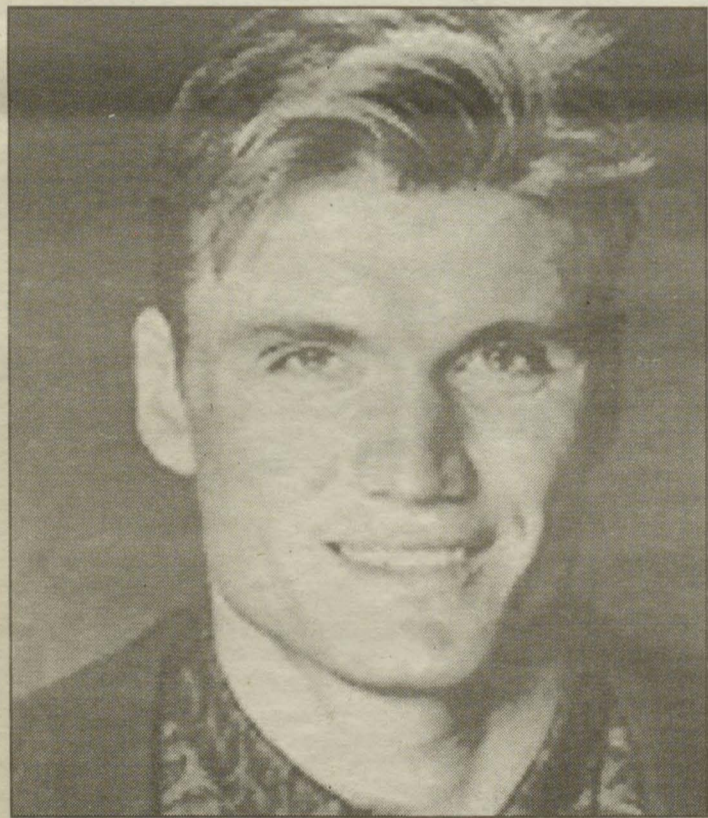
A new event, known as the Dingle test, was a little more difficult for the Canadian boys. Teams have any kind of mind-altering substance at their dis-

posal, as much as required to get across from the public wharf in the South End to the Dingle Tower, buck naked and wearing a life jacket. The Russian team completed the test without any drugs or alcohol, whereas the Canadians consumed too many drugs and floated out into the harbour. I personally question the merit of this competition, but it was pretty fucking entertaining.

The parking metre challenge went flawlessly, with the Canadians winning yet another gold medal. After a 20 min. police chase, Bates and Eisses returned with a record 29 metres, blowing the competition away by more than 15.

"I think the Hardcore Games are good," said Dolph Lundrigan. "Real good."

The games ended sadly for the Canadians, however, when the team ripped off the organisers, taking approximately \$25,000 worth of hard drugs. They were shot down by police on Spring Garden Road.



SODALES INVITES YOU

Sodales is pleased to sponsor a debate with Dolph Lundrigan on the subject of thermodynamic transfer functions in trans-solar median boundaries occurring during coronal events.

The former movie star says "I will beat the crap out of these wimps. I'm He-Man. Why am I in this stupid issue anyway?" Sodales debaters have not been seen lately and are rumoured to be in hiding until Lundrigan leaves town.

Tickets are available at the DASSSSS and DSU front desk.



photo by Jon (peel me) Elmer



DESPERATE Personals

*Are you frantically seeking that special someone, or something?
The Gazette Desperate Personals can help you find your soul-mate,
or at least someone in the same size.*

*To leave your Desperate Personal, please contact our office under Brian Kellow's
desk and leave a very, very detailed message at 494 1276.*

I'm missing a couple ribs. Need I say more? Call #980

Is there anything better than sex in bathroom stalls in the SUB? I'll be there all week if you'd like to see. Call #581

Computer geek looking for stimulating cyber sex partner — it's safe and fun! Call #067

Like giving head? What a coincidence! So do I! Call #069

I love to moralize with you between my thighs, you blow me away. Call #780

I have an eight inch tongue and I can breathe through my ears. Ladies — give me a call. Call #427 and ask for Fredd.

Do you look like a little boy? I'm not a pedophile, but I like em looking young. Call # 882

Cracked out hooker looking for president of large Maritime university to have sex with. Call #113

All I can think about is fucking like a bunny, are you a rabbit? Call # 499

WF, 20, flaky, bubbly but cute. My man just ain't doing it so I need some on the side. If you are the Dal Tech student newspaper editor, lets have a passion filled excursion in our new office. Call #203

Nice clean cut SWM, 21, looks for same. Call #245

I'm castrated but I can still perform. Ever wanted to see a freak up close? I'm your man. Call #276

SWF, likes it on the sly in the dark. Posing naked for pictures is a must. Call #331

MWM, 34, looking for some extra-cirricular stylings with a fresh piece of meat. Call #666

Unemployed waste manager looking

for obese security guard. Call #980

DalTech student newspaper editor looking for anything breathing. Please help me. Call #445

Newly SWM, 19, I like them young and fiesty, conversation skills not required, and I like to steal women's underwear. I'm balding so you can rub yourself on my head. Call #348

Tall motherfuckin basketball star looking for an extremely short woman to see what positions can be improvised, applicant must not mind a family watching. Call #123

Young stud with ample Brown Belt experience. Ask for Joel. Call #675

James Coburn look alike looking for high school girls. Call #118

Tall blond looking for someone who likes high-pitched voices and Tiger Patrol. Call #409

Unattractive high school dropout looking for anonymous sex with beautiful women. Call #007

Are you hot and horny? So am I. Lets get together and fuck like nasty pigs. Call #480

Young brunette looking for someone who likes watching the sun rise and copious amounts of cocaine. Call #890

Do you know where to get some cheap hydro? Call #063

Three's not a crowd if two are girls! Ladies — what are you waiting for? Call #980

SWM, 21, virgin, looking for a safe, sweet girl with lots of experience. I don't know what morning wood is, but I'll give it a go. Call #324

SWM, 19, I like petite baby faced bitches that are in for some bending-atthe-knee fun. Call #494

SWF, 21, likes it all the time, dirty,



fousty, morning wood, and can go alllll day/night long. I've been a very bad girl, I need a spanking. Call #284

Anyone down for some DV-DA action? Eh? Call #105

Wealthy Upper Canadian girl looking for an irresponsible pothead to treat me like shit. Call #778

Lanky farm-boy drunk looking for 35+ housewife. Divorcees need not apply. Call #947

My name is Dom Traves and I am looking for cheap hookers. Call #990

Ah wants a gurl that'll be good at birthing babies. Ask fer Cletus. Call #760

Hey baker-man! Put some cinnamon on my buns! Call #333

Retired porn star looking for teenage sugar daddy. Call #985

Racecar driver/alien ambassador looking for well proportioned woman with good genes. Call #990

Disco maniac looking for hot twins. Ask for Stu. Call #780

Looking for someone to help me steal peoples mail. Call #579

Building a space craft and need a testicle. Give me a ring if you've got a spare. Call #465

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