

FREE

139-28 / April 12th - Whenever, 2007

Spewing shit at Dalhousie since 1868

Poop chute

Kiss
this



An ode to shit: Gazette designer reveals all

Travesty: Dal & DSU presidents caught in the act

Pandamonium: giant bear blocks Halifax highway

page numbers
are useless



WEEKLY DISPATCH

Student Lifestyle Documentary:

If you wanted to be a movie star when you were young then we may have just the opportunity for you. Documentary film maker Morgen Sporlock is looking for students who have finished at least one year of university and have interesting student experiences that they are willing to talk about. He is looking for stories such as the longest studying stint, partying in res (or off campus), or an interesting class you attended. If you are interested please send a description of your experience to msfilm@gmail.com no later than May 10th. Filming will take place between September and December 2007. Any student selected will receive an honourarium for participating in the film, and a free copy of the DVD. This documentary will provide a behind the scenes look at what students across Canada up to and the challenges they face:

New Student Space:

Since the recent failure of the referendum or creating more student space on campus the DSU has taken steps to address the lack of student space ourselves. On April 15th we will close a \$10 million dollar deal that will see us take possession of Park Lane Mall. This purchase was made possible by an interest free, unsecured loan from the Canadian Federation of Students (CFS).

Earlier this year the CFS set a precedent that they had an obligation to provide loans to student unions in financial need. Check out <http://www.dailymotion.com/student3> for the full details. After a brief round of negotiations they conceded to loan the DSU the money for this much needed improvement.

Over the next two years, the DSU will take control of all the leased spaces in Park Lane Mall. The space will be used to create late night study space, hang out space, and group work space for Dalhousie students. We will continue to operate the existing movie theatre and will add an after hours night club in the lower level of the mall. We hope that by creating a space for students to go after the bars close we will alleviate the concerns that some neighbours have about disruptive students coming home late at night.

Coming Soon: The DSU Lizard Lounge:

Last summer the DSU renovated the Tim Horton's area on the first floor of the SUB. This was the first part of a larger plan to relocate the Tim's to the other side of the building creating a DSU exclusive lounge in its current location. The purpose of this lounge was to recognize the work that councilors, board members, and societies do for the DSU and provide them with a place to call their own. The lounge will be opened by a reunion performance of the famous jazz group, The Lounge Lizards during Orientation Week 2007.



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HALIFAX REGIONAL MUNICIPALITY

Attention Off-Campus University & College Students

Are you moving soon?

Please be environmentally responsible when disposing of your garbage by placing it at the curb for collection on the scheduled day and week for collection. Remember that for residential dwellings, there is a limit of **10 garbage bags/cans** on garbage collection week, plus **one** bulky item. For small apartment buildings up to six units, the limit is **5 garbage bags/cans** per unit and **two** bulky items on garbage collection week. Please place food and leaf and yard waste in your green cart; bottles, cans and milk containers - with caps off - in blue bag; newspapers, flyers and magazines in a plastic grocery bag; and flatten and tie cardboard boxes.



The following are collection weeks in Area 1 Halifax:

April 9 - 13	Garbage & Recyclables Only
April 16 - 20	Green Carts & Recyclables Only
April 23 - 27	Garbage & Recyclables Only
April 30 - May 4	Green Carts & Recyclables Only
May 7 - 11	Garbage & Recyclables Only

For other collection areas, or for further information call 490-4000 or visit our website at www.halifax.ca/wrms.

Gazette

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Knight in shining armour

A "staff contributor" is a member of the paper defined as a person who has had three volunteer articles, or photographs of reasonable length, and/or substance published in three different issues within the current publishing year.

The Gazette is the official written record of Dalhousie University since 1868 and is open to participation from all students. It is published weekly during the academic year by the Dalhousie Gazette Publishing Society.

The Gazette is a student-run publication. Its primary purpose is to report fairly and objectively on issues of importance and interest to the students of Dalhousie University, to provide an open forum for the free expression and exchange of ideas, and to stimulate meaningful debate on issues that affect or would otherwise be of interest to the student body and/or society in general.

Views expressed in the Hot or Not feature, The Word at Dal, and opinions section are solely those of the contributing writers, and do not necessarily represent the views of The Gazette or its staff. Views expressed in the Streeter feature are solely those of the person being quoted, and not The Gazette's writers or staff. All quotes attributed to Joey Ryba in the Streeter feature of this paper are written, in good humour, by staff, and do not necessarily represent the views of Joey Ryba. This publication is intended for readers 18 years of age or older. The views of our writers are not the explicit views of Dalhousie University.

All students of Dalhousie University, as well as any interested parties on or off-campus, are invited to contribute to any section of the newspaper. Please contact the appropriate editor for submission guidelines, or drop by for our weekly volunteer meetings every Monday at 5:30 p.m. in room 312 of the Dal SUB. The Gazette reserves the right to edit and reprint all submissions, and will not publish material deemed by its editorial board to be discriminatory, racist, sexist, homophobic or libellous. Opinions expressed in submitted letters are solely those of the authors. Editorials in The Gazette are signed and represent the opinions of the writer(s), not necessarily those of The Gazette's staff, Editorial Board, publisher, or Dalhousie University.

CONTACTING US IS NOT IMPORTANT AT THIS TIME

Dear Students of Dalhousie,

Please stop pestering us with collection notices. We cannot pay the levy fees.

In accordance with the Debt Collection Act, please find below the answers your questions.

1. We do not know, exactly, the amount paid. It is lost in the annals of our bookkeeping. As you are well aware, we are the oldest campus newspaper in the country. As such, we have records dating back decades, if not centuries. We are currently processing financial records from 1921, so please be patient.

2. We also do not know what you paid us for. There was a transfer of funds but as the usage of these monies was not specified, the reigning Chief Editor decided to spend it on increasing his salary, buying fanciful new electro-technological equipment and booze. If you find these actions are not in accordance with your wishes, please be reminded you are in no position to make these decisions.

3. The date of transfer is unknown to us as of this writing. This is due to our system of bookkeeping. Please see #1 above for details.

4. We do not currently have any other money to repay this debt. Any additional monies collected by this society were allocated by the Chief Editor in accordance with his or hers whims at the time.

5. No, we are not affiliated with the Student-Union of Dalhousie.

6. This was not a question. It was a statement, and a leading one at that. Please remember you are dealing with journalists of the highest calibre. Also:

a. Be reminded that any and all communiqués containing spelling, grammar and punctuation not conforming to The Gazette Style Guide are sent back proof read and copy edited for your benefit. We expect corrected versions returned forthwith.

b. Any communiqués regarding finances that contain such errors result in the client being charged an additional 10 per cent processing fee per page of the document that has to be copy edited. This is non-negotiable.

Please be aware that any future debt collection notices will be put directly into the trash. We do not have the money to pay someone to sort, open and read debt collection notices, as you may have gathered from the fact we have not paid our debt to you.

Furthermore, please inform any credit reporting agencies to which you've reported this debt that it is being ignored.

Finally, cease and desist from contacting me in this, and any and all related matters, except via registered mail, and only then to inform me that you are terminating all efforts to collect. Although, as stated above, any mail from you will be immediately discarded, so you might as well not bother.

Sincerely,
CHIEF EDITOR, The Gazette

DISCLAIMER

All contributions in this issue of The Gazette have been made up and are completely false. They were made up by staff and selected 'elite' contributors who will not be listed for fear of retribution. Inside jokes become common after you've been working with someone for countless hours a week for the past several months. You should feel left out if you don't get them and I recommend you join The Gazette next year so you can be in on the fun as well. We get free beer, if you need more incentive. All these silly little comments this week have been made up by me or stolen from the Internet by me. Can you steal from the Internet? Isn't that like saying you're breathing my air?

We also stole this disclaimer.


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19⁹⁹
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This is John Packman's package. It's not really this big, rich or impressive. / Photo: John Packman

Sex bursary to draw Toronto 'harlot demographic'

DIRK DIGGLER
Contributing Sex Monger

Dalhousie has invested \$5 million in a new bursary for male students to help them seduce their Toronto-born female counterparts. The move is geared toward attracting more students from Canada's most populous city.

University mouthpiece Thomas Travers said females from Toronto are "gold diggers" and would likely flock to the university in a widespread hunt for wealthy male students.

"We haven't yet tapped the hussy/

harlot demographic at Dalhousie," said Travers. "But chicks from Toronto are hungry for the cock, so we really feel we need to capitalize on that."

News of the bursary's launch has left campus in a sex-deranged frenzy.

Hundreds of male students have been seen chasing their busted pants buttons with flies down and erections dangling out their Dockers.

Dandy Dingles couldn't keep drool from trailing out his mouth.

"Tee-dot sluts are where it's at," the 13th-year philosophy student said.

"I'm going to actually study

for my exams this year, get decent grades, get the bursary and stuff my pants with the ultimate Toronto chick magnet — money."

Female high school students in Toronto, meanwhile, have been flocking to libraries across the city in record numbers.

Lacy Loafsdaddacok said she's now dedicated to reaching the "overwhelmingly high" grade standards at Dal.

"I'm like totally stoked to get to Dal campus," she said. "I can't wait to see all the meat, I mean, meal plans at Dalhousie."

Grad cock rings recalled

RUSTY RULER
Resident Penis Enthusiast

Dalhousie issued a recall of all graduation cock rings last week after several alumni suffered from shrinkage below the belt.

Several reports also indicate the rings, designed for men's fifth appendage, may lead to dwarfism.

Alumnus Dick Cockburn said his "little fella" turned blue several months after he started wearing his grad ring. A few weeks later, he said, the ring was the only object visible between his legs.

"I can't get up in the morning, in more ways than one," said Cockburn. "There's just nothing there. I'd take the ring off, but I can't find what it's attached to."

"I've resorting to talking to the little fella, trying to convince it to pop out of its shell."

The cock ring controversy sparked a worldwide protest last month. Sex-deprived Dal alumni formed a group called "We want our cocks back."

The group published advertisements in hundreds of newspapers that read: "Missing: Our Cocks. Help us get back the only thing we learned to use in university."

Dal officials later issued the recall and have since recovered less than one third of the 2,000 rings, which were first issued during the 2004/2005 academic year. President Thomas Teeny said he's sorry for the alumni's losses.

"Make no mistake, we value the cock," Teeny said in a statement released earlier this week. "We are working night and day to recover the rings, and the province's health officials are identifying methods to bring alumni cocks back out of their shells."



We've been waiting all year for an excuse to print the word cock. And that moment is finally here! Cock, balls, cock, penis wrinkle, cock, cock, cock. / Photo Illustration: Cock Monger



These creatures have sometimes been mistaken for beached whales. We're told they're in fact human. But we don't really believe it. / Photo: Someone who died from exposure.

Union execs charged with unlawful ugliness

FLUFFY "THE CAT" DOWNS
Staff Pussy

A Dalhousie student was taken to hospital last week after finding student union executives fornicating in the campus bar.

Tarmaye Iseout suffered a heart attack when he witnessed all five Dalhousie Student Union executives engaged in what he described as "a disgusting orgy" in the Grawood.

"All I could see was rolls of male flesh and a goatee," said Iseout. "Didn't they do enough damage with that photo in the student handbook where they weren't wearing any shirts?"

Police arrived on the scene at 1 a.m. on April 5. Chief investigator Ivaneever Seenisafore said officers immediately threw blankets over the executives to protect themselves

from potential injuries.

"I couldn't tell if what I saw was a stack of dead ocean mammals or people," said Seenisafore. "But we weren't prepared to take any risks with our health. We have been investigating this group for several months and are well aware that their haggard appearances have eroded any claims to human dignity."

Police charged the executives with five counts of indecent exposure and 25 counts of unlawful ugliness after last week's incident. Seenisafore said police likely now have enough evidence to put the executives behind bars for a long time.

"These guys have been a threat to Dalhousie students for too long," he said. "We are confident the executives will face extensive jail sentences for their grisly appearances."

Cold War designs save Killam from fire

JAMES PORKMANSTEIN
Staff Muckraker

A fire in the basement of the Killam Library incinerated the building's interior.

The fire consumed all books, archives and furniture, but no one was hurt. Several of the librarians were slightly annoyed.

Halifax fire chief J.Q. Firehydrant said the fire began as a practical joke, but the police haven't yet found the arsonist.

"It looks like we're dealing with a classic case of a dump and run," said Firehydrant, referring to the burning bag of dog feces that was left in front of the electronics department.

Dalhousie student Mark Geek, who found the bag, said he panicked.

"I didn't know what to do with it, so I kicked it onto the transformer," Geek said.

The transformer caught fire and it quickly spread to the rest of the building.

The exterior structure of the library appeared unaffected by the flames that rocked the building's study and storage areas. Smoke billowing out of the atrium was the only evidence of fire.

The Killam was built with metre-deep concrete walls, which kept the burning building from collapsing. Architect Leslie Watchman said the Killam wasn't originally designed as a library.

"We built her to launch missiles at Russian subs," said Watchman. "The idea was if there were any of them in the harbour, we'd just blast 'em from Dal."



This university is going straight to hell. You heard it here first, folks. / Photo: Do you even care?

According to original building plans, the army planned to use the atrium as a missile launching pad, the circulation desk as a control centre and the Second Cup as a Starbucks.

But when Dal decided it needed a library in 1971, it bought the Killam from the government.

"I was surprised they were able to make the thing into a library," Watchman said. "I mean, the fact we didn't leave room for any windows and the amount of nuclear waste still being stored there, I can't imagine anyone can work."

Dal spokesman Charles Crosby said librarians will scour garage

sales this summer to replace the university's "outstanding" repertoire of books.

"Right now, we're looking for anything we can get our hands on," said Crosby. "Though we'd prefer more academic stuff, we'll take Mad magazines, Danielle Steele novels, even used Playboys."

To give students a similar study space for exams, the administration bought the University of King's College's library. Plans are underway to fill the windows with bricks, remove any relevant books and rename the library "Killam 2: Tom Traves' Revenge."



We admit that this story and photo are extremely lame. A certain douchebag at The Gazette is solely responsible. You know who you are! / Photo: Resident Douchebag.

Seal bites prof

Codd narrowly escapes bloody attack

PAWN JACKMAN
Contributing Douche

Dalhousie's 100-kilogram bull seal attacked a marine biology professor during a presentation for children last week.

Periwinkle the seal bit Derek Codd's arm after the professor glued a large clown wig to the seal's head. Upon realizing how silly he looked, Periwinkle attacked the professor.

After biting the tenured professor, Periwinkle tried to drag him into the waters of Dal's Aquatron, the marine biology's research facility. Codd managed to beat the seal away by repeatedly bludgeoning it with the metre-long clown shoes he was wearing.

In the middle of the spectacle, the children began to scream and throw their bagged lunches at the seal.

Codd was noticeably shaken by the incident.

"God, I hate these fucking

things," he said. "They're like rats with flippers.

"I wanted to be a convenience store clerk, but no. My parents said I should get into academia."

Doris Patterson's Grade 2 class watched the bloody attack. The Bedford Elementary Academy class had come to see a promotional presentation, "The Fun of Marine Biology."

The presentation was designed to boost the Dal's enrollment by informing future recruits about the university's marine biology program.

Patterson said the presentation was the worst she's ever seen.

"This was even worse than the time they tried to make the Imagine 07 event more exciting by gluing an afro-wig to Tom Traves' head," said Patterson.

The marine biology department said despite the relatively poor result, officials will hold the presentation again. Next time, the department plans to glue a wig onto a walrus.

DSU prez poses nude in *Playgirl*

IVANA HAVISTITS
DSU Incest Whistleblower

The outgoing president of the Dalhousie Student Union recently posed in *Playgirl* magazine as part of his final efforts to represent the union.

Ezra Edelstein "flaunted his goods" for the publication's annual "Student Bodies" college issue, which is expected to be released in May. The "erotic" magazine chooses 10 "men about campus" each year to feature in nude and semi-nude poses.

Senior editor Colleen Kane spotted Edelstein when a copy of the 2006/2007 DSU Handbook was anonymously sent to her office. In the handbook, the all-male executive poses shirtless.

"We usually go for the varsity athlete or fraternity president look," said Kane. "But when I took a look at Ezra and those wavy locks, he seemed like the clear choice. Our readers have indicated that they are becoming more drawn to that 'natural' look that doesn't involve a lot of tanned skin and rippling muscles.

"I can only imagine that whoever sent me the handbook wanted to draw my attention to Ezra's raw talent."

Edelstein said he's excited about the prospect of being in an international publication.

"SMU student union President Zach Churchill posed for *Bluenotes* last summer and we didn't hear the end of it," said Edelstein. "I'm pretty sure that this will shut him up."

The former math major is considering turning this modelling stint into a full-time profession.

"It was a pretty classy shoot overall. I'm pretty sure I made the right decision going full out with the nudity and to include the flamingoes. I figure this is just the first step to bigger and better things. Just IMAGINE the possibilities," said Edelstein.



In a perverse turn of events, Ezra Edelstein actually got laid following the photo shoot with *Playgirl*. We would like to thank the unlucky lady for busting Edelstein's cherry. Maybe now he won't be so bitchy. / Photo illustration: Playgirl & Packboy

"I'm really glad people can see I'm not just all about student advocacy, and that there is more behind this stoic exterior."

The Gazette has received a tip from a confidential source, however, that the anonymous mail-out came from another DSU executive member.

"How could Colleen possibly think that Ezra is the best-looking one in that photo?" the source said last week. "Chad LeClair is clearly the buffest one — look at how sculpted

his arms are."

The source said LeClair, DSU vice president (finance and operations), goes to the gym as much as Edelstein, and even more on Wednesdays.

Any monkey can handle CASA's \$400,000 budget, said the source, but LeClair has "the mad skillz, especially at nerf gun shooting. That's right, son."

LeClair was not available for comment.

Traves, Edelstein caught in wild sex act

MIKE TIPPING
Staff Rat

Several Dalhousie students say they found university President Tom Traves in his office last week handcuffed to his desk, sporting only a leopard-print thong and a pink tutu.

Traves was dancing to disco sensation Boney M's "Horny United," says witness Grouse Towt, who stormed the president's office with four other students looking for a box of condoms.

The president was swinging a zebra-print tartan that is rumoured to have once covered the midsection of student union chief Ezra Edelstein.

Edelstein appeared shocked when he entered the room behind the students wearing no clothes and holding a leather whip, giant plastic tube and gerbil, says Towt.

"We knew Ezra and the student union were in bed with the administration, but we never knew it went this far," says Towt. "If we hadn't interrupted this midday sexcapade, it looked like Ezra was gonna serve Traves with that rodent."

Traves denies the incident involved anything "out of the ordinary." The alleged sex act was merely "university business," says Traves, a "cordial" interview between colleagues.

"Ezra and I have been holding these meetings for the past six months," he says. "I resent any suggestion that our relationship compromises the interests of Dalhousie students."



Tom Traves was a ballerina before becoming president of Dalhousie. / Photo illustration: Cock Monger

The referendum on student spaces, says Traves, was a shining example of how the affair best serves the student body.

Edelstein was not available for comment. He was still looking for his pants.

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DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY
Inspiring Minds

What burns Sue's shit

SUE
"revenge is a dish best served cold"
 MAROUN
Staff Strumpet

Do you know what burns my shit?

Well I'll tell you.

Finding out on New Years Day that I was hired, and start tomorrow. What do we pay you for, Rafal?

Journalists telling me how to lay out a paper. Leave your dick at home, Reid.

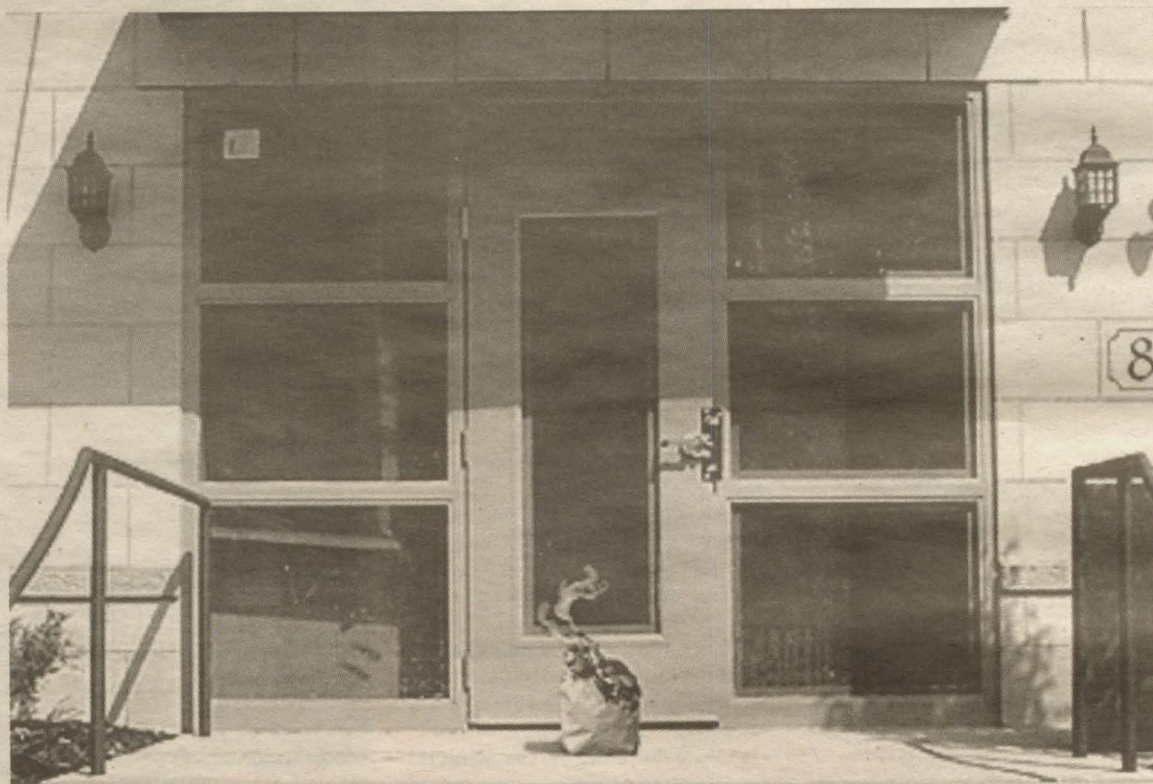
People who invent polysyllabic words to appear intelligent. Eg: enormouse, enigmatize, thesaurisize, lamisize. Get a real job... Sue Maroun.

That guy at the office that does extremely poor impressions of people. For the sake of argument, we'll label him John Packman. "Look, I'm wearing Sue's hat," says the douche. That concludes the impression.

People who like unicorns with rainbows shining out their asses, and burning my shit on a weekly basis with photo spreads. It's been a slice, Fartsies.

That guy who thinks D.O. is funny. It's not funny, man, it's not funny. It burns my shit.

A naked girl jumping in my bed at four o'clock in the morning, spooning my boyfriend and then playing with my dog. You know who you are,



People who try to burn other people's shit through my shit by burning my shit through their shit.

Skankasaurus Rex.

Working at a job that has a comparable environment to a Jerry Springer episode, sans the KKK members, transvestites, kissing

cousins and chair launching — all the stuff that makes Jerry Springer funny.

We need therapy. Psych students, please bring your resumes and proof

of having no soul to The Poop Chute office, Room 312 of the SUB.

My boyfriend claiming he has extensive military training and therefore believes he possesses an inter-

nal navigation system. Just stop at a fucking gas station, Matt.

Having a 24-year-old dependent son who claims he's my roommate. Get off the goddamn shit, fuzzy man peach (Peter).

People trying to tell me what burns my shit about their shit. Quit copy editing what burns my shit about you, Jessica. Isn't there a cigarette you should be smoking or a bottle you should be downing?

People who claim they can run a better news section than Reid Southwick. Stay in your thought bubbles, Katie May. P.S. no eye contact.

People who try to burn other people's shit through my shit by burning my shit through their shit. This isn't a fucking soapbox, Reid, it's what burns my shit.

Empty space in *The Gazette*. There was a whole lot of it after I laid out this slammin' article.

Ordinarily, I stop at nothing to fill empty and make sure the layout doesn't look stupid. But since I have secretly commandeered this page with an article about what burns my shit, it seems only appropriate that I mention that this white space absolutely positively BURNS MY SHIT!

FUCK YOU WHITE SPACE!

— Maroun out

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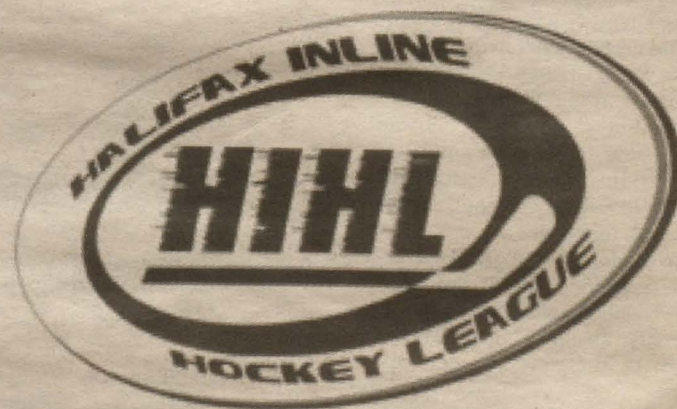
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Uninformed Opinions Editor: "Johnboy"

Contact: itdoesntreallymatter@dalgazette.ca

Limericks will test DSU wannabes

KIMSUM JAPCHES
Staff Laughing Stock

I applaud the Dalhousie Student Union for using on-the-spot limerick testing to elect our future representatives. It was a ballsy move to scrap the dated system, which asked students to rank candidates. Limerick testing will ensure students have quick-witted representatives, something the DSU has lacked in recent years.

A few limericks leaked to this outstanding publication show there were members of the DSU ready for spot-checks on their limerick virtuosity.

Rumours abound, both verified and otherwise, of roaming poets being on the payroll for next year's elections.

"English iambic pentameter," writes one elected candidate, "is dull versus my new parameter / which I will inherit / all thanks to my merit: / my pen of a whopping diameter."

Another candidate wrote, "I am an Ontarian Lady / when drunk, my behaviour turns shady. / If you vote for me / right after I pee / I'll show you what Mom says degrades me."

The English department and numerous members of the administration aren't enthused about the prospects of dirty and non-dirty (also known as "boring") limericks flooding the electoral fields.

One professor, preferring to remain anonymous, said, "There is nothing redeeming about limericks, not even the few that manage to incorporate the Lady of Shalot, which rhymes with a lot... of different dirty things."



A two-tonne machine manned by three engineers will judge DSU candidate's limericks for their cadence, humour and overall cleverness.

"Giving politicians, even the depressingly uninteresting student politicians, free rein over versification through limericks is a dangerous game."

This new limericking policy will test the versatility of otherwise unthinking B-list politicians.

The current system is flawed. We need to fill those plush and padded DSU chairs with bums who can think fast, and who are adept at

the composition of pithy rhymes at tough times.

I think it's most fitting to remind everyone about the importance of this new policy through the most eloquent verses of this year's clandestine limerick testing: "There was a young man from B.C. / who, post-partying, was too pained to pee. / His testicular lumps / turned out to be mumps / 'Ne'er again shall Halifax I see'... (said he)."



Streeter regular Joey Ryba will be moving out of his current spot. / Photo: Bjorn Packmeister

New Gazette weirdo needed

JOE MANPACK

Gazette sports editor Joey Ryba will be leaving his hallowed spot in the streeter.

He first appeared on Nov. 3, 2005, answering a question about his thoughts on daylight savings time. "It's great! I get a whole extra hour to blast gas in my sleep," he said.

For the next year-and-a-half, Ryba consistently answered streeter questions with commentary on farting, Dutch ovens, masturbation or *Bleu Nuit*, a soft porn television show that airs on a Quebec station.

Gazette staff members invented Ryba's quotes, but the words were always inspired by the notorious sports editor.

When the real world Ryba smiles or laughs without provocation it's usually because he's thinking about one of the four categories.

This year, Ryba's most frequent questions were not "Do you know the time?" or "How's it going?" They were "Do you know what a Dutch oven is?" or "Do you like Dutch ovens?"

Several readers have complained that Ryba's answers are repetitive or childish. But these readers don't

know how repetitive the Dutch oven enthusiast's rants really are.

Former Gazette staff member Chris LaRoche originally held Ryba's current spot. As Ryba's answers were inspired by his personality, LaRoche's quotes sprang from the disturbingly creepy pictures that appeared over his answers.

While LaRoche's answers didn't shy away from pornography and masturbation, most were concerned with insulting King's College students or simply being creepy. Topics ranged from necrophilia to LaRoche's fictional frequent visits to the Palace.

LaRoche finally left the streeter after he and his sister applied for the same job and he didn't get it. The employer said the decision was based on the comments LaRoche made in the streeter.

Just as LaRoche left the streeter last year, Ryba is now off to greener pastures. *The Gazette* needs a new face and persona to fill the void.

Interested applicants should send nude photos and a brief description, written in blood, indicating why they deserve to be the streeter's new weirdo.

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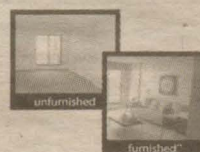


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THE WORD AT DAL

In an exam-review class...

Prof: So, what are some of the main themes of our course which may come up on the exam?

Class: (Absolutely silent)

Prof: Say some one had a gun to your head, what are some of the main themes?

At the Killam...

Guy: Today I've eaten five hotdogs, a bag of chips and four cookies. I bet it would look really gross if I puked.

Sexton Library...

EngineerGuy1: Dude, I'm going to go study at Killam.

EngGuy2: What? Why?

EngGuy1: Because there's more girls there!

At Starbucks...

Girl: 10 p.m. isn't that late. Neither is 11...but 11:30 is almost midnight.

In the Killam...

Girl: I have a World War I exam tomorrow and a paper due Friday. I'm getting stressed!

Guy: (looking at her agenda) Yeah, that looks pretty packed... what the WWI stand for?

In the Poop chute office...

Us: Man, poor nun that's in the photo.

John: Fuck 'er.

In Abnormal Psych...

Prof: Anyone in the class have a phobia?

Girl: I have, like, this phobia of Michael Jackson's eyes in the Thriller video. Ever since I was a kid, I've been like so scared of scary eyes.

Prof: Right...

On the Killam staircase...

Girl: I'd recognize that cute little butt anywhere. (Smacks guy's butt. Guy turns around)

Guy: Uh, I think you got the wrong butt.

Girl: Oh shit, I thought you were my cousin.

HOT / NOT

HOT: End of classes

NOT: Start of exams

HOT: Being in the Not column

NOT: Complaining about the Not column

HOT: Getting sick during exams

NOT: Being able to lie without guilt

HOT: Making up news

NOT: "Research"

HOT: Ripping off Li Dong

NOT: Thinking for yourself

HOT: Finishing the year

NOT: Getting a real job

HOT: Seeing old friends

NOT: Realizing they're dicks

HOT: Procrastinating

NOT: Studying

HOT: Flying home

NOT: Busing home

HOT: Doing the last Hot or Not

NOT: Having no way to vent frustration

Suggestions? hotornot@dalgazette.ca

DISCLAIMER

Views expressed in the Hot or Not feature, The Word at Dal, and Streeter are solely those of the contributing writers or the individual pictured, and do not necessarily represent the views of *The Gazette* or its staff. The quotes said by Joey Ryba in the Streeter are completely fabricated by the staff and do not necessarily represent views held by Joey Ryba himself, *The Gazette* and/or its staff. The Word at Dal is taken from a Facebook group, with permission of the founder.

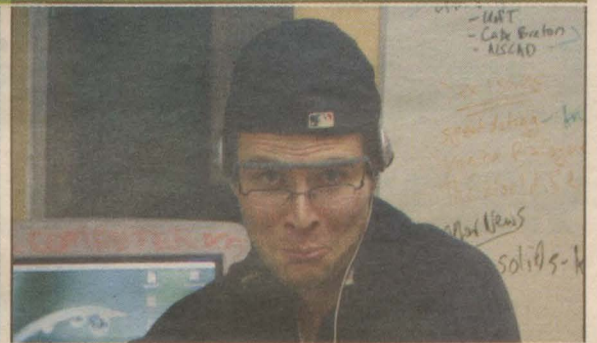
STREETER

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR THE SUMMER?



"I'm going back home and sewing all the blankets together for the biggest Dutch oven in history."

Joey Ryba, sixth-year knitting



"I'm going to reorganize my *Penthouse* collection."

Joey Ryba, fourteenth-year archivist



"I'm going to see if I can get my sister to teach me how to be a residence assistant."

Joey Ryba, first-year Howe Hall R.A.



"I'm going to drink till I can't see."

Joey Ryba, third-year ophthalmologist



"I'm going to try to start a stripping career."

Joey Ryba, second-year pornographer



"I want to learn French and try to pick up Acadians."

Joey Ryba, fifth-year languages



"I'm going to take Cold-fX until I can see through walls."

Joey Ryba, first-year pharmaceuticals



"I'm going to learn to be a math teacher... No, really."

Joey Ryba, last-year Gazetter

Got a question you want to see answered by students? streeter@dalgazette.ca

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2007 FREELOADER OF THE YEAR

Number of free beers: 3,962
Number of free pizzas: 63
Number of free friends: 12
Number of contributions: 0 (the brief doesn't count)
Aaron, we'd like to recognize you as the sweetest freeloader *The Gazette* has ever known.



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The Bubbles vibe sprouts from a very humble seed.

Interview with Bubbles?

The Poop Chute sits down with Bubbles impersonator

HILARY BEAUMONT
Arts Questioner

Who is a Trailer Park Boys ambassador, wears thick coke-bottle glasses and describes his voice as "a white Barry White with his tonsils removed?"

Andrew Cook may not be the first name that comes to mind, but neither is Mike Smith, who plays Bubbles on the hit TV-show, *Trailer Park Boys*.

There is little difference between the "fun-loving, adorable character" Cook plays and the original Smith version, except that one has a prominent role on the show and the other does not.

But Cook has a plan to change that.

On April 2, the self-proclaimed "Bubbles Jr." created a group on Facebook to secure a role on the show. By printing a list of the 550 group members and presenting it as a petition to the show's producers, he hopes to make his debut.

In the group description, Cook writes, "I've been acting the role so

long I think it's time I get a try out."

Cook claims he started impersonating Bubbles more than five years ago in order to get a song played on the radio. He called Ottawa's CHEZ 106.1 and requested "Tom Sawyer" by Rush in a perfect imitation of Bubbles' hoarse voice. Not only did the station play Rush, it recorded his request as a sound clip and used it for publicity.

After his initial success in the role, Cook got in touch with a casting agent from the Trailer Park Boys. He hasn't heard back, but he hopes that considerable group support will give him another shot.

"I'd like them to look at my package," says Cook. "Not like that, you silly fuck," he adds in a Bubbles' voice.

Cook says his convincing impersonations have helped him out of many bad situations — he's even made a few grizzled cops laugh.

"Anyone can put on the glasses," Cook says. "But you have to get the mannerisms, the voice. Be humble, Bubbles comes from humble beginnings."

Oh, the places you'll go

A Seussian Interview with Dr. Aucoin

KARYN HAAG
Word Rhymers

Halifax based musician Rich Aucoin, with a member of *The Gazette*, who did gladly join, sat down for a chat with perfect timing, and found their voices were curiously rhyming.

Gazette: I know, dear reader, you think this is a spoof, but Rich Aucoin will give us proof. Mr. Aucoin, I've heard that you are full of ambition. Why are you departing in such a condition?

Aucoin: With a bike, wheel and cap on my head. A strong cap, no doubt, to keep me from harm, I'll have two sacks on my bike and a phonograph player in arm. With equipment carefully stowed, I'll bike road to road, and peddle coast to coast to raise money for those who need it most. Playing shows to and fro, my first tour, Oh, the Places You'll Go! I'll spread the Seussian sync and good vibrations from the songs where Whos from all over can come out in throngs Victoria to Halifax May 11th to August 12th I'll be peddling on my bike just me and myself.

G: I see that you respect one Dr. Seuss, that his rhyming and timing you put to good use. What is it about Seuss you admire? And how in the future, to him, you'll aspire?

A: Dr. Seuss spreads happiness like spreadable jam, with *The Cat In The Hat* and *Green Eggs and Ham*. Oh, the Places You'll Go! inspires people to run on life's track, how the *Grinch Stole Christmas* teaches us how to love each other back.

G: Off you will go thump-thumping and bump-bumping, clanging and banging and trump-a-trump-trumping. Could you describe this glorious sound, that will be heard the whole wide world around?

A: This sounds like whozits and wassits and chimmers and chimers alike, rather like the sound of a one-man-band on a bike! Glockenspiels, organs, pianos and drums, horns, vibraphones and voices sung from the lungs. Violins, cellos, electrical guitars and bass, percussion chimes and fifes, marimbas, tin whistles, turn tables and recorders, tympani, bongos and a voice-fill vocoder.

G: Your curly gold ringlets you'll willingly clip, while you are gone away on your lengthy bike trip. How will you find a hip "Who" to snip your hair, and where will you send it with all of your care?

A: Every year, people full of cheer let the barber grab her or his shears and cut their hair for those affected by cancer's chemo effect. But who needs a barber when there are listeners who cut my

hair perfect?

So, shears in hand, and my nerves quietly in tow, a listener will remove a lock of my hair after each and every show. And so it'll be until it's all gone, my helmet now lose-fitting, stuffed with Kleenex and yarn.

G: Is it true, as we've been told, that within you exists a heart of gold? In that heart there will be a great light, in which people will delight?

A: This is all for people tall and small and slow and quick, people who are healthy and people who are sick, for young and old and near and far, for people who wish on each new night's star, for indie kids and cartoon fans for the average Jill or Joe and travelling bands, for the Canadian Cancer Society and all the good they do, and last, but not least, this is for you.

G: I've heard you climb mountains, and gaze upon fountains, there is no doubt that you'll reach the big show, where are some of the places you'll go?

A: Up and down and round and round; the Rockies are the starting point bound to Victoria, Vancouver and Nelson I'll wander, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon and then yonder through Winnipeg, Thunder Bay and Sault Ste. Marie Past Toronto, Guelph, and Ottawa I'll just about have hit sea Montreal, then Fredericton, and perhaps Sackville too! I'll end up back here in August with you.

G: Until you escape all that waiting, to find all the bright places you're playing, you're anxious to leave and come back again, what will fill your time until then?

A: Before I embark on this adventure, I'll be performing non-stop in Halifax at Gus', the Seahorse, the Music Room and a benefit at the Bus Stop, in Wolfville on the verge then to Toronto for a festival called *Over the Top!* So catch me if you can as this might be your last chance as the *Grinch sync* might be retired to a seasonal glance.

G: With your choppy hair flip-flapping, and your bicycle click-clacking, the time will come when you need a snack, but when oh when do you expect to come back?

A: In August another Church might be played, with bells and whistles by some of Halifax's finest musicians displayed. So be on the look-out as the one-man band turns into a group, it could be one night only so don't stay out of the loop. If you're nervous at all, don't worry and fret, I'm sure you'll be able to read all about it in an upcoming issue of *The Gazette*.

MORE SPACE FILLER.

THEY DO IT TOO, YA KNOW.

STRANGE
ADVENTURES



"The best comic book shop ever...and watch your head on the way in."

- Wikimapia.org

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Rich Aucoin keeps time and rhymes in gear with beer... in tow? / Photo: Erin Howe



MARCUS AURELIUS
Arts Emperor

Audience reaction: A(pparently)
Sound: F(rom all I heard)
Stage presence: F(rom all I saw)
Crowd: F(ucking bastards)

Arriving at the undisclosed location was pretty fun. I walked in and people looked at me, probably thinking to themselves, "That guy is pretty slick." And I was. I headed to the bar, ordered a drink and shouted at the bartender for extra olives on the side of my Shirley Temple.

With olives in hand, I circled the bar like a hawk on an assignment from *The Poop Chute!* swooped in when a seat by the stage opened up. Yup, I got it. But, to my shock, a crowd quickly formed directly in front of my table. It was actually impossible to see. It really was!

"What next?" I thought to myself. Clearly, the only thing to do would be to make the people standing in front of me feel really guilty for blocking my enjoyment of the show. First things first — I crossed my arms and glared from side to side. This action was delivered with a loud "Haruyph!" but the people in front of me barely moved.

Around this time, some music started playing. I would say the music came from the stage, but I wasn't really "qualified" to make that judgment considering my obstructed position.

The loud, insufferable music rendered all complaints of a vocal nature impossible. I decided on another approach, namely to stick out my feet abruptly and knock over as many of the irritants as possible.

Once again, my efforts were frustrated by the demon

of chance. My boot narrowly missed a stiletto heel, which would have caused a delicious fall and possibly allowed a glimpse of the stage. But this was not the case. Instead these people politely stepped over my toes and continued to block my gaze. IMPERTINENCE!

Only one recourse left, I stepped onto my chair. Lo and behold I could see everything and my heart soared like the hawk I am. Suddenly, I was thrust forward and, for the first time in my long life, I surfed the crowd. Oh, the pure moment of delight that followed is indescribable and perhaps best left to that description.

I woke up the next morning in the now defunct smoking room of the bar. Vaguely recalling a sharp downward turn towards the floor, I blacked out. The people responsible for the ruination of this report card are clearly those initial perpetrators who blocked the stage. A short description of these ruffians will end this review in the hopes that they will be found, and tarred and feathered like the swine they are. Good Night!

Perpetrator #1: A burly fellow wearing maroon leather pants. Hair was formed into one solid spike that was designed to either poke people's eyes out or obstruct an innocent bystander's view.

Perpetrator #2: A girl with long brown hair and bangs. She wore a black and white striped shirt and had a high, unmistakably false laugh.

Perpetrator #3: A skinny, buck-toothed man wearing a cowboy hat and carrying a pointy-edged briefcase. Likes to pump air with arm.

Panda, spam inconvenience Halifax

Shocking details revealed below

EDNA PILAF
Arts Violator

The Union of All Musicians Everywhere (UAME) announced to the world's larger pockets that all tours to the fair, yet far, city of Halifax would cease until further notice.

UAME's announcement arrived after many Halifax faces began to pout and ask objects (that were thoroughly incapable of answering) why the city has been utterly void of out-of-town musical acts for an indeterminable length of time — around three months.

Until at least some of these sentences were written, the real reasons behind UAME's final decision had never been known.

One reason (proclaimed to be "real," but it wasn't really) was the peripheral position of the city. The well-groomed voice of a UAME representative suggested the Maritime city either move 300 kilometres west or sprout oil wells.

These preposterous reasons were later pushed aside when this aggressive reporter did so. Apparently, the health and safety of travellers to-ing and fro-ing along the only road linking Halifax and Montreal over the past sextet of months has been dubious at best.

An impassable panda (not unlike the abominable snowman, though more ferocious) is presently terrorizing this windswept thoroughfare and, during car-less interims, attempting to plant bamboo.

The rare breed of panda is over 16 feet in height and any cuddlesome demeanour is absent from its features. It is rumoured to have no soul.

Owen Pallett of Final Fantasy reported the first spotting of the impassable panda late last year on his ill-advised journey to H-city. These reports, initially muzzled by the Halifax Police and other sources, are now coming to light. Scary, boldly printed words peppered Pallett's report — "impassable!" and "panda!" were definitely mentioned.

"Funnily, my near brush with the panda thing only helped me confront larger issues in my life," Pallett cried above the din when called on his cellie. "And, I have that big beast to thank for a performance universally acknowledged as great. Staring



If you like giant pandas and Spam — Halifax is the perfect destination. / Photo: Raphaël of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, "Heroes in a half shell — turtle power."

down two beedy ears encircled with black and white fur really puts things in perspective."

Of the Pallett entourage, only two people unworthy of newsprint were lost. This same entourage later bought plane tickets back to Toronto. Local musicians attempting the perilous drive out of Halifax were first alerted to stay in one spot by other musical sorts of persons.

Over the winter, this small but industrious group put on more shows than ever in an effort to divert attention away from the threatening panda that has blocked all out-of-town acts.

"I've basically been living at Gus' Pub and the One World Café," said the multiple members of Scribblers simultaneously. "I'm looking forward to this thing being shot or something so I can finally go home for a while."

The city is expected to find out about the Panda Problem (PP) later this week when the food shortage becomes painfully apparent. The mayor of Halifax says he has been planning ahead for this problem.

"I've always enjoyed collecting cans of Spam — it's really quite fascinating to watch the evolving design of the cans," the mayor said, relating the tumultuous history of Spam and the metal that it imprisons it.

"When I heard that Halifax would soon have no food I've decided to donate my hefty collection. I firmly believe this will stem questions as to why I've avoided dealing with the PP."

Spam rations will be given out at the upcoming *Museum Pieces* CD release on April 12 and the *Dog Day* CD release on April 20. Come early — you'll probably be hungry.

Roll up the rim cups make tasty delight

I'm making a swift, yet modest proposal to use those Tim Hortons coffee cups efficiently. I can't help but notice those lovely cups of caffeine and gambling all over campus and piling up.

The question is what do we do with all the used-up cardboard that seems to be filling garbages faster than last week's *Poop chute!*

Lightly sautéed and roast until brown.

The cups have a surprising amount of nutrition, and are perfect for the starving student.

Large and extra large cups can feed a student for one, or even two, meals.

For a zesty taste, chop cup into several pieces, grease pan and sprinkle in. Add barbecue sauce, diced vegetables and soy sauce. Sprinkle salt and pepper, and enjoy!

Around exam time, who has time to grocery shop? At the end of the year money seems to be dwindling and what's left goes toward your next caffeine fix. Now you can use that change for a midday snack or meal as well.



Students chow down on Tim Hortons' tasty cups. / Photo: AP

The cups are efficient and if I may say, very tasty. This supplement is a great way to feed those starving Dal students I see lurking around the Daw gfather in hopes of freebies.

So next time you are at Tim Hortons and are about to add another coffee cup to the toppling garbage, save the cup. And thank me next time you get peckish.

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Sex with Sister Nora Marie

007
Soul Saver

Any and all allegations that this is just another example of the encroachment of King's University on a Dalhousie publication are purely false. Just because we have a chapel doesn't mean anything... seriously.

Dear Sister Nora Marie:

I hooked up with this girl at the Dome last week. A buddy of mine just told me that he heard she has herpes. What can I do?

-John

John,

First off, you should be ashamed of yourself for hiding behind the name of one of the great apostles to mask your identity.

Second, you can do nothing. Herpes was created by Pope Sisinnius in 708 AD as a pre-emptive punishment for the break-up of Canadian supergroup Rush. It also serves as God's way of smiting you for such indecent transgressions of the flesh.

You think of that when you have to explain to your poor grandmother why you can't give her a kiss because you're having an "outbreak."

Yours in God,
SNM

Dear Sister Nora Marie:

I'm a first-year male living in residence. I am kind of feeling attracted to this other guy on my floor, and I think he likes me, too. How should I make the first move?

-Confused

The first move you can make, Confused, is to get yourself a stiff



God's policy is "you break it, you buy it." / Photo: Hugh Hefner

whip. When you've done that, you can give yourself 30 lashes on the back for thinking such impure and unholy thoughts.

Self flagellation is the only way to rid yourself of the demons that possess you. While you're at it, get your friend and whip him, too. The mortification of the flesh will save you both from the pits of hell.

Yours in God,
SNM

Dear Sister Nora Marie,
I just found out last week that I am pregnant. To make matters worse, I don't know who the father is! What should I do?

-Janie

Janie,

In times of need such as this, I always encourage young girls to pray to the Virgin Mary. She is well experienced in this area.

Practically, you must endeavour to find the boy who "fired the deadly shot" (God's policy is "you break it, you buy it") and get him to the altar in the House of our Saviour while there is still a chance that people will buy the "premature baby" explanation.

Don't worry if you don't love him/know him/like him. It matters very little whether or not you are happy in your marriage, so long as you are together in the eyes of God. That is what makes for a happy and well-rounded childhood.

-SNM



We all voted for this guy. Because we think he's sexy. / Photo: Stolen from the Internet

Going down to get back up

Selling yourself for grades

HOLLY G. LUCKY
Chief of Staff, Prime Minister
Stephen Harper

"You passed Spanish because you gave professor Montoya a lap dance."

There is no better way to prove to a person in authority that you mean business than to give them a little "something something."

Not only is this practice extremely popular among youth today, it also has been extremely successful throughout history.

How do you think people get where they are? Stephen Harper would never have been prime minister unless he had learned to give a couple rim jobs along the way. In fact, Stephen is quite good — he gets his nose right in there.

One of the prerequisites of this technique is being accomplished in one area of sexual pleasure. Stephen is good at rim jobs. Cleopatra was good in the missionary position and Juliet was good at dance-floor hand jobs. You need some special noticeable skill.

If you've got that, these steps to pleasing your professor will keep you getting "A" after "A." I was able to score a sweet "A+" in Underwater Basket Weaving 4006 after I learned all about office hours — more like office minutes.

There are five steps in the process. The first step is to catch the target's eye. Wear a low-cut shirt to show off your breasts. If you're a man, wear some tight pants to show off your package. If you're lacking either, empty your sock drawer before you leave home.

The second step is to impress the person from whom you seek to gain magical marks. You have to be a little bit smart to do this.

Start by writing them a note, assignment or creating a picture that you think will inspire them or make them realize you're more than a pretty face. Get help from your smart friends. I have a little trouble in this area, so I just dress extra provocatively to accumulate interest.

(Staying on track during this plan can be pretty hard, especially when

you're getting dirty looks for dressing like a whore. Take a couple days off if you need to, but not in front of your target — otherwise they will know your true intentions).

The third step is to stop by during every office hour they have. Go for the full hour. Prepare enough questions so that you aren't left speechless.

Usually four or five questions will do, but you may not need any, depending on how much the professor likes the sound of their voice.

The fourth step is to remember your subtleties. You can't be an overt slut: "Oh professor what a huge lovely man penis you have." But you can't also be a timid bible thumper: "I can't have sex until I'm married."

The final step is going for the gold. You have to work your way into your professor's drawers. You can't expect to get that "A" without a little hard work can you?

Take a page out of the book of high achievers and wrap your lips around something that can raise your grades.

Barf Baby Barf

LAURA VERSUS LAURA

SIDE A: SCREW ASHLEIGH
Laura Trethewey / Arts Editor

I told that girl not to mess with me anymore. Well, the death threats are in the mail. I'm told they'll arrive Friday (something about two to five business days if you're sending over a kilogram of printed material). But, just to assure you of my hatred until said threats are in your grimy little hands, this one's for you.

1. "Laughter (Victims)" — A Sunny Day in Glasgow
2. "Dump (Ashleigh's) Body in Rikki Lake" — Japanther
3. "Whatever Happened to (Ashleigh)?" — The Mendoza Line
4. "Satin in (Ashleigh's) Coffin" — Modest Mouse
5. "Dear Mr. (Ashleigh) There Are Over 1,000 Words for Shit and Only One for Music. Fuck You, Out Hud." — Out Hud
6. "The Life & Death of Mr. (Ashleigh)" — PJ Harvey
7. "Clinically Dead" — Chad VanGalen
8. "Upon this Tidal Wave of (Ashleigh's) Blood" — Clap Your Hands Say Yeah!
9. "(Ashleigh) Better Be Quiet Now" — Elliott Smith
10. "(Ashleigh) is Easy to Kill" — Beulah

SIDE B: DON'T BE SCARED OF ME
Laura Trethewey / Arts Editor

Ashleigh is too scared to respond so it's time to vanquish my foe once and for all.

1. "Planning Your Demise" — Laura and the Screaming Hearts Band
2. "Blunt or Sharp Objects?" — The OJ Simpson Sing-a-Long
3. "I'm not a Bad Person" — The Convincers
4. "Fooling the Cops" — Getting Off Easy
5. "Compassion for No One" — Jaded
6. "Crackdown" — Going to Jail
7. "Scared Out Of My Bejesuses" — Behind Bars
8. "Twenty Years Later" — The Ex-Cons
9. "I Still Hate Ashleigh" — Laura and the Screaming Hearts Band Reunited
10. "Life Without Ashleigh" — The Pretty Sweets

Barf Baby Barf

PAVEMENT VERSUS PIXIES

SIDE A: PAVEMENT
Jen Bond / HIPPY WHO DOESN'T SHAVE OR WAX

Pavement or Pixies? It's an age-old question. Well, not really, but it should be.

We won't mention names.
If you think it's a shout-out,
It probably is.

The extra pressure to not suck is killing us.

- J vs. S-Pavement — "Shady Lane"
Pavement — "Space Ghost Jam"
Pavement — "Cut Your Hair"
Pavement — "Spit on a Stranger"
Pavement — "Stereo"
Pavement — "Rattled by the Rush"
Pavement — "Shoot the Singer"
Pavement — "Greenlander"
Pavement — "Passat Dream"
Pavement — "Ann Don't Cry"

SIDE B: PIXIES
Saman Jafarian / "WHY DID TODD GET A BEARD, I DON'T LIKE HIS BEARD"

- Pixies — "Alec Eiffel"
Pixies — "Number 13 Baby"
Pixies — "U-Mass"
Pixies — "Head On"
Pixies — "Break My Body"
Pixies — "Cactus"
Pixies — "Dead"
Pixies — "Gigantic"
Pixies — "Holiday Song"
Pixies — "Mr. Grieves"

Reid needs a date, please call: 555-6969 for a mediocre time. Your date will consist of the drive thru of your choice (bring your own money and car).



Joey slept in my bed with no sheets and D.O'd all over the shit. Bastard. Sincerely, Reid Southwick. / Photo: Who gives a shit

Sports editor turns stripper

SETH ALDERWOOD
Bleu Nuit Viewer

Sports writing and radio will soon be a thing of the past for sexy sports guy Jose Aribba, who is leaving the sports scene to become an adult dancer.

"It was time for a change," says Aribba. "I want to show the world what I can really do. It's time to get down and move it all around 'cause I got the looks that drive the girls wild."

Aribba, known as "Wild Stallion" to some local ladies, had contracts lined up with the CBS, ESPN and *Sports Illustrated*. But he's decided to take his newfound talent to Boogie Buns Agency.

He performed on a freelance basis for Boogie Buns last year, and says it was "faaaanntastic." The mainly post-menopausal women in the audience loved stuffing bills into his Daffy Duck g-string.

Stripping for an older audience is a good way to start out, says Aribba.

"I'm new to the business," he says. "With an older crowd I can try out new and different moves and not be self-conscious. The 20 to 30 age group is a bit intimidating, they're so critical of every move and they really know their strippers."

Venturing into a new career is a bit of risk, but Aribba says he's up for the challenge.

"I'm a grinder," he says. "I just get in my groove and really go to town. You have to work hard to get to the top and I like being on top."

Aribba learned a lot of his moves from fellow entertainment officer Bob, who's best known for starting his performance with, "I'm officer Bob and you ladies are under arrest."

Bob and Aribba worked together at the Porn Star Hotline, a service that provides information on porn conventions.

"Jose likes to shake baby, shake baby one, two, three, four," says Bob. "He has a lot of natural talent and the women really dig his killer moves."

Bob says Aribba has a good shot at becoming the next stripping superstar.

"Look out ladies, this guy is coming," says Bob. "I've never seen anybody just get in there and give 'er. He has the dedication and work ethic. I won't be surprised if he cleans house at next year's stripper awards."

Aribba is a talented dancer, who performs to a variety of songs including "Billie Jean" by Michael Jackson, "Dance Hall Days" by Wang Chung and "The Look" by Roxette.

"It's all about letting the beat control your body," says Aribba. "'Dance Hall Days' is a nice start up song and 'Billie Jean' just helps me get into the zone. I like to go all out to 'The Look,' it really rocks my world."

Last month, Aribba performed the Halifax Hotel. Candy Carmello attended Aribba's show and said it was "hot."

"Some like it hot, and it was," says Carmello. "He had the audience aroused from the start. He looks familiar. I wonder if he was in *Bleu Nuit*?"

Molson takes over Dal athletics sponsorship

COLLEEN COSGROVE
Assistant Sports Editor

In a recent meeting with Molson, Dalhousie Athletics agreed to sign a new five-year multimillion-dollar contract with the mega-corporation.

The agreement comes into effect in September. It will, for the most part, override Dal's agreement with Adidas. Varsity and club athletes, as well as the store in the Dalplex, will all don Molson apparel.

Al Scott, head of the athletics department, says the move is in Dal's favour.

"We're a dominant school on the East Coast," says Scott. "It only makes sense that we have the best sponsors... and a beer one at that!"

Some returning athletes do not share Scott's excitement. Fourth-year volleyball player Maggie Morrison is concerned about the quality of these new garments.

"Is Molson making them [the shoes] or can we not just still wear our regular court shoes and maybe cover the three stripes of the Adidas logo," says Morrison. "If not, it just doesn't make sense to me — as if Molson can produce great sneakers with one year of experience."

When asked for comment, Molson spokesperson Fred Hyatt refused. But Hyatt's representatives at Molson did comment.

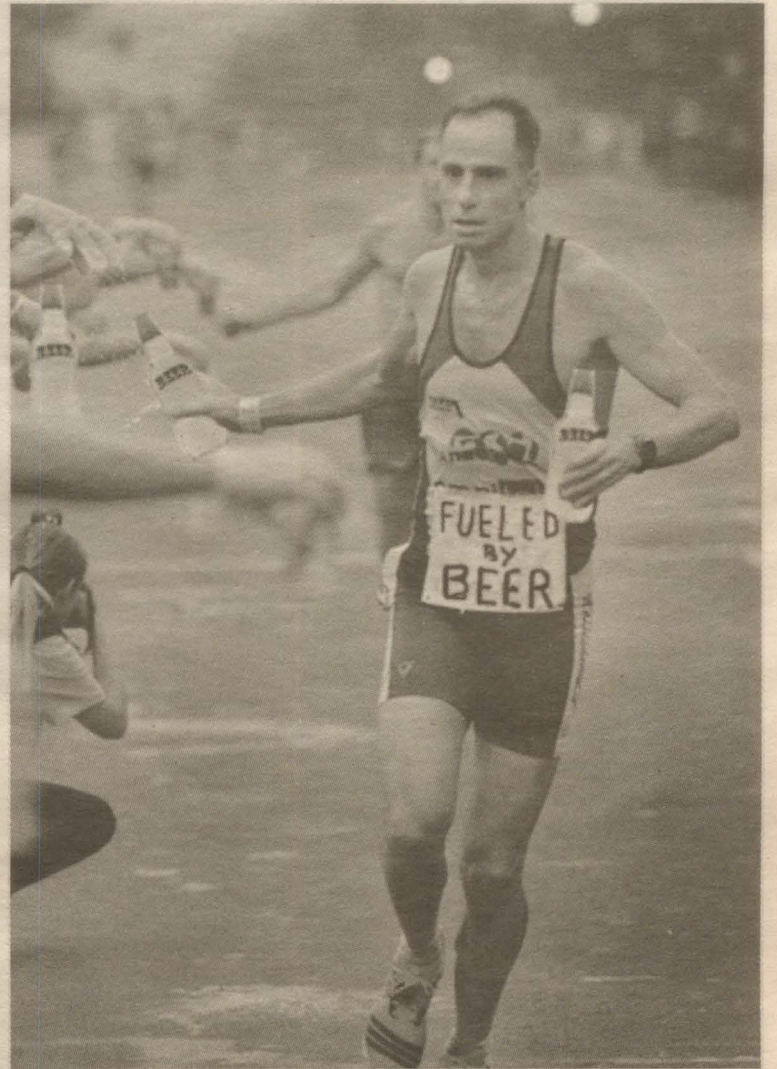
"We see Dalhousie moving into a new realm of university popularity with Molson in their back pocket. Maclean's university poll, here we come!"

Coaches at Dal are pleased with the new agreement, though like Morrison, swim team head coach David Fry has some questions of his own.

"I heard we're no longer distributing juice to the athletes after they compete," says Fry. "I am really hoping it's not beer. First off, I'm not a big fan of Molson products, and secondly, it's bad for my swimmers."

Scott says beer would not be given to the athletes unless, of course, they wanted it.

"Perhaps they'll want it as a post-match celebratory thing," says Scott. "It's up to the athlete for sure — the only thing that won't be is the label



BOOZE, SEX AND SPORTS SELL. / Photo: Dick Pierced

they're wearing while in the Dal jersey."

Dal is the second school in Canada to sign the Molson agreement. Memorial University in Newfoundland signed with Molson in 2006.

Memorial's student athletics representative Sylvia DeCarr says the agreement was great, but the school has been compelled to create an Alcoholics Anonymous (AA) chapter in one of the gym's unused changing rooms.

"The deal [with Molson] created a huge party atmosphere," says DeCarr. "The AA chapter was a natural

progression that I think would've come with or without the deal. Besides, the clothing and our step up in that Maclean's poll is all we really wanted from this."

Molson and Adidas are negotiating how to manage this decisive split in Dal's sponsorship. Scott says he hopes Molson retains a 98 per cent majority over other sponsors and that Adidas will still be present on some merchandise.

"Like water bottles and whistles," says Scott. "Matches can't go on without those two things, they're important!"

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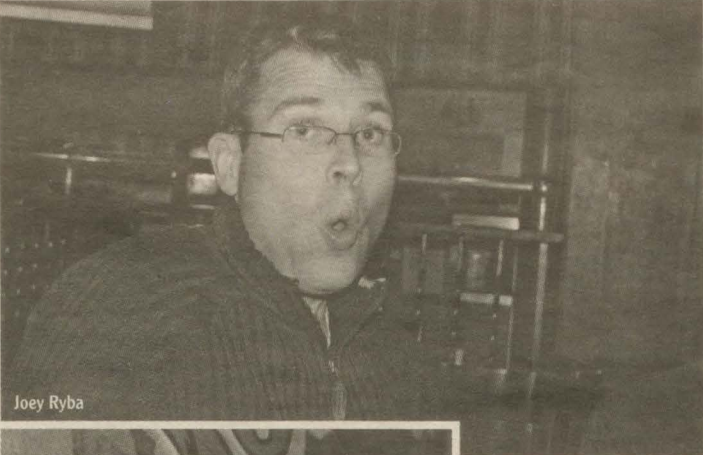
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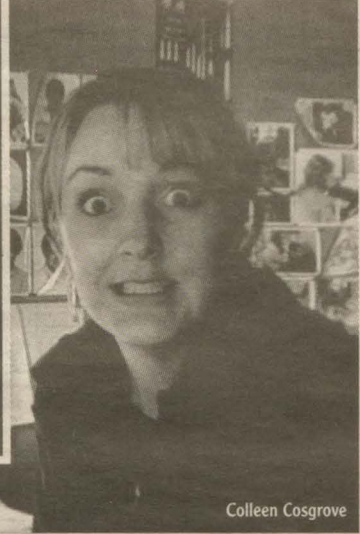
PRESENTING PARTNER
DAJANI

POOP CHUTE: STAFF

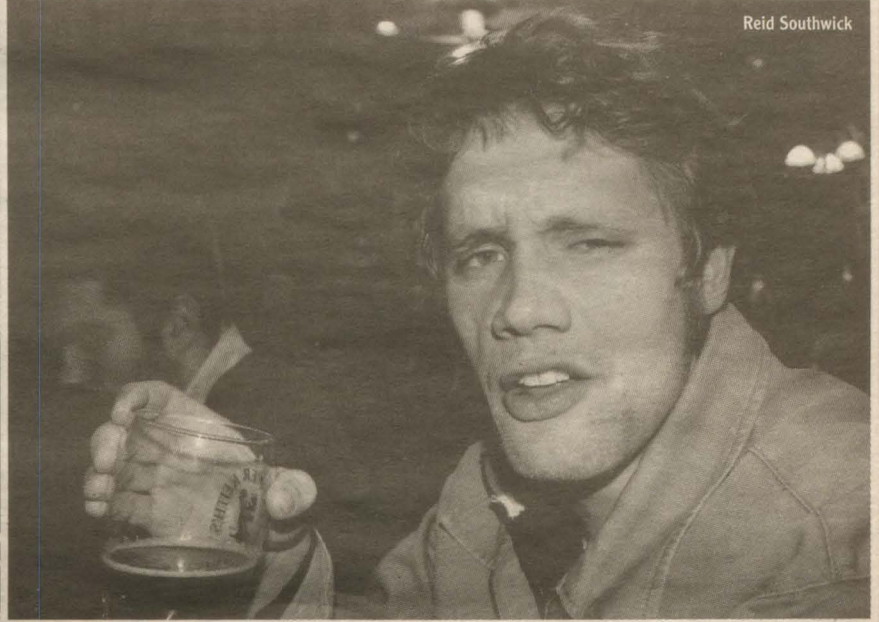
The one who never ever (ever!) manages to lay out things perfectly, despite claiming to be a perfectionist: Sue Maroun



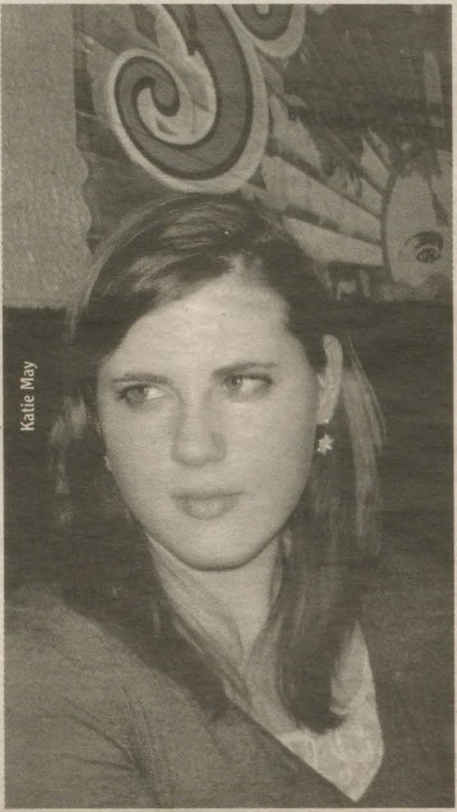
Joey Ryba



Colleen Cosgrove



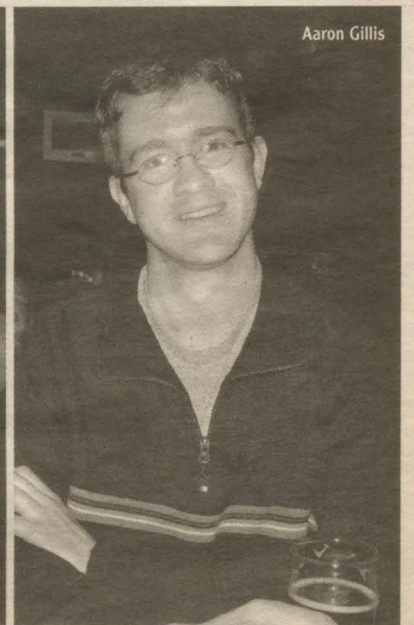
Reid Southwick



Katie May



Hugh Wallace & John Packman



Aaron Gillis



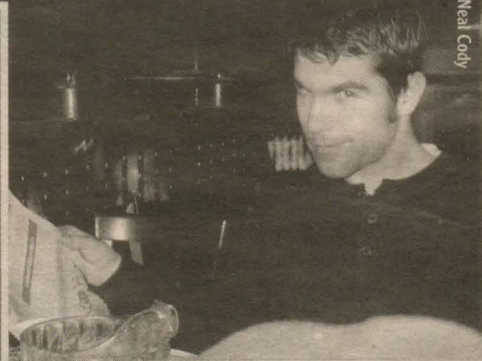
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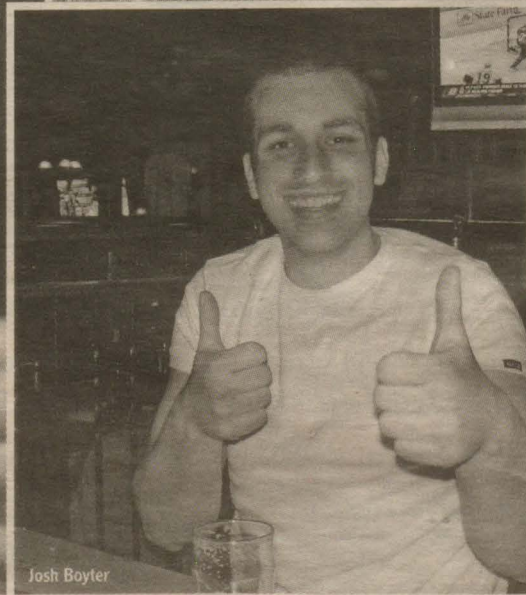
Matt Ernst & Sue Maroun



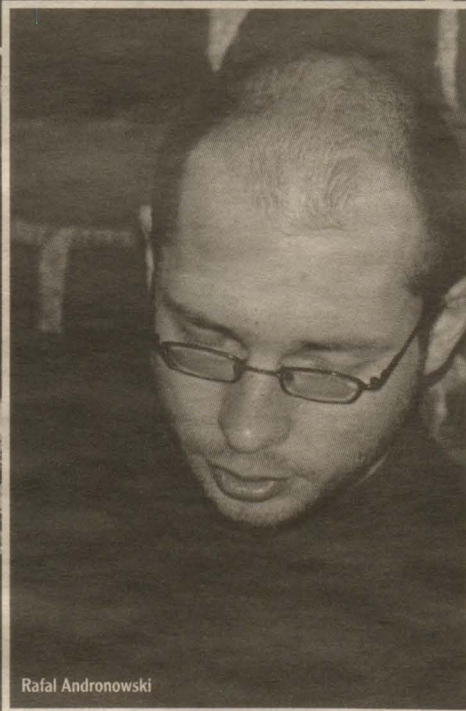
Jess McDiarmid



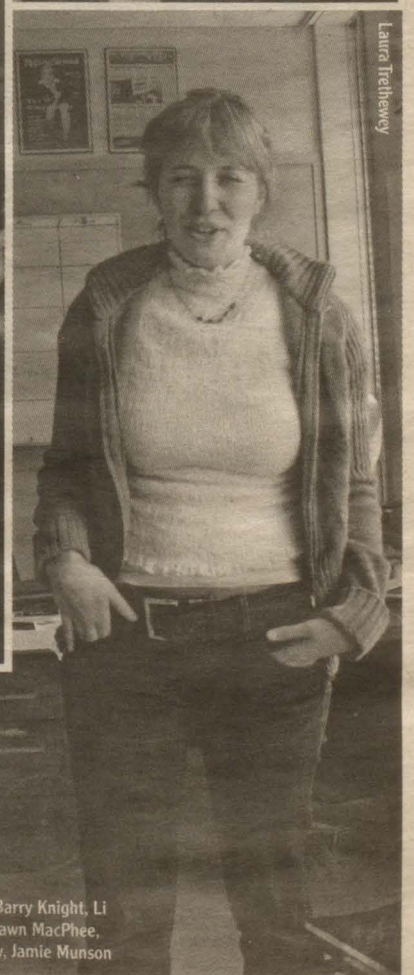
Neal Coody



Josh Boyler



Rafal Andronowski



Laura Trethewey

Missing: Ashleigh Gaul, Barry Knight, Li Dong, Saman Jafarian, Dawn MacPhee, Loukas Crowther, Aly Coy, Jamie Munson

Classifieds

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Brita Filter Slightly damaged in vodka experiment. Still good. Not

recommended for children. \$25 o.b.o. Carie Smith 415-8659

Overweight, tired, lacking energy, lonely? These are symptoms of someone who probably isn't going to get a date. For verbal abuse, call Tom at 344-5600

Fourty-two monkeys, six elephants, eight barrels of fish heads, a hot-air balloon, and a bucket full of Quaker instant oatmeal needed for an elaborate prank. Anyone who can supply above items, call Derek 454-1265.

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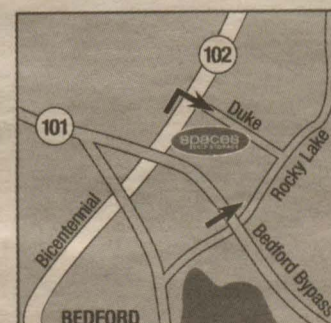
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