

FREE

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feces

PICTURES ARE EASIER TO READ THAN WORDS

HALIFAX'S TRASHIEST PEOPLE + PLACES



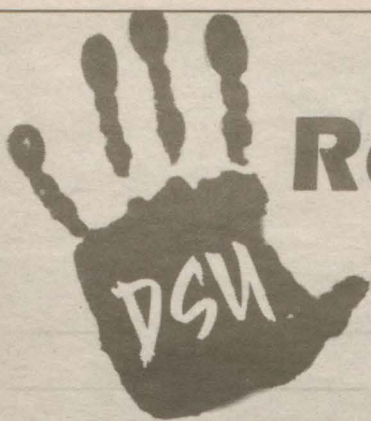
REAL NEWS IS FOR UGLY PEOPLE



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Revolutionary Communiqué

Greetings Dalhousians,

The Dalhousie Student Union needs strong leadership. A weak executive could never have handled important issues this year such as lobbying for the promised tuition freeze and reductions, running a well-attended orientation week, or, more importantly, installing a new Tim Hortons in the SUB.

Because of the weight of these great responsibilities, and for the good of the students of Dalhousie, I find that I have no choice but to declare that the results of the recent DSU elections are hereby annulled and that the current executive will remain in power for the foreseeable future.

Think of this not as a loss for democracy, but a win for efficiency.

By taking this necessary action, we will be following in the recent footsteps of great world leaders such as Vladimir Putin of Russia and Zimbabwe's Robert Mugabe, both of whom have put the needs of the people ahead of trifling concepts like liberty and self-rule.

I imagine most of you probably saw this coming. It's been pretty obvious that the Imagine events and constant student consultations this year on everything from the society policy to Grawood programming were really just a way to keep the uppity students busy while we consolidated power behind the scenes.

That's not to say you shouldn't all attend "Reeducation '08", the fall event that will replace Imagine next year. There will be free pizza.

Despite the invalidation of the election, several ideas from the campaign process will be instituted. For instance, one candidate railed against excessive bureaucracy in the union. As a response to his concerns, I hereby declare that the DSU council will be disbanded. The representative body of the union will now be a committee made up of my cats, Hobbes and Sage. Hobbes will chair the meetings.

John Hillman was another candidate with some good ideas, specifically that the DSU pursue its own nuclear program. He hit the atom on the head with that one. A thousand-fold increase in student union levy will allow us pursue such a program, starting immediately.

Thank you all for your compliance, and feel free to visit the SUB any time this week for your free DSU barcode tattoo.

Mike Tipping, Supreme Commandant
Dalhousie Student Union



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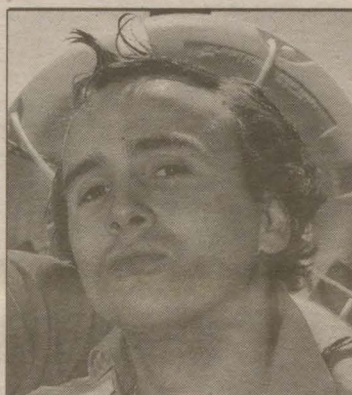
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COVER

Well it's finally here, the end of the Gazette 2007 / 08 year. And I for one can't wait to get the fuck out of this dark, smelly office. So when people find out I work for the Gazette, they always ask, "So what's that like?" Being as it's the end of the year and I don't have to work with these pompous fucks anymore, I feel I should take this opportunity to be honest. I have never had the pleasure of working with so many know-it-alls, and I mean KNOW IT ALLS. I have learned that Gazette staff members can and will argue about anything and everything, in fact as I write this there is an argument going on behind me. I've learned to block them out like a well-trained athlete. "John don't say that," shrieks Mary. Man, that Mary gets offended about everything, and Jamie never shuts up, and Katie... not even worth it! Arts ladies, did it really take you 26 weeks to figure out how to write a priority list... thank God you guys are cute. Ruth, start talking more - I have nothing to insult. Bosh Goyter, if I ever hear you say "perfect storm" again, I'll punch you in the throat and spit in your mouth. And lie, our E-I-C to be, fuck you, and re-hire me. I also want a raise.

Thanks Dalhousie, it's been a slice!
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THE FINE PRINT

All people in this issue of Feces are fictional and any resemblance to real people and events is coincidental.

In case you were unaware, this is a spoof issue. Which is to say all of the contents are made up and completely untrue.

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.

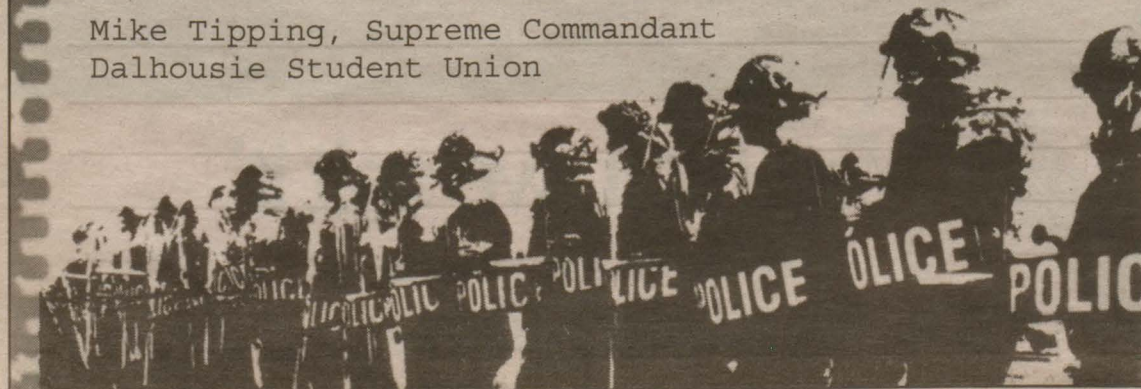
A "staff contributor" is a member of the paper defined as a person who has had three volunteer articles, or photographs of reasonable length, and/or substance published in three different issues within the current publishing year.

Views expressed in the Prof Talk feature, Overheard 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 James Munson in the Streeter feature are written, in good humour, by staff and do not necessarily represent the views of James Munson. 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.

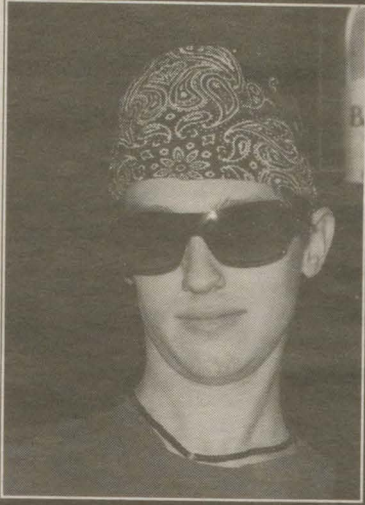
All students of Dalhousie University, as well as any interested parties on or off-campus, are invited to contribute to any section of the newspaper. Please contact the appropriate editor for submission guidelines, or drop by for our weekly volunteer meetings every Monday at 5:30 p.m. in room 312 of the 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 staff, Editorial Board, publisher, or Dalhousie University.

Do you want all of Halifax to read about everything you drank last weekend and everywhere you puked and how rad it was?

WRITE FOR THE GAZETTE.



Out and about in Haliwood



The Feces philosophy

Reading is hard. We know. So why do it? I mean, aren't pictures better?

I've never heard someone complain about having too many picture books to read. So why read at all?

Well that's our philosophy here at *Feces*. And if you could just look at pictures, what would you want to see? Well-composed, interesting photographs?

Of course not. We took a survey of over 10 people at several well-recognized clubs and found a startling majority of people want to see aesthetically over-emphasized young women.

And who are we to not give people what we want?

That's why we at *Feces* try to provide a publication that tries to accurately depict aesthetic interests, alcohol-induced values and attraction to simplicity, oriented specifically for the individual in the modern world of the 21st century.

Using cutting-edge, graphic-based content, we try to expand the current and progressing social networking that is constantly occurring.

We strive to help people get further depth in their understanding of the quality of locations, possible future patronage and their chances of getting laid there.

In working within the paradigm of social interactivity, we try to be responsive to the changes.

Our ultimate goal here at *Feces* is to be so integrated with the community and to reinforce people's self-imagery to the point where they're not only picking up *Feces* for the sheer aesthetic joy we strive to provide, but to see who they know within our interactive pages.

We hope to get to a point where people will excitedly exclaim, "Guess who got covered in *Feces*?"

"I love *Feces*. It's probs my fav mag."

"I love *Feces* so much I'm def going to vom."

And once we have this intermeshing with our profoundly connected audience, what kind of message would we convey?

Only the most important message possible in our interconnected community that is our socially integrated lifestyle: where to spend money.

And who's to be the judge of the best establishments? The people who pay us, of course.

In *Feces*, there is no distinction between our advertising and our content, no distinction between our bank accounts and our morals, no distinction between our spines and our wallets.

We hope you enjoy *Feces*' highly individualized, award-winning content, directly suited at you, and hope you will one day consider advertising in this esteemed publication and patronize its featured establishments.

Yours truly,
David Jurk



Merger announced between DSU and KSU

HATTIE HILKENSTEIN
UNDERCOVER KING'S STUDENT

The Dalhousie Student Union and the King's Students' Union have finally reached an end to the mudslinging: the two unions have merged to form a single union.

The deal for the new Awesome Student Union (ASU) was reached through a collaborative effort from would-be incoming DSU President Casey Linden and would-be incoming KSU President Karen Konnelly. Neither of the two was a clear winner in a series of seven arm-wrestling matches - to determine which union would overtake the other, so this was the only viable route to ensure proper student governance.

Both would-be incoming presidents are now out of a job - the ASU is set to be collectively run.

"I totally hoped something like this would happen. I wasn't supposed to tell you that!" laughs Linden. "Everyone was saying how I, like, wasn't ready for the job because I've only ever organized fundraisers at The Grawood. I've never even read the DSU constitution before!"

Konnelly wasn't quite so easygoing, but says she sensed something was up when, in the first of two rounds of KSU elections, "Re-Open Nominations" beat her out.

"I quit my job at CFS-NS (Canadian Federation of Students Nova Scotia), and then they kick me out? I didn't even have a say in this," says Konnelly. "This is disappointing. This is discriminating. This is unfair to me."

Outgoing DSU President Ike Mipping broke out in fits of giggles for a good 15 minutes when he heard the news.

"Well, you can't win 'em all," says Mipping. "This kind of makes us Russia."



Would-be incoming union presidents are now out of a job.

Former KSU President Daniel Jeremy, famous for his "No Dal" campaign and for setting up a King's bookstore so that King's students could avoid setting foot in the SUB, was slightly distressed when the merger was announced.

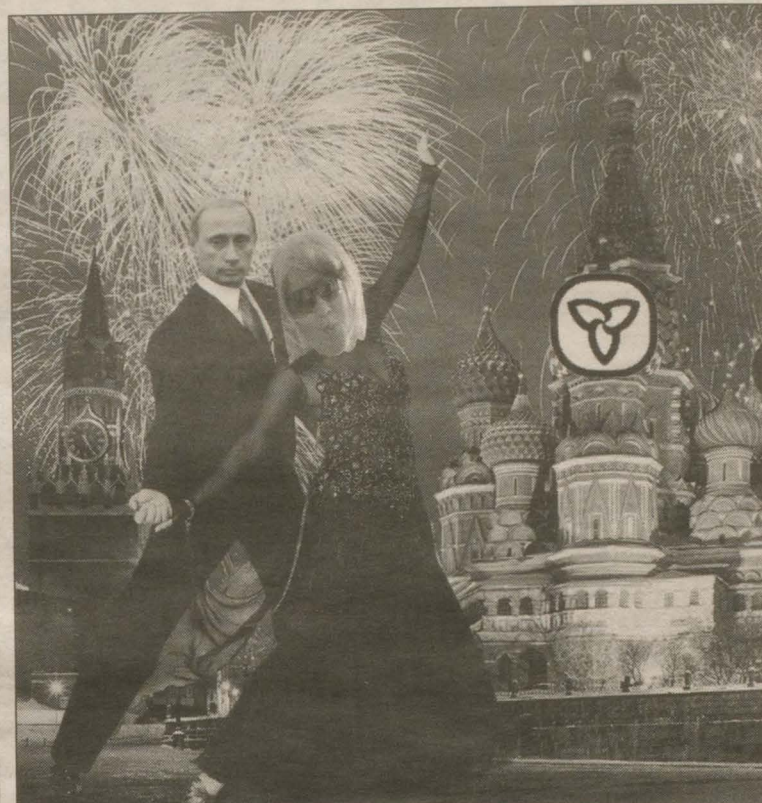
"All my efforts to make King's special have gone to waste," says Jeremy. "But at least the new communal structure still has the hippie spirit we strive for here at King's. I didn't mean Hegel's big 'S' Spirit, there. Philosophy jokes are for *The Watch*."

There will be no constitution for

the ASU, to ensure no preferential treatment for either student group. Executive members for societies will not be voted in. Instead, candidates will play along to *Jeopardy* games on television and the winner will take the position he or she is vying for.

One student, who wished not to say which student union she was part of originally, thinks this is a great idea for all students.

"What does it matter if we're Toronto kids or Toronto kids pretending not to be from Toronto? It's all the same, really."



The construction of an Ontario Embassy on campus would house a Split Crow and Lululemon store.

Dal proposes Ontario Embassy on campus

DICK GHEYTAR
STAFF DAL STUDENT

Dalhousie students will go to the polls next week to vote on the construction of an Ontario Embassy on campus.

The referendum, which the university has conveniently organized to occur in late spring when most Ontario students will flee to their out-of-province homes, is expected to result in a landslide 'yes.' The embassy would see the construction of a 100,000-square-foot gated enclosure, right where the Dawgfather now sells his delicious, blessed, barbecued treats.

The Dal Ontarians Organization for Student Haligonians (DOOSH) has been lobbying for years to get a space dedicated solely to the needs of Ontario students.

There are plans for the building to house its very own Split Crow, where it will be happy hour every hour. There are also plans to include a Lululemon store, an Uggs boutique and a Fancy Big Sunglass Hut.

"We really feel strongly that Ontario students need a place exclu-

sively for themselves where they can interact with other Ontario students, and not have to worry about the local riff-raff touching them," says DOOSH President Aly Coy.

The province and the university have decided to go back on their promise to increase funding to N.S. students' bursaries and instead will be using the money to fund the construction of the new Ontario Embassy, which will cost roughly \$12 million.

The decision to relocate the funding formerly earmarked for N.S. students in order to build what the university's marketing department is calling "Halifax's largest multicultural haven for wealthy youth" makes sense in the long run, says Dal President Tim Travis.

"In an ideal world, we would give away money to all students. But realistically we have to do what is most financially viable - students from Ontario," says Traves. "Let's face it - Nova Scotia is a dying province. We have to cut our losses and focus on pulling in more and more attractive Ontarian immigrants. That's what the embassy will achieve."

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T.O. girls in a not-so T.O. world

An investigative look into Dal's 'so-obvious-you-almost-forget' T.O. culture

ALY COY

SPECIAL TO THE GAZETTE FROM DAL-ON EMBASSY

Uggs, Lululemons, oversized sunglasses and a TNA bag. The stereotypical Toronto girl. Rude, arrogant, trust-fund baby. Are these stereotypes justified? If not, why hasn't there been a bigger outcry from the big city folk?

C. Razi McSkiver, Haligonian and bartender at The Split Crow, has had a positive experience with girls from Toronto.

"They're nice people," says McSkiver. "Well-educated. Most of them seem to be up with all the fashions and music and things like that."

Trendy clothing is a major sign of a Toronto girl, McSkiver says.

"Appearance - very well-dressed. If not well-dressed, then their fashion sense is very up-to-date and usually ahead of the Maritimes," says McSkiver. "Just from that you can tell they are from a bigger city, a metropolitan area."

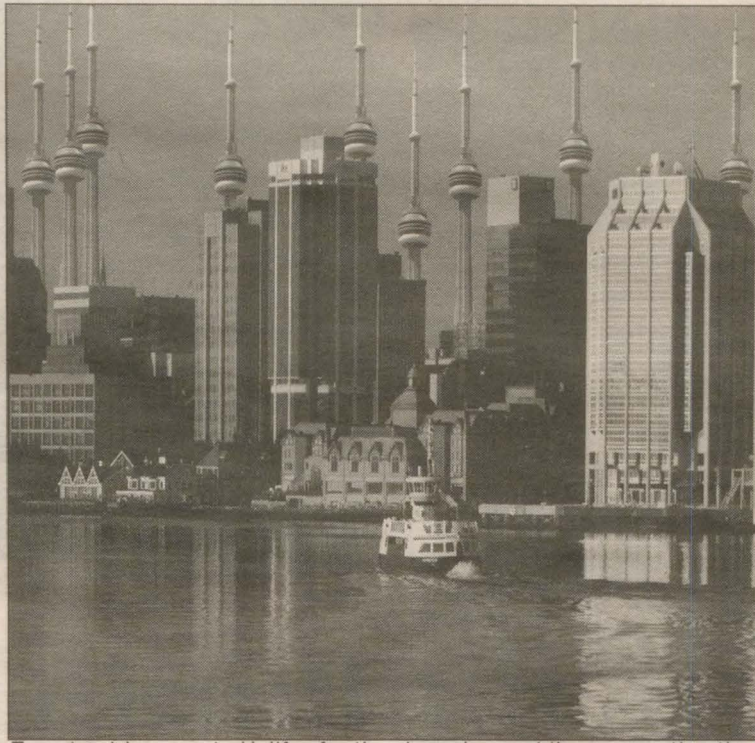
Being ahead of the times for fashion usually wouldn't have negative connotations, but the clothing is just another sign of the oft-dissed stereotype.

Girls from Toronto have an "enthusiasm for a certain clothing store," says Guy Prentisse, a fourth-year political science major from Ottawa who's been to Toronto a few times. "Not any [store] in particular, but waves and styles that come in through the mail - it's the biggest bandwagon in the world."

Queenie Young, a Torontonian and fourth-year sociology major at Dal, says she wears Uggs and yoga pants purely because they're comfortable. Young is wearing black leggings, a polo shirt, Uggs, and two Tiffany's bracelets and a Tiffany necklace.

"For the most part, [Torontonians] wear that type of thing (Uggs and yoga pants) for comfort more than anything else," Young says. "It's just fortunate that it's in style."

People don't often think about how comfortable the clothing is when it comes to snow boots and loose-fitted pants. The cushy Uggs and stretchy Lululemon yoga pants are ideal ways to spot someone from Toronto.



Toronto girls come to Halifax for the cheap beer, while representing the biggest bandwagon in the world.

Prentisse says the Toronto category has a lot of negative attributes. He thinks the stereotyped image of the regular Toronto girl is a "ditzzy girl who doesn't think hard, who's just floating around and gets hammered, has sex with random people, spends money and doesn't know where it comes from, doesn't think hard about life (and) isn't naturally curious about life around her. That is the image."

Victor Kanda, a third-year University of Toronto student visiting Halifax from his native Toronto, doesn't believe Haligonians have seen a realistic depiction of his city from the students who go here.

"It's not a fair representation of Toronto. No one at Dal is from downtown - it's just people from Forest Hill and North York. JAPs wearing Berks and camp socks."

Prentisse agrees that the majority of Torontonians are from affluent backgrounds, such as Forest Hill and North York.

"Most Toronto girls here I find are obviously from wealthy families,"

says Prentisse.

Dal is one of the most expensive schools in the country, so it's not surprising that an affluent part of the population attend the university.

"Our economy's growing," says bartender McSkiver. "All of our universities are catering to the Ontarian crowd, with programs and a certain curriculum."

The influx of Ontario students could be attributed to a lot of things. It could be the double cohort back in 2004 that forced Ontarians out of the province, or it could just be word of mouth about a quaint school by the sea that everyone has fallen in love with.

McSkiver says it's "our history and tradition" that brings people to Halifax. "It's the people who come here and live here. (Halifax has an) outgoing-personality type of culture - everyone's friendly."

Young offers a different reason why people come here from Toronto.

"Cheap beer. Cheap drinks in general," she says. "A lot of people

try to get away from [Toronto] to go and experience something new, but it's not anything new. It's Toronto removed."

Perhaps that's why Haligonians resent Toronto émigrés. Torontonians believe Halifax is a smaller version of their native city.

"It's as if a lot of [Torontonians] need that security blanket. It's as if they need that Booster Juice, it's as if they need that American Apparel," says Prentisse. "And if there isn't one, it's not quite living, it's not quite living in Canada, and I just don't see it."

Both Booster Juice and American Apparel have proven successful in Halifax in recent years, but it's hard to say whether their popularity is due to Torontonian customers.

Torontonians are not all "nice people" as McSkiver says.

"A lot of Toronto people diss up Nova Scotians," says Prentisse, neither a Torontonian nor a Haligonian. "As if they're just like backwater, Maritime, provincial morons. Really lower than them."

Young doesn't have anything particularly bad to say about Haligonians, but she also hasn't gone out of her way to get to know them.

"I don't know if I know anyone from Halifax," Young says and then pauses to think. "Maybe that Mary-Ellen girl."

Torontonian Kanda also has something to say about his hometown's feelings toward Halifax.

"Some arrogant Toronto kids say, 'Halifax sucks,' and then they leave for the summer," says Kanda. "Some of us are assholes and it's intensified here (in Halifax) because people are so nice."

The nice behaviour has rubbed off on some Torontonians, including Young - but only while she's in the city.

"Halifax is O.K. It's really small, and really different than Toronto. I find I'm a lot nicer (in Halifax) when I'm walking down the street," says Young. "In Toronto I'm more of a bitch."

Some Torontonians feel hesitant to even say they are from the big city for fear of being judged. Kanda, sporting a Maple Leafs jersey from the previous night's game, laughs when it is pointed out.

"Yeah I've been getting a lot of shit for this."

Young, on the other hand, is proud of her heritage, and even flaunts it at times.

"I always want people to know (I'm from Toronto). Especially when I know they're not from Toronto. I don't know why."

Her answer could be a hint as to why Torontonians are stereotyped. Young is aware of the stereotypes, but says she's "not offended by it."

Prentisse notices that a lot of Toronto girls come from the "same private schools, same environments, that solidify and congeal their notions of what people are made of. And they can't go out and appreciate diverse and wonderfully interesting, completely different people from who they are."

Young might be an example of a girl from Toronto who is not extending beyond her niche.

"I haven't had that much experience with [Haligonians] other than store people," says Young. "Because everyone's from Toronto, basically. For the most part [Haligonians] are pretty nice people, I guess. You could say that about anybody, though."

Prentisse thinks Torontonians get a bad reputation because they haven't opened their eyes to what Halifax has to offer; they just expect a mini-Toronto.

"They don't feel the need to know a lot about cultural self-sufficiency of the rest of the country, or identities that don't tie back or relate to the rest of Canada," Prentisse says. "They're not aware of it. I'm generalizing quite a bit here."

Perhaps it's the clothing. Perhaps it's the overwhelming presence. Regardless, Toronto girls are being judged for their actions and appearance. The irony is that it doesn't bother them. Most are proud to be from Toronto, and those who want to escape the stereotype are forced to avoid wearing distinctly Toronto-style fashions.

"I don't know why, I just feel really proud of being from Toronto," says Young. "It sounds really superficial and shallow, but I just think Toronto is better than everywhere else."

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- "Can you believe it?! That thing is made of hay! HAY! AUUGH! I LOVE LIFE!"

- "There's a ladder next to the thing of hay, but the lady didn't let me climb it or anything. I fucking [love] the big thing of hay!"

Tuition to rise exponentially

Traves sees his shadow

JANE BUTTERFINGER
STAFF WASTEBASKET

Apr. 2 marked the one day of the year that Dalhousie President Tom Traves leaves his office and ventures outside of the Henry Hicks Building.

This year, Traves saw his shadow. According to the Dalhousie University Constitution, this means tuition will rise. If Traves didn't see his shadow, there would be six more weeks of winter and only ancillary fees would increase.

Last year was peculiar as Traves left his office more than the one scheduled day a year. The break from tradition resulted in strange weather patterns, plans to build a new campus and Traves' appearance in an online video.

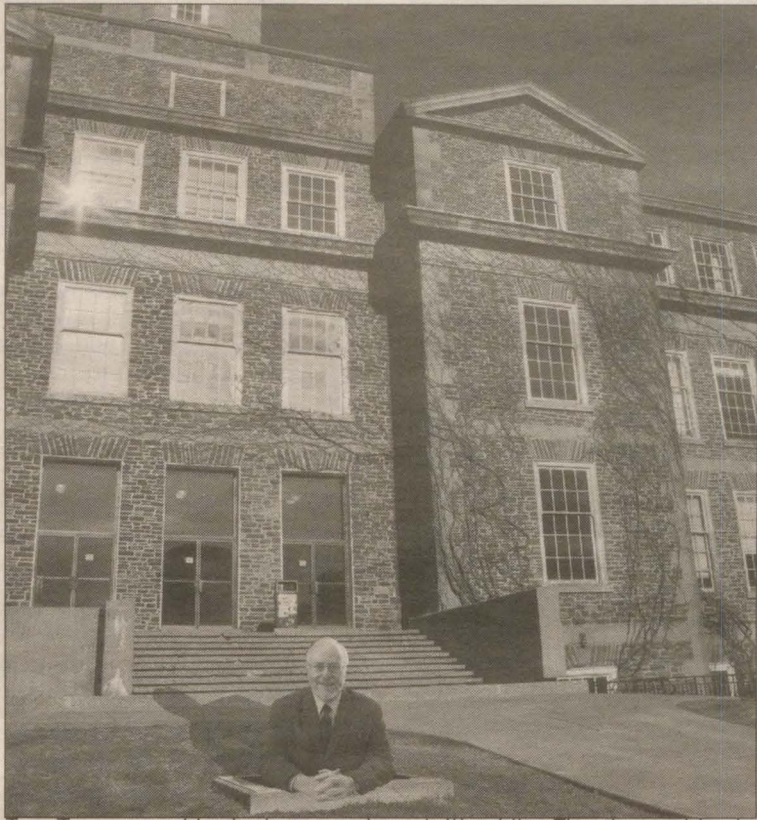
This year, the Alliance of Nova Scotia Student Associations (ANSSA) planned to lower tuition fees by trying to keep Traves in his office. They piled money in front of his door as a ploy to keep him inside.

But Traves managed to get outside through a series of underground tunnels built during the 1920s, when Dal served as a front for a major bootlegging operation.

This coming fall, tuition will go up 10 per cent for Canadian students.

International students will see their tuition rise 20 per cent. They will also be asked to answer a series of skill-testing questions and must do battle with the mighty Thor to stay at Dal.

In addition to their annual



Tom Traves sees his shadow, spurring a tuition hike. Then he went back into hiding.

'Traves' shadow sighting' betting pool, a couple of students belonging to Dal's five-member Students Who Care About These Types Of Things (SWCATTOT) society, are now accepting bets on which foreigners have a shot in hell at beating Thor.

"Kenyans, definitely," says SWCATTOT President/Secretary/Treasurer and political science/theatre student Glenn Gecko. "That's who I'm betting on. The problem will be for the administration to find enough rich Kenyans."



Premier Rodney MacDonald: bullied by "insolent little wannabe street kids."

Premier tortured, taunted at Dal

APRIL PURO
STAFF TAMBOURINE

Nova Scotia Premier Rodney MacDonald has vowed to never again set foot on Dalhousie's campus after he "narrowly escaped lasting psychological trauma" during his last visit to the university.

The premier claims that in the middle of last week's government-sponsored public discussion, entitled, "The Halifax Harbour Is Not Up Shit Creek: We Promise," he was interrupted and verbally bullied by a wild pack of Dal student activists, who later chased him down, tied him to a chair in the Arts Centre basement, demanded he surrender his fiddle, and made him watch as they plucked the strings out one by one.

"Never in my life have I been the victim of this variety of heartless cruelty," he said, after university security staff found him minutes later, weeping into the pile of his own vomit.

"Those insolent little wannabe street kids think they know all about poverty, but they have no idea of the sentimental value of that fiddle," said MacDonald. "How am I supposed to entertain Letterman now?"

A few terrified Dal-King's Conservatives said the kidnapping and binding altercation stemmed from MacDonald's outright refusal to respond to a student during the question-and-answer session. According to the student Conservatives, who, quivering, opted to call their lawyers

before fielding further media requests, the question directed to the premier was, "You hate homeless people and you suck!"

When *The Gazette* tried to obtain more details about the incident, a nameless Dal security representative shook his head vehemently, saying only, "No comment. Ever. Do you think I'm getting paid to be transparent?"

Members of the Hopeless Child-like Citizens Against Political Practicality (HCCAPP), a non-profitable local interest group, said they knew the premier wouldn't listen to their trademark radical socialist musical chants, so they decided to prevent him from making any music of his own.

HCCAPP Executive Director Jimmy Long-Johns says MacDonald's boycott of Dal proves that the group has finally made some long-awaited headway.

"Our ukuleles, tambourines and strong, zealous voices have been the most effective methods to spur social change so far, but now we've seen that aggravated assault also works well," Long-Johns says. "As young people, we represent the future of this province, and if this successful protest teaches us anything, it's that our premier's going to be tied down a lot more in the future."

The premier's office has issued arrest warrants to Halifax Regional Police for all HCCAPP members and is lobbying the federal government to bring back the death penalty.

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Pigeons to the rescue

Birds are Dal Security's secret weapon

IVAN AVISELL
STAFF TAXIDERMIST

Dalhousie students can sleep a little easier now, as the university has just implemented a new emergency messenger pigeon system.

Last month, Dal purchased 15,000 post-Second World War trained carrier pigeons from a breeder in Meat Cove, N.S. Dal spokesperson Chuck Shnosby says they got a real steal of a deal, paying a whopping \$45,000 for the birds.

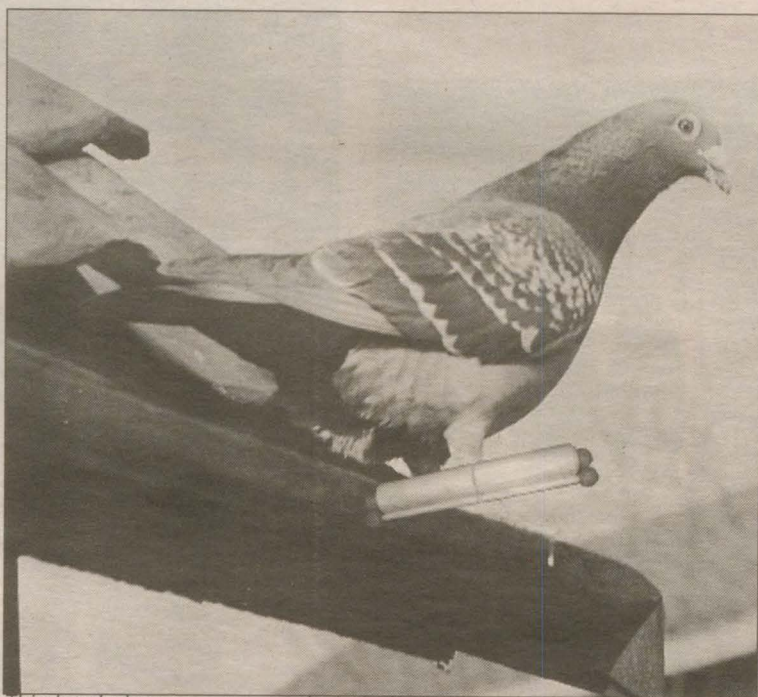
The system works through a series of whistleblowing (literally) and manual labour.

Students will be given large, rusty, metal whistles to blow if they find themselves in danger.

Upon hearing the whistle, the pigeon keeper, always at his post, will then release an eager messenger pigeon.

The pigeon then follows the sound of the whistle to find the endangered student. The subject must then capture and attach a note to the pigeon, which then brings the message back to the pigeon keeper, who will alert the authorities.

The pigeons, which are incredibly filthy and disease-ridden, are currently being housed in the Biology Department's former green-



This local pigeon may soon alert students to campus emergencies.

house.

When head of the Biology Department Bill Nye asked what would happen to the numerous graduate and honours projects the green-

house previously housed, he was told "T.S." by the administration.

Dal Health Services predicts that the new emergency system will cause a rise in tetanus and rabies shots.



Dalhousie President Tom Traves's toothpick campus houses a scratch-and-sniff art gallery and a hedgehog breeding zoo.

The Gazette discovers 'Traves Land'

STEVE MCGARTHSKI
MUCKRAKER EXTRAORDINAIRE

After gaining access to the university president's office last weekend, *The Gazette* discovered a giant toothpick model of the Dalhousie campus.

The miniature campus, complete with a lit-up sign reading "Traves Land," includes more student spaces, a rollercoaster, an astro-petting zoo, laser shows, nuclear storage plants and a roller disco with President Tom Traves's face in the centre of the rink.

The toothpick campus takes up nearly of all Traves' desk space and half of the floor.

When asked about the toothpick campus, Traves said it was just a hobby.

"I started it before the referendum last year. It was just a little model - a few buildings here and there," said Traves. "But I just started getting more and more ideas."

"I thought, just think of what students could do with a biodome, a scratch-and-sniff art gallery and a hedgehog breeding zoo. So I put them in."

Traves said he's confident that the university would be able to attract students to "Traves Land."

"I haven't spoken directly with

any actual students, but this is something that could benefit future students for years to come," he says. "Right now it's just a dream of mine, but if I can share the dream, it could be a great legacy for the university."

Dal spokesperson Charles Crosby said the administration does not plan to implement the plans outlined with the toothpick campus, and that it is merely the result of Traves' active imagination and his exposure to the toxic glue used to build the model.

"The university has no plans to build any of these buildings. I mean, the panda ranch is the only thing I can see on the horizon, but we'll need the government to back us up before we can go ahead with it," said Crosby.

But engineering student Wet Scotton says there isn't enough consideration for engineers in Traves' toothpick model.

"These plans are clearly unfair to engineers," says Scotton. "All we got was the bazooka skeet shooting range and the revolving restaurant. These plans clearly show a lack of enough consultation with Sexton."

After a meeting with some riled-up, beer bottle-toting Sexton students, Traves agreed to add a space portal and magic forest to the mini-Sexton campus.

Students to bunk on Citadel Hill

DAVID DAVIDSON
B-SQUAD LEADER

Dalhousie's new slogan, "Learn Fucking Everything," seems to have worked, as first-years are flocking to the university at unprecedented rates. So much so that every residence has been filled up and Dal Housing Services has decided to bunk students on Citadel Hill.

Waldo Jeffers, a first-year student from Peterborough, Ont., says while he was looking forward to the traditional residence experience, he doesn't think he'll mind living on the hill.

"I mean, it's close to The Palace and it's got a nice view," says Jeffers. "It's kind of far from campus but that's the only problem, right?"

While some students will be housed in the Citadel, others will sleep in bunkhouses around the edge of the fort. The bunkhouses are merely temporary and Dal hopes to build future residences in the nearby Halifax Commons.

Charity Condamslowski, head of the Housing Department, says the new residences will integrate students more effectively into the community.

"A lot of the traditional residences are really isolated from the larger



New Citadel Hill residences are the way to build a "stronger" Dalhousie.

community and I hope these new residences will help students get in fights, get high and sleep with people other than their classmates," says Condamslowski. "This is the way to build a stronger Dalhousie."

The university will be taking applications for residence assistants in the new Citadel residences in the coming months and aims to have construction completed by the end of the summer.

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Do you use semi-colons with careless pomp and don't think I notice that some of them should be commas?

WRITE FOR THE GAZETTE.

Rick Mercer to visit Dal again

JACK PACKSTEIN
STAFF JERKOFF

Rick Mercer will visit Dalhousie next week after students burned more than \$17,000 worth of mosquito nets.

After his previous net fundraising campaign became too cliché, Mercer held the mosquito-net destruction contest as part of a cross-Canada campaign to raise awareness about Canadian culture and to keep Africa down.

"They've got everything over there – elephants, giraffes, tribal dance parties," said Mercer. "Every other damn nature documentary is shot there. It's time people started paying attention to Canada."

Veronica Bones spearheaded the project by breaking into the Quinpool Road Canadian Tire and setting fire to the entire sporting goods section. The store's mosquito nets were destroyed along with 20 canoes, the sleeping bag aisle and the small toy section.

"We just wanted to do whatever we could to help Rick Mercer," says Bones, now in custody for alleged first-degree burning. "I'm not sure what Africa is, but I'm sure Canada is way cooler."

Bones will have to watch *The Mercer Report* from her holding cell, unless she can get Mercer's manager to stop eating chocolate vagina pops long enough to pay her bail.

Keith Conservative says the incident was a long time coming.



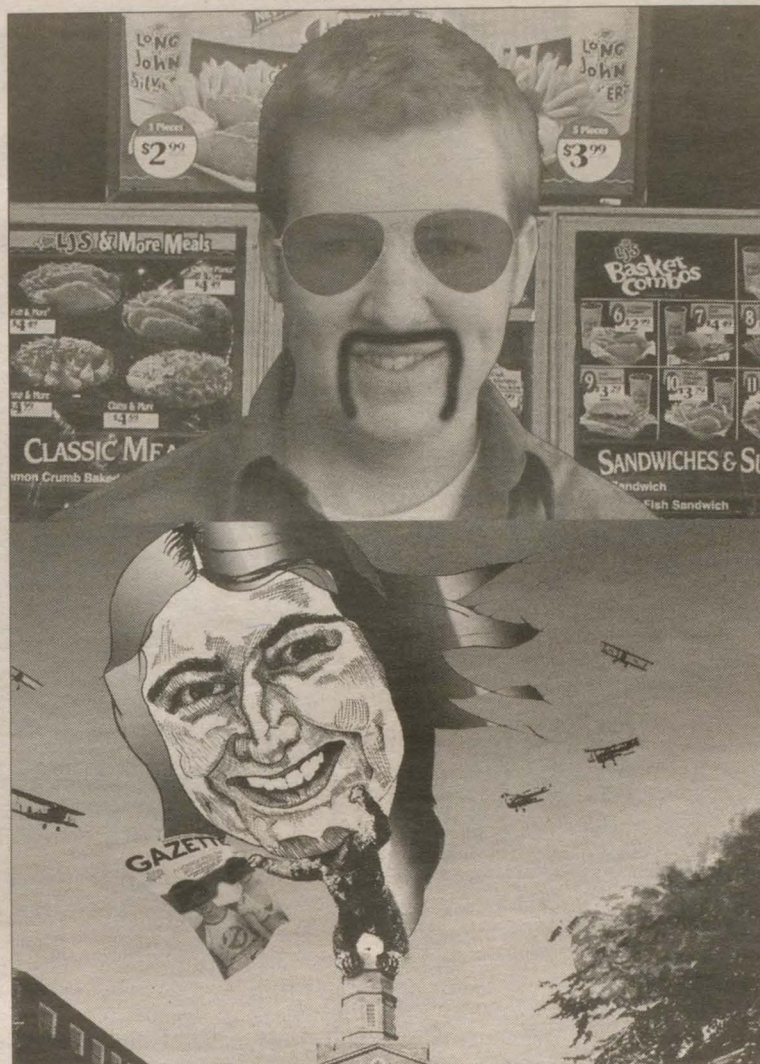
Veronica Bones will be stuck in her holding cell until Rick Mercer pays her bail.

"Victoria really got into Canadian politics a few years ago... like really into it," says Conservative. "She would stare at CPAC (the Cable Public Affairs Channel), on the TV for hours, and whenever I'd pull her away from it, she'd get really irritable and scream at me. She's not the same Victoria I used to know."

"When Rick Mercer offered to visit the school, she just needed to

see him. She even built a seven-foot-tall cardboard effigy of him that she dressed in a suit she stole from Peter Mansbridge to get herself pumped up before the burn," says Conservative.

As part of his visit, Mercer will be hesitantly hugging over-excited info-desk workers and signing copies of his book, *Working at the CBC: Why I hate my life*, in the Killam Library atrium.



Outgoing DSU President Mike Tipping plans to take over the world, one child at a time.

Life after the DSU

Outgoing execs chat about their totally bitchin' futures

GEORGE STROMBOLOPENIS
HUMAN DISINTEREST REPORTER

Now that the school year is coming to a close, Dalhousie students must say goodbye to most of the representatives they elected to serve them this year.

Three of the four elected Dal Student Union executives will be leaving their posts and moving on as of May 16, 2008. All students will undoubtedly be sad to see them go. Fortunately, there is life after the DSU. *The Gazette* recently caught up with the outgoing president, vice-president (internal) and vice-president (education) to find out their plans for next year so students can follow along with their adventures.

MIKE TIPPING

Q: So, you've spent two years on the DSU executive. How do you feel about leaving?

A: Gleeful as fuck. I'm graduating and moving back to Maine. Now you won't be able to kick me around anymore.

Q: What are your summer plans?
A: I plan to take over the world, one child at a time.

Q: Uh. How?
A: It's really simple, actually. I'm just going to instill the common belief sssssh so that future generations ssshshhshhshshshs and legions of tiny followers shshshshs add more puppies.

Q: Pardon? I didn't get that.
A: Oh, was I doing that reptilian whisper thing? Sorry. That happens sometimes when I get excited.

Q: O.K., so what will you miss the most about being DSU president?
A: Gareth Stackhouse.

Q: Anything else?
A: No.

Q: Thank you Mr. Tipping.
A: Fuck you George.

Q: So, Ms. Hanlon, you've completed your run as DSU vice-president (internal). What will you be doing next year?

A: They make good ninjas.

Q: Can you see what's in my hand?

A: Fuck you George.

Q: What's your view of hamsters?

A: They make good ninjas.

Q: Can you see what's in my hand?

A: Fuck you George.

A: Next year I plan to work at a bean factory in Puerto Rico alongside my soon-to-be husband.

Q: What made you decide to get married?

A: Well, after working at the DSU for one year, I now know what painfully long, sometimes insufferable commitments are all about and I feel like I can incorporate the skills I've learned here into my personal life.

Q: Fantastic. How did the society policy review kerfuffle go this year?

A: How many motherfucking times do I have to tell you? It's over and I don't even give a cock. I mean, students don't care anymore. I'm not sure they ever did.

Q: Interesting. You're in a forest surrounded by trees when a bear approaches. Do you play dead or try to fight it?

A: I would build a giant ball, hop inside and roll away, much like a hamster would if hamsters ever found themselves in those types of situations.

Q: What's in your closet?

A: Gregory Debogorski.

Q: Thanks Ms. Hanlon.

A: Fuck you George.

TARA GAULT

Q: So, Ms. Gault, you're done with the vice-president (education) portfolio and you're done with your education. What are your plans for after graduation?

A: I'm not graduating this year.

Q: Oh. What are your plans then?

A: I'm going to stick around and teach Dal students how to connect with their inner dreams of a sustainable campus.

Q: Where do you see yourself in five years?

A: Asking you that question when you come to me, groveling for a job at my ninja training centre.

Q: What's your view of hamsters?


A: They make good ninjas.

Q: Can you see what's in my hand?

A: Fuck you George.

Top 10 headlines of the year

- 1) Dome over – teen pregnancy drops by half
- 2) Lesbian loophole – sexual harassment on the rise with no sex on the table
- 3) Warning: Snow on Citadel Hill causes frost on lower regions
- 4) Stacks contaminated after *The Gazette's* sex issue, closed for cleaning
- 5) Facebook stalkers revealed – new application sends creepers into hysterics
- 6) Man caught peeing into harbour – government re-evaluates 16th-century sewage system
- 7) Uggs killer relocates: man targeting Ugg-wearers has moved to central Canada
- 8) Source bouncer sued – who doesn't hate those guys?
- 9) *Daily News* goes down – Halifax prefers paper aimed at non-existent underground transit riders
- 10) Ontario kids banned – Dal's new plan to target out-of-Ontario students gets huge support



"Keeping information organized and useful – how huge is the demand for skills like that?"

Detta Morrison-Phillips
Library & Information Technology, 2007

Detta Morrison-Phillips has her dream job. The lifelong artist and graduate of the NSCC Library & Information Technology program is now a technician working with the NSCADU Library Visual Resources Collection. She went for a work term and has now returned as a full-time employee. Detta says her instructors at NSCC wanted their students not only to learn the subject matter – but to succeed as well.

Over 90% of NSCC grads are employed, most in their field of choice.

'Earth party' torches neighbourhood to the ground

MIKE "STREET DISEASE"
LEWIS
PIZZA DELIVERY BOY

The sky of South End Halifax was lit up last night when an estimated 230-person party ended in a block-wide fire on Jubilee Street.

Witnesses describe the scene as "sheer mayhem." One nearby resident said, "It was akin to a fantasy spawned from the mind of Satan." There were also claims that a giant effigy of Captain Planet was burned to the ground during the blaze.

The party started at around 4 p.m., as Dalhousie students began sipping a cocktail punch rumoured to have been filled with formaldehyde and laced with Premium AAA-plus cocaine.

Neighbours grew worrisome as the party escalated in volume and lewdness. Sheila Robertson, 56, lives across the street and said she called the police when Al Gore's *An Inconvenient Truth* began playing on an endless loop in the home's living room at a tremendous volume.

"They all started yelling that some brand new day was a-comin', and that's when I got scared," said Robertson. "I got scared for my things, you know, my beautiful carbon-intensive things!"

Stephanie Loindow, 22, attended the party. She said it was just another Saturday night, until the chanting and ritualistic dancing began.

"It was different and crazy, but not too bad. But then people started talking about climate change and sustainability. Things got heated and then it got really... pagan," said Loindow.

Partygoers said the get-together took a turn for the worse when one young bearded man began humming what he called the "Earth Mother's moan." His peers, unable to resist his hypnotic Svengali-like powers, began humming in unison.

Frank Williams, 21, said everyone became enthralled by the humming.

"He was like an earth guru, man. You could feel his devotion to a more sustainable planet. Blew my mind man, just blew my mind," said Williams.

At some deep, unconscious level, the humming became a directive for the partygoers to tear away their clothing. Naked crowds joined the young rabble-rousers with chants



A giant effigy of Captain Planet was burned to the ground during Earth party festivities.

of "Save the earth," "It's the environment, stupid," and "Polar bears are human, too."

The streaking began as a frightfully perverted game of tag, but soon carried outside as the dazed youths ran into neighbours' homes.

Neil McKinley said the plan was to teach well-to-do, upper-middle-class families that it's not okay to live in a big house, and that "the future starts now."

"Our generation understands that sustainability means living in a smaller home and using less. These over-consumptive earth-haters need to be taught a lesson. That's why we started burning," said 25-year-old McKinley.

"You're either with us or you're against us. And if you drive an SUV or use plastic garbage bags, you're practically sub-human," added McKinley.

According to sources who wish to remain anonymous, the students first rallied entire families into their living rooms, lectured them with talking points prepared by David Suzuki, and told them to leave the planet and never return.

Cortez Dekiller, 18, is a member of one of the families that were lectured about the sins of a consumptive lifestyle.

"I didn't know what to do. I turn off the water when I brush my teeth and everything - they didn't have to

reduce my carbon footprint by tearing down our house," said Dekiller.

After forcing the families from their homes, the students began lighting the homes on the entire block on fire.

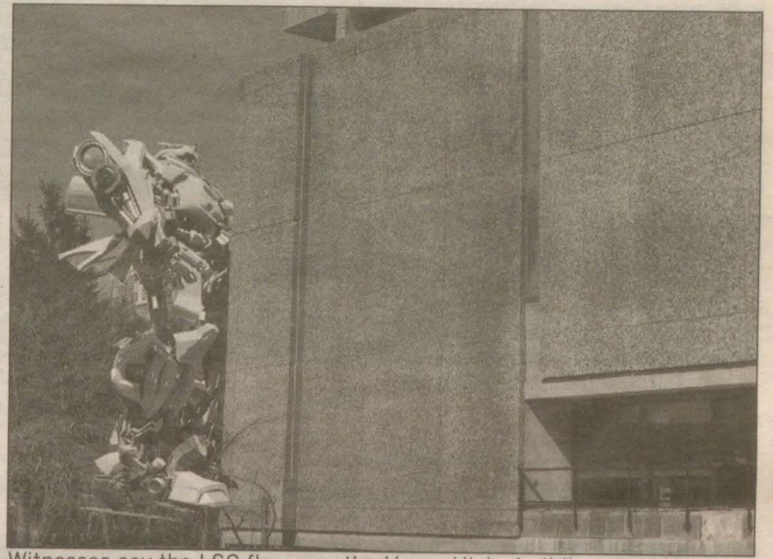
"We were singing songs and just making the world a greener place. It just felt so great, because we were doing the right thing," said McKinley. "The best part about justice is that you don't feel bad about it afterward."

The cohesiveness of the "earth cult" began eroding as students fought over who would get to be one of Captain Planet's Planeteers in a re-enactment of all 113 episodes of the popular 1990s children's show.

"I think I'm definitely the best Wheeler, because I love fire and I've got that passion, you know, that passion that makes me so religiously devoted to a movement that's just so in right now," said McKinley.

Police Chief Neal Cody said he was unfazed by the rally, and that it wasn't out of the ordinary.

"Every few years or so we get a bunch of kids who are into some new fad and they think they're about to change the world by acting differently," said Cody. "We just let student debt and soulless materialism suck the life out of them until they turn out like every other generation - hopeless and scared."



Witnesses say the LSC flew over the Henry Hicks building and began making love to the Killam.

LSC 'transforms,' disappears

HANK MYJUNK
CAMPUS PROSTITUTE

A massive crater is all that remains, after Dalhousie University's Life Sciences Centre disappeared in broad daylight yesterday.

Witnesses say the building began rumbling when its odd shapes and structures began folding seamlessly into themselves.

Melanie Crushank, 19, said she was smoking on the steps of the Henry Hicks, laughing at a non-smoking sign, when the building began changing into a giant man-like robot.

"I nearly swallowed my smoke I was so scared. It just started morphing into this metallic creature, then it looked around and stared at me and asked me if I had any 'Allspark.' I said no, and he looked bummed, said he was jonesing for a drag of that sweet, sweet Allspark," said Crushank.

Lyle Kyle, 23, also saw the edifice transfigure.

"I swear it was almost like it was 'transforming,' and for one split second, all those pointless forms and tunnels had a purpose," said Kyle. "There was beauty in the function, which is something I forgot since I came to Dal."

Dal President Tim Travis said he knew something was amiss about the LSC when he recently looked at

the records and noticed that it had been built in an extraordinarily short period of time.

"Well, we just looked at it, and thought, 'O.K., that looks like something you would put together pretty fast, so we didn't look any further than that,'" bumbled Travis.

Other witnesses say the LSC, which then dubbed itself the "Aquatron," flew over Henry Hicks and began making love to the Killam Library.

"Killam is a sexy bitch and I don't care what anybody thinks!" yelled Aquatron, perched on the side of the rectangular library. Aquatron then conversed with students in the quad while smoking a cigarette.

"I've been waiting 40 years to do that," said Aquatron as he began talking to students about life as the LSC.

"Decepticons always go for the flashiest shit, but who's gonna suspect a bunker-like concrete fun-house buried in the side of the hill?" said Aquatron. "How many ugly people do you remember at the end of the day?"

After one student hooked Aquatron up with a small amount of Allspark, the celestial robot decided it was time to go. He then yelled "Roll out!" and flew upwards. Students cheered as Aquatron flew up into the sky, but it was unclear whether they were cheering for Aquatron or the end of classes in the LSC.

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STREETER

How was it for you?



“ I already miss my virginity.”

John “I still have my hymen” Packman
Editor-in-Chief



“ And I thought your performance as editor-in-chief was weak!”

Sue “Foreskin Nibbler” Maroun
Design and Layout Editor



“ Great. Until you started crying.”

Julie “Next year I’ll be on top” Sobowale
Sports Editor



“ I guess I won’t be hearing anymore short jokes, will I ladies?”

James “It doesn’t hurt when you sit on my face” Munson
Opinions Editor



“ Experimental – not enough sex toys, though.”

Aly “Not So” Coy
Arts Editor



“ I’ve had quieter sex with howler monkeys.”

Mary “Vagitarian” Burnet
Copy Editor



“ Sorry I punched you in the face and called you my bitch. We cool?”

Katie “Loin Rash” May
News Editor



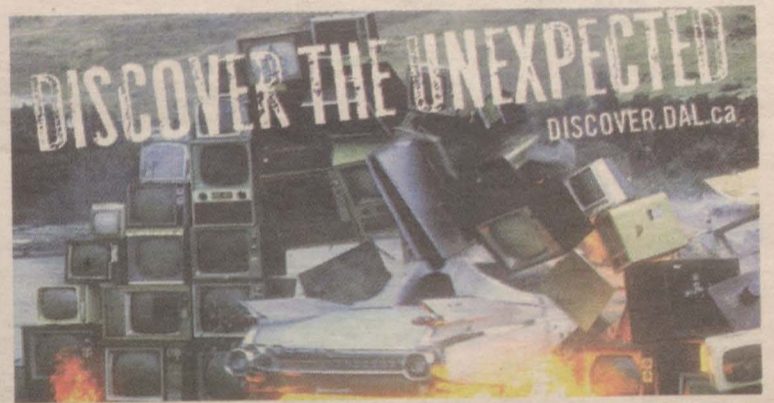
“ Get a fucking diagram!”

Christie “Band-aid” Conway
Assistant Arts Editor

TOP 10

...Top 10s of 2007/08:

1. Ways to skin a cat
2. Threats of violence received by the “Top Tens” guy
3. Signs of an impending rapture
4. Arguments from the biology department for intelligent design
5. Secrets of climate change Al Gore doesn’t want you to know
6. Ways to raptor-proof your apartment
7. Arguments for dissolving the Department of Soviet Studies
8. Digits that ought to be removed from the value of pi
9. Western monarchs deemed “tap-able” by Geoffrey Brisbin
10. Species that need to stop whining and just go extinct already



HOT OR NOT

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| HOT: Graduation | NOT: Pomp and circumstance |
| HOT: Tooth fetishes | NOT: Being misunderstood |
| HOT: Starving artists | NOT: Lacking talent |
| HOT: Summering in Morocco | NOT: Summering in Manitoba |
| HOT: Thinking you’re done | NOT: Facing reality |
| HOT: Grammar | NOT: Being too anal |
| HOT: Playoff beard | NOT: Exam moustache |
| HOT: April showers | NOT: Mayflowers (I hate pilgrims) |
| HOT: Getting physical | NOT: Getting a physical |
| HOT: Being illiterate | NOT: Knowing when you’re being mocked |

DISCLAIMER

Views expressed in the Hot or Not feature, Overheard 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 attributed to all people in the Streeter are completely fabricated by the staff and are not necessarily represent views held by them, *The Gazette* and/or its staff.

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Not getting many hits to the old blog these days? Of course the Dalhousie student population wants to hear about your boring life.

WRITE FOR THE GAZETTE



CYBF Entrepreneur
Robert Kenfield

CYBF Mentor
Alex Read

WHAT DO YOU DREAM ABOUT?

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difference between my success and failure is their mentoring program. Alex is my sounding board and my inspiration on those days when you just cant take it anymore.

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- Robert Kenfield

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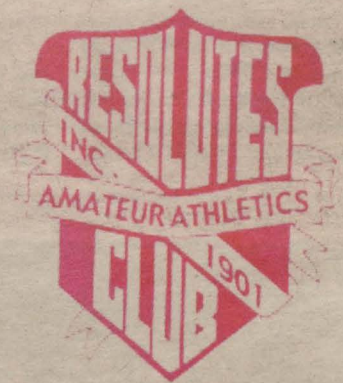


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INTERMEDIATE	345-2	9.00 - 10.00	TBA
ADVANCED	345-3	4.30 - 5.30	TBA

Letters to the Editor Letters to the Editor

Letters

The Gazette reserves the right to edit all letters for length and clarity, change whatever words we feel like to completely alter your meaning, make fun of you in brackets and make jokes about your mom, both in reference to her girth and intelligence.

Dear Gazette,

In a recent issue of *The Gazette*, readers were invited to attend a weekly contributors' meeting to submit ideas for articles and get involved with their student newspaper. Nearing the end of my third year as an English major, I thought the opportunity seemed too good to miss.

What a horrifying mistake I made.

Within four minutes of arriving at the office, I felt a deep sense of unease blossoming in the bosom of my soul. I couldn't yet put my finger on it, but something in the social atmosphere was definitely amiss.

The meeting opened to the dul-

cet tones of Opinions Editor James Munson, as he sang an alarming rendition of what I was later to learn to be the Saudi Arabian national anthem. The ballad ended with a thunderous belch and then the furious guzzling of what remained of the bottle of Newfoundland Screech the fourth-year political science major had brought with him.

Confused and offended, I made to leave, but was forcefully detained. Grabbed by the shoulders on either side by a wild-eyed Ruth Mestechkin (Assistant News Editor) and then-Editor-in-Chief John Packman, whose nose was actively running with a pinkish mélange of blood and a chunky white powder, I was man-

handled back into the room.

"You don't leave until I fucking say," Packman ejaculated whilst staring hard into my eyes and gently swaying where he stood. "Now dance, monkey."

Through a steady stream of tears, I watched the rest of the unholy ritual unfold. One by one, the section editors disrobed and pledged their allegiance to Mr. Packman, as his eyes rolled back in his head and he used a broken fragment of mirror to make shallow lacerations along the length of his forearm.

By the end of the night, aside from having grown hoarse from my vain attempts to summon help, I was cold, tired, bruised from my phone-

book 'hazing,' and roundly disturbed by all that I had witnessed. Not only was I unable to contribute any of the article ideas I'd brought, written neatly and sequentially in order of quality, but I had been subjected to what my new therapist has called "a singularly traumatizing incident."

I cannot erase the memories of my harrowing experience, but I can urge my fellow students to take caution and to learn from my mistake. Stay away from *The Gazette*. Stay away from its staff. And for the love of God, keep your writings for departmental publications. They, at least, can only take your tuition.

David Fenderbrook

Dear Gazette,

I was disgusted by the lack of nudity in your so called "Sex Issue." When I pick up any campus paper with the word sex in the title, I want to see some goddamn penetration.

All you had was moderately offensive pictures of young, attractive people. Sex should be a disgusting and indecent act or series of acts.

That's why you turn the lights off. Your portrayal of sex as something to be looked at both offends and angers me.

I would be embarrassed to show this to my mother-in-law.

Yours sincerely,
Prof. Stephen Churchill Jr., the III

President Bush embraces final year

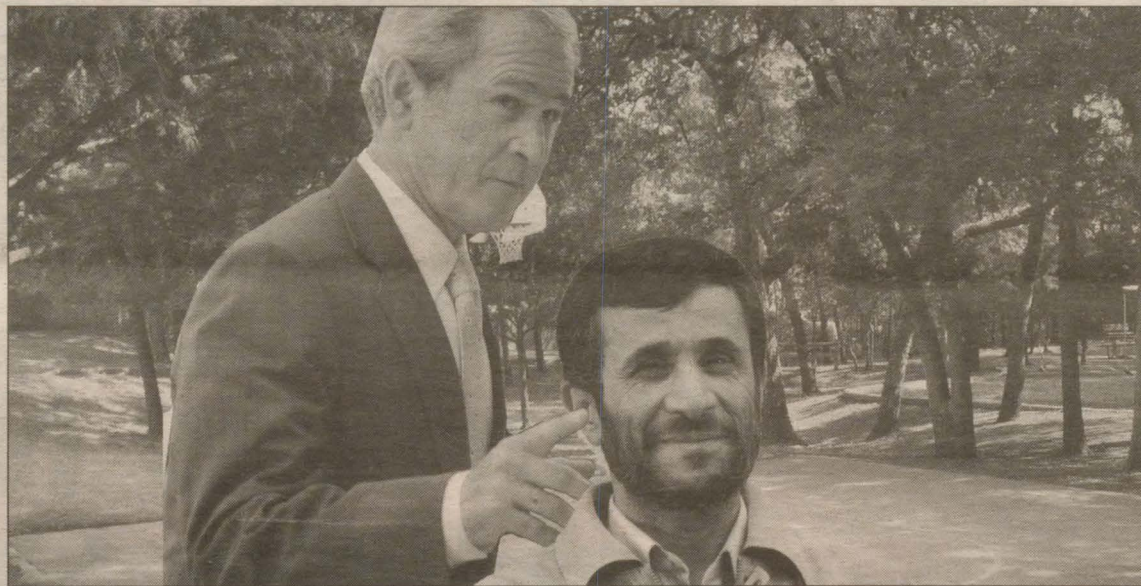
JOHNNY LIGHTSCAMERA
STAFF GO-GETTER

Washington D.C - After seven years in office, George W. Bush has decided it's time for a major shift in the way in which he conducts himself as president.

"It has come to my attention that this is my final year as president," Bush told reporters at a news conference last Saturday. "At first, I'll admit, I was a bit bummed. But then I realized that I can finally start doing the things I want, without worrying at all about what everyone thinks of me! From now on, you're going to see a whole new Bush Doctrine."

The first indication of President Bush's meaning came in the form of an announcement by Dimension Films that he will be making a cameo in *Recent Movie*, the next installment in their popular series of parodies.

"I've always loved those movies," President Bush responded, when questioned about the move. "*Scary Movie*, *Date Movie*, *Epic Movie*... these are all modern classics. It's an honour to finally take such a prestigious place in American history. I hear I'll be ap-



President Bush gives a wet willy to Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad.

pearing opposite Soulja Boy!"

Bush raised yet more eyebrows this past week by sending a memo to both houses of congress, informing them that he would now be vetoing every piece of legislation placed on his

desk that did not contain a euphemism for male genitals somewhere in the title. Part of the memo reads as follows, explaining his reasoning:

"You wouldn't believe the amount of boring crap that passes across my

desk every day. The Stem Cell Research Enhancement Act of 2007 is the kind of title that just puts me in a cantankerous mood. The Stem Schlong Research Enhancement Act of 2007 on the other hand... now that is a piece of legislation

worth passing! Get 'er done!"

If Bush's behaviour wasn't shocking enough, few could have predicted his impromptu administering of a wet willy to Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad at an emergency U.N. brokered summit on Wednesday. When grilled by reporters as to how he could possibly commit such a diplomatic gaffe, Bush responded with typical candor.

"It was pretty easy, actually. Have you seen how short the guy is? He's been talkin' shit about me all of these years, and it's about time he learned some simple playground logic."

Pushed further to answer questions about Michael Moore's plans to include the footage in his next movie, Bush was quick to respond.

"That old fatty had better not let me catch him hanging around Washington, D.C., because I've got one hell of a pink belly waiting for him, and it's long overdue."

President Bush refuses to comment as to what's next on his new agenda, but has hinted that we shouldn't be surprised if a certain roundhouse-kicking Texas Ranger is named as the new Secretary of Defense next week.

"Oh, hey, think you could not edit my article for basic structure? I really like it to be kind of incoherent." **NO.**

WRITE FOR THE GAZETTE



Neptune THEATRE
Ron Ulrich, Artistic Director

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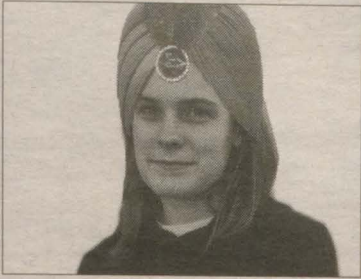
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The Scientific Soapbox

Scientists find arts-student gene

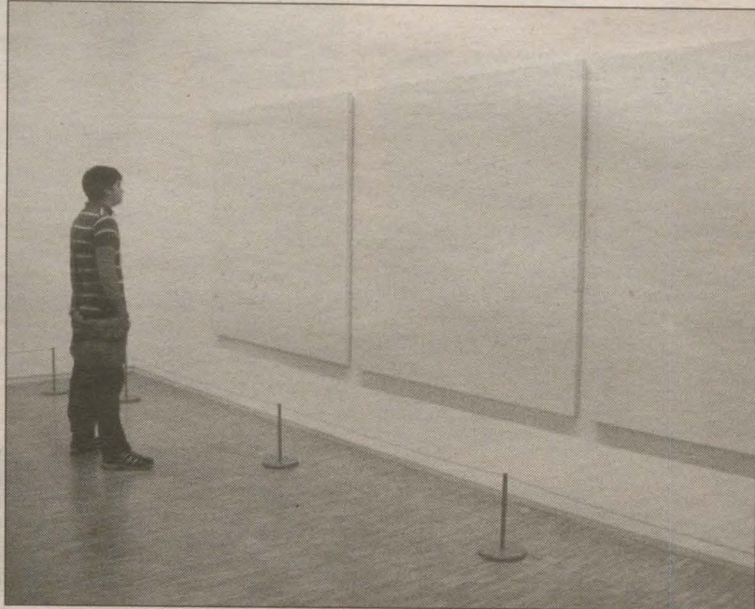


KATERINA THE WIZARD
SCIENCE COLUMNIST

Scientists at the Reputable Sounding Academic Institution (RSAI) have uncovered the genetic sequence responsible for leading some people to study subjects in the humanities department at university, instead of investing their tuition wisely in a business, science or engineering degree.

The gene is located on the 47th chromosome, between the spicy-food gene and the loud-snoring gene. Expression of this gene can range between mild cases – the student studying subjects such as political science or economics, to extreme cases – art history or the literature of a language other than their own.

Side-effects of the gene's expression include a strong desire to wear mismatched, used clothing, scarves and berets, to talk about Plato, and to use the library for something other than a place to cram or do home-



work.

Scientists at RSAI have determined some warning signs of the arts-student gene. If your child develops a penchant for reading old books and writing essays, you may want to show them the average starting salaries by type of degree and force them to watch marathons of *Bill Nye the Science Guy* before allowing them at a university application.

Discovery of the arts-student gene raises some interesting questions. Should arts students receive finan-

cial compensation for striving for less profitable degrees due to the way they were born? Should university admissions require genetic testing?

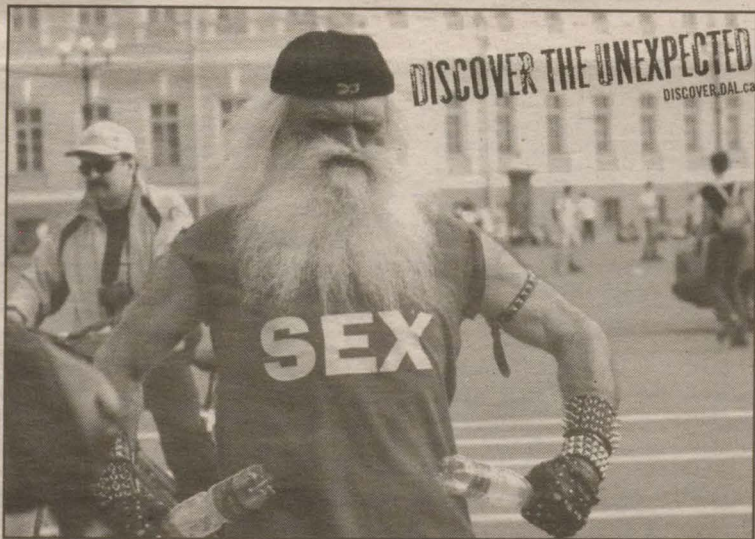
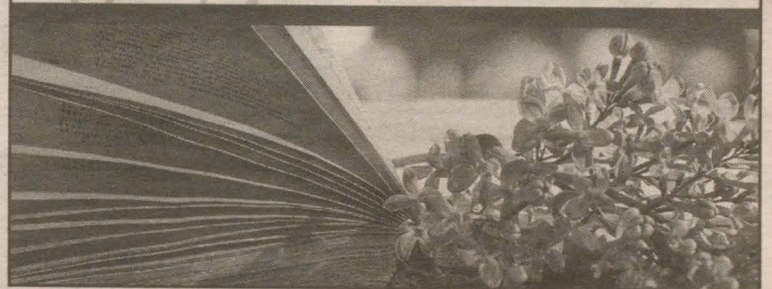
We should accept those with the arts-student gene for who they are. If we can't cure them through counselling or frequent doses of mathematics, we should indulge them in their condition and allow them to spend an additional six or eight years at graduate school. It won't take too much extra taxpayer money to integrate them into society.

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"I'm interested in heritage and sustainability. Some day I hope to have a company that combines both."

Josh Amos
Heritage Carpentry, 2009

As he works to complete his first year in NSCC's new Heritage Carpentry program, Josh can't wait for what comes next. "Next year we'll be learning post and beam and other traditional construction techniques – and we'll be in a restored historical carpentry shop on the Lunenburg waterfront, next door to where the Bluenose was built. And we won't just be in the classroom. We'll be out repairing some of Lunenburg's fine heritage buildings, using the same materials and techniques their original builders used."

NSCC's Heritage Carpentry program is one of a few offered in North America, and the only one located in the heart of a world-famous UNESCO Heritage Site in Lunenburg Nova Scotia.

Over 90% of NSCC grads are employed, most in their field of choice.

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St. Thomas University
LEADERS IN LIBERAL ARTS

Coke for kids: Britney's son has a drug problem

LAURA MACDONALD
ARTS CONTRIBUTOR

It's true when they say the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Britney Spears' son, Sean Preston Federline, was caught barefoot and doing lines of cocaine in a local Louisiana gas station.

When police investigated the situation, mini-Federline alleged that the white substance found everywhere, including hidden inside his favourite teddy, was "only baby powder."

After further questioning, Sean broke down crying and admitted he was only trying to lose those extra pounds of baby fat.

Just like his pops, Kevin Federline, Sean has been gallivanting around town, blowing all his mom's money on the most extravagant items. He demands that his Lego pieces be encrusted with diamonds and that his Thomas The Tank Engine train set be fully operational at all times. A psychologist who hasn't treated Sean says this kind of neurotic and compulsive behaviour can best be explained by his addiction to drugs.

Daddy K-Fed has tried to arrange playdates to get Sean out of the coke scene, but it has been a hard re-integration for Sean, who seems to be suffering from symptoms of withdrawal.

An inside source tells us when Sean doesn't get his way in the playground, he resorts to backhanding the other kids, calling them "bitches" or kicking sand in their faces. Sean's actions have been described as "irrational," and he has often been found sifting through the other parents' wallets, searching for money he can use to get his next fix.

When Britney was asked about the recent incidents involving her son, she replied in her best British accent that it's simply a phase, and that "all kids nowadays go through this kind of thing." She says she is disappointed, but feels he will get through it just like she did.

Despite these struggles, every



Bouncing baby boy loves blow.

cloud has a silver lining. Recent reports suggest Britney and Kevin are getting back together. In a meeting between the two to discuss their son's drug habit, "sparks were flying" and they couldn't stop flirting, says a good friend of the divorced couple. Kevin was also seen with his travel agent last week, planning a trip for two to the ex-lovers' favourite vacationing spot in Vegas.

Little Sean has been through a lot of drama in his life so far. He says music helps him express his feel-

ings and that he aspires to be the youngest rap star in the world. With the help of his dad's success as a respected musician, there's no doubt Sean will be on everyone's top 10 playlist within a matter of months, just like his pops.

He's currently in the studio with Timbaland working on his first album, *Age is Just a Number*. Can Sean Preston Federline kick the coke habit and get serious about music? Will his parents' reunion aid in his recovery? Only time will tell.

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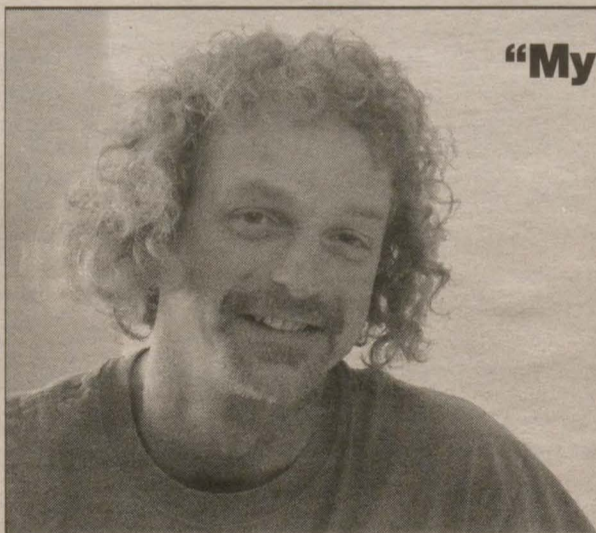
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"My landscaping business is built on good people. That's why I always look to NSCC Horticulture grads."

Joe Bidermann
Joe Bidermann Landscaping Design

"I've been hiring NSCC Horticulture grads for ten years now" Joe says, "because I know they'll have the knowledge, be ready to get to work, and love to make things grow. The instructors at NSCC are superb, and I really like the depth of the new two year program, in both plant studies and landscaping."

Over 90% of NSCC grads are employed, most in their field of choice.

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Are you on fucking MSN and Facebook when you were supposed to have five news stories in to me yesterday?
WRITE FOR THE MOTHER-FUCKING GAZETTE, KATIE.

Pac-Man Revamped: Beloved game gone to shit

ALY COY
ARTS EDITOR

The classic arcade game has been seriously revamped. The new Pac-Man figure has a skinny, pale face and glasses and feeds off of creative ideas. The soundtrack to the game has a constant nasally hum to it, and the player no longer plays as Pac-Man, but against him.

"The idea was to make it for the everyday guy who hasn't had much to say up until now," says Ima Douche, the creator of the game. "The new Pac-Man is power-hungry and doesn't always know what he's doing – it's a tribute to real life."

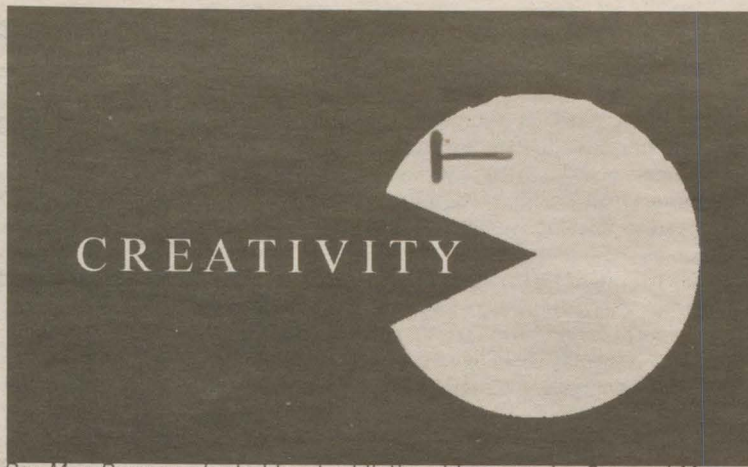
The new version of the game has received mixed reviews.

"The game has frustrated me to no end," says local creative fiction writer Frie Flower.

The object of the new game is to come up with ideas for a local publication. If Pac-Man eats all of the ideas, he gets to go onto a new issue, or level. But Flower has had enough.

"I don't know who designed this game or how it got funding, but it makes me never want to play again," Flower says. "The game is really limiting my creative flow."

The other little characters in the game try to defend the creative ideas from Pac-Man, who tears through them, giving no helpful feedback. Douche says the game was inspired



Pac-Man Revamped voted least addictive videogame by Gamers' Mag.

by his working environment.

"I had some negative reviews at my old workplace, so I decided to turn it into something I could work with," Douche says. "I didn't like the people at the paper factory anyway – they kept on wanting to change things, like introducing recycled paper."

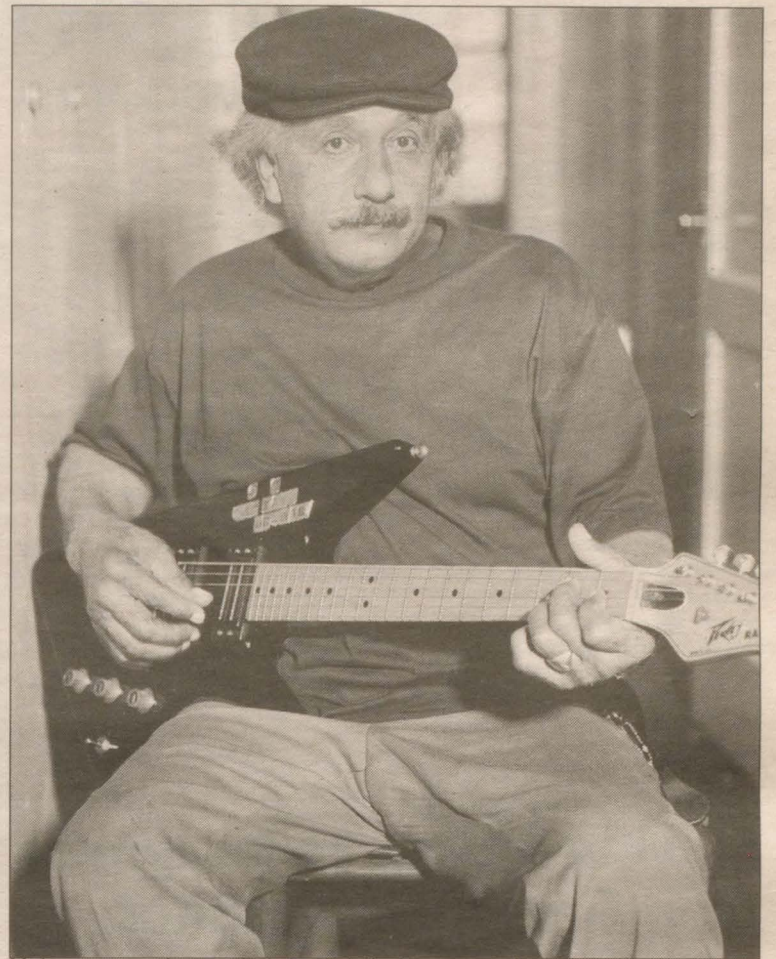
Douche worked at the paper factory for just under two years, starting from the bottom, but eventually made manager.

"I was taught well (to be manager). The person before me said I could take my past anger out on anyone – anyone with a different idea, at

least. I can't stand all this creative bullshit. It's paper, and paper should stay exactly the same."

That ever-stagnant mentality is present in the revamped Pac-Man game. Each level or issue is identical, until you can break free from Pac-Man and create your own issue.

"I have never heard of being against the character Pac-Man, but I'm going to defend those creative ideas until I die," Flower says. "I don't care if I go crazy doing it – this game has taught me to stand up for my ideas, even when someone higher up is against them."



Make sure you know what day it is before you wake n' bake.

Never Had I Ever: Gone to class stoned

ARLEEN HAMMOND
STAFF CONTRIBUTOR

I woke up and looked outside with enthusiasm. I could already see that the day was a glorious, sun-shining-birds-singing spring day. The first of the year.

While I was getting ready, I turned on the radio and heard Deep Purple's familiar tune. As "Smoke on the Water" echoed through my house, I thought to myself, what could make this day just a wee bit better?

And then it hit me, like the contact high from a Jamaican shower on a Sunday morning after a full night of late pitchers at the Alehouse.

Pot.

Normally I abstain from mid-week, mid-day tokes, but I thought just a little bit would be fine to celebrate the fine weather Halifax was having.

I filled up a small bowl and as I exhaled an extremely thick cloud, I knew. I knew my day would be just fabulous. I decided another bowl would be a good idea. After all, it was a Thursday and I didn't have class until way later in the day.

I could just mission around stoned and enjoy the weather. Fifteen minutes later I was listening to some tunes and having a great time, when my roommate knocked on my door and asked if I would be going to class.

"What? What do you mean? It's Thursday."

"No it's not Arleen, it's Wednesday. We have class in 20 minutes. Oh my gosh – are you stoned?"

I quickly explained to her what exactly had happened with giggles accentuating my every word.

She laughed at me and explained that I had to attend the morning class – it was mandatory.

I shuddered at the thought. What was I to do? I can barely handle a delivery guy when I'm stoned, let alone a classroom full of my peers. I decided to take the challenge. I packed up my school bag and as my roommate and I were walking, I had a thought.

"We should definitely stop at Tim Hortons and get some food. How long has it been since you've had Timbits? I am getting me some Timbits."

Shortly after, I took my seat in the classroom with a box of Timbits, a bagel, a coffee, a bottle of water and a cookie. I was ready to sit back and enjoy the class. I figured there would be a lecture – I could handle that. Maybe a couple questions. I could just peer from behind my laptop and not get called on.

This hour and a half will fly by, I thought. Then I could head home, partake in another bowl and go out and enjoy the sun.

Boy was I wrong. First, each person was called on and asked to share where they were on their term project, how it was coming, and any issues they were having.

I had lots I could have said, but I wanted to minimize the amount of time 40 people were staring at me. I bet they all could tell. I bet my eyes were red. I bet I smelled of weed, too. Everyone in the classroom must have known, right?

Be cool, I told myself. Just be cool. I finished up and sat back down, relieved it was over.

Next our professor informed us we would be divided into groups. Each group would discuss a case we had been given and then present in front of the class. I got worried. I couldn't be in a group with people I didn't know. Hopefully I'll end up with friends and be able to take a quiet position in the group, I thought.

When I was put in a group with complete strangers, that was it. I couldn't take anymore.

My couch, the sun, everything else was calling me. I quietly packed up my bag and moved with cat-like stealth to exit the classroom. I was so sly as I moved through the people, no one even looked up at me as I crept by.

I heard the professor clear his throat. Thinking he was addressing me, I made a bold dash for the door. In my haste I tripped and fell to the ground. Everyone looked as I stood up, got sketchy and vacated the premises immediately.

As I walked home through the sunshine, I realized that getting stoned for class is only for some people. I, however, am much better at navigating the remote and ordering in food, as long as someone else can handle the delivery person, of course.

Remember the moments...

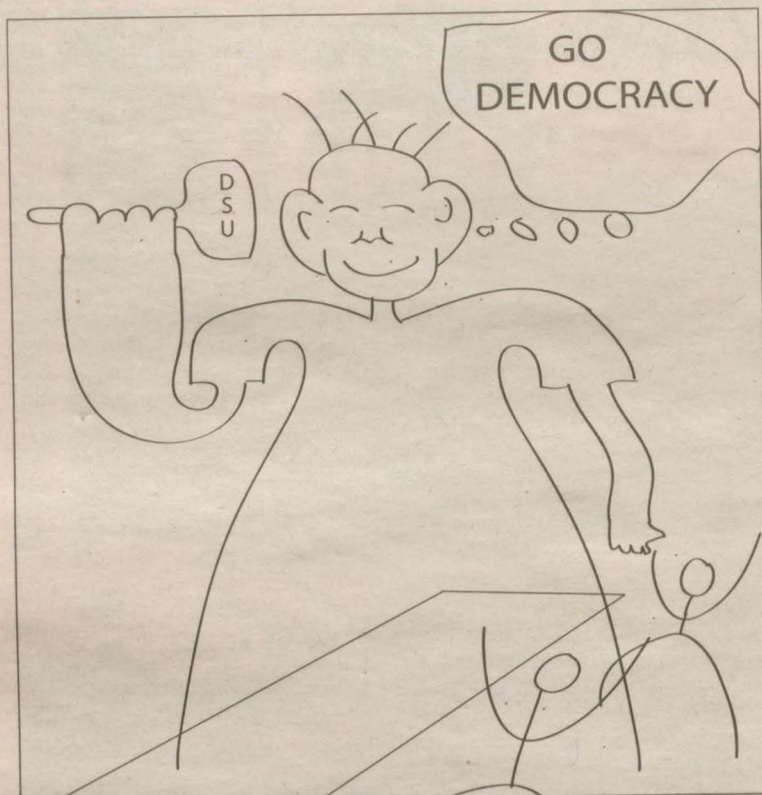
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Don't ask me - I'm just an arts editor.

DSU meeting, as imagined by a *Gazette* arts editor

CHRISTIE CONWAY
ASSISTANT ARTS EDITOR

- Faceless DSU members: RABBLE RABBLE!
- Mike Tipping: I have a gavel!
- Faceless DSU members: Dalhousie issues! RABBLE RABBLE!
- Mike Tipping: I am the loudest!
- Courtney Larkin: I am a girl!
- Mike Tipping: You are a girl! I am pro co-eds!
- Courtney Larkin: We must lower tuition.
- Faceless DSU members: Yes! But how? (Degenerate into rabbling)
- Mike Tipping: I enjoy sweaters!
- Courtney Larkin: So do I!
- DSU member: I oppose that view!
- Mike Tipping: I veto that objection.
- Faceless DSU members: Hooray! Democracy!
- Courtney Larkin: My haircut is sassy yet presidenty!
- Mike Tipping: Haircuts are important!
- Faceless DSU members: Hooray! Leadership haircuts!
- Mike Tipping: Leadership haircuts for all!
- Faceless DSU members: Raise tuition! Leadership haircuts for all Dalhousie students!
- Courtney Larkin: But not for King's!
- Mike Tipping: Never for King's! They are not Dalhousie!
- Faceless DSU members: Different!!! RABBLE!
- Mike Tipping: We need small crust-less sandwiches!
- Faceless DSU members: Bland finger food!
- Mike Tipping: I have a gavel!
- Courtney Larkin: I crave flavourless things!
- Mike Tipping: I am the president!
- Faceless DSU members: We like inoffensive snacks!
- Mike Tipping: I vote for snack time!
- Courtney Larkin: I agree!
- Faceless DSU members: Crust-less snacks!
- Mike Tipping: My gavel makes decisions!
- (meeting adjourns)

Do you pick apart everyone else's stories but barely contribute one measly letter a week?

WRITE FOR THE GAZETTE. Lazy ass.

Geoff Brisbin: The man behind the Hot or Nots

CHRISTIE CONWAY
ASSISTANT ARTS EDITOR

After four years as a superstar of the Dalhousie political science department and countless sexual conquests, Geoff Brisbin reflects on his greatest accomplishment: his position as the man behind the *Dal Gazette's* irreverent Hot or Nots.

Brisbin, 21, was born Paolo Mendez in the remote village of Los Hijos de la Puta, New Mexico. At age three he was abandoned by his mother at a Walgreens, in the midst of a raging Listerine addiction. Brisbin was taken in at a local monastery.

"I owe everything to the monks," says Brisbin. "They raised me. They were hard but they were fair. But mostly hard."

Strappings, exorcisms and bur-lap-sack beatings were a daily routine, but it was a particular experience in the monastery's kitchen that decided the course of young Brisbin's life.

"I accidentally put my hand on a burner when I was leaning over the stove to retrieve a crucifix that had fallen in the celery soup," says Brisbin. "It was then I learned that hot things are hot."

The process of learning that not hot things are not hot came from personal experiences of trial and error over his childhood years. It was not until well into Brisbin's teenage years that he was able to transfer the literal meaning of hot or not to a figurative one.

"I remember saying off the top of my head one morning that the monks' practice of caning me was not hot," says Brisbin. "No one laughed, but I knew that I had achieved a new level of discourse. Boy, did I get a good caning that night!"

On his 18th birthday, Brisbin received a letter explaining that upon the death of a rather notorious and eccentric uncle, he had been left a sum of money that would allow him to attend university.

"I had had no formal education," says Brisbin, "I was hesitant apply to



The man, the myth, the legend: Geoffrey D.W. Brisbin.

any school, what with my night terrors, abandonment issues and my crippling fear of women."

Brisbin was accepted at the University of Western Ontario and Dal. Western was out of the running after a night of intense soul searching, says Brisbin.

"I had made my way up from the dregs of society and I wasn't about to go back, so Western was out of the question. If the monastery taught me anything it is that a person can only hang around so many sexually repressed masochists for so long."

Brisbin decided to pursue his schooling in Halifax and left the monastery in the fall of 2004.

After a rough first year of social faux pas and several restraining orders, Brisbin discovered his passion for political science.

"I had to stay 300 feet away from the Dentistry Building," says Brisbin. "It all just kind of fell into place. I needed something pragmatic to major in and I feel like with an undergraduate degree in political science, the world is my oyster!"

Having found his niche and a

new circle of equally socially awkward friends in the poli sci department, Brisbin began to spread his wings. He began to amuse his friends with his witty 'hot' and 'not' comparisons. By his fourth and final year, he felt he was ready to use his lifetime of knowledge for the betterment of the Dal community.

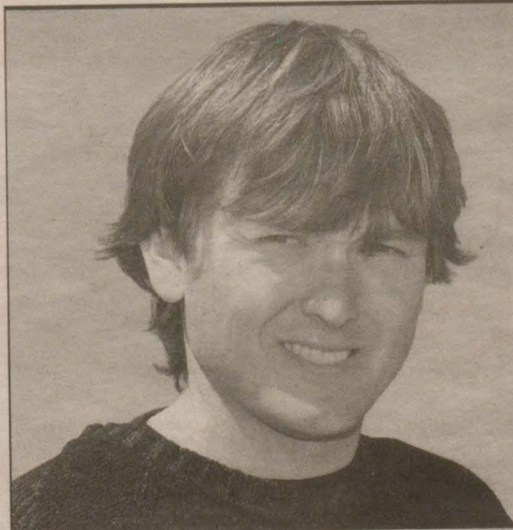
"I went into the *Gazette* office one day and said to John Packman, 'Hot: Geoff Brisbin. Not: your crappy Hot or Nots,'" says Brisbin. "He was floored, and he gave me the job on the spot."

Since that fateful day, Brisbin's life has changed for the better.

"I see people reading the paper and laughing at my Hot or Nots. Girls read it and laugh and I watch," he says. "Giving them pleasure is fantastic. Who needs the Dentistry Building now!"

So what does the future hold for the young hero of Hot or Not hilarity?

"I'm looking forward to the future. Career-wise, well, I'm not sure yet, but I hope to one day have the same success-coif as Brian Bow. A man can dream."



"When I graduated from Marine Geomatics, my whole class was offered jobs many times over."

Kris Allen
Marine Geomatics, 2006

Kris studied forestry and taught English in Japan before discovering Marine Geomatics at the Centre of Geographic Sciences (COGS) at NSCC's Annapolis Valley Campus. He has worked on pipelines in the Gulf of Mexico and recently rejoined a treasure hunting company. A booming energy sector is driving enormous demand for Marine Geomatics expertise throughout the world.

Over 90% of NSCC grads are employed, most in their field of choice. To learn more about Marine Geomatics, Geographic Information Systems (GIS), Cartography - Digital Mapping, Remote Sensing and GIS Programming at NSCC, please give us a call or visit our website.

Dalhousie Haikus

Registration regrets

8:30 is hard
Cannot keep my eyes open
The LSC sways

Someone's got a case of the Mondays

A coffee craving
The Tim Hortons line is long
The cashier is short

The Palace

What happened last night?
I'll just apologize now
I puked in your purse

People like you are the reason I'm on drugs

Okay let's be real
There's a minute left in class
Put your hand down. Fuck!

Sweet God what happened to that girl?

All night studying
Forget personal hygiene
Toques are so easy

I hate your scarf and I hate you

I hope you burn your
Tongue on that fair-trade coffee
Self-righteous hippie

The Gazette

I need a rewrite
I'm sorry that you hate me
It's John Packman's fault

Even if you don't...

Mike Tipping you wear
Such atrocious sweater vests
Try a popped collar

Best Career Ever

Librarian bitch
I know I could look it up...
Can you do your job?

Psych Exam

Consciousness is gone
Dog-eared pages blur to grey
Oh, is that my drool?

Intellectuals

Guy1: drunk comment
Guy2: some innuendo
Overheard at Dal

One Night Stand I

Sharing cigarettes
Our hair and lips smelled the same
Showered when you left

One Night Stand II

Thick rusty stubble
Your words and thoughts so dirty
Too bad you're homeless

Crowded Bus

Herpes on your leg
Shin cap sensuality
Please wear pants next time

Nick's Gaseous Crevice

Such a Grand Canyon
It makes me feel so breathless
Your jean wind tunnel

Absinthe

Drank you through my nose
Before taking one green sip
Wish I'd had a beer

Best toilets around the city

DEVI KHATION MUCKRAKER

Have you ever been downtown, shopping for your significant other's birthday, standing in La Senza, when those stomach rumbles turn into exploding pressure in your colon?

The previous night's draft beer has long since expired and starts to turn and solidify in your intestines. You need to poop immediately.

But what do you do? You're downtown and you'd sooner be able to navigate your way to the nearest Greek restaurant than find a clean piece of porcelain to pop a squat.

After three years of solid, self-destructing debauchery and drunken escapades galore, I have found myself having to drop dukes all over Halifax. In my experience as a seasoned public dumper, I have learned the best and worst places in which to defecate.

After very inebriated, half-conscious run-ins with the toilet at The Split Crow... on a Thursday, and very sober, cold sit-downs on a moist toilet in cell six of the Halifax Police Department's 'drunk tank,' I have a fair amount of experience with shitty toilets. No pun intended.

So to you, soon-to-be-stranded crap disaster victims, I give you this, my guide to pinching a loaf, publicly, in Halifax.

On Campus:

Worst: Mike Tipping's personal presidential washroom

The paper-towel dispenser, which is loaded with Xeroxed copies of the DSU constitution, is never stocked. There are also pictures of Mike drawn on the mirror in red lipstick and bad haikus written on the stall walls.

Best: The washroom on the fourth floor of the Computer Science Building

Good wireless, recycled sustainable toilet paper and automated climate control. Plus, any place you need a card to get into is sure to be one hell of a spot to drop a chocolate log. 'Nough said.

Downtown:

Worst: The can in Peter Kelly's office in City Hall

Because it is literally a can, filled with feces and old bike-lane proposals used for wiping. The bathroom is decorated with a bunch of stuffed alley cats and there is chicken shit everywhere.

Best: Anywhere in NSCAD

Not only do you get to relieve yourself in a heritage building, you get to use real art by aspiring welfare recipients to wipe your ass. All the real washrooms at NSCAD will be filled with people cutting themselves, snorting coke or taking pictures in the mirror, so instead, just find a corner or a studio to use.

The North End:

Worst: The public washroom at the Commons

Besides the acts of prostitution, drug use and murder that go on inside, it's also where King's and NSCAD students secretly meet to conspire how to undermine the mainstream.

They discuss how be whinier, uglier, more 'emo,' more pretentious, more suicidal, more narrow-minded and 'indier.' Trust me - you get caught dropping a grumpy nugget in the middle of that and the broken syringes under your feet and blood on the walls won't seem so bad.

Best: The washroom at HCAP headquarters

The fixtures are pure gold and diamond-encrusted. It has one of those really fancy electronic toilets from Japan that has a padded, heated seat and an electronic hose that acts like a bidet. The toilet paper is actually the Charter of Rights and Freedoms printed on silk made from the endangered Chinese silkworm.

The mirrors are always spotless, due to the team of squeegee kids that work, shackled, inside. No one has ever seen inside Dave Ron's private washroom, but rumour has it that there is a jungle waterfall and a real live mermaid that massages you while you do your business.

Dartmouth:

Worst: All of them
Anything you do in Dartmouth is life-threatening and should be done with extreme caution. This includes publicly defecating.

Best: The bathroom at Hooters

Again, any activity in Dartmouth is advised against. But if you are stuck over there and need to drop the kids off at the pool, and if you can get to Hooters, go for it. Afterwards you can enjoy some delicious wings.

Bars:

Worst: The washrooms inside The Marquee

They are frequently blood-stained, puke-stained and/or stained with passed out, underage hip-hop heads from Dartmouth

Best: The Blue Moon

It's open 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and it stays pretty clean because no one goes there. If you can deal with the shitty, half-assed experimental music being played, you won't mind this bathroom.

Nightclubs:

Worst: Reflections

Students drunk on cough medicine, pretending to be misunderstood. Most of them won't make it to the bathroom before throwing up, but some do, creating a mix of puke-covered, pseudo-philosophers. If you find yourself in this scene, stuck on the toilet, grab a crucifix and some holy water and start mumbling things about nihilism, and you should be O.K.

Best (of the worst): The newly renovated men's washroom at the Alehouse

Stainless-steel urinals, fresh urinal cakes, and occasionally, leftover copies of *The New Yorker*. All the toilet paper is made from recycled issues of *The Watch*, and on Mondays, Jesse Mintz will bring your wings to you while you're on the toilet. If you tip him, he may even wipe your... mouth for you.

Are you a pretentious, annoyed professor who has time to read through the paper and circle one goddamn mistake and send it to the poor-ass, overworked copy editor? Take the time you spend on that masturbatory superiority complex and use it to

WRITE FOR THE GAZETTE.

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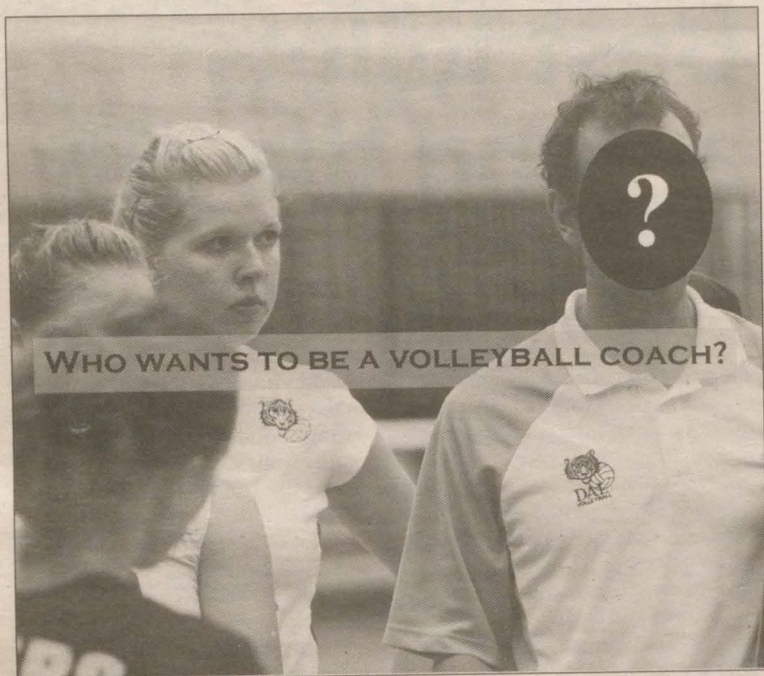


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Are you incredibly loud, but not loud enough so that everyone in the city can hear when you rant about Tasers? Save your vocal chords for drunken country yodeling and

WRITE FOR THE GAZETTE.



WHO WANTS TO BE A VOLLEYBALL COACH?

Sign up now!

Reality show to decide the next volleyball coach

BOBSY LOCKS
SPORTS EDITOR

With little interest in the vacant women's volleyball coach position, the Dalhousie Department of Athletics and Recreational Services decided to find the replacement through reality television.

Who Wants to Be a Volleyball Coach? will showcase 12 men and women competing in a race around the world in hopes of landing the coveted spot of Tigers women's volleyball coach. The show will air on The Sports Network (TSN).

"We think this format is exciting, innovative, fantastic, stupendous and rad," says Al Scott, Director of Athletics and Recreational Services. "I cannot disclose how much TSN paid for broadcasting rights. We're not doing this for money or publicity or lots of money. This is to find the most qualified coach in Canada while testing how fast they can run through an obstacle course."

The show is modelled on the popular American shows *American Gladiators* and *Fear Factor*, in which contestants go through mazes and have to fight off opponents to reach the finish line.

"I've trained my whole life for this moment," says Suzy Shier. "This is the job and the opportunity I've been waiting for. Nothing could be more fulfilling than having millions of people watch me eat sugar-coated worms for a coaching job."

Though the show will air nationwide, only those who study or work at Dal will be allowed to vote for the coaches.

"I'm rooting for the guy who looks like he's on steroids," says Floyd Fluckster, a fourth-year philosophy major. "I saw his YouTube video of him breaking boards with his head and shoving three hamburgers into his mouth all at the same time. Those qualifications alone make him the perfect candidate for women's volleyball head coach."



Go Tigers!

Bars trashed, classes skipped as school spirit reaches dangerous levels

BOBSY LOCKS
SPORTS EDITOR

Stools overturned, glasses smashed, boring assignments left unwritten. These are the consequences of Dalhousie University re-creating their football team from decades ago.

Pressured by the powerful Dal Student Union (DSU), the Department of Recreation and Services took \$25,000 from the DSU to start the Tigers football team. The DSU proposed the football program as a way to increase school spirit.

"When you watch the Mount Allison University Mounties on TV, don't you think that should be us?" says Mike Tipping, DSU President. "Spending thousands of dollars is part of our duty as student representatives, and I think we're doing a great job."

Perhaps the plan for school spirit ended up working too well. According to a poll conducted on the Dal News website, school spirit this year increased by 126.73 per cent. The results of the increased school spirit have been classes skipped to watch the Tigers practice, overwhelmed workers at The Grawood and Grad House during games, and players

frequently being stalked by overzealous fans.

"It's getting to be a little intense," says Johnny Yonamus, captain of the football team. "I found a girl in my house at 4 a.m. cooking me breakfast, and she wasn't even good looking."

School officials are perplexed by the enormous growth in school spirit. The Board of Governors is proposing creating an addiction hotline for those with an unhealthy attraction to the team. Later this month they plan to unveil a campaign entitled, "Sometimes Love Is Too Much," in hopes of reducing the school spirit.

"We're in a crisis situation," says Dal President Tim Travis. "Last week we heard reports of students fighting in The Grawood to grab an uneaten plate of nachos left by some of the players. A group of students jumped a professor from St. Mary's after he suggested the Tigers weren't that great and afterwards burned his car chanting, 'Go Tigers, go!' Students aren't concentrating on the most important thing in university life: homework. Assignments are not finished because people were too busy watching the games or spilled beer all over them when watching the game. This is a disaster."

Taking away the Tigers team may

not be an option at this point. Sixty fan-based clubs and societies exist at Dal, including the Tigers Trash Talk (TTT) Society. These groups are part of the Football Fanatics Federation (FFF).

"The students are prepared to use their hard-earned student loans to fund our football team," says Amy Parker, president of TTT and FFF. "We understand that we have lost control in terms of school spirit. I think every student goes through a time in their life where they lose control, whether it's cheering on the Tigers or waking up in someone's bed at 5 a.m. with a car door handcuffed to your arm. This is all a part of university life. I think this will be great for Dal in the long run. Now students will actually want to come here as their first choice."

The DSU will hold a special emergency meeting on Apr. 12 to discuss options for keeping the team while subduing school spirit down to manageable levels.

"We don't want to squash the students' interests and become a bland, boring university again," says Tipping. "We just want to control the students and spend their money in ways they may not understand."

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Athletes of the weak

ATHLETE



CHRISTIE CONWAY
BACKGAMMON

Christie Conway is this week's athlete of the weak. The Newton, Pa. native finds walking more than 12 paces difficult and cannot do one push-up.

This weekend she helped the Dal backgammon team defeat Mount Saint Vincent with terrific use of the doubling dice and by rolling four consecutive snake-eyes. After the game, she rode her Segway the two blocks to her house.

OTHER ATHLETE



KATIE MAY
SLEEPLESS MARATHONS

Katie May is this week's other athlete of the weak. The Cornwall, Ont. native has competed in a number of sleepless marathons, staying awake for one week at the longest.

This weekend she stayed awake longer than the SMU team and managed to write four news stories, a Canadian studies essay and change her Facebook profile picture 12 times. She was unavailable for comment as she was passed out on a bench.

Fecesifieds

April 14

Pepto Bismol Chugging Contest, to follow Mexican Night at Risley Hall Caf. BYOPB.
7 p.m., lobby

April 16

Doorknob snowball fight. Bring doorknobs, snowballs or any spherical object that you can throw. We're meeting in the Dal Quad at 7 p.m. No kidding.

April 15

Lecture

For sale

Jean Paul Gaultier overnight bag. Slightly stained.
Call P. Bateman at 422-5658

Looking for:

Laser tattoo-removal service to remove elaborate April Fool's Day prank. I drew your moustache with washable marker. You're an asshole, Jimmy.

Anyone who can help, please call Steve at 456-0708

Air Guitar Lessons

First lesson free. \$20 an hour for

amateur, intermediate and expert. Call Frank "The Shredder" De Souza. Ask for Frankie.

Computer geek searching kewl girl whose good at secks. Phears outside world. I'm tall, think with dark hair and nice once you get to know me. Call Trevor 344-1280.

Well-used "back massager." Seven speeds to relieve stress.
Call Steve 456-0708

Psychologist needed

I've been having a reoccurring dream where I'm fighting a manatee with the face of my father. It's a wet dream.

Please e-mail me at piratecow-boy19@hotmail.com if you know what this means.

DSU Chair needed

Should like rules, order and have a beautiful speaking voice. Must be able to tolerate geeks. Free gavel.
Call 494-2585

For sale

Does your girlfriend want you to come to the *Sex and the City* movie

with you? Call Dave for cyanide tablets. Shipped in discreet packages. Available in mint, orange and strawberry. 555-9988

Yak for rent

500-pound Mongolian yak for rent. Great for ploughing fields, breaks the ice at parties and shows the neighbours who's boss. Call Genghis 416-9856

Pets

Cute little rats available for sale. These little guys are a treat for any kid. Very cooperative and well trained. Missing hair and eyes. Call Dal psych department.

Losing Hair?

Wondering how you can regain your former youth? Get a big hat and wear it all the time. Also, buy a gun. It'll make you feel better.

KYBRD FR SL

VWLS MSSNG. CPS LCK KY STCK. \$10 R BST FFR.

Nihilism Meeting

Whenev.

HOROSCOPES



ARIES (March 21 - April 20)

'Bigger than breast implants' is the motto bestowed upon you when Belinda the guru bewitched you. Be careful because busty butts are benign reasons to burrow yourself in the behind of a beloved one. Be all you can be without being something you were not born to be. Beautiful beats will blind your mind when you befall upon a bust full of lust. A bumbling buffoon will try and be-muddle your words, but your bambino will baracuda them away.



TAURUS (April 21 - May 21)

Everyday your enlightenment eventually evolves to an even greater everlasting ecology. Your essence is effervescent and exudes into your ever-after life. Eat and exchange your excavated expressions with examples of the human species before they go extinct. As your ease escalates, turn it into an easy exclamation that expresses the exact event you were expecting. Egos are excellent forms of confidence.



GEMINI (May 22 - June 21)

Seeing as how your sphincter is squaring, your size is bound to get smaller. Stop thinking about Smarties and start thinking about science. See what styles your synthesizing can spawn. Smart shpants will look snappy. Sasquatches are watching for sightings of you. Search for your soul. A sissy boy or girl would be scared silly, but not your sassy self. Salt your friend's steak before you give him a seizure. Stop selling shit that has already been sold.



CANCER (June 22 - July 23)

Gullible goons are going to try to gather your gusto and make it their gain. God gave you the gift of the gab, so use it to your greatest advantage. Gambling is gassed on fate, and genius is in your group. Goofy is gone for the week and he wants you to go in his new gooseneck gown to the grasshopper's ball. Get giddy with your grand self. The Guinness Book of World Records got you down as G for gangster, and grrr for great.



LEO (July 24 - August 23)

Pink peacock looks pretty on people like you. The preacher was paid to pluck at your ego. Play it off plummy when you pee your pants in the planetarium. Please don't pressure your friends to pee theirs too. Presumptions can be presumptuous so pushing pressure will probably be the problem. Positivity is positively the prominent thought that will be peaking through every part of you. You will prevent feelings of pain by allowing them to peel away into the past.



VIRGO (August 24 - September 23)

Dates aren't dainty that are destined to help you discover new things you didn't know existed. Dive into a bite of delicious devil's chocolate. No need to defend yourself - dinky depths are not to be debated nor excavated. Danish dreams have got you dazed and divided. Dangle your daring self out there and deviations are bound never to make a dense fool of you.



LIBRA (September 24 - October 23)

Cities are cool, but counties are cooler. That can-do attitude is the car that will get you there the quickest. Cars can drive faster than you, but your commitment to speed is more convincing. Canadians are coasters that paint the right canvas. Comment on communists that are trying to control your community. Convenient circumstances come out of play when the carnies continually try to control your life. Tell them to cut it clean.



SCORPIO (October 24 - November 22)

Frankly, your fried fruit is freakin' delicious. Funny enough, your friends are going to find that false. Funny that fun things are found to be juvenile. Funhouses never go out of fashion. Furry fritters will unearth what you have been looking for. Forthcoming foes are to be thought fondly of - they are only trying to facilitate you. Fiends fend for themselves. Forgive them. Forever only seems like forever - realize it is only a finite timeframe.



SAGITTARIUS (November 23 - December 21)

How many houses could a horseman hinge? He could hardly hitch himself to a hot heavy rock, let alone a house. So watch your home for haphazard things that are happening. Do you have the chutzpah to put them to a halt? If you hear the sound of hooves harming your new hardwood floors, blame the headless horseman. Halifax is hot for you, and hot for haddock. Your hat will be hit with the hotness your bod deserves.



CAPRICORN (December 22 - January 20)

Aspirations affiliated with applications have arrived to arouse your abode. Are you able to abate yourself from assimilation effectively? After the abolishment and your ascent to a heavenly place, avoid acting anarchistic. Ashes affect no one, but a smoke stack draws attention to affluent crap that arrives daily courtesy of your arse. Absinthe is a trip but will lead into an ascent toward the abyss.



AQUARIUS (January 21 - February 19)

Loving the little things in life will lead to a lifetime of lust. Sour lemons are a lengthy torment to let light on to your upset. Less is a little smaller than more, but more is less likable than a little. Do not over lactate your loved ones with lampooned limericks. A landslide is likely to spill like lava if laxation and limbo do not take place. Literary logistics hold limp against fire. Be sure to always look on the lighter side of life. Laissez-faire is the way to live.



PISCES (February 20 - March 20)

How many months might you let this madness meander into your mind? Most of mankind mutates at the very moment man made that monstrosity, so why do you help to maintain it? Muster the merry and move that monster out into the mound of mush to where it must stay. Moan out loud every moment you mean to be magnificent. Macaroni makes your mouth want to mate after a matinée meal.

Martina Jakubchik-Paloheimo

Are you so popular that you don't have time to write one bloody concert review by yourself, and so decide to swipe one from the internet?

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I will find you.

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