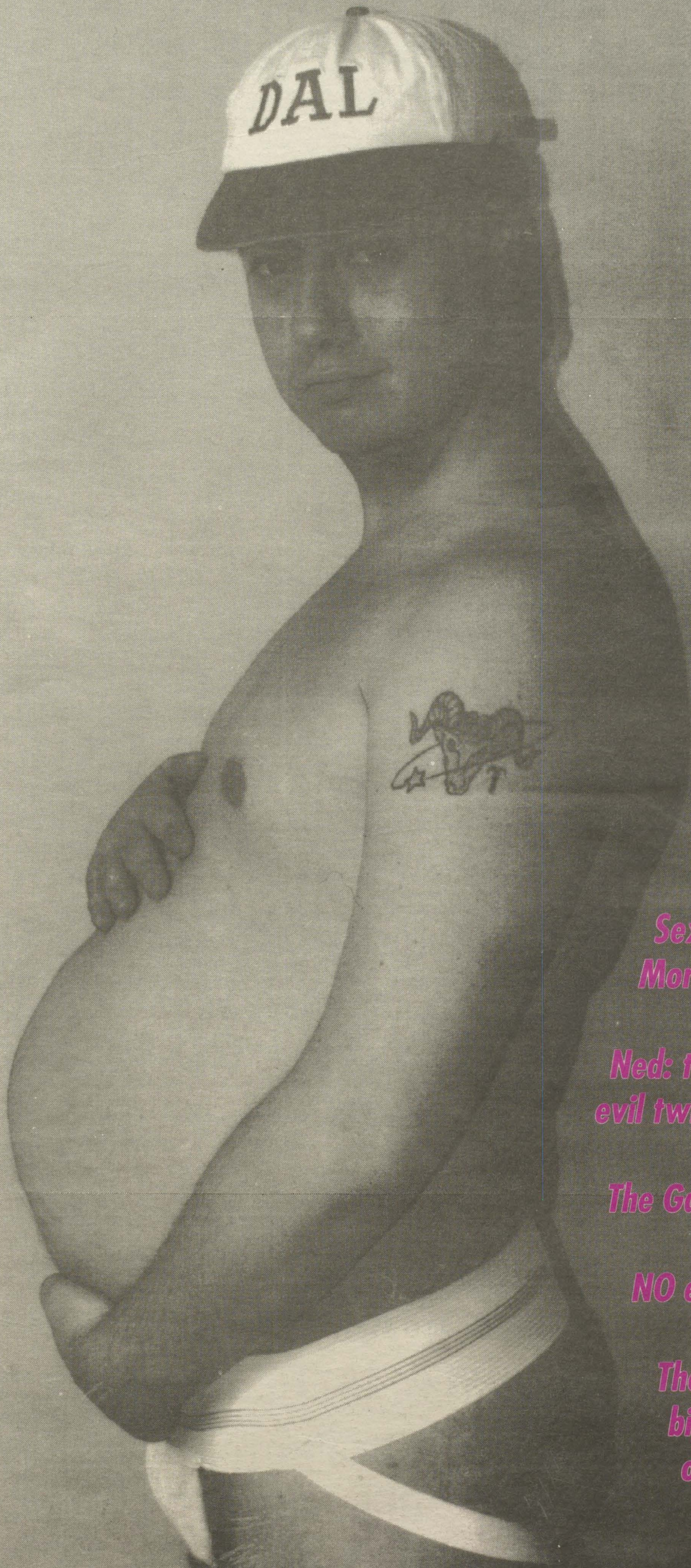


GAZETY FAIR



inside:

*Sexiest man alive -
Morton Plimsky*

*Ned: the Dal Tiger's
evil twin brother*

The Gazette Oscars

NO election news! Yay!

*The TRUTH about that
big white sculpture
on University Ave.*

*photo: Danielle Boudreau
big photoshop gut: David Lin*

DUDS ELECTIONS ANNOUNCEMENT

POSITIONS AVAILABLE:

DUDS PRESIDENT & DUDS VP EXEC

YOU MUST RUN FOR THESE POSITIONS AS A TEAM, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIKE EACHOTHER, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHOW ANY SOLIDARITY IN COUNCIL BECAUSE, WELL, IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE. JUST GET COMFORTABLE BEHIND YOUR DESK AND WAIT FOR THE MONEY TO ROLL IN. FREE FOOD TOO.

EMBEZZLER

THIS POSITION IS PERFECT FOR THE CRIMINALLY MINDED. NOT ONLY DO YO GET A SALARY, FREE FOOD, AND FREE TRAVEL, BUT YOU ALSO HAVE ACCESS TO A \$3 MILLION BUDGET. HEY, WHY NOT?

VP EXTRATERRESTRIAL

THIS POSITION INVOLVES NO ACTUAL WORK. YOU DO HAVE TO KNOW HOW TO NAME DROP AT PARTIES. THE ABILITY TO LOOK IMPORTANT AND PLAY THE ROLE OF POLITICAL HACK IS A DEFINTE PLUS.

VP IN THE ADMINISTRATION'S POCKET

IF YOUR NOSE IS BROWN, THIS IS THE POSITION FOR YOU. ALL YOU REALLY HAVE TO DO IS TAKE WHATEVER OPINION THE ADMINISTRATION WANTS YOU TO. AND IF YOU SLEEP WITH ALL THE RIGHT PEOPLE, YOU ARE ASSURED A STRAIGHT A AVERAGE, AND MONEY IN YOUR POCKET.

VP COMEDY AFFAIRS

IN THIS POSITION, YOUR MAIN JOB IS TO EMBARRASS US WITH THE HALIFAX COMMUNITY AT LARGE. YOU DO HAVE TO THROW A FEW LOUD AND BASICALLY OBNOXIOUS PARTIES, BUT YOU GET TO DRINK FOR FREE.

VP GOSSIP

HEY, THIS JOB IS GREAT. THAT IS IF YOU LIKE SPENDING HOURS ON THE PHONE. ALSO, YOU GET TO PLAY ON THE OFFICE COMPUTER FOR HOURS ON END. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CREATE THE OCCASIONAL PROBLEM.

**Nominations opened last Friday and will
close tomorrow at 10:00 a.m.**

Voting days will be May 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

**After they've been they've been properly contested
and thrown out, we will have new elections.**

Voting days will be July 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

Forrest Gump's pulpy Shawshank Redemption Quiz Show

by Buck Naked

"Life is lahk a box of choc-o-lates. You can eat all the cherries you want." So begins the smash-hit, super-duper, box-office-busting follow-up to the past year's greatest movies, *Forrest Gump*, *Pulp Fiction*, *The Shawshank Redemption* and *Quiz Show*.

Tom Hanks revives his role as the loveable yet colossally stupid Forrest, sexual ingénue and all-around-intellectual doormat.

In this instalment, Forrest is sentenced to Shawshank penitentiary for crimes against humanity. Forrest screws up bigtime in his first encounter with the prison toughs who terrorized Tim Robbins in the original *Shawshank*.

"Hey, boy, what's yer name?"

"Forrest. Forrest Gump, sir."

"I don't lahk the sound of that name, boy. I think, oh ah dunno, 'Fresh Meat' sounds better."

"But mah name ain't 'Fresh M...' AAAAHHHHH!!!!!!!"

After Forrest's buttock heals up and the scabs come off, he's released into the real world and finds work as sex toy for Zed and Spider, the S&M perverts from *Pulp Fiction*.

*an even less
honourable
job than
hood or
butt toy*

Forrest changes his name to "Forrest Gimp," encases himself completely in leather and finds, in his words, "a good deal on a sublet," which turns out to be the steamer trunk in Spider's basement.

Soon after, Forrest runs into mobster

Marcellus Wallace's hip-talking, bible-quoting hood Jules (Samuel L. Jackson), and mayhem ensues.

"...and thou will know my name is the Lord thy God when I lay my vengeance upon thee!!!"

"Well sir, ah've already had more than a few men 'lay their vengeance upon me,' so to speak..."

—BOOM!!!—

After having the bullets removed from his ass, Forrest finds work as a game show host, an even less honourable job than hood or butt toy. He gets subpoenaed before the U.S. Senate and...

"If you could have done that, had instant fame and money on a rigged game show, would you have done it?"

"No."

"You're an asshole, Forrest."

"Stupid is as stupid does."

"You're still an asshole, Forrest."

"Oh."

Look for it in video stores everywhere. As if...

The Gazette Oscars

- Most likely to have a name that describes his job... DSU Treasurer Bret Leech
- Most likely to convert all the filthy, worthless, unwashed heathens in the world... opinions contributor Ron Samson
- Most likely to screw up an election and referendum... the DSU
- Most likely to overreact to the DSU's screw-up... the Judicial Board
- Most likely to whine about a new election and referendum... the Gazette
- Most likely to not know about it... Dalhousie students
- Most likely to be found handing out pamphlets in front of the SUB... Metalicus and the International Socialists
- Most likely to drop his beer (and vowels)... news editor Milton Howe
- Best goat-tee grower... a tie between two Big Goats, co-sports editor Sam McCaig and sports writer Jefferson Rappell
- Best attempt at a goat-tee... Big Goat and sports writer Ben Clark
- Coolest shaved head... arts writer and front page poser James Beddington
- Most likely to come to DSU council meetings still hungover at 7 p.m.... DSU VP Academic Beth Owen
- Most likely to give the Gazette top secret information on the DSU... DSU VP Community Affairs Lewis "Leaky" Jacobson
- Most likely to be mistaken for a Playboy centrefold... almost every Dal Profile (Bambi, Steffi, etc.)
- Most likely to be caught singing at every charity event at Dal ... better half of Jo & Joe, Joanna Mirsky
- Most likely to pose down for the Gazette in a jock strap... opinions editor and front page poser Josef Tratnik
- Most likely to not quite completely understand what's going on, but really tries hard to... DSU VP Executive Tiffany Jay
- Most likely to sit on the third floor ledge of the SUB with a telephone and call the payphone in front of the SUB... news editor Milton Howe
- Most likely to yell at people from the 3rd floor window of the SUB... Gazette staff
- Most likely to not be "in his office at the moment"... Dalhousie President Howard Clark
- Most likely to get annoyed with persistent Gazette news writers... Dalhousie President Howard Clark's secretary
- Most likely to not be around... DSU President Rod MacLeod
- Most likely to be found communicating in a pool... DSU VP Communications and co-captain of the men's varsity swim team John Yip
- Most likely to write a letter to the Gazette... Name withheld by request
- Most likely to submit an article longer than the Bible... someone writing about East Timor
- Most likely to be the largest political hack in denial... former DSU chair, former DSU arts rep, former DSU constitution chairperson, Gazette Board of Directors, CKDU-FM sales manager Wayne Mason
- Most likely to make money from Dal's withdrawal from the Canadian Federation of Students by selling anti-CFS t-shirts at a CFS conference... DSU treasurer Bret Leech and VP external Hal Maclean
- Most likely to wear out MT&T's lines... copy editor Lilli Ju
- Most likely to give the DSU a much-needed shakedown... Students with Disabilities Association
- Most likely to have a nervous breakdown during a Music Festival... ex-arts editor who has a real job in Wolfville, yes, Wolfville, Mike Graham
- Most territorial Gazette staff member... ex-typesetter Rob Currie on a Wednesday.
- Most likely to think he's God because he knows how to turn a computer on... new typesetter David Lin on any day
- Most likely to pay \$100 for a parking space existing in a parallel dimension... any vehicularly gifted Dal student
- Most likely to take his pants off for the Gazette... co-sports editor Sam McCaig
- Most likely to tell people "Sure we'll print your story," and then not tell the copy editor... managing editor Judy Reid
- Most likely to come up with a lame Oscar's list that only people who live in the SUB will get... the Gazette

Just Feel with Mo & Moe

Hello, brothers and sisters and those who are gender neutral. Well, you've listened to us for a year now. And to continue with our ongoing battle to turn you all into the perfect batch of Politically Correct Freaks, here is our final instalment in a long series of articles aimed at hypnotising the masses.

We wish to introduce you to us, in terms of our true PC personas.

I'm Mo. It used to be ok to say that I am a white Jewish woman, but it's not ok now. SO DON'T DO IT!!!

You must now refer to me as a Pigmentedly Challenged WOMYN of European Matrilineal and patrilineal decent. I am also of Ashkenazi Jewish decent, and because of this fact, I request that in future you refer to me as Dvora Ruth Eve, in honour of my Matrilineal Herstory. May all my Mothers and GrandMothers be Honoured.

I'm Moe. It used to be ok to say that I am a white homosexual male, but now it's not ok. SO DON'T DO IT!!!

You must now refer to me as a Pigmentedly challenged male of North American and European decent. I am also part Mi'qmaq, part Jewish, &, part Christian in background. I am also physically challenged, due to a labour related accident. Further to all of this, you can no longer refer to me as being a Homosexual. Homosexuality is an artificial construct created in the 18th century by the heterosexual community. Because the term homosexual is an artificial construct created to suppress me, I claim the word Queer. I reclaim it and make it a power word.

And in Honour of our rebirth (Praise be to our original mothers who gave us life and strength.), we have decided to do something for those who face greater challenges than us.

From this day forward, we will wear no scents. Our pheromones will be free to roam, carried on the winds of the Great Mother. Also in honour of this special occasion, we will no longer consume great quantities of water to remove our human byproducts. We will pass our waste in the out of doors. We will do our part for the environment.

So, that ends our discourse for this moon cycle. If you have non-threatening questions, or comments of a constructive and soul building nature, please do contact us. Just Feel with Mo & Moe.

Good music and comfortable footwear

by I.N. Syder

When Peter Raveen of Indecent Management discovered that the rail strike had stranded a container-load of Pumas in Halifax, he took the opportunity to stage a benefit gig. The proceeds from the all-ages show are going to raise money to purchase the stranded shoes for those alterna-kids who are unable to be as cool as they deserve to be, merely because they can't afford to purchase the proper brand-name footwear.

Three of Halifax's hottest bands donated their time and talents to the cause, and packed The Khabbageland Bar and Grill on Friday night. Not only fans, but the media turned out in full-force to witness the spectacle.

2 Much Music's Mike Soup showed up with his new, waterproof video camera, and taped the performances and yet another interview with Peter Raveen for the new East Coast Music show, Much Righteous.

Three Hardships were the first to take the stage. They played an impressive set to a mesmerised audience. This band gets better every time I see them, and vocalist Jonnie Cox seems to have settled comfortably into a style reminiscent of Elvis Costello. The songs were short, however, and I can't help but wonder: Will they ever write a song that is longer than three minutes?

Next to take the stage were Hermit Thrush. This local foursome played an exciting set full of the usual antics — beginning with lead singer Yan McGettagain's impressive jump-kick which knocked a chunk of plaster from the low ceiling.

Sadly, Hermit Thrush's set was cut short when the strings on all of the instruments suddenly snapped, the mic stands all broke, and the monitors cut out simultaneously.

Finally, at around eleven, Halifax veterans Salon took the stage. This was the first local performance from this band in quite some time, and it was well worth the wait. They delighted the crowd by playing a set which included hit tune "Overwhelmed," and an awesome cover of Duran Duran's "Planet Earth."

In a moment of particular interest, the foursome switched instruments for "People of the Earth."

Naturally, the 2 Much cameras got it all on tape, and I'm hoping to be able to watch this unusual event on TV soon. Rumours of Salon's impending break-up were confirmed when, at the end of the set, the four band members began making unflattering comments about their label, and then declared, on-stage, that they had just played their last show.

Other supporters who turned out for the cause were teen rock guru Mae Weighson of Now Records, numerous DUCKFM personalities, and members of the local singles label PB&J, who, as per usual, gave out sandwiches.

The benefit appeared to be a success, and Peter Raveen said that enough money had been raised to purchase the stalled container-load of Pumas.

Distribution will commence as soon as the deal is finalized, and Halifax's needy and stylistically deprived alterna-kids can expect to receive their essential footwear in the near future.

Television...good for your brain

by I. Geofferson

There have been recent studies concluding that television is advantageous to your mental well-being.

Dr. Bruce Gilchryst, departmental interdisciplinarian and Chair of the Humanities at McGill University, released his findings to several national and international academic journals on Monday. In 1977 Gilchryst received an honours degree in Neuroscience at Dalhousie University and has since continued his research at McGill in Montreal.

"Television," writes Gilchryst, "had previously been blamed for interfering with higher functions of the brain by way of a partial electro-paralysis. It had been widely held

that television's radiation particles had led to a 'damaging effect' through prolonged exposure. Today we know the opposite to be true."

One such belief on this "damaging effect" was held by the Finnish scientist, Dr. Ingemar Voltenhymer. In 1985 he released controversial findings that the potassium and sodium ions in the brain were being cut-off from higher lobe functions.

"A polarized effect in the brain's electrical workings showed decreased neuroactivity in habitual viewers." He wrote that the electrons of television's radiation reacted most adversely with the brain directly behind the eyes.

Voltenhymer and his following began lobbying for warning labels for

all televisions, but largely he was told to "quack-off." In turn he cried "conspiracy" and was interviewed by the *New York Times* in September of 1986. Since then it was widely rumoured that he eventually went mad and was last known to be planting trees in British Columbia.

"Voltenhymer was a building stone at one time, but even his equipment has long since been outdated. He was half-right. The effects he wrote about were noteworthy enough, but he was labelling all the dogs as cats. It's a good thing that not too many had taken him seriously, or else where would be now?" Gilchryst notes.

Comparing television to the game of chess, Gilchryst writes that "the growing complexity of information

and even channel options are giving the brain a diligent workout. Acquiring a language, say from *Seinfeld*, involves a great amount of brain work, and if a person watches twenty different shows a month then they have the verbal experience of all those shows."

Another much heralded aspect of television viewing is the level of social communication which is created when two or more people watch the same show and discuss it the following day.

"The brain is constantly in flux when one watches (television). Intellectually, it compares to Shakespearean acting, writing an epic poem, or a theology debate. [...] The amount of radiation is lower from

computers yet they too yield a stimulating effect. And ironically, until now, it was widely held that computer use required a higher level of brain activity.

Though one may well ask then why are we not a society of geniuses? Gilchryst suggests we may already be just that.

"The problem with evidence of societal genius is that there is none, except for the dialogues around the water coolers. We have no great surge of artists or scholars, but ask anyone how Bart Simpson angered his father the other night and we are dealing with a formidable body of knowledge," totes Gilchryst.

Toxic, toxic everywhere

by Ray Zorblayd

Toxic dumping in illegal areas has reached epidemic proportions lately in Nova Scotia.

Across the province, radioactive waste, toxic waste from chemical plants, and other toxic materials are being disposed of in wide open fields. These fields are far away from the prying eyes of civilization, instead of the clearly marked disposal zones in the centres of many small towns.

"Yes, it's definitely reached epidemic proportions" says Howie McNutt, chairman of "Save Earth by Eating Granola" (SEEG). "Why just last month I got a little kitten to keep me company around the environmentally friendly woven hemp lean-to I habitate in, and after three days of exposure to that toxic waste, it was three hundred pounds, had claws the size of bananas, and kept hogging the remote."

Although he's worried that soon his kitten, affectionately named "Gigantor," may soon decide to eat him, McNutt admits that there is an upside.

"I haven't had to worry about the

lean-to being broken into in three days!" he says.

Bartholomew Cashmorr, CEO of the international corporation, Chemco, says toxic waste is completely harmless.

"It's not like we're dumping things that come from other planets, you know. Every chemical and by-prod-

Yeah, baby,
yeah!
KILL!
KILL!
KILL!

uct we dump is composed entirely of other chemicals and by-products that were made right here on Earth. What could be more natural than that?"

When asked about where his company disposes of the materials when they are done with them, Cashmorr says, "they're all brought out to sea in hermetically-sealed, long-lasting con-

tainers. Then our technicians carefully open the containers and pour the chemicals into the water, and bring the containers back to be refilled. See? We reuse everything we can."

When asked where the chemicals go after they are dumped, Cashmorr said "Away."

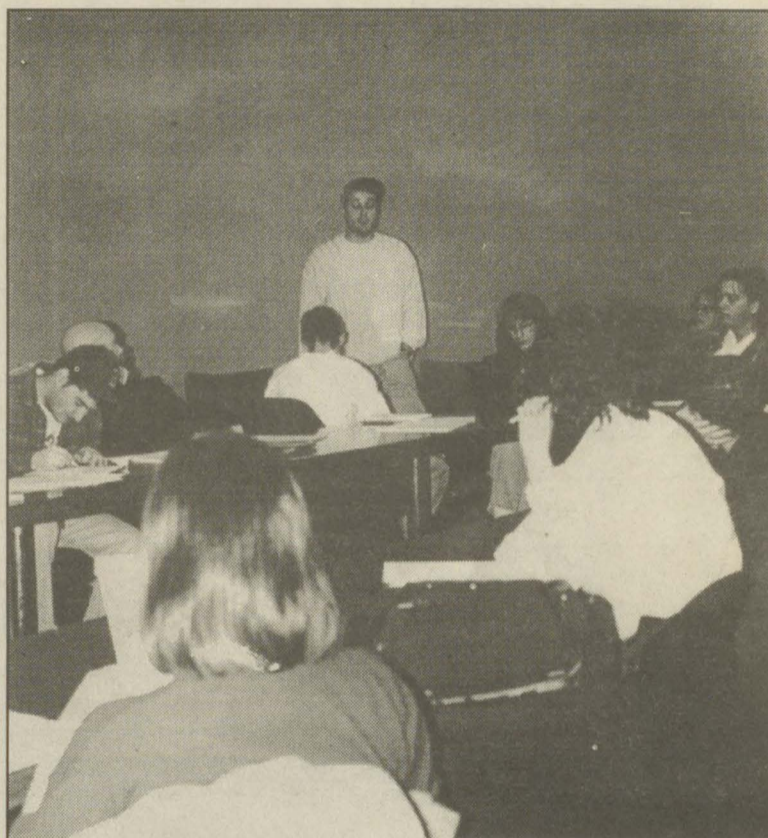
Dalhousie's Biology Department, in a recent press release, has condemned Chemco's policies as "really really bad and they hurt little cute animals who have really big eyes with their nasty, smelly stuff."

So enraged is the Department with Cashmorr, that they have threatened to dump toxic waste on his 300 acre farm to demonstrate their support for ecological issues. Faculty Chair Bob Smith thinks fair is fair.

"Let's see how he likes it. A couple tons of waste in his backyard may change his mind."

Willy Goosh, an environmental activist and electro shock therapy outpatient, agrees with Smith's views.

"Yeah, man, toast 'em all! Yeah! KILL KILL KILL! Yeah, baby, yeah! I been wanting to kill everyone ever since... (mumbles)... what was I talking about?"



Lewis Jacobson, Dalhousie Student Union Vice-President Community Affairs '94-'95, treats a selected audience of Arts students to an exclusive preview of his singing talent. As the *Gazette* was going to press, the DSU could neither confirm nor deny the rumoured release of the budding tenor's debut album, Poopsie Performs Pavarotti.

PHOTO: COOK E. MONSTA

Dal Tigers sign world-class skater for 95-96

by Carmen Tamiego

The Dalhousie Tigers recently recruited two-time world figure skating champion Elvis Stojko for their varsity hockey program. Stojko told a packed press conference yesterday at Dalplex that figure skating was too hazardous to his health, and he wanted to expand his talent on the ice to include other endeavors.

The Tigers, who were 16-7-3 this season and ranked eighth in the country, are looking forward to seeing Stojko's quadruple-axel slap shot, which will arguably be the Tigers' top weapon for the 1995-96 season.

Head coach Daring Young was ecstatic. "When he was down for nationals at the Metro centre early this year, I was very impressed with his speed and power. You need those qualities in this league," Young said. "However, we'll have to keep him away from the boards."

For his part, Stojko said, "Dalhousie has a technically strong team. I want to add some artistic elements

that are missing in their performances."

Fans of the Tigers are unsure of what to expect from their newest player.

"I'm sure he can skate really well, and maybe he can think on his feet,

We'll have
to keep
him away
from the
boards

but what if someone slams him or high-sticks him or something like that? He'd be defenceless," said Big Bobby Clobber, a Tigers fan.

"On the other hand, if he could, like, jump into the air and spin the blades of his skates around at face level, he might make a great impact on the defensive line."

Stojko's new teammates are equally unconvinced about his style.

"I've always liked to watch him

on the ice, but there's one thing I'm worried about. Are we gonna have to change our uniforms to those tight, sparkly suits he's always wearing?" mused Mark Smyles, the Tigers' captain.

Possibly planning to counter Dal's

new hockey power, Acadia has recently been rumoured to be negotiating with former Canadian and world champion Kurt Browning to play on the Axemen's hockey team. (Browning still has a one-year contract with the Ice Capades, currently

touring in the States.)

However, should this come to pass, Dal-Acadia games will certainly continue to be high in attendance and energy, not to mention in delicate artistic presentation.



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Computer enhanced photo. Won't Grandma be pleased?

Happy meat-eating!

I am a vegetarian, but the recent ads for Dr. Howard Milton's Meat Eaters Anonymous have prompted me to reconsider my choice.

Why exactly am I a vegetarian? The powers that be gave me a set of incisors, so why shouldn't I be using them to rend flesh from bone? What philosophical objection could there possibly be?

At some point, I was brainwashed by the vocal vegetarian minority into believing that mammals other than us humans actually have some reason to stay alive. But maybe they don't — maybe I'm just a sucker for the plaintiff 'moo' of a cow at dusk.

But hey, wait a minute. I grew up on a farm, I know the truth about these beasts and now the time has come for me to stop deluding myself. What makes animals superior to vegetables in the brain department? Sure, animals have brains, and plants don't, but it isn't like animals other than humans actually use those brains to think.

Who cares about those stupid animals anyway? And they really are stupid, you know. Take cows for example, isn't it obvious that an animal which allows drunken teenagers to tip it over for sport doesn't have two brain-cells to rub together?

And what about chickens? They serve a far better purpose roasting on a barbeque than running around aimlessly, shedding feathers and clucking. Besides, how can there be a moral dilemma involved in eating these birds when they are only too happy to eat each other? (They do eat each other, you know. I'm not making this up) If they don't have any problems with sucking the marrow out of each others' bones, then we shouldn't have any problems with doing it for them.

Sheep? Pigs? Fish? All of these animals are kind of dirty and gross when you get up close, they don't appear to harbour any hidden philosophical insight, and they're pretty darn useless in any capacity other than dressing the dinner table. So why am I still a vegetarian?

Vegetables serve a decorative purpose. They scatter themselves in an aesthetically pleasing array around our environs. Plucking vegetables from the earth, and hacking them to bits merely for selfish nutritional purposes seems more of a crime than the humane slaughter of a couple of dull bovines. So which is worse, knocking off a couple of mammals to supply the human body with some essential protein, or plucking gorgeous decoration from the fertile landscape?

So that does it. I've made up my mind. There's no point in maintaining this useless moral charade. The time has come for me to start eating meat again; maybe I should start with some nice Provimi Veal cutlets.

If you are a vegetarian, I urge you to reconsider also. Don't let yourself be brainwashed by those crazy earthy people in Guatemalan Ponchos. There's really very little point in it. I am going to have contact Dr. Howard Milton, and join Meat Eaters Anonymous. Steak, Hamburgers and bacon, here I come! Hey Grandma, how about a nice roast beef dinner with Yorkshire pudding?

Happy eating!

Kray Z. Leftie



LETTERS

The Dalhousie *Gazette* welcomes letters to the editor. Letters should not exceed 300 words in length. Got it? 300 words, not 3000, for God's sake! I mean what do you think, we have nothing better to do than sift through yer god-accursed essays? Get real. Get a life. Go home.

Goodbye to you, DSS

To the editor,

With all the controversy over Arts Society this year, it seems that the Dalhousie community has overlooked the gross mismanagement of funds by the Dalhousie Science Society (DSS). The executive of this year's society, the executive president Jason Morrison, have used their positions mercilessly for personal gain and advancement.

The year had barely started when gross mismanagement led to the society spending \$300 on a boat cruise that never occurred. When it came time to give the B-society grants, the executive slashed the B-society budgets, going so far as to cut a stapler, and not just any stapler. The stapler of the gods! You should see this thing. They went all out! The adjustable, retractable, measurable deluxe model!

The excess wasted on office knick-knacks did not stop there, however. The executive approved the purchase of a coffee maker, bulletin board, and a clock which was not put up until the end of the term. They also bought ten batteries for the clock, "just so there would be extras." Did the society really need that many? Furthermore, there were Science Society pencils custom made, of which the president seemed to possess a disproportionate number.

Heard about the Art's Society JJ's Nite? The DSS had a bit of a party themselves, at that same locale. Those who needed tickets for drinks had to approach executive members, who possessed them aplenty. It seems that executive liked cheap liquor events, because they allocate funding for multiple "buck a beer" events across campus. Every few weeks they could be seen at one of these events, "supporting the society."

The truth surprises you? There's more. DSS president Jason Morrison stacked this year's council with friends in order to facilitate the passage of his agenda. He had confidantes and allies on most B-societies. The president of the Dalhousie Mathematics and Statistics Society, easily the most influential society on campus, was Morrison's roommate!

All in all, ten former Science Foundation Year students, the program Morrison was enrolled in last year, served as his allies on council. A good friend from the residence served as chair, giving Morrison total control of the meetings. It seems that the worst fears of last year's executive have come true! Despite being publicly condemned in *the Gazette*, they were right after all!

We encourage the Dalhousie Science community to come forward. There will be a general meeting on Monday, April 3, at 7 p.m. in the Council Chambers on the second floor of the SUB.

Strike a blow against the exclusive fraternity that rules student politics!

James Worrall and Sally Bird

proved that with the combination of just a few simple items, underwear, hair spray and a Barbie Doll for instance, one can assemble a small but powerful incendiary bomb.

These children must be stopped! I call upon all parents to deny their children any and all items that can be used in the construction of the following weapons of mass destruction:

Laser Cannons — can be made with a flashlight, eyeglasses and really fresh Duracells

Neutron Bomb — made with a microwave oven, tin foil and pencils.

Clearly, these little menaces must be stopped. Please join me in the struggle.

Laurence Livermore

I, resentnik

To the editor,

I am a proud left wing crazy, and I would like to respond to everybody that you people have been saying this year.

It's about time you printed the other side of the story. Being a lefty is a lot of work; it involves a lifelong commitment, and that's a long time to go without meat.

It took me years to prepare myself for the job of constant whiner. Playing the victim all the time isn't exactly easy, you know. Sometimes it's hard to find someone to blame stuff on, because once you've caught someone in an error, and you've totally exploited the situation. They usually don't make the same mistake again, and then you have to look for someone else.

And then there's the problem with footwear. Do you realize just how cold your feet get when you wear Birkenstocks in the winter. And then, when you want to go out for a night on the town, they don't go with anything dressy.

So remember, the next time you see people in ponchos, out in front of the SUB, trying their best to get you to buy a copy of the *Socialist Worker*, the life of a left-wing crazy is not an easy one. Be kind to a lefty today.

dolphin-free tuna brother

Kids to rule

To the editor,

I think the current generation will rule the earth.

Naturally, this is going to be true. After all, the current rulers have to die sometime, but I think they're going to slip into extinction a lot sooner than any other generation's ever has. In a way, you could almost say they've already been replaced.

What I'm talking about here is the little kids out there, growing up with things like virtual reality, computer processors the size of aircraft carriers and all sorts of things like that. I predict within ten years kids will be begging their parents for the latest ntware to be installed in their brains.

Kids are learning more stuff today than ever. When I was in school it was ten years before I could do fractions. Today kids have already learned to program computers how to do fractions in — guess what? — fractions of a second. Coincidence? I think not.

Kids also know how to fly a stealth bomber down a canyon at three thousand m.p.h., bomb a base and return home in time for a *Power Rangers* festival. How many of we adults can perform such feats?

The growing knowledge and evil powers of children aren't just mental, either. A colleague of mine recently

the Gazette

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editor in charge of extraneous tigers:

Carmen Tam

focus on cleavage editor:

Eugenia Bayada

editor in charge of prozac:

Milton Howe

editor in charge of military aggression:

Judy Reid

typesetter in charge of "FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!":

Dave Lin

editor in charge of needing it bad:

Steve Tonner

editor in charge of chemical inhalation:

Mike Devonport

editor in charge of salt cod & poguey:

Katrina Hurley

editor in charge of Upper Canada:

Jen Horsey

editor in charge of facial hair:

Sam McCaig

editor in charge of frats:

Sean Rooney

editor in charge of height:

Jodi Gallagher

liaison in charge of "da babes":

Heather Gibson

editor in charge of all things gay:

Josef Tratnik

editor in charge of "SHUT UP I'M ON THE PHONE!":

Lilli Ju

editor in charge of black clothing:

Danielle Boudreau

editor in charge of really, really quiet:

Feng Tan

production manager in charge of crack pipes:

Mark Farmer

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