

Focus on almost every &#x25;x24; thing

Focus on *The Gazette*

Focus on News

DSU, SSR, CFS, CASA, CUP... blah, blah, blaaah... Acronyms that don't mean much to most students. Apathy rules on campus.

Focus on Opinions

A few people who actually have some good points to make, plus a whole bunch of basket-cases, faux intellectuals and DSU rejects repeatedly getting a chance to inflict their views on unsuspecting readers who take them far too seriously to be healthy. "Don't you care?" asks Joe repeatedly. Sadly, no.

Focus on Sports

Informative section for those who genuinely care (all five of you) about how the sports people are doing. Meat market for varsity groupies (catalogue shopping, Dal-style).

Focus on Arts

Unknown Halifax bands, infamous Canadian bands, reviews of bad CDs that *the Gazette* gets for free, movies, theatre and the oc-

casional art exhibition... "Reviews, abuse, news and spews." Indeed.

Focus on Science

Toxic whales, dying rainforests, you're screwing-up-the planet articles (thirty different topics), the merits of hemp, the pitfalls of ecstasy... It's all still happening, hence no one could care less (now there's a surprise).

Focus on Focus on Dal

Strictly for the intellectuals on campus, it provides deep insight into life here at Dal whilst introducing some of the more prominent people of campus society.

Focus on Dal students

Several thousand cool kids who care only about having as much drink and/or sex as is humanly possible and still being able to walk the next day. Oh, and of course about getting a good degree and pursuing a successful professional career. Frequently heard asking "What elections?"

Focus on Dal societies

The only people who seem to be getting anything done. And let's not forget those who reign in supremacy

and this year's Society of the Year. Two words: Big Goats.

Focus on Dal Tiger (the mascot, not the varsity player)

It's big! It's yellow and black! Erm, it's also practically fluorescent. Shows up to some games. Spends entire time trying to pick up varsity groupies (oops! Meant to say "attentive female sports fans" there)

Focus on Dal cheerleaders

Turn up to some games. Throw each other in the air a bit (quite impressive actually). Chant a few lame chants ("Let's!" clap "Go!" clap "Dal!" clap). Forget totally about crowd involvement. Disappear into near-obscure until they next decide to show up.

Focus on the Life Sciences Centre

Bad example of 70s architecture consisting of a maze-like structure and a lot of bare cement. At best, it can be described as cold and claustrophobic.

Focus on Registrar's Office

Seriously disorganized section of the University in which employees follow one basic rule: "When in doubt

a) diffuse responsibility (cf human pinball in the A & A), or b) give out wrong advice and hope no one notices. If caught, deny all accusations profusely and make the student look like they're lying or didn't understand in the first place. The latter works especially well if the aforementioned student is foreign."

Focus on Student Accounts Office Second only to the Registrar's Office in terms of inefficiency, these people would lose their heads if they weren't screwed on. Bear in mind that it is these people that deal with your money every year.

Focus on *The SMU Journal*

Cross-town rivals' paper. Affectionately known as *The Urinal* by several parties for obvious reasons, i.e., their persistence in keeping Andrew Bower on staff — even though he's long past his 'sell-by' date and hasn't come up with anything funny or clever in the [too many] years that he's been there (except, of course, lots of cartoons about sports and puking). They still haven't realised

that *The Gazette* is a newspaper. *The Journal*, on the other hand, is a flyer.

Focus on Andrew Bower

Hey, Andy, we know you love SMU, but don't you think it's time to peel your butt off the cartoonist's chair and explore the real world? Wean yourself away Andy — there's a whole new world out there where jocks are in the minority, not all women have BIG hair and newspapers don't have to entice readers to read them with lots of pretty colours and big, shiny photos. We know you can do it. There must be dozens of employers looking for people who can draw cartoons about sports teams and puking, and well, more sports and puking, and ...uh... sports and... puking. Don't be afraid Andy — take the plunge. It's a big world out there where people talk in polysyllables, where universities spend more on academics than sports, and you don't need to wear sportswear to fit in. But we have faith in you, Andy. You can only hide away in SMU and avoid finding work for so long, my friend. Take the plunge.

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Name: Morton Plimsky

Age: 18

What were you like as a child? Pretty cool I guess, same as now.

What talent would you most like to have? To navigate through hyperspace.

Bad habits: Sometimes I miss Star Trek.

Greatest attribute(s)? My seamless combination of wit, charm and excellent hygiene.

Favourite magazine? *Starlog* — because it keeps me up to date on the latest happenings in the world of Star Trek, Dr. Who, and all the smaller TV shows and movies out

there that everyone who's smart watches all the time.

Dream magazine? *Starlog*, but with a greater emphasis on characters like Princess Leia, Dana Scully, and Deanna Troi... and their costumes. Hwaaaa!

Favourite movie? Any Star Trek movie, except the one where Kirk dies. I cried so much, my asthma went crazy and I had to be carried to the hospital by my mom.

Favourite TV show? It's a tie between Star Trek (the original), and Quantum Leap. Only the classics for me.

Favourite possession? My Star Trek Pyjamas.

Favourite outfit? My black jeans, Star Trek t-shirt, brand new bright white Reeboks, (with neon laces? - ed.) and a trench coat and fedora hat on top of it all — because it makes me look so mature.

What's the wildest thing you've ever done? In junior high school, my friends Wally, Arvid, and I went to the mall one day. While we were in the arcade, we noticed these two beautiful women were looking right at us. We kinda started to giggle and laugh hysterically, and then my asthma kicked in again, and I passed out. Anyhow, the paramedics gave me CPR, and I guess I kinda thought it was one of those women, because as I woke up, I noticed my arms were around the paramedic (a 300 pound guy named Gus), and I don't think he liked it too much. Then my mom came to pick me up, and when we all got back to my house, the two women were there! Mom said she sent them to find me because it was time to go to the doctor for my checkup. I charmed them by laughing for a few minutes straight to set them at ease, then ran as fast as I could to my room. I think they really liked me. I hope I wasn't too much man for them.

Dream Job? Bill Gates' personal assistant. I could program all his interfaces to be just the way he likes them, make sure his car is always cleanly polished. Basically I'd be the Smithers to his Mr. Burns.

Idea of a good time? Hanging out with the Klingon Assault Group

(KAG — great place to meet friends), and playing Dungeons & Dragons, etc.

What makes you happy? When MITV shows 2 episodes of the X-Files in a row — and a Star Trek movie right after!

Greatest Fear? That pi will be proven not to equal 3.14159...

Most embarrassing moment? One time in grade 11, I gave the wrong answer in math class. It was 3.45457567, not 3.45457568! I'll never live that down.

If you had a million dollars what would you buy? A Cray super computer, of course! Hwaaaaaa!

Biggest sexual fantasy? My math teacher, Mrs. Ingersol, stops me after class one day, and well... I don't want to go into lots of detail here, but it ends up with me walking home with (gasp) lipstick on my cheek!

Favourite breakfast food? Count Chocula, because it's like chocolate.

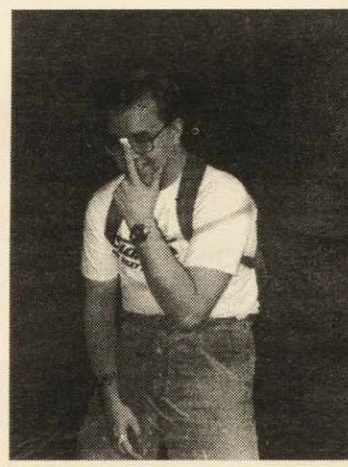
Why is your Star Trek shirt so special to you? When I saw the premiere of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, I knew that someday they'd be making t-shirts for the show. I also knew that I probably could get one by saving up gum wrappers, but I didn't know which brand of gum to buy. So, for 6 years, I bought all the brands of gum I could and saved every single wrapper. Of course, it turned out that I didn't need the gum wrappers and could get the t-shirts at the It Store, so I stopped chewing the gum. Of course, I was addicted to the artificial sweeteners by then, and had to go into detox. That shirt was on my back for the entire 6 weeks of it, and that's why it's so important to me.

If you could be famous for something, what would it be? I'd like everyone to know me for my ability to tell what episode of Star Trek I'm watching, by listening to the first 5 words of Captain Picard's log entry.

Future ambitions? To get my Ph.D. in math, and spend the rest of my days teaching... beside Mrs. Ingersol.

Favourite actor/actress? William Shatner (of course), and Marina Sirtis (Deanna Troi). I admire her for her boldness and not being afraid to wear body paint instead of clothing.

Words to live by: In a closed system, the amount of energy in whatever form will remain constant.



I grok Spock!



Huh huh huh...



The end!

