

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 butthole 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*.

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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...

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.

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... Metallicus 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*

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.