

"Can I get a cab to the corner of You're a Fat Idiot and Go Fuck Yourself, Ugly?"

In this day and age of the apparent customer-is-always-right morality of big business that has spawned the free smile as an item on any menu in any one of the plethora of McDonalds inhabiting this planet, why are we letting people to whom we give our money treat us like assholes?

Well, the fact of the matter is you can make a living being an asshole (think Dennis Leary, Frank Zappa, or C. Montgomery Burns). But let's face it, while it is part of the American (and therefore Canadian) Dream to have the right to be a huge, dripping asshole, there are rigorous qualifications we demand be met: you gotta be funny as hell, disgustingly rich and powerful, or of the preferable sex and sexy. Fail to meet these and we'll eat you alive.

But how does that explain the existence of taxicab dispatchers? How many times will we tolerate the sweaty, fart-like grunts of countless inconsiderate assholes bitching at us while we try to put in an order for a cab? I called Casino the other day in a rush to make it to campus before my paper deadline and was the undeserved recipient of an earful of bitching by some fat slug of a woman taking out her loathing of the life she carved out for herself on any and all innocent incoming callers.

"Can I get a cab to the corner of Morris and Birmingham?"

"What's the address?"

"I don't know, by Mr. Chang's."

"Why won't you tell me your address?"

"5575 B Morris St., but it's hard to get to; can't I just meet the cab on the corner?"

"Why?"

"What do you mean

DRUNK RANT

'Why?'"

"-click-"

The asshole hung up on me!

And not only me, for this is far from an isolated incident. Coming across a friendly cabby dispatcher is like finding a Bible on the toilet box in a Palace bathroom.

But yet we put up with it! Why? There's no good reason. Now I'm not going to preach to you about writing a curt letter of response expressing your disdain. To do so would be to bet against not only the apathetic laziness that is so en vogue nowadays but the chance that these fat slugs can actually have the brain power to work an envelope let alone read the letter inside. No, my friends, I don't ask anything of you except an extra dial of the phone and a little penny pinching. What I mean is that if you are sick and tired of these rude surly assholeish phone conversations all you have to do to take action is one of two things: when calling a cab and getting an aforementioned response, order the cab with the utmost politeness, then hang up and call another cab to the same place; do this until you get an at least halfway pleasant response. Remember the name of the cab company and wait for the cabs

to show up. When each cab arrives, open the door and tell them that "the people working the phones are a bunch of assholes and this is the reason I'm wasting your time. Please take your anger out on them sorry bitches."

If the odds play out true and all the cabby dispatchers are assholes, just take whatever cab you call and tell the cabby that because the piece of shit on the phone was so stupidly and unentertainingly rude, I am not giving you a tip. Basically, piss on the cabby and blame it on the dispatcher.

"But the poor cabbies," you may say. "Tough shit," I reply. Unless the assholes answering the phones at Casino Taxi, Yellow Cab, or whatever get substantially funnier, richer or sexier (which would require bumping the IQ up past the eighty mark or partaking in excessive liposuction and extensive body-shaving or some other Biblical miracle), FUCK'EM. Not to swear in print for swearing-in-print's sake, but every self-respecting person that takes the bullshit I've hitherto described insults every person that — in this day and age — considers themselves self-respecting.

A cautionary note to those who may have taken offense to the preceding comments: the opinions here expressed are my own directed at cabby dispatchers with the sole intention to provoke a fight. If you assholes can read, my address is 5575 B Morris St.

Fredrick Vokey

UPCHUCK WAGON

BY CHUCKLES LASHER

Food is something you eat, typically a daily activity, although it can be delayed for protracted periods, but the undesirable side effects like death become more likely as time goes on, with several stages of discomfort leading up to it, which, really and after all, is an outcome to be avoided as it would prevent you from continuing to eat more food, and if you are taken to hospital you face the two least desirable forms of nourishment, the IV drip and hospital prepared food, which are slightly worse than the notorious Beaver Foods, which makes me wonder, why did anyone think that people would want to eat beaver foods, these are small dirty animals that routinely immerse themselves in stagnant ponds and end up as fur coats, and their diet, which you'd imagine to be very bland and even kind of woody tasting, and possibly even tough to chew or bad for your teeth, which are of course a major concern when choosing food products, you just don't want to do any permanent damage there, so focus on food types suitable to humans or your own species when deciding on a menu, and balance the food groups for nutritional benefit, reflecting a well-rounded approach to diet, an approach which is reflected by this week's recipe - Count Chocula cereal and extra spicy BBQ sauce, a dish which incorporates zingy flavours with sweet rewards, and can be served hot or cold for almost any meal of the day, with almost any lifestyle.

Count Chocula Cereal & Extra Spicy BBQ Sauce

(makes about 1)

- 1 bowl Count Chocula
- 1 bottle Extra Spicy BBQ sauce
- 1 carton of milk
- 3 jars of Cheeze Whiz
- 1 can seafood chowder
- 1 green onion
- 2 large eggs
- 2 tablespoons of lard
- 1 cup of water
- 1 barf bag

Preheat oven to 325° F. Beat lard until light and fluffy (3 minutes). Mix Cheez Whiz and seafood chowder (or use a whole fish for variety) by mashing in a bucket with the heel of your shoe. Chop up the green onions and line them up neatly on top of your fridge. If you're getting too hot turn off the oven for a few minutes. In the barf bag, mix the water, large eggs and lard, smashing the bag with your fist until the contents are well mixed together, or continue until you just don't enjoy doing it any more. Remember to turn the oven back on, 325° F. Place half the green onions in the barf bag, being careful to keep the remaining onions in a neat row. In a standard size cereal bowl, pour as much Count Chocula as you are comfortable looking at, then pick out the marshmallows and place them in the blender with the contents already there, add some milk to soften things up if they have congealed since you last looked in there. If you're warm again, turn the oven off for a bit. Pour the contents of the barf bag into the blender as well and give it a whirl, trying not to think about it too much. Empty the blender back into the barf bag. Tie the bag off tightly. Turn the oven back on, 325° F. In the cereal bowl, pour the entire BBQ sauce bottle over the Count Chocula, being sure to let it run into the spaces between the cereal. That's all there is to it — enjoy.

In the morning, if you can get up, take the barf bag to work with you and pop it into your company's lunch room microwave on absolute maximum for 30 minutes, but don't wait around.

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

Volume 132, no. 24.5

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All submissions must sent to an unknown post office box in a small mid-western town we will never go to.

Founded in 1869 at Dalhousie College for reasons which are now unclear, the Gazette is Canada's oldest student newspaper. Due to a lack of students that old, younger contributors were pressed into service after 1906, normally locked into the cafeteria and threatened with Beaver Foods unless they produced stories. With a noticeable circulation the Gazette is published every Thursday by the Dalhousie Gazette Publishing Cult, a very exclusive cult involving fun, family-oriented orgiastic rituals. The Gazette exercises full editorial autonomy regularly to keep fit and slim. All editorial decisions are made collectively by the biggest loudmouth on staff at the time. To become voting staff members, individuals must travel to an unknown small mid-western town and not come back. Views expressed in the Gazette are all completely true except those between pages 1 and 36. Unless otherwise noted, all text is unlikely to really matter in a few days.

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