

## 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 — actually 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 barbecue than running around aimlessly, shedding feathers and clucking. Besides, how can there be a moral dilemma involving and eating 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 Provim 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 spending 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, particularly 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 pencils 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 executives have come true! Despite being publicly condemned in the *Gazette*, they were right after all!

We encourage the Dalhousie Science community to calh 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 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 everything 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 all the time 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 things like carriers and all sorts of things like that. I predict within ten years kids will be begging their parents for the latest network 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:

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Founded in 1869 at Dalhousie College, the *Gazette* is Canada's oldest rag. With a circulation of, oh, at least 5 or 6, the *Gazette* is published weekly through the D.S.U., of which all Dalhousie University students are victims. • The *Gazette* exercises full editorial autonomy and reserves the right to refuse or edit any crap submitted. Editorial decisions are made by flipping or coin or shooting craps. Individuals who contribute to three issues are automatically shot in the stomach so we don't have to pay an honorarium. • Deadline for commentary, letters to the editor, and announcements is 4:00 pm on Monday before publication. Commentary should not exceed 800 words, you simians. Letters should not exceed 500 words. No unsigned material will be accepted, but an exemption may be granted upon request (Yeah, right!). Submissions may be left in Milton's butt c/o the *Gazette*. • Advertising copy deadline is noon on Monday before publication or 10 minutes before we go to press. • The *Gazette* offices are located in a really groovy place. • The views expressed in the *Gazette* are not necessarily those of the editors or the collective staff or any intelligent lifeform for that matter.