



PHOTO ILLUSTRATION: MIKE OTTO

## Clean up your act, dirtbags



ELIZABETH  
VAIL

Now that you're responsible and intelligent adults attending university, you may think that your mama's rules don't apply to you. In most cases, this is true. I really couldn't care less if you decided to eat your steak with your fingers, leave your elbows on the table, drink in the afternoon or cut in line while buying your textbooks at the bookstore (because in that situation, people stronger and more annoyed than I won't hesitate to beat you to death with their 900-page mechanical engineering textbook). There are some rules, though, that I must implore you to follow.

First of all, for the love of God, don't give up on showering. At the very least, grab a sponge and hog the nearest water fountain if you're strapped for time—or if you've watched *Psycho* too many times to consider a shower stall the safest place to be.

As children we're allowed to run

bare-bottomed through the neighbourhood in an effort to evade the detested weekly bath, but now that you're in university, you needn't return to those times of "nakee-nakee!"—nor does it mean that you may do without the use of soap and water. If people have to sit close to you for 60–80 minutes without moving, you should take care not to smell like you just went frolicking through a field of rotten fruit before taking a dip in a river of diaper gravy.

This also applies to strong fragrances and perfumes. Ignoring the fact that some students are allergic to these—and that Sex Panther has been illegal in Canada since the Anchorman Massacre of '75—we must remember that with a student population of around 30 000, it's highly unlikely that you'll be the only person wearing a strong scent.

While Britney Spears' Fantasy fragrance might smell nice on its own, if someone next to you has sprayed herself 20 times with J-Lo's Glow, the result of the two scents' diva-style catfight for Celebrity-sponsored perfume supremacy is going to be nauseating for every one else in the class.

I've also noticed that spitting has become a popular habit for university

students. What is it with your fixation with vandalizing the campus with your bodily fluids? Are you possessed of a subconscious, evolutionary desire to mark your territory? Or do you just get lost easily and think that by leaving a trail of saliva you can find your way back to the Students' Union Building?

Perhaps you should just try swallowing what's in your mouth. You can't just unzip your pants and piss on the sidewalk or take a dump in Quad. Spitting, to me, is no less disgusting. Keep whatever's in your mouth in your mouth, unless you are performing a service, in which case, take it out of your mouth and go get a freakin' room already.

You're a young adult, yes. You're entitled to be part of adult society, yes. But that doesn't mean that you have to do away with all of the precepts imposed on you throughout your young life. The reason you have been made, as a child, to bathe and to speak politely and to arrange your knife and fork a certain way is precisely so that you may behave properly in adult society, and so that others are comfortable dealing with and around you. If you insist on stinking and spitting to your heart's content, then be prepared to stink and spit by yourself.

## If I ran the zoo... I'd close it down



TYSON  
DURST

There are many members of the species known as *Homo sapiens* who love going to zoos in order to observe members of the animal kingdom up close in artificially constructed recreations of their natural habitats. But after my latest visit to the local zoo this summer, I have come to the conclusion that I don't fall into this category of humanoids.

Sure, the Edmonton Valley Zoo has exotic animals that you don't see everyday, such as elephants, monkeys and prairie gophers, but as I meandered around and observed the various smelly, hairy specimens on display, my enthusiasm was quickly deflated.

It wasn't that the monkeys were too hot to throw even a single piece of their own feces in my general direction, or that the zookeepers won't let you take home a free gerbil or a duck.

No, it was the grim reminder at

every other exhibit that the animal that you are gawking at is an endangered animal that's quickly approaching extinction. Loss of habitat, poaching and pollution are mentioned as the usual culprits.

Walking around the zoo, I was constantly reminded that humans aren't content to simply wipe out members of their own species; they also feel the need to carry over their genocidal tendencies into whatever's left of the natural world.

Thus my mood descended into jaded cynicism, and I was glad that I don't yet have children of my own, as this harsh dose of reality would have completely ruined their day.

"See that beautiful tiger in that picture, kids? It'll soon be completely wiped off the face of the earth because some people think its head looks better hanging over a mantelpiece. Others chop off the testicles of the males to use in the production of chemicals or maybe just to eat as a delicacy. Now, who wants ice cream?"

Not content merely to tell me how the various animals are doing on a scale of "thriving" to "completely fucked," it seemed that the zoo had some irony in store for me as well. In

my afternoon safari, I came across an indoor section that was set up as an educational exhibit to teach the kids all about animals and nature.

Now, I'm all for education, but even I raised an eyebrow when, upon further inspection, I noticed that the exhibit was sponsored by a major oil company. Call me paranoid, but it made me want to break out into a bout of depressed, insane laughter before drowning myself in a barrel of crude oil—just after inhaling directly from the exhaust pipe of a running SUV while sustaining a gunshot wound to the leg from an unseen poacher lurking in the parking lot.

However, I did learn one thing from this visit: my next trip to learn about nature will be an overdue return to Drumheller. At the Royal Tyrell Museum, I can walk around completely free of guilt, assured that as an individual and as a member of a larger species, I had absolutely nothing to do with the extinction of the dinosaurs and other prehistoric animal and plant life. Unless the evangelical Christian theory of natural history is correct, in which case I think I'll just pay somebody to slay me with the jawbone of a T-Rex as penance.

# NOW SERVING



## OUR WEEKLY LINEUP

### Mini Burger Mondays:

Cure that case of the "Mondays" with 99¢ mini burgers and \$10 jugs. House Rules Apply. 7pm to close

### Karaoke Tuesdays:

Downstairs in the LIBRARY. Like Canadian Idol, only our \$8.99 nachos are cheesier than Ben Mulroney. 7pm to close

### Wing Wednesdays:

Get in V-formation and migrate to the land o' 25¢ wings. House Rules Apply 7pm to close

### Loonie Thursdays:

\$1 Draught downstairs in the LIBRARY. Celebrate the invention of the loonie. 7pm to close

### Finally Fridays: Extended Happy Hour.

"True North strong and nearly free" 3pm to 9pm

### S.O.S. Saturdays:

\$2 Highballs downstairs in the LIBRARY. Your wallet is sending out an S.O.S. - Save On Spirits. 9pm to midnight

### Music Trivia Sundays:

Test your music IQ. No studying required. \$15 Buckets of Domestic beer! 7pm to close

EVERY DAY IS CANADA DAY

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