4832

The 432.

VOLUME TWENTY ISSUE FIVE

9 January 2007

"This is the worst mistake I've ever made... well, second worst... God, I hate transvestites"

-Andy Martin

WAR

ams elections

Nominations close January 12th at 4pm.
No exceptions.

www.ams.ubc.ca/elections

vote online january 24-29
vote in person on campus january 31

I Can't Believe It's Not *Prostitutes!*

The 432.

Volume Twenty
Issue Five
9th January 2007

Chronicles
Colleen Atherton

Annals
Lois Chan
Cameron Funnell
Alex Lougheed
Andy Martin
Dave Tsang
Jay garcia
Dan Anderson
Komal Kumar
Jon Lam

Tome
Randall Munroe

Narrator
Horizon Pub, Vancouver, BC

Legal Information

The 432 is publication of the Science Undergraduate Society of UBC. This paper is intended for consumption by Science student; however, we realize that students in other faculties are equally poor and equally hungry. Please see page six for delicious recipes involving this paper.

All views expressed in this issue are strictly those of the individual writers, and as such are not the responsibility of *The 432*, The Science Undergraduate Society, or the Faculty of Science. Writers and cartoonists are encouraged to submit their material to *The 432*. Submissions must meet the requirements of making the editor chuckle thrice, and should contain the author's name and contact information.

Hit us up at: *the432@gmail.com*

2:45 in the Morning

And I'm putting myself on warning...

Colleen Atherton
Editrix

Two bottles of coke:

$2.50

One medium vegetarian pizza:

$15.00

Staying up all night to finish the 20th Anniversary issue of The 432:

Priceless?

I wish. If only this was a paid position I would have racked up so much overtime this week. Alas, it is a labour of love, but I am not sorry to see it finished. Like the 24 year old son, who finally decides he is ready to leave the nest, I am not sorry to see this issue go to the printers.

A few controversial cartoons/articles are reappearing. Please enjoy, and remember, they are meant to raise you ire, but you are welcome to express your displeasure at reading them too me. As a side note, PETA sent letters when the "How to Neuter Your Cat" was originally published in The 432.

But then, PETA also sent letters of protest to the opening of the Torrington Gopher Museum (they are actually Ground Squirrels). Apparently it is not okay to kill and stuff vermin for display in dioramas, even if they are complete with horrible puns.

It really is a marvelous little attraction. Well worth the $2 entrance fee.

Also, rumour has it those couches were later burned. You will see what I mean when you reach page nineteen. No cheating now, don't skip ahead.

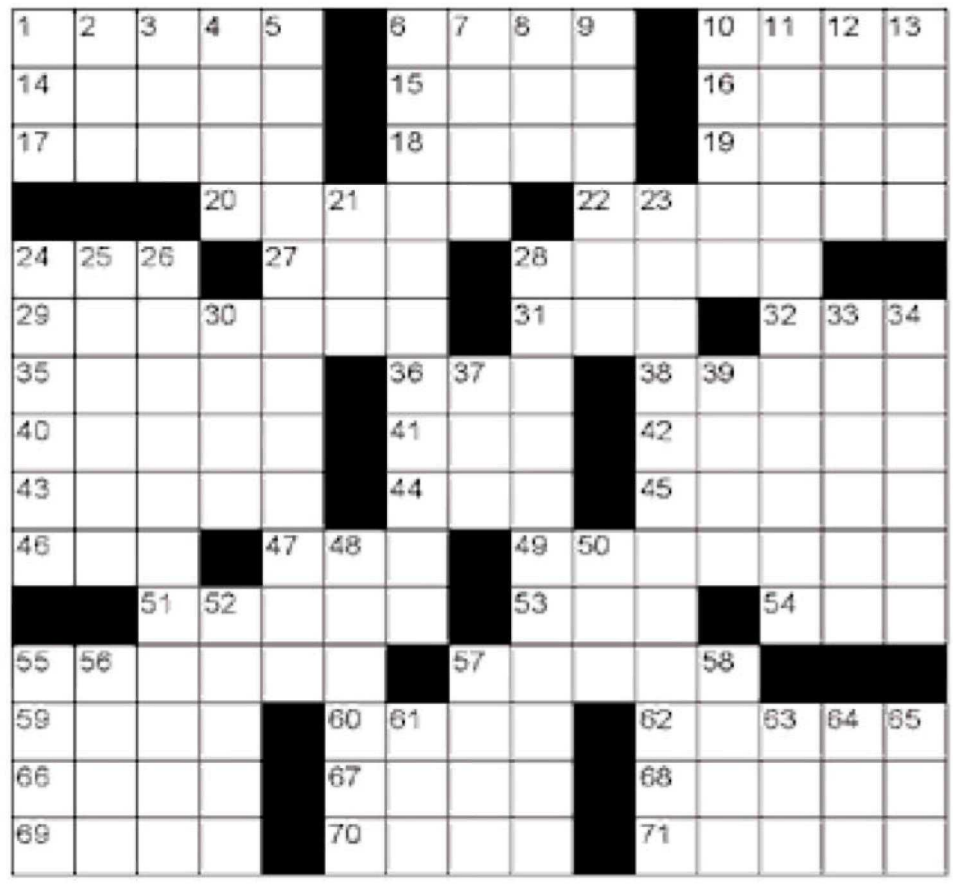
This, of course, is only a teeny tiny peak at what The 432 has been for the past 20 years. Lucky for you, it can be found, in its entirety at http://stikine.library.ubc.ca/ubcpubs/The_432/the_432_form.html. Or if you prefer the hard copy, those can be found in the Main Library archives or there are several, mostly complete sets in SUS, whoo!

I leave you now to enjoy my work, ill, sleep deprived, and all alone at 3 am on the first Monday back at school. Till next time...

The X Word

ACROSS:
1. Drug addiction
8. Man's best friend
10. 3rd Planeteer Power
14. Bear with
15. Roman bear
16. On the sheltered side
17. Universal solvent
18. Rona's old name
19. Science Week guy
20. Where pokÈmon battles are held
22. Quirk
24. Pres Lincoln
27. Japanese currency
28. Cost
29. Bridge support
31. Wave: Sp.
32. Snake
35. Some bird feet
36. A bird call
38. Magical sustenance
40. Monkey pokÈmon #190
41. The middle of a hurricane
42. Mild Expletive
43. Fed. Res. Agency
44. Thrice
45. More pleasant
46. Chicken dish
47. What you might do to a chicken dish
49. Tennis player Andy
51. Latin homework exercise
53. Six-pack
54. Feathery scarf
55. Shimmers
57. 10-cent ship for short?
59. Units of corn
60. Put your e-groceries in them?
62. Language closely related to Hindii
66.
67. Transaction
68. Grinch auther
69. Internet telephon
70. Mix
71. Long-tailed sky dwellers

DOWN
1. Left turn word
2. Simple Rhyme Scheme
3. Small unit of digital storage
4. Thought
5. UBC VP Finance
6. Imaginary Premier of Mozambique
7. Popular cookie
8. Make a reservation
9. SUS Secetrary
10. Cap. of the USA
11. Random letters
12. Without ice
13. Reject
21. Snakey fish
23. What you might say if you hate shiny rocks
24. Harass
25. Zombie call
26. Snakey fish belongings
28. One of five morphin' Earth defenders
30. Gate
33. Atlantic and Pacific (backwards)
34. Red spice
37. Acknowledgement to the captain
39. Protic compound
48. Evaluate
50. Capital of Haut-Mbomou
52. Fabler
55. Lots of money or lots of gravity
56. Songbird
57. Indonesian island
58. Part of HOEMS
61. Baseball club
63. Allregen (for short?)
64. Employ
65. Enterprise, Prometheus, Melbourne designations



Volume I

The Cold

Peter MacDougall

The Courier

The first thing security did was purge him.

He had done his best to make it as easy as possible; he had eaten a high fibre, low nutrient value meal some hours before. It was better than pumping a full or empty stomach but, still, it was awful. That, and his cold. In fact he never felt worse and they had barely begun. He was coming out of the Union's tightest security institution and they could not allow any leaks of information. The technicians pumped his stomach: empty. They gave him a purgative (and the worst case of diarrhea he had ever had): empty. He went through two hours of physical and chemical analysis: nothing, no marks or codes on him anywhere. He was X-rayed: nothing in him but a hip pin—which they removed. They tried ultrasound: nothing left in him but flesh and bone. The infrared heat scan showed only that his thyroids and lymph nodes around his neck were hot—but then this man obviously had a cold.

"Anything to declare?" They asked him in a sterile room after the first three hours.

He coughed, his muscles tensing in spasms under his blue skin. He felt awful. He was cold; his head was stuffed; his eyes were like a fish's; his throat was so sensitive . But they already knew that. "No," he said.

So they proceeded again.

They stuck a tube in every opening of his body to have a look by optic fibre. They tried Magnetic Resonance Imaging, Positron Emission Tomography, a C.A.T. scan, and even flash fried the outer layer of his skin to white ash with ultraviolet light so as to remove any physical markings he might have.

Still they asked, "Anything to declare?"

"No." His nose was runny and red. He looked a pitiful sight but he knew from the beginning that he would have to go through all of this. They gave him an acetaminophen tablet while he waited naked in the cool, white room. The scientists were conferring, checking and counter - checking. They could not agree and so they did it all again.

"Patience is a lab animal," the man thought as whatever had not come up or out before was purged again ... Empty. Nothing.

Finally the security scientists were at an end. He had nothing; he was clean. No chemicals, no marks, no hidden capsules, false fillings, bone inscriptions, abnormalities ... or any way of carrying a message out of the security seal. He was a blank slate.

Packaged in new, featureless overalls so that he left with nothing but himself and the donated fabric, he was released.

"Better get that cold taken care of," the last sentry shouted with an accent.

"I will," the man said, and coughed again spraying bacteria and phlegm in a wide arc. The bacteria hung in the air, invisible, their extra-nuclear DNA jiggling with the encoded secrets of the Union.

Out of sight of the guard, the courier would have laughed hard and long but his lungs hurt too much. He coughed again with a wicked smile on his tortured face. Only a cold. Heh!

Black Hand

Does not exist, as proven by this article from 1987

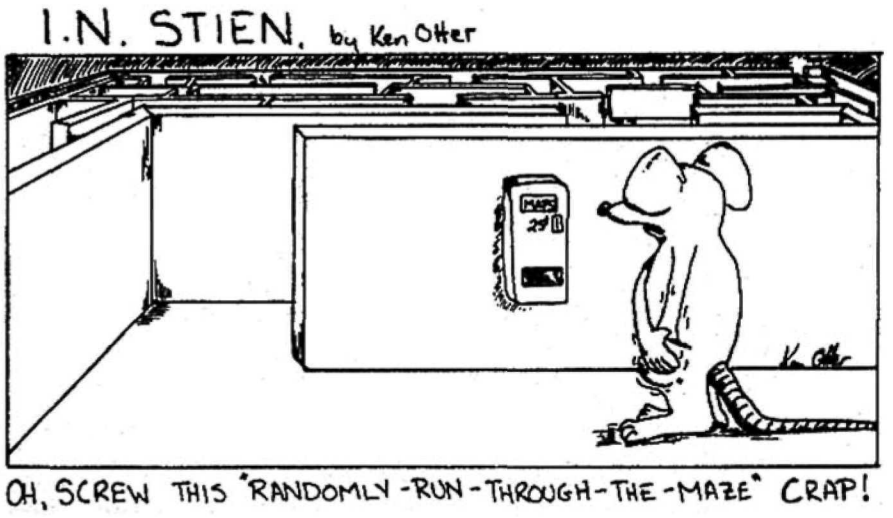
SCARFE, UBC

Rumours have been floating around about a secret (and secretive) subsidiary of the SUS supposedly called the "Black Hand." It is said that this organization perpetrates various events around campus which, if not for their rather innocent nature, might otherwise be termed terrorist actions.

When asked about the Black Hand, Darren McBratney, SUS 2nd vice-president, who is widely considered to be the don of the organization, replied: "You mean the prank group? The one that paints the cairn and all that stuff? Never heard of it." When pressed, he denied categorically that any such organization existed, had ever existed, or would ever exist, but that it would like to get some more funding.

Various other students whose association with the Black Hand is fairly well known vigorously demonstrated their lack of knowledge on the subject, saying that the Black Hand could definitely not be reached at the SUS office in Scarfe 9, and that Darren McBratney has nothing to do with the non-existent club. No messages should be left in his box, they emphasized.

SUS president Todd Ablett could not be reached for comment. His office proclaimed that he was most certainly not off painting the Civil and Mechanical Engineering building bright orange.



Volume II

Something for the Analyst in All of Us

JIM WIMBERLEY - BELL

NORTHERN RESEARCH

WOMAN: CHEMICAL ANALYSIS

Element: Woman

Symbol: Wo

Discovered by: Adam

Atomic Weight: Expected average is 118, but there are known isotopes ranging from 75 to 450.

Occurrence: Surplus quantities in all urban areas.

CHEMICAL PROPERTIES:

a) Possesses great affinity for gold (Au), silver (Ag), platinum (Pt), and precious and semi-precious stones and minerals.

b) Capable of absorbing great quantities of expensive substances. c) May explode spontaneously if left alone with a male.

d) Insoluble in liquids, but activity greatly increased with saturation in ethyl alcohol.

e) Yields to pressure, if applied to correct points.

PHYSICAL PROPERTIES:

a) Surface usually covered in painted film.

b) Boils at nothing, and freezes without reason.

c) Melts if given proper treatment.

d) Bitter if used incorrectly.

e) Found in various states, ranging from virgin metal to common ore.

USES:

a) Highly ornamental, especially in expensive sports cars.

b) Most powerful reducing agent of money known.

c) Can aid in relaxation.

TESTS:

a) Pure specimens turn a rosy tint if discovered in natural state.

b) Turns bright green if placed beside a better specimen.

CAUTIONS:

a) Highly dangerous in inexperienced hands.

b) Illegal to possess more than one permanent specimen.

Analysis of Man (Ma) has yet to be performed. Any information on its properties would be appreciated.

*** END OF ANALYSIS ***

The correct response when the prof asks "Are there any questions?"

THE 432

Volume III

SUS Claims: SAN ANDREAS AT FAULT - NOT US

On Oct 19, 1989, the SUS officially denied any complicity in the earthquake that struck the San Francisco area on Oct 17. In a short letter to the White House, the SUS stated that, "While the Black Hand recognizes a need for more earthquakes in California, it will not officially adopt a policy to promote these earthquakes."

Earlier this year, it was claimed by numerous members of the SUS that Chaos theory dictated that it was very possible to start an earthquake. If a butterfly's wings could start a hurricane, then definitely a tap-dancing SUS President could start an earthquake.

No SUS executives would comment on the matter, other than those on acid. President Bush declined to comment on the note, stating only that they are reviewing the matter, and any punitive nuclear strikes would be decided upon shortly.

Sources in the White Houses confirmed that the UBC engineers were not above suspicion for the earthquake that rocked the Bay area at 6.9. "We found a red Volkswagen in the Fault, yesterday," one aide said.

Questions For Dan Quayle

Dan Quayle

Bird in the hand

Do gods dream? What would they eve r dream about?

And Canada Dry - it isn't. It's wet. Come on. Who are they fooling?

What do people who use Right Guard use for their left armpit? Seems kind of discriminatory to me.

And I heard that there's some kind of mouthwash out there that "fights tartar below the gumline." How does that work for the upper teeth?

We have schools of fish and flocks of geese. What are people? Crowds of people? Throngs of people? Or is it a horde? Maybe we're divided up into further subgroups of people. A set of mathematicians. A porkbarrel of politicians. A shitload of engineers.

Ever wonder what a herd of fish would look like?

Is a disk the male and a diskette the female?

Does God sweat?

Did Adam and Eve have navels? Did they have last names? How did we get last names then? What about Cain? Who did he marry, anyway?

Did Noah collect two Kangaroos? How did he ever get two cobras? Or ticks - why in the world did he bother to collect ticks? The poor guy must of had a terrible time with the two grizzly bears.

Why two nostrils? Why not just one big one? Then our noses would only run half as much.

And it doesn't look anything like Alaska, even before it's baked.

Volume IV

The Radical Beer Faction

Mark Hoenig

The birth of the RBF

I wouldn't say we exactly ran for office. Jogged, maybe . Walked would be even better. Some would say staggered like blottoed drunks pretty well sums it up. Purists would say that we didn't run for office, but in fact ran against office. However, saying that we staggered like blottoed drunks against office makes no sense whatsoever.

I'm sorry. What was the question again? The Radical Beer Faction came to be when Mike Hamilton, Jason Russel, Erik Jensen and Mark Hoenig were, through voter apathy, appointed to SUS Council, swelling the Physsoc Block Vote to ridiculous proportions. We immediately saw two problems with SUS. It was turning far too stodgy and bureaucratic, and they served really lousy beer at beer gardens. The Radical Beer Faction of the Bloc Physsoc was formed to right these wrongs.

For the first few months our significant achievements were limited to securing the only four reclining chairs at every Council meeting, and irritating each council member at least once. The task of improving beer at SUS functions seemed hopeless. Musing this over at the Pit in one of our secret meetings, we were struck suddenly by inspiration: If we took over the AMS, we would hold power over SUS, and could withhold funds until they agreed to play ball and use decent beer. Thinking it over, we realized that the AMS was also plagued by bureaucracy and lousy beer.

We had the necessary qualifications: we were incompetent, dishonest, stubborn, and we bickered a lot. Every year student politicians promise a clearer and brighter future and a kinder, gentler student council. We would take the suspense out of voting - we would demonstrate out ineptitude beforehand.

Mike Hamilton suggested that he could be the first Director of Finance to present a completely honest budget, by including line items for: i) misappropriation of funds, ii) beer and pizza, iii) please don't ask, and finally, iv) I'd rather not say.

At 9 :30 the next morning we promptly picked up our nomination forms. At 9:35 we started playing cards at Physsoc. By 10:40 we had collected all the needed signatures.

The Ubyssey was now REQUIRED to interview us.

News of our candidacy spread like wildfire among the politically astute of the campus. On Saturday, we hear from a reliable source that the Progressives were "worried" about us. The next week we heard that our candidacy had driven certain members from the AMS Establishment to apoplexy. Joanna Wickie was heard to say, "It's just not right. Don't they know what they're doing?" Over the next few days we were accused by several people of "splitting the vote and giving it to them." Strangely, both slates said this.

January came, and we met our opponents at the all-candidate's meeting. We presented our innovative suggestions to save the AMS thousands of dollars, but the other candidates refused our gentlemanly proposal to settle the election by either boatrace or snowball fight. Later, Mike Hamilton committed a major election faux pas; apparently one isn't supposed to fall asleep during all-candidate's meetings.

We carefully allocated our budget of $57 .66. Perhaps we should have put a little more money into our campaign. We ended up with a rate of 64 votes per dollar spent. Compare that to Unity which got 7 votes per dollar spent.

The Art of Studying Naked

Aaron Drake

Nekkid Time

Some of my fondest memories come from the nights before the finals cooped up in the Physics Building, stoned on caffeine. Which brings me to my next point: don't drink too much coffee. It is very hard to take coherent notes with a hand that keeps chattering on the table. Caffeine does have its uses though, and here I'll get back to my 3am story. Picture this: the night before my Physics four hundred-and-something-or-other final. It's the night before my friend, Morgan, has his Physics four hundred-and-something-else final. We had just bought chocolate covered coffee beans — a tool of Satan, by the way — and we had been chewing on them all night. As far as I know, four or five beans equals one cup of coffee. Each bag has about forty beans.We, not knowing our elbows from a hole in the ground, had each eaten a bag and a half.

Morgan is wired.

I am wired.

I've been seeing giant purple spiders running across my notes for the past ten minutes. Morgan looks up at me, and he's shaking at about 60 MHz.

"HeyAaronIcan'tstudy," he says, in one short second.

"Neithercanlwhatdoyouwanttodo?" I ask.

"...I bet I can run around the building faster than you can."

That was the birth of the Physsoc Exam Olympics. The halls of the third floor of the Hennings building are shaped like a racetrack, and are almost exactly a sixth of a kilometre in circumference. For weeks, at three in the morning, we would race up there trying to break Jamie's record of 23 seconds. Jamie was one of about two dozen competitors.

I know that it doesn't sound very interesting, but remember that we were all full of coffee beans, which we still hadn't got the hang of yet. Escalation followed. Eventually, we held the one kilometre race, the run-around-backwards race, the run-around-blindfolded race (That was a great one, boy. Drop by some time, I'll show you my scar) and the walk-like-a-university-professor race. Pat held the record on that one with his Dr. Carolan stroll (two minutes, seven seconds).

Eventually, we held the runaround-as-fast-as-you-can-because-you're-naked race. I won't say who ran it, but I will say that it 's darned uncomfortable to run at top speed naked when you're a man because of a Certain Thing That Men Have flapping all over the place. But you run fast, encouraged by the nagging suspicion that you don't trust the people you left your clothes with and they are at this moment stuffing them into the mail slot of the Physics Department Office. This is truly the stuff that memories are really made of.

Don't get fool ideas into your head. This is nostalgia. We won't be doing this again, I don't think. I imagine that I'll be getting a few queer looks from certain physics professors. I certainly expect it from Dr. Carolan, who will probably stroll about the halls of Hennings wondering exactly how Pat thinks he strolls. It's a moot point, because Dr. Carolan broke his leg last year, and now we have to come up with an entirely new walk to imitate him.

Volume V
Religions of the World

TAOISM: Shit happens.

CONFUCIANISM: Confucius say, "Shit happens,"

BUDDHISM: If shit happens, it really isn't shit.

ZEN: What is the sound of shit happening?

HINDUISM: This shit has happened before.

ISLAM: If shit happens, it is the will of Allah.

PROTESTANTISM: Let shit happen to someone else.

CATHOLICISM: Pre-Vatican: If shit happens, you must have done something to deserve it.

Post-Vatican: If shit happens, it's the clergy's fault.

PRESBYTERIANISM: It is pre-ordained that shit will happen.

FUNDAMENTALISM: Praise the Lord!!! Shit happens!!

JUDAISM: Why does shit always happen to us?

NEW AGE: If shit happens, channel it. Visualize shit happening.

RASTAFARIANISM: Really great shit happens.

METAPHYSICS: Shit is part of the essence of all of us.

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES: If you'll just let me in, I'll tell you how shit happens.

MORMONISM: If shit happens ... make sure you have a two-year food supply.

RAJNEESH: For a thousand bucks, shit can happen for you too.

AGNOSTICISM: We really don't know for sure if shit happens.

ATHEISM: Who gives a shit?

A Boy And His Bitch

Angry Duck

Whipped

I adopted a dog two weeks ago. She was given up for adoption by her previous owners, even though she was fully house trained, well-behaved, and generally a wonderful dog. I have no name for her. For now she is being called by her Interim Name, Oppie. That is short for J. Robert Oppenheimer, the father of the Atomic Bomb, who was publicly shamed because of seedy dealings in the thirties. He's one of my heroes. Oppie, as I said, is just a temporary name. Usually, I simply refer to her as The Crotch Inspector (I did not get this dog for security reasons. The worst thing she could do to a prowler is to nail the burglar in the crotch with her snout. This may not save my television, but it ensures that there will be no Prowler Offspring to get the CD player).

The reason the old owners gave her up for adoption was: she snores.

I have never had a dog that snored. I have never heard anyone snore that loud. The first time she fell asleep in the living room, my two cats came barreling downstairs, alarmed, expecting the Riders of the Apocalypse to be prancing around the kitchen. "Relax," I tell them, "Oppie snores." To a cat, snoring is a serious faux pas.

$\lim_{IQ \to 0}$ B.Sc = B.A.

Volume VI
Schroedingers Fridge

Angry Duck

Anatomy of a freezerburn

My freezer bit me. I'm not kidding. It bit me. Our freezer - presumably built when it was in vogue to build freezers that don't work - grew teeth, big giant fangs of ice, and it bit me when I was going for the Häagen-Dazs.

My freezer not only frosted up, but stalagmites and stalactites of ice spontaneously formed, sealing in the contents of the freezer. Whenever we open it up, it's like looking at a grinning Allosaurus with a mouthful of frozen peas.

On top of that, we can't find the neighbour's cat. We figure the freezer got it. Or else it was the Unidentified Container In the Back Of The Fridge, because, every now and then, we hear a chewing sound coming from it.

Perhaps I am exaggerating a little. The fact remains that freezers are strange devices, whose sole function it seems is to thicken with ice until everything in it has been glaciated, like a wooly mammoth eating buttercups.

I understand that I am not the only one with freezer problems. According to the Institute of They (as in, "They say that one in a hundred people get colon polyps"), every seven minutes a freezer gets so frosted with ice in this country that the contents can never be recovered.

Furthermore, the Institute of They tells us that every twelve minutes, someone defrosts their freezer. This means that every day, 288 more freezers become clogged up with ice than become defrosted. A chilling statistic. (ed: Aaron's address is available for those interested in exacting retribution for that last one.) What can we do with this ever-increasing glut of ice-clogged freezers? Where can we safely store them, so that they will not harm future generations? After all, eventually, the ice inside will melt, spilling years old bags of Jolly Green Giant Niblets that have slowly mutated into Niblets Hungry For Human Flesh. Or something like that.

Have you ever attempted to defrost a freezer? It's not fun. The Institute of They tells us that the preferred way to defrost a freezer is to

a) unplug it,

b) go to bed,

c) let the melted ice drip all over the mayonnaise, ketchup, lettuce, milk, open bowl of tuna salad, and the Cow Brand Baking Soda, in the fridge beneath,

d) feed the tuna salad to the roommate.

Further study shows that there is a variety of methods employed to defrost a refrigerator freezer.

The experimental physicist, for example, will rectify the situation by attempting to bring the freezer to a rapid thermal equilibrium with the room, generally by pouring in a gallon of hot water. Mind you, while the hot water melts the ice, it also immediately spills out of the freezer and on to the floor, where no absorbent material had been placed (that was beyond the scope of the experiment).

The theoretical physicist, on the other hand, freezes the entire house, reasoning it better to solve the simple problem of defrosting a house rather than the complex problem of defrosting a small, localized freezer.

The engineer chips away at the ice with a knife from the kitchen drawer, until the rough shape of a freezer has been made; after that a red Volkswagen is stuffed inside.

The mathematician would first solve the problem of defrosting an infinite number of freezers, then spend the rest of his or her life on the problem of defrosting a finite number of freezers.

The biologist would develop a strain of ice-eating bacteria that would, unfortunately, also eat the fridge.

The psychiatrist could defrost the freezer, but the freezer would really have to want to be defrosted.

The Arts student would look for some kind of Defrosting Manual, then eventually call the electrician.

The graduate student would defrost the fridge in a quick, original manner, but his advisor would take the credit for it.

The Ubyssey Staffer would simply crawl inside and get steamed about this or that marginalised person of colour.

The Womyn's Center wouldn't have a freezer to begin with, because it represents the phallocentric-white-male-heterosexual-patriarchal-dominant-gender-repressive-power-structure - oh, hell, I don't remember the rest.

Kurt Preinsperg would defrost a freezer by finding a way to have sex inside it.

The philosopher would define the problem of defrosting a freezer in terms of a cow falling down a hill; that is, does the cow understand the concept of falling? Or is it too stupid? Perhaps the cow notices it is falling, then forgets, then re-notices, in an endless recurring loop.

The astrophysicist would reason that, relative to the cosmic background radiation temperature (4 Kelvin), the freezer is running damned hot, and reasons anything that hot would defrost itself.

The AMS Council member, of course, would fine the Engineers.

Get Into Research

Keynote by Dr. Carl Wieman

Join us for an evening intended to offer you the tools needed to get involved in the world of research. Dr. Carl Wieman, physicist and Nobel Laureate, will welcome us to the wonders of research and its value in a science student's educational experience. Breakout sessions will follow, where invited speakers will highlight opportunities to enter the world of research, sharing their knowledge and experiences in volunteering, co-op, work study, NSERC awards, directed studies, graduate studies, and more.

WHERE: Woodward IRC
WHEN: 5:15 pm – 7:45 pm on Tuesday, January 16th
COST: FREE!!

SCI TEAM

Please register at www.sciteam.ubc.ca

First Year Fizz

Hamycam

Fizzle out

Being in first-year university seems a lot like being in prison, in that it feels like you're serving a four-to-six year sentence, doing hard labour (problem sets). However, in prison the grub is probably better than three-day-old pizza in the fridge, and in prison one gets to sleep.

On the subject of sleep, I haven't had any in the past two days; I've been too upset. You see, I have been put through the worst academic wringer any student could imagine: PHYS 110. I just discovered that my Christmas exam mark was a resounding 'F'. In disbelief, I marched over to Hennings to have a friendly chat with my prof.

"I'm sorry, the name doesn't ring... oh, you," he said, unenthused. "You answered that EMF is a rock group on question five, right?"

"It isn't?" I asked. "Anyhow, I came by to look over my exam. It appears that a terrible error has been made in the grading." "Right. Student number?"

"13131313."

He shuffled through the mountain of papers on his desk, pulled out the last one, and glanced at it momentarily. "Nope. Looks like the right mark to me." He handed it over.

I glanced at the mistakes.

Q. *If BC Hydro charges $0.95/kWh, and you left your frying pan on for 2.0 months, how much money would you waste?*

A. 4.00 M$ for burning down the apartment, and 2 .50 M$ in lawsuits.Hmm. Must' ve lost marks on significant figures.

Q. *A 60kg man climbs up a 5.0m ladder inclined against the wall of a house at 65°. He completes his climb to your window in 13s.*

a) What work does he do?

A. He's probably a thief.

b) What is his power?

A. Being able to pick locks and rob you blind.

Wonder what was wrong with that one?

"Why is there another 10% docked right here at the end?" I asked.

The prof popped a few Tylenol and replied "Oh, that's the standard penalty for giving lab instructors a bad time."

"What?!"

"It's now a tenth of a percent off per volt of potential difference applied to any member of the faculty. Accident or no. Now, I want you to have a long chat about your psycholo— ah, physics difficulties with my slav– ah,

TM down in HEBB, okay?"

"But—" Before I could finish, he rudely shoved me out of his office and closed the door.

Well, I'm only in first year and don't seem to know very much by Department standards, but the one thing I do know is that there's no way I'm majoring in Physics. I'll change my field to Gastronomy.

Volume VII

Mars or Bust

Trevor Presley

Rocketman

I've always wanted to be the first man to set foot on Mars. It seemed like a pretty impossible dream, considering I'm not an astronaut and I don't have quite enough money to start my own space program.

I though my impossible dream was going to stay that way, until last weekend. My friends and I were drinking in our rez lounge when the topic of space travel came up. It seems my buddies were equally interested in the concept of space travel, and we began to brainstorm about ways to make our dream come true.

After going through about six beer apiece a "really bitchin' idea hit us. We quickly made a list of items we would need, and proceeded to round them up. After collecting the various items that would make our voyage possible, we proceeded to the roof of Salish house.

Our token rocket scientist calculated that our space vehicle had to have an velocity of 52 000 000 000 m/s. This calculation was based on the fact that a normal human could only hold his breath for 60 seconds and Mars was very far away. In our drunken state, we could only think of one way to overcome this obstacle: one awesome catapult. The first item we got was a spring alder tree and then proceeded to nail one end to the roof and tied the other end down with ropes. We then stole a canopy from the back of a truck and nailed it to the tied-down end of the tree.

The idea was to have someone lie in the canopy as we cut the ropes and send him on his way to Mars. Once we got our catapult set up, we had to select a volunteer. Now, I know I said I wanted to be the first on Mars, but at this point I was sobering up and beginning to realize that our idea might have a tiny flaw or two.

Luckily, everybody else was still roaring drunk, and my good friend Jeff quickly volunteered. Just as we were about to send Jeff on his way into history, we realized two things: it's cold out in space, and there's not very much oxygen up there. Again, we brainstormed and came up with the appropriate equipment, which consisted of a big winter jacket and an almost empty fishbowl (well, hey, it worked for Tintin). After Jeff donned these items, we said a little prayer, closed our eyes and cut the rope.

After the screaming had grown faint in the distance, we opened our eyes and Jeff was nowhere to be seen. We starting cheering and screaming in celebration of having sent the first man to Mars. We talked about what we'd do with all the NASA funding, and what we would wear when we were on the cover of TIME. After this moment of celebration, we idly wondered how Jeff would get back after he landed on Mars. We figured that Jeff was a bright boy and he would figure out a way. It was a great moment in space exploration, and we went back to our lounge to celebrate. After about twenty minutes of boasting of bragging about how smart we were, Jeff walked through the door. He was covered in mud and there were big bruises all over his body, which didn't really seem consistent with a reentry into the atmosphere. He didn't look very happy, either. He then attempted to choke the living shit out of me, and almost succeeded until my friends pulled him off.

Apparently the launch had been only partially successful. The problem had been in the trajectory; while we had all had our eyes closed, Jeff had slammed into the fifty foot clay mound opposite Salish. We were a little bit dismayed to find out that we weren't going to be famous anytime soon, but hey, these things happen. We managed to calm Jeff down with a few beers and by the end of the night he promised to tear off only one of my limbs. I guess the moral to this story is: Please, don't drink and attempt high velocity interplanetary space travel.

Official effort at using the last bits of toner in our laser printer

The Keys to Progress

Blair McDonald

Through the door of dictatorship

Paper is the reason why society has stopped evolving. For instance, I needed a key to SUS. To get a key from Campus Security involves shuffling a lot of useless paper. First, Sarah, la presidenta, had to sit down and write an official memorandum authorizing the Chemistry Department to authorize the release of a key requisition form. This key requisition form was a multi-coloured document written in bureaucratese, in triplicate. After filling out several lines marked "Do not write here", I got to keep the white and pink copies. Chemistry kept the yellow for some unknown reason. Next, I had to decipher the instructions, written only in French and Swedish: "Proceed to the farthest corner of the campus", it said, and with expert help I understood that meant Campus Parking and Security. The ominously named Key Control Access Center. Probably deep underground, guarded by half a legion of Strangway's elite storm troopers— the dreaded Housing clerks.

After passing through various checkpoints and ID scanners, I found the mythical Key Control Center, where I traded my two pieces of paper for three others, and after promising my soul and my first born child to the devil Strangway, was given the key. Number 666.

I've often wondered if there would be a key labeled 666, and what that key would open. Is it the fabled campus master key, the magical piece of metal that opens every lock on campus, from the front doors of SUB to my closet door in res? Or is the key to the Registrar's dungeons below the Old Admin Building, where they drag students kicking and screaming to pay their tuition in blood. Vice-President Shylock, recently hired to collect all the outstanding fee payments. Keys... for some, collecting them is a passion. Such as the AMS Vice-Prez. Keys for every door in creation. Four individual key chains, one for each pocket. Sorted by size, colour and code numbers. Labeled with esoteric designations such as "that door I went through once and never will again" (Oooo, I better stop abusing punctuation before the Editor comes out wielding his red pen.)

Test marketing deals a swift and mortal blow to "Molson Dry Ice" beer.

Volume VIII

John and the Bejeezus

John Hallett

Corruptor at large

All teenage males are fascinated with the concept of war and weapons of war. All this fascination leads to many of our younger selves spending long hours in the elementary school library looking at pictures in such books as The Art of Destruction, Why Nuclear Weapons Are Bad, and, my personal favorite: *1001 Things Your Mom Won't Approve Of.*

Many people contend that all this exposure to violence at an early age can cause disturbing effects in people when they grow up. I don't think so. You see, I was at the forefront of the collective horror research effort and, as anyone who knows me can tell you, I have suffered no ill effects from it to this day. In fact, I am perfectly comfortable in claiming to be completely normal.

Admittedly, me and a few of my friends did experiment with little articles of destruction for a while. A good example of this would be when I borrowed my dad's pressure washer, filled the tank with gasoline (high-grade, no expense spared here) and proceeded to "dampen" an entire block from the back of a moving van.

I learned several things from this experience: First: Never spray an entire block with gas if you're doing it going down a dead-end street. Second: If you accidentally complete mistake #1, don't compound the problem by proceeding with the plan to ignite said street.

Third: Entire burning of an avenue will attract a lot of attention, namely from large guys with a moustache and a yellow stripe down the side of their legs.

Fourth: Gasoline does wonders to all the little rubber seals inside pressure washers.

Once my parents posted bail, I learned the errors of my ways and settled down. Besides, I had no idea how to implement the rest of my ideas. That was, of course, until I took Physics 11.

Now don't get me wrong, it's not like I decided to take the course for the explicit purpose of learning how to attack other human beings (well, it wasn't my only reason). In fact, the whole concept of actually using science to scare the bejeezus out of other people didn't come to me until the middle of a rather boring class sometime in late October '91.

After several experiments in propulsion involving small rockets, we devised a projectile that would self-destruct when its fuel ran out. It worked like this: the rocket contained an explosive charge that would detonate after the propulsion cartridge burned through to the wick at the top.

The whole plan involved firing many of these little denizens of destruction from afar at a neighboring elementary school during their late night Halloween party (a clever plan to get the youngsters off the street and away from danger... bawahahahahaha).

The stage was set, me and three of my friends had set up a launching platform in a park near our high schools. We had over two hundred handmade rockets waiting to be launched.

Don't panic, we planned to have all the rockets detonate at least 150 feet over the heads of the sweet, innocent, children. At least that's what we planned... After the first batch of ten hit the target, we realized that about three from each batch would take a lower arc to the target, arrive ahead of schedule, and implant themselves in the ground before detonating.

Explosions were going off every couple seconds at all altitudes. No one got hurt, but boy, were they scared! And isn't that the way Halloween is supposed to be?

EasyGuide© To winning Student Elections

Blair McDonald

Pundit

Take five people. Any five people will do. They need not have any pertinent qualifications or experience. Add catchy slogan. This is critical to the success of your campaign. It is important to pick one that is eye-catching, one that will draw voters to your slate like flies to honey.

Picking a slogan is much like choosing tomatoes; you want one that's nice a firm. Squishy ones like "Think Pink" will only last a few hours without refrigeration before spoiling. Also, you should pick one that actually gives away your platform. "Students for Students" is far too explicit for any respectable political types.

A good slogan promises nothing concrete. A great slogan will imply that the candidates using it are forward-thinking individuals who will fix all the problems immediately, without coming out and saying how that is to be done. Slogan should also convince students politics is all about radical change, drawing the connection to student activism in the '60s. This will specially appeal to the hemp-smoking population, and to the hemp-smoking wannabees, mostly Science and Engineering students who identify more with Porky movies rather than Revenge of the Nerds.

Promise the world. Since voters rarely remember anything after the first week of office, make every promise you can, even the ones you can't keep. Promise an end to elitism, social injustice, world hunger, environmental abuse, racism, political incorrectness and those really disgusting chili dogs from Snack Attack. Voters will come out in herds for that last one.

Poster the hell outta campus. In order to properly poster a campus the size of UBC, a slate requires at least 3 old-growth trees for paper. You also need 4 gallons of non-renewable oil reserves to make enough masking tape, and a new strip mine will have to be started for your staples. Finally, 73 toxic chemicals will be dumped by an evil corporation into a fish-breeding stream in order to provide your inks.

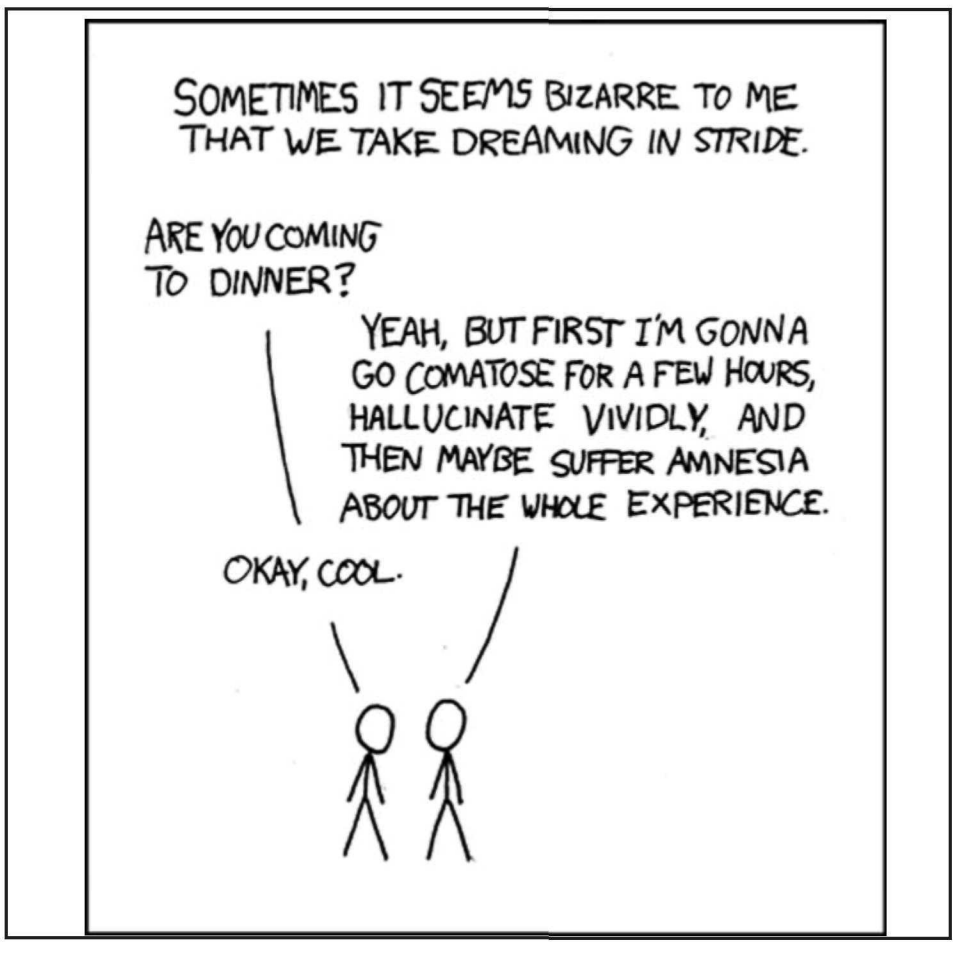
However, to preserve your environmentally friendly image, make sure you print on beige coloured paper, and include a tiny recyclable symbol in the top left hand corner. Slam everyone else. Don't bother going out and researching the issues. It's simply not necessary, ever since Webster's Third Collegiate had the following entry under corrupt.

corrupt \core-upt\ (n) : evil, dastardly, black to the core, referring to inherently devious people trying to destroy everything important to the fabric of society. See STUDENT POLITICIANS

Simply ensure you add corrupt, fascist, Stalinist, or any of the other approved descriptors every fifth or sixth word during your campaign. By following these easy steps, almost anyone can win a student election. In fact, we're so sure, we're willing to offer a money-back guarantee to anyone using this product during the next six months.

Offer void for qualified candidates and the living-impaired.

Randall Munroe **xkcd.com**



How lasting psychological scars develop.

Volume IX
Fire

John Hallett

Burning Up

Fire is one of those things your mother probably warned you about. Let's face it, fire is hot, unpredictable and downright dangerous. It even has it's own hazard symbol (something I'd like to accomplish in my time).

But it's soooo pretty. Especially when it's burning lots of things at the same time. You get the whole range of oranges, reds, and blues. Some of it is very bright and there are dark splotches where the flame isn't quite as intense. And fire dances. A rhythmic, pulsating, memorizing dance that says "Spread me, John, light the walls on fire. Burn things. Burn people, John."

But I digress.

Don't worry. I've never done what the fire tells me. Well, none of the bad things, at least.

It wasn't far from staring wide mouthed and drooling at burning things to the conclusion that I could make art with fire. Think about it: fire is often considered to be alive. Art is supposed to mirror life. It all adds up. 2+2=4. So my new mission in life was to construct fire art. (My old mission was to communicate with invisible dwarves via the little man living in my index finger. It met with limited success until I tried staying awake for the entire month of February.)

Now I set out to find things for my masterpiece. I needed stuff to burn, er, display in a fantastic drama of life and death. Think about it, fire has a birth, life, and death. It mirrors reality rather well, I think. All that and it leaves a blackened, charcoal path wherever it goes. Much like I do.

So I found some stuff: phone books, duct tape, an old buick, second hand clothing, lingerie, and the original draft of the US constitution.

Utilizing some 2x4s nabbed from the walls of the Cheese, I constructed my artistic tribute to all that is fiery. It stood a glorifying 24' high and violated almost every building code in existence.

Next, I doused it rather liberally with a clever combination of kerosene, high octane gas and nitro-glycerin. Not to mention lots of fertilizer and diesel.

All that was left was to ignite my masterpiece, let art progress, and discuss my creation with all the people who had shown up to view my structure. I guess I should have noticed that a large majority of these people had yellow stripes down the sides of their pants and were asking the rest of the crowd exactly who was responsible for the now flaming obelisk. Needless to say, I ran away. Very fast.

I observed, from a distance, my creation's birth, life and subsequent premature death at the hands of the UBC fire department (who were, by the way, so completely and utterly unprepared for getting a call to a real fire that it took them 15 minutes to remember how to even turn on the water).

Art as fire, fire as art. It made sense to me. But apparently the authorities didn't agree. I leave this little chapter of my life having gained but one thing: the right to bitch about being oppressed by the establishment. Something I've been doing all along, but now I'm qualified.

At least the little man living in my index finger understands...

Volume X
He's Jer and He's in a Band

Jeremy Thorp

Not a bandaid

Everybody wants to be a rock star. Visions of glamour swoop through our tiny primate craniums at the very mention of the phrase. The entire Hollywood corporate super-structure depends on the fact that we all want to be rich and famous superstars so that we can drink expensive drinks, get hooked on heroin, and get paid to be naked on the cover of the Rolling Stone.

I'm not a rock star. I am, however, in a rock band. Now, I admit, we haven't yet sold (or even produced) the one album that will provide the book-end for the 5 zeroes required for a fancy gold-plated record. But, we play, and people listen. I've even had several folk whom I don't even know tell me that we don't suck. It would follow, then ,that I would stand to benefit from at least some of the benefits of fame.

Now, don't get me wrong. I like to play music. The feeling you get when you climb up on stage and look into the faces of the audience is truly indescribable. It's the feeling I get when I walk off of the stage that seems to be somewhat lacking.

Initially, I faced the problem of how to bring the subject into everyday conversation. Through experience, I've learned that an introduction of "Hi, I'm Jer. I'm in a band" is less than successful. More successful, perhaps, than "Hi, I'm Jer. I write for The 432," but still generally non-productive. Practice pays off, though, and I've learned to merge the topic into the fray with relatively little pay.

No problem, right? No one can resist a guy in a band. Yeah, right. Me: "So, we were playing this show at the Niagara the other night, when..." Her: "You're in a band?"

Me, acting shy and non-chalant. "Well, yeah."

Her, smiling and eager: "Wow! What do you do?" Me, somewhat proud: "I'm the lead singer."

My sound guy, rude and obnoxious: "I'm the sound guy!"

Her, with an obviously unhealthy obsession with amplification: "Wow! The sound guy!"

Me, holding back rage: "But I sing! I'm the singer!"

Her, temporarily deaf in her left ear: "The sound guy! So, you, like, set up sound stuff, right..."

<Sigh>.

Congratulations, Jer, now the whole university know about your fame-based inadequacies. Mind you, it wouldn't be so bad, if this was an isolated incident. It wasn't. In fact, I've totally given up on even mentioning the fact that I'm in a band, fearing that I will just make matters worse, and end up friendless and completely void of social interaction. The problem is that though I may have abandoned this plan, my friends have rescued, refitted, and remodeled it, and insist on displaying it at every possible opportunity.

Me, facing impending disaster. "Hi, I'm Jer."

My sound guy, rude and obnoxious: "He's in a band."

Her, smiling and eager: "Wow! What do you do?"

You get the point. I can't avoid it. I've been drawn into this evil self-destructing whirlpool of doom, and I'm paddling with a swizzle-stick. I'm debating a number of possibilities. I could wear a bright coloured shirt, with the words "I'm in a band" on the front (though, the phrase "I have rabies" may be more effective). This way, I would avoid any social contact whatsoever. Alternatively I could distribute shirts reading "My friend is in a band" to all of my acquaintances (or perhaps "I'm Brad Pitt"), in hopes that I can sneak unnoticed to a quiet corner of the room, and feel gloriously sorry for myself.

Oh well. Maybe my luck will change, and groupie-dom is not far away. And maybe, a troupe of remarkably small winged orangutans will emerge inexplicably from my posterior. I can take it. If being famous means giving up any chance of ever meeting a nice member of the opposite sex, I can take my medicine. It's all about the music after all.

Cupid's early trials with the pneumatic nail gun.

At the math bar.

Volume XI

Time Travel Sucks

John Hallett

Grandfather Clause

We've all thought about time travel before. It's a common dream for young men all around the country (strangely, women don't share this particular want. Much like hockey and beer, I suppose). Let's face it, aside from a naked and bound Cindy Crawford lathered in whip cream, a time machine has got to be the number one all-time requested Christmas present for teenage boys.

So say next December 25 rolls around and you wake up in the morning. You wonder what that unhealthily obese red imp left you under the tree last night. You wander downstairs and find not that red sleigh you asked for, but Cindy, bound and begging for you to call Interpool.

Next December 25, just two days after you had grown tired of your old present, you go downstairs to find, yes, a time machine! Your dreams have come true!

Now comes the problem. Everyone desperately wants a time machine, much like Cindy. But unlike Cindy, not everyone immediately would know what to do with one should they actually get it.

"What! What do you mean I wouldn't know what to do with it?!?" you exclaim, "It's painstakingly obvious! I'd change history for good! I'd make millions on the stock exchange! I'd knock off Hitler when he was seven!" That's a very common answer. You see, when I say that most people wouldn't know what to do with a time machine, I mean that most people wouldn't know how to use it. Think about it. If you went back and knocked off Hitler, you might change the course of history so much that your parents might never have met, thereby creating a Grandfather Paradox. For those of you who don't know what a Grandfather Paradox is (read: those of you in Arts), quit reading now and go back to staring at Van Goghs and occasionally saying 'Brilliant.'Anyway, I digress, if you create said paradox, your magnificent historical and selfless change doesn't happen and you cease to exist. Not exactly efficient use of a miracle machine, now is this? The same thing goes for making millions on the stock exchange or pushing the Queen Mother off of a cliff. (She is the root of all modern evil, you know. You wouldn't suspect it, but she knocked off Lady Di. The bitch.)

So you have this revolutionary machine sitting in your living room and you have no use for it except to make idle conversation. "So what's that thing over there?" "What? Oh that, it's a Ming Dynasty vase. My dad brought it back from China, isn't it nice?" "No, the thing it's sitting on." "Oh that. It's just a time machine, not much use for it. So how's your Uncle Albert?" Wrong. You can still use the thing, but you have to use it wisely and conservatively. Like traveling back to open the door of your apartment when you locked yourself out last Tuesday. Or warning yourself not to chug that giant drink at the beer garden last Friday. Or using the summer holidays to study for your April exams.

Myself, I'd pull historical practical jokes. For instance I'd put a whoopee cushion on Jesus' seat right before the last supper. The drama and suspense certainly couldn't hold up when Jesus lets one rip as he sits down at the table. Of course, there is the distinct possibility that traveling back to 30 AD may reveal that Jesus was a three foot six inch tall bald dwarf with a major flatulence problem and that historians portrayed him as a skinny, bearded hippie to raise the sympathy vote. Just think about the true facts that have been changed to make history sound better. For instance, Joan of Arc was actually Jean d'Arch, a 5 foot 2 inch tall flaming French queen with a foot fetish and a penchant for high heels. He reportedly drove the majority of the English out of France by

slapping them and calling them "skanky whores." See, real history just isn't as interesting as the stuff you get in History 135. Another example is the crusades. They weren't exactly groups of thousands of brave Catholic knights bent on freeing the holy land from the infidel so much as they were six guys from Sussex shipping bad Islamic pornography from Jerusalem on order of the king. (Believe me, if anyone can make really bad pornography, it has got to be the Muslims.)

Then there's Noah. I don't know where to start with Noah. The bible reports that Noah built this very large boat, stuffed it full of pairs of rare and exotic animals, and floated away during the "Great Flood" so that he and these animals could populate the world when the water dried up. This story only has one thing in common with the truth: sex, lots of sex. In reality, Noah ran a floating amusement park called "Big Gay Noah's Big Gay Boat Ride" in which paying zoophilic customers could have sex with exotic animals of their choice. Pretty good service for 3000 BC.

How can you know that I'm not just making this stuff up? Well, truth be told, I am, but that doesn't change anything. You see, this stuff could have happened and you wouldn't know it because some guy 2500 years ago decided that fiction was more interesting than fact. We should thank this mystery man because, let's face it, Noah never would have made the first cut in the bible's editing process otherwise. The moral of the story? Time travel ain't all it's cut up to be. Jules Verne made it up to be this dramatic and exciting fun-filled adventure. Mostly it just involves crouching behind a hedge watching famous people in robes doing boring stuff in a language you can't understand. Not exactly thrilling.

So forget about it. Time travel is boring. People are boring. History is boring. Julius Caesar died at 64 from a heart attack. The Three Musketeers were traveling insurance salesmen. And don't get me started on the dinosaurs...

Don't Touch My Fido, Amigo!

Jay Garcia

Woof!

Cell phones. They're light, portable, and run for hours on a single battery. In the not-too-distant past, they were about the same size and heft of a largish textbook, and were only found in the possession of busy on the-go executives desirous of an ungainly (and somewhat indecorous) status symbol with more functionality than most portable objects carrying a ten thousand dollar price tag. These days, however, and for significantly less cash, any Tom, Dick or Rover can look like a Captain Kirk (albeit a less melodramatic, toupee-less Captain Kirk) simply by pulling one out and talking away. You can tell cell phones have reached the point of near-ubiquity when standards of etiquette have been raised around their use, former Eastern Bloc countries are jumping straight to cell-carrier technology to bypass the costly infrastructure associated with landline phones and cellular telecommunication firms are hawking their products by pandering to the lowest common denominator (if you're the lowest common denominator with at least twenty bucks a month to burn).

It is for this particular reason that I was considering joining the ranks- of the cellularly-wired (well, this reason, and the convenience of being able to make prank calls wherever I am). There are, however, a few drawbacks about owning cell phones. Second only to pagers (or large, 80's-style boomboxes pumpin' out the clear tunes of Tiffany on a crowded bus), they're the most annoying pieces of technogear a person can have on them. Say for example that you forget to turn the ringer off, and the damn thing goes off in the middle of a lecture, and everyone turns to look at you as if you were some dealer in illicit narcotics. Or you're in a class when a cell phone rings and everybody starts digging around in their bags, seeing if it's their cell phone that's ringing nonstop, when it really belongs to the one guy who's still nonchalantly taking notes.

Besides, who wants to be in contact all the time? Unless you leave the damn thing off, which defeats the purpose of owning one in the first place, then you're most definitely going to get called up by boozed-up sort-of-friends who got your number from a friend of a friend of the friend whom you made swear never to share the number to anyone.

This, however, is mere opinion, as I know next to nothing about actually owning a cell phone. So, like the hapless consumer that I am, I did some informal research about them (consisting largely of bugging my friends who owned one until they told me what I needed to know, just to get rid of me). This is what I found out.

Most cell phone owners suffer from the same form of envy that computer users feel when confronted by a shinier, newer toy packed with more RAM, software, and general whiz-bang-wow-ness than their own. In cell owners, this tends to manifest itself as a strange trend to be intensely envious of other people's cell phones, especially if they're newer, cooler, and, most importantly, smaller. You know the type, the small, black, folding wedge-shaped jobbies about size of a matchbook and as thick as a pack of playing cards (probably as a massive overreaction to the lumbering ten pound cell-phone dinosaurs that caused severe back pains and neck and shoulder cramping the executives of yesteryear). Sure, they look cool when you're holding it (or rather, carefully cradling it) in the palm or your hand; and they're convenient as all get-out to carry (you could probably get them to fit in the small change pocket on your jeans), but there's just no way you can look dignified talking into that thing. It looks like you're speaking into an electronic organizer, for chrissakes. Well, probably not, 'cause pocket electronic organizers are bigger than that.

Further, it can be observed that the hardcore, non-business oriented cell-phone using public divides itself into two large categories: the techno-geeks, and the overly-socially connected. This latter group actually use their phones to keep abreast of the strange and convoluted permutations of their lives, the lives of their friends and significant others, the location of the nearest rave and the current street price of Ecstasy. Techno-geeks, on the other hand, use their phones because, well, it's a geek thing and it's somewhat cooler than plunking a quarter into a phone box and blathering away (not to mention that it' s more hygienic — do you have any idea the number and variety of fungus and bacteria that accumulate on phone box ear and mouth pieces?). Besides, you can plug laptop modems into the newer versions of cell phones (the digital PCS ones), thereby getting the most geek bang for your buck. Which means that, no matter where you are, as long as you have a laptop with a fully-charged battery, a modem and a digital PCS phone, you can check your e-mail, play interactive games, or do Web-based research.

Or you can surf for porn on the Internet.

Great. I'm convinced. Now I just got to get around to buying a laptop ...

"El Nino is the work of the evil arch villain dr. Warm, who is attempting to take over the world's pineapple market"

Volume XII
The Last Laugh

Jay Garcia

Mwahahahahahah

Hah! I laugh at the grey dreariness of the season . Whilst most mere mortals are quivering in fear and ducking the wetness pissing on them from the skies, hiding in their six-hundred dollar Patagonia jackets, I brazenly

run through the fall showers, despite being soaked to the skin, oblivious to this heavy fog that you people call rain. Hey, where I'm from, this kind of weather would be a little teeny-tiny weather system, a baby squall, looking up to its hurricane and typhoon brethren, all the while building up its strength from secret equatorial latitudes, waiting for the day that it could become a contender. You know, a real monsoon. A deluge of Biblical proportions. So go back to your little clusters of umbrellas and your fusty-smelling galoshes and stay away from the out-of-doors. Leave this weather to those who can truly appreciate the nuances of a gentle autumnal spray. For not even the thought of an early-season cold cannot deter me from my daily external constitutionals!

I also laugh at the scurrying little minions of this faulty academic system. Look at you, scampering in terror at the merest mention of your transcripts, slaves to the rigour of the academic clock. Oh no, poor me, midterms in October! Finals until December 23rd, how ever will I be able to survive? And the application deadlines! Medical School, Law School, Grad School, all due so soon, whatever am I to do? Phaugh! I laugh at your foolish antics, and spit on your aspirations. I am undaunted in the face of such pressure. I cannot crack, for I am made of far sterner stuff. A midterm tomorrow? Hah! All that means is a leisurely review roughly a day

beforehand, supported with the appropriate cast of stimulants, endorphins,

and illegal pseudo-neurotransmitter analogs washed down by copious Jolt,

backed up by a slightly less amphetamine-fuelled cursory look-over right

before the test, and I'm right as rain. Well, not Vancouver rain, but you get the idea. Medical School applications? No hassle. A quick-and-dirty fill-in-the-blanks job, followed up by a witty, urbane essay highlighting the events in my life, like the time I discovered a cure for Hauffman-Dusseldorf Syndrome, led a crack team of Navy Seals in an anti-terrorist siege in the Moldavian Embassy, and earned a 4.5 GPA. All in one week. So trouble me not with your trivial fears of academic success, your whinging and whining and your stress-based ailments, for you are obviously made of lesser clay. So what if my eyes are watery and my nose is running? This isn't the stress talking, it's just pneumonia, dammit! Despite my affliction, I carry on, undaunted.

I reserve a laugh, as well, for the Arts Undergraduate Society, carrying on in your comedic fashion. Oh, me, terribly impressed I am by the fruits of your hard labour. Your weekly affairs at Arts 200 have come to emulate the gender content of your average steel mill, and you have the temerity to serve that watered -down swill that you call lager. For shame! At two dollars apiece, your constituency deserve something better than love-in-a-canoe brew. And there is the matter of that piece of unintelligent

boilerplate that you call The Underground. I blow my mucallyaggrieved

nose on this rag, and deservedly so, given the quality of the material therein. And whilst I am, somewhat distressingly, a fan of liberal, soft-hearted, pro-feminist writings, this is no excuse to let the agenda cloud the quality, nor lead to the soft-headed twaddle, misplaced sentiment, and unexciting writing that graces the misspent two-colour interiors. I rant at all this, safe and secure in the Science Undergrad office and warmed by two shots of Tequila and the heady comfort of several Tylenol 3's for Cold and Flu.

And yes, I have saved a laugh for you Arts students. Sheep, the lot of you. I sneer at your navel-gazing twaddle and your armchair proselytizing. What have you to be so cheerful about? Do you think that after six years pursuing your degree in Medieval Agrarian Haegalian Philosophy that your dull, dreary lives will magically metamorphose into an episode of Friends, where you can whine and bitch and live in nice apartments while looking good for the camera? Stop being self-delusional and apply your -

selves, weak-minded fools! Join a real faculty, where you can use the most

bleeding-edge tools and methods to break things or blow them apart, in the

name of greater knowledge! Prod the fabric of reality, even if it doesn't like it. Heck, especially if it doesn't like it. You have to break a few dozen eggs to make a halfway decent omelet, just like you have to mutate a gross of sheep to get one Dolly. Hah! Now, if you'll excuse me, all this raving has gotten me tired . I've got a midterm to study for, several substances to abuse, a head cold the size of Manhattan, and a bottle of Tylenol-3 with my name on it.

Rock and Roll (Baby!) Part 2

Andy Martin

Beepin' and a boppin'

We join our hero staring at the gates to the fortress Thunderbird. His mission: To infiltrate the compound and corrupt the evil syndicate AUS's master plan, code named Operation: ACF. This scheme to enslave the youth of the University of British Columbia by pulverizing their mental resistance with subsonic subliminal messages then breaking their will by keeping them in unending lines with the promise of alcohol at the end that they will never reach. This is a critical part of their plan to legalize child pornography, prostitution and gambling as 'art forms' in the great province of British Columbia.

The sun is shining, in the distance, a bastard child cries for the father she will never know, and our hero is stuffing his brassiere with balloons filled with scotch. "Maybe I shouldn't have worn the underpants as well," our hero, Andy Spade, comments to his sidekick.

"Listen, at least I washed the stains out." remarked Shera, Spade's partner, as she latched up the bra. She was a feisty girl, with a razor wit and a head of red hair that would turn any man to water. Beautiful, charming and effective with a .44, Spade thought he could love her, if he could bring himself to trust any dame, especially after his woman turned

him over to the Nazis during Operation: Jizzmagnet. Yes, the torture irons had scarred him, but those scars healed, unlike those that she had given him in his heart.

Disguised in a summer dress with elevator shoes and a Gucci purse, Spade was a walking convoy of hidden alcohol. His gozangas, enough to challenge country music's finest, were scotch. His nicely rounded ass, were cheeks of vodka. His elevator shoes were hollowed out and filled with sambuca. His five foot beehive hairdo concealed a 40 lb bottle of rum. His asthma respirator contained Russell Christmas Ale, which he had been specially preserving for three months now. His insulin, syringes of martini and his lips were injected, not with silicone, but with the contents of two B-52s.

"Well, is that everything?" Spade asked, looking around him for any alcohol he may have missed. "No, now lets get going" were the only words of encouragement that Shera could muster as they headed off to the gates. Once there, they blended in with the crowd of students, witless as to what was going on around them. Spade couldn't believe the extra weight of the alcohol, but he gritted his teeth and bore the burden. As they approached the gates, Shera produced two bright yellow tickets and handed one to Spade.

"Where did you get these?" Spade asked in amazement. "From the ticket counter in the Student Union Building, where else, you imbecilic fuckface?" Shera explained "Shera, you certainly are full of surprises. By the way, this underwear is nearly my size, I didn't think you had such big hips."

"I don't, but my mother does."

"Your moth ...!" Facing the guards, Spade shut his mouth quickly. If they

heard a man's voice coming from a woman, they would know that something wasn't quite right in Denmark. Spade knew he had to be quiet, or the jig would be up. He handed his ticket to the small girl, who tore it in two and gave him his stub back. Well, that was quick and easy, Spade thought, but the guards up ahead were going to be much tougher. Spade walked forward slowly, concentrating to keep his balance on top of six inches of sambuca while wearing a good 100 lbs of alcohol on his six foot four frame. Shera put a comforting hand to his back and shoved him forward.

A few feet in front of the guards, he stumbled suddenly. Swaying in the wind, he though he was done for. But he steeled his jaw against the sun and righted himself to look the guard in the face. The guard grunted "Your mascara's running, you slut!"

Suppressing his urge to kill the hulk, Spade nodded politely and gave a sheepish smile . Not wanting to draw attention to himself, he walked a few more steps to allow the jerk to do his job. The guard put his hand on Spade's hip and felt across to his other hip, barely brushing the vodka balloons. Then he waved Spade through and looked Shera up and down before doing the same to her. "We're in," Spade congratulated Shera. No sooner had Spade uttered those words did an excessively hairy and dirty security guard approach them and put his arms around both of them. "Hey ladies," the smell of cheap beer and even cheaper perfume reeked out of his mouth, "You two up for a threesome?"

"In your wet dreams, you fat fuck," Shera responded.

"Yes," Spade said, in the best woman-voice he could muster, "Please leave us alone "

"Awww, come on now, chickee-boo! You have to get to know the real me, which is best done behind the tent there."

"I said FUCK OFF!" Shera said, ripping the slob's arm off her shoulders.

"Well, I guess its just me and you then baby," the stinking man said, turning his full attention to Spade, "Why don't I just..." The walking carpet of a man reached down to forcefully grab Andy's ass. Before Spade knew what had happened, the man's firm grip was upon his false ass and giving it quite a rub down.

"Now listen you ..." Andy started, but was cut off by the sound of one of his ass cheeks blowing under the pressure of the oaf's iron grip. *POP* The forceful explosion left the one side of Andy's ass sagging like Walter Matteau's face, and the burst of fluid from the former cheek soaked his entire dress with the sweet, sticky smell of vodka.

Though the man upon him hadn't yet noticed and was busying himself with his other half-ass, the nearby guards turned with a start at the sound of a woman's ass blowing with a sound that was far too loud to be a girl's fart.

"Fuck," was the only word Spade uttered before kneeing the bear in the groin and running as best he could in his elevator shoes. The man, though shocked, did not let go of his ass, and removed the lower part of Spade's dress along with his underwear, which turned out to be tear-away. Shera's mother always was kind of a slut, Spade thought to himself as he ran.

Naked from the waste down and two balloons of vodka lighter, Spade ran for the crowd, knocking over the gawkers who were staring at this woman with bad mascara, hairy legs, a humongous beehive hairdo and a flaccid penis swaying from side to side as he ran for the field, and safety.

Luckily, the guards hadn't been prepared for the speed of Spade, and he was soon able to loose them in the melee. Spade moved slowly across the piss wall, where he found he blended in just fine until he reached the other side of the field and joined Shera.

Spade made a toga of the remaining dress and broke out the alcohol. He couldn't save everybody, but damn it, it had been worth it to save these few. Operation: ACF would fail, and the AUS would be left holding their dick.

Andy pierced one of his former tits with a small needle from his purse, and drank the sweet fluid inside. Four hours later, Spade woke up. He was completely naked, upside down in a port-a-potty with the words "I am a blinking light" grossly misspelled, written in excrement, all over his naked flesh. Andy Spade, truly one of Canada's great black heroes!

Volume XIII
Baby GAP

Andrew Tinka

GAP strikes agian

Will wonders never cease? I'm sitting here, looking out the window at a bunch of Plant Ops guys who are—brace yourself—working. I kid you not. Five stories below me, these gentlemen are actually performing productive labour. Ten minutes ago, they moved a stack of plywood from one pile to another. Now, they look like they're doing something to a big hole they've just dug. This kicks ass. It's like finding out that your Sea Monkeys really do build castles and wear crowns and perform tricks. Up until now, I've only seen circumstantial evidence of Plant Ops having worked. Like those big black pipes lying around Main Mall. Everybody knows they are going to be there forever. Or the hot water shutdowns "from 6 to 7 am" that last until 9 at night (also known as the Stinky Student day). Or the charred rodent carcass I found in my driveway. No, wait, that's my fault. Anyway, the important thing is that I've seen Plant Ops working, so I should lay off the nasty Plant Ops jokes. Did you hear the one about the prostitutes, the porcupine and the Plant Ops guy? No? I'd tell you, but I did make that promise ...

I should really show my appreciation to these guys somehow. If some genie came along right now and gave me three wishes, I know in detail what I would wish for. First, a way to open this window. Second, a good, fast escape vehicle. Something in the pogo stick variety would be nice. Third, something really nasty to throw, preferably slimy and gooey. That'll learn 'em.

Speaking of aborted fetuses, I hear everyone's in a tizzy over the arrival of GAP on campus. Come on, people. They've been in the malls for years. It was only a matter of time before they came here. What I don't understand is their strategy. Gap for Kids, I understand. Baby Gap? Sure. But Gap for Fetuses? Where's the market? Then there's their posters: anorexic fourteen year-olds in halter tops are disturbing enough, thanks. But what coked-out advertising executive came up with the idea that graphic colour pictures of lynchings and abortions would convince me to buy overpriced yuppie clothes for my unborn child?

Seriously, though, those GAP people have it all backwards. They should take their gory racist images, string them together into a movie, tell people it's latest from Tarentino, and charge admission. They would make millions. Instead, people are complaining because they're showing it free of charge. The world, my friends, is very messed up.

I do feel obliged to stick up for these GAP people though. After all, any day now I might want up a big nine by thirteen foot picture of my ass. And trust my, people would protest. Ask any of my friends (or enemies). On the list of asses you would want to see, mine is right near the bottom. When I was born, the doctor couldn't bear to look at my hideous ass, let alone smack it, so he hung me from a drip bag and used a two-by-four instead. So remember, as you're staring in horror at the crap inflicted on you by GAP, just say to yourself, "At least it's not Andrew's ass. "

Why Tuque, eh?

Andy Martin

Number of the beast

The end of an era, the close of a thousand long years and the gate to a new age. The next millennia stretches prone before us like a woman ... beguiling, seductive, eternal ... it's coming a momentous occasion for all mankind.

What complete and utter bullshit. Hey everybody, I don't know if anybody's told you this yet, but it's a fucking NUMBER! It's a number some dumb-ass monk came up with trying to estimate the time since Christ had been born between His daily routines of praying, cleansing and shagging altar boys. And we all know how accurate religious leaders are. When even Jerry Falwell starts most of his sermons with 'Well, if you look at it this way' you begin to doubt the holy prophecy.

Monks and priests were students from a faculty that requires even less accuracy than fine arts. And hell, I've been part of scientific studies where +/-25% is an acceptable margin of error. Western religion expects us to believe that 4.6 billion years happened over 6 days. After that was shot down in a flaming mass of logic, they come up with something along the lines of 'Well, if you take a day as symbolising a hundred million years,

it's kind of right". Hey, yeah, just like Methuselah really did live to be 969 years old, and all his family are said to have lived to 962 Oared), 910 (Kenan), and 950 years old (Noah. Hey, a name you recognise! Thank God for the Irish Rovers!).

"Well, if you take a year as meaning a week."Shut up. "Okay." Even if monkman is right, it's not like Christ is up in heaven looking at His wristwatch. Did he ever promise to be back at 2000? No. Nowhere in the Bible does he say 'Me and the horsemen will be back in Nineteen Hundred and Sixty-eight years . . .sharp'. Which time zone is he going by? I'd feel just a little cheated if the apocalypse fell on midnight Australian time. Of course, if he does come around, he'll be the hit of the party. I know I'd schmooze with him. Think of who you really want to be your best buddy right about now. Not only is he deciding your eternal fate and that of your ex-girlfriend, but I'm pretty sure that water-wine trick could be used for a massive post-apocalyptic kegger. Mmm ... Christ Cream Ale.

Heck, you've got to do something while waiting in the judgement line up, and it's gonna be one heck of a line up. Six billion people on earth, and the billions that came before us. Take a number. And if the holy judges are as efficient as most governing agencies that I've had to deal with, you can pretty much write off the next two millennia, waiting in line. And when you finally get to the front, Gabriel leafs through the nominal roll (a.k.a. roll of the of living) and: "Hmm. ..your name doesn't seem to be on the list, are you sure you're a human soul? Well, I'm sorry, but if your name isn't 't here, there's not much we can dofor you. So it's bye-bye for you."

But that won't happen, I'm sure God has His affairs in order. After only a few years of waiting I'll be brought before His holy council to receive judgement: "Hmm. ..well, lets see the case against you: You went to church as a kid. That's good. But you stopped."

"Erm, is that bad?"

"Not really, I'm fine with you worshipping me in your own way."

"You see. That's what I've been ..."

"I'm talking here."

"Sorry."

"You've dedicated your life to healing the world ... however, you've eaten meat from a cloven hoof and bottom dweller."

"Huh?"

"Pepperoni pizza and lobster. I told you not to eat those. You don't listen very well, do you?"

"Sorry, but my church says ..."

"Do you believe everything you hear? Christ Almighty...Sorry, son. Moving right along, let's look at your music collection: Tsk. Rob Zombie, Monster Magnet. Dear me, several Nine Inch Nails albums. And you keep a Pantera album hidden in your sock drawer. Then, in 1997, did you not made the devil sign at a MetallicA concert?"

"Oh yeah, that."

"But, you have never listened to Slayer, Michael Bolton, or Marilyn Manson, so you only get three naughty stars out of a possible five "

"Uh. .. thanks."

"You have frequent problems with alcohol. I witnessed that escapade in the nursing home 'Captain Pantless'."

"Hoo, hoo."

"Then you made fun of Me and My Son in your past three articles in your silly little paper, which the Holy Ghost usually quite enjoys."

"Heh. I thought you'd have a sense of humor."

"Listen, I've been judging humankind for three straight years here, and looking at that line, it'll-be another ten until I get back to paradise. I just judged Jimmy Swaggart and had to listen to that 'Please forgive me' whining shit all over again before sending him to hell. Do I look like

I have a sense of humor today?"

"No Sir."

"Good. Well let's get on with this : ~~You masturbate."~~

~~"... urk Well doesn't everybody?"~~

~~"No I mean you REALLY masturbate...like a lot."~~

~~"Could we not bring this up? There's a really hot chick right behind me in line, she might hear y ..'~~

~~[Yelling] You once masturbated so hard you forgot to breathe, turned blue and your mom had to come in and sock you one! You were probably going at it just outside the doors before we let you in the way you carry on!" "Well, it's not my fault. At least I didn't lay with anything freaky 'as with woman', and don't think I didn't have the chance!"~~

~~"Oh come off it.~~ And then, on November 8th, 1998, 15:23:48 to 15:23:49 (PST), did you not preach: 'Kenny Wayne Shepherd is God'? This, not two weeks from proclaiming Bobby Orr as your lord and maker? Do you not understand the definition of idolatry?"

"This isn't going well at all, is it?"

"Nope. How do you plead?"

"Not Guilty."

"I find you guilty."

"Goddamnit."

"Exactly."

But that ain't gonna happen. No apocalypse, no Y2K bug. The worst thing that's gonna happen is that all those checks and forms labeled 19_ are going to be useless computer geeks and cults around the world are gonna be really upset about nothing happening. Then they'll struggle for dignity by saying that really bad stuff will happen on 2001, which is officially the start of the next millennia, but the number's ugly. 2001 just doesn't have the same roundness or mystique that 2E3 has. 2000's just a real cool looking number altogether. The last real cool looking number was 1969. Everything's so round and smooth. And great shit happened that year. Man landed on the moon...the fucking moon! Hippies went to Woodstock, rocked out and invented venereal disease. It was the last gasp before the seventies hit us . And what did the seventies bring us? The end of the Beatles, Nixon, Kiss, my birth, and all sorts of other signs of impending g destruction. Maybe there is something to all this.

Nah.

But, I know people are idiots, I know that there are a hell of a lot of freaks out there. And I know how easy it is to smuggle a warhead out of Russia and use it for some cockamamie scheme to get J.H.C. down here to fit with their manifestos. So I'm spending New Years up Mount Baker and will welcome this new age facing Vancouver with my arms in the air, 'Sunshine, lollipops and rainbows...' blasting from my rented Hummer's stereo, and the maniacal glint in my eye that comes only from the knowledge that I'll be one of the few remaining men left for the breeding program after the cult bomb takes you all out. See you on the other side. . .

"Politics can't be left in the hands of the people. The are, en masse, fucking morons"

-Glen Clarke

Volume XIV

But the Pagans have better Sex...

Jo Krack

Demigoddess

WARNING: I'm going to ramble about squirrels, Christianity, Jesus, and bad relationships, with an emphasis on virginity. This is an unholy combination, and the results ain't pretty. You've been warned...

Today I went to see a display by the Christians on Campus. There's a lot of those groups, more than any other club, and each one has become quite specialized... I think perhaps this one was aimed at middle class, rap-music-hating, slogan-lovin' Christians who favour the colour blue, have

shoe sizes between 8 1/2 and 12, and harbour secret squirrel-sympathizing tendencies. Those squirrels are mighty influential these days.

Anyway, I was busy being awed by the circular logic of some of the posters, which were trying to debunk "myths" (i.e., criticisms) of Christianity but weren't doing a very convincing job, when I got bombarded by the breed of Christian I'll call Perky Christian. Perky had a questionnaire for me, and it gave enough non-Jesus lovin' answer options so as to keep non-believers

from running away screaming, holding onto their souls. In short, the questions could be answered without revealing your religious leanings, if you didn't want such information exposed. So I answered it, although she took down the answers, so I didn't get to see what she wrote. (This concerns me somewhat...) At the end, she asked me if there were any really tough questions I'd like to ask Jesus. I thought: what, is he like a Magic 8 ball or something? Will she pull out a little Jesus figurine, get me to ask my question, shake it up, and then it will say 'Not likely' or something equally ambiguous? Cool!! But I didn't feel in the mood to come up with a good question, even though I wanted to see what method she would use to get Jesus to answer (I kinda guessed that it would be praying, which is not nearly as cool as either channeling Jesus, or using a holy Magic 8 ball). In fact, I didn't even take one of the tempting accounts of Jesus's life, which was Perky's mission. However, I did take a cookie, as I am partial to peanut butter and dammit, I earned it by taking that survey! I probably just sold my soul right there, by divulging sensitive information

about us "undecided" (read: non Christian) students, so that our ways can be studied and methods to convert us will be perfected. Eep.

My soul is extremely cheap (food and/or sex will do it; a combination of the two is best) so I don't know why I haven't just voluntarily handed it over to the Campus Christians. Probably because I like to play hard to get. You see, certain Campus Christians are like other somewhat fanatical

groups: they want people to do what they say, but as soon as they've converted someone, BANG! it's onto chasing yet another non-believer, and there you are, cold and alone, clutching a bible when you'd much rather be clutching that Suzy or Jimmy who was so seductively explaining its virtues to you.

Personally, it seems a bit like virgin-chasing. Just like those guys who will only sleep with virgins, but can only ever sleep with a virgin once, because after that she's not a virgin anymore. So I am the perpetual christianity-virgin, answering the very familiar "Do you know Jesus?" with a wide eyed, "Jesus? Who's that?" They swarm to me, eager to deflower me and force me into a codified behaviour that will agree with theirs, so that they can convert the whole world and thus finally be sure that their religion is the right one after all. Just like the kind of guy who tries to get you to let your guard down, relax, because "Baby, I'll be there for

you". Really, all they want to do is brag to all their other virgin-hunters that they bagged a fresh one. And now I mean the Christians, not the guys.

So I am a tease. Sometimes, I listen wholeheartedly, like the wholesome person I am, until they get to the end, and invite me to a bible study group, which is when I politely inform them that sorry, I don't believe in

your religion. It's like giving a guy the green light, only to inform him minutes short of first base that sorry, you play for the other team. The look on their faces is priceless, as you watch their brains hard at work: "But I know I was onto something! Could I have phrased it all differently?

Where did I screw up? I... was... sooo... close...!!"

Other times I am a little more fun. Sometimes I inform them that Jesus has personally warned me about their organizations, so I'm staying away. Of course, if I say I hear Jesus in my head (which is mean, I know) they try to prove to me that it's the devil speaking. Gee, could they be jealous?

Having a little crisis of faith, worried that Jesus has never really spoken to them, only given them signs?

Signs can be ambiguous too, like one guy I met who was thanking God for a scholarship and informed me that God wanted him to be a doctor. I tried not to be cynical, because he was so happy about it, but I wondered if he would still be a hard core Christian if God had decided to make him a McGreaseGrill boy for the rest of his life... I'm not even going to get into THAT question...

Well, as I wind up, I can only say that I'm holding onto my religious virginity, so all you virgin-hungry Christians out there... why don't you try to come and get it, baby!

Fade to Greyscale

Andy Martin

Greybeard

C'est Halloween. Time of scary spectres, scary old ladies giving out apples with razor blades in them, and ugly little kids coming around to try to beg

away my precious, precious candy using cute little costumes. Hey, if I didn't give any to the starving hobo on the corner of Robson and Howe, what makes you think you deserve it, you pampered little brat? Hallowe'en is a time to celebrate and exploit other people's fears. People fear scary things, that's why they're defined as 'scary'. Yet people are dumb and seem to react to fear with a certain ill-advised curiosity. Show any other organism on earth something they're scared of and they go running in the other direction. This fascination with things we fear is kind of a

short circuit around modern society to instill some sense of natural selection in the human population.

One of the top things people fear is the inevitable end: Death. But lately, there has been a trend towards not fearing death. And it's not only found in the extreme sporters or the clergy, it's found among the normal, non-cliff jumping, non-altar boy sodomizing population.

A lot of people I meet claim that they aren't afraid of death. This is an erroneous position to take, mostly due to the fact that death is pretty fucking scary. There is nothing not scary about death. It is to be feared

beyond all else. In fact, just about everything else that people develop odd and inexplicable fears to can be laughed off, death can't be laughed off... because you're dead.

Many people believe that death is a natural passing from this life to another. Not for me it ain't. To me, death means not living anymore. It means no more life, no more love, no more adventure, no more sex, no more beer, no more liquid nitrogen, no more grenade launchers, no more fun. Some people believe in reincarnation. If there is a life after death, I hope it is reincarnation. Everything else would just be boring. But I don't want another life, I like this life just like it is. I don't wanna be

rolling the chromosomal dice as to my next body. Knowing my luck I'll be reborn as some ugly, stupid and utterly charmless oaf whose only joy in life will be when he/she goes to a two-bit psychic and learns that in

a former life, he/she was world-famous Andy Martin, smiter of some sort of infidels.

People think that death is their ultimate passage into paradise. However, if you're one of the 99.9% of the population that sin, that ain't guaranteed. Hell is all but a sure thing for most of us. And hell is really, really scary. And what is heaven supposed to be? A never-ending Sunday service, nonstop praising of the Lord. Heaven is really, really scary.

And then, there are the atheists. They believe that when you die that's it, your conscience ceases to exist, gradually fading away as your brain rots after death. They believe that the conscience thought process is merely a bunch of synaptic reactions, a whole bunch of selective keytone-alcohol

electron displacements. And that when we die, our conscience ceases to exist. That's so unbelievably scary, I can't even fathom it. I lie awake sometimes and wonder about what it'll be like...to just not exist. Then I

fantasize about two girls I saw that day, dressed in tight saran wrap doing things that would cause people to write me many, many nasty letters if I printed them here. Then everything's right with the world and I go to sleep.

Of course, all this discussion about life after death is altogether disregarding the fact that the act of death itself will more than likely hurt a lot.

Let us review the ways I almost died in the past year. I almost fell off a boat into the Bering Sea. I almost had my wrist ripped open by an errant fish hook. I saw John Hallett naked. I almost fractured my skull slipping on pavement. Any vehicle I was in could have been turned into a fiery, twisted wreck if just one sparkplug fell loose. I walked into an Irish pub whistling 'God Save the Queen'. I told my girlfriend that 'Okay, okay! You look fat already!' You tell me that any of these deaths would be painless.

And you gotta wait another sixty years or so for just a chance at passing away quietly in your sleep. And even then, what guarantee will is there that it won't be painless? Every cell in your body still has to die from asphyxiation...that probably has to hurt somehow.

And don't even get me started on what they do to your body after you die (mostly because it isn't funny at all). I'll just remind you that it's really, really scary. If you really need to know, just ask your local mortician, they'll be happy for the living human contact. And studies show that the majority of morticians are necrophiliacs. Ew.

But at least we don't live in ancient Egypt. What kind of freak priest came up with the idea that removing all the organs with razor sharp hooks and storing them in pots by the salty dehydrated corpse would be a good idea anyways? They took the brain out through the nose. The nose, for the love

of Ra! And how did the Egyptians picture the afterlife? As toiling in the same damn rice fields, having the same damn crocodiles eat your baby, fighting off the same malaria and being ruled by the same rich teenage brat, who is now a god because it was his birthright. Talk about the widening social gap between rich and poor.

Of course, the Greeks had an even more screwed up view of the afterlife. It didn't matter how good you were, when you died you went to dark and dreary Hades by default. And if you were really bad, or just did something completely innocent that displeased Zeus, you got some eternally frustrating punishment, like eternally writing a math final that you didn't study for. "Okay students, look through your booklets. Make sure you have all 12,985,748 pages, including your cover page and two pages of scrap paper at the back. You will be given 3492076849000002 hours, or so, to complete all the questions. You will be given a fifteen minute and a five minute warning before the end of the test. No bathroom breaks. When you are finished the last question, please hand it in to receive the next section of your test. And please ignore Cerebrus as he walks along the rows, he'll never take more than one limb at a time."

And lastly, the Zen Buddhists, main proponents of the whole re-incarnation thingy and their weird view of the final afterlife. The final, ultimate goal of all your lives is to lead good, karma-ful lives, work your way up the evolutionary chain, and reach the state of Nirvana. Nirvana being where you are assimilated into the great holy light. So you've worked and sacrificed all the way for thousands of years, all the way from cephalopod and you finally reach the final goal and...wow...a part of a light. Thanks.

Nope, as far as I'm concerned, it's living all the way for me.

Volume XV

I'm Afraid for the Americans

Lana Rupp

Lady of the night

I'm scared… really scared. The future looks bleak. I'm afraid of Americans.

I'm afraid of their big power plants and of George W. I'm afraid of their guns and their Texas Rangers. I also fear the clueless egotistical tourists that rise from the mighty south in search of igloos and touques.

I worry about the local police force in the little town where I live during the summer months. I once got a desperate call from one of their staff members asking me for a phone number saying that they couldn't find it. I looked it up in the phone book and promptly returned their call.

I worry about all those chain letters that I never forwarded. I don't mean to be a wimp, but drowning in sewage, being raped by mad goats, having fifty days of bad luck and never being kissed by my crush really really scares me. Not to mention the fact that Hotmail is going to shut down my account!

I worry about the Y2K bug coming back and of Santa Claus dying.

I'm terrified of spiders, snakes, and algae; garden gnomes and flesh eating disease.

I worry about the expiry date on my milk. If it's 'best before' does it go into a fair to good stage or just plain nasty?

I'm scared to go outdoors because 'they' might be out there. And since I don't know who 'they' are or what 'they want from me or where 'they' might turn up next I have to be extra careful don't I? It's not paranoia if 'they' are really after you. 'They' are everywhere these days… at least that's what American television has led me to believe... and why would my fondest friend deceive me?

I worry about the CBC, because someone has to. I fear alien abduction and the subsequent anal probing because obviously they're looking for something and if they don't find it and they don't feel real bad about anal probes they probably won't give much thought to dropping me off in the wrong damn town.

I'm scared of inhaling bugs in my sleep.

I worry about whether Friends will still be on the air when I get home from work. I'm concerned by TV talk shows that seem outrageous until you look closely at my neighbors. I'm not sure if they're having affairs with midgets or their sisters but they sure do like to let pigs go in their yard and shoot at them when all the folks come on down fer the weekend.

I'm somewhat bothered by the fifty-year old men that have asked to be my boyfriends. It's not the comb-over really... it's me.

I'm scared of Arts students. We mock them now but tomorrow they will be handling all of the fast food we eat.

I'm worried that soon road rage and air rage will evolve and extend to shopping cart rage, tricycle rage, and elevator rage. I'm troubled by the way irritating TV personalities keep popping up in my dreams and offering me free trials of toilet cleaner, hair products and cheese.

I'm scared of people with video cameras. The footage for Real TV has to come from somewhere.

I fear small dogs and their owners.

I worry about all the chemicals in the Chemistry building and all the computer geeks in Klinck. Things capable of mass destruction should not be taken lightly.

I'm often so terrified that I can't bring myself to get out of bed, at least not before 1pm. I can't do my laundry for fear that someone will run off with my underwear again. My documents of importance are cleverly hidden amongst those piles of clothes you will find on my floor, so that no one can steal my identity. The stockpiles of Zoodles are emergency food kept in preparation for the impending big earthquake. So is the beer…

With all the scary things in the world, tidiness, class attendance and homework really don't seem all that important do they? Integrals just can't compete with nuclear war or a world shortage of Kraft Dinner. I'm living in hell and I just can't be expected to call home each Sunday at 7:00. This is exactly what I intend to point out to my mother the next time she criticizes my lifestyle. Some people just don't empathize very well.

Baby, Why You Gotta make Me hurt You?

Jay Garcia

Bang! Zoom!

I think I'm in an abusive relationship, though I'm not precisely sure what role I'm playing in this entire absurdist drama. I hate to sound all 1950's, but I work hard all day, and three days a week, I've got classes 'til nine at night. When I get home, I expect her to be there for me, doing her job without complaint, because, to be perfectly honest, it's a pretty easy job. Lately, though, I find that she hasn't been living up to her end of the bargain; and I come home and there she is, lazing away idly, not really doing anything, even ignoring my presence when I try to get her attention. It's nights like this when we end up having these long, weepy, argumentative sessions which always result with one of us sulking alone somewhere for a few hours. Sometimes it ends up in a yelling match (admittedly one-sided), and sometimes she just stops responding to me at all.

It's usually at this point where I get all worried and concerned, and I have to take out my hex-screwdriver and unbolt her case long enough for me to check her components; then, when I'm convinced that all the cards, cables and peripherals are seated right, that her CPU isn't overheated, and that fans are running smoothly, it's when I end up cursing the day of her manufacture and lamenting all the time, effort, and energy I've spent on her.

Then I break out the emergency repair disks, the Windows 2000 installer CD, and the recovery applications, and then spend up to five hours repairing and re-installing her.

When she's up and running, she'll usually whisper soft reassurances that it'll never happen again; that she'll run without fail, serve my files, keep my documents safe, and never, ever be unfaithful to me; that this last time was just a lapse in judgment, a small error on her part. To this statement I'll usually respond that this will have been the third time in as many months that I've had to re-install her; that each time she's gone down, I've lost entire days of work and hundreds of megabytes of data. She rebuts with accusations of physical abuse; banging on her case, smacking her monitor, rapidly flicking her power switch on and off, that sort of thing. And so the arguments rage on.

Personally, I'm getting quite sick of this entire situation, what with the hundreds of dollars I've spent on her, getting her a nice new motherboard, processor, some large, shiny hard drives and more RAM than a field full of goats. I've done everything I could to keep her happy; I went out and splurged on the expensive Arctic Silver heat-sink paste - none of that generic thermal grease for my baby. When she whined about her connection to the Internet, and the lousy slow 33.6 fax modem she had, I replaced it with a brand-new Teryon cable modem and ended up paying Shaw for my high-speed cable internet. But no matter what I buy for her, she just keeps wanting more.

Maybe it's my fault; I don't spend enough time with her these days. When I first got her, we had that heady giddiness that comes from being in a new relationship. Even something as simple as watching her reboot was pretty exciting; seeing her rip and encode a full CD's worth of mp3's in less time than it took to write this sentence was a real joy to behold. But then came the school year, and the promotion, and I got busier and busier, and I was spending less and less time at home, and less time with the machine. Sure, I'd occasionally reach out from across the network and download a file or two from her, but it wasn't the same.

In a sense, I did get what I deserved for giving up my old reliable computer for this shining, flashy, expensive new model. In my defense, all I can say is that she seduced me, all sleek and fast and shiny, the tramp. But I do miss my older system; she wasn't much to look at, and she wasn't very fast, but she always got the job done, whether it was a few blood-soaked rounds of Unreal Tournament, or some quick Photoshop image-manipulation. More importantly, she was always there for me, no matter what, sometimes going above and beyond the call of duty, like the occasion I asked her to perform as a web server, or the time that some crude bastard re-set my homepage to goatse.cx; she took it all in stride, without complaints. She always seemed genuinely happy whenever I bought her a new peripheral, too.

The new machine, on the other hand, seems to complain every few weeks if something isn't upgraded. First, it was the old printer, then, the game pad and now, it seems that it doesn't like the CD burner. So, yeah, the burner's a few years old, but it's still a high-speed SCSI device; nothing to laugh at, and still a perfectly good peripheral. But if it isn't brand-spankin' new, then it's just not good enough for her, no sirree bob.

I spend a good chunk of my income on her, and this is the thanks I get; cold receptions and multiple boot failures. Well, I've had just about enough of this. It's almost Christmas, and I think that Santa's going to be extra-nice to me this year. You see, I've had my eye on this new Athlon 2000 XP machine. I first saw her when I was picking up some more parts for my current ball-and-chain; sitting there in the display window, all aluminum-clad and bedecked with unobstructed-flow air vents and accessory ports. I knew it from the moment I laid eyes on her; she had to be mine. My desire was only whetted when I saw her in all her dual-processor, slot-mounted DVD/CD burning glory.

Now, it's only a matter of time before I relegate my current machine to the lowly role of web and file-server. Ha! She can sit all alone and ignored in the corner, she can reboot herself constantly for all I care; I'll have a shiny new toy to play with. That'll learn her.

THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

http://www.plif.com

So what did you *think* happened to your childhood imaginary friend, anyway?

Volume XVI

From the World Playground

Matthew Stoltzfus

No Pee in da Sandbox

Today on the playground of the School of Nations, a fight broke out between Jorge W. America and Sam Irack. Sources say that this fight first began by the mini golf course when Sam claimed that he could beat up Jorge's dad. This caused Jorge to burst into tears and the two boys began to fight. The so called "Mini Golf War" went to Jorge due to his self claimed "smart punches". It was said that many of the other children began to

cheer at this achievement, then immediately returned to their daily activities . That was days ago, but today at the playground the conflict grew. Little Jorge was eating his lunch with his friends at the Unfriendly Nation table. He finished his entire lunch as well as the lunches from several other children, when he started staring jealously the chocolate pudding snack of the middle eastern section of the playground. Sources say chocolate pudding is what fuels Jorge America for the extent of his day. His pudding snack was much smaller than that of Sam Irack.

Jorge and the children of the Unfriendly Nation began to approach the sandbox were Sam Irack was allegedly playing with

his army men, or "Toys of Mass Elation". Eyewitnesses claim Sam buried and hid his toy soldiers. In response, Jorge sent his friends to go inspect the sand box and find the "Toys of Mass Elation" . Sam claimed to have either lost all the toys or had them dismantled by the swing set. Jorge continued his search and began to threaten Sam with a "noogie and wedgie strike the likes of which history has yet to witness". The threat had an immediate effect. Sam produced two or three of the "Toys of Mass Elation" and claimed they are all he had but sources say that his claim was followed by snickers and laughter amongst him and his friends. Many of Jorge's friends in the Unfriendly Nation were satisfied with this. They claim that another fight would cause retaliation from Sam's friends involving egging of their houses and other small attacks. Jorge ignored his friends and gave Sam an ultimatum. He told him he had 48 seconds to leave the playground before he devastated his sandbox. Despite the efforts of Jaques Frecman and Boris Russa, who were once good friends of Jorge's, and also with help from his friends Tony Britania and Pedro Espana, Jorge set out to beat up Sam and take his pudding snacks and toys. Without warning, a wind picked up sand and blew it in the eyes of Jorge and his friends. This storm of sand will delay the fighting but only for a little while. When asked for comment, Jean Mapleleaf was heard to say "I hope none of these boys grow up to run a country. But that's just the way children act."

Tensions remain high as the entire playground awaits the results.

Math Dreams

Jonathan Woodward

Big brother

I am in Math class, cognitively impaired. Svalka, the Russian genius, answers logically coherent garble, then drifts away in a sea of his own arrogance. Chalk lines blur like cataracts, mucous disorder, a sticky mess. The ceiling dribbles down the glaucous walls like wax along a candlestick; soon the room blends, and I dissolve into the hazy, viscous, mental fluid.

Suddenly a pinprick of light cuts through like a scalpel's blade, somehow -between the colliding atomic mesh, bursting from the dense interior of our separable space, and a tiny, plaintive voice hails:

"Evaluate the sum over all integers k of (2k choose k) times (2n-2k choose n-k)!"

A-ha! I am again at my desk, for my world has crystallized and I see my beaming face reflected in its gleaming facets. It is a code: this mathspeak which I thought was newspeak is actually doublespeak! I shall simply divide by two to get speak, and solve! Doubleplusgood!

I bound from the chair, booming voice unwavering, arms raised in triumph: "The answer is four to the n!" The professor stops writing. His mouth drops. His chalk falls to the floor. The chalk shatters in slow-motion, and I see it in eight-camera video montage. "How did you solve that so quickly?" he asks, eyes bulging.

In answer, I merely shrug. Forgetting about the insipid Svalka, my fellow students one by one stand in soft, awed ovation. Vast tanks in the Math Building rooftops spill open, and confetti rains around me. All around us the building hums with the first majestic chords of Colours of the Wind. The clouds part, and I am bathed in divine light.

Or not. What actually escaped my mouth was the trembling, "Sir, you forgot to add zero . . . oh . . . "

There is silence.

Beady eyes stare from all angles, their hate palpable. My throat constricts. I feel the room grow cold and dark, for the sun itself has pulled away in revulsion. Svalka turns to me, lips pulled back, and he sneers, "You sodomite." He spits.

Math hands roughly fling me into an awkward wooden cell. I suffer, twisted by its right angles, pierced by its unrelenting metal stud. My fellow prisoners are also my captors, and their dark eyes glower. I will rot here, unknown and forgotten. I am ostracized by Math majors. I am a pariah among social rejects. I am infinitely shamed. They are denying that they know me. The university is crossing my name off the registrar, slotting me into forestry. UBC Housing quietly exocytoses me. Big Brother rewrites history as if I had never been. Ungood.

My eyes drop from the board to the floor… and the wooden panels begin to

squirm. As I watch, the entire floor resolves itself into writhing snakes, tails coiling stealthily around the students' legs, constricting, trapping, signaling hisses and rattles! I break their code, for the beasts think, and will enact a serpentine plan. I pull my legs to my seat, sure and ready. Suddenly tails constrict and jaws fly open. Svalka's hideous screams curiously meld with the hourly bell, and class ends! I step lightly over distended reptilian bellies, out the door, and into the fresh, beautiful air. Strapping on my goggles and jet-booster, I take flight.

God Forsakes Mankind

Local Resident, Barney Glotz, told to "Build an Ark."

(Vancouver, Reuters)

According to an unnamed source within the choir of angels, believed to be either a Seraphim or Cherubim, God has once again forsaken mankind. The source has also leaked plans for a catastrophic global flood wiping out everything except eight people and two of each species of animal.

When pressed for comment, God reluctantly gave his reasons: "I am just really sick of you people. I give you the good life, instill divine spirit, and what do I get? You people are assholes. I am sorry; I just had to say it. You are all really bad drivers, and you still believe in evolution. Monkeys, my ass." When asked about breaking his promise to Noah that He would never again flood the Earth, God replied, "Noah? He's been dead for a few millennia. What's he going to do? If you are going to get the lawyers out, though, I can always change it to a flood of fiery magma . . . that would cause some engineering difficulties, however." Reportedly, one Barney Glotz has also been approached by God with a contract to build an ocean-going vessel. The Ark II as it has been dubbed by the media is to be a wooden vessel of 300 cubits with an option for an asbestos hull.

An intern, without any loyalty to her employer whatsoever, at Glotz's contracting company taped the phone conversation that Glotz had with God:

"Three hundred Q-bits? It could be decades before we have that kind of quantum computing power," stated Mr. Glotz.

"No. 'Cubits,'" responded God.

"What the hell's a cubit?"

"The length of your forearm."

"Are you joking?"

"Look, it's not hard. Build a boat. You people have wiped out so many species that just about anything that floats will do."

God has been questioned if more people than his intended eight will survive because there are plenty of large sea-worthy vessels in service today. "Yeah, the nuclear aircraft carriers especially concern me. They can remain at sea for years. I guess that I'll just have to smite those one at a time. How tedious."

Another question asked of Him, was exactly how one causes a global flood.

"Well, it starts with El Nino, but that's all I am going to tell you because it's a trade secret." Reminded that everyone is going to die anyway, God elaborated, "Well, there is still a little time left before the flood is scheduled to occur, and can you imagine what would happen if George Bush got a hold of that technology? I am sorry; I really can't tell you."

In related news, Glotz has already re-figured his original price quote.

"Yes, when I got final specs, I realized that this ark thing is going to cost about $250 million more than I originally estimated. That is without any of the options God is considering. Add GST to that, and well, I guess Jean Chretien's getting a good vacation this year."

The aforementioned intern also leaked plans for the Ark II, and now a competing engineering firm has raised serious doubts about the project.

"I don't know where all of the money is going, but it sure as hell didn't go into planning. That vessel is going to be seriously unstable. It's fast ferries all over again."

Glotz swears by his design, and has invited any naysayers to be guests on the vessel's maiden voyage.

"Um, wait a minute, that doesn't work," flustered God. "If those people get on the boat, them I am going to have to smite them and all of their descendants again. That would be a waste of effort."

"But, my reputation . . ."

"Remember, pride is a sin."

"Damn you, God."

"Do you want on the boat or not?" The projected completion date for the ark is about October, 2134.

"If Noah took over 100 years, I can too," stated Glotz firmly. "Besides, God has limited my work crew to those whom I can take with me, so it is not like we can whip this thing up in a week.

"No site capable of holding and loading the animals has been located, yet either, so construction might be put back even longer if we have to build that, too. "Maybe, I'll just go start sinning some more, then somebody else will have to build this damn ark, and I can go enjoy life."

"I don't know why I don't smite you right now," sighed God.

The forecast calls for 40 days and 40 nights of rain. Flood warnings have been issued in low lying areas.

Volume XVII

Obscene Scandal Rocks!!!

...UBC SCIENCE FACULTY

Parents of UBC science students flooded the Dean's phone lines over the weekend to complain about a number of new courses offered for the 2004 term.

"My daughter Melissa used to be such an angel," said father Don Lundi. "But the other night at dinner, she delivered a mini-lecture on achieving multiple orgasms!" Lundi blames the change in his daughter on a new course in which she is enrolled: Applied Human Biology 102.

According to its outline, the brand-new course encourages students to "become intimately acquainted with the reproductive biology of their own bodies, in addition to that of their classmates." For the first six weeks of term, students will work in opposite-sex pairs, designing and conducting rigorous experiments to determine the optimal integration of male and female reproductive organs. A sub-assignment is to stress-test various commercial brands of prophylactics.

The second half of the course involves students forming same-sex pairs and repeating the experiments performed in the first half of the course, in order to experience firsthand what sorts of modifications are necessary to facilitate a successful, mutually pleasurable biological union. As in the first half of the course, there is a strong emphasis on oral proficiency and less traditional techniques.

Lab materials involve lubricant, rubber tubing, latex gloves, petri dishes, and large harnesses suspended from the supporting beams of the classroom.

Applied Human Biology 102 is not the only new course to have provoked outrage from parents. Complaints have also been filed concerning Dr. Glotz's Biology 310 (Hydroponics) and Dr. Brunstein's Advanced Ethanol Appreciation 432. Dean Hepburn, however, is resolved to keep the new curriculum, stating: "There is huge student demand for these innovative, challenging new courses. You should see the waiting lists!"

SINFUL

Jo Krack

Lady in Red

Ah, the seven deadly sins. Sloth, lust, gluttony, envy, pride, greed, anger… Each is fun in its own way, but eventually committing these routine sins becomes tedious and dull. All is not lost, however! Put the spice back into your life by combining two or more sins, for a truly sinful time. After all, it's time to make sinful into sinfun! Here are my suggestions, but feel free to experiment and come up with your own combinations:

Sloth and Lust: Let your partner do all the work. Just lie back and enjoy, again and again.

Sloth and Lust and Envy: Let your partner do all the work... with another person. Watch them and get good and jealous. If you turn the whole sordid event into a fight, you've successfully added Anger to the mix, thus covering four deadly sins with one blow!

Greed and Gluttony: Don't be satisfied with a quart of Ben and Jerry's: buy out Safeway's entire stock! Then refuse to share it, even if it melts faster than you can eat it. This is even eviler if done in summer, or in front of a girl suffering from PMS.

Gluttony and Sloth: Take a page from Homer Simpson's book and see how much you can eat while at the same time remaining about as physically active as someone in a coma. You might need to be briefly industrious to move the fridge into the TV room; alternately, you could just use the internet to order in (this may necessitate moving your computer nearer to the front door, so you won't have to get up to answer the door).

Pride and Sloth: Brag about how lazy you are and how little you get done. Bonus points if you do this while offloading "group project" work on your unfortunate group members.

Pride and Lust: Boast about your number of sexual conquests. If you are in a monogamous relationship, spare friends and complete strangers alike no details about how often you two "do it" and how hot you are for each other all the time. To up your evil quotient, discuss these matters loudly in front of (or to) sexually frustrated people (bus drivers, virgins, comp sci students, people who wear trucker hats).

Anger and Lust: These go together great in succession: make-up sex is the best! Try not to get angry again until after you've fulfilled your lustful impulses, or your partner might decide the make-up sex isn't worth your perpetual temper tantrums and kick you to the curb.

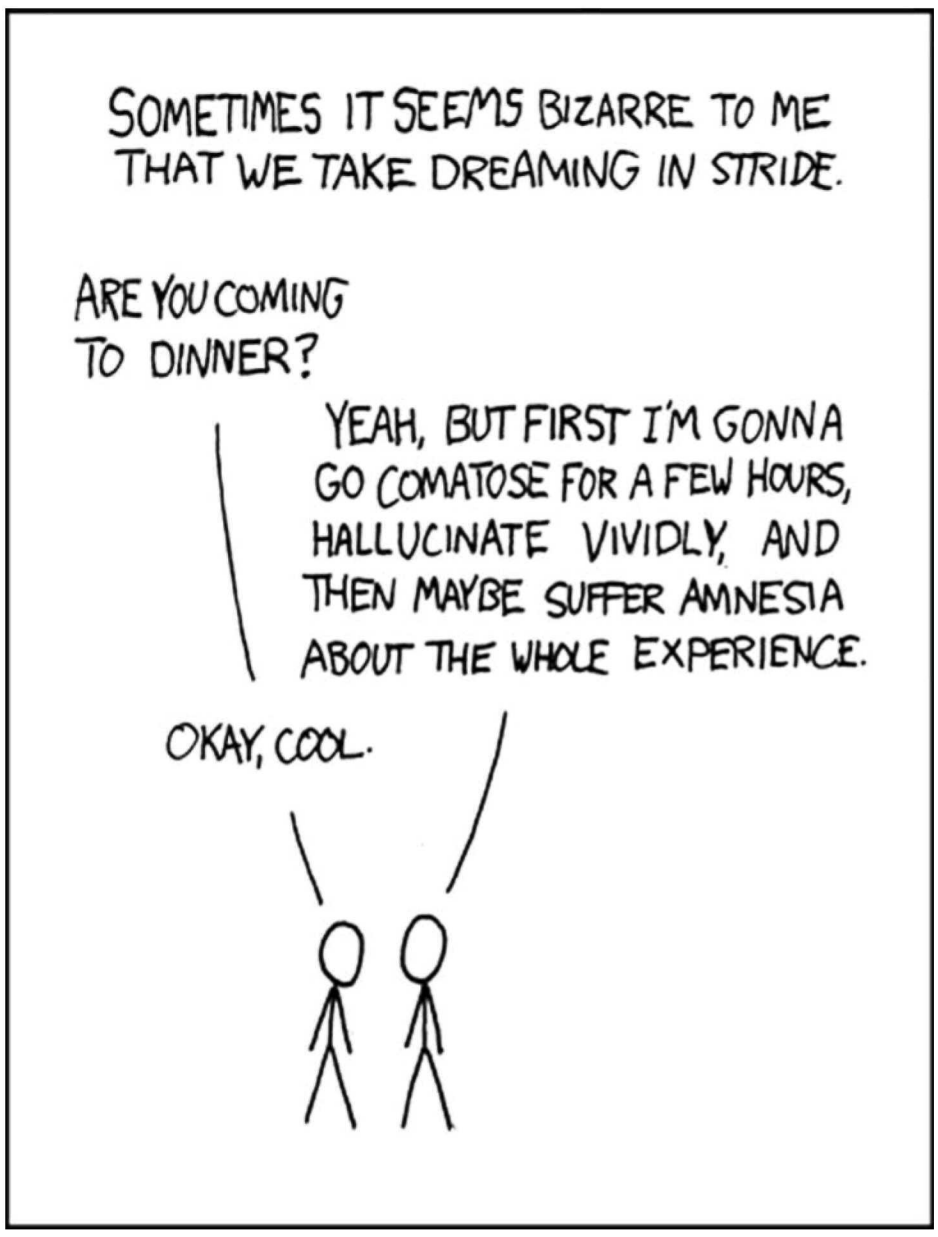
Anger and Sloth: This is a really bad combination; it ends up leading to lots of whining and little else. To maintain your slothfulness without letting your anger go to waste, you could try going online and posting your angry rants in all relevant chat rooms. Either way though, this combo renders you Unfuckable.

Bush Declares Canada Un-American

Over the Canadian Thanksgiving long weekend, American president Dubya Bush called an emergency meeting of the senate to discuss a new threat to American freedom. The grave president thoughtfully licked his lips before announcing, "My fellow Americans, we are meeting here today to discuss anew front on the Holy Crusade-er, I mean, War on Terrorism. As you know, since the tragical events of September 11th, we have had to face facts. Hard facts. America has been generously providing the world with freedom and democracy, but in the face of hostile evildoers, we can no longer afford to spare the rod. In short, no more Mr. Nice Guy." This bold proclamation was met by raucous applause from the senate. Several of the southern representatives showed their support by firing rounds of live ammunition into the air.

"It has come to my attention," continued Bush, "that we have a neighbour to the north. A dangerous neighbour. A neighbour that waged war with us almost two hundred years ago, and that our intelligence indicates may very well be prepared to attack in 2012, the 200-year anniversary of their original act of terror against the Land of the Free. We must take preventive measures now. There will not be another 9/11, especially not in 2012. This enemy… is Canadia." Bush paused dramatically to let the effect of his words sink in. Powell leaned over and whispered to him, after which the president muttered something about bacon-loving pinkos. "CanaDA," Bush continued, shooting a quick glare at Powell, "has eluded detection by cleverly altering our maps to stop at the 49th parallel. Our intelligence has determined that our country not only extends past that parallel, but is being occupied by the Canadians! Canada, my friends, is engaging in such un-American activities as flying a Canadian flag outside their parliament buildings, allowing homosexuals to celebrate their depravity in the institution of marriage, and not killing each other with their vast store of firearms! This has got to stop. The United States of America has a duty to rid the world of the un-American terrorist activity of Al-Qanada!"

He then paused gravely and pulled his lips over his teeth in his popular simian-imitation pose, before continuing with, "The loyal, patriotic Americans must be liberated, along with their oppressed Canadian brothers, from the ruthless dictatorship of Gene Gretchin. Therefore, I must respectfully demand that the senate approve an express military expenditure of 2.5 billion for a preemptive strike on Canada, which I will term Operation Free Beaver." This announcement sent the senate into a standing ovation, climaxing in another round of gunfire. The bill was quickly passed. Canadian intelligence forces have issued a warning to all Canadians to beware of large men in polar-bear camo attempting to enter the country via Mexico.



Volume XVIII

Sex and the Campus

Karen Shagbroad

Panting

This issue: Does education make nerds more horny? For the geeks familiar with this paper, the myth is true - Coitus does exist. While normally defined as a covalent pair bond's reproductive-style exertions, 21st century acceptance has redefined copulation as an activity ranging from at least one person and a piece of a equipment up to tertiary bond formations that would make a Buckyball (C60) jealous.

A close group of friends and I have spent a large percentage of our lives discussing and decomposing the phenomenon that is campus sex life. The pounding out of my debut column was inspired by my friend Erin, whose boyfriend (on a recent roll of midterm success), has, in her words, "brought them to a new level in the bedroom." Experts like UBC's Department of Amphibian Reproduction professor Dr. Anderson say that the learning environment provides a very potent mix for experimental and exploratory sex, with no obvious limiting reagents but what exactly makes this so? Is it because our thirst for knowledge transfers from our academic lives to our personal lives, or is it more like an escape from constant labs and assignments? However, we all know that alcohol and certain leafy materials on fire directly correlates with the number of sexual events on campus, but these factors usually fail to integrate into the nerd demographic, and in fact seem to decrease the intensity of the activity. At this point I would like to emphasize the fact that Eugene, Erin's boyfriend, is undoubtedly keen with a horrible sense of fashion. However, her choice to keep him as a partner is her own, and she has mentioned that he has certain appendages that make up for other areas. So, a geek with a long schlong can get laid as well. The question I have posed above is difficult to resolve due to the miniscule number of people who fit the population specifications and have a sexual partner as well. Despite this, a trend can be discerned upon close inspection.

Erin has explicitly explained a cycle almost disturbing in her sex life with Eugene. As mentioned before, after almost every favorable outcome of anything class related, the action would become more intense. She described times when, after finishing a most long and difficult computer science assignment and seeing it prosper on his computer screen, he would call her over for what we now title a "Nerd Booty Call." This begins with an excited breathless explanation of his achievements and nerd jargon, followed with fervent kisses and wild animal sex. No need to say I was surprised. It was a new experience for all of us in my group of friends, and I was instantly fascinated. Delving into the nether regions of the subject, and looking for an opportunity for some hands-on experience, I visited the clitoris of campus sexual activity, the Interfaculty Publishing Office. Filled with geeks and nerds of all descriptions, and both sexes, the office is the logical centre to begin my research. Unfortunately, asking the computer-screen tanned and glazed eyed editors of the various campus publications that were present at that time was an exercise in frustration, as each eagerly clambered to begin telling stories that ended with some variation of, "and then he slapped me and told me to back off." More fortunately, in asking my more studious peers, I have discovered that many learning environments provide a countless resource for sexual innuendoes, fertile and ripe for the imagination to pervert. For example, Chemistry graduate Brie Aho describes tubes going into flasks and fluids being transfered, constantly, deliberately, and very meticulously in her long and laborious labs. Elastic and inelastic collisions of rigid bodies, potential energy being converted via alcohol into kinetic energy, determining through experimentation the spring constant of your mattress, the strong attractive force between charged rods, magnetic attraction between poles, and curves at a local maximum on a smooth continuous function. Assignments begin with the word "ass." Do all these ideas perpetually being impounded into the nerd mind build up into some kind of sexual energy inside that is only released when these concepts are reaffirmed after a good grade, bursting into a frenzy of desire for sex? And lord knows they build up a lot faster than any of the construction projects on campus. It seems likely, and the best possible explanation I can conceive. As Erin has one of the best lays of her life, I can only contemplate the sexual voracity of a reassured nerd and the mysterious psyche that they possess.

Mmmmm... Bittery Goodness

Jordana Laport

Bitter like a bitter sandwich

Every school year roughly this time I feel it is important for me to establish the sole cause of my troubles, the thorn in my side... the bane of my existence (BME). It's important because about this point in every school year I start to lose my focus on why I signed up for this, as I'm sure many of you do. At this time, I am bothered (more than normal due to the fact that I am graduating this year and anticipation is high), by annoying people, places, events, or irrelevant details and need to vent my frustrations by finding a scapegoat. I seek to elect one particular item that will represent to me the reason why this school year is rounding out to be unsatisfying, irritating and seemingly pointless.

What is this ongoing stressor in my life? Why the anger? Why the shaking of my fist forcefully in the air? Well, I'll tell you and perhaps it will help you to alleviate some of your personal inner turmoil. This persistent problem is the bane of my existence and by identifying what exactly it is my world will have closure (at least for another year).

The BME is usually determined to be a confined system of events, persons and policies, but can be a specific individual if absolutely necessary, which it has been in past years at times of utter frustration. Normally, I reserve the award of Arch Enemy (AE) for specific persons, an award given out at multiple times throughout the year, to multiple people. You know these individuals, they're the annoying dorks and overachievers you meet on the bus, in class, at home or at a party and you instantly feel that the launching of a significantly large book into the back of their head would bring you immediate gratification. A person of this nature is your AE. Embrace that fact. Identify your AE today.

I have the feeling that the revelation of this year's BME will not yield an individual, though I have encountered many AEs throughout the year, none were so intense as to qualify for the prestigious BME title. Deciding upon this year's BME will be tough for me, as there are so many options. Will it be the University of British Columbia (former BME) for delaying the transfer of my credits, forcing me to drop and add 2 courses without knowing if that was the right decision and raising my level of anxiety to well above its maximum? Maybe. Could the BME be Mother Nature, in turning my favourite, traditionally mild, city into a suitable backdrop for the Ice Capades or the set of Bing Crosby's Holiday Inn? Mother Nature sure got on my nerves this year, as I left Ontario anticipating sunny days and was almost instantaneously shutdown by snow, ice, freezing rain and above all COLD. Should I blame Mother Nature for my discontent or should I focus on the fools who told me that all I'd need when I came to the coast was a sweater and a raincoat? Hmm, tough decision.

How about my laptop? Sure, it's cooperating now, but there were times when it along with my printer, wireless notebook card and all the fixin's were nearly propelled from my window to kiss the sweet, solid pavement below. My laptop could be the BME for general disregard for my psychological health, causing incidences of paranoia, stress and severe mental breakdown. Several accounts come to mind: freezing during a major assignment, erasure of data, failing to recognize hardware, when clearly the said hardware was present and accounted for, sporadic colour changes of the screen, excessive noise when in idle mode and a sloth-like approach to daily tasks. Definitely two thumbs down for my laptop, but does it really merit the BME? Alas, no. After racking my brain for (well, let's be honest) minutes, I have the perfect BME. The sole nuisance causing continued distress this year is none other than . . . construction! Yes, that's it, construction! You've all seen it; the campus has been consumed by trucks, machinery, people in hardhats, and noise. From the 7 am wakeup call everyday as workmen hammer, drill, yell and transport materials, to the cement trucks blocking my path as I am biking to class, to the tire-tracked mud everywhere on campus, to the destruction of beautiful nature, construction at UBC is the BANE OF MY EXISTENCE!! I live on campus next to one of these glorious sites, where there is constant noise, whether it be from actual construction, from the workers at play or that beep-beep sound as the trucks plough down the tiny streets with a new shipment of crap to generate more noise. This year I have heard, witnessed, lived and breathed construction, and it has in turn tormented me.

I blame UBC for the sale of the land and the commissioning of new projects; I blame the workers, the architects, the construction companies, the manufacturers of supplies and trucks, the city planners and finally capitalism! The whole damn system is my scapegoat this year and above all the other irritants in life, construction takes the cake. So, congratulations construction, you win, I surrender (like I ever had a choice), you are the next worthy recipient of the award for the bane of my existence. You join a long list of BME winners and gain a 'special' place in my heart. I thrust my waving fist in your direction! Bravo.

I feel better.

The Paradigm

The paradigm is an academic publication that prints scholarly writing. In the past, the magazine has enjoyed having a wide variety of subject matter within in its pages. We have published anything from scholarly writing pertaining to the life sciences, to articles that are purely literary. SUBMISSIONS of high quality and calibre ARE WELCOME. The deadline is January 21st, 2007. Interested in helping out with the paradigm? Please contact the editor at theparadigm@gmail.com

Volume XIX

Ban Another Breed

Vancouver city council is discussing a new motion to ban a breed of dog after a vicious dog attack last Thursday. Vancouver is not the first Canadian city to discuss such a law. They follow cities such as Toronto and Montreal that have already banned Pit Bulls, Rotweillers and Doberman Pinchers. Vancouverites, however, are unconcerned by these so called "dangerous breeds" and are electing to ban the seemingly unthreatening chihuahua.

The attack that has prompted the banning of the breed was unusually vicious, even for a severe dog attack. Montgomery Winchester, the chihuahua's owner gave us an exclusive interview. "It all started with some innocuous leg humping," he said, "then the friction got to be too much, and my pants caught on fire." At this point Winchester blacked out and the next thing he knew, the ravenous beast had gnawed all the flesh off his ankle and was working his way up. "It was like he was chewing on a chicken drumstick! I could see bone! The bugger was biting like 50 times a second," Winchester said with a shudder.

Luckily once the pint sized canine noticed the exposed bone he switched into 'bury' mode and tried to dig a pit big enough to interr Winchester in the backyard. The chance came for escape when "Dumpling" finally had it big enough, it was too deep for him to jump out of, and his victim was able to crawl to the neighbours for help. "It took a bit of convincing that I wasn't a zombie, but they finally let me call for an ambulance."

Winchester is now facing several reconstructive surgeries in which the partially digested flesh of his leg which has been retrieved from the stomach of the chihuahua will be reconstituted and used to rebuild the lost tissues. Doctors are confident that with brand spanking new technology Winchester will be able to regain 80% of the function in the affected limb.

When asked about whether or not he supports the motion banning chihuahuas as dangerous animals Winchester gave the council his full support, "Hell, I never wanted the thing in the first place. The only reason I got it in the first place was because my girlfriend refused to let me get a pit bull if she couldn't have a dog too. Turns out my pitt bull "Tank" is a total wanker when it comes to any sort of confrontation. He doesn't even attack the police when they come snooping around my grow op."

Gina Eom Scholarship of Excellence

Cameron Funnell

Sunny side up

As I cleaned up for the AWESOME Cold Fusion, I happened to find a $10 bill in my pocket. How did it get there? I don't know. I also found 63 cents on the ground. That made $10.63, nothing to scoff at!

Reveling in my good fortune, I happened to glance across the garbage strewn Partyroom. There I saw a one Ms. Gina Eom, tirelessly picking up beer cans, moving tables, and occasionally flying through the air. Now for those of you who don't know Gina, let me tell you a little bit about her. Gina was the SUS Vice President Internal in 2003-2004. In 2004-2005' she was a student Senator elected at large. In 2005-2006 she was re-elected as a Senator, and also became the Student Senate Caucus chair. As you may know, she was elected to a third Senate term in the recent AMS elections.

Now why, may you ask, was Gina cleaning up after Cold Fusion? When she could have been doing countless other (more fun) things? Why because of Gina's humanity, her benevolence, her altruism, compassion, and generosity.

As I watched this heart wrenching display of philanthropy, I made a decision. I knew I could have used that $10.63 in my pocket to buy 10 chocolate bars. Or perhaps one really big chocolate bar. Or maybe even

hundreds of tiny little chocolate bars. But I decided to follow Gina's example, and use that money to help other people.

And thus the Gina Eom Scholarship of Excellence was born. The $10.63 will be prudently invested. Assuming reasonable market conditions, I hope to average a 3.1% real rate of return. This will allow me to give out an $0.0 8 scholarship 4 times a year while leaving the principle intact. I have generously doubled the initial sum, and thus each scholarship will be worth $0.16. Scholarship recipients are to be determined by a committee composed of: Me. The committee will be accepting applications throughout the year. Applications are to be in the form a short essay, reflecting on an incident where the applicant demonstrated unparalleled benevolence towards humankind. Recycling, or helping move a TV are prime examples.

If the committee has heard of an outstanding individual who clearly deserves the scholarship, then he or she may receive the scholarships without an application.

All decisions of the committee are final, and are not subject to appeal.

The scholarships are to be awarded at the end of each term, during the second to last SUS Council meeting.

So get those applications going! The Gina Eom Scholarship of Excellence is yours for the taking!

Quantum Mechanics: An introduction

Christopher Rowen

Gawking at Hawking

You must be careful when you integrate
An eigenfunction. Take your eigenstate,
Try to Hamiltonian operate.
Total energy determination,
Just use the Schrödinger equation:
H-bars, mass, and partial derivatives;
Corresponding states, multiplicative!
Complex numbers and trigonometrics,
(Don't bother studying geriatrics).

Conjugate waves give probabilities,
Work it out by hand, they're so simple these
Particles in boxes that seem to fly
At the nodes you'll find . . . . nothing by-and-by.
And capital letters have carat hats -
A German mathematician finds that
Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle -
Discrete values the utmost pinnacle!
But you can't learn it all, so sad,
Or Feynman says we'll know you're mad.

Cockwood

Lily Yuan

Eye on the Prize

The Penis Trees, also known as Cockwood Trees or Phallic Bushes, are most definitely made known to anyone who has been in a vehicle with me driving to or from UBC and the North Shore. These aberrations of the botanical norm are found on the intersection of Point Grey Road and Stephen's Street and derive their name from the fact that that they are shaped in the amazing likeness of the male genitalia. In layman's terms: they look like giant penises. This row of about 10 large woody bushes thrusts upward into the sky, while two rounded bulges erupt out of the base of each long evergreen. It's nuts, really, how funny it is to see them for the first time. As far as the best knowledge provides, it is still unknown whether or not the owner of the property is aware that she has multiple massive cocks in her lawn. Then again, maybe she knows and likes it that way too.

Worst of The 432

Big Daddy's Editorial

John Hallett

Burning Up

Fuck. Are you happy now? Is this what everyone wanted? For those of you who aren't in the loop, I challenged The Underground's editorial staff to continue publishing scantily clad pictures of their editor (Karen appeared last year in a bikini). I said that I would publish a picture of my hairy ass if they did this. They did. I have. I even gave them two warnings, but it seemed like they wanted to me in print (and how!).

In the picture that they published, you could plainly see their entire editorial staff standing in front of the Statue of Democracy wearing nothing but smiles and strategically placed copies of their rag. They said that they had "raised the ante." Well, to use more poker terminology, I just bet the pot limit. The two unblurred people in the picture below are none other than yours truly and Mr. Andy Martin, my assistant editor. Bree elected to skip this photo shoot because she has some sense of class. Andy and I are not encumbered with any such hindrance. The five anonymous ladies were thrown in to, uh, balance out the picture. You see, Mr. Martin and myself are not exactly prime nude modeling material. I figured that adding 2.5 lovely ladies for each of us would do the trick.

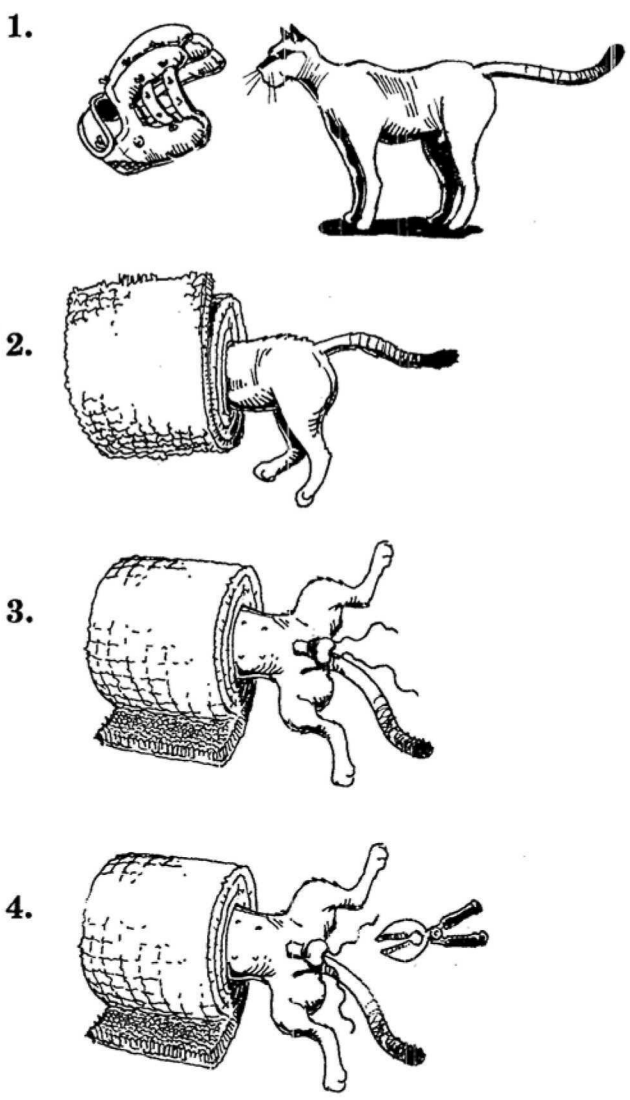
You see, you Underground types, the only way to beat this is to break pornography laws. That would shut you down. Two good things, really. In any event, I have fulfilled my half of the bet and will no longer participate in our own little personal arms race. MAD is a bad thing. Also, to improve the quality of this picture to marketable levels, I have included a two handy-dandy pre-shaped cutouts to enhance your viewing pleasure. Enjoy! This should be enough material to keep a dozen sweaty palmed uber-nerds occupied until the next Sara Michelle Gellar photo spread.

Oh, and yeah, that is your office. Those are your couches. Getting in was not a challenge. We took a few pictures around your office and decided on this one because it was pretty hard to see the iMac (poor Katrina!) with my naked ass sitting on the keyboard. Sorry about the 'H' key. I guess I got too excited. Anyways, on to my rants.

The Underground

He he. <snort> B-waaa ha ha ha. <snort> So, uh <chuckle> how're you going to <snort> produce the next <he he> Underground without touching <snort> your keyboard? Kinda reminds me of that urban legend with the burglars, the toothbrushes, and the camera. Oh yeah, I did notice that you guys had clipped my last editorial and put it up on your wall. You highlighted the part where I complimented your paper and said that it still seems "lacking." Someone then wrote "at least we have a brain" below that. Sigh. And just when you guys were showing some promise, too. Remember what I said last year? You can insult Science, but just don't resort to printing "Science," "Stupid," and an equals symbol between them. We're in university now, people.

Cut-out provided for your viewing pleasure, just cut out and place over above photo to protect vision.



How To Neuter Your Cat At Home.

1. Get a good, trusty softball mitt and treat it with some fresh tuna offal.
2. Once you've got Kitty by the head, wrap him up in a 4 ft. strip of carpet, with his hindquarters sticking out.
3. Carefully wind several yards of waxed dental floss tightly around the scrotum. Tie.
4. After about five minutes, sever the testicles with a sterilized pair of garden pruning shears.
5. Stuff the open wound with cotton wadding, soaked in Betadine™. Undo the dental floss.

In a few hours, you can free Kitty from the carpet--happy, healthy and docile!

A Banana's Theory of Interracial Couples

Angsty Asian

Fired up

Perhaps you haven't noticed, perhaps you have noticed, perhaps you are in one, but interracial couples, specifically Caucasian guys dating Asian girls is really prominent at UBC. Many factors contribute to this, such as the large proportion of Asian bodies on campus (at least in Science), or the alluring stereotype of the docile, obedient Asian woman (This is wrong by the way. Asian women are really whiny bitches that use manipulative emotional mind control taught to them by their mothers). The real reason why you see so many White-Asian couples is because the average Caucasian guy can't tell that the Asian girl he is lustfully attracted to is actually ugly.

This is explained by a psychological phenomenon that I don't know the name of because I never took Psyc 100. Anyway, it explains how people of any race are able to differentiate between those of closely related ethnicity, but are unable to tell the difference between people of a more distant race. (Want proof? Check out www.allsamelook.com and take the test.) Have you Caucasians ever been bewildered at the ability of an Asian friend to tell the difference between the seemingly "identical" faces of Korean and Chinese girls? (Ignoring the clothing differences between the Korean's oversized designer sweater and the t-shirt of the Chinese girl with the vinyl Hello Kitty on the front and the nonsensical English phrases such as "Bizarre must. Awesome Want"). White guys see yellow-beige skin and black hair (or streaky brown or burn orange or fried yellow or blue/purple/green/red), while Asian girls notice the rounder face of the Korean, or the rounder nose of the Vietnamese. No wonder only Asian girls can see the ugly exuding from there, there, and there that Caucasian guys miss.

Now, before you start informing me that the opposite is true, Asian girls not being able to tell that the white guy she is dating is actually ugly, let me remind you that almost all Asian girls in interracial relationships are Bananas, Canadian born (or imported at a very early age), so they have grown up in a Western environment and have been exposed to many Caucasian faces for a long time. Because of this, they have learned to tell the difference between hot and not. That Biol 204 TA is hot. That guy you sit next to in Math 200 is not hot.

I'm not trying to claim that ALL white guys date ugly Asian girls.What's being illustrated here is that there is a higher proportion of white + ugly Asian couples because Asian guys are way more likely to take the hot girls, so the pool of potential Asian girlfriends for a White guy is more saturated in leftover ugly girls. And there is nothing bad about this at all: ugly Asian girls are able to have boyfriends, White guys think they are dating someone incredibly "hot," everybody is happy. And I'm just one of the lucky hot Asians to be dating a hot White guy.

A Not so Brief History of SUS...

February 3, 1961 — Science and Arts are divorced. A legend is born.

March 8, 1962 — After a year of growing pains, the SUS Black Hand embarks on its first major project, claiming "If they can make a decaffeinated coffee that tastes good, why can't they send a man to Mars?" The project is undertaken by Science students Robert Goddard, Knostin Tsiolkovsky and Werner Von Braun.

March, 16, 1962 — The start of a great tradition: the Science double election. In the the first-ever SUS Election, irregularities force a recall.

November 15, 1962 — After Science threatens to enter the Chariot Race, both Engineering and Agriculture withdraw. Due to the extreme boredom of racing alone, Science also withdraws, allowing lesser faculties to race. Besides, the stadium track was too narrow for three chariots.

October 30, 1963 — In their first-ever Chariot Race, SUS resoundingly defeats the `geers. Aggies are nowhere to be seen. The `geers are none too happy, explaining "we helped them rebuild their chariot after someone

swiped parts of it!"

February 4, 1964 — As a Science Week stunt, Le Main Noir overturns an A-5 3

Austin at the main gates, using distress flares to simulate belching smoke. The effect is so impressive that the UBC fire and police departments come out to congratulate the pranksters. With some quick thinking the gang tells them: "We were just emphasizing the extreme danger of driving at this corner."

September 14, 1965 — Science becomes the first faculty to publish an anti-calendar — the Black and Blue Review. Students were polled on the effectiveness of courses, considering the prof, syllabus and text. Not surprisingly, some profs bitched, but a significant improvement in their teaching was later noticed.

October 21, 1965 — The Chariot Race is usually an amicable event where rival faculties participate in easygoing competition. But this year, the `geers are still sore from. the stinging defeat inflicted by SUS two year s

prior. Halfway through, the race deteriorates into a bruising free-for-all. The Engineers bite off more than they could chew, however, and receive the brunt of the damage. Science sends over a dozen `geers to the hospital,

compared with SUS' single casualty. In an act of valor, the `geers ban Science from future races, opting instead to compete against the tamer

Aggies and Foresters.

January 4, 1966 — Exposure to radiation in his PHYS 115 lab causes William Brommel to mutate from a normal Science student to an academically

conscientious one. Symptoms of genius also lead to his triumph as the winner of the Rhodes Scholarship for BC.

January 20, 1966 — 600 Science students celebrate Science Week with their first smoker, but gate-crashing Mounties seize one Miss `Candy' Jones, the centre of attention, and charge her with committing an indecent act.

Police also seize a projector, but find no film.

February 11, 1966 — The Black Hand design the first ever human paperweight in the form of an EUS Vice President. Later design tweaks included bent-over `geers, ostensibly to "act as pen-holders". January 19, 1967 — During Science Week, SUS buries a time capsule to be opened in 2067. Unfortunately, of those things buried "somewhere along Main Mall", Douglas Kenny, then Dean of Arts, is not included.

October 6, 1967 — `Geers strip SUS First VP John Taylor of his clothes and

dress him in red underwear. A call for vengeance takes hold of the SUS, and amidst a display of fireworks and smoke, any engineer unfortunate enough to be found near Main Library is dunked.

October 18, 1967 — Once again during Science Week, a lusty celebration is held, and once again it is crashed by the police. However, the "event is held this time in the new SUB Party Room. SUS executive deny all knowledge

of the event, pointing out that the room was booked by the Young Businessmens' Club. The first Black Plague is published.

November 12–14, 1969 — One small prank for Science, one giant leap for

Sciencekind. The result of drunken debauchery, a field trip to Cape Kennedy, Florida nets a NASA flag for SUS. Not just any flag, but the one

from the mission conference and briefing room. Now, if we could just find the guy who stole it from us!

December 3, 1969 — SUS President Ron Gilchrist, due to lack of student housing, decides to move into the SUS Office with his girlfriend. Unfortunately, their hot plate starts a fire which destroys the office. The Dean, none too pleased, shuts SUS down until 1972.

March 11, 1981 — Dave Frank, elected as SUS President, revives the Black

Hand, Science Chariot Races, SUS involvement in Intramurals, and incompetent presidencies.

November 5, 1981 — Revived SUS Chariot Race team comes in third. February 19 – March 16, 1982 — SUS celebrates the 20th Anniversary of the first ever Science election by reenacting it. The event was organized by Horacio de la Cueva.

1983 — SUS initiates fulfill l their pledges by painting the Cheeze Pub bright pink. Yet another issue of The Black Plague shocks journalistic

critics.

1984 — Nothing significant happens. A wave of apathy sweeps campus.

1985 — Spring elections see the rise of the Mustard Dynasty. The High Priest of Ethanol, Ron Teljeur, erects his temple of twice-monthly insanity, The Underground.

1986 — A particular red station wagon disappears in the night, and is later found impaled on the `geer "block". UBC declared an undergraduate-free zone.

1987 — The 432 is first published.March 24, 1994 - The Black Plague is born again as the Ubyssex. Highlights include tantalizing pictures of exploited carrots and other produce. Establishes the 'spoof' issue into popular culture.

January 20, 1997 - The 432 Enjoys its 10th Anniversary. Do the math. May 1997 - Blair McDonald graduates from UBC, marking the last time a full-term 432 editor went on to graduate.

October 27, 1999 - Challenged by the nefarious editors of the rival newspaper the underground, the editors of the 432, John Hallett and Andy Martin 'bet the pot limit' by posing naked in a ratings war by sneaking into the AUS office and posing for naked photographs with 5 still-undisclosed ladies. In doing so, they scare readers off nudity for the next 12 months and traumatize the AUS so severely, they are forced to replace their couches. Oct 1999 - The SUS executive realize that they are neither wanted nor required. This doesn't really mean much until someone points out that their odds of getting into med school or getting a job at a prominent software

company are not being changed by being execs. They panic and flee desperately seeking fresh resume padding.

Oct 2000 - Bree Baxter, wonder woman, kills Jeff Steinbok and quits her post as D of P. Well, maybe just quits. Hey, we can dream. Dreams of death, pestilence, and blood that flows like a river. Well, more like a creek, well, an ooze. Whatever. Nov 2000 - Bree Baxter gets highest marks ever. Well, highest ever for Bree.

Sept, 2001 - Exodus II: this time, only three exec manage to escape before the rest are tranquilized and chained before being brainwashed into "knowing" that They Must Remain As Execs. Ben Warrington flees the province, promising to return to the land of milk and honey after four months. Dan and Lana begin their reign of terror, or at least their

reign of sexual innuendo. Nov, 2001 - Pigs are kissed, but refuse to fly. Kiss the pig raises several hundred dollars for charity, falling short of the 'cure world hunger' objective. SUS President Reka Stopa finds new fetish to accompany her

attraction to PVC.

Jan 13, 2001 - The 15th anniversary mega super wonder happy joy-joy issue comes out. Dan and Lana fade into oblivion as Ben Warrington returns as promised.

Sept 2003 - Lana makes a triumphant return, displacing dictator Ben Warrington in a bloodless coup.

Mar 2003 - Science students vote a cautious YES! to paying extra $$$ to build a social space to call their own.

Sept 2004 - The reign of terror that is Jon Lam befalls The 432.

Sept 2005 - Colleen Atherton usurps editorship of The 432 from Lik Hang Lee

.Spring 2006 - Construction of social space begins.

Aug 18th, 2006 - Constructions is completed?

Sept 5th, 2006 - New social space completion dat

.Dec 1st, 2006 - Actual completion date.

Jan 9th, 2007 - Big bad super duper 20th anniversary issue of The 432 released from custody.

Write for us...

The 432

...or we'll fry these puppies.

(writers meeting: Jan 15th, 3 pm)