The 432.

VOLUME FIFTEEN ISSUE EIGHT

18 January 2002

In this issue:

Social Darwinism

Rehash

What Alcohol Does to the Creative Process

and soooo much more...

"You only lie to two people, your girlfriend and the police."

-Jack Nicholson

North Shore Search and Rescue Implements 'Darwin Clause'

'Dumbasses' to be Left to Die

North Vancouver (Reuters)

After years of budget crises and upcoming cutbacks, the North Shore Search and Rescue team finally came to a decision that says that they believe will not only dramatically cut their budget, but provide a service to the community as a whole.

The number of rescue operations continues to increase annually, requiring more and more resources and taxpayer dollars every year. Statistics also show that the number of operations involving rescue of complete dumbasses doing things they were warned repeatedly not to do has also risen sharply.

To counter this rise, the North Shore Search and Rescue team has implemented a Darwin Clause in which anyone who needs rescuing due to their own retarded activities will be abandoned to the elements.

"If you do something stupid, I mean really dumb-assed, why the hell should we come get you?" Dave Gallant, acting President of North Shore Search and Rescue, stated in an early morning address on the stairs of North Vancouver Community Hall, "The average rescue takes 150 volunteer man-hours, as well as $50,000 of public money. And ninety-percent of these rescues are for people who deserve to be left to the fruit of their stupidity. These cutbacks will help ease the workload of the underappreciated volunteers, as well as add a little chlorine to the gene pool."

As expected, reaction to these new regulations has been varied.

"I don't like it," said Rodney Gerwigger, a walking nightmare of a gene pool who was rescued from the far side of Cypress Mountain last year after becoming lost while blatantly disregarding the numerous warnings to not leave the marked ski area, "I mean, we always gonna go out of bounds, it's cool to give authority the finger and all that. Now, the authority says it won't rescue us from that? We could actually, like, be in real danger."

"Maybe you should obey the signs, dumbass," retorted the spokesperson for Search and Rescue, "and here's a finger for you too." He continued on to say, "N.S. stands for North Shore, but it also stands for Natural Selection. I think the two should go hand-in-hand."

"Dumbass," he added.

When asked to elaborate on the new policy, specifically regarding to whom it would apply, the North Shore Search and Rescue representative stated:

"If you're honestly lost, through no fault of your own, then sure, we'll come and help you. That's what we're here for and it gives us a warm and fuzzy feeling inside. But if I had to save one more dumbass who thought it would be cool to wander along the rocks just before the tide comes back in, in spite of posted warnings then we will see how quickly the dumbass learns how to swim. Dumbass."

Additional proposed changes would include actually hampering people who through sheer luck managed to get out of really stupid situations, such as causing an avalanche by yelling "riiiicola" and getting caught in it and somehow riding it down, or escaping a bear attack by yelling at it and frightening it with horrible morning breath.

"These people, while lucky, don't really deserve to survive, so we will be using some of the helicopter time freed up by the Darwin Clause to fly the real dumbasses out to remote islands by themselves. If they make it back, great. If not, the human gene pool isn't penalized just because they had dumb luck one time," continued the NSSAR representative.

Overall, the changes are expected to return nearly $500,000 to North Vancouver's municipal budget. This additional cash is expected to go towards increases in other services.

"Maybe we can afford that fourth lane now," commented resident, Barney Glotz.

Another option includes adding a third bridge to the North Shore. There is a potential problem with this choice, however.

"If we do that, then there is one more brigde for dumbasses to fall off of, or to run into with boats, or what-have-you," stated the North Shore representative. "We have to look in to how much this will affect our search and rescue expeditures in light of the new Darwin Clause. We just don't have those numbers, yet."

"I am not sure who thought up that dumb idea," said a lowly, nameless Translink official. "Bridges cost far more than $500,000. That doesn't even begin to cover the kick backs."

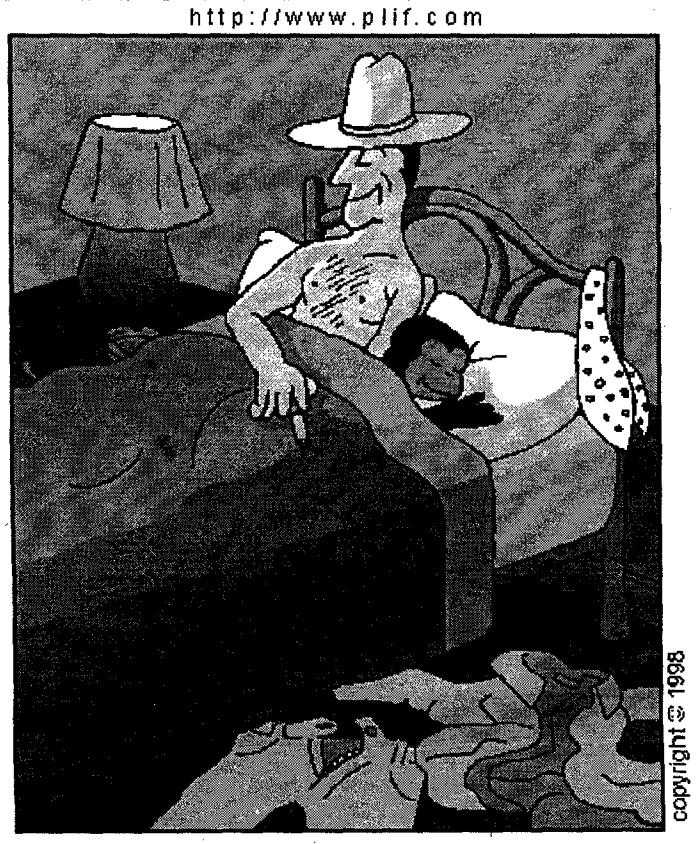
Another alternative is buying Andy Martin 250,000 beer. While Mr. Martin was not available for comment, it is reported that he is in favour of plan.

"Dumbass."

THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

http://www.plif.com



How AIDS was first transmitted from monkeys to humans.

Lousy Parents Let Kids Kill Selves

Orlando, Florida (Reuters)

In another tragic occurrence that is becoming all too common, a child is dead after being shot with his parents' unguarded firearms while reinacting a scene from popular media.

Justin Bleinsten, 8, and his brother James, 9, (who's last name was not released as he is a young offender) were re-interpreting the dramatic final scene in Shakespeare's Hamlet using their parents' pistols, which were ludicrously left somewhere where the kids could get to them. Unbeknownst to them, their father had left the guns loaded for some asinine reason.

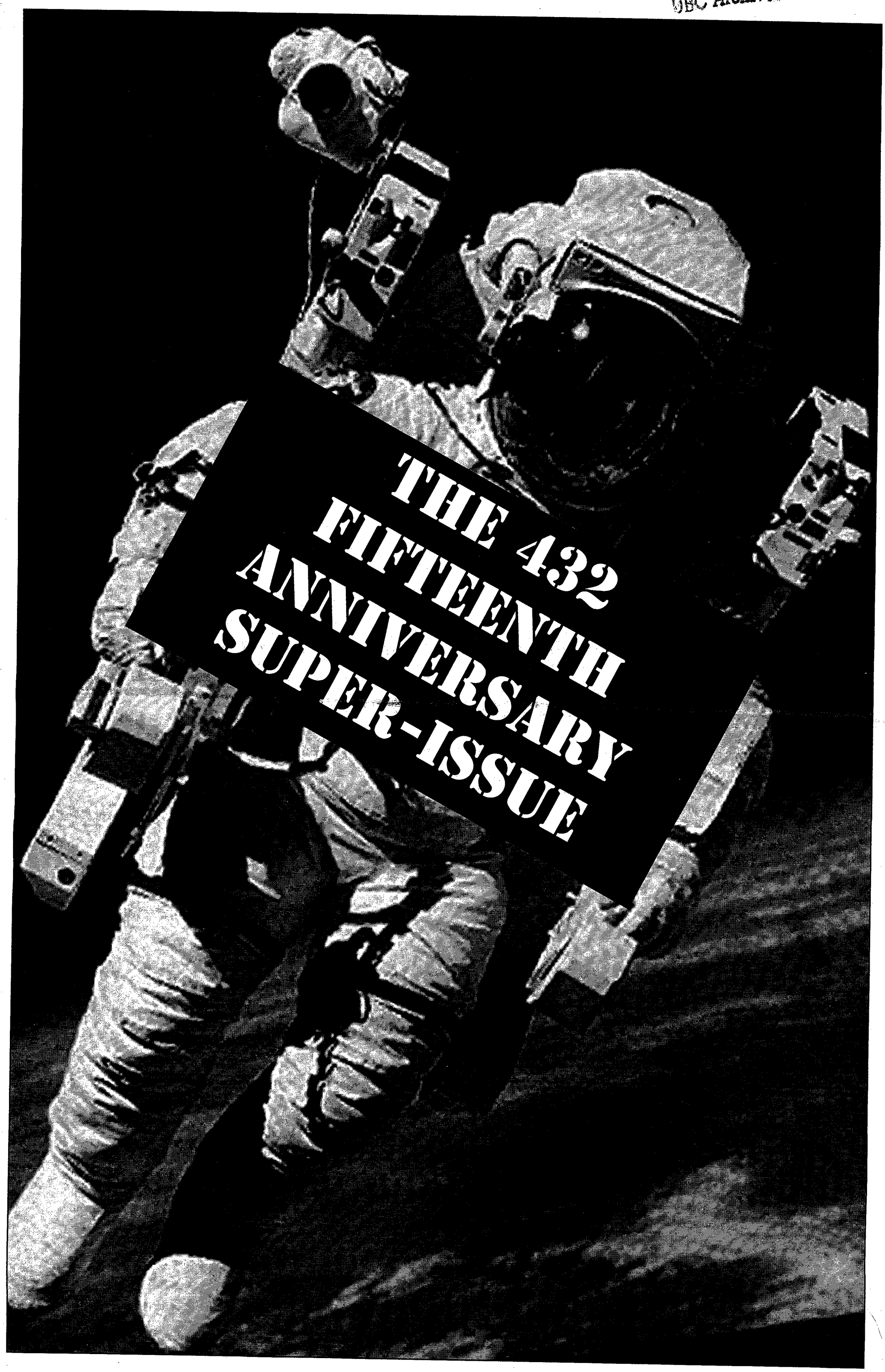
Orlando police released a statement shortly after the death of James Bleinsten was announced: "It appears at this time that Justin, who was pretending to be Laertes, aimed the gun at James and pulled the trigger. Tragically, and stupidly, the gun was left loaded and James suffered a bullet wound to the left lung. He died in intensive care two hours later."

"At first, I blamed Shakespeare," explained Bernice Bleinsten, who was busy gossiping with her best friend next door when her son was shot, "he was always using violence in the place of good writing to sell his works, for warping our children's minds. But then I realized that my shitty parenting was to blame. I mean, what kind of person just leaves weapons around the house? I should be put away."

"We shouldn't have kept loaded guns where the kids could play with them. Because of us, our beautiful child is gone forever. We're just horrible parents and should never have been allowed to have kids."

U.S. Senators from both sides of the house echo their statements. "Mr. and Mrs. Bleinsten are just total asswipes, and the country should take all steps to make sure people like them are never allowed to influence our younger generation again. They are but one example of the narrow, suffocating zealotry masquerading as modern parenting," Senator Dick Powell (R-Missouri) stated from the steps of capitol hill.

UBC Archives Serial



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Looking Back

Bree Baxter

One More Time

As the 432 reaches its 15th year, I took some time to look back at what university gave me. Besides $25,000 of student debt, I have a bachelor's degree and the odd friend (friends who are odd?), plus bragging rights. For some reason, having a degree at the provincial university makes someone "more important" that the joe who went to one of the colleges, like Langara or Kwantlan. It's not about the training we receive, as someone who took computer science at UBC or at BCIT have the same amount of job training to be a programmer at Microsoft. True abstract thought has no place in today's job market. True computer science (an example I'm only vaguely familiar with) deals with the abstract shit, the "science" behind the "concept" of "computers," just as life sciences (a subject closer to my head and heart) is the study of the concepts behind life, ecology, zoology, and those other -ologies. I almost wish I could go back to university and just take classes forever. I think being a researcher would be kinda cool, at least in the abstract. However, I am notoriously impatient and cannot deal with results that take time. Now, damnit.

So, into the workforce I goes. I spend my days copy-editing press releases for a news company downtown (My office is so cool, we're on the 15th floor and have an awesome view of everything. We can see weather coming three days away). Having worked on the 432 for over three years now, I am intimately knowledgeable of bad writing, so the job was easy to get into. We deal with financial news, stocks and bonds and shares and takeovers and such. Last Tuesday at 3:29 p.m., I came to the realization that the financial business is less about math and education and more about gossip and strategy. "Who is the stunning company with the tight assets who pulled a hostile takeover last night, then danced the night away with all the lovely investment brokers?" On Friday, I entered five press releases in two hours from one company that is fighting a share buyout at less than the market price of yada yada. Yeah, if I had money involved I might be worried too, but as it stands, yada yada.

This job has made me even more anal retentive about language. It's one thing to get marked on grammar in an English 319 essay. It's another to have money taken off your pay for making the mistake of using the adjectival spelling of "overall" when the noun "over all" is called for, or glossing over the noun "licence" when verb "license" is recquired. It's gotten to be more a matter of pride that I remember all these little details. Only three weeks in, damnit, but I've got most of it down.

The world o' finance is full of rich white guys, but as a poor girl from a construction family who has lived on the lower of the income scale for nigh on 20 years and who couldn't afford to go to university even as I went to university (and sure as hell couldn't afford the bus strike, but that's for another story that I'm sure you've already heard), I'm used to being fucked over by the Man. I think in about two years I'll know enough about the system to stage my own "hostile takeover." I know how to fix the world and the only way I can do it is to be Queen. But less "powerless figurehead" and more "representative of God on earth motherfucker".

Speaking of publicly traded companies, there's a lot of mining and base resource information. Mining is cool because it's not only about the rape and pillage of the earth (It's not like we're shooting metals into space; after the fall of this civilization and time passes, new civilizations will drill down into the new metal concentrations, landfills, and mine the garbage. God bless the wacky shepherd who used all the camp's wood to burn a fire hot enough to melt those little rocks into bronze), it's also about using cool words like ferrous kimberlite, breccia, mafic and, best of all, using "dyke" in context.

Holiday Spending Remorse

Lana Rupp

Hottt EditriXXX

The holidays are now done and in the fleeting spirit of that joyous, blessed season created in celebration of the birth of earth's immortal savior, I would like to offer some tips on what to do now that you've spent all your money on expensive booze, cheap women and that growing pile of electronic crap that will inevitably turn on you.

I would like to lavish upon you advice garnered over the holiday season from my family of frugal peasants.

Some of the biggest holiday expenses will inevitably come from food and drink, because making that new years resolution about weight loss just wouldn't be the same without the year-end gluttony that is Christmas. My father has managed to help us all avoid both frantic fitness center pass purchases and seasonal jolliness, with his simple diet plan. Should the "I'm hungry" statement form on us kids lips, the response from dad that comes is "Go to the fridge and get yourself a potato", thus ending our craving for sweets and Christmas delicacies oozing with cream and saturated fats.

The holidays are also about times spent together with family and friends. In my experience nothing brings people closer than attempting to ski on only one lift pass. Other fun activities to partake in over the holiday season and in the months directly following may include trips to the supermarket where retrieving shopping carts results in a shiny quarter for each effort and visiting blood donation clinics for the free cookies and the peach flavored beverage.

There once was a time where life was simple and Christmas was all about pre-25th mad rush to purchase gifts to appease those we love. Those days are slipping away, like grains of sand into the frenzied tempest generated by the hordes of people desperate to max out their credit cards on the Deals of the Year! Nowadays, the biggest holiday kick in the financial family jewels is inevitably the whole in-the-spirit-of-all-things-holy post-Christmas cash grab known collectively as Boxing Day/Week. A sure way to avert this holiday spending climax is to just stay home, like my family. All alone in a small house, on a lonely stretch of farm land, cows dotting the horizon, neighbors too far away to visit on foot, our only connection to the outside world being a 12 inch television with a crooked screen and one channel. We love our simple, pious little world but we hate everyone else in it with a burning fiery passion that barely subsides when we collectively swallow it in a tight little ball, repressing the blind fury for a more appropriate time and outlet. The average household could learn many things from my own.

And thus begins a new term at good old UBC. Happy New Years to all!

And remember folks, the post-holiday season is about giving... away all the sweaters you have accumulated from various grandparents in sizes and shades beyond your wildest drug induced nightmares. Now is time to clean up and move on because heck, we're less than two months away from the next commercial holiday which will cruelly wretch our dog-eared chequebooks and scarred plastic from our hands, bend us over and say "Darling, if you loved me you'd get me a diamond".

Editorial, Finally

Ben Warrington

Reports of my Demise

Well, I am back from the nether reaches of the country, or as I call it, home. I am back just in time to be thrown into this here 15th Anniversary issue. Damn.

I think that I have also been made into an AMS councillor under duress. It is not absolutely final at the time of printing, but the Director of Publications is next on the list in the constitution, and there don't appear to be any alternative candidates at the moment. Golly gee darn, and I thought I was going to have an easy term. Half my courses are Arts electives after all.

Anyhoo, back to the matter at hand. I find it hard to believe that this rag has been around for fifteen years, and it has remained fairly consistently good all of that time. Occassionally, we have stepped over *The Line* (TM) (see the "worst of" section on page 20), but generally, it has been good clean satire. It is always a good feeling to hear someone say how funny they think the paper is, and even better to hear how much they liked the article that you wrote in the past issue.

As we went back through the innumerable past issues (well, I suppose technically, I could count them, but I don't want to) which Dan, Alan, and many others have put great efffort into organizing for the archives, we found great material from years past. Some of the best material has been selected to be reprinted in this issue. In fact, most of this issue has been devoted to this past material. Additionally, all of the past editors we could locate were invited to write for this issue. Some of them actually did write, though in the spirit of laziness and procrastination, we did not get material from all of them.

Incidently, I have come to appreciate past editors' assertions that the best way to do this paper is drunk. I am, in fact, half cocked right now. Dr. Pepper is also a vital ingredient; it is just a funny drink.

Now where was I?

It is Sunday evening, and there is a fair bit of white space left in this issue, including the nice box in which I am typing now. This is one of the problems that comes along with editting: the realization that one is going to be here until early (or possibly late) tomorrow.

The benefits are, of course, that I get to blather on like this, and no one is going to cut it. I can say whatever the hell I want, and it will be printed. It's really rather special that I can ramble on in this manner, even in this, the 15th Anniversary issue, when eve--*sorry, but that was enough. -dan*

I could say something about the historical privellege of being the Director of Publications at this auspices time, but really, I am just another half-drunken editor who was too dumb to avoid the work that this paper entails. Well, that is not entirely true. I did avoid one term of it, by being out of the province on co-op work term. Instead, Dan and Lana and several others have, apparently willingly, done most of the work for me. I thank them from the deepest places in my heart: those dark, crumply areas that never see the light of day. Suckers.

No really, thanks.

Krack: A Retrospective

Jo Krack

Mr. Roger's Favourite

Fifteen years ago, my mom caught me playing I'll-show-you-mine-if-you-show-me-yours" underneath our porch with the neighbour's boy (who I dated for a brief period eight years later). Actually, it may have been 16 or 17 years ago, I can't remember how old I was then, but as this is the 432's 15th anniversary issue, let's stick that event firmly 15 years in the past, shall we?

To get to the point... 15 years, wow. And -- thank God I'm not 15 anymore. When I was 15 I was just starting to break away from BBS culture, probably because I was just starting to break up with the guy who introduced me to it (yup, you guessed it, neighbour boy!). I was writing Star Trek spoofs, had finally given up on trying to use Dep (remember that hair gel?), and was putting "a boyfriend" on my Xmas wishlist (as well as making that my New Year's resolution). If I could go back to high school now, knowing what I know, well, I wouldn't. There's a reason teenagers are so ignorant and oblivious -- hurts less that way. I'm sure if they could all see the world outside of that tiny tidepool of insecure hormone-driven pettiness, they'd make a break for it ASAP, and then how would we keep them young'uns out of trouble? I suppose high school education is meant to distract teens from all the other stuff that suddenly sucks in their lives. But enough about 15 year-olds. This isssue is a 15 year ANNIVERSARY, so let's go back a decade and a half, to when I was seven.

Seven year olds think they're pretty smart, and why shouldn't they? I remember being intensely frustrated by the adults in my life (namely my parents, of course). I really had no idea why these two big-people should be able to know when I was tired, when I had to eat, or why walking across a narrow slippery fallen log in a bog in high tide was a Bad Idea. I didn't know why I should get a spanking just because I told my parents' friend to shut up when he got mad at me for wandering off with my three-year-old sister (I was taking her for a walk around the block, mature worldly seven year old that I was, but try telling THEM that!). And I definitely didn't know why adults walked so slow (I spent every walk running up ahead, running back to check on Mom/Dad, running ahead, running back, etc.) or why they were so boring as to sit still on buses (I probably found about fifteen different ways to sit on a seat).

I also learned to whistle (though I didn't learn to snap for another 11 years), to ride a bicycle (practiced downhill, crashing into the massive evergreen outside my house to stop), and to save money (yup, had a lemonade stand, and also got A WHOLE QUARTER A WEEK for an allowance). I learned how to read, write, and spell. Math? Well, I think I learned some of that, but damned if I can remember.

And now, 15 years later, what have I accomplished? I can still read, write, and spell, I still hate math, I can still ride a bike (no more crashing into evergreens), I still save money (unless I need chocolate), I can whistle AND snap, and I go for lunch with neighbour boy every now and then, though with far less nudity. My lego and playmobil have been gathering dust for at least ten years (OK, nine) whereas my new age-appropriate so-called adult toys gather no dust (note to self: buy batteries). When I was around seven, I made a memorable spelling error as I wrote the tale of a brave knight in a forest, surrounded by hungry "loins," now my typos spring mainly from hastily-typed emails ("Sorry, can't write much now, I'm really busty").

In fact, that's probably the detail of my life that's changed the least from 15 years ago. Although my stories have developed from moralistic fables about bad cats stealing things from good cats to amoralistic tales about bad women stealing things (men, coffee, sex toys, whatever) from good women, I'm still writing. OK, so I haven't won the 3 Day Novel contest yet (entered for the first time this year, and have no idea how the judges could possibly prefer a tale of corruption in Ethiopia to my literary masterpiece about a tech writer and a sex columnist on a "fulfillment" quest!). So 15 years from now, if I don't have a real published book to my name (I'm not settling for vanity press here!), I'm gonna be one bitter 37 year old, and that ain't gonna be pretty. Hmmm. That in itself could make a good novel...

I'd prefer another tail of these hungry loins, and how they're among the most interesting living orgasms in the animal kingdom

- Andy

Political Tripe

Bree Baxter

One More Time Again

Two weeks into the new year gives one enough perspective to determine, with some degree of accuracy, the character and temperment of the year just gone by. All in all, I've got to say that, for a potentially portentious year, 2001 was a honkin' huge disappointment.

I mean, 2001 was the turn of the century. We were officially stuck into the twenty-first century, but where were the dramatic milestones? The early twentieth century saw the birth of flight by two bicycle makers at Kitty Hawk; the rise of rampant electric power, and the overwhelming dominance of corporations. Compare that to the opening years of the twenty-first, and what have we got? The rebirth of grunge (twenty years too soon, if you ask me), the return of glam fashion, and, oh yes, reality-based television.

Overwhelmed, I'm not.

The only thing that seems to have the feel of the future is the Internet and all the increasing digitization in our lives. At no previous time in our history have we, as a species, with the click of a button, been able to harvest the entire accumulated knowledge of mankind at our fingertips; however, despite all this knowledge and information, the grand experiment in the entanglement of social order and information technology has shown that the vast majority of the populace will use this power to download pornography, steal music and copyrighted software, and otherwise bitch and moan at each other with the collective intelligence of a retarded ten-year-old with Parkinson's. Besides, the Internet was so twentieth-century.

Personally, I'm a little pissed off at all the broken promises of the twenty-first century. I mean, where are my flying cars? I was promised flying cars. None of this "hovers ten feet off the ground for half an hour and runs out of fuel" nonsense.

How about cloud / underwater cities? Television shows from the 80's said we'd be living underwater to avoid population pressure, and high in the sky on cities perched on stilts. Maybe having "The Jetson's" as a model for a twenty-first century utopia might not have been the most practical thing upon which to pin one's hopes, but it's better than the current alternative of mediocrity - urban sprawl, inner city blight, and the rampant increase in housing to the point where renting becomes impractical and children are forced to live with their parents just to make ends meet. Yep; so far, this twenty-first century thing hasn't been living up to all the hype.

Oh well; given that other visions of the future have us smack dab in the middle of World War III or being exterminated by sentient machines or overrun by genetically engineered soldiers, led by a man who looks suspiciously like Ricardo Montalban, I'll be happy to put up with the occasion "l33t hax0r" who smack-talks me while playing Unreal Tournament and downloading mp3's.

But I have hope; even now, astronomers are looking to place an observatory on the far side of the moon; and if all goes well, they may encounter a black monolith hidden in the lunar sands...

Must... Leave...

Dan Anderson

Tastes like Invasion

I will start of by thanking everyone who didn't make it into this issue - sorry, space ended up being a little tight, so not all the new stuff made it in. On the upside, this means there will be lots of great fresh stuff in the next issue.

A lot of people came out to help with this issue - most of them will be in the colophon, but those who were forgotten in the 2am colophon burst were still a great help. Fifteen years worth of 432s needed to be sorted, to be catalogued, to have their flats sorted, to be read for the funniest material, and tons more. Thanks to everyone who helped.

Other than that, the former editors and contributors also deserve a heap or two of praise. Some of the articles here had to be truncated to fit; if any of them are choppy, it's our fault for poorly editing them, not theirs for poorly writing them.

On with the editorial.

There's nothing like editing until 6:30am. Past the "yeah, another beer will make me more creative" stage, past the "I need some vodka, 'cause this is impossible" stage, past the "ow, my head, I need an analgeisc" stage, zipping right past the "Only 5 minutes of Quake III", past the "twitchtwitchtwitchonemorecoke" time, surviving The Time When Everything Is Funny even if it isn't because Dammit I Need Some Sleep, beyond the "capitalizing words is fun!" stage, past the "what do you mean, all four 2 litre bottles of caffeiney goodness are empty?" fright, beyond the "why, why did I take this job?" sobbing, comes the beloved 6:30am stage.

That's the one where you go "fuck it, I don't care, I'm going home to sleep".

The babies ate my dingo.

Deadpoll, DeadPool

Sister Death

A bit morbid

Welcome to 2002. Or, if you're dyslexic, 2002. The last time this happened was in 1991, when I was 12 years old. I didn't appreciate it then, but I do now.

Entries and updates. I have "misplaced" Mark Fraser's list, but that's all right. I hope he doesn't mind. Of our remaining entries, much has happened in way of results. Not many have died, but I have done a complete run-down of the lists and have fun and exciting comments to go along with some entries.

First off, to that whole al'Qaeda scene: No one we have listed (Osama bin Laden, Mullah Mohammed Omar, Ayman al-Zawahri) has officially been declared dead. bin Laden keeps popping out videos (or at least they somehow find their way onto al-Jazeera's desk) and so we have more evidence he's alive than dead. Omar is, at time of publication, being bartered over. No word recently on Zawahri, who is apparently in charge of al'Qaeda's finances. However, as one of our entrants pointed out, the U.S. army has "no knowledge if he is dead or alive." We'll see.

Next, to the Middle East. Yasser Arafat is still around; Israel (probably) isn't going to do anything to him personally as he does seem to be trying to maintain power and keep more "radical" factions under control. But as that whole area is as unpredictable as a sorority girl on kegger night. *[That's a really inappropriate image, Reaper. - ed.] [Fuck you, ed. - Reaper.]* Closer to home, George Dubya and Dick Cheney are kept apart at all times, Dicky in a concrete bunker in case of sudden nuclear attack on Washington (or something). George Sr. is still hanging around, he can't die until his alcohol-dependant descendants kick off.

Fred Rogers isn't dead, he's just retired after 35 years of Mr. Rogers' Neighbourhood. John Gotti (the Teflon Don) is in a New York federal jail with cancer, which means he'll probably cheat the U.S. federal government out of years of his sentence. Bob Hope looks very bad, but we'll see how it goes.

George Harrison is dead. This means that Nick C. has 2 points. Yay Nick.

However, the strangest of the strange entries belongs to Albert (look for him in this, and past, issues of the 432). He handed in his Dead Pool a few days before September 11th. Turns out that he was filling out his form while watching Larry King Live, and Barbara Olson was a guest on the show to discuss the Gary Condit debacle. On the list went her name. Barbara Olsen, as some of you might recall, was the wife of U.S. Senator Theodore Olson who was, on Sept. 11, on the plane that crashed into the Pentagon. Albert is in the lead with 14 points.

The Queen Mum is as alive as you are, and will thusly stay. Till next time, don't fear the Reaper.

'$10,000 to the man who brings me Andrew Martin's head!'

- 'Ditch' - 1/1/2002

http://www.angelfire.com/nc/webinternet/wwfmain.html

A Brief History Of Time

...and other copyright infringements...

dawn of time

10^{-15} billion years ago

The universe is born in what is commonly known as the 'big bang', though reports cannot be confirmed at this time.

10^{-43} seconds later

Temperatures drop to one hundred trillion trillion degrees celcius. Gravity originates and *the Underground* begins to suck.

4.6 billion years ago.

The earth condenses from the gaseous void of space. First Death Star is destroyed.

4.599999999 billion years ago

Yo mama falls down drunk for the first time, creating what is now known as the Rocky Mountains.

For the next 4 billion years, stuff evolved.

800,000 B.C.

Artsies evolve. They scribble on walls, and try to make believe that the scribbles justify their existance, and attempt to get grants in order to continue scribbling.

750,000 B.C.

An artsy experiences severe frontal lobe growth, wonders where poop came from, becomes first Scientist. Scientists go on to discover fire. They measure it's preconditions, observed that it was an exothermic reaction that had an initial energy requirement, and that it created warmth, bright colours and loud noises. They then proceed to have a cocktail party with a fluid dynamics theme.

600,000 B.C.

A Scientist applies his discovery of the wheel to an automatic hubcap remover, bemoming the first engineer. The engineers, angered at not being invited to all the Scientists' cocktail parties, used science for evil and burn all the Scientists' stuff, get drunk, and create cairns. Scientists make witty remarks at engineers' cost, and go back to discovering new things that would necessitate cocktail parties.

The Engineers see that they could not overcome the mental might of the Scientists and decided to stick to cooking prime ribs and building their clay and straw huts.

500,000 B.C.

Nurses evolve to heal the scientists and engineers injured in battle with mastodons, and artsies who impale selves on their own spears. Forestry people complained about how creation of the toothpick cost them their favorite douglas fir ancestor. Aggies wander aimlessly until they domesticate themselves.

And the Scientists continued enjoying fire.

4004 BC

God copyrights humans, gets all the credit. Sets up first university.

4003 BC

God expels first students for independant learning.

3300 B.C.

Moses uses super-fluid physics to do good.

34 AD

First hippy experiences uncool combination of nails and Jews.

1290 AD

English Religious Studies students express dislike of Muslim Scientists taking the world too literally.

1945

Nuclear Bomb exploded in New Mexico. Physics nerds briefly cool for saving world.

1987

The 432 is first published, starting a long tradition of Science mocking everyone else on campus.

March 24, 1994

The Black Plague is born again as the Ubyssex. Highlights include tantilizing 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 traumitize 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 chairity, 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.

I should apologize - I bastardized an old SUS history, and took out most of the interesting stuff. I'll get Ben to print it later, I promise. -Dan

The Four-Hundred Thirty Second Book of Science, Called Editors

Chapter 1

1 IN the beginning the AMS created the Council and the SUB.

2 The Council was without stigma, and possessed of reason; and enlightenment was upon the face of the campus. And the Council of AMS moved upon the corridors of Brock Hall.

3 The AMS said, Let there be a Student Union Building: and there was a Student Union Building.

4 And the AMS saw the SUB, that it was good.

5 And the AMS said, Let there be businesses in the firmament of the concourse to divide the student from the silver, and let them be for coffee, and for pizza, and for beer, and raspberry-flavoured father-of-nation-preventers.

6 And let them be for businesses in the firmament of the concourse to give money upon the AMS: and it was so.

Chapter 2

1 NOW every profit-making venture of the concourse before it was in the SUB, and every business of the concourse before it grew, for there was not a student to patronize them.

2 And the AMS formed a member of the cash of his wallet, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of ambition and anal-retentiveness; and the AMS member became a Council Hack.

3 And out of the bankroll the LORD AMS formed every constituency of the campus, and every organization in the SUB; and brought them unto the Council Hack to see what he would call them; and whatsoever the Council Hack called every bureaucratic menace, that was the name thereof.

4 The Council Hack gave names to all clubs, and the Ubyssey of the SUB: but for the Council Hack there was not found an help meet for him.

5 And the LORD AMS created Pit Night, causing a deep stupor to fall upon the Council Hack, and he slept: and he took one of his agendas, and closed up the briefcase instead thereof;

6 And the agenda, which the LORD AMS had taken from Council Hack, made he a Council Hackette, and brought her unto the Council Hack.

7 And the Council Hack said, This is now ambition of my ambition; she shall be called Woman.

8 And there was dissent upon the face of the campus.

9 And the AMS took the vowels of the Council Hack: and gave him instead two like vowels and a consonant.

10 And the Council Hack called his hackette's name Wimmin.

Chapter 3

1 IN process of time it came to pass, when Council Hacks began to multiply on the face of the campus, and AMS-types were created unto them.

2 That the AMS saw the AMS-types that they were fair, and it took them Ubyssey Editors of all which it chose.

3 There were giants in the Ubyssey in those days; and also after that, for the same became mighty journalists which were of old, journalists of renown.

4 And the AMS saw that the leftness of the Ubyssey was great in the SUB, and that every every imagination of the thoughts was only irrelevant and hypocritical continually.

5 But the Campus Times found grace in the eyes of the AMS.

6 And it repented the AMS that it had made the Ubyssey on the SUB, and it grieved it at its heart.

7 And the AMS said unto the Campus Times, The end of all campus advertising in the Ubyssey is come before me; for the campus is filled with birkenstockism through them, and, behold, we will destroy them with the SUB.

8 And, behold, we, even we, do bring a flood of paper-shuffling upon the SUB, to destroy all newspapers wherein lacks the best interests of every student.

9 And the Council Hacks did amend the course of the AMS, and the Campus Times found no rest for its stacks, and the Ubyssey returned unto the SUB, unscathed.

10 And the Young Conservatives said, We will destroy the Ubyssey whom the AMS has created from the face of the SUB: both collective, and contributors, and the creeping thing; for it repenteth us that the AMS has made it.

11 As it is to this day.

Chapter 4

1 AND the Ubyssey was threescore and eighteen years old; these were the years of the life of the Ubyssey.

2 And it came to pass after these things that Science did say unto Derek, Take now thy Mac, thine only Mac Lucifer, and create thee a paper into the campus, and offer it there for an offering upon the Science buildings which we will tell the of.

3 And Derek worked until late in the morning, and saddled his ass, and went unto College Printers.

4 And Derek said unto his assistants, Abide ye here with the ass; and I will go yonder and get the papers; and come again to you.

5 Therefore the students of Science read of the 432 unto this day.

6 And Derek lasted a year, and begat an editor not in his likeness, nor after his image; and called his name Aaron.

7 And Aaron lasted a year, and begat Dave.

8 And all the days of Aaron were two years, and he stepped down.

9 And Dave lasted but half a year, before Aaron returned once more.

10 And Aaron lasted yet an half year, and begat Patrick.

11 And Patrick lasted a year, and begat Ryan.

12 And Ryan begat a multitude, and amongst those were John, Craig, Bree, Jay, and Andy.

13. And some combination of these brought about Ben, who lasted but a Guide before bringing forth Lana and Dan.

14. And Lana and Dan woefully did not bring forth offspring, so Ben returned as fortold by the prophets.

Volume 1

How An Atom Works In 25 Words Or Less

Dave Barry

Ludd Himself

At the heart of all technology are the Five Basic Machines: the wheel, the lever, the stapler, the chain saw and power steering. These were all invented by the ancient Greek person Archimedes so he would have a "mechanical advantage" over everybody else. As Archimedes always use to say: "Give me a lever big enough, and I will move the Earth." So finally one night, at a party, some pranksters actually gave him a lever that was big enough, and he was squashed as flat as a coat of semi-gloss paint.

This was the only one of the benefits mankind derived from the Five Basic Machines over the next several thousand years. The problem was that the energy to power the machines had to come from natural sources, such as water and oxen.

This was fine for the wheel, but mankind was getting very poor results from the oxen-powered stapler. He was getting stapled documents that people wouldn't remain in the same room with, let alone read. Clearly, a new power source was needed, and who should discover it but Benjamin Franklin, who, in a famous scientific experiment, went out in a rainstorm, flew a kite with a wire attached to it, and was almost killed by a falling internal-combustion engine.

Franklin was soon followed by the airplane. If you have ever looked at a diagram in a grade-school science textbook, you know that the way and airplane works is that the air forms into little black arrows that go shooting over and under the wing-this happens much too fast for you to see without the aid of narcotics - producing sufficient pressure to lift the **wing**. Obviously there is no way that air can lift an entire airplane, especially it is carrying an unusually dense dinner entrée such as "Swiss steak." As far as anybody knows, what gets the plane off the ground is that the passengers really **believe** it will get off the ground, similar to the way Dorothy got back to Kansas.

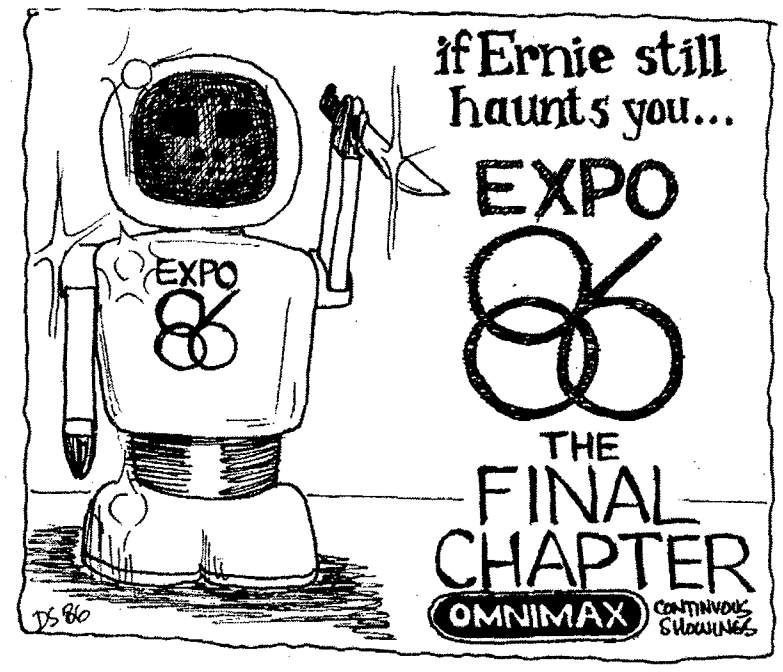
We now live in the Age of Appliances, such as stereos, air conditioners and toasters. These all work on the same basic technological principle: electricity enters them from the wall via a plug and is converted into music, old air, or toast. The lone exception is the telephone, which works by means of very tiny particles of something, called "molecules" traveling along a wire.

Technology quiz

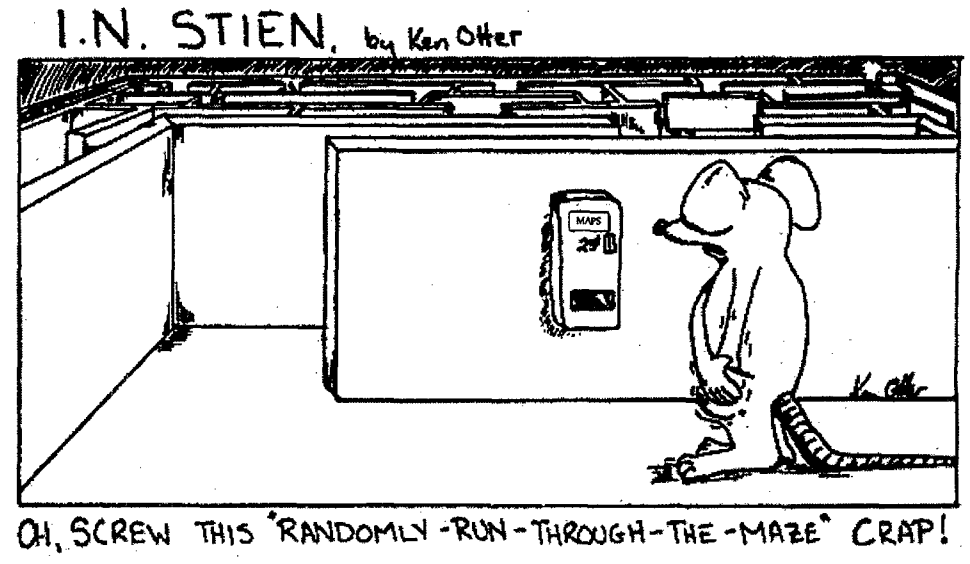
1. They didn't have semi-gloss paint back then, did they?

2. Where can an ordinary citizen get a railroad air horn?

3. What about a federal grant?



The image on the left was originally printed in the Black Plague, one year prior to the first volume of *The 432.*



Volume 2

Are You Listening?

Russ Monger

Talkative

Most people would agree that the ability to express ideas clearly is an important part of communication, but how many people realize that the ability to listen is also important? At one time or another we are all guilty of not listening. There are many types of nonlistening. Listed below is an attempt at classifying some of the different types. How many of them are familiar to you?

Pseudo-listener: This person pretends he is listening by nodding his head and smiling at the right times. Behind his facade, he is often ignoring you and daydreaming or is bored with what you are saying and is tuning you out.

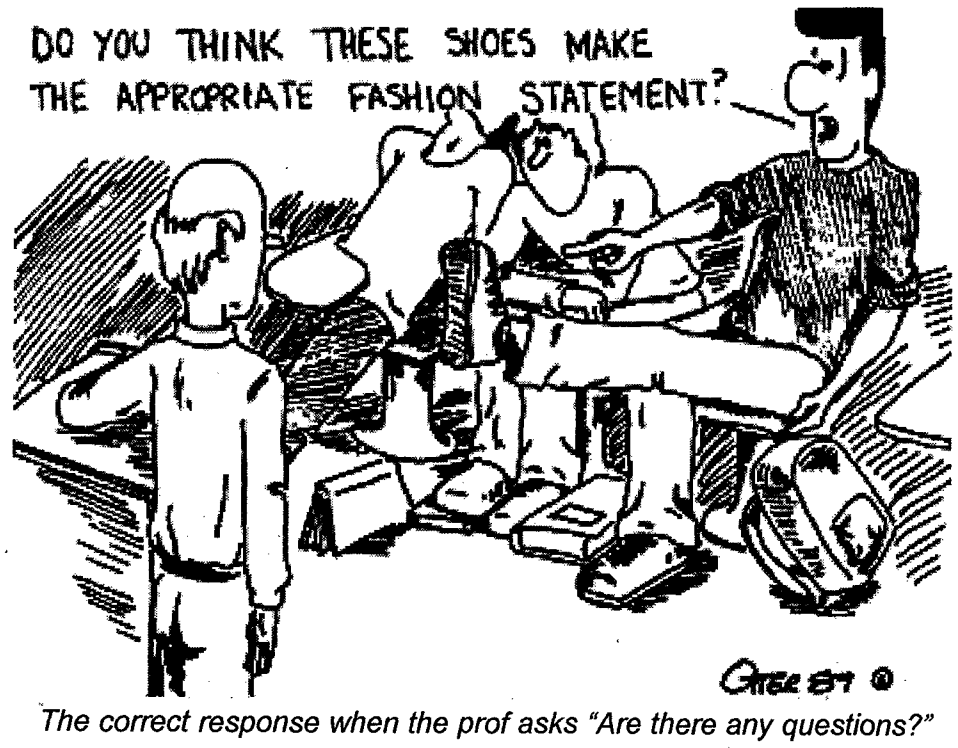
Stage hog: This person is not interested in what you have to say. He is only allowing you to talk while he catches his breath. Stage hogs love to dominate the conversation and often use your remarks as a basis for their own rhetoric and are busy formulating their next statement instead of listening to you.

Selective listener: This person only listens to what he wants to hear. Unless you choose to talk about subjects of interest to him, you as well talk to yourself.

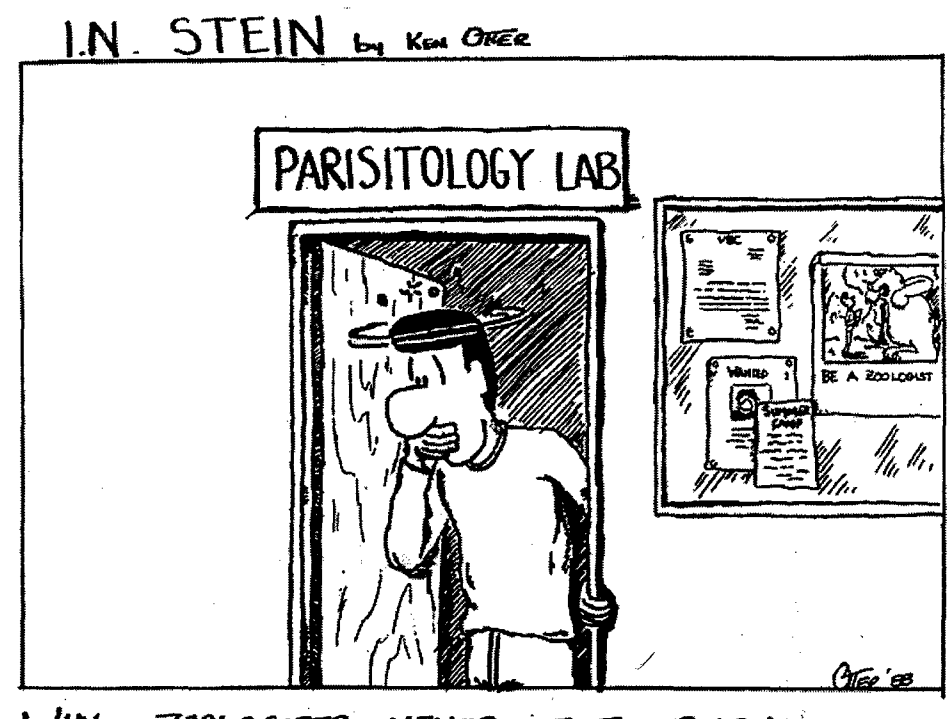
Insulated listener: This person is the opposite of the selective listener. He will avoid topics that he would rather not deal with and continually change the subject during the conversation to avoid topics that he does not wish to deal with.

Defensive listener: This person misinterprets things that you intend as innocent comments as personal attacks and is unnecessarily sensitive to certain topics. He may perceive any question you ask as being snooping or prying.

Ambusher: This person listens carefully to you only because he is collecting information to use against you later in the conversation. It could prove unwise to make offhand statements in the presence of such a person.



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



WHY ZOOLOGISTS NEVER EAT SUSHI

Volume 3

About Buying Computers

Angus McVickar

Commodore Vic20

For 'halfbreed', read 'compatible'; for 'crash', read 'program'.

"And the Almighty and Benevolent Computer God was bored, and so He said, 'Let there be man.' And man was, and God saw that man was good. But man was bored and he asked God for some company. And God created the IBM and said, 'Go forth and multiply.'" (The man probably said, 'That's not quite what I had in mind but I guess I'll do it. At least it won't nag me to take it to a restaurant.')

But eventually, when God saw that not every one could afford IBMs he said "Let there be half-breeds."

Some of the half-breeds could not (legally) claim to be just like IBMs, so the IBM compatible percentage was invented. Here we come to the first theorem of computer buying:

Theorem I (Incompatibility Theorem): If your halfbreed is 80% compatible, and you have 10 pieces of software which are written for an IBM system, only the eight pieces which you will never need will run on your halfbreed.

Moving on to the Apple. These machines make very good paper weights due to their generally compact size; in fact, it is often recommended that you use the computer to hold down the ten loose sheets of documentation that you get with it.

In particular, Macintosh is Apple's major contender in the PC game. This computer is designed so any fool can use it. Strange enough, only fools use MacIntoshes. Apple thwarted hackers by making it difficult to get a really interesting crash running by having a little message appear, when the system is about to go down, to the effect of "Fatal Error: Today is Wednesday. I think it's best that I crash now. Bye!"

If you are into programming, the new machines are for you. I am told that you can easily produce a crash that can do more damage to a hard drive than a team of college football players armed with sledge hammers in less time than it takes to stop the program. This is the mark of a powerful computer.

Tandy (Radio Shack). The ever-popular Colour Computer line has been heating homes across North America for ten years now (I once warmed spaghetti on the power supply of mine). Tandy is a wise choice for any prospective buyer. The reason for this is that since Radio Shack in Canada became Canadian controlled, they have introduced some bold new policies:

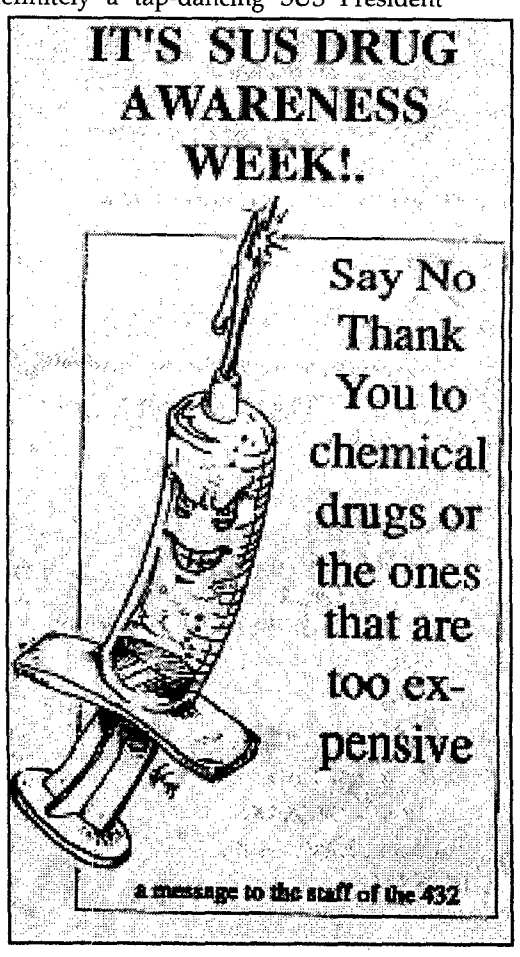
1. If it sells well, lower the price.
2. If it sells really well, change it.
3. If it seels to the point that you have trouble keeping up demand, discontinue it.

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 were 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 Volkswagon in the Fault, yesterday," one aide said.



Typical Questions on the Graduate Studies Admissions Exam

I. General

1) Shakespeare said that our wages come from praise.

a) Prove it.

b) Discuss how this affected Lord Byron's handwriting.

2) Define Zrygomatistichyiothysis and then explain why it is in no dictionary in the known world.

3) A, B, C, D, E anf F are on a train in the same car. One is to the left of B, but another isn't, even though A and C are secretly lovers. E is a blatant communistic heathen that, in the privacy of his own home, dresses up in children's clothing. F could care less about the fact that A is sitting to the left of the one who isn't to the right of E. None of the six know how to calculat Lie Derivatives.

a) Explain how letters from the English Language could possibly have human characteristics.

b) Why aren't they taking the plane?

II. Physics

1) If you shot a 20 kg ball from a cannon at an angle of 45 degrees at a velocity of 0.9c and it travelled along a trajectory described by the line element of the Schwartzschild metric near the vicinity of a spherically symmetric charged body, what would the surface temperature of an observer in a Subaru, if he had Lyme's Disease?

2) List all the particles that have not yet been discovered, and give their spin, mass, charge, isospin, and strangeness. Explain why they haven't been discovered yet.

3) Write the Schroedinger Wave Equation for an Undergraduate Student in Physics 304. Show that if all undergraduates were transformed into a Hilbert space, it would be a good thing.

4) A beam of optically pumped polarized rubidium atoms is passed through a non-homogeneous field. It then passes through a thin gold foil whereafter it goes through an adiabatic cooling before colliding with a vector meson field at an azimuthal angle.

a) Why?

b) Describe how this experiment could be done in the most expensive way possible.

III. Mathematics

1) Prove that the integral sign looks more than an F than an S.

2) 1+1=2. Show that this is true for all numbers. Write it in Swahili.

3) If Z is a non-empty set and Q is the adjoint of Z, but a is an element of Q, show that J is the tenth letter of the alphabet.

IV. Biology

1) Outline the process in which RNA synthesizes asbestos insulation.

2) How do cells transport VCRs across their membranes?

3) Histone H1 seems to be a major factor in determining higher orders of chromatin structure. It is also known that untranscribed heterochromatin has much H1. A special case is found in chicken erythrocyte nuclei. Using examples support the hypothesis that only those cells with very long names get studied.

4) Outline the process of meiosis and the subsequent decline of singles bars.

5) It is a well-documented phenomenon that cells with damaged nuclei have a difficult time getting well-paying jobs. Discuss the possible remedies to this problem and how the phenomenon doesn't apply to the hiring of civil servants.

V. Chemistry

1) Discuss Cold Fusion and exactly why it's true because a chemist discovered it.

2) Acetycolese-9-isomerolycperohinousethericoseimide reacts with Isopropylbuticeryl acid to produce Acetyisocolese-9-propylbuticerylisomerolycperhinousethericosimide acid.

a) So what?

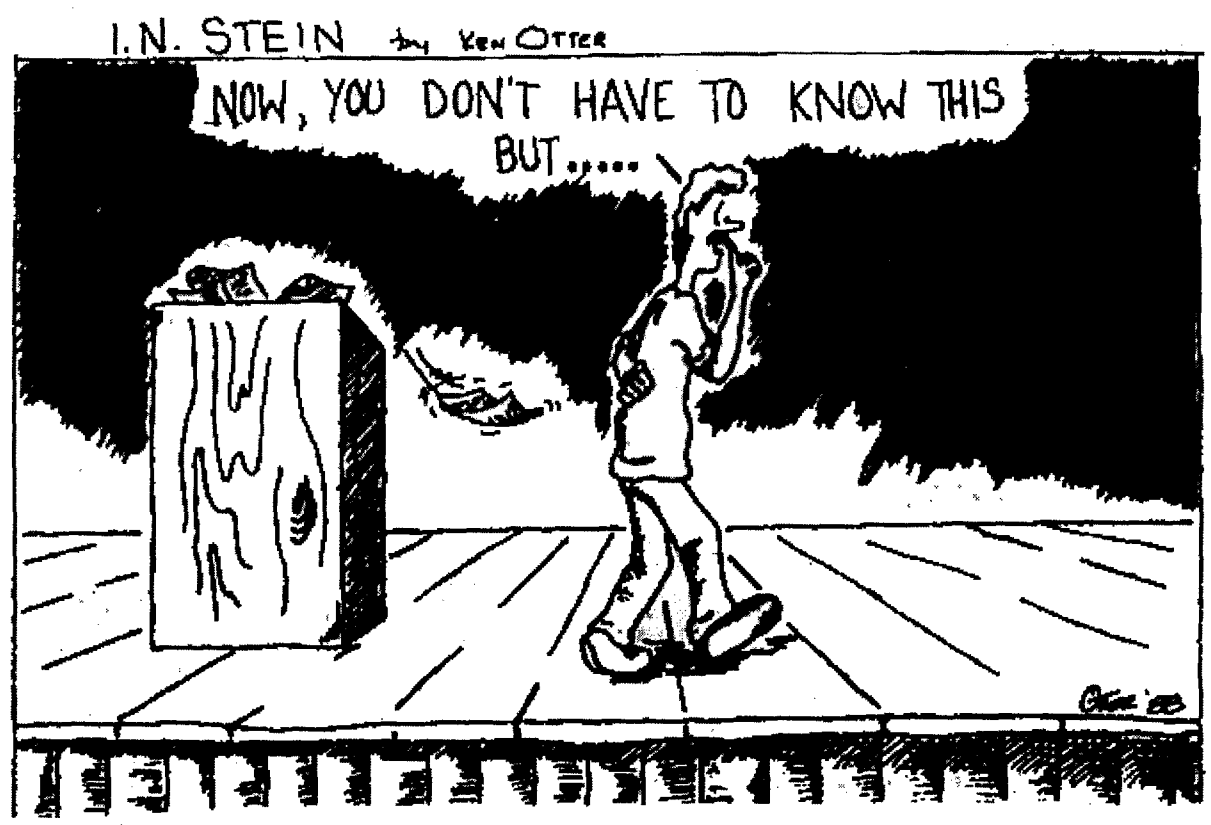
b) Synthesize an even longer name.

3) 6 ml of 12 molar nitric acid is titrated with an unknown base to produce 500 ml of jello.

a) Discuss the relative merits this base has in food packaging.

b) Cold fusion! Is this cold fusion?!?

c) Of course it is! What the hell do you know?



HOW YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO BE ON THE FINAL

Volume 4

432 To Have Myn's Issue

Tanya Rose

woMAN

The final issue of The 432 will be the myn's issue, the Director of Publications revealed.

"That's myn, not man. We're tired of being referred to as a derivative from the other sex, the woman."

The editor admitted that the establishment of a myn's issue is an effort to keep a balance at UBC. Whereas the Ubyssey has a women's issue, there is nothing on campus that devotes time to male issues, such as belching, macho posturing, and sexist comments that end up making the male look like a bonehead.

Alan Douglas, one of the writers for the next issue said, "It's been a long time coming. Hey: why did God invent women?"

"NONE of that until next issue, dammit!" said Trent Hammer, AMS rep and Myn's issue contributor.

Among the regular features in the 432, there will be columns on:

1) Sexist Jokes Revolving Around Three Women Who Find A Lantern On The Beach And End Up Being Turned Into Myn,

2) Tips on Proper Techniquies For Saying The Entire Alphabet In One Belch,

3) How to Discreetly Leave The Seat Up And Miss The Toilet Altogether,

4) Why Letting Another Myn Beat You At Even The Most Insignificant Of Games Means He Has A Bigger Penis.

When asked if they were concerned about a public backlash on such sexist material, the 432 editor pointed out that printing sexism was just a simple flexing of the muscles of freedom of speech, not unlike printing erotic gay literature to make the public more aware of safe sex.

"We're making the public more aware of... of, uh... um..."

Anyone interested in writing for the all-myn issue is welcome to come to a planning session at 5:30 on Thursday at the Physics Society, which is commonly held to be the most sexist society on campus (owing to the fact that 90% of the males in Physsoc are afraid of women). The strategy will be planned there, over beer-chugging races and high-five practices. All writers are expected to contribute at least one stereotypical sexist comment. Examples of such, for beginning myn:

1) Hey babyyyyyyyy!

2) The feminist movement would run much better if a MYN was in charge!

3) Well, at least I can write my name in the snow.

When asked if the women Executive of SUS would object to such a blatantly sexist issue, the editor replied, "Oh heck no, they're a good bunch of gals. Could you go make me some coffee?"

The Art Of Studying Naked

Aaron Drake

Buff

Caffeine does have it's uses. We had just bought chocolate covered coffee beans 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 60MHz.

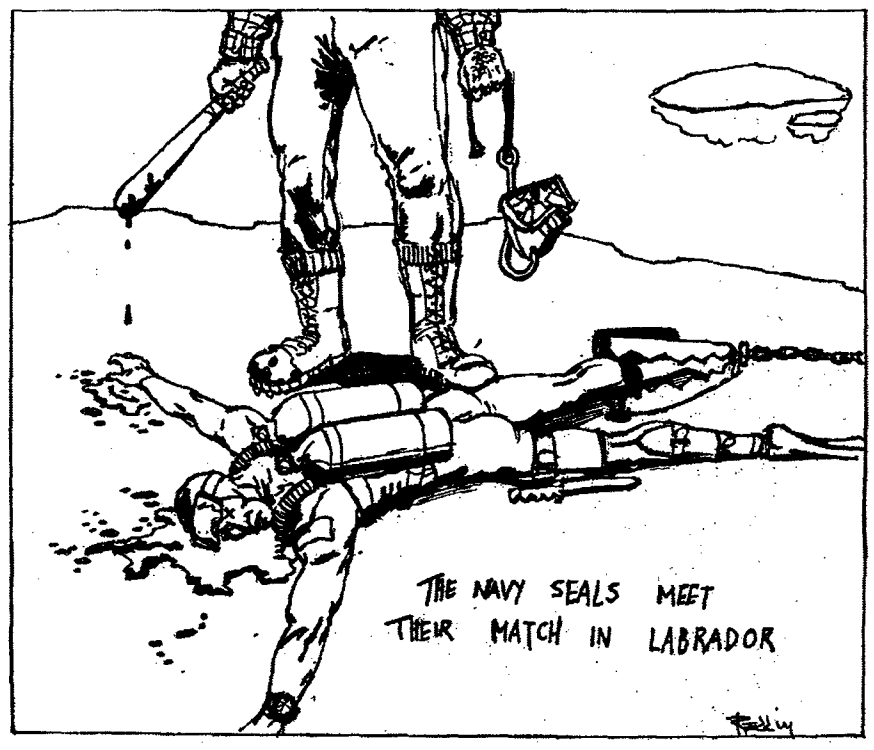
"HeyAaronIcan'tstudy," he says, in one short second.

"NeithercanIwhatdoyouwanttodo?" I ask.

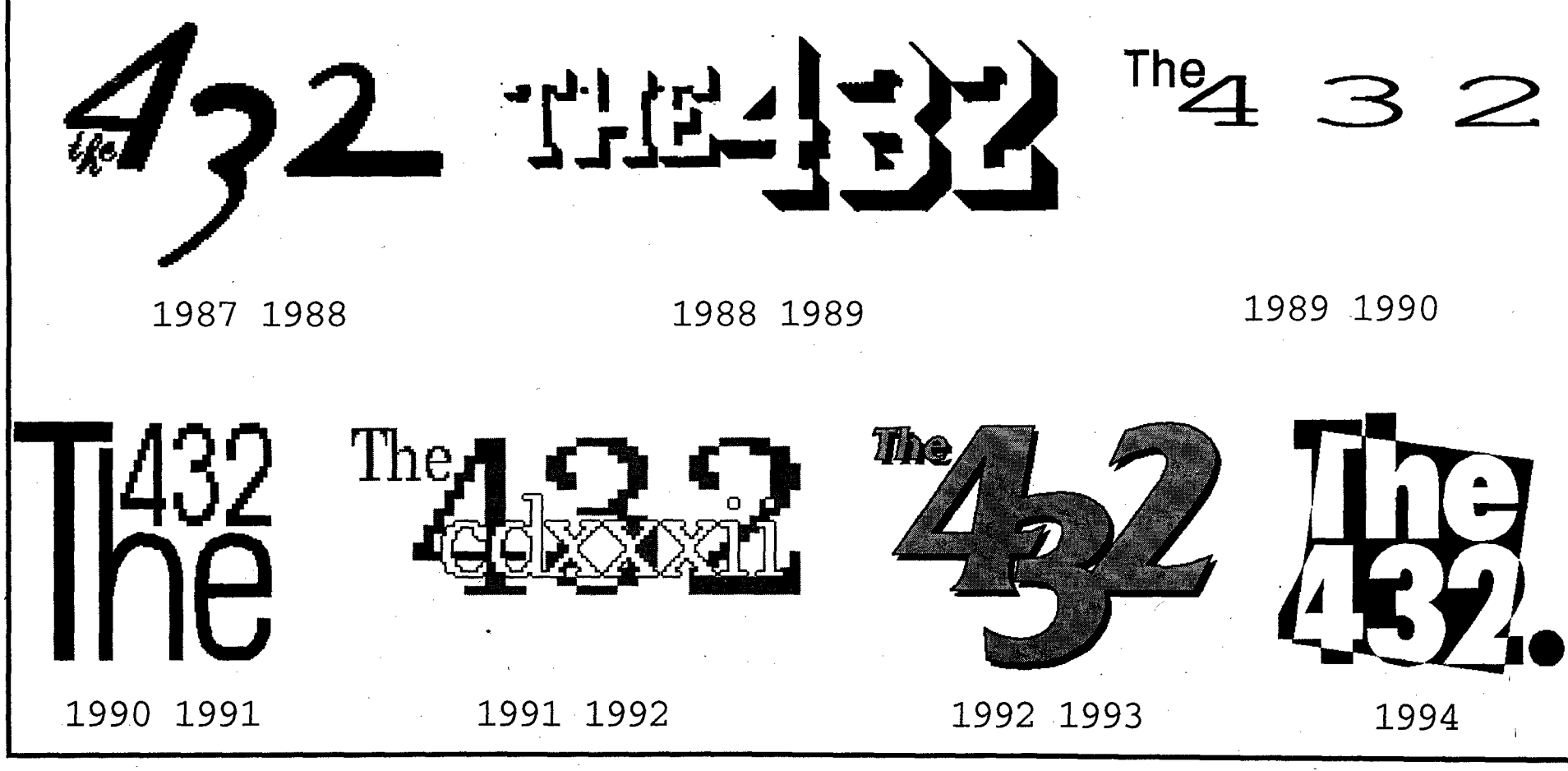
"...I bet I can run around the building faster than you can."

Eventually, we held the one-kilometre race, the run-around-blindfolded race, and the walk-like-a-university-professor race.

Eventually we held the run-around-as-fast-as-you-can-because-you're-naked race. 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 they are stuffing them into the mail slot of the Physics Department Office.



The 432's Logos



Volume 5

Organized Grime

Roger Watts

Bouncy Bouncy

How to Have Fun in Class (Lessons in Not Being a Grownup)

Walk into the lecture hall three minutes after bell. Help door to close or slam as loudly as possible. Turn babe/stud radar waaaay up. Stop to chat with at least one member of the opposite sex on the way to your seat.

At this point, the prof will make some clever joke concerning your tardiness, ie. 'Ahh, so nice of you to join us today, Mr/Miss (Insert your name here)'. Reply that you stopped to watch his car being towed and lost track of time. Ignore anything further the prof has to say on the matter and select a seat, based on the following criteria:

a) as close as possible to the middle of the room, in order to make many people stand up and let you pass;

b) within speaking distance to the biggest blip on the babe/stud radar;

c) high enough so that you have to shout for the prof to hear you.

Sit down. Introduce yourself to the aforementioned attractive person. Strike up lively conversation until he/she tells you to shut the hell up. If he/she does not - hey, great! Ask him/her out at the end of the lecture.

Take out notebook. The first point that the prof makes, ask a question about it. He will drone on for several minutes, further confusing everyone in the room. During this time, write clever responses to graffiti on desk or read copy of The 432 found beneath seat. Nod periodically towards the prof, and occasionally ask him to repeat something; you 'couldn't hear the last sentence'. When prof finishes, claim you still don't understand. Repeat entire sequence until the prof becomes exasperated and tells you to ask about it after class. Check the clock to see how much time you killed. Continue asking similar questions every eight minutes or so until you fall asleep.

Wake up. Notice the prof's idiotic tie. Stand up, loudly say, 'Nice tie, sir,' and sit down.

Use wrist-watch to reflect small circle of light onto blackboard behind prof. Follow him around with it, shine it momentarily into his eyes, and target prominent features with it, i.e. huge butt, shining bald head. Be creative.

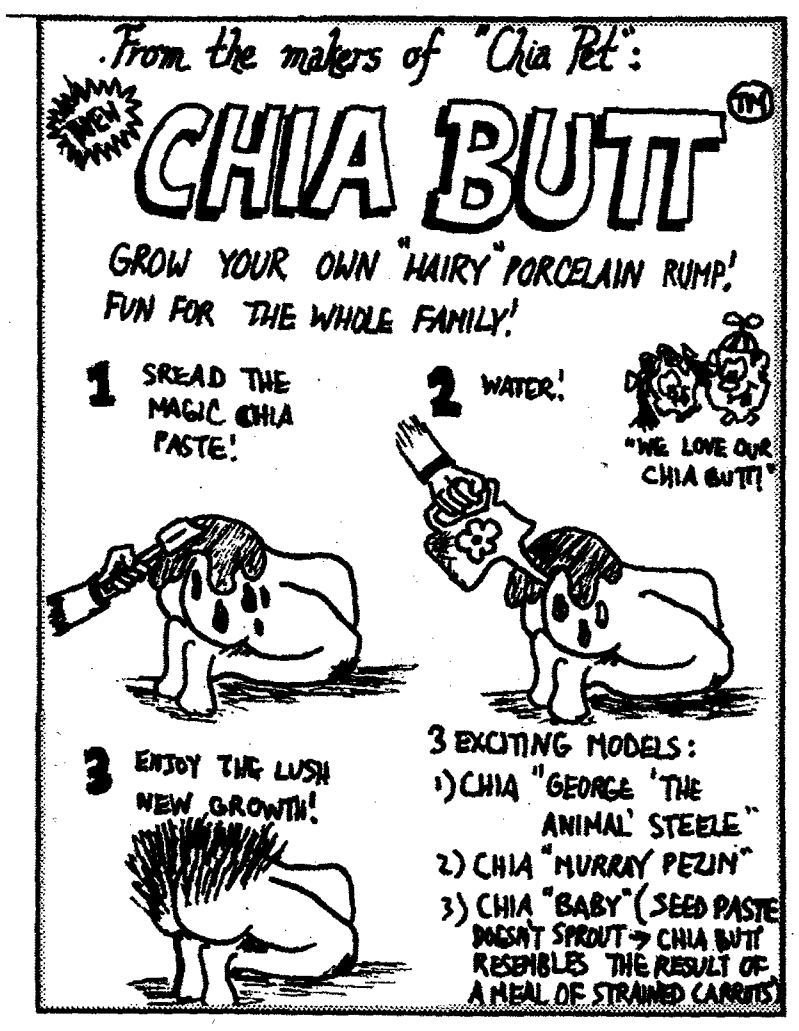
When a handout comes around, take thirty copies and stuff them in your bag so the people in the back rows don't get any. Remove wad of chewing gum from mouth and stick it to the bottom sheet of the stack. Pass the stack along.

Turn to keener sitting next to you. Strike up lively conversation and dominate his attention so that he misses some of what the prof said. This will unsettle the average keener more than you know. Continue until he freaks out. Act shocked; turn to other neighbors and spread creepy rumors concerning his childhood.

Fly a paper airplane, letting go a long low whistle as it sails down. With luck, it will hit either a keener in the front rows or the floor in front of the prof. Repeat until the prof gets annoyed. Repeat some more. Don't get caught.

Get really annoyed with the endless clickety-clickety-click of the keeners and their goddamned 4-color pens. Produce paper napkin and drinking straw obtained at lunch from Subway. Pop a small corner of the napkin into your mouth and make a wet little ball. Open fire on the next overzealous little apple-polisher that makes so much as a peep. Repeat until you've worked out all your frustrations or everyone has a spitball in their ear. Offer to let your neighbors try.

For the grand finale (or special occasions, i.e. midterm, friend's birthday): At opportune moment, introduce any number of live amphibians into room from backpack. Frogs work best; small newts are an acceptable substitute. If amphibians are not available, mice will get the job done. (They're just slower and not as gooey.) Produce camera. Walk calmly from the ensuing mayhem, snapping a couple of pictures and wondering exactly what the hell the prof was talking about today. Slam the door on the way out.



Insanity

Unknown Editor

Nameless Soldier

Being the editor of such a fun-type newspaper, I usually get flippant remarks about it, or jocular letters, that read something like,

Editor Guy

Your stories in your paper of news is cat's top banana, you goddam no doubt that. I am but in Canada for not six of weeks and I am but yet still full of chuckles. You goddam bet that you write funny. Ho ho ho! Tell another story of funniness. Make it about more penises, goddam you bet!

Your Fan Who Loyals You

How about that? It's praise like that that keeps me going, let me tell you. But, every now and then, I do get a serious letter of concern from A Concerned Reader who raises very serious questions. For example, here is a letter that I read just recently:

Dear Sir,

I'm a student at a small mid-western college, and I never believed any of the stories people would write in your magazine, but not after the experience I had last week. I was studying alone on my waterbed when

Whooops! Wrong Letter! Hah hah, how did that one get in there? The letter I meant to show you was this one:

Dear Editor,

I'm an avid reader of your column in the 432. I enjoy it, but I notice that you haven't mentioned your penis once in your last three articles. Why is this?

A Concerned Reader

Thank you, A Concerned Reader, for your concern, but the truth is, there is more to life than your penis. For instance, there are floor mops. 'Ahah!' You point out, 'Floor mops are phallic! So there isn't more to life than penises!' But then what about spatulas? Well, okay, maybe they're phallic, but Vacuum Cleaners aren't...well, maybe they are. And so are toothbrushes. But there are lots of non-phallic things, like newspaper...that is, when they aren't rolled up...

Hmmmm.....

Just kidding! There are lots of non-phallic things (pancakes, laundry detergent, polar icecaps) But the truth is, men are obsessed with their penises. To men, they are their penises. Just look at all the different words we have for the penis: there's the d***, the d***, the d***, the p****, the s******, the t**********, the o****** ******* *****, and, of course, the f****** *** ******** ** ****.These are just to name a few. There is a group of men in the pentagon whose sole purpose is to think up new names for the President's penis.

Obsession? No. It's just a good healthy self-indulgent preoccupation. Remember how dad would watch the hockey game with his pants-button undone, and his hand scratching around down there in a restless sort of way, like heÕd dropped a quarter down there? There was nothing sexual about that. It was just another example of A Boy And His Penis. Dad was just scratching it behind the ears in an affectionate way, as if to say, Hey, down there, I'm still your pal, even though I'm watching hockey and not thinking about sex.

It's true. Men see their penises as if they were pets. Proof of this is men's underwear. It has that silly door out the front which serves only one purpose: it allows our penis to see where we are going when we are stumbling around half-conscious in the morning (women, on the other hand, treat their breasts like they were their prisoners, and they blindfold them every morning with bras). This is being very conscientious towards our penises, because then they can warn us about danger:

Man: grmmmmbblllbrmbllllll

Hand: Skritch skritch scratch

Penis: Thank you. A little higher, to the left, yes, right there.

Hand: Scratch, dig, scratch

Penis: HEY WATCH OUT FOR THAT COUNTER! HARD TO PORT! HARD TO PORT!

Man: GrmmbblIOuch

Waist: Crunch

Penis: OWWWW!!!

Hand: Scritch scratch scratch

Woman: Do you have to dig around in your crotch every damned morning?

Penis: Shut up, you old hag! You'll never understand.

Man: Grmblgrmbl

Women, don't understand. Have you ever heard of a woman naming her genitals Mr Happy, or Herman, or some other ridiculous pet name? Course, you think they'd at least want to name their breasts(Laurel and Hardy, Fred and Ginger, Ronny and Gorby, 'Here comes Wendy and Masters and Johnson.').

But I guess it all comes down to differences between men and women. Men are not complete unless they have their hand down their pants, scratching around. Women, on the other hand are not complete unless they are shopping. Shopping Malls, by the way, are devices to enhance Natural Selection, for only the hardiest of men can last an entire shopping trip with a woman.

Woman: Which do you like better? The strapless gown or the off-the-shoulder?

Man: Yawn. I don't know. I don't care. Hurry up.

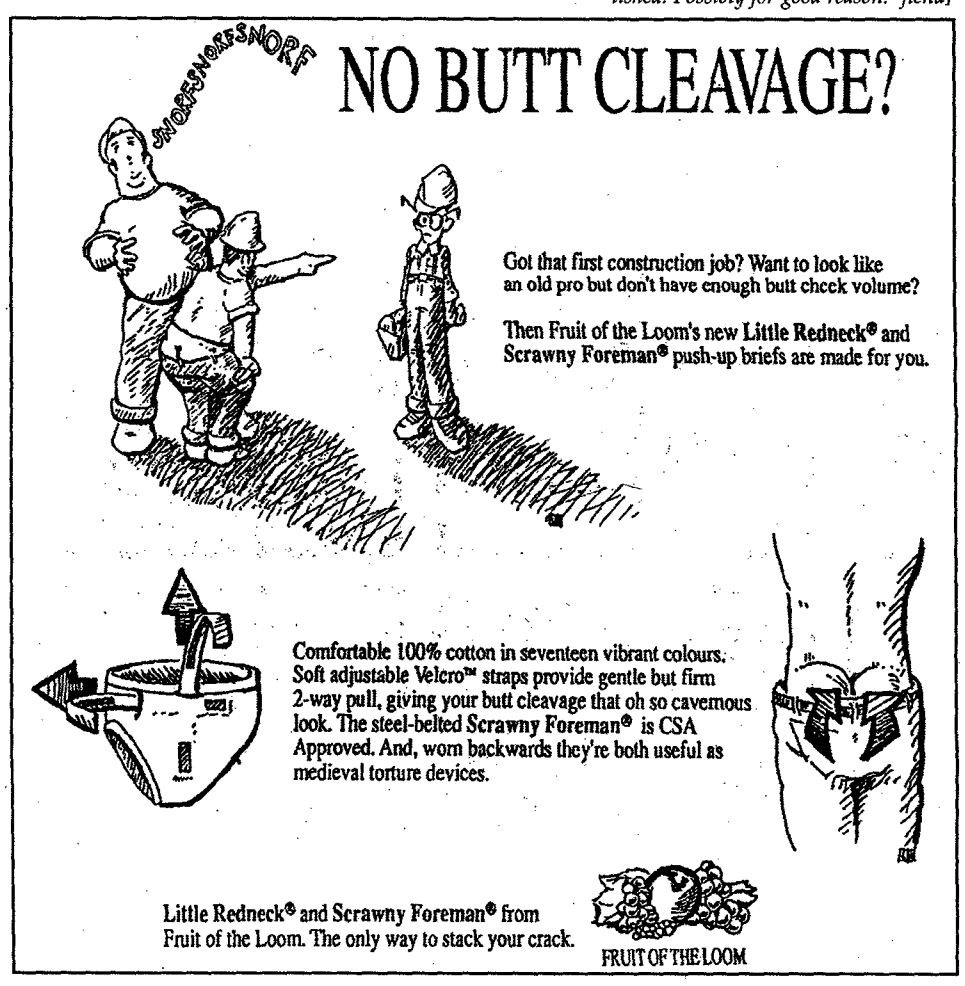
Penis: THE STRAPLESS! GET THE STRAPLESS!

Man: How about the strapless?

Laurel: No way! Those things are hell!

Hardy: I'm with you on this one, Stan.

[This volume 5 era article was never before published. Possibly for good reason. -fiend]



Volume 6

A Plead

Ryan McCuaig

Missing In Action

An exasperated yell! A violent crash! Our hero is found slumped at his desk, devoid of consciousness, with a cryptic message imprinted on his forehead in mirror writing:

QUERTYU
ASDFGH
ZCVBN

Some kind of cipher, perhaps? Where did it come from? And why is there a curl of smoke coming from his keyboard?

Wait! He's coming to! He shakes his head, and looks back towards the glowing screen. He rereads his latest attempt at an editorial for The 432. He looks at his watch. Twenty hours to deadline. No turning back now. This one had better fly.

He sets his manly jaw and begins to type. Slowly, at first, then with increasing speed and enthusiasm as the ideas and words begin to flow.

This might actually work.

The 432 *is wholly produced by students like yourself. (Well, perhaps eighth-year unclassified isn't your profile, but you know what I mean). Ask not what your paper can do for you, but - oh, fuck the cliché. You get my point. If you like the way we're putting this together (it is with your ten bucks, after all), come on in and I'll find some way for you help out. If you think we're a bunch of juvenile assholes who shouldn't have access to the presses of this too damned liberal country, come on in and do something about it. I don't require that anyone have prior experience in writing or drawing for a newspaper, so if you think you've got talent, this could be your big break.*

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

Schrödinger's Fridge

Angry Duck

Looks Like Chicken

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 Volkswagon 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-struture - *oh, hell, I don't remember the rest.*

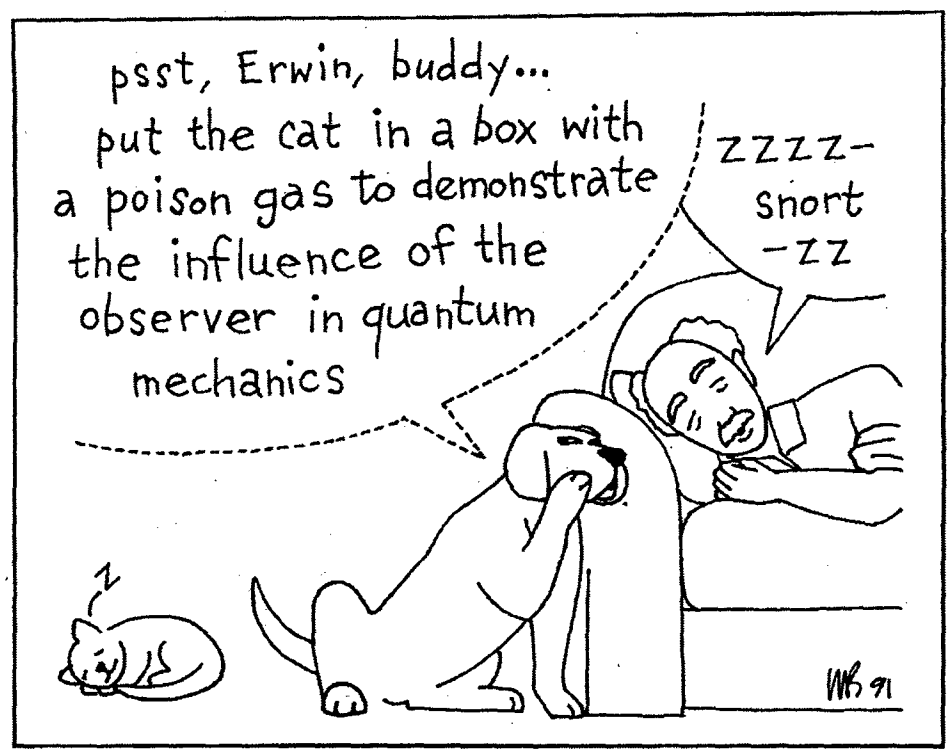
Kurt Preinsperg would defrost a freezer by finding a way to have sex inside it.

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: hello, what's this! Am I falling? Why yes! I am falling... falling...DOWN! Boy, this cud tastes good. I want some more. I wonder if...hello, what's this! Am I falling?...

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.

OFFICIAL EFFORT AT USING THE LAST BITS OF TONER IN OUR LASER PRINTER



Schroedinger's Dog

Just Graduated?
Got No Job?
Got No Money?

Well, Fuck Off.
A Message from your friends at
UBC Financial Services

Volume 7

Karpov Vs. Kasparov: The Final Chapter

Blair McDonald

Deep Thought

(Excerpt from World Chess Championship Game 3)

1. d2-d4 **g8-f6**
2. c2-c4 **f7-g6**
3. b1-c3 **f8-g7**
4. e2-e4 **d7-d6**
5. g1-f3 **Qrs-e5**

At this point, Karpov tries a new tack with Qrs-e5 (Queen from right sleeve to e5).

6. f1-e2 **e7-e5**

Kasparov obviously hasn't noticed Karpov's innovative move. Karpov returns to traditional play.

7. c1-e3 **Blb-g3 / JbKS**

Under the subtle cover of JbS (Jackboot to Kasparov's shin), Karpov introduces a third bishop into play.

8. LIF-KRE **d8-e7**

Kasparov responds with his trademark LIF-KRE (Left index finger to Karpov's right eye).

9. d4Xe5 **$^$%#$**

Karpov instinctively howls in pain and immediately offers uncouth theories concerning the likely species of Kasparov's parentage to general audience.

10. Q-KLN **Q-KLN**

Mutual exchange of Queen to opponent's left nostril.

GAME SUSPENDED FOR TEN MINUTES BY JUDGE

11. c3-d5 **e7-d8**

It appears the hostility between the chess masters has subsided.

12. SsKH **BRHAKH**

It appears the judge was mistaken. 10-pound sledgehammer swung by Kasparov in a bold attempt to pin down Karpov's head.(SsKH) Karpov immediately falls back on the classic Beretta Defense (9mmRc-HsAKH - 9mm pistol removed from concealed shoulder holster and aimed at Kasparov's heart)

13. KRMcC **...**

Kasparov revs hidden McCulloch chainsaw.

GAME DECLARED A DRAW BY OFFICIALS

14. KRTT-JF **KRTT-JF**

Both express extreme displeasure at judges' decision and cunningly respond with the little-known Rin-Tin-Tin Gambit (politely urinating at judges' feet)

14. KKRF-AP

Kasparov and Karpov removed forcibly from arena by angry policemen.

Game 3 is obviously over. Now, for a play-by-play analysis, Mikel Erickson and Michel Joseph from the World Chess Federation.

Erickson: You know, I really feel that Kasparov took control of the match when he attempted to pierce Karpov's cornea. I thought that took real determination, and proved Kasparov's dominance in the cut-throat world of chess.

Joseph: Unfortunately, I can't agree with your assessment of the situation. I'm squarely behind Karpov here. Kasparov didn't display any of the personal integrity I think is critical for a champion. I liked Karpov's honesty with his fifth move, but the way Kasparov concealed that sledgehammer just goes to prove you can't judge a book by its cover.

Erickson: Oh yeah! Well, let me tell you what I think of a certain chess commentator I'm being forced to share this mike with!

1. ertt-jf

Mars or Bust

Trevor Presley

Hammered

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 weÕd 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 onlt 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.

Hoenig's Second law: "never fuck with a nonlinear dynamic system"

Roger Watts: "But hey, if the mukluk fits..."

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

The Keys to Progress

Blair McDonald

Scribbling

Paper is the reaon 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.)

Alcohol and calculus don't mix. Please... don't drink and derive.

Imbibo, ergo sum!

Volume 8

I and the Needle

Tessa Moon

Punctured

I'd rather have my teeth pulled out through my nose than go see a doctor. Unlike such truly detestable groups as lawyers or politicians, docotrs tend to acquire their bad reputation from a few isolated quacks and quirks. Everyone had a childhood physician they were forced to see once a year for vaccination and such -- the doctor who pulled out a huge red lollipop and stuffed it down your throat so it would muffle your screams as he brandished a syriunge the size of a banana.

Now, if you were so unlucky as to have an illness you couldn't conceal from your parents -- say, if you were in danger of drowning in your milk and corn flakes -- back to the doctor you went. Emergencies were the worst. You didn't have an appointment, so the waiting-room nurse got to have some fun with you. She wouldn't allow you the relative dignity of keeping the thermometer in your mouth, reminding you of the time you bit one in half and tried to drink the mercury. So she'd pick you up like a puppy and take you into a little cubicle and of course it's an accident that she shoves the thermometer in so deep it just gets lost inside you, along with he two or three from tbe previous years. You still fancy you hear a clinking every time you jump up and down. . . .

As adults, you avoid the doctor's office like ... like it was a doctor's office. But there are things that will ofrce you back -- mandatory physicals, suspected terminal illnesses, and allsuch. And it all comes flooding back as you sit in a paper gown, slowly dissolving into a sodden puddle of paranoia, staring at the walls of a room that looks like it was decorated by Sylvia Plath.

First, the nurse comes in with a huge empty syringe. "Do you know the total blood volume of the average human?" You ask when you finish staring.

The nurse looks at you like you're several pancakes short of a stack, but politely assures you that she does indeed.

"Then so you know how much we can lose without turning into a flaccid, drained sac?" You demand with increasing horror.

She rolld her eyes. And before you know it, she sticks the needle into your arm. Eleven tried later, she finally has her sample. You mumble something about her having to explain in a court of law why your lunchtime Snapple comes quirting out of little holes all over your arm, but she cheerfully ignores you as she waves the doctor in.

The doctor looks distinctly motherly -- that is, she looks as though she would like to poke you many times with a sharp instrument while assuring you that it's all for your own good. As she fingers an ominous-looking device you don't want to recognize, she tries to reassure you. "You might have heard that I make little castles out of my patients' gallbladders," she says. "But I only do that when I'm sober, so you'll be all right."

You snap just about then. You scream at the top of your kungs as you race out of the room, through the office, and down the corridor. You hear the clinking of those thermometers lost of old, and run even harder. You swear never, ever to set foot in a hospital again. As you look back for signs of pursuit, you don't see the flight of stairs ahead.

John and the Bejeezus.

John Hallett

Burning Up

All teenage males (and some females) 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 accidently 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 desinens 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 school, and a fifth party was at the target site with a walkie talkie and camera to document the event and call back targeting instructions. 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. Being the wisemen we were we decided: "what the hell".

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?

(What the hell is a bejeezus exactly? And why do people lose them when they get really scared? After extensive research, involving a Gomer Pile Reunion Special and The Jerry Lewis Telethon cycled continuously for hours on end, we have determined a bejeezus is probably a gland of some kind.)*

EasyGuide© To Winning Student Elections

Blair McDonald

I cannot tell a lie

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 especially 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.

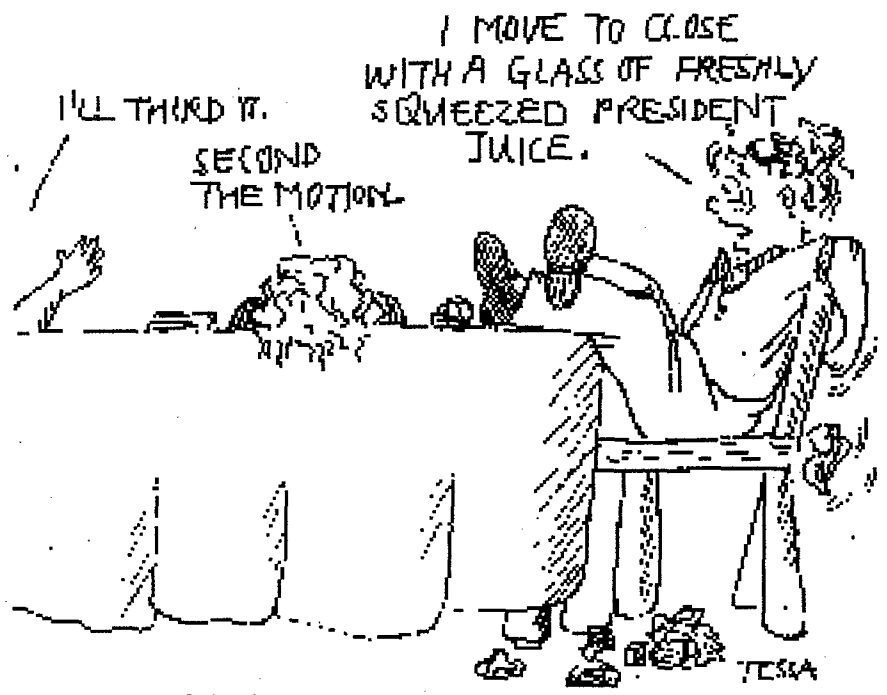
Slam everyone else. Don't bother going out and researching the issues. It's simply not necessary, ever since Webster's Third Collegiate had the following entry under corrupt.

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.



A typical 6-hour AMS Council meeting

Volume 9

They're Still Scouting for the Anti-Christ

Jeremy Thorpe

*Goalie Sh*t!!*

For centuries, the debate between Christianity and various Eastern religions has raged in taverns, on the battlefields, and in our houses. Finally, though, the question has been taken to a higher authority. We join the game, already in progress.

HN: Welcome back to Key Arena in Boston, I'm Harry Neale.

BC: And I'm Bob Cole. Let me tell you, folks, this has been one of the most exciting games of hockey I have ever had the pleasure to watch.

HN: It sure has, Bob. This is the first ever game between the Christians and the Eastern Religious Coalition, and both of these teams definitely have something to prove.

BC: That's right, Harry. Going into the third period, with the score tied at one, we're definitely heading for an exciting twenty minutes of hockey. The Christians, with an early goal from Christ in the first, looked to have things under control; but with Buddha's goal late in the second, we have a game on our hands.

HN: Buddha is a great big power forward, and the Christians will have to watch out for him in the final period. I tell you, If I were in The Pope's position, seeing that line coming at me, I'd be hard pressed to make the save. Buddha, Mohammed and the Dali Lama... oh boy.

BC: Well Harry, if there's anyone who's up to it, it's The Pope. You may disagree with his views on same sex marriage, but you can't disagree with that wicked glove hand.

HN: Bob, it looks like they're just about to drop the puck. Jesus Christ will take the draw, as expected. Looks like he'll line up against Laotsu, who was the leading scorer in the Taoist league.

BC: There's the drop... and Jesus wins the draw handily, passing it back to Moses on the wing. Moses takes the puck back into his own zone, and feathers a pass to John the Baptist.

HN: We saw Laotsu lose the draw there again... that non-confrontationalist style of his really hasn't been effective against the hard hitting Christians.

BC: John the Baptist is having some trouble in along the boards... OH! A huge hit from Buddha on John the Baptist, who almost lost his head on that hit. Buddha is really throwing his weight around tonight! David Koresh fishes the puck out from the boards, and races across the blueline... and play is called offside.

HN: What a surprise David Koresh has been. Of course you'll remember his excellent showing in the minor leagues; leading scoring for the Waco Wranglers, but some have questioned his ability to make it in the big league.

BC: Well Harry, he's really caught fire tonight, keeping pace with Christ. He's been working hard tonight, and I wouldn't be surprised if he put one in. The play resumes in the Christian end; this time Mohammed wins the draw from Moses, and puts the puck back to the Dali Lama on the point. The Dali Lama heads in along the boards, and... OH MY LORD!

HN: What a hit by Noah! I think he had the elbow up a bit on that hit... The Dali Lama is still down. Fans are shouting for a call on that play, but the referee doesn't have his whistle out.

BC: Harry, I think that should have been an easy call for Referee Jean-Paul Sartre. Noah definitely had his elbow involved in that one. You know, Sartre may be an atheist, but he sure seems to be giving the Christians a hand tonight.

HN: The ERC fans are really making a lot of noise, and it looks like an entire section of Tibetan Monks have poisoned themselves in protests just below us up here in the press box. That may put some pressure on Sartre... I wouldn't be surprised if we see an easy call on the Christians some time soon.

BC: Play has resumed with no call... The Dali Lama had to be helped to the bench by the trainer, but he was on his feet, which is always a good sign. In the meantime, Moses takes the puck for the Christians, and skates up ice... he's in against Confucius and Hirohito. Moses... fakes to the right, splits the defense! He's in all alone against Shiva! Takes the shot...and a GREAT save by Shiva!

HN: I really thought Moses had the goaltender beat with that shot, but he managed to get that third glove hand up just in time. What an effort by Moses, though, to part the defense... the ERC team really has to tighten things up if they want to stay in this game.

BC: Well Harry, there's been a call behind the play, and it looks like Jesus Christ will be heading to the box. I'm not quite sure what the call was, but he sure doesn't look happy.

HN: Bob, it looks like Christ will get ten minutes for the sins of man. That's the second penalty of the game for Christ... if he doesn't watch out, he'll be headed for a crucifixion. That was an unfortunate penalty for the Christians. Not only have they lost their star player, but they'll be short handed for next ten minutes — with only fifteen minutes left in this third period. I'd hate to be without the First One, particularly at a time like this. It looks like it'll be up to their other star forward, Noah, to keep the team afloat.

BC: The Christians have played well without Christ before, and they'll have to do so again to stay alive. The puck is dropped... Buddha wins the draw, and heads into the Christian zone. He's got Mohammed close behind, with Confucius coming up from the blueline. Mohammed hovers at the point, passes across to Buddha... Buddha drops it in to Confucius at the front of the net... the pass is intercepted by Judas, who shoots the puck out of the zone. Mohammed is out after it... waits for his teammates to cross the line, and dumps the puck back in. The Pope comes out of the net for the puck, and drops it back to Judas. Judas manages to get the puck out of the zone again, with a hard shot along the boards.

HN: Judas sure has had a good game, Bob. He's the kind of player you can really trust with the puck. That was some good penalty killing by the Christians...Jesus has just come out of the penalty box, and back onto the ice. The ERC were unable to capitalize on that crucial power play... lets see if they can get something together in the final five minutes.

BC: Jesus heads back into his own zone, circles behind the net... passes the puck to Judas, and heads up ice. Judas takes the pass from Jesus, heads out in front of his own goal... he's turning... it almost looks like he's going to...

HN: He is! He did! Judas has scored on his own net! Jesus is looking back in disbelief... it looks like the Pope has dropped his gloves, and is skating toward Judas... this could get nasty!

BC: Harry, I can't believe that Judas did that on purpose, yet he seems to be celebrating the goal! This is crazy! With only three minutes left on the clock... I don't know how long it'll take for play to resume.

HN: Sartre and both of his linesmen are pulling the players apart... it looks like Judas will be escorted to the dressing room. You know, it's lucky Jesus is so forgiving... I'd hate to have his wrath on my hands. Indeed, it looks like Christ will get his team back in line for the final three minutes. You really have to admire Christ's ability to rise up over adversity. That's leadership for you.

BC: I have to agree with you there, Harry. The Christians have Christ, Moses, and Noah on the ice, with John the Baptist and Koresh on the blueline. Look for The Pope to leave the ice for an extra attacker. The puck is dropped at centre ice... Christ wins the draw handily, passes back to Moses. Just two minutes left on the clock. Moses takes the puck up left wing, and The Pope is heading off the ice. Jimmy Swaggart skates of the bench to join with the rush. Moses dumps the puck in... Noah heads in to the play along the boards... gets control of the puck. He's hovering behind the net... thirty seconds left on the clock. Noah dumps it out front... Christ takes the puck... slides it across the net for Koresh... the shot! HE SCORES! DAVID KORESH! IT'S ALL TIED UP!

HN: David Koresh made an excellent play to tie the game up, with four seconds left. That'll definitely give David a bit more respect. I think this one's going into overtime...

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...

Which is worse:
Ignorance or Apathy?

Who knows?
Who cares?

Volume 10

He's Jer and he's in a band

Jeremy Thorp

Hung Over

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 orang-utans 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.

Jer Thorp really is the lead singer of an up and coming band called Speedbump. They're good. But their Sound Guy is absolutely awesome.

-ed.

Losing it.

Phil Ledwith

Thirteenth Monkey

And in the meantime life goes on
ticking like a meantime bomb
and stories all start once upon a meantime
-Peter Blegvad.

I've had enough. I'm sick of them all; Barney the Dinosaur, Bob Dole, old grannies on the bus with their evil twittering hypocrisy, Ted Bundy, Flipper reruns. I hate the Eco-Nazi vegetarian chipmunk artsies wearing black all the damn time, I hate the yappy next door neighbour's dog, and people with girlfriends, people with boyfriends, people, near people, telephone solicitors. That's it. I'm getting a flame thrower and I'm gonna torch them all.

It started about four or five days ago, smacking the alarm clock at some God awful pre-dawn hour while still dreaming about sex and waking up with my eyes closed thinking oh-my-Gawd-it's-cold-enough-to freeze-the-balls-off-a-monkey and then realizing at the same time that there's nothing but air underneath you and I'm gonna fall and I'm at least fifty stories off the ground and then I twist like a monkey on some freon-PCP cocktail in a desperate attempt to save my self from falling and then I drop with a resounding thump to the carpet which is in fact at the same level as my mattress because I can't afford a bed. Putting on my underwear as I get out of the shower while shoving a fistful of stale cheerios into my mouth, then taking off the underwear and putting it back on again the right way round, tripping over my alarm clock which has moved again as I do so. My alarm clock is alive; it's actually an electronic rat tethered to the wall by a plastic cord. As my foot hits it, the alarm clock bites me. I'm screaming in agony over my toe because my alarm clock is Godawfully huge, and I'm falling and I can't see my socks in the dark and outside, the sky is rainier and the cold is colder and I keep getting sprayed with muddy sluice crap as the bus trundles past me at my bus stop and I'd swear the driver actually *smiles* his most evil "I've got you now, young skywalker" smile as he goes by.

My life at this point is more and more looking like an outtake from *Twelve Monkeys* with a sort of Woody Allen ironic twist. (if you've not seen *Twelve Monkeys*, it's about a bald guy who comes from a different time and so everyone else thinks he is insane, until eventually he also thinks he is insane. If you've never seen me you'll just have to trust me when I say to you that this is an uncannily appropriate movie for me to be discussing right now) And just when I thought it couldn't possibly get any worse, I went and turned up for my midterm.

When I say that I turned up for my midterm, what I actually mean is: I was running over for my midterm, books in hand, and I passed by Markus, one of my classmates who'se name I can't spell properly. "Markus", I yell brightly, "Midterms, eh? Gotta love 'em." Then I noticed that Markus was preparing to *leave* campus. "Where are you going?" I asked, obviously puzzled that my classmate would be so dense as to deliberately miss a midterm. Markus answered with a question of his own. "Why weren't you at the midterm?" he asked me, and it was then that the sinking feeling began. You see, Markus was leaving class because class was now over, and my watch had not been shifted to daylight savings yet so I hadn't realized the discrepancy until now. Of course, being on time wouldn't really have helped. You see, the midterm was *last* week, and I've not only fumbled the ball, I'm playing on a whole different field to everyone else. Despondent and lost, I decide to spend a few quality minutes with my beloved friends, who I felt sure would sympathize and perhaps offer me some balming words of wisdom.

John's words of wisdom were, and I quote: " Wow, you're really stupid. Finished your article yet? Deadline's in fifteen minutes."

Well "phpbbbtbtbtttt!"

Ever noticed that whenever you're really depressed and you've got almost no money left you run into a Purdy's chocolate shop? I hate the evil old hags that run these stores. I look in and there she is, and I'd swear it's the same one, and she's about four hundred and thirty and she looks like Griselda the Wicked Witch of the East and it's just one little chocolate dearie, just a one, yes, and you're standing there and you're sweating and you're shaking because you're so tired and depressed and it's been so long it feels like practically forever since you last had chocolate and you know that if you buy this you can't afford rent and so you're just standing there and she knows.

Evil. EEvil.

EEEeeeeviiiill.

They'll find you, wherever you are. They follow you around, like parasites, like frikkin vultures. They wait til your most vulnerable moment, because they know you'll buy. You can't help it. You'll cough up that wad of cash you were saving for rent and you'll buy fourteen chocolate hazlenut hedgehogs and a couple of marshmallow bars and maybe just one toffee brittle because we're never going to do this again. Oh no, this is it. Definitely the last time. I'm kicking the habit me. And all the time that *eeeevil* woman is up there in your head and she's cackling her evil twisted laugh of joy as she rubs the money between her fingers and chocolatey goo dribbles through the gaps between her teeth and runs down her chin. Meanwhile you crawl on home, starving because you have no food, guilty because you have no rent money, and obsessed by your chocolate fix which you smuggle in beneath your coat and past your trusted friends and roommates and eat in the cupboard beneath the stairs in the dark in case you might get caught. But of course your roommates choose that day to vacuum for the first time since the crusades and so of course you do get caught and to make it worse you bought too much and now you feel sick.

So you go outside to get some fresh air and the neighbour's dog starts yapping again and finally you can't take it anymore, you can't stand it all, so you grab a sharp axe and you start running at the little bundle of joy and you're clubbing away and you haven't hit it yet but any minute now you will just let it hold still for a second let it trap itself in a corner and there's this red haze appearing in front of your eyes and you're almost about to sound a bestial yell of defiance from the bottom of your gene pool. As your mouth drops open for that great primal scream you see your next door neighbour watching you run rampant on their garden trying to kill their dog. That's when your blood turns to icewater and you really do feel sick.

I'd go on, but by now I'd say you're getting the picture. My only chance is to leave the country, so by the time you all read this, I'm going to be in Guelph. Or maybe even back from Guelph if we leave early and if I ever manage to find the airplane with all that blood in my alcohol stream. And if I so much as glance across a guy in a kilt singing about his lost scottish heritage I'm gonna provide him with the sort of traditional sporran attachment that'll keep him from ever eating haggis again.

Seen Trainspotting?

We didn't have to.

'Nuff said.

-ed.

I've been drinking Gin and Tonics. Liquid panty remover!

-Bree Baxter

I also don't want to come across as an elitist, it's just I think we're better than everyone else. Wait a second, that doesn't sound too good. Oh well, it's not elitist if none of the peons read it.

-Jake Gray, in his article in The 432, volume 10 issue 7.

More Volume 10

(aka the page 'o Jake)

Constipation and you.

Jake the Clogged

Corked Columnist

This, gladly, is an affliction with which I have never dealt. I have, on the other hand, dealt with the opposite of constipation. This is not as easily dealt with. It's rather hard to specifically eat to give a little more consistency to the results of digestion. I'm really tired of talking of digestive difficulties. I never wanted to, but John wanted some information on the terrible affliction of constipation. Quite frankly I don't see the problem, you eat a few more bran muffins in the morning, have a couple more cups of coffee and be near a toilet when the alkaloids other than caffeine kick in.

What about Athlete's Foot? Now there's an affliction that the world health organization needs to put a little effort into. Now again, I'm not an athlete. Now I'm not saying I'm a fat lazy couch potato who picks scabs and watches paint peel and grows small plants in my belly button lint. In fact, I play a few sports. I play soccer, I snowboard, I've even been known to go for a run for no good reason other than the fact it wasn't raining. I'm just saying I haven't devoted my god-like frame to the pursuit of sports excellence, hence I am not an Athlete.

But take a look at an actual athletes foot, **they are gross**! They look like left over spinach dip from the party you had two weeks ago. I really don't like spinach, cooked spinach, canned spinach, spinach dip, spinach salad, lasagna with spinach and just plain old spinach leaves from the garden. I don't like any of it. But anyway, athlete's feet, whether they're diseased or not are just not very pretty.

Come to think of it, not too many feet are very appealing. How hard can it be to cure one little disease? Its just a fungus, for crying out loud! I think some day in the future when pigs can fly and Hiro can out-drink anyone, there will be a great miracle and the Almighty will bring forth from the fiery pits of arm a new and marvelous product which, using the great power of aerosol, will deposit a God-sent cure which will provide instant relief from the atomic fire of the nasty little eukaryote.

Wait a second. Maybe they do already have a cure. Well the World Health Organization should work on... hmmm... well they should work on something other than what they're working on now. What was I spewing off about? Who cares? It's not like I'm making any great strides in human understanding of the universe. I don't think I can possibly improve on my own understanding of the universe, knowing that the universe actually does revolve around me. Maybe that's why I've been getting dizzy on the toilet.

Wisdom Teeth.

Jake the Clogged

Extremely Wise Columnist

I've had my wisdom teeth out, along with a good chunk of other people, and I don't think I'm any less wise because of it. I think I've grown as a person because of the experience. You see, now I'd actually realize what would be involved in yanking teeth and would probably not go through it until I was in more pain than the operation would entail. I was lucky, I had mine out two years ago when I was young and invincible. It took me a grand total of two days to recover. I have a 21 year old friend, lets just call him J. Thorp, no that's too obvious let's call him Jeremy T., who is currently enduring teething pain as his wisdom teeth emerge from there oral cocoon. All I can do is point and laugh at his imminent pain and suffering.

Whoever came up with the idea that just because you've got a couple of extra teeth your supposed to be some big old wise guy capable of perching atop Mt. Sinai fielding questions from people who were probably a little bit delirious by the time they got to the top of the mountain, anyway? Thinking about it, the guru himself has got to be a little light headed sitting up there breathing low oxygen air for years on end.

You see my dad still has his wisdom teeth and he is far from wise. I admit he has a law degree and is somewhat successful, but sometimes he accomplishes acts of stupidity beyond the realm of mortal men. Hence the activities of last weekend.

We live out in the toolies, the bush, a rural area, the back forty, in the middle of no where, better known as Langley. We have a few trees that grow on the borders of our property right next to the power lines. So we decided (I say 'we' like the decision was made after careful consideration by all parties involved) to take the trees down which were leaning out over the power lines. This is a very precarious position.

Luckily for my Dad he has an eager son who is ready to shiny up the rotten trunk to tie ropes to the tree so it falls the right way, the way completely opposite to the way the tree is leaning. Normally this would be an entirely acceptable proceeding and I was actually enjoying myself. Despite the sparrows trying to peck my eyeballs out with their kamikaze dives at my head, missing by mere picometres. Despite the wasps nest I climbed through releasing hordes of Lucifer's pride to sting me into a stupor. Despite the large branch which was right between my legs when my grip momentarily lapsed, letting me slide down to an amazingly uncomfortable rest.

Despite all this being outside and at one with nature was bringing me closer to that devine state of nirvana, and then the tree started to crack. This was not a good thing.

As the tree hurtled to the ground with me atop, I had a few moments to contemplate a few issues. Number one, I was really happy we had BC Hydro come and shut off the fourteen thousand volts that normally runs through the wire through which the tree was now hurtling. Number two seeing how heavy trees actually are I was really glad I was sitting on top of it. Number three, why the hell did I climb up this tree in the first place? So we could chop it down before it fell down? There's a brilliant idea.

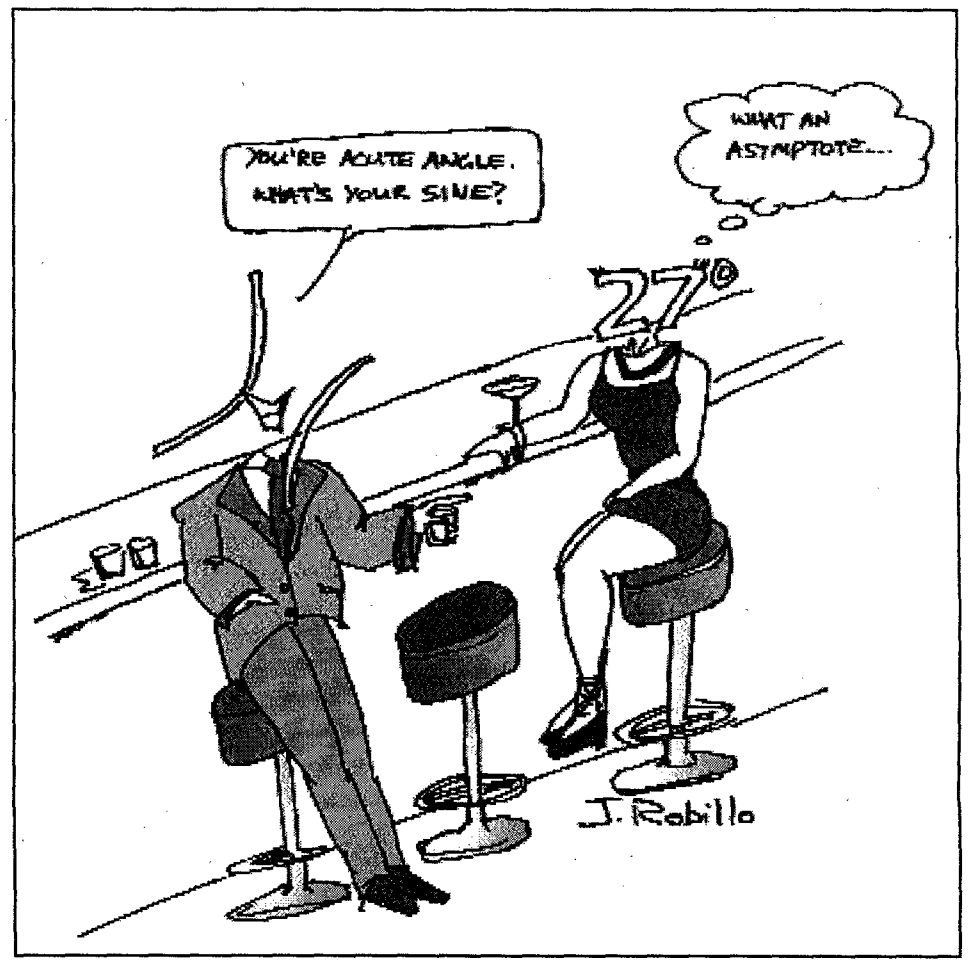
Now most mortal men, or women it doesn't really matter, would have fell to there untimely death among the bramble and large smashing, rib breaking, leg snapping branches of the alder on which I was so precariously perched, but not I. I leaped to the next tree in a very Cliffhangeresque move just barely able to grab for my life onto a large branch with the very tips of my fingers. After pulling myself up onto the branch my wise old father, who still has his wisdom teeth, yelled up at me "Why the hell did you do that? For Christ's sake you just took out the power line!" Gee, Pa, ya don't say. So I started to climb down the tree only to slip and fall landing in a very large blackberry bush which I had so deftly avoided only moments earlier. Unfortunately I smacked the side of my face on the way down receiving a bruise in almost exactly the same position where my face was swollen when I had my wisdom teeth out.

Maybe wisdom teeth do give you some wisdom. My dad was smart enough to send me up instead of going up himself.

Jake Gray *is one of those few people who will do almost anything that you ask of him. We even got him to dance naked on the Chemistry roof. Well, we didn't really have to persuade him* that *much.*

-ed

Cupid's early trials with the pneumatic nail gun.



At the math bar.

Volume 11

Time Travel Sucks.

John Hallett

Jules Verne?

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...

John is currently building a time machine, based on the plans he found in the back of an old comic book. Anyone have a Batman decoder ring? -ed

Frosh Fashion Guide TM

Miss Jenn

Well Dressed

Back-to-school brings another crop of freshmen eager to make a good impresson (on who, it begs to gbe asked...) There's no better way to turn heads than by the clothes yo wear - the right ensemble can take you from a lowly freshman face in the crowd to a hip and suave upperclassman. But, how, you ask, can I effect such a wondrous change? Well, sweeties, listen up 'cos the doctor is in. Miss Jenn's Guide to Practical and Suave Academic Fashion should be taken as gospel...

Buy a Lab Coat. Wear It.

Nothing says "stylin'" like a too-big 100% cotton lab coat. Lab coats are only required in second eyar and beyond, and a little alteration goes a long way... Go to the Chem lab. Get some potassium permanganate (purple liquid) and spill copious quantities on your coat. Next, find some 20M HCl. Take off your coat (this part is somewhat important) and pour the acid here and there. This will give you some lovely holes (be creative - try to make the holes into shapes.) Holding your coat over a bunsen burner gives a nice two-tone effect as well. And there you go - now you're a Chemistry post-doctoral fellow with the battle scars to show. While you're at it, trade in your Ray ans for some tinted safety goggles.

#2. Comfortable Shoes.

In your four years here, you're gonna walk a lot. Most of it in the rain. Those open-toes platofrm sandals from first-year will, I guarantee, be replaced by the bastion of the elderly - sensible footwear. Go to a unfirm supply store, but several pair of nurse's shoes, white. They go really well with the lab coat.

#3. Minimalist Luggage.

People age, when you age you can't carry heavy loads, and alcohol accelerates the process. Ergo, a 20 year old who has been to more than forty beer gardens is in worse physical shape than Keith Richards. This is why nobody past first year carries a backpack larger than a minibar (though some do carry minibars.) In fact, some people have completed entire Ph.D.'s on nothing more than Starbucks napkins using a pencil nicked from a mini golf course. If you really need a carry-all of some sort though, a Safeway bag is a cheap and chic alternative.

#4: Rainwear.

UBC gets a bit soggy after September, outside and in. Sometimes the Rowing crew practices in Buchana's hallways (don't believe me? -there are oar marks on the lockers...) When you find yorself i the rain, forget about an umbrella - they're too big, they track water inside, they smell after awhile, and they'll poke holes in your Safeway bag. You know those transparent plastic kerchiefs than you tie under your neck? Very useful, and I'll be damned if it doesn't go with any outfit. Last year, some of the campus hipsters were spotted in bathing caps studded with plastic flowers - chic.

And that's it! 4 easy steps and you too can be a hep cat or hip kitten. If you don't instantly become the object of intense campus-wide lust, it's not the fault of the clothes. It's probably just some inherent major personality defect; I can cure you in 5 sessions.

And tht's it. Mildly amusing and pretty damned practical, if I may say so myself. Ciao!

Open Letter to "The Man"

Jake Gray

Not The Man

Dear Mr. Man,

Firstly let me thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to read my letter. Secondly I have a question; must you persist in making my life more difficult than it should be?

Look you white bread, Kentucky fried eating, Mars Bar deep frying, cheese out of a can, foot fungus, southern drawl, java sipping, international consortium forming, government toppling, professional wrestling match fixing, grand conspiracy rat bastard, I'm on to you.

I've had enough of you sticking you're grimy little black hand into my daily affairs. How else could my taxes get fucked up, my registration for summer classes get cancelled, a freeway get planned to run through my house, my dog get picked up by the pound, and my entire collection of swedish pornography go missing in one week?

Now that the formal whining is out of the way, let me be the first to congratulate you on attaining your illustrious position. I myself am currently attempting to finish my degree so that I may get on with pursuing my career in the field of evil science. I feel my degree in genetics will provide an adequate basis for a life of arch villainy. I would like to get your opinion on a few plans of mine.

I am currently attempting to develop a strain of really really bad plaque. This airborne spore forming bacteria would cause massive oral degradation in a matter of days. Before releasing this menace into society, I would make massive investments into Colgate, Listerine, Crest, Aim, and Oral-B making millions on the ensuing mad dash for oral hygiene products.

My second plot involves creating a race of man eating hamsters and sneaking them into unsuspecting youngsters pet cages in the middle of the night. Then when the kids wake up and go to play with their pets, the hamsters will become violently enraged and chew their young owners heads off. I haven't figured out how to make money with this one, but I really like the idea of crazed man eating hamsters.

The third plot is a little more involved and at this point in time is simply beyond the scope of my resources. Firstly I must take over the world supply of Bauxite. This would allow me to slowly acquire all of the global aluminum smelting operations. Once control of aluminum supply has been confirmed, I may undergo a massive plan to capture all of the worlds sheep through the construction of secret aircraft quality sheep leg traps. Once all of the worlds sheep have been collected, I will remove all of their pituitary glands to be used in the Kon Tiki Fire Dance of Love. This dance will be performed in the London Stock exchange forcing all of the stock brokers to become over-enamoured with my pet duck "Winston". With all of the brokers vying for the affection of Winston I will force them to into giving me a free hand in the stock market of London. Once I have taken control of the LSE I will be able to finance a theme park to be built on the Moon. I will call it Moonworld. The main attraction will be a roller coaster three times higher than the C.N. Tower. The roller coaster will actually end up running into a pit of boiling acid. Seeing as only the most extravagantly wealthy people will be able to afford to fly to the happiest place in the solar system, I will be able to clear the world of the financial leaders, leaving it open for a quick easy takeover.

I would appreciate any criticism you could offer to my plots for world domination. I could also use any advice you have for an up and coming villain.

Perhaps in years to come I will achieve the state of a "nasty guy" and, with a little luck, perseverance and guile, maybe I could eventually be "the Man". And hey, could I please have my Swedish porn back?

Hrm... let's see... I've got the Swiss Porn, the Jamaican Porn, the Dutch Porn, and that stuff from Langley. Nothing from Sweden, though. Sorry.

-ed

Volume 12

Rants from the Ska Queen

Miss Jenn

Well Dressed

This article is going to be a collection of complaints, because according to all of my therapists, complaining is a really good cure for advanced systemic nymphomania.

Last night I was at the VooDoo Glow Skulls concert at the Starfish Room. Really hardcore Latin ska. All of the kids there were wearing hooded sweatshirts. I hate hoods. People who wear hoods deserve to have those little string ties that you use to make your hood tighter hung from a clotheshook in a seedy hotel bathroom and then tightened, so they'd all die in what looked like a freak mass auto-erotic asphyxiation accident. That would be good.

I hate those damn wallet chains too. Little wallet chains are good. Big wallet chains are bad. There is really nothing less appealing than a 9 year old Aaron Carter looka-like wandering around with a 6ft length of anchor chain hanging from their scrawny waist. People that wear wallet chains should have them attached to passing trucks.

I hate the way that the crack being sold on the streets these days is really shitty quality. Back in the day, you used to be able to ride that crystal rock high all the way into the night. Not anymore, man, not anymore.

I hate it when I'm doing my laundry and when I bring all my clothes back from the laundry room I drop a pair of underwear in the hall. I never drop the boring underwear. It's always the little red pair. And it always appears on my doorknob the next day. I hate to think where it's been in the interim.

I hate those people who'll be walking to the Skytrain and they'll hear one of the trains coming, and they'll run like a midget with a rabid monkey down their pants. The goddamned trains run every three minutes, so slow down for %^&*'s sake.

I hate it when Jake Gray decides he's going to build a bomb, and you know there's nothing you or the authorities can do it about.

I hate it when you're sitting around the office talking about the good old days and the first years start saying "Oh yeah, that was classic" or they start telling the stories. It's not like any of them were there when it happened. Jesus. Kids these days.

I hate trying to get blood of the walls. I hate trying to pick the hair and bone fragments off the end of the mallet even more. Damn ex-boyfriends.

I hate it when some pig in the room farts and refuses to admit it because then you have to make sniffy motions with your nose as if to say "Who did that foul thing? Twas not me."

I hate surprise anal rape. Especially if it involves Jake and the army of squirrels I know he is mobilizing.

Bye bye, and watch out for squirrels with wallet chains and hooded sweatshirts.

Miss Jenn knows how to write; always start with a sentence that makes the reader want to continue. -ed

MSMB 312: Destroying the Evidence

Andy Martin

Obstructing Justice

Due to overwhelming demand, and the sudden realization that about half the university population is male, the University of British Columbia has opened a new faculty to facilitate the ever diversifying fields of study undertaken at one of the world's leading institutions of higher learning. Start in Winter Session 1999 we are pleased as punch to be the first university or college in the world to offer you courses in Men's Studies and Male Bonding. Here to let you know more is our official MSMB representative, Andy Martin!

Hello all! This new faculty will be fully staffed with ten professors and twenty-five teaching assistants, all led by our new Dean: Dr. Don Cherry. New Scholarships such as the John Wayne Memorial award and the Dennis Leary Asshole bursary will be initiated and will only to available to men. As well, a new rickety wooden hut will be put together outside of Brock Hall, right in front of the Women's Studies hut so that we may moon...I mean INTERACT WITH, our sister faculty.

New courses starting next year (with more to follow in the upcoming terms) are:

MSMB 100 (6): Introduction to Manhood. An interdisciplinary exploration of the situation of men in various societies, both past and present. Selected readings and theoretical analysis are used to broaden the understanding of the determinates of men's experience [3-0;3-0]

MSMB 200 (3): Sports. A quality held above all is great knowledge of sports, past and present. Focus is on statistics and what makes a great athlete in any sport. Final exams will consist of an essay entitled, 'Who was the best?' [3-0]

MSMB 201 (3): Cars. A man's pride and joy is his car. This course teaches you what are the best cars for crusin' , speeding, and barreling down mountain slopes. Teaches you how to take care of your baby and what to do (and who to blame) if something ever goes wrong with her [3-3]

MSMB 230 (6): Beer. Learn the ins and outs of what makes the world go 'round: mouth-watering beer. Learn how beer is made, what makes a good beer and various tricks on how to order and drink it. Labs consist of tastings. Lab Marks are based on chugging tests at the end of the term. [2-4-0;2-4-0]

MSMB 203 (6): Beer for Honours Students. Same as as MSMB 230, except an enriched course load with a micro-brewing tutorial. [3-4-2,3-4-2]

MSMB 225 (3): Men in Society. [Artsy-fartsy explanation...blah blah blah...]. [3-0]

MSMB 300 (6): Introduction to Gender Relations. An interdisciplinary look at gender, SEX(ual Identity), and (gender) relations, emphasizing historical and cross-cultural (wink-wink, nudge, nudge!) aspects and the social construction of masculinity and femininity. Only one of MSMB 300 or WMST 300 may be taken (though ours is the only real one.) [2-0;2-1]

MSMB 303(3): Ecology of Men. Introduction to the study of male populations and their relations to their physical and biological environments. Topics include the effects of beer on the environment, optimal-chick theory, and succession.

MSMB 330 (3): Hard Liquor. The logical follow-up course to MSMB 230. Learn how hard liquor is made and how to ingest it like a man. Learn to take it straight, and what mixes are not frowned on as downright girly. Marks will be based on a mid-term drink-off and a final test of student's own moonshine. [2-4-0]

MSMB 333 (6): Men on Film. From John Wayne to John Shaft, this course covers great men of the genre and their effects on both film and society in general. Study, review and critical analyis of the actors and the film will be the basis for making schemes. Great male films such as 'Rambo', 'Animal House' and "Faster Pussycat !Kill! Kill!' will also be reviewed. [2-3-0]

MSMB 353 (3): Male Physiology and Medicine. Yes, we know that you'd rather not hear about prostate problems, just as we'd rather not hear about your 'cycles.' But if women get a whole course to sick us out, then we have to get one too. [3-2-0]

MSMB 448 (3/6): Directed Studies. Take what you have learned in the class and apply it to a project in the outside world. Create and carry out an original study dealing with circumstances and issues vital to men and their place in the world.

MSMB 500(6): Advanced Maleness. Seminar Series whose subjects include: taking down a charging animal and killing it with your bare hands, maintaining a suave air for a straight week in a casino, and taking down a whole army of bad guys using only your wits, fists, and Swiss army knife. [6-0-0]

Curent Thesis Defended next year:

Master's Thesis:

Hocky, M.: A Regressional Analysis between Number of Beers Consumed and Perceived Penis Size.

Martin, A.: Preserving Manliness in the Era of Tofu.

Ph.D. Thesis

Johansson, J.: Micheal Jackson: What the Fuck?

SWM Seeks 2 Subserviant BiWF

Andy Martin

Witty Comment Here

Okay, dagnabbit, if everybody else gets to talk relationship humour, I get to too. Of course, I want to do a general observation, and not a personal one. Mostly becuase I want you laughing with me, not at me. True, it's been over a year since one silly girl who I'd gone out with a few times, hopped up on painkillers, let the word 'boyfriend' slip (without the words 'Leave me alone, you sick bastard, or I'll call my' attached). Yes, I've been unattached for over a year now, but that's the price you pay for having straight A's while holding onto your job as world class body builder. And ya know, I kind of like it this way.

If you read my articles regularly (good for you!) you may notice that at times I curse, I'm obnoxious and tend to make a few too many sexually deviant references, but that's when I'm with the right company. When I'm with women, I'm like a enuch. I never say things like 'bitch', 'chick' or 'you got a thing for tongue studs?'. I also lay off the all the other fun stuff, like quoting Terrance and Philip and the unparalleled fun of 'How far away can you pee into the urinal?'.

The rules on how to act around a woman are fairly simple, and can be picked up pretty easily: Just treat them as if they were the most important things in the world to you. However, the rules for women on how to act with a man just don't seem to register with the female (or 'Double-X') population.

Now girls, I'm not going to tell you everything (that would be cheating), but I'll give you some pointers. Some are from personal experience, some are reports from friends, and some I got from a random sample of interviews from the local sanitarium during my last treatm...um, volunteer visit, during which I help the poor souls who don't quite fit into our society.

Let's bring it down:

Tip: When we are doing something together, and another good looking male crosses your view, it is:

a) bad if you ogle him

b) worse if you point him out to me, and ask my opinion

c) much worse if you tell me each and every little detail of what makes him so attractive to you

d) [unprintable] if you tell me what you'd like to do with him if you had him alone for five minutes in a medival dungeon with a cauldron of boiling chocolate.

e) God would vomit if you do d) and the guy in question is a flaming homosexual.

You keep saying how little looks count to you compared to the personality of a guy. I have eight words for you: bee, you, el, el, es, ayech, ai, tee! I don't think I've ever heard girls talk about the personality of guys above their looks. Ever. You girls are as self-centered around looks as we are, and it's high time you admitted it. How would you feel if I started pointing out all of the tall, hour-glass shaped, perfect complextion blondes that walked by while we were together? You'd castrate me with a pair of needle-nose pliers for being such an insensitive bastard if I even began to do that, wouldn't you?

Tip: Even if I am such a gentleman, do not refer me, to someone who might know me (and blabber it to everybody who knows me), as a 'perfect gentleman'. This is pretty damn embarrassing if I base my popular reputation on violent and sexist works of script. No woman under 35 years old (when the threat of ye old resevoir drying up becomes reality) wants a perfect gentleman, they want a slack-jawed jerk. Don't ask me why, it's just one of the dumb things they do. Telling everybody that I'm polite and all that will kill any worth I have with the younger female crowd. I mean, I am bad: I drive a '82 Chev. pickup (no, not a lime green Volkswagen), play guitar, frequent heavy metal concerts, have almost been arrested for drive-by shooting, and get pretty fuckin' drunk pretty fuckin' often. So there.

Tip: On the same note as No. 2: If I divulge sensitive information to you, in complete confidence, do not scream "YOU MEAN YOU'RE A VIRGIN!!!?" across the crowded room. This is bad...this is very bad...this is very, very bad. This also applies to above phrase in the form of a question.

Tip: Do not, under any circumstances, disturb me when the playoffs are on. When the score is tied, with two minutes to go, do not stand between me and the screen and list off the things you want me to go to the store and get for you. This also applies to climaxes of four hour long movies and any new South Park, X-Files or Simpsons Episodes.

See, it's not that hard, now is it? A few simple rules, really just plain-old common sex, I mean sense, to follow to make us happy. Well that's it 'till Christmas. I'm praying to Santa every night, but Mommy keeps saying that he can't fit Natasha Henshrige wrapped in a black leather bow (and nothing else) into his sleigh. Maybe I will have to settle for the delay pedal.

Volume 13

Vinyl Catsuit

Andrew Tinka

Feline In Charge

I like seedless grapes. I like seedless watermelons too. You know why? Because it's a real pain in the ass to get the seeds out of regular grapes and watermelons. If they come off the vine without any seeds to begin with, it's super fantastic, because you can just munch away without crunching on seeds.

"Gee, Andrew," I can hear you say, "this article seems far too mellow. What's wrong? Aren't you pissed off about something?" Yes, friends, I am. And I'm going to tell you about it too.

We've had seedless grapes for how long now? Twenty years? Fifty? A long time anyway. What's taking them so long to come up with gonadless kitties?

Yes, dear readers, I have a cat. And I had to get her spayed. Why, you ask? Well besides the fact that I only want one cat, the fact is that horny cats are right messy little bastards. They spray urine on everything, they make really weird noises all the time, and they attract all sorts of undesirable characters who come over wanting sex. Quite like a roommate, actually, but you're allowed to take surgical action against your cat.

If you think getting the seeds out of grapes sucks, just wait until you try getting the gonads out of a kitty. Actually, please don't try it. Despite what past issues of *The 432* might have told you, it's far better to leave this task in the hands of the disgruntled folks at the SPCA. Even still, it's an ordeal. You have to take time off, wait an hour or two for a bus driver who's too stupid to realize you've got a cat with you (Did you know that you're not allowed on the bus with a cat? Even if it's in a box?) then deal with the SPCA receptionist, drop the little monster off, and come back ten hours later to get 90% of your cat back. And when you get her back, she's still doped up on ketamine for the next few days and can't do any of the things that you take for granted, like walk, eat, or control her bladder. Plus, she looks weird as hell because her belly's all shaved from surgery. (must... resist... temptation... to make... shaved... pussy... joke... back, Satan... back, I say!!)

Despite my whining about spaying and other unpleasantness, I'm really happy with the addition of a cat to my life. For one thing, I'm a complete and total slob. Until now, I've had to accept infestations of mice, rats, and other plague carriers as an unfortunate consequence of my hygiene-deficient lifestyle. Not anymore. Now I've got a vicious little predator on my side, and she's quite good at keeping the number of species in the house down to two. (I suspect she's plotting the elimination of Homo Sapiens as well, but I keep a cattle prod by my bed so I'm not too worried.)

To the disgust of friends, family, and total strangers, my roommates and I decided that the cat would be named "Roadkill". (By the way, there's an excellent black and white Canadian movie by that name that I thoroughly recommend watching while drunk. In case you're interested, I bear a striking resemblance to Weenie Boy.) Anyway, I was at the vet one time with the cat, and the receptionist, of course, announced to everyone that it was time for Roadkill's appointment. As I took my kitty to the exam room, I overheard the two twelve-year-old girls who were sitting by the door:

"Who would name their cat Roadkill?"

"I know. It's so immature."

I couldn't believe it! I was getting cut down by twelve-year-olds! How the hell was I supposed to react to that? "Eat shit and die, Bitch" just doesn't seem like the right thing to say in a situation like that. If they were two years younger I could have gone with the old standby "Yeah? Well you're a poo-poo head!" Instead, I could only shake my head and share a "kids say the darndest things" look with the receptionist. I think she was on their side though. It sure would explain the visit I got from the Humane Officer. They're all out to get me. Them and the bus drivers. I'll show them. I'll show them all! But that can wait. I've got more cat stories to tell.

The worst thing about getting a cat, I've decided, is that you run a very real risk of becoming a "cat person". Case in point: Every bookstore has a shelf or two dedicated to cat books. Not books about feeding, training, or breeding, which I fully acknowledge are useful and important. No, the cat books I'm thinking about are along the lines of "What Your Cat would Say If It Could Talk, Volume Fifty-Three," "Chicken Soup for the Soul of Your Cat," "Aromatherapy for Cats," and similar tripe. Ordinarily, I'd walk right past these shelves with the disdain they deserve. The other day, though, I got sucked in. I browsed the titles. I found some of them interesting. To my horror, I found that I wanted to look at books filled with nothing but cute pictures of cats. I was close to buying a book that would help me figure out what my cat was thinking by the shape of the clumps she left in the litter box. Luckily, I gave myself a firm punch in the nuts and got out of there. There's enough freaky cat people in the world without me adding to the problem. In fact, sometimes I think there's a freaky cat person overpopulation problem. They reproduce fast, you know. Someone's going to have to do something soon. So if you know a freaky cat person, do the responsible thing and have them spayed or neutered. SPCA hours are 9 to 9, Monday to Saturday. But do yourself a favor... don't tell them your freaky cat person is named "Roadkill". Come up with something more palatable, like "Muffins" or "Fluffy" or "John Hallett" *(Hey! Why I outta... -ed.)*. You'll get less cruelty investigations that way.

Lime, Citrus Fruit of Choice!

Bree Baxter

Green-Eyed Beauty

Green doesn't have the coverage it should. After all, the world is covered in the stuff. Green grass, green water, green leather jackets, green St. Patrick's Day Beer. But there's never any rush for things that have been made green by the hand of the human. Those lime green iMacs are always the last to sell out at the stores, the green Sprite cans stay on the shelf long after the red Coke cans disappear, the green acid stays in the hand long after the blue acid is ingested and showing you the way to the Wonderful Land of Talking Antlers. Is it that our brains are just saturated with green? The red and blues and purples draw our attention from the green? Is the green crayon left all alone in the box, untouched when the black crayon is just a nub and the pink one is a chewed-up gummy mass? Is it screaming, "Colour with me! Make grass and leaves and limes?" It's time to play with the green crayon.

Limes are amazing things. The pale lime-green colour may appear harmless on the grocer's counter, but inside that wrinkly citric peel lies a flavor that is not quite sour (certainly not sour as a lemon) which makes your beverage just so quashable. Limes are small and love a game of hide-and-seek in your fridge. They are much more playful than lemons, yet more devilish than their orange and tangerine cousins. A slice of lime in your afternoon margarita just completes the whole mind-numbing experience. On the other hand, it is generally good practice to avoid adding a zest of lime to your cat's bowl of milk.

Eating green items, limes in particular, are wonderful to ward off scurvy. In case you have never lived in Totem or eaten the SUB cafeteria's patented 'Fröõt', scurvy is when your body decides it's had quite enough preserved food and starts to reject your teeth. Your gums turn black, your limbs swell up to double their size and your hair falls out. There is a rich and varied history of scurvy among the early European explorers of Canada. Ironically enough, they began to ward the hideous nutrient deficiency off by drinking and form of beer made with fir tips. Yup, green saves the day again.

That was then, and this is now. The only arm of the military that wears green these days is the land forces, and it's that hideous dark, "I'm lost in the jungle and waiting to become a Vietcom POW!" green. Not many civilian uniforms (service and otherwise) go for green. If you put your hand up for 'Red' as the colour of choice, lick the person next to you. The redness of red gives the impression of approach and aggressiveness *(and sex, don't forget sex. -ed.)*. Green's a more passive colour. I still prefer my doctors in MASH greens as opposed to those lovely violet scrubs. Even in the near future, green is passé. You'll never see Kirk in a green shirt, or Lister sporting a green cap. No, the advent of technology has eradicated the colour green from our colour archives in a search for the perfect, non-natural world.

There are people in black trenchcoats watching me whenever I buy limes, you know.

Green has always symbolized the coming of a new age, you know. When the winter ends, the spring buds grow on the trees and the whole damn thing starts again. Maybe humans are just sick of the damn winter ending. Snow just makes everything look more uniform. And isn't uniformity what Microsoft wants? You don't see them putting out any green coloured computer cases, do you? At least Apple puts out green computers, although that was just a smart advertising ploy to match the sickly green colour of their users' skin tones.

I like green apples too. They aren't as sweet at the red apples. Snow White can vouch for that one. The Wicked Stepmother gave her a red poisoned apple, and the ditz fell for it. She wasn't the quickest gazelle off the diving board. Never catch me eating a red apple.

They're watching me when I buy green apples, too.

Did you ever get the sneaking suspicion that your writers really are looney? I do all the time. Between Jake sitting in the corner rocking back and forth like an autistic on speed, and Bree hissing at Coke cans and forming the sign of the cross with her fingers, I'm hard pressed to find any sane talent. Sigh. Maybe I should just quit and move to Mexico.

-ed.

Merit Badge For Crack Cocaine

Dan Anderson

Not a Girl Guide Lover

I recently had a friend point out that I always use the word "monkey" when I rant. Monkey monkey monkey. I also had said friend point out that I always use the phrase "I recently had a friend point out...". So, I pointed out his left eye with my right index finger, and that settled that.

All you people should give money to FYC. We're so far in the hole, it's not a good thing anymore; we're so far in the red we can tell what time of the month it is; we're a really big monkey, hear us roar. Meow.

For the record, all the SUS teams are kicking ass. You know badminton was good when you wake up the next morning with aches in places you never knew existed. (well, ok, there was that time last month out in Ladner and you went out to the barn and you saw those chickens and...) Anyways, you have to love the "morning-after ache". Especially when you realize it's from playing with your partner, when each of you was hitting a birdie and wielding a racquet, baybie! (Don't even ask about the inner tube water polo, what with the rubber, and the tubes, and the burn marks, and the hours of wetness, and the rule saying how at least your legs must be protruding. Oh yeah, and the hot tub.) *(Ookaaaayyyyyy -ed.)*

But, to get to something worth reading, Jay, being the observant evil mastermind that he is, noticed that the Girl Guides were moving in on his turf. Seems like their cookies are really just fundraising for... well, I'll get to that later. Besides the money factor, it seems the Guides also put a mildly physically addictive substance in the cookies, meaning that if you're like me, and you eat about three or four boxes (thank you, Jay & Bree & others for your generosity) then you will have an intense craving for more. Note that this is a separate craving than the one caused by chocolate, apparently the second thing better than sex. This plan will keep us going back for more (cookies! more cookies! jeez!). Eventually, we will all be completely addicted, then they will raise the prices, making us mortgage our homes, sell our cars, and frolic with birds in public to make money to give to them, and so control the entire world through cookies.

With the money they make, they will begin by purchasing all stocks of IBM that are available, getting a majority stake. They will then make it lose (even more) money, causing every man woman and child to lose their life savings in their techno-overbalanced stocks. By thereby making everybody completely poor, they will have the advantage of major money gotten from narcotic cookie sales, which will allow them to purchase all the ganja in the world, which will allow them to enslave the youth, which will mean that all the parents of the world will have to do their bidding, under threat of returning their children. The Guides will then force all hamsters, guinea pigs, potbellied pigs, and empty coke cans to be given to their cause, which will give them world domination, power, and control of all recycling facilities.

As you can see, this diabolical plot must be halted. The solution? Kill all the Girl Guides. Do your part. Next time one comes to your door, next time you see one outside of the SUB, next time you wonder about the little girl next door, help the world rid itself of the horribleness of the scourge that is Girl Guides. All time favorites include repeatedly poking them with sharp metal crafts, selling them to McDonald's for '100% pure beef bits' (trust me, if you can sell them worms and roadkill, you can sell them Girl Guides), and saying 'oh, I'm sure there's a nice man who'll buy your cookies over there' and pointing at the apartment next door, which has been filled with carbon monoxide.

If you are too timid or squeamish to perform any of the above improvements to society, at least help us out, and scare them. The easiest way is just to rant and rave at them every time you see them (**Monkey!**), but if your vocal chords can't take the abuse, there are other ways, too, although most of them require slightly more effort or preparation. Making small dry ice bombs is simple, just put warm water in a plastic bottle, keep the cap handy, and stick some nuggets of dry ice in there. Make sure the bottle is at least a little squished first, then cap it, and throw it at the lil twerp. Smile. Or else you could just throw a bucket of ink at them. I recommend India Ink, it sticks best. Probably the most fun would have to be picking them off from third story windows with a BB gun... make sure you keep on shooting them as they run away. If caught, just say it was the kid next door.

With these tips in mind, have fun, remember that homicide is only bad if you're apprehended, and enjoy ridding the world of those evil creatures known as Girl Guides.

As a former Girl Guide, I must say one thing: Danm Dan for figuring it out. I'll get you, my pretty, and your little monkey too. -copy ed

Volume 14

But the Pagans have Better Sex...

Jo Krack

Hare, Hare, Hare!

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 codefied 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 hardcore 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!

Random Black Bar

Fade to Grayscale

Andy Martin

Comfortably Hung

C'est Halloween. Time of scary spectres, scary old ladies giving out apples with razorblades 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 instil 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, non-stop 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 Bhudists, 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.

Being a longtime friend of Mr. Martin's, as well as his editor, I was greatly pained to have to restrict his creative freedom. But I had to put my foot down when I told him "No more than four, count 'em, four swear words, racial slurs, or mysogenistic comments per article!" I'm glad to see that he rose to the challenge admirably, once we managed to get enough Prozac down his throat.

-ed

The 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.

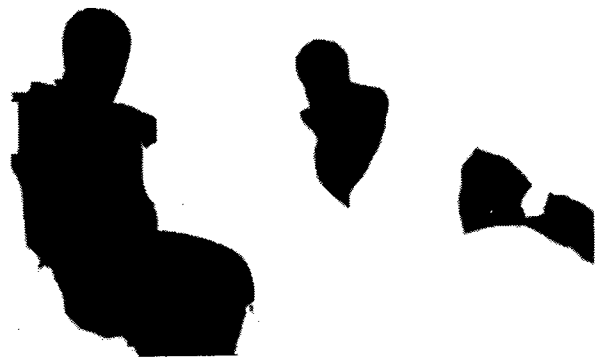
Handy-Dandy Photo Cut-outs

Instructions for use:

1. Cut out from this paper.

2. Apply in areas of excess hair.

3. Enjoy the lack of pain



Trivials

Michelle LaBounty and Graeme Kennedy

About as far apart as genetics can get

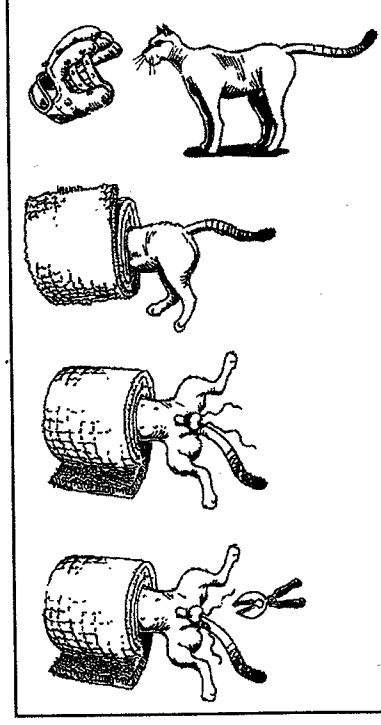
Just to provide the balance that all good newspapers strive to achieve, we'd like to print the best useless lies that are guaranteed to drop you at least 10%, if not fail you out completely.

Using these useless lies is a sure fire bet if you don't want to go through the trouble of explaining to your parents why you want to move to Egypt and become a goat herder. With only a few of these tidbits of human unknowledge, we're certain you'll be enjoying a Dean's Vacation before long. Problem solved.

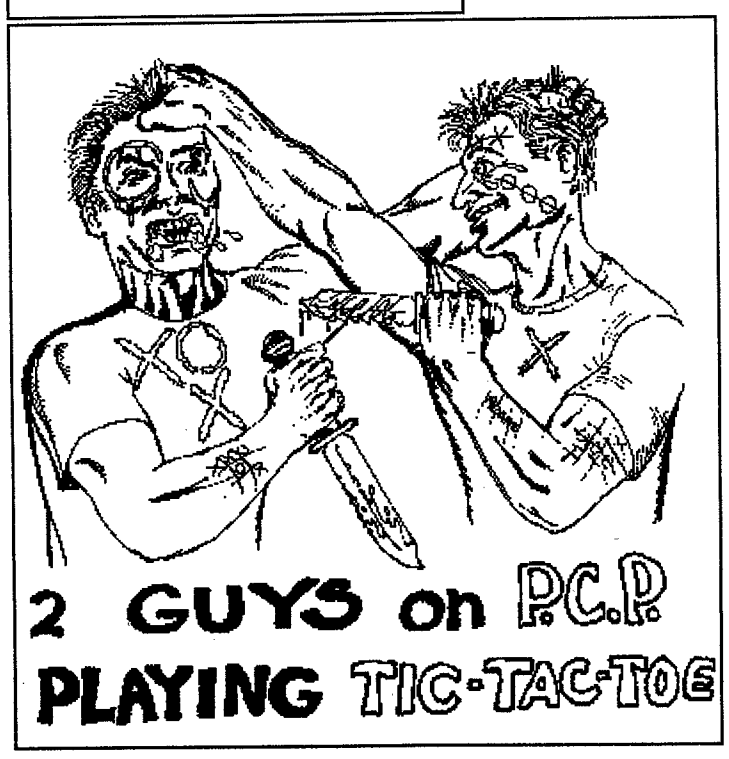
1. Mongolians are expressly forbidden to eat glass.
2. The tallest point on Earth is surprisingly only five feet.
3. Watercress sandwiches are known to cause malaria-like symptoms.
4. Steamy windows are caused by high concentrations of fish in the atmosphere.
5. The distance between your fingertips, with arms outstretched, is almost exactly the distance between your thumbtips, arms outstretched.
6. If you were to count the grains of sand on a beach, and divide by the number of waves that strike it in a one year period, you would most likely be working for the government.
7. Chitonin, a material derived from mollusk shells, is a polymer used in the treatment of scarring and severe burns.
8. Tomatoes are a fruit. In fact they're a really big berry. At least they are this year.
9. Pregnant women should not handle cat litter, lest it lead to birth defects.
10. Issac Newton invented Canasta, but this was not discovered until after his death.

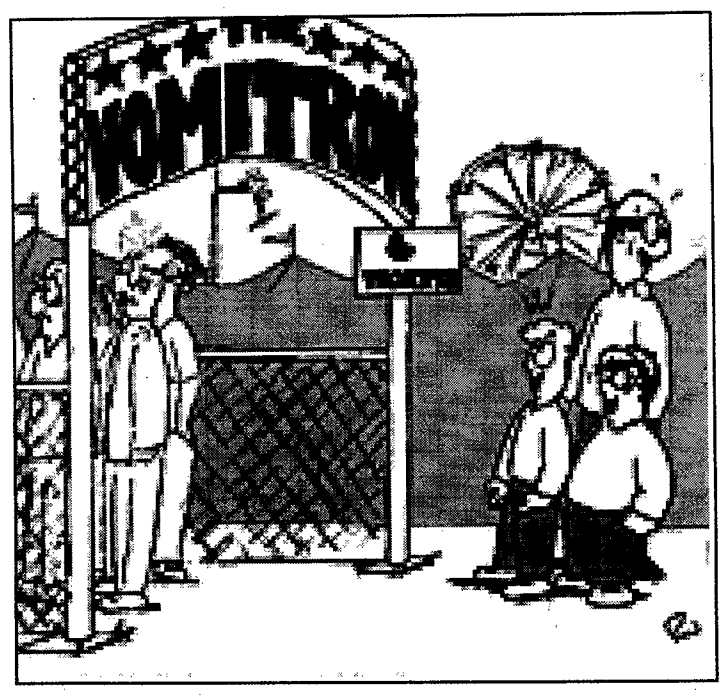
Write for the 432 or we will club this Internal Vice President!

How to Neuter Your Cat at Home



1. Get a good, trusty softball mitt and treat it with some fresh tune offal.
2. Once you've got Kitty by the head, wrap him up in a 4 ft. strip 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





Gee, that Tilt-a-Whirl sure was scary, wasn't it, boys?

Stuff We Can't Morally Reprint
How Just Plain Stupid Are You?

Are You a Hopeless Naive Bubblehead or an Incorrigible Dolt? Shock your friends. Confuse yourself. Interrogate your reflection.

1. Ever tried alcohol? (1)

2. Spell it. (5)

3. Have you ever used alcohol to wash down 292's? (2)

4. Have you ever been so drunk that you fell down and couldn't get up because you couldn't remember which way was up? (1)

5. Ever done that sober? (5)

6. Ever wake up and not remember to breathe until your face turned blue, and your mom had to come in and sock you one? (7)

7. Um, me neither...

8. Ever fall asleep/pass out during sex? (8)

9. Really? (1)

10. What are you, a moron?! (3)

11. Ever been in a riot? (1)

12. Ever asked a cop directions to a riot? (7)

13. Ever masturbated? (1)

14. Ever masturbated so hard that you forgot to breathe and your face turned blue, and your mom had to come in and sock you one? (4)

15. Um, me neither...

16. Do you read the Ubyssex? (256)

17. Ever try to chew water? (2)

18. Ever purchased and used sex toys? (1)

19. Do you consider ham a sex toy? (4)

20. Ever said anything so stupid that everyone in the room had to just plain stop and stare at your silly ass with a stunned look on their faces for what seemed like an eternity? (5)

21. Ever do that, and also discover that you forgot to wear pants that day? (22)

22. Ever try to remember if 'S' came before 'R' and you had to sing the Alphabet Song all the way down to S before you could figure it out? (3)

23. Ever try to have sex with a vegetable like a carrot or a cucumber? (1)

24. Ever ask a carrot or a cucumber to dance? (4)

25. Ever lose an argument to a carrot or a cucumber? (9)

26. Ever gone to the john and then find out there's no toilet paper? (1)

27. Ever found out there's no more toilet paper, but weren't concerned cause you would wipe twice the next time? (4)

28. Whenever someone says to you "How do you do?", have you ever taken more than thirty seconds to figure out a) what you do, b) how you do it? (2)

29. Ever gone down a street with a sign that says 'No Exit," then wait for the sign to change back to 'Exit?' (3)

30. Ever get up to speak in front of your morning class to find that, to your horror, not only have your forgotten your notes, but you a lso forgot your pants? (2)

31. Have you ever shoved six hot dogs up your nose? (3)

32. What the hell for? (6)

33. Ever been so loud and frantic during sex that your neighbours started complaining? (1)

34. Ever been so loud and frantic during sex that, you lost total control of all your bodily functions, and you crashed off the toilet seat onto the floor, on top of the vaseline, and the vaseline squirted out like water out of a fire hose, all over your magazines, you smacked your sweat-soaked forehead into the bathroom door, forgot to breathe until your face turned blue and your mom had to come in and sock you one? (19)

35. Um, me neither...

SCORING Add up all the points until you can't count any higher, then take off your shoes and use your toes, too.

If you have made it this far, you're as dumb as a post.

Organ Donor Clinic
Brock Hall, This Friday

Thank you for considering to donate organs.

Seven hundred units of organs must be collected from volunteer / legally snared donors each and every day to meet the needs of British Columbians.

You may donate as often as you damn well please, providing you meet our medical criteria for still being alive (or at least reasonably fresh).

You must be 17 years of age to donate organs and you may donate as long as you can manage to survive, if you are a repeat donor. (Repeat donors are donors who have donated something other than their brain, heart or liver, as none of those have ever even left here, let alone come back for another kick at the cat.) The age limit for first-time donors, quite simply, does not exist.

For the protection of both donors and recipients, each donor is screened by the nursing staff prior to donating. Jeffrey Dahmer, Jason Voorhees and Lorena Bobbitt need not apply.

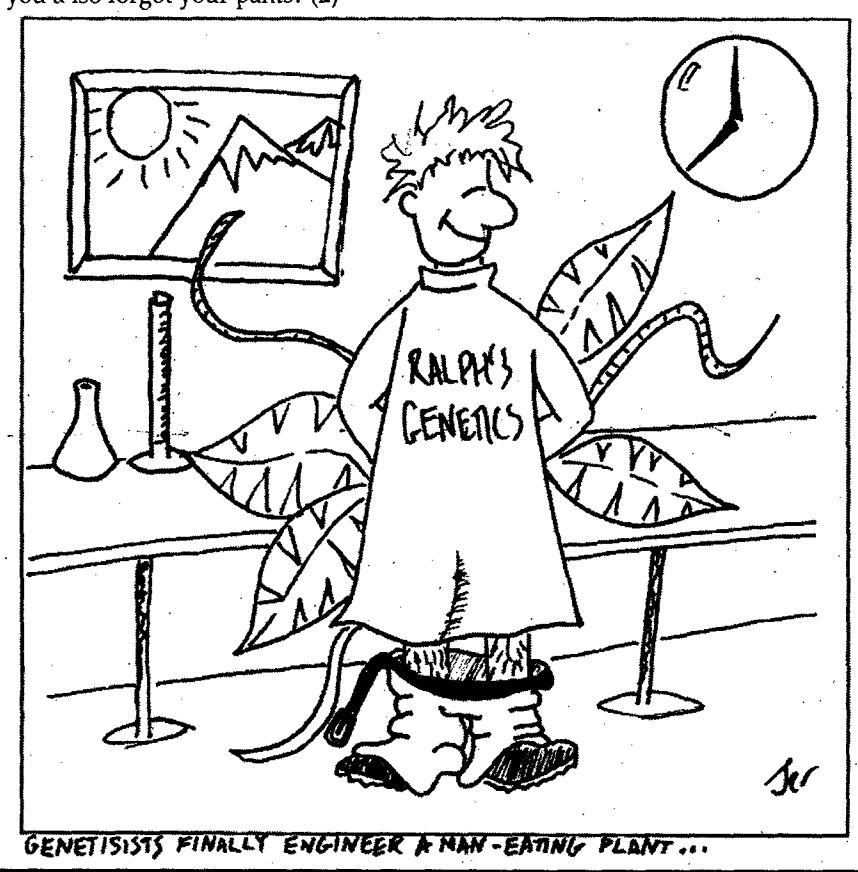
Jaundice patients will be rejected (ie. if, when walking down the street, a man with a suitcase suddenly jumps into your back pocket and says, "To the airport, and step on it, cabbie!", you are suffering from jaundice). Other disorders disqualifying potential donors are hepatitis, cirrhosis, heart disease, diabetes, HIV infection and/or cancer of the organ in question. Extensive laboratory tests are performed on each organ collected. Organs declared unfit for use are stir-fried discarded

Please eat a substantial meal 1 to 4 hours before donating (unless, of course, you are donating stomach, gall bladder, duodenum, intestine and/or colon or any portion thereof; we have enough shit to deal with as it is).

The average organ, thanks to our new operational service contract with Black & Decker, takes appoximately 8.3 seconds to donate. Please allow at least 5 minutes to complete the process from registration to initial systemic shock and refreshments.

It is recommended that you refrain from strenuous exercise / eating / breathing / trying to read / conceiving children / moving at all (depending on what you donated) for 6 to 8 hours following donation. Please do not sue for at least 24 hours after your donation.

Please bring with you your organ donor card, valid identification and next of kin (Last Rites performed upon request).



GENETISISTS FINALLY ENGINEER A MAN-EATING PLANT...

From volume 13, issue 6, front page:
A greatly agitated Philip Owen commented, "Good God Christ son of a bitch ass felching cocksucking son of a bag of rotting testicle tumor fucking fuck shit bag crack whore rotten son of a piss drinking manure gas ridden cricket bat swinging cholera ridden altar boy humping fucking fucker fuck!"

The 432 Horoscopes

Albert Chen

Oh the horror!

Aries (Mar 21- Apr 19)

Your sex drive will peak within the next two weeks. Wow, come to think of it, you could pull off something beautiful and amazing. Notice I used the word "could", for you must endure your high sex drive all by yourself; while you may have strong libido, the stars give you bad luck in romance...

Taurus (Apr 20 - May 20)

A man will hate you and try to gore you. Wait...maybe he is just plain horny...I don't know, the crystal ball is very unclear about this one. Remember, you would either get hurt or get laid: hey, one out of two isn't that bad.

Gemini (May 21 - Jun 21)

You will order a sandwich. The woman behind you will suddenly touch your lower back and go all the way down...don't move - she will leave without taking a thing from you. You will see a donkey the next day. Then you will see the donkey's identical twin the day after.

Cancer (Jun 22 - Jul 22)

I have good news and bad news. One of your profs will think very highly of you and think of you as the next Mozart while others will ask you to get a refund from UBC. No offense, but Mozart probably has no place in science - think about it.

Leo (Jul 23 - Aug 22)

Your endocrine system will go wild. You will fall in love with Yoko Ono's work, listening to her scary songs with pleasure while everyone else will duck for survival. Heck, solitude isn't bad as long as you have your blowup doll(s) handy.

Virgo (Aug 23 - Sep 22)

You will have nothing to look forward to; nothing special will happen in your life. Your birthday (give or take 6 months) is fargone and your graduation day (give or take 6 years) is far, far ahead. Say, why don't you declare tomorrow as there's-nothing-to-celebrate day? Now try to celebrate that...how desperate can you get?

Libra (Sep 23 - Oct 23)

You will finally get a bitch and encounter tasteful semi-pornographic material everywhere you go, and I write all this free of bias.

Scorpio (Oct 24 - Nov 21)

Ladies will meet kind, gorgeous, sensitive gynecologists; men will meet kind, gorgeous, sensitive gynecologists. Don't blame me - it's in the stars.

Sagittarius (Nov 22 - Dec 21)

Guys, you think you are smooth, but your come-ons are attracting flies. Also, you will die a horrible, horrible death. (See, you want the truth? You can't handle the truth!) Girls will get lots and lots of chocolates for no apparent reason, but you too will die a horrible, horrible death...

Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 19)

You will try to find out who is your future spouse by standing in front of your mirror before the stroke of midnight and fervently combing your hair 100 times. (Try it - it really works...) You will then find out that your future partner is really, really, ugly and you can't do anything about it.

Aquarius (Jan 20 - Feb 18)

You will finally look and dress like supermodels, only to find out that geeky style is in. Stephen Hawkings will design evening dresses for Chanel.

Pisces (Feb 19 - Mar 20)

Pisces women will meet and date men who can understand their feelings. Those males will say something like, "Let's do your hair for a change," "Let's focus on YOUR needs," and "Let me do the dishes." However, those new-age sensitive men will also open up their bottle-up feelings and crying like babies 24/7. Pisces men will see dead people.

Editors. Because No One Else Will

Volume 10

John Hallett

Small African Dictator

Fifteen years already? To fondly quote Our Lord Jesus Christ: "What the fuck?" (Yeah, that's in the bible. I think it's somewhere towards the back.) The current editor wants me to wistfully reflect on my 1.5 years in the Editor's Chair (There actually was a real, bonafid Editor's Chair, it was blue, had "Editor" written on it, weighed a tonne and smelled like my ass. It was "retired" shortly after I graduated).

Reflections, memoirs, jolly memories of the time Jer and the Assistant Editors jumped out from behind the desks and surprised me on my birthday. The kind of thing that ex-Presidents write about when they get put out to pasture.

Well fuck that. My 18 months at the helm of this pathetic rag where sheer hell on earth. It was chock full of all-nighters, high stress, ugly nudity and even threats of legal action from almost every organized group on campus. The only semi-amusing thing Jer ever did on production night was drink two bottles of rum and wet himself. After attempting to have sex with Jake. Really. In reality it wasn't even that amusing.

Even after all that, there are times that I severely regret ever handing over the helm to Jer Thorp, then Craig Temple (the list just continues downhill from there). Usually I get these feelings while reading the current paper or thinking about Dan's sense of humour. Sad, really, in so many ways.

Well, I guess I could take some time out to go over some of the more salient memories. Just for old times sake. Well, old times sake and the 50 dollar bill Dan just handed me. *(Doh. That was supposed to only be a twenty. -ed)*

I first started writing for this insult to the word newspaper way back in issue 7. Then editor Ryan McCuaig ran my very first story simply because they were out of filler material and Blair McDonald's ass was already taking up most of page 6. Thus started the long tradition of 432 editors being first published because all available filler was used and giant swaths of white space are generally frowned upon in the print media.

It took just three short years for me to climb the corporate ladder and be elected Editor. (In all truth, it took just three short years for me to destroy my liver and kill enough brain cells so that "Editor" sounded like pretty decent idea). Volume 10, quite frankly, rocked your world and it was all because of me. A lot of people will give due credit to the likes of Jer, Jake, Craig Temple, Matt Wiggin, Phil Ledwith and the rest of the cast of idiots. But, in reality, those were just my many pen-names. Yes, I single-handedly wrote all 13 issues. I'm *that* good, people.

Why am I telling you all this now? To set the record straight, I suppose, and to demand the long overdue respect and money that I deserve. Then the whores. Mmmmmm.... whores.

That's about as much wistful wandering down memory lane as I can stand. I should go home now so I can be at work tomorrow on time. Here's some sage advice for all of you: never, ever graduate. If possible, go to grad school and perpetually live off of goverment grants. God knows I wish I did that.

Believe it or not, John actually misspelt "editor" as "edetor" in his first issue.
-ed

Volume 13

Bree Baxter

One More Time

My year. I was elected because no one else wanted to or cared. In the summer, I went to AMS council meetings for some reason. I lived on campus. As I had no idea what I was doing, John Hallett edited for a while. Yah John. Time passes. I take on editorship of the paper. During this time Paradigm was created, of which we produced two issues and my, being founding editor of something as profound as Paradigm was... profound. Wackiness occurs. Elections come again and no one runs against me. I almost didn't run against me. I won again. The summer, I did the Guide and fell down on the mailing out bit. Motherfuckers. Did 432s until I fell off a big cliff in October. Jay offered to edit for the paper, in a way that was COMPLETELY JOKING AND IN NO WAY SERIOUS so I said fine and quit. I then proceeded to have the best set of semesters EVER at university and graduated. Yay me.

My TV has PMS

Andy Martin

$6 Man

I've had to deal with a lot of odd people in my life. Life forms with unrealistic expectations and points of view so distorted, I wonder why someone hasn't taken them down to ye olde dark alley until they got a little more in tune with what doesn't piss people off to the point of violent retribution. People like this drive me to often want the company of the machine, the straightforward, logical annals of interaction (though ironically, it's often these irritating people that are more involved in technology than I am).

Yessir, strike a key, get a letter. Put tape in, hit play, get 63:27 of your expected music. Push the button, puree the hamster. If people followed these same specifications in interactions with me, I'd be a straight-A student, have a 6-figure salary, and enjoy a positive view-point of the opposite sex. Well, we fall a little short of that blissful goal line here, don't we?

But I see now that even technology has turned on me. My machines are no longer perfect.

The balanced [action] -> [expectect reaction] is replaced by something much more sinister. They don't act mechanically at all. They act...human. Machines have not just evolved a soul, but bad attitudes as well. I didn't upgrade them, and I sure didn't want it, but they just kinda came into being. Stuff just seems to happen that makes no sense at all. Maybe if I wasn't a student and could afford to replace everything the minute the hint of life appears. But I am and I can't.

The first life to evolve was my radio, which was made a brat. It has never grown up, even at the ripe old age of ten radio years (which translates to three human reincarnations). It misbehaves only when I'm not looking. Like that apple-polisher kid we all hated in kindergarten. Nice when the teacher's around, a complete bitch when the teacher steps out. When I'm within arms reach, it behaves nicely. Good reception and clear sound. But when I'm further away, the reception seems to stray. It's just plain out weird. I'll be listening to whatever rock station that isn't playing a winning rock group ('what rhymes with "I'm gonna kill myself over the fact that my girlfriend broke up with me, all because my mommy spanked me for stealing cookies when I was 5"...?'); enjoying the music, and the song will slowly start turning from crunching chords to public access jazz, which ranks just below the 7-beer-to-the-wind 'Back in Black' cover in listenability. Shocked, I'll turn around, grab the radio to smack it good. Then the second I touch it, it turns right back, and acts like it never stopped the rock at all. I give it the eye and a warning, put it down, and take a step back. As I turn away, I hear the station start to change, and I jump back towards it, automatically send the music back to what I want. What a prick.

My other main source of entertainment is also quite alive and misbehavin'. Many women consider the television their main competitor for their man's attention. I argue that my TV is female, and believes we have a serious relationship. We'll be sitting there, watching 'the Family Guy', or another of my favourite cartoons, together. Then all of a sudden, I get some major static off her, interfering with my watching the show. The distortion is louder and more irritating than anything else she ever says. Through trial and error, I know what to do to make her happy, I have to press on her sweet spot on the underside of her case, and the distortion goes away for a bit. But sometimes, my baby wants more, and just touching her there isn't enough. She wants it rough. So to keep her happy, I have to smack her case and screen a few times while pressing extra hard on the sweet spot. Then she'll be happy for ten minutes, when she starts begging to go at it again. Luckily, when our 30 minutes are up, I can turn her off as easily as I turn her on. And she comes with a mute button too!

And my car stereo was programmed as a rich snot that must be appeased. And the more you appease it, the more it wants. They're all really stupid requirements, but if I want anything out of him, everthing's gotta be just right, no matter how stupid. It started a year ago, when he started refusing to play out of the passenger-side speaker. I learned that pressing the 'bass-treble' knob would return music for a while. Don't ask me how, it just did. But soon enough, pressing it just wasn't good enough, and it required me to shove a pen cap inside to keep the funk going. When he got bored of that game, he decided to make the tape player fade in and out at his whim. It's now gotten to the point where I have to push on the bass knob, have the fan set to 'II', and be driving between 70-80 for any sort of decent sound.

As time keeps marching forward and the present is the future we imagined not so long ago, we are faced with the upcoming next great leap of evolution, the point at which a living species fabricates another intelligent life. Well, we've already done it. I just wish we had thought about it first. It's not quite terminators taking over the world, but it's almost as irritating.

We all remember the First Nations' belief that all inanimate objects have a spirit, Disneyfied by 'Pocahontas' in the musical number as she talked to the rocks and trees before getting her freak on with Long John Smith in one of the finest brown-sugar pieces in modern adult theatre. Oh, whoops, that the 'Pokeherhotass' Disney Special Ed. DVD, but you can see how I can make that mistake.

But maybe our machines just need our love and attention, to just feel our touch. We take such advantage of them, and never give them a single compliment. Maybe they act better with a little love. Like the way that some people believe that plants grow better when you talk to them. No offense, but anybody who talks to plants probably sees some much more screwed up shit than just bigger plants.

Volume 14

Jay Garcia

Still Here

Dan tells me he wants three hundred or so words outlining the events surrounding my co-editorship of The 432 with Andy Martin, during the period between October 2000 and April 2001. Dan also informs me that he wants my honest reactions to said events.

When he called me up about the 432 15th Anniversary Superissue and asked me for any contributions, I responded the only way that a sane ex-editor could; with horrible, shaking laughter - the laughter of a man who has looked onto the face of evil and survived, but not escaped unscathed.

At this point, Dan resorted to more unseemly measures. While I have no clear recollection of the last several hours, I'm fairly sure it involved Lana in a bikini, a tub of whip cream, and, ultimately, chloroform.

I am currently tied down to a chair in the undergraduate office, ensconced within the publishing room, with my beloved Sega Dreamcast held hostage at sledgehammer point. So I'm writing this article.

I took on the job of editor when I made a sarcastic, offhand comment to ex-editor Bree Baxter about taking over the paper; something along the lines of "First the 432, and then the World!", punctuated by evil laughter. At this point, Bree handed over the reigns of power, leaving me abruptly in the lurch, holding the bag, running the paper with just my wits and a whole lotta Dr. Pepper.

Thankfully, Andy Martin was around and offered to co-edit the paper with me, resulting in a lot less potential bloodshed during the long, harrowing production weekends and subsequent Paste-up Mondays.

Unfortunately, both Andy and I were, at this point, both graduated from this fearful institution, and were gainfully employed - he with NMFO (the National Marine Fisheries Observatory) and I with a local software company. The upshot of this meant that I had to work on the paper after classes (which meant after work as well), while Andy was away in the North Sea, surviving 25' waves (for those of you of non-nautical bent, that means the height difference between the base and the crest is actually 50').

Thus, the paper remained an exercise of putting off production weekend for as long as humanly possible, cajoling regular writers into coughing up an article or two, and trying to generate as much of the content while hopped up on caffeine and sleep-deprivation, a tradition begun by Blair McDonald and continued by both Dan and Lana to this day.

It's good to know that the paper has survived this long; it's even better to know that the kids working on it are carrying on in the best possible tradtion of 432 Editors: cantankerous, harried, and often drunk.

Here's to another 15 years of the paper. Hopefully I won't still be writing for this paper then.

Mundane Dumpster

President
Reka Sztopa

I hope that you had a great holiday and are ready for some new and exciting things happening this term in the Science Undergraduate Society.

We are gearing up for an amazing Science Week full of academic and social events organized for you. There will be more information in the next few weeks so keep your eyes peeled for information on our website, www.ams.ubc.ca/sus, or on posters and flyers all over campus soon.

Now that we have over 6,000 students in Science (approximately 6,500) we are entitled to a 5th seat on AMS. That means that there will now be 5 Executives sitting on AMS Council representing YOU!

We are currently compiling the results of the Science survey and will be releasing them as soon as possible along with the name of the Mystery Prize Draw winner.

Also, our first official weekly newsletter was sent out last Thursday night. If you are interested in receiving SUS news and other important information for Science students you can sign up to receive the newsletter by sending an email to majordomo@interchange.ubc.ca with the following in the body of the message: subscribe sus-info.

Finally, I would like to encourage all of you to take a little time to get to know your Science Undergraduate Society this term. We have new furniture in our office in Klink 202. We now have two public access computers with email, internet and word/excel capabilities as well as a printer, cheap photocopier, cheap pop machine, free water cooler, free phone, quiet study space, meeting space and lounge space all for your use and convenience.

You can check out our website or contact us at sus@interchange.ubc.ca or 604.822.4235. If you have any questions or comments that you would like to discuss with me personally, please do not hesitate to contact me at rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca.

Have a great few weeks and see you during Science Week Jan 28th - Feb 1st.

VP Internal
Brian MacLean

Not much to report for the Academic Committee. We will be holding a Faculty Wine and Cheese in early February and we will be calling for applications for the new SUS Awards some time in early January.

First Year Committee has had its first meeting of the new year and meeting times will continue to be at 5:15 pm on Wednesdays in LSK. (New members are welcome.) The First Year Committee will be taking part in Science Olympics on February 1st.

VP External
Michael Groves

Science Week:

Just as a reminder, Science Week is the week of January 28th - February 1st . This year, Science Week will include the golden oldies like the UCS Magic Show, PhysSoc Paper Plane Contest and Cold Fusion (feat. GOB) as well as the revival of the CompSci Scavenger Hunt. This year's charity Canadian Gene Cure Foundation and there will be various fundraisers to amass funds to that cause. One main one is the charge of admission by donation to SUS's new event, Jell-o Wrestling. Yes, see men and women go toe to toe in that lovely blue Jell-o for a small donation. Stay tuned for class announcements, posters, and Papa Smurf to make appearances on this and other events.

AMS:

The AMS is gearing up for this year's round of elections. There is going to be at least 3 slates seriously vying for the opportunity to manage your student society. There are at least another 3 who will be hopefully making this process a little more entertaining. Please get in the know and vote. Campaigning begins Monday, January 14. The voting begins Monday, January 21, and ends Friday, January 25.

Also, Translink is prepared to return to negotiations with the University and the AMS for a U-Pass. This would entail that every student at UBC would pay a flat fee and your student card would become a bus pass. More details from those negotiations will come soon.

Finally, the AMS Mini School is open again this year with classes on First Aid, Web Design, and Sign Language. More details can be found at the AMS website: www.ams.ubc.ca.

Sexretary
Corrie Baldwin

Hi, everyone. I'm really excited about getting to see a bunch of Beta boys get naked in council on Thursday. Other than that, things are uneventful. The executive have been rather quiet lately, and most of my lacerations have healed. I'm glad they are preferring the cat o' nine to the bullwhip these days. If any of you want to 'try out' and get naked, come to council Thursdays, at 1pm in SUB Council Chambers

Senator
Timothy Chan

Hey hey kids! <insert Krusty laugh here> I hope everybody had a good holiday and got everything they wished for from Santa. Well, second term is now upon us and I expect everybody to have made a resolution not to fall behind in your schoolwork this year. Oh who am I kidding. If you must fall behind, I guess you should have a good reason though. And here it is...Science Week! Yes, I have become yet another shamless plug-machine for Kelowna Mike and his minions. But hey, if he promises to dress up as Papa Smurf for the entire week, the least we can do is humour him. So if you only do one fun thing this month, make sure you go on a ski trip. But if you do two fun things, make sure you check out Science Week!

So-Co
Katharine Scotton

Hello, wecome to another edition of exec reports...

I only have a couple of things to tell you all this week.

First off, COLD FUSION! We've got Gob, we've got Static in Stereo, and we've got Exithiside! Tickets are going to go fast, so pick them up soon, for only $15, what a deal! All the info you need is on the back of this here fine paper. Giddyup.

Second, the SUS Info mailing list is up and running. The first email was sent out last Thursday as a welcome to the list. Emails will be sent weekly and will contain news and events important to science students. Any SUS club wanting their events listed can email me at sus_info@yahoo.ca.

COME TO COLD FUSION, WE COMMAND YOU, OR WE'LL SHOW YOU THE PICTURE OF JOHN HALLETT ON THE COUCH AGAIN! and we know you don't want that...

See you all at Cold Fusion then,

Kat

kscotton@interchange.ubc.ca

Sports
Kristin Lyons

I hope you have all signed up for intramural leagues! Science is currently in first place in the sports points standings, but Gage is a very close second, so lets keep those sports coming. Upcoming intramural events include Rainfest and Winterfest. Rainfest is a water sport team challenge with the registration deadline being January 29, and with the event occurring on Thursday, January 31. Winterfest is an ice sport team challenge with the registration deadline being January 22, and with the event happening on January 24. Both challenges include five events completed with teams of six to ten people. There will be sign up sheets in SUS, and there are also registration forms available at the SRC. These challenges can be a lot of fun, and are especially good for those individuals who don't have time to participate in leagues.

Lastly, the sports rebate deadline for term two rebates has been set for March 15 at 12pm with no exceptions! For those of you who don't know, SUS gives out rebates to science teams at the end of each term. To get your rebate, put your receipt, your team roster, and the name, phone number and email address of the person I'm writing the rebate to into my mailbox in SUS!

Finance
May Tee

Happy new year everyone! SUS is already into its third quarter this year, so I spent a couple of days preparing a Third Quarter Finance Report for your enjoyment. With regard to spending, we've done quite a bit of it, especially with the new fridge, computers, furniture, and all those wonderful items we've purchased for our new office. This 15th Anniversary 432 is costing a bit, too, so make sure you cherish this issue once you're through with it :)

The 2001-2002 SUS Club and Conference Grants (Part I) were allocated at the beginning of this month, as were the 2000-2001 grad fee rebates. We still have a little bit of money for clubs leftover and the 2001-2002 grad fee rebates to deal with, but that will come in the Part II portion of these allocations. SUS Club and Conference Grants (Part II): coming soon to a SUS Council meeting near you!

Anyway, enough about finances. Make sure you give these 432 people a big pat on the back if you see them. While we were all partying during the break, the 432 editors were at the SUS Office preparing this fine issue of the 432—a celebration of fifteen years of amusing, bewildering, and maintaining the sanity of UBC Science students. Happy 15th birthday to the 432, and happy spending :)

Millenial Grumblings

Jay Garcia

Off in the Clouds

Two weeks into the new year gives one enough perspective to determine, with some degree of accuracy, the character and temperment of the year just gone by. All in all, I've got to say that, for a potentially portentious year, 2001 was a honkin' huge disappointment.

I mean, 2001 was the turn of the century. We were officially stuck into the twenty-first century, but where were the dramatic milestones? The early twentieth century saw the birth of flight by two bicycle makers at Kitty Hawk; the rise of rampant electric power, and the overwhelming dominance of corporations. Compare that to the opening years of the twenty-first, and what have we got? The rebirth of grunge (twenty years too soon, if you ask me), the return of glam fashion, and, oh yes, reality-based television.

Overwhelmed, I'm not.

The only thing that seems to have the feel of the future is the internet and all the increasing digitization in our lives. At no previous time in our history have we, as a species, with the click of a button, been able to harvest the entire accumulated knowledge of mankind at our fingertips; however, despite all this knowledge and information, the grand experiment in the entanglement of social order and information technology has shown that the vast majority of the populace will use this power to download pornography, steal music and copyrighted software, and otherwise bitch and moan at each other with the collective intelligence of a retarded ten-year-old with Parkinson's. Besides, the Internet was so twentieth-century.

Personally, I'm a little pissed off at all the broken promises of the twenty-first century. I mean, where are my flying cars? I was promised flying cars. None of this "hovers ten feet off the ground for half an hour and runs out of fuel" nonsense.

How about cloud / underwater cities? Television shows from the 80's said we'd be living underwater to avoid population pressure, and high in the sky on cities perched on stilts. Maybe having "The Jetson's" as a model for a twenty-first century utopia might not have been the most practical thing upon which to pin one's hopes, but it's better than the current alternative of mediocrity - urban sprawl, inner city blight, and the rampant increase in housing to the point where renting becomes impractical and children are forced to live with their parents just to make ends meet. Yep; so far, this twenty-first century thing hasn't been living up to all the hype.

Oh well; given that other visions of the future have us smack dab in the middle of World War III or being exterminated by sentient machines or overrun by genetically engineered soldiers, led by a man who looks suspiciously like Ricardo Montalban, I'll be happy to put up with the occasion "l33t hax0r" who smack-talks me while playing Unreal Tournament and downloading mp3's.

But I have hope; even now, astronomers are looking to place an observatory on the far side of the moon; and if all goes well, they may encounter a black monolith hidden in the lunar sands...

Jay wanted to be an astronaut, but it turns out you can't pull a crazy ivan in a spaceship, so while he kicked their asses at first person shooters, the shuttle simulator predicted a 98% probability that he would cost over a billion dollars in equipment. Per annum. He didn't get the job. -ed

SCIENCE
U B C

COLD FUSION

aturing

with guests Static in Stereo and Exithiside

Friday, February 1, 2002
SUB Ballroom, SUB, UBC
Tix $15 available @ SUBcetera and SUS (LSK 202)
Doors at 7:30 pm
No Minors ▪ Bring ID

Brought to you by the Science Undergraduate Society
Sponsored in part by Russell Brewing and the AMS