

VOLUME 12 ISSUE 06 • 12.3.98

Santa Claus Presumed Dead!

Tuesday, December 1st

Santa Inc., North Pole

The happiness of millions of gentle children hangs with bated breath tonight. Over three hundred and thirty days of restraining themselves from the millions of temptations of modern society may all be for naught. A press release from Santa's Workshop is that Santa is missing in action. Annie The Elf explained the situation.

"Mr. Claus was making a routine training run of his 1999 'Skyblazer' Sleigh. We were just pushing the 8000km/h barrier and everything was going smoothly. Then, from the corner of the radar, another, much larger blip appeared. The blip came towards Santa at an unbelievable speed. Then, all of a sudden, they both disappeared.. What the blip was, or Santa's whereabouts at this time are unknown. We are making every effort to find the answers and bring Santa back alive."

Ms. Elf then left the room quickly, as the mob of reporters rushed the podium attempting to get there share fair of the milk and cookies.

While many groups have been claimed

responsibility for the loss of Santa and his sleigh, none have been verified. Only one group have been given any attention.

"The Jehovah's Witnesses have been trying to get their hands on Santa for years," said RCMP Staff Sargeant Bob White. "Think about it, you couldn't get the guy out of your house. Every time you bounce his ass onto the sidewalk, he just zips back down your chimney."

Local leader of the liberal party Gordon Campbell was quick to hold his own press conference in response to the shocking news. We present here a brief transcript.

Jesus H Christ, I've

been good all year,

and for what?

"julie": 4 years old next month

The Sun: "Mister Campbell, what is your reaction to the news that the children of British Columbia will not be getting any presents this year?"

GC: "This is clearly the inevitable outcome of the NDP's unfavourable attitude towards business. I've been predicting the loss of Kris Kringle for years. The NDP has mismanaged enough. Its time for the citizens to realise just how deep a whole Mr. Clark has dug us into."

CBC Newsworld: "Mister Campbell, it has been said in interviews before that you simply resort to ineffectual attacks that you never actually answer questions, that you simply resort to ineffectual attacks on Mister Clark. How would you respond to this?"

GC: "That is an understandable position, its just that there is so much to whine about when it comes to that weasally little prick. How can you possibly expect me not to poke fun at him whenever I get the chance? For gods sake I used to give wedgies to people like him."

The 432: "Just how do you expect to get elected with that goofy haircut?"

GC: "This interview is over."

Gordon Campbell abruptly ended the conference when the questions started to get near the heart of the real issues.

United States Radar bases are refusing to confirm or deny the existence of a second blip on the radar screen. They have also refused to confirm or deny the existence of US AWAC Radar planes flying consistent missions over northern Canada.

However, Flip Epsen, ex-member of the United States Armed Forces has confirmed not only the existence of a permanent contingent of AWAC's flying over northern Canada, but also the existence of no less than three captured alien space craft.

"The Man has been trying to get these alien craft back on line since the fifties man. It looks like they succeeded and its the kids who're gonna pay for it man."

Chem Building Buried under Fire and Brimstone

Wednesday, December 3
Point Grey, BC

Much to the shock and dismay of many undergraduate students, the Chemistry Building was burned to the ground on Sunday when the "sky opened up and rained down fire and brimstone." Chemistry building officials have been unable to explain the unusual events.

"I was working late in the lab," said masters student Chris Malloy, "when the roof caved in and burning brimstone fell all over the bench. It really screwed up my yield."

The Chemistry department is currently working frantically trying to find classroom space to hold the remaining classes of the term. It will be up to students to contact the department staff at their holiday resort in Cuba to determine which of their classes will be affected.

The environmental damage has yet to be assessed. However without any scientific backing, local Uberbiologist David Suzuki has stated the former site of the chemistry building to be "the worst disaster this side

of Texas". Several members of the Hollywood elite are currently enroute to wash off imported seals during the brief opportunities for photos.

Luckily no people have been hurt, although the room B160 was burned so badly that police are unable to ensure that nobody was inside.

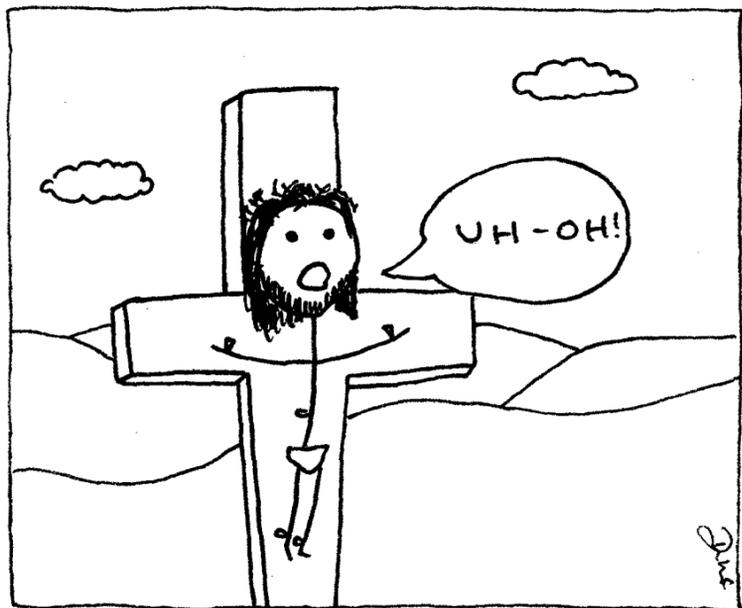
The local RCMP have not been able to rule out foul play, and are looking for several chief suspects.

"Well, we have quite a bit of evidence pointing to the culprit, but we're just waiting for the final piece of the puzzle to ensure a conviction," said Staff Sargeant Bob McJourheep.

RCMP are requesting help in locating for questioning a large deity with white flowing gowns, long beard and an ephemeral appearance. If seen please do not approach as he is considered all holy and dangerous as hell.

Luckily the staff of the 432 was not in the building at the time. The intrepid 432 staff was actively pursuing leads at Elwood's on Broadway when the alleged incident took place.

UGH! by Duncan



WHY JESUS DIDN'T EAT MEXICAN

I Bent My Wookiee



What happens if your travelling in your car at the speed of light and you stick your ass out the window and fart while holding a lighter by your puckered starfish? Does your ass explode or what. I really wonder what would happen if you did it out of the back window. Maybe that would be the final thrust needed to blow you past the speed of light. Is this the theory behind the hyperdrive on the Millennium Falcon? I always wondered what they ate on those long inter stellar flights. And where the hell is the bathroom? Maybe if you control the force you don't need to go to the bathroom.

What a relief that would be. Then I could order the large coke when I go to the movies and not worry about having to get up during the best part of the movie.

Is that a mis-use of the force? Can you get impeached for not using the power

of the force for what it is made for? There's really only two appropriate uses of the force. Firstly, taking over the universe. Now apparently universal peace and harmony under the wise and loving leadership under one benevolent emperor is the "Dark" side of the force.

The other use of the force is fighting the dark side of the force. These so called supporters of the so-called light side of the force only want to wreck the system. We don't want to pay tax so we'll just get some ships and start blowing shit up. It'll be really cool. No wonder the emperor wanted to build a death star. I think calling it the death star was a mistake. The Emperor could have called it his Solar Sanctuary, or perhaps Loyalty Insurance. Death Star is just a little to menacing. If I could control the force I think I'd appreciate more of the little things. Having control of the Force could have some serious benefits.

What about getting better reservations for dinner.

"You want to give us the table on the patio."

"We want to give you the table on the patio."

Does this fall into the light or dark side of the force.

What about using the telekinesis to get yourself another beer from the kitchen.

No more studying when you can read the teachers mind.

Speeding tickets would be a thing of the past.

Don't even get me started on how handy it would be at the bar. Boy did luke ever miss out on using the force. The one hot chick in the galaxy and she's his sister.

What do Jedis do on their days off? I'm sure with the amount of work they do and all of the travelling they would throw some serious barn burner parties. They would have some serious stress reduction needs. I think if I were a Jedi I'd probably just sit back and relax with a cold beer and the hologram projector tuned to the latest intergalactic soccer match, or maybe I'd wash my speeder-bike, or maybe go to Mos Eisley and cut up some blue or green aliens with my

light saber.

Boy there's a handy tool. How cool would it be to have a light saber. No more problems with ice cream that's too hard. No problem with locking your keys in the car. Who needs a can opener? You'd never need a stove to cook a hot dog. And you thought pepper spray was good for self defence. Try loping off one of your attacker's arms.

Now you now the emperor used the force to get chicks. How else is a wrinkly old decrepit man like that going to score? Well he is the emperor. He could threaten to kill the girl, but how much fun would that be?

Luke never used the force at the bar. Luke had some really bad luck with girls. Seventy billion girls in the universe and the one he has to spend the most time with turns out to be his sister. But he never even tried with anybody else. Maybe he had low testosterone.

Either that or he has really bad gas.

PSST! THE PROF. HAS A BONER!

Blood, Guts and Lara Croft



It's a great time to be alive. It's an even better time to be a video game player. There's something to be said for any culture which creates a technology that enables people to waste their time in so many highly entertaining (and, oddly, often gory) ways. Today's technology is unparalleled at delivering non-stop, full frame, pulse-pounding multiple-polygon excitement, all at one low, low price. With the Christmas season coming on, game companies are unleashing their newest creations and cutting prices on older products and hardware. Playstations are cheap, and N64 systems may have their first blockbuster hit with the return of the ever popular Zelda series. Even the Game Boy's making a comeback with a colour model (not those awful coloured cases but a full colour display, compatible with the existing library of Game Boy games). But, of all things most eagerly awaited for release this season, it is those games which specialise in the refinement and presentation of a particular brand of graphics, weapons, gore and rabid multiplayer action. Case in point, Heretic II. It fixes everything that was wrong with Tomb Raider. Tomb Raider was a nice exploration and puzzle-solving game which pandered primarily to the repressed male audience (ages 14-28) and supported a pro-feminism stance whose echoes can be heard in the bubblegum pop of the Spice Girls. Heretic II,

on the other hand, takes all of Tomb Raiders textures and fluidity of movement and adds a sorely-needed amount of carnage. Limbs get hacked off, zombies get decapitated, flying stinging things get fried with magic. It's all good, clean fun. Case in point, the upcoming game Oni. You play another Tomb Raider-esque character, but the range of motion is fluid and the environment is definitely on the heavy side of the gore equation. Touted as the first "full contact" action game, you can get your character to run, guns blazing into a room. When your clip's empty, toss your guns, tuck into a roll and kick the guard in the groin. Twist his arm, grab his gun and shoot him with it. When the action gets too intense, jump off the balcony, land on the guards below, kill the lights, toss a concussion grenade back up, and take a rolling dive out the nearest window. Now that's action that beats any Die Hard sequel or Van Damme groaner any day. And then there's the capper, the "ready to be released any day now" Myth II: Soulblighter, sequel to the best selling game Myth: The Fallen Lords (and not to be confused with the really arty Myst, which was a glorified, eye-candy enhanced Choose Your Own Adventure). The programmers at Bungie have really done a wonder this time, with a more elaborate physics and object model. This translates into being able to watch body parts bounce really high, spraying blood and splattering the ground beneath them after a molotov cocktail gets thrown into a group of guards. Action, strategy and gore. What more could you want?

Sure, there exist many detractors of this modern genre of high speed, delirium inducing, carpal tunnel syndrome forming games, who yearn for the simple cheerfulness offered in the depths of such classic arcade favorites as Pac Man and Asteroids. But, I think, these people fail to understand the very basic concept that underlies the popularity of shoot-em-ups like Quake II or Marathon. People are, underneath (sometimes not very far underneath), inherently spiteful, misanthropic bastards who enjoy nothing so much as seeing other people ground beneath their heels in humiliating but entertaining ways.

There's a visceral thrill to be had when you unload a rocket launcher at near close range into the turned back of your enemy and watching his entrails splatter against the far wall. There's something satisfying about the twitch-thrill of doing a high speed turn around a corner, ending up face-to-face with your opponent and trying to get off a couple of shots with your nail gun before you're turned into so much bloody tofu.

Best of all, the violence is fairly cartoonish violence, continuing that dichotomy already being reinforced by dozens of television shows (take classic G.I. Joe for example: here's this highly trained anti-terrorist force, armed with the coolest weapons illegal Pentagon slush funds can buy, and they haven't killed a single Cobra agent in years). People know that no-one's getting hurt when they take a round to the head in an online deathmatch. And after a particularly stressful day, there's a certain

satisfaction to be gained from releasing pent-up aggressions in virtual combat, rather than, say, your dog or your brother. Heck, if you've got a local, in-house network, play against your brother and have a good time blowing each other to bits rather than expressing your negative energies by delivering a high-speed noogie. Remember, the family that games together sustains fewer overall bruises that have to be explained come dinner.

Ultimately, it's a wonderful world when you can get rewarded for blowing somebody's online representation away without doing any real psychological harm. And with the introduction of the Player's Gaming League, playing these games can now be a viable way of life. For the low, low cost of registration, one can join a community of expert gamers, all gunning to grind each other into the virtual dust in order to win the season's prize. Players get together online to practice maneuvers. Regular schedules have been set up for matches, with adjudicators and spectators looking on. Good players, like good athletes, can get endorsement deals from game hardware manufacturers. Tournaments sport prizes as high as ten grand in cash. And a Ferrari. So the next time you get hassled for playing your games, just turn to them and say, "Back off, man, I'm an athlete in training". Kinda makes you feel good about all those times your parents kept saying "you'll never make anything of yourself if you keep playing these games."

So enjoy your Christmas season, and keep your thumb on the trigger.

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Anything's Better Than Voyager



It's getting to be that time of year again when the big TV networks are canceling a bunch of shows and trying out new ones. When I see lists of the new shows that are coming to network TV, it makes me wonder about the people who come up with these things. Some of the failed pilots out there are pretty stupid and I think I could come up with better ones. So, here's my list of Miss Jenn's Network Pitches for the 1999 TV Season...

When Folk Singers Attack - Shot in the same gritty style as the classic When Animals Attack series, When Folk Singers Attack is a shocking look at the underside of the hippie subculture gone horribly wrong. Footage includes the

1971 Kumbaya Massacre, in which a campfire singalong turned into a towering inferno of death, as well as Art Garfunkel vs Paul Simon kumate. Shown with the ten minute short film "The Kennedy Assassination: What the Folk Singers Don't Want You to Know" which presents a new theory about who killed Kennedy. You'll never ride past the Jericho Folk Fest in a convertible ever again.

MacGuyver: The Next Generation - Starring Jonathan Lipnicki (the kid from Jerry Maguire) as MacGuyver's son. Mac Jr Inherits his Dad's knack for getting into and out of trouble, which results in some crazy situations at his nursery school! In the first episode, Mac Jr is forced to defend the school against Colombian Drug Lords. He outwits them by building a bomb from 8 Fisher price Little People and a WetNap, and creates a detonator using RC car remote

controls. At the right moment, Mac Jr takes a crafty wee on the remote control, thereby completing the circuit and blowing the drug lords into next week.

M.O.P.S - Another hard-hitting real-life series, M.O.P.S follows the men and women in grey - highschool janitors all across North America who work hard to sweep and protect. Follow real janitors throughout their day as they respond to countless crises - vomiting in the washroom, nosebleed stains in the hall, pee on the carpet in the Special Ed room.

Jumpin' With Jesus - A Sunday morning exercise program designed to give you, the churchgoer, a light workout before morning mass. Join The Saviour himself for a low-impact, high-salvation workout suitable for all ages and fitness levels.

Deep South Park - Designed for our viewers in Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, and Arkansas, Deep South Park features

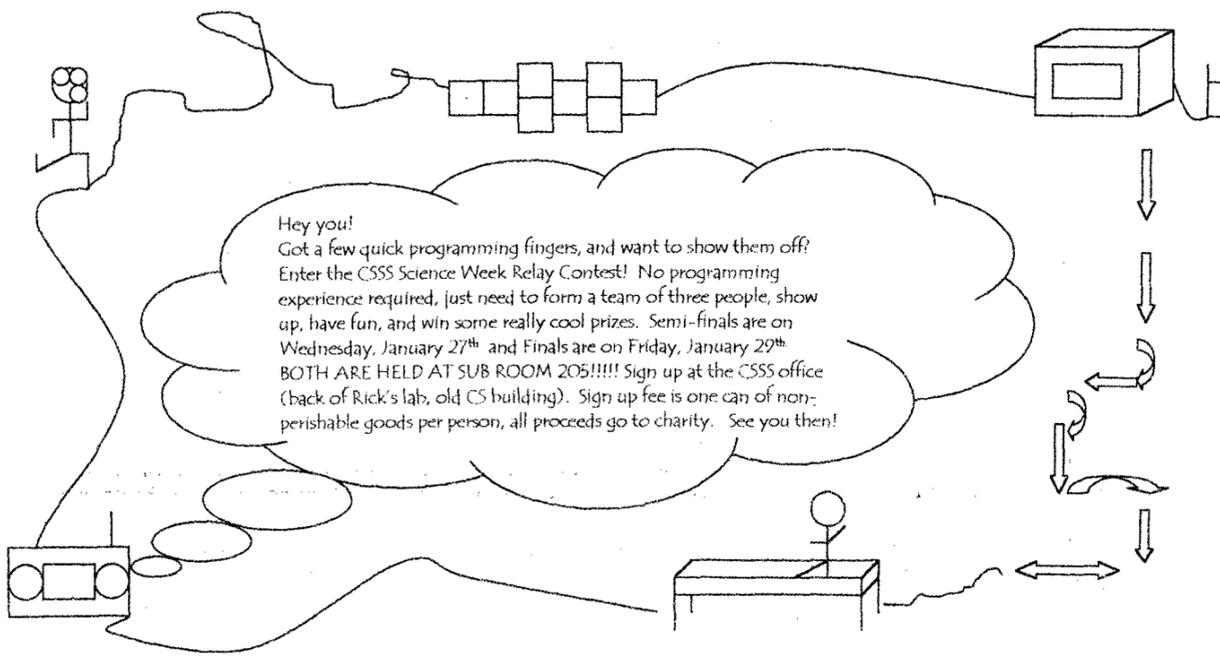
those loveable 8 year-olds in situations that Southerners can relate to. Episodes include: "Cartman Gives an Anal Probe", "Mr. Hanky, the Christmas Still", and "Cartman's Father is Actually His Grandfather, Uncle, and First Cousin".

Ally McButter - The ups and downs of a kooky butter substitute trying to find her way in life.

You'd think at least one of those would get picked up, wouldn't you?

Anyway, Happy <insert holiday here> to all of you. I hope you all get what you want under the tree. If anyone wants to send me a) money b) beer or c) any member of Sloan, you can send parcels to: The Miss Jenn Christmas Appeal, c/o the 432, Chem B160, UBC.

I'd like to see That 370's BC Show. It would follow the wacky lives of Greek nobility. In the pilot, Andopolis will crash an orgy that he wasn't invited to. Hilarity ensues. -ed



Is Math Getting you Down?
Can the People at Sylvan Not Help You with the Chain Rule?

Math Exams are now on sale in the math club in the Math Annex.

Old exams available for Math 100, 140, 200 and 215. Here's a Sample question from Math 432

Question 1. Prove the Following.

$\lim_{p \rightarrow 0} \{\text{Craig's ass}\} = \text{Fun!}$

where p is the platypus factor.

Horrorscopes

Aries: March 21 - April 19: While self-medicating can be harmless enough in the summer, the combination of those caffeine pills and the excessive alcohol you are pondering will not make your exam grades go up. This is especially applicable to those pre-med hopefuls out there. You should know. In fact, you should know better.

Taurus: April 20 - May 20: Put the cell phone back up your ass, stop dressing in those god-damn DKNY clothes, and go for a walk in the woods. Find a mountain top, wrap yourself in plastic and commune with the elements. It's ok to stop shaving. It's ok to talk to the squirrels. It'll be good practice for after the bomb goes off.

Gemini: May 21 - June 20: You are a person who likes to wear tinfoil on your head to keep out the bad alien transmissions. Rest assured, they ARE out to get you, the mothership IS hovering over your shed, and Bill Gates IS out to steal your synaptic patterns.

Cancer: June 21 - July 22: If you have the opportunity to head home for the holidays, refuse. Stay as far away as possible from any kind of extended family gathering. Uncle Harry wants someone to pull his finger, and you'll be the first in line if you are there.

Leo: July 23 - August 22: Your exams will be perfect, your attitude debonair, and your Xmas gifts will be full of cash. You also are a gullible twit and believe everything that you read. Give money to me and your life will be swell.

Virgo: August 23 - September 22: While the urge to merge is hitting banks across Canada, be careful where, when and with whom you choose to fulfill this wish. I'd advise you against doing it anywhere outside to avoid unpleasant frostbite. Also avoid ladders, bookcases, and the living room table. One last thing, sleeping with any kind of professor or TA (I didn't say T&A) before exams are done can be seen as bribery, and might result in academic probation.

Libra: September 23 - October 22: While Santa is red-dressed and jolly, the 'geers are red-dressed and drunk. You're a little too old to be sitting in Santa's lap, and far too naive to be sitting in a 'geer's lap. This goes double if you are male.

Scorpio: October 23 - November 21: This season, you will be kind to your wonderful older sister, and pay her back that \$30 you owe her. You will also promise to never steal her gum again. If these conditions are met, you will one day be more famous than John Coltrane.

Sagittarius: November 22 - December 21: Don't be subtle about your Xmas wants this year. No one is getting those silly hints. Be blunt, be loud, and be repetitive. Ask for the big ticket items, but don't bank on getting them. Remember that great-aunt who's about to kick the bucket, and visit her often.

Capricorn: December 22 - January 19: Unless you want your Xmas to end as the most embarrassing moment in your life, don't invite your parents over to your place until after you have hidden the sex toys and those incriminating photos of your and your partner playing "Nancy, the Naughty Nurse".

Aquarius: January 20 - February 18: You are a wonderful person. Everyone likes you. Your witty conversation has people rolling in the isles. The unplumbable depths of your intelligence are second only to your irresistible charm, not to mention your stunningly attractive gaelic looks. If anyone knows an Aquarius, buy them lots and lots of expensive presents. Soon.

Pisces: February 19 - March 20: Remember, school isn't everything. In fact, failing that math class is probably for the best. It will show you that you are not perfect, the math prof is reprehensible, you do belong in arts, and resistance is futile. Oh yeah, you're going to die on December 19th too.

Sweet, Salty, Sour, and...



It is my brilliant opinion that the world is going to hell in a hand basket, and there is absolutely nothing I can do to stop it. Recently, I'm not sure that I want to. The only thing that will cure the plague that is human civilization is the collapse of life as we know it, and a total reconstruction. Now.

You may say, but Bree, why are you so uncharacteristically pessimistic today? Well, faithful reader, it's like this. I was perusing my local paper, and a story hit me in the head. Literally. My brother tossed it to me. Students in Slurrey these days are not getting any official education about various sexually transmitted diseases. I'd bet that they are making up for the lack of class time on the Thursday nights behind the Dairy Queen. People, think about this. HIV and Hep-B aren't like other things you learn about in school. Sure, you'll be just fine if you can't multiply a polynomial after grade 12. It might be a bit harder to deal with a case of genital herpes or HIV. Upon fur-

ther reflection, I think I have the answer. See, the Slurrey school board is made up of some SET people (no clue what the letters stand for, don't care) and these people have said on a regular basis that they are right-wing hard-core Christians. I'd be fine with this normally, but I think that in some little document, called the Constitution of Canada, there is a separation of Church and State. In tiny words for the illiterate high school grads out there, this means that there is to be NO religion in public school. Not any. Yet the Slurrey school board continues to promote its underhanded techniques, like banning Planned Parenthood from high school sex-ed classes, and promoting abstinence at the expense of safe-sex methods. Sure, abstinence is a great idea. But try telling that to hormone crazed adolescents. Does anyone ELSE see a problem here?

That rather long paragraph is an example why we need to start over. Don't stop at getting rid of the school board. Get rid of organized education all together. During my twelve years as a member of the education system in Canada, I've seen a great idea turn bad faster than you can say, "Cartman gets an anal probe".

I'm not saying this as a bitter disillusioned under-employed youth. My brother is two years younger than me (Yes, Bryn, I'm aware that it's 20 months, but it's easier to say two years in this setting than to explain this to the reading public), and I've seen what was working fine for me and those of my grade changed and beaten into warped form by the time it was filtered through his grade. I speak in this instance, of the CAPP program. The Man is turning high schools into the fast-food industry's personal hiring board. Kids are in school to learn knowledge, not work for "community businesses" for free. Picture being in co-op, only you get no pay. Work experience. At least my brother and others like him who already HAD paying jobs could use that as an excuse not to prostitute themselves for the sake of public education.

While I'm talking about my brother, I've discovered that he's not all that bad. He has an awesome taste in music, even if he does wear baggy pants. I think we really had to get some space between us (he moved out this year) so I could realize that he is a person, not a strange growth in the carpet. He's up in North

Van doing school this year. I was thinking about most of the kids who were in his grade, who are doing the same thing as they have been for the last few years: hanging around White Rock. Those, and the rest of the children who hang around the service station on Wednesday nights, need some responsibility. Get a haircut and get a real job. Selling crack to farmers in Whalley does not count as employment. I think we should reintroduce army enlistment back to today's youth. Get those slackers doing something constructive, like hiking across the mountains at the whim of some sadistic drill sergeant. At the very least, it might stop the rabid infection of hooded sweatshirts and nine foot wallet chains.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not bitter. I only have no faith in the future of humanity. If you need to find me, I'll be making plans to cryogenically freeze my brain until medical science either finds a way to fix everything, or the power goes off.

I can see it now. At Bre's 'funeral' there will be a messy scandal. Jay will need medical assistance to remove his tongue from the body. -ed

Dead Pool



Things haven't changed a heck of a lot. People are still dying. No change in the standings. Leon Jang is still on top with two confirmed deaths, with miss Jenn and Duncan McHugh running in close second with one death each.

Neil Murphy has been disqualified for breaking Official Dead Pool Rule No. 4. He was caught sending hardcore amputee porn to Kirk Douglas, with the hopes of giving the old guy a coronary.

Some people to keep your eyes peeled for in the next few weeks are: Este'e Lauder, yes the inventor of the famous cosmetic line is still kicking.

Larry Hagman, everybody's favorite bad guy from t.v.'s Dallas, is still in the hospitable with liver cancer. Just a hint, any cancer of the prostate, skin or blood is good for a quick death. Breast cancer, lung cancer, and cancer of the baby left toe are all quite slow.

Johnny Cash has been on the brink for about four months. His liver fails periodically which can't be good for his regularity.

David Crosby is still as huge as ever. Apparently he still drinks like a fish and smokes a big fattie every day before going to bed.

With movie "Meet Joe Black" out staring Brad Pitt everybody's thoughts should be veering towards grizzly car accidents, preferably involving Brad Pitt getting hit by three or more cars. I'd just like to see more blood when he gets hit.

Blood, guts, entrails, gore, brains spilt and pulsating on the poly-acrylic tile floor of the local Safeway. Legs torn from their sockets with the tendons popping and the bones cracking as the limbs are seperated from the body. Hands hammered, guts gashed, toes trampled, penii pierced, livers lanced, kidneys kicked, and spleens splashed. Body parts causing the floor to become dangerously slippery requiring staff to put up warning signs.



Don't you think that emotions have a way of diffusing themselves over the entire radius of the campus? Last week was the generically worst week I have ever encountered before in my life, and final exams haven't even started yet! Every person I had the energy to talk to had some sort of gripe story to tell me in great detail. I love being one of those wonderful friends who always listens to everyone with an understanding air. I'll tell you a little secret though, I practice that understanding air in the mirror when I'm brushing my teeth. That way, it just comes naturally to me, and I actually have time to either concentrate on what the person is saying, or just let my mind wander to more or less important matters. Usually I do try to listen, but only with one ear. The other ear is eavesdropping on someone else's private sob story, and the rest of my conscious mind is occupied with my own sad situation. It gets old quickly.

The solution to all of this, you know, is just to get high. I mean it. High! Literally. Go hang-liding or skydiving or bungee jumping or something that will completely assume control over all your physical sensations and leave no room for you to notice anything else.

I suppose you could get high too, and then all the input you would be receiving while flying through the cold, thin air would overload your poor

fried brain cells leaving you in the permanent state in which you were in when it happened. Now that could be fun! Imagine, being in a constant state of adrenaline and friedness.

I think that would make for some very interesting encounters with your mortal enemies. I'll leave your personal scenarios up to you, but I know what I would do. I would use my adrenalinally enhanced strength to send that person flying, straight into... oops, sorry, I thought that it was an open door, not a window! Well, since you had to go and BREAK the window, why don't you go outside and examine the damage you've done. I'm sure a really close up view would be a good idea. A really close up view! And so on and so on, and... well, imagination provides the rest. Of course it would be just my luck to discover that

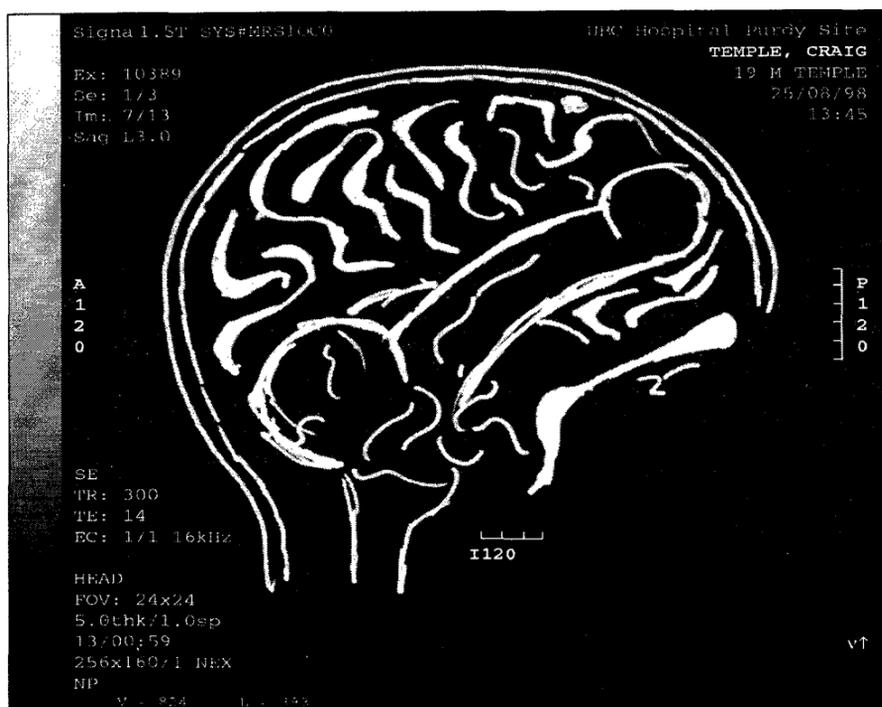
that was just a drug induced dream, and none of that ever occurred.

Speaking of dreams, what if life is just a dream? What if we're only dreaming ourselves...

I dreamt once that I, and my friend Mike, were in charge of CiTR. For some reason the radio station was being shut down, and we were operating illegally. Suddenly George Clooney came in his big, blue Dodge pick-up to shut us down. I don't remember much of the dream, but it involved lots of jumping out of windows and shooting guns. I knew that that was a dream and not real life, because two equally absurd things happened. One was that I could leap out third story windows unscathed. The second was that CiTR didn't suck and that there were more than 12 listeners at any given time. -ed

T-Minus 10 Seconds...

WHO KNEW?



CRAIG'S MRI COMES BACK FROM THE LAB.

The Sexy, The Bad, The Good, and The Ugly: or Spot the Perverts!



From Left to right: extraordinarily attractive S.U.S Social Coordinator, Miss Jenn, Angry Drunk Scottish P.R.O. Jake Gray, Small, Frightened First Year Artsie Michelle Mossop, and E.U.S 2nd Vice P.K.U.

This picture comes from the Wine and Cheese that we had last month. It sure was fun. Especially when P.K.U attempted to molest all of us. That was one to write home about.

Highlights of the day included: Craig, Miss Jenn, and Jake beginning their all-day boozefest at 12:30, and continuing during Science Council that afternoon, downloading Spacemoose analrape cartoons in ZooLab, and then rubbing ourselves with tiny squirrels we had rounded up from nearby trees.

At some point later in the night, this particular photograph was taken. Miss Jenn had, unfortunately, sobered up by this point. Jake was on his way to

sober. Michelle was wandering around, dazed, trying to figure out what the large red thing behind her was. It was P.K, who had been chasing her all night. P.K stands for Pumpkin King. After his behaviour that night, we renamed him

"Special" bus to school. This picture defines the night. Note the sultry look on Miss Jenn's face. Note Jake looking bitter. And just look at young Michelle and the endlessly charming P.K.U. This picture is so romantic that Hallmark is

E.U.S Pres Newf, who was sitting on a table across the room. Every molecule of P.K.U's being banded together to form a dense wall of drunkenness, which careened across the room and hit Newf from the backside. I'm sure Newf was initially relieved that it wasn't one of *those* kinds of backside attacks, but the relief probably dissipated when he realized he was lying on an alcohol-covered floor in a pile of broken glass.

We finally managed to persuade P.K.U to leave by bribing him with a bottle of wine. Apparently he took a bit of swim in the outdoor pool on his way home. His whereabouts are still unknown.

Jake went home.

Miss Jenn went to someone else's home.

Michelle is currently in therapy.

This note is from Miss Jenn, not Craig. Craig did not write this article. A very beautiful brunette with long legs and perfect abs sat on Craig's lap and wrote the whole thing. So if you don't like it, direct all comments to Sherilyn Fenn. She was in Boxing Helena, which is Craig's favourite movie. He has a thing for amputee women. -jenn



P.K.U, which stands for phenyl ketonuria. If you have P.K.U, you get to wear a hockey helmet to school, use the safety scissors all the time, and ride the

trying to get distribution rights to use it on their Valentine's cards. It fails, however, to capture the true glory of the moment when P.K.U decided to tackle

Real!

Class Act

Graduating Class Gift Campaign

We are looking for enthusiastic graduating students looking to help out with canvassing graduating students for donations. Monies raised will go towards a gift to be donated back to our faculty. We also need ideas for potential gifts which as a graduating class we can give back to the school.

If you are interested in getting some volunteer hours or have good ideas for gifts please contact jakeg@interchange.ubc.ca

Not a Joke!

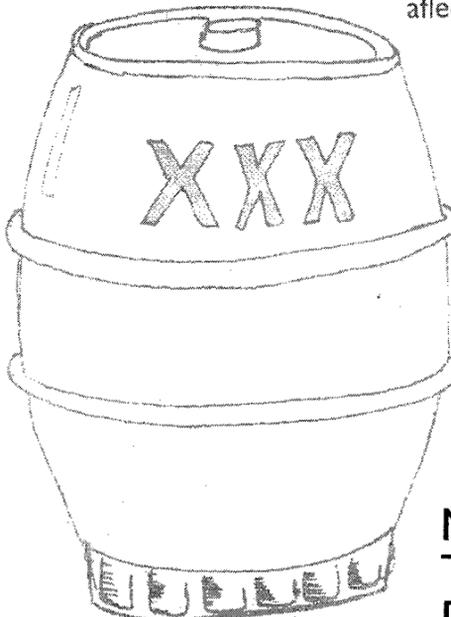
Not a Joke!

Real!

Microbrew Contest

Win cash prizes!

Contact Anna Lee aflee@interchange.ubc.ca for more info



Judging on Jan. 29th



More Fun Than a Two Dollar Whore!

NO ENTRY FEE!

Yes, He's in Arts

Moz
bio lab partner from hell

Halallelujah midterms are over. Time to sit back relax and get so wasted that you forget everything that you've learned so far. At least that's what you should be able to do except that MID-TERMS don't end until the last fricking week of November. This makes me question the profs understanding of the word MID-TERM but that is a topic for another day's rant. So without further ado or other such crap I present MOZ's Study tips, which are guaranteed to improve your GPA

Never study when you're sober. You'll be amazed at how much more sense your third year theoretical physics text makes when you're too bombed to open the text without assistance. This applies to philosophy too, after all both physics and philosophy started with a bunch of drunk Greeks and if it was good enough for Socrates then it's sure as hell good enough for your final. Alcohol also makes an excellent reward mechanism. For example try taking a shot after every math problem you do. Some might whine and say that you have 40 questions, but my response to this is don't

worry you'll stop caring after the first 15 shots.

Take your profs advice and study with a friend, or more specifically have a friend study for you. No need for you to do any work so get your friend to read everything for you and then provide you with a short and comprehensive explanation of the material. Realistically how much material is there in a course like organic chem? Surely it could be summarized in a sentence or two. I generally ask for such information just before we enter the exam as that way it is fresh in my head, although the last time I did this I didn't quite understand the reaction mechanism that my friend showed me. It was something like $UR + sc - r, E \rightarrow wD$. Nonetheless I maintain that this is an excellent way to learn a course in very little time.

Obviously the above methods and all methods listed work best if you do them the night before the final. This ensures that everything you memorize will be fresh in your mind. Many of you are very familiar with this strategy as it worked so well in high school. I promise that there is no more information in University level courses such as Microbiology 201, for example, than

there is in grade 11 biology. So remember you're not procrastinating your effectively managing your time to maximize your studying efficiency.

Often associated with the aforementioned study method is sleep deprivation, and together they lead to astounding results. It is a good idea, then, to not sleep for 48 hours prior to your exam. That way you will be nice and laid back come the test, and will not be distracted by such unimportant things as the right answer/wrong answer dilemma or that rather loud bald guy who keeps yelling out something about 10 minutes... 5 minutes... time up etc.

Always study where there are lots of possible distractions. This way you will know if you have worked long enough because your mind will start to wander. When this happens you know you've worked too hard. Take a break find some friends and drink until you discover how irrelevant tomorrow's final is in the whole scheme of things. A few good places to study would be then, a concert, a club, east Hastings, or The No. 5 Orange.

It has been statistically proven that there is a negative correlation between

the time spent studying and your mark on the final. So the less time you spend studying the better you'll do. If, however, this piece of information comes too late and you have already spent more than 2 hours studying don't panic. Simply smash your head repeatedly against a cement wall until you can't remember anything. Note that it is a good idea to have clean underwear and some picture I.D. on you before attempting this strategy. Now you're probably all wondering how much studying is too much studying. Well there is a simple and effective method used to determine this. Simply take the number of hours you've spent on homework thus far in the semester and divide it by 2. Of course this only works if you've done less than 6 hours of homework in the course. If you have some sick and twisted infatuation with homework and have done more than six hours then don't bother studying since you probably know it all.

When you're actually writing the exam never use any of the hints our suggestions that the prof may provide. Take such hints as personal insults to your intelligence as the prof is saying that without help you couldn't do what Newton, or whomever, did. Both you and I know this is a total crock, I mean who was this Newton guy? $F=ma$ come on I learned that in grade 11. I really don't know why everybody thinks so highly of Newton; after all he never even attended an Ivy league college.

One last thing. Your exam is your last chance to show everybody what you've learned in the course and provide the prof with some public feedback. So don't pass up the last opportunity you may ever have to yell explicatives at your professor in front of hundreds of people. You know you've been thinking about it for a while, and an exam is the perfect time to do it. As to whether or not you should give them your name I leave that up to you; after all you have to learn some things on your own.

Moz is a very strange individual. He showed up one night and started telling us all how funny we were. We weren't quite sure whether he was going to lick the bottom of our shoes or kill us in a frenzy of knife wielding and axe flinging.

So far we're still alive, but Moz's motives remain unclear.

He still shows up only on production nights, eats some food, says a few stupid things then disappears back into the night. Outside of production night, I'm not even sure he exists. For all I know he could be a minion of Satan sent solely to through a wrench in the holy plans of the 432 staff, or he could be an angel sent by god to save the 432 staff from eternal damnation.

We became especially concerned on Saturday night. We were doing the usual production procrastination and ended up searching the Internet for porn. Apparently Moz felt a little uncomfortable when we got the good sites.

He high tailed out of the office, presumably to return to his cave before the sun came up.

All things said though, he has submitted everything on time, edited and almost the proper size.

hmmm.

Something must be wrong with him.

-Asst. ed



PENIS

The Drawers of SUS™

Or: Why I Hate the SUS Executive with the Possible Exceptions of Jenn Gardy and Jake Gray

President

John Fournier

John, our faithful president has yet to submit one word to me as far as an exec blurb goes. If you are an incredibly astute reader, you might have noticed that John had a presidential blurb in both the last issue and *the Guide '98*. However, his piece in *the Guide* was written by yours truly, and last issue's blurb was courtesy of Jake Gray.

Now I'm pretty sure that SUS has a President, and I'd put a few bucks on the fact that our prez is John Fournier, but I'll be damned if I knew what the hell he has done so far this year. What exactly does the president of a faculty undergraduate society do? I'd be quite interested to find out, and I'm sure that you would too. So, with thousands of students eager to hear what John has to say and an available forum open to him every two weeks, what does John do? Well, as far as I can tell, he sits on Council and occasionally comes into SUS with a Slurpee™.

I invite John to defend his honour in the first issue of the next year. He can explain at length what exactly it is that he does from day to day. So, now that the gauntlet has been thrown to the ground, will John choose to pick it up? Will he be man enough to reply? Or will he run tail tucked and shame-faced to the nearest high school to seek consolation from April? Tune in next term to find out.

Finance

Alex Varju

While I of all people should appreciate that sometimes

it's okay to shirk some of your responsibilities so that you can work and earn a bit of extra dough, Alex should have plenty of time to whip up a few words on what's going on money-wise.

Alex works with John Hallett over at WebCT. Now this may be a patented John-Story™, but I have been told that most of their time is occupied by playing poker and downloading and encoding MP3's off the internet. I don't want to sound like a broken record, but I think the lazy bastard can take a few minutes out of his schedule to write a couple words.

So-Co

Jenn Gardy

Thanks to everyone who came out to the November bzzr

garden - thanks to ski club there was a pretty low turnout, but that means we probably lost way less than we thought so you can all give me a big round of applause. It also means that we're probably quite under budget for the year so far, so you can all give me a standing ovation... Anyway, the Mach 3's put on a awesome show despite the small crowd, and we are DEFINITELY going to be inviting them back to play one of our next events. There is no Golden Pacemaker or Golden Mop Award for this event, so I am going to give out the Golden Patio Lantern Award to John Hallett, Jer Thorp, and Tim Ambler, who graciously donated their backyard decor to me for the evening, and also to Ian Neville, who had to help me take them all down from the guys' patio AND who also had to stand on a table and put them all up in 207/209.

THIS PARAGRAPH IS VERY VERY IMPORTANT. READ IT. READ IT SEVERAL TIMES. Science Week is coming up at the end of January, and on Friday, January 29th we're having our annual COLD FUSION PARTY. It's the one time of year when I get to have a really big band, and more bzzr than you can shake a stick at. Stay tuned for an announcement of who will be headlining, and just how much bzzr there's gonna be. In the interim, think about helping me out - I need people to help sell tickets as well as people to set up, sell bzzr, pour bzzr, and clean up. You get a whole bunch of cool stuff if you help me out, free bzzr being the least of it.

Have a good holiday, and remember the egg nog puke is really pretty ugly.

Miss Jenn's great, she's very good about submitting her exec reports on time, and they're always nice to read. -ed

Internal VP

Well, we don't have an Internal Vice right now on account of our last one spontaneously combusting one day during council, so I can't very well expect a report. But I'd rarely get a report from her anyway, so the same bullshit applies.

Turn the page to see a nifty ad asking you, yes you to think about running for the position of Internal Vice. President of the Science Undergraduate Society.

Whoopee.

Kathryn Murray

External Veep

I was having a conversation with Andy earlier tonight about which exec positions

have the easiest or toughest jobs. The position with the most work to do is definitely the Director of Publications. That person needs to put out this paper thirteen times a year, and there's also *the Guide* to do which is roughly equivalent to two years of publishing *the 432* squeezed into a couple of months of the Summer. I digress though—it is easy to start the cycle of self-pity when I'm writing in this box—, next on the list of tough jobs is External Vice. This exec has the tremendous responsibility of coordinating Science Week. This job completely drains the person in charge, and is pretty thankless.

However, the brunt of this work is done solely in the first few weeks of the second term. The Ext. Vice doesn't do a hell of a lot throughout the rest of the year. Come into SUS sometime and ask her about it, she will sink her claws into you and talk to you until your eyes roll back into your head. Kat likes to talk about SW so much that once she gets started, most of the exec's spirits leave their bodies and we all meet up on the spectral plane and continue our meetings there, with our bodies back on Earth nodding occasionally. So, certainly Kat has time to pen a few words about Science Week.

I must tread lightly here. The movie most representative of Aarne was

Sports

Aarne Hamalainen

decided by the SUS populace to be *Falling Down*, so I don't want to be the one to set him off. Regardless, I've had tons of requests for a hockey pool update, yet still there's nothing from our Sports guy.

And I'm sure that you'd all like to know how to join the execrable Bandicoots and other intramural teams, but nooooo. Aarne's too busy to bother with you.

Secretary

Henry Wong

Henry's a real piece of work. Not only does he show up

late for every single council meeting, but he insists on screaming orders at everybody throughout said meetings.

He keeps telling people who complain that there is nothing that they can do constitutionally to keep him from shouting at everybody. A couple of meetings ago, he threw a screaming fit which ended with him throwing a bottle of blue ink at our very own Miss Jenn.

I think I'll take a look at what the constitution says about not writing exec reports and throwing objects at other executives.

Jake Gray

Jake is the biggest helper on production weekends, and he usually has an interesting report, so I can't complain too much about him. This weekend though has been an exception. Not only did he not write a blurb, but he spent a whole bunch of time working on his Biology group project, thus preventing anybody else from doing any work on the paper.

In his defense, I was a lazy bastard all weekend and probably wouldn't have done work if he wasn't, and he did write a pretty funny article. Also, Jake can always be counted upon to break shit, and that's pretty cool.

Look for the Canned Food Drive of Doom coming soon from Jake. As part of his duties as PRO, he must extort, steal, and beg for copious quantities of foodstuffs to be donated to a needful charity. That is if it doesn't fall prey to hungry SUS hacks.

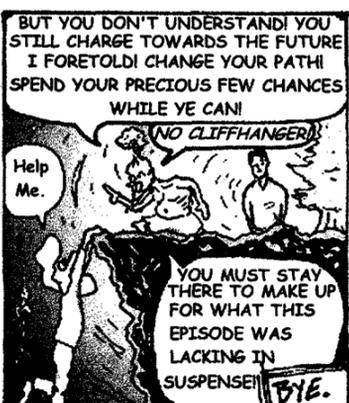
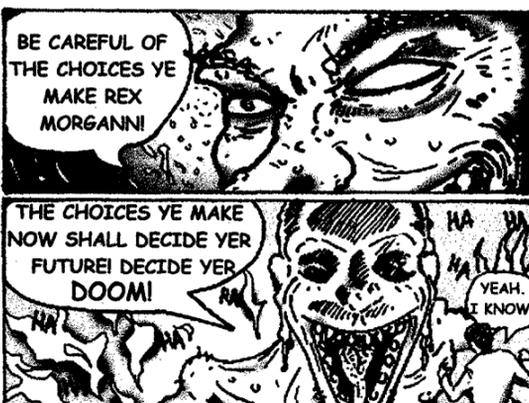
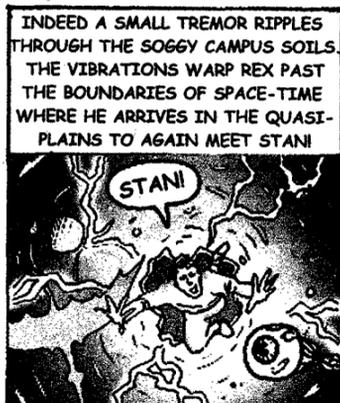
what's happening in science?

The Drawers of SUS....

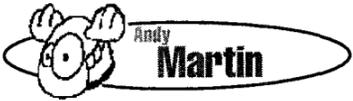
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SWM Seeks 2 Subserviant BiWF



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 because 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?'

Women always seem to be complaining that we menfolk don't seem to treat them right. This is true. Everytime I hold a door open for a lady, she just stands there with a confused look on her face until she starts looking like a 'toon thrown in the dip and faints in confusion. But, to be brutally honest, I think the way we treat them in general is fair, because women really don't treat us any better.

The rule 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, while pretty much as simple, the basics 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 treat...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:

- bad if you ogle him
- worse if you point him out to me, and ask my opinion
- much worse if you tell me each and every little detail of what makes him so attractive to you
- so bad you wouldn't believe it if you tell me what you'd like to do with him if you had him alone for five minutes in a medieval dungeon with a cauldron of boiling chocolate.
- 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, aye, 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 complexion 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

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:

Off limit conversation topics (besides the cute guy across the room who's holding his leg in a very flamboyant position) are:

a)menstruation and related topics 'down under'

b)that bitch hussy who's going to pay for what she did to you

c)strange diet choices

d)anything to do with Party of Five, Dr.Quinn, or Titanic (the best part was when the guy fell off the back of the boat and hit the propeller, nuff' said)

A lot of these conversations I can stand, even flourish in, but for the majority of the Y-chromosomes on earth, it's just not a good topic.

Tip:

If we've been going casual for a couple of months and then you stop seeing me because you 'just don't have the time', do not then run off for a two week jaunt up to Whistler with another guy a month later. Though you may not realize it, it kind of sucks ass when you do that.

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.

IN A WORLD...

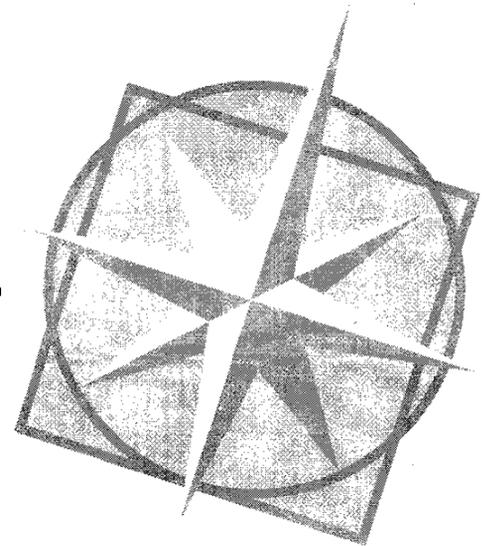
...where the Science Undergraduate Society has no Internal Vice President,

ONE STUDENT

must stand up for everything that is just

and run for the position of

INTERNAL VICE PRESIDENT



Look for details and nomination forms in the first issue of next term.