



"Primate Anatomical waste must be kept in frozen storage." (referring to "the entire carcass, as opposed to separate parts")

-Official UBC Policy

Driver Declared Universal Symbol of Humanity

"Iron is for the Devil," proclaims Dubya, "it's not even mentioned in the Bible once!"

(Ottawa, AP)

Beginning on Wednesday, November 10th, Canadians and Americans are being encouraged to purchase large quantities of golf drivers in support of humanity as a foolish species. The idea was passed today in a meeting between Prime Minister Paul "Yes Dubya" Martin and newly re-elected President George "Dubya" Bush. The 432 has learned that the US president came up with the idea while perfecting his stroke at one of his usual haunts. "It just came to me when I started using my 3-wood. I decided to make my wood famous by declaring November 10th 'World Wood Day.' After all, if you have good wood, it should be noticed somehow," commented Bush, "though a good wood can only truly be appreciated when combined with a perfect stroke."

When asked why humans need another narcissistic focal point, he shrugged his shoulders and raised an eyebrow. "What I do on vacation has to reflect my job somehow. I just thought this would be another thing I should spend countless hours arguing for at the next UN conference. They're always dragging the meetings down with depressing subjects like starvation numbers and genocides, and I just can't take it. I need to have a little fun at work, you know?"

Financial analyst Joe Brown has been performing market calculations, allowing for inflation in already high-inflation golf club prices, and was not pleased when we interviewed him. "Look here, you see this steep trend line in golf club pricing? That means that the cost of celebrating humanity is going to skyrocket with this wonky idea!"

Philosopher Wong Chu was a little more enthusiastic, and offered us tips on becoming one with our drivers. "Mr. Bush, as his name indicates, has a soul deeply rooted in plants. In fact, I would classify him as a 'chlorophile,' since he loves shrubbery so much. Golf lets him reconnect with his ancestors in a way that ruling a country like his father never could. He hopes this connection will happen to us too; humanity is also embedded within the force we call Nature. We must thank this brilliant thinker for his gift to the world."

It is difficult to determine why Bush would have plant-like ancestors, but it all seems to fit in some twisted way. Perhaps suggest Venus Fly-Traps.

A more important question has been haunting the public: why a driver? Why not a putter? Why not an iron? Why not a pitching wedge? Prime Minister Paul Martin answered that for us concisely and precisely: "George likes to be in control of everything. The word 'driver' implies control over passengers, or in this case, citi-

zens. Somehow, if we had decided on a putter, it would have conveyed quite the opposite idea. An iron would make him look like a dictator, and a pitching wedge would just be uncool. I feel it's obvious: Bush is already a household name, and now he will be a household item."

We asked John Kerry for his opinion, but he could not decide what his stance on the matter was. Swift Caddies for Truth have disputed Kerry's old claims to have hit three above par in an incident documented in his Oct 4, 2004 scorecard, for which he won a silver stein for best score of the day. The caddies claim he wrote down a birdie with everyone's backs turned.

UBC students were generally open to the new idea. However, the cost of drivers upset them slightly. "Martin better not make it law here to have to buy those freakishly expensive things, otherwise I'm driving over to the Hill right NOW," declared one student while stumbling towards a nearby sink to clean a few shot glasses.

Mexican mascot Tequilamigo shared a few profound observations, saying "these golf drivers will become like urban sombreros on 'Seinfeld.' Once you buy one, you're gonna get hooked senior! I have a terrible feeling about this, much like I did when I found a worm in my drink one day. Although, after I ate the worm it felt good.

Maybe it's not such a bad idea now!"

In response to this meeting between two great leaders, UBC has decided to erect a large wooden driver atop every building on campus, except Chemistry, where it would hardly stand out amongst the chimneys. Each department is responsible for the maintenance and repainting of the drivers on its buildings. Of course, once the driver for the bookstore goes up, massive increases in book prices are expected. Engineering is currently debating whether placing a driver on the 'E' will detract from the appearance and the history of the landmark. Commerce has gone ahead and finalized deals with a gold-plating company to make their clubs stand out. The Science Faculty still has not decided exactly what it wants to do with the drivers to spice them up, but the current plan includes a 'Lab Rat' figurehead on the grip of each driver.

What will this new endeavour bring for the rest of the decade? Will world peace be reached by people brandishing new Titleist golf clubs? Are sports really the answer to solving worldwide problems? Is a club really a good symbol for peace, or would a spiked club be better? Did the two leaders share their love of baby seals? Only time will tell.

At no point during the conference was the softwood lumber dispute brought up.

News Briefs

Superglue Factory Sabotaged

Police currently looking for suspects, but Cindy Copolate says the department is "sure that the culprits stuck around."

Dismemberment latest teen trend

"By cutting off my dominant hand, man, I'm protesting the man! Damn him for making me go to school!" explained Chris Saunders, a St. George's student. Members of other generations, can't come to grips with the trend. A local farmer exclaimed "I just don't get it. They're all running around like chickens with their heads cut off!"

Pat "Leprechaun" Pilarski kicked off low-use campus bus for begging

"He was looking for money for his tailor," said witness, "It seems he was short."

Man found guilty of desecration

Jag Saminder was publicly tried and found guilty for eating meat of a sacred cow. His head will be placed on a steak outside Tehran.

Nursing student misinterprets nature of T-Cup football game

Sarah Leim arrived at McInnes Field wearing her Sunday best, accompanied by her great-grandmother's heirloom tea service. Now she wants her quarter back.

Sloth excommunicated from church for committing deadly sin

The lazy bastard didn't last a week.

Martha Piper accused in sponsorship scandal

After declaring war on rats, hired cousin, Pied, to complete extermination program.

Man still standing at intersection, three years later

Asked to comment, he declared that it was the last time he was going to read a sign.

World's hottest chick located in Surrey

The two month old Cornish was running a fever of 43 o C, four degrees above average chicken body temperature.

UBC Physics Department is currently recruiting a new Head

The previous head had faulty faculties.

PTSD spreading on-campus

UBC student Sasha de la Quemadura is now living with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder from an accident during a routine laser hair removal procedure last month. "It was horrible," confessed de la Quemadura, "the image will be burned in my mind forever."

JOIN BOB THE ANGRY FLOWER FOR ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE OF...



The 432.

VOLUME EIGHTEEN
ISSUE FIVE
9TH NOVEMBER 2004

Brain
Dan Anderson

Master Plan
Chris Baitz
Brie Aho
Cici D
Jon Lam
Jen Ross
Varun Ramraj

Pinkies
Angsty Asian
Chris Baitz
Jo Krack
Kiran Bisra
Angela Melick
Stephen Naphegyi
Stephen Notley
Nik Pinski
Jen Ross
Varun Ramraj
Dan Anderson

Careless Scientists
SUS Exec

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If you want to be an ass ed in the colophon, no problem, but it takes a few hours.

Hit us up at: the432@gmail.com

WASTED TALENT BY ANGELA MELICK



Rings, Babies, Bud?

Brie Aho

I don't care

It's not that I didn't see it coming. Any American with any amount of sense knew that even if Kerry won the popular vote that by some means, Bush wouldn't leave office. And most of us with sense could see the lack of it in those who supported Bush. I was ardently negative on the night of the election, playing a passive aggressive game with my emotions: if I didn't give up too much hope for Kerry, perhaps he would win, and if not, at least I was preparing for four more years without logic. But nothing prepared me for the reactionary crisis that occurred immediately following.

As an American, my first reaction to the inevitability of a Bush victory was to drink. A lot. Apparently, this was a common reaction. Not usually a fan of drinking away sorrows, I drank to the death of that last glimmer of reason in America. I drank to all the people who would die in the ensuing wars that would come, badly

planned, poorly supported, and unethically waged. I drank to all the kids who wouldn't have a chance at a better life, because their chances would go to the elite wealthy 1%. I drank to the rest of the world, who were now at the whim of a drunken cowboy puppet and Dick Cheney (who strikes so much fear in my heart that I can't even begin to find a description). But most of all, I drank to the Democratic Party, who took the loss lying down, who backed the blandest of all the candidates from the primary (I, like thousands of other Washingtonians, had fallen in love with Howard Dean and am still smarting over his demise). I drank for their arsenal of potential arguments against Bush. I drank for a party who, though they should have, didn't deserve to win.

Once I sobered up a bit, my second reaction was to ask a Canadian friend to marry me for citizenship. Once, again, a common reaction. Two of my friends in Seattle called me to ask if I had any spare Canadians for them. There's even a website, MarryAnAmerican.ca, that promises to hook up "sexy, single progressives" with Canadians willing to marry them. The urge to

flee, by whatever means, is perhaps the most common reaction. And I considered it all: tying up my undergraduate degree for, say 7 years; hiding out in Nunavut where they couldn't track me down; cancelling my credit cards and bank accounts and faking my own death while secretly crashing on friends' couches. I feared for my civil liberties and my reason, lest I go back to the states and be brainwashed out of them. Lord knows that after a certain amount of time, the borders would close and there would be no escape.

After having some time to process the news, my urge to flee has calmed. My desire to binge drink has subsided to the normal level of a university student. I may still marry my Canadian friend, but less for citizenship and more because it would be amusing. This isn't the first time America has made a stupid and dangerous presidential decision. Let us not forget Nixon or Reagan, who both caused Democrats to drunkenly yell "See you in Canada!" It is the legacy of America to pick Presidents that are stupid. And we've survived this many years in spite of it. Though I fear for abortion and gay marriage, I do spot a glimmer of hope on the horizon: the dreamy Barak Obama, newly elected senator for Illinois. His appealing brand of hidden liberalism and his rousing speech at the DNC are enough to make a girl write giggly fan letters covered in lipstick and knockoff perfume. Most importantly, I realized that drastic attempts to flee an as-yet dormant threat was just as unreasonable as voting for it. America needs the few reasonable voices it has, now more than ever. The wake of the election has left many of us baffled. What seemed simple to us was either misunderstood or ignored by 51% of the country. In just four short years, our country has turned from a stable, religious free state into a terrorized theocracy that is the enemy of both the first and third world. Who knows where the next four years could take us. I have thought about the fate of America for a long time now, and I've found many things to take comfort in. However, I am most comforted by the fact that I am spending the majority of the next four years in Canada, where I can marry a woman, kill a baby, and smoke all the B.C. bud I can get my little heathen hands on.

Your Science Undergraduate Society presents...

OPEN HOUSE 2004

Ever wonder where your SUS councillors dream up wonderful events for you?
Where to Find CHEAP POP & COMFY COUCHES?

BEST OF ALL ... WHERE TO SPOT ONE OF THOSE DARN GOOD-LOOKIN' SUS EXECs

[PRIME STALKING START-POINT...IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN...?]

THE ANSWERS ARE ALL HERE BABY...



Leonard S. Klinck (L&K), Rm 202
Friday November 19 2004 12-3pm



Join us for an afternoon of Fun!!!

There'll be Free Food, and a draw for wicked prizes!!!

If you have any questions/movie requests etc., email Justine at
sus.public.relations@gmail.com

Poppy Wearing Etiquette

Kiran Bisra

Red-faced

I was watching the news last night (yes that's right, I watch the 11:00 news with Lloyd Robertson) and the dude standing in front of the Parliament building said that there are only ten World War One veterans alive in Canada.

I thought about these ten (presumably) men. They were probably only teenagers when they willingly signed up for the war, young men when the Great Depression hit, and helpless fathers who watched their sons go to war when World War Two broke. Bare in mind that Canada was never under serious threat, these men went to fight for people who couldn't fight for themselves. And we think splitting our Mars bar with our siblings is unselfish.

That got me thinking, "Would today's N64, venti low fat French vanilla cappuccino with whip cream, MSN messenger, 'oh my god Brittany Spears broke up with Justin Timberlake' generation be able to make such a sacrifice?" I don't know, but I would like to think that we would do that which our country called for. I'm not talking about going to Afghanistan or Iraq (although it may become necessary at

some point). I am talking about a a greater as of yet unforeseen threat.

Looking around my group of friends, I realized that most of us can't claim to have a personal connection to either of the world wars. Other than some long forgotten relative (I think my great-grandfather fought for the British in World War One) my family has no direct connection to the wars. But, I was born here and I consider myself to be a Canadian. As a Canadian, I take great pride in Canada's contribution during both wars.

"What did a small country like Canada do during the wars? I thought the Americans just went in and kicked some ass." Hell no! Canada was in both wars years before the Americans woke up from their ignorant haze and got off their lazy asses. William Bishop was the second highest-scoring fighter pilot for the allies, for the remarkable feat of scoring 25 'kills' within just 12 days he was awarded the distinguished Flying Cross. Americans were sent to Saskatchewan to learn how to fly aircrafts during World War Two. Major Canadian battles that helped to win the wars were on Juno Beach, Vimy Ridge, Ypres Dieppe, etc, etc, etc. Canadians did play a vital role, we just don't brag about it like the Americans.

Yes, Remembrance Day is about remem-

bering those who gave their lives for our freedom. "We remember those who traded their lives for peace. Pretty shitty deal, considering what kind of peace we have." To that I say, you don't know what peace or freedom is my friend. Ask the children who live in Israel, the Congo, Iraq, Syria, Albania, Cambodia, Korea, Afghanistan, etc. if they think that the deal was shitty.

We are free to pray to whatever ridiculous 'being' we want. We are free to wear whatever we wish, a kimono, a sari, a burka (as long as we wear something). We can go to the mall, and are relatively sure that we will come home in one piece. We have laws against racial discrimination, sexual discrimination, and religious discrimination. But, this is a different rant.

We, as a generation, have only seen war in movies or on tv. We can't even begin to comprehend what these people told themselves as they went from city to city, from village to village, from house to house rooting out the enemy. What do you say to yourself just before you open each door?

And for what? So that decades later, insignificant people will wear poppies and remember them? Of course not. They did it because it was the right thing to do. Ridiculously, today, this is considered a waste and stupid.

That brings me back to today and of

course, the poppy. The poppy is a symbol of remembrance. That although we are sitting here studying for our upcoming chemistry midterms, our thoughts are with the ones who sacrificed their study time (and obviously much, much more) so that we could be free. It is not a logo, an accessory, a status symbol, or a fashion symbol. It isn't meant to be worn on your pants, your scarf, your purse, or your hair. It is meant to be worn over your heart. "But those veterans on tv wear them in their hats." Well, when you go to Korea and have a bullet shot up your ass, then you too have earned the right to wear the poppy however you wish. If you can't wear a poppy properly, don't wear one at all. Disrespecting the poppy is equivalent to disrespecting the memory. Of course I'm personally not going to go up to people and rip their poppy off their school bag, nor am I going to say anything directly - that wouldn't be in the spirit of peace.

Despite where we came from, the one thing that we can all claim is that no matter where it was, here is better than there. Why is it better? Because it is free. Remembrance Day is set aside so that we don't forget that freedom comes at a cost. So please respect your green or black centered poppy, and remember to give a moment of silence on this, your day off school. It is literally the least you can do.

A Banana's Theory of Interracial Couples

Angsty Asian

Defined by skin tone?

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

This is explained by a psychological phenomenon that I don't know the name of because I never took Psych 100. Anyway, it explains how people of any race are able to dif-

ferentiate between those of closely related ethnicity, but are unable to tell the difference between people of a more distant race. (Want proof? Check out www.alllookslike.com and take the test.) Have you Caucasians ever been bewildered at the ability of an Asian friend to tell the difference between the seemingly "identical" faces of Korean and Chinese girls? (Ignoring the clothing differences between the Korean's oversized designer sweater and the t-shirt of the Chinese girl with the vinyl Hello Kitty on the front and the nonsensical English phrases such as "Bizarre must. Awesome Want"). White guys see yellow-beige skin and black hair (or streaky brown or burn orange or fried yellow or blue/purple/green/red), while Asian girls notice the rounder face of the Korean, or the rounder nose of the Vietnamese. No wonder only Asian girls can see the ugly exuding from there, there, and there that Caucasian guys miss.

Now, before you start informing me that the opposite is true, Asian girls not being able to tell that the white guy she is dating is actually ugly, let me remind you that almost all Asian girls in interracial relationships are

Bananas, Canadian born (or imported at a very early age), so they have grown up in a Western environment and have been exposed to many Caucasian faces for a long time. Because of this, they have learned to tell the difference between hot and not. That Biol 204 TA is hot. That guy you sit next to in Math 200 is not hot.

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

Note: The 432 does not endorse the term "banana" as a racial label. We prefer to use it as a sexist label to denote males, those idiots who think with their bananalike appendages.

-ed



UBC Engineering & Science for Kids

Now Hiring!

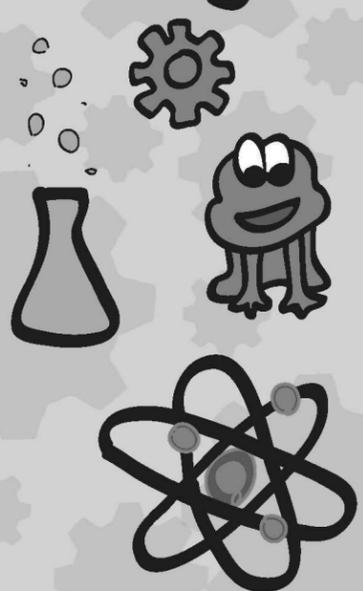
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For more information, view our posting on JobLink.

Applications are due November 15, 2004. Submit cover letter and resume to GEERING Up! c/o Office of the Dean, The Faculty of Applied Science, CEME Building



GEERING Up! UBC Engineering & Science for Kids is a non-profit, student-run organization dedicated to promoting science, engineering and technology to the children and youth of British Columbia through fun, innovative and hands-on experiments and projects. Affiliated with the Faculty of Applied Science at UBC, GEERING Up! strives to reach all children and youth, regardless of gender, ethnicity, culture or socio-economic status, with special outreach for those groups traditionally underrepresented in the sciences. GEERING Up! provides valuable work experience to its employees, and enriches the University and community.

Sex and the Campus

Karen Shagbroad

Panting

This issue: Does education make nerds more horny?

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

A close group of friends and I have spent a large percentage of our lives discussing and decomposing the phenomenon that is campus sex life. The pounding out of my debut column was inspired by my friend Erin, whose boyfriend (on a recent roll of midterm success), has, in her words, "brought them to a new level in the bedroom." Experts like UBC's Department of Amphibian Reproduction professor Dr. Anderson say that the learning environment provides a very potent mix for experimental and exploratory sex, with no obvious limiting reagents but what exactly makes this so? Is it because our thirst for knowledge transfers from our academic lives to our personal lives, or is it more like an escape from constant labs and assignments? However, we all know that alcohol and certain leafy materials on fire directly correlates with the number of sexual events on campus, but these factors usually fail to integrate into the nerd demographic, and in fact seem to decrease the intensity of the activity.

At this point I would like to emphasize the fact that Eugene, Erin's boyfriend, is undoubtedly keen with a horrible sense of fashion. However, her choice to keep him as a partner is her own, and she has mentioned that he has certain appendages that make up for other areas. So, a geek with a long schlong can get laid as well. The ques-

tion I have posed above is difficult to resolve due to the miniscule number of people who fit the population specifications and have a sexual partner as well. Despite this, a trend can be discerned upon close inspection.

Erin has explicitly explained a cycle almost disturbing in her sex life with Eugene. As mentioned before, after almost every favorable outcome of anything class related, the action would become more intense. She described times when, after finishing a most long and difficult computer science assignment and seeing it prosper on his computer screen, he would call her over for what we now title a "Nerd Booty Call." This begins with an excited breathless explanation of his achievements and nerd jargon, followed with fervent kisses and wild animal sex. No need to say I was surprised. It was a new experience for all of us in my group of friends, and I was instantly fascinated.

Delving into the nether regions of the subject, and looking for an opportunity for some hands-on experience, I visited the clitoris of campus sexual activity, the Interfaculty Publishing Office. Filled with geeks and nerds of all descriptions, and both sexes, the office is the logical centre to begin my research. Unfortunately, asking the computer-screen tanned and glazed eyed editors of the various campus publications that were present at that time was an exercise in frustration, as each eagerly clambered to begin telling stories that ended with some variation of, "and then he slapped me and told me to back off."

More fortunately, in asking my more studious peers, I have discovered that many learning environments provide a countless resource for sexual innuendoes, fertile and ripe for the imagination to pervert. For example, Chemistry graduate Brie Aho describes tubes going into flasks and fluids being transferred, constantly, deliberately, and very meticulously in her long and laborious labs. Elastic and inelastic collisions of rigid bodies, potential energy

being converted via alcohol into kinetic energy, determining through experimentation the spring constant of your mattress, the strong attractive force between charged rods, magnetic attraction between poles, and curves at a local maximum on a smooth continuous function. Assignments begin with the word "ass." Do all these ideas perpetually being impounded into the nerd mind build up into some kind of sexual energy inside that is only released

when these concepts are reaffirmed after a good grade, bursting into a frenzy of desire for sex? And lord knows they build up a lot faster than any of the construction projects on campus. It seems likely, and the best possible explanation I can conceive. As Erin has one of the best lays of her life, I can only contemplate the sexual voracity of a reassured nerd and the mysterious psyche that they possess.



BUCK-A-BEAKER



FEAT: TOONIE TEST TUBES!!!

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LIVE DJ & FREE SNACKS

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**>CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS:
 THE SUBCULTURES MURAL PROJECT
 STUDENT UNION BUILDING
 ALMA MATER SOCIETY
 UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA**

The Alma Mater Society, the student society of UBC, is calling for artist's submissions for the creation of a mural to be displayed publicly in the Student Union Building (SUB).

>PURPOSE OF PROJECT

COUNTERACT HATE- AND BIAS- MOTVATED GRAFFITI

To bring into critical examination issues around hate- and bias-motivated vandalism and express cultural awareness, tolerance, diversity and inclusivity; to generate critical discourse on these subjects, and

ESTABLISH SUBCULTURES: SUPPORT PUBLIC ART IN THE SUB

To promote public forms of art expression through providing a sanctioned, prominent example; possibly set a precedent for future campus installations, and distinguish the celebrated cultural practice of public art or graffiti from the damaging intolerance and unlawful hencratching vandalism it has largely become associated with on campus.

The mural will be painted on a transportable surface and mounted on a public wall in the "conversation pit" of the SUB on the UBC campus. Maximum available wall size is 6.5 ft. x 30 ft., most specifications- medium (spray or otherwise), format, exact dimensions- are somewhat flexible. Interested? Bring your creativity and lust for affecting change.

>SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Please include a cover letter, resume, and examples of previous work (examples need not be of prior mural experience- however, medium- or large-format painting experience is advantageous). We strongly encourage multiple individuals to apply in groups, but please be prepared to create a cohesive piece of work. Artists will be provided with an honorarium of approximately \$1,000 (specifics are contingent upon number of artists and specifications of mural).

Bring your project proposal to Lyle McMahon, AMS Vice-President, Administration, in the AMS Exec Offices (SUB Room 238), or email it to VPAdmin@ams.ubc.ca. The submission posting closes Monday, November 15th, at 5:00 PM.

//:AMS.UBC.CA



Horoscopes

Chris Baitz

Starstruck

Aries

Once upon a time, you were born. Now that that's over, you have nothing left to live for. What, you don't believe me? It's in the stars!

Taurus

Money and love will come to you. You'll see it coming, waving and looking right at you. Now that you're distracted, midterms and hardships kick your ass and money and love go on to the guy next to you.

Gemini

Sadly the stars that represented your astrological sign sadly turned supernova. So take into account that your sign is now made up of black holes and I think you can predict your own horoscope.

Cancer

That guy that told you to fuck off is on a roll. He has loads of opportunities coming his way.

Leo

Your independence will not last long. In a few more days, your reliance on others will reach an all time high. This is when the lawsuit against you is filed. That's just the beginning of your problems, but some things should be a surprise.

Virgo

If you read this, it's already too late for you.

Libra

Ah yes, Libra. Do you like your boyfriend/girlfriend? Do they reciprocate? Are you sure? No time like the present to check (or stop nagging).

Scorpio

Last month was exceedingly difficult for you. The decision you questioned all month and has finally come to a head. While you await whether it was the correct choice, I will tell you that the stars say it was not. The rest of your life shall be lived merely in denial and finally seclusion. Some people enjoy it.

Sagittarius

Sag... key word contained solely in the title of your astrological sign. Doesn't happen too often does it. If you want some advice for the month... well... look North.

Capricorn

My magic eightball, I mean, astrological reading device broke down, so I'm going to have to wing it... You shall be happy. If you need more, read last month and rearrange a couple words.

Aquarius

Monumental disaster seems to follow you like a plague. Literally, locusts are chasing you. Run.

Pisces

Inevitably, you're last, just like always. If you haven't shot yourself yet, well I think Aries has a bullet left.

What? No advice to people who were born in distant galaxies where these constellations don't hold sway? Hardly open-minded! -ed

Nik "N-Dot" Pinski

Belligerent fuck

Writing a sports column in a newspaper put out by the SCIENCE Undergraduate Society may seem eccentric. Others would call it idiotic. I am in that latter group. I only know 3.5 people in the entire faculty that actually give a damn about sports. (I say 3.5 because Jim has to be counted as at least 1.5 persons. I mean *BEEP *BEEP *BEEP!! If you know what I mean.) But you know what? I don't give a fuck. Because I like sports, and if writing for a small university paper is about anything it's about writing shit that only you will actually enjoy reading. With that wonderful attitude and high standard in mind let's get to this week in sports!

It's been 46 days (at time of writing) since the NHL lockout and nobody's giving a shit? Could anybody see this coming? And no I'm not talking about the Americans. They wouldn't care about hockey if Natalie Portman and Angelina Jolie decided to play wing for the Panthers. Naked. Covered in olive oil. And whipped cream. With a strawberry stuck in a very strategic place. Is anyone else getting hungry? No, I'm talking about red-blooded Canadians like me. (Well actually I'm not Canadian. I'm a pinko-Communist Russian. So technically my blood is red as well. Bitch.) I remember only last year being ready to kill myself for this team. Like literally. If there were something I could do I would do it. And I did. There's a reason I only have 9 toes people, okay, and it's not because of my pet alligator. Because of him I only have 9 fingers but the pinky toe is not his doing. So why the hell am I, and everyone else I know, not absolutely devastated about this lockout thing? I know people say they are angry, but people also say that they pay their taxes and that they're getting laid. Frankly, when people are devastated or angry there is a lot more screaming, fighting, and whining then is going on right now. Montreal rioted in the 50s when Maurice Richard got suspended for 20 games. The city fucking RIOTED. Where are the riots right now? Why is General Motors Place still not burnt down? I'll tell you why. It's because nobody is giving enough of a shit and I'll be damned if I knew why. Personally, I blame it on the Minnesota Wild for ruining hockey, though.

(Quick aside: If you're a science geek and you don't get some of the sports references, and want to complain about that, I kindly invite you to lick my balls. In addition: Bill Daly, Bob Goodenow, Kansas City Scouts, Ichiro, 86 years, the "tuck" rule, Geroy Simon, designated hitter, 4-point play, Carlos Boozer)

This week's analysis. A lot of people want to know. Why is there an NHL lockout anyway? Why doesn't this happen in other sports? What do the players want and what do the owners want? When will it all get resolved? The answers to all those questions and others can be found at your local library. At one of the computer terminals, you can access something called the "Internet". There you will find the explanations you need plus porn. Or, depending on whether you're a glass-half-empty or a glass-half-full kind of person, porn plus the explanations you need. Here's something that you will not read on the Internet, however. I'm sure that even if you're a non-sports minded person that you've heard of the NFL, the NBA, the MLB, and the NHL. Right? Wrong. It's the NFL, NBA, and MLB. That's it. The NHL does not even belong in that group. The revenues, TV contracts, attendance, and continental interest (ie including the US which is where the bucks are) are on the level of

ARENA FOOTBALL, rather than those other 3 leagues. Unfortunately, for the past 10 years both the players and the owners of the NHL have convinced themselves that they ARE on the level so they handed out the salaries comparable to the other leagues. Until they realized WHOOPS. You can pay a guy 10 million in the NBA, but you can't do it in the NHL, or else the team will lose a lot of money. And that's why they're all in the shitter they are right now. Ain't life grand? Thank god we don't give a damn yet (see above). If we did, maybe we'd get mad and burn something down (see above). I've actually written a full-length serious article that you can read for a low one-time price of \$9.95. Call in now and receive a free cracker.

The NHL players are slowly starting to whine about being out of work. Wow. It turns out you actually need this thing called "money" to survive. And wow! apparently if you've been a perennial minor-leaguer all your life (Mike Commodore) you realize you need some more of that NHL cash. I'd commend Mike Commodore for speaking out against his union and saying he'd accept a salary cap if only he could work again, but he's a Flame. And Flames suck. Oh and you can bet the union is gonna fine him for this. So expect a quick and loud backtracking from Mr. I-play-for-a-team-that-sucks-balls within the next week or so. Just like with every other hero-for-a-day! John Madden, Jonathan Cheechoo and others.

The Boston Red Sox finally won the World Series. Yaaaay! Wait. Baseball? Do'h. I gotta be honest though. The idea that they've finally won one after EIGHTY-SIX YEARS of disappointment interests me greatly. Not so much that I'm happy for all the fans that got to see it. Whatever. Until the Canucks win a championship (2004-1970 = 34. So 52 years from now) I refuse to be happy for the fans of any major sports team. Rather, how funny it would be if you were a Red Sox fan born in 1919 and followed the team your entire life and died in 2003. Isn't that hysterical? Am I the only one laughing at those suckers? Wahahaha-hahaha. And look over there! It's a quadriplegic that fell in a mudpuddle! Hilarious! Anyway I promised all my friends that if the Sox win the Championship I'm going to Boston and that's all there is to it. The party that is going on there right now is off the hook. But, I happen to be a compulsive liar. So I'm still here. I'll go if they win next year. I'll also pay my Visa bill next week.

Good things come those who wait. I cannot wait for the Canucks championship parade in 2056. I'm gonna drink some beer. I'm gonna eat some nachos. I'm gonna fill up my colostomy bag. It's gonna be awesome.

In other baseball news, baseball is boring and lame. 3 hours that can always be summarized in 30 seconds of highlights, I kid you not.

Flames suck. Bitter? Moi? Fuck you. Shut up and go back to Calgary, douche.

The NBA regular season is about to get under way. Since the Grizzlies left town the team has improved greatly. However, even less people are going to see it in Memphis than here, and the owner is losing even more money. Can I get a hell-yeah? That's karma, bitch. Don't mess with Vantown.

The biggest news in the NBA before the start of the year is that the Charlotte Bobcats are added as an expansion franchise bringing the total to an even 30. For those of you not in the know, the New Orleans Hornets moved from Charlotte only two years ago. I'll allow you a moment to let that sink in. You know why the Hornets got relocated? Because they were averaging less than 10,000 people a game. Whoever is in charge of all of this decided that even though people in Charlotte did not want to go see a playoff team with two NBA All-Stars (Baron Davis and Jamal Mashburn), they would go see an expansion team that will not have any good players and won't make the playoffs for at least 3 or 4 years. When Hitler used that same logic in 1942 to invade Russia he got his ass kicked all the way back to Berlin. The stupidity in people never ceases to amaze me.

In other NBA news, the Lakers have been decimated during the off-season and Kobe Bryant is now surrounded by a good-for-nothing lackluster supporting cast. Sounds like Kobe is gonna use this as motivation to go absolutely nuts. The scary thing is if he gets his head out of his ass he can. Look for him to win the scoring title even while missing half of every game to attend his rape trial. The civil suit, now. Kinda like what happened with O.J. except he's innocent. Probably.

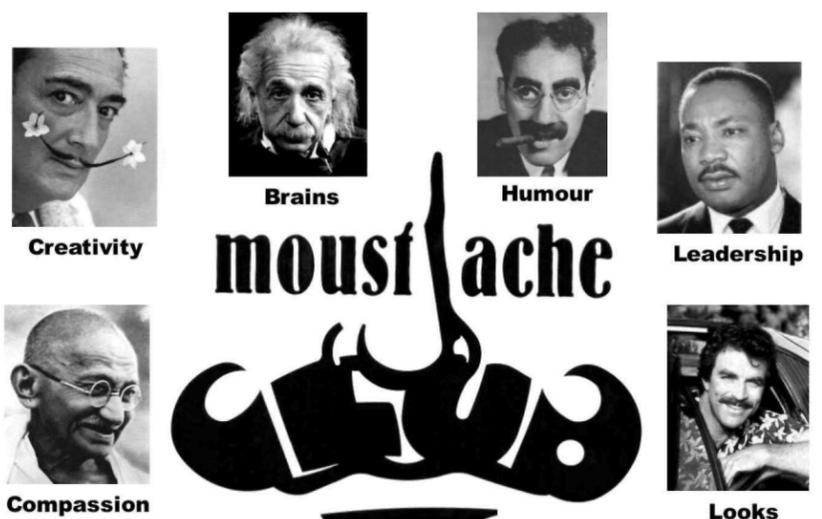
In case you haven't figured it out yet, the experts (be it about NHL or the NBA) are idiots and do not deserve a job. Yours truly is a genius and does.

Something's happening in the NFL and if I actually paid attention to it I'd know what it is. But I don't so you don't get jack squat. Oh. New England was undefeated for like 21 games or something. That's cool. Boston sports fans don't deserve that kind of happiness about their teams, though. I say we do something to knock that silly grin off their damn faces. Does anybody have any anthrax?

Okay maybe the Flames don't really suck, I mean they did make it to the Stanley Cup Finals, right. But certainly their fans do. Stupidest fans in the NHL and that is not a matter of opinion but of science. I proved it using a mass spectrometer.

In local news the UBC Thunderbirds are doing something but nobody knows what and nobody except those on the team gives a damn. Except when we beat SFU. Which we did. Twice in the last month.

SFU sucks.



UBC-ing their Triumphant Return!

The Only Truly Sustainable Power

Stephen Naphegyi

Hummana Hummana!

There is growing concern as to the energy crisis that the world is facing today, and people are turning to alternative power solutions such as solar power, geothermal heating, and cars fueled by McDonald's grease (seriously, some guy at UBC built one) (*actually, it runs on Pit grease, but whatever. -ed*) to lessen our reliance on oil, which we all know isn't going to last long. Recently, Vancouver has proposed to build hydrogen fuel stations (presumably for hydrogen-fueled cars) along the revamped Vancouver-Whistler highway in time for the 2010 Olympics. As the search continues for "how-to-unfuck-ourselves-for-less" one source of limitless chemical energy has continued to remain untapped: teenage angst.

Think of every teenager you know, and recall being a teenager yourself. The only two emotions that teenagers seem to feel are the desire for sex followed by depression because they cannot have sex for whatever reason (apathy, while prominent, is not really an emotion, and most likely results from not getting any anyways). Think of all the teens out there, sitting in their high school classes, brimming over with hormones they don't realize they have (mostly because they don't pay attention in classes, I know I didn't), looking for an invitation to jump the person sitting next to them at some party in the near future. This is a resource that we could be exploiting.

We would have to start with the Goths. These kids are the least complex and the most depressed. The basic Goth mind state is as follows: Can't get any because I'm (insert insecurity here), wear dark clothes, mope around, spend

lots of money on eye shadow and nail polish. There you have it, after a careful analysis of the Goth mentality, we can easily tap into their angst and turn it into fuel. The first thing to do is to get them to volunteer their angst. Now, if you've ever had a discussion with a teenager, whilst not being a teenager yourself, you will find that they have no idea how full of angst they are. Any attempt to broach the subject will result in them locking themselves in whatever area of the house they hibernate in (basement, attic, family tomb), lighting a bunch of smelly candles, and blasting Linkin Park really loudly for the next six hours, or sometimes less if they leave the house in the ever-unsuccessful pursuit of sex. From there, analyzing other cliques is just as easy: jocks want sex and sports, geeks want sex and video games, and some people will accept sex and candy.

So I propose an easy way to rally teenagers to our harvesting facilities, henceforth known as Angst-o-mats©. Telling them that there is a teen group meeting there will only attract religious kids and keeners (these kids are usually either well-adjusted or preachy nutbags who think, "I've been volunteering for 18 days without food because it will help me get into med school, you'd better start doing the same or you'll never make the cut") and nobody wants to deal with that. No, we need a way to attract them so that they won't know why they're really there: tell them there are free band T-shirts; you know those really ugly concert T-shirts that cost \$60 at the show, and then you never wear them again because you realize how ugly they are (and that everyone who sees you will know you spent \$60 on that ugly shirt). The teens will file in to the Angst-o-matic©, sit in the "waiting room" chairs (actually a high-tech, angst-sucking machine that absorbs the hormones by osmosis), and leave with nothing. They won't care that we didn't give them T-shirts because when they leave they'll be less depressed and realize "I don't really like Marilyn

Manson anyway". Then, when the hormones build up again, the teens will think "I never got my T-shirt, I'm going back to have an angst-induced tantrum (or whatever they call it in their own minds)!" Then it's, "Oh, sorry, we forgot your T-shirt! Have a seat in this chair and we'll bring it right out to you". The cycle is complete! Free, renewable energy and all it costs us is innovation!

As the teens grow older and move out of their parents' garages, the allure of free T-shirts and pent up sexual depression will have fizzled and they will stop remembering about the free stuff we promised them. By the time that happens though, there will be a new batch of angry, sex-craving, hormone sacs just beginning their depressed high school dramas, and in the mood for a free Korn T-shirt.

The key now is to stop them from having sex, not that I'm against teenaged sex for any religious reasons, but because they have a power source that can be harnessed and exploited. I'm sure that blatantly exploiting teen sex will be no less opposed than the subverted exploitation of it that goes on already, besides parents who complain about their kids belly shirts and tight jeans would probably rather them become productive members of society (willing or not) than getting pregnant at some random house party. It's not like many of them are having sex anyways; yes, there are a lot of teenage pregnancies, but compare the number of teenage mothers (and fathers) to the total number of teenagers in Canada. The majority of them come home depressed and empty-handed on Saturday night and, hormones ablaze, proceed to take it out on their families. So basically, by using Angst Power© I'm saving people both money and grief. Sponsors can send donations to my crack team of scientists (namely myself, my fiancé, and our pet rat, Felix) and can be contacted at snapegyi@hotmail.com.

Musings on Restaurant Psychology

Varun Ramraj

Drooling for you, babe

I am a restaurant connoisseur. To me, there is no weekend night better spent than heading out for a little taste out of the ordinary. Over the years, I have acquainted myself with world cuisine; each ethnicity brings fresh flavours and fresh business models. More importantly, as I have grown, I have found that different restaurants respond differently to me, as a customer. Three years ago, if I let my then scanty facial hair grow, I was provided with a wine list along with my menu. These days, being clean-shaven, and in a suit, brings me that same benefit! Showing hints of goatee would probably serve as proof of age. So, if I extend this logic, technically I could rent an expensive European car and take it to a posh restaurant, and then my drink would be on the house (note to self).

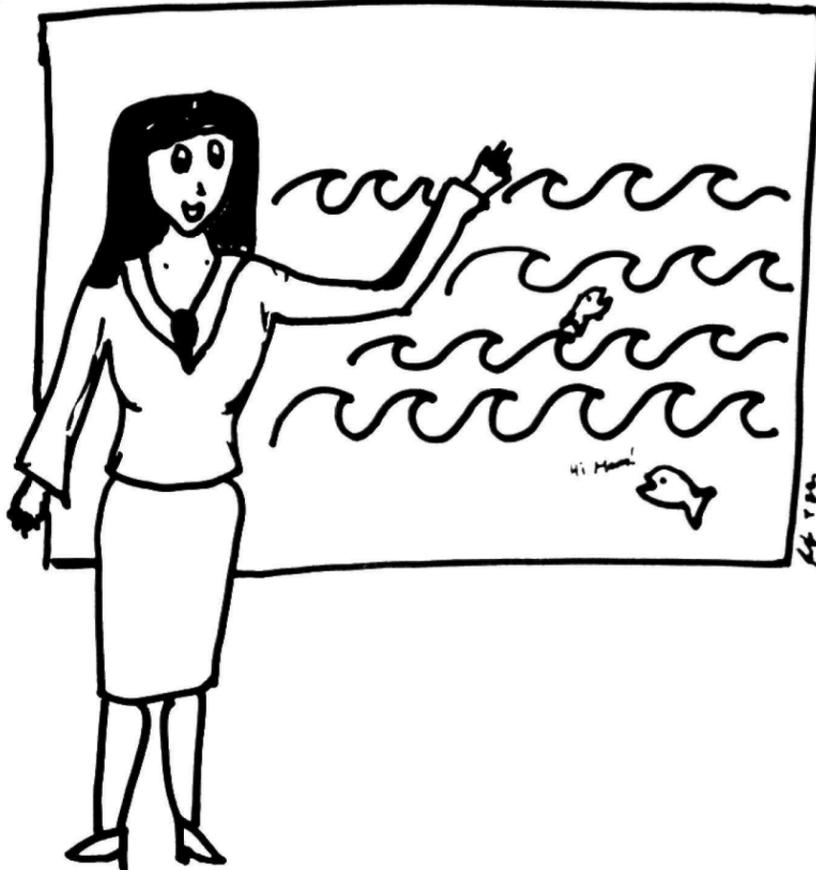
It is a fun and engaging experiment to analyze how each type of restaurant differs from the others. Take Italian restaurants as an example. They are usually loud, crowded, and their food is some of the finest available at that price range. There is also usually a LOT of food, making it a great monetary deal (Indian senses tingling!). Whenever an Italian man enters an Italian restaurant, he will usually know the owner, or the owner's daughter. Heck, he may even be the owner! As an Indian man, I enjoy going to Italian eateries because their business model revolves around jovial servers and attractive bar attendants (alas, for my eyes only). I enjoy listening to and watching the other customers slowly deteriorate mentally with every sip of hard liquor or wine. Mental looseness also causes one to order more food on occasion, making it a win-win situation for both restaurant and customer. Customers usually get louder as the evening progresses, providing me with warm memories of the streets of Bombay. My verdict: choose an Italian restaurant if want to mix the ideologies of eating and having fun.

Indian restaurants, on the other hand, follow the golden rule that spicier is better. Particularly creative restaurants will have a fine selection of food from all over India, along with decorative sculptures to adorn their walls and make the corners look more interesting. The price is right, and the atmosphere vaguely resembles a medical convention. (*What, there's blood everywhere? -ed*) Bollywood's latest tracks are constantly pumped through speakers, and somehow, Indian music fits with Indian food. Being bargain-sharks at heart, Indian restaurant owners will use abnormal levels of advertising, while simultaneously keeping the price just low enough to make a fair profit. The North American manifestation of the Indian restaurant revolves around samosa and milk sweet take-outs, while trendier joints will provide a dark, club-like atmosphere. Stewards are usually Indian, and dressed in cultural attire. Stewardesses are evolving... I see that more and more restaurant owners are hiring non-Indian stewardesses these days to make their businesses more conducive to, err, business! Indians who visit Indian restaurants will inevitably have some private business venture for the owner, and will ALWAYS find a familiar face in the crowd. People walk in feeling hungry; they walk out with a big smile on their face (or ten cups of water, as the case may be). To recap, the business model here is: cheap is good, spicy is better; throw in a little classiness, increase the price, and seed the place with non-Indian stewardesses: that is a clear winner.

I picked Indian and Italian joints simply because they were the two places I visited this weekend. Every other type of restaurant will also feature some sort of interesting business model to capture customers. Next time you walk into a restaurant, instead of spending an hour just waiting for your food to arrive, use that hour to analyze and critique the sales tools used by la place gastronomique. I guarantee that it will be food for thought!

And on that final pun, he leaves us hungry for more? -ed

"AND, AS YOU CAN SEE BEHIND ME, A STRONG RIPTIDE IS FORMING IN THE FORESHORE..."



CURRENT EVENTS

Write for us! Otherwise we'll remove your brain through your nose!

Walking like an Egyptiaaaaaaaan!

The Dirty, Dirty Drawers of SUS

Patricia Lau

President

So guess what? We will be finally publishing an article about the social space project in the Paradigm coming out later this month! I would like to apologize for the delay in updating you all but unfortunately we had to jump through some administrative hoops and spend several meetings making sure everyone involved with the project was fully informed. Only after this process was completed on Thursday were we given the "a-

okay" to make the timeline public knowledge. You'll be happy to know that the space is definitely chugging along and construction will absolutely begin within the next few months. When everything is all said and done we will have a brand new, absolutely stunning and very functional two story building for STUDENT USE right across from the old bus loop. Pick up the Paradigm in two weeks or so to find out all (and we do mean *all!*) the details. Questions/concerns/comments? Email sus@interchange.ubc.ca. No questions or comments? Octopii!

Vanessa Ho

Director of Sports

What are you doing Jan 7-8 2005? The UBC Student leadership Conference is back for its 3rd

consecutive year with an awesome new theme: **Ripples of change: Have you hit the water yet?** This promises to be an amazing and eye-opening experience, so check out www.ams.ubc.ca/slc for more info.

Jonathan Lam

Director of Publications

I do not like Execs reports
They're not fun to write at all.
Especially when it's late at night
And I am full of alcohol.

By now you really should have noticed
This report is all in rhyme.
So on to actual reporty-business:
First topic is The Paradigm.

The Paradigm is almost here
Expect to see it at month's end.
It will be a lot of fun so
Grab a copy and show a friend!

Also worthy of a note:
My Committee is all prepped for fun.
Ready to go gallivanting
Off into the setting sun.

And now I'm sad to say
I must finish this report.
This exercise in rhyming
I regrettably abort.

Go to www.sus.ubc.ca for more propaganda. Go on, I dare you.

Reka Pataky

Director of Finance

Ms. Reka Pataky
Central Bank of AMS/SUS Operations
CONFIDENTIAL MESSAGE.

Dear Friend,

I am Ms. Reka Pataky. Working in department of Fund released order in the Central Bank of AMS, I know this letter might come to you as surprise, but take it like your own deal.

Mr. Jonathan Lam from Surrey executed a contract in the Science Undergraduate Society (SUS) here in LSK, the contract worth of Twenty Four Million US Dollars (US\$24,000,000) but on the process of transferring the money to him, he died with his family in the photon torpedo attack that occurred on 8th Spocktober 2004 recently in the SUB Partyroom. Meanwhile, his money has been signed to pay in my office before I will give order to the Central Bank of AMS for final endorsement of his money.

Nobody knows what is going on except I and two (2) of my workers; this is the information of the late Mr. Lam's contract num-

ber and sum.1. Contract Sum: {US\$24,000,000} 2. Contract number: FMA/FGN44007- 2001. You will act as the beneficiary of the said fund, and also to change the former Account number to the new Account number you are going to provide, once this is done, we will forward copy of Change of Account Notice (C.A.N) to our Offshore Bankers Pacific Bank Switzerland to release the fund to your account. I will send to you the whole relevant documents that required in this transaction immediately you accept to co-operate with us.

Below is the requirement:

1. Your private phone and fax.
2. Name of your company and Address.
3. Your receiving Bank Account Details.

To enable us start the transfer immediately, we have decided to compensate you with 20% of the total amount, while the remaining 80% will be for us. This is 100% risk free and has nothing to do with Government project both past and present. I am waiting your urgent reply to my proposal through my confidential e-mail, repataky@interchange.ubc.ca.

Sincerely yours
Ms. Reka Pataky

Andrew Thamboo

VP Internal

I hope everyone is having fun with their midterms. I still have 2 more lousy midterms... which does not look promising. I guess shouldn't be using up this precious 432 space to write about my personal issues... so here is something that pertains to you all: Like Hot Chocolate?!? The First Year Committee is selling Hot Chocolate outside Chem B250. All money

raised will go to charity. Come out, get warmed up and show your support. Now..I know this has nothing to do with my position but I want to urge people to join the Science Week Committee. This is like the best committee in the world..why: 1) Your doing something awesome for Science students 2) I promise you that you'll reap personal benefits..like free food/candy/something like that and 3) easiest way to get involved on SUS! Well...see you all in two weeks.

SUS First Year Committee Presents...

Hot Chocolate

November 17, 2004
11 am - 2:30 pm

Chemistry Building

minimum donation:
one shiny quarter



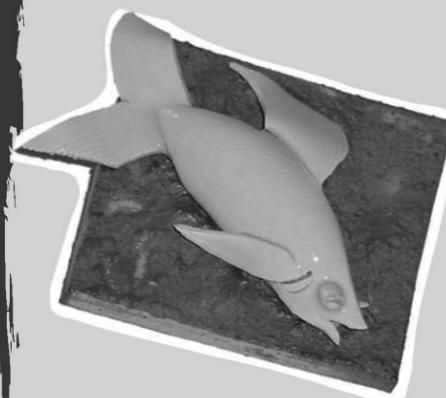
Artifacts FROM Clayland

A UBC Pottery Club Show and Sale

November 16-19, 2004 ~ 11 am to 5 pm daily
SUB Art Gallery (Beside the Outpost)

featuring

'Designer Tiles'
a charity project benefitting



UBC Engineering & Science for Kids

Opening Reception
November 15, 7-10 pm
with music by Martingale
free snacks & a cash bar

Another Habit to Kick



Jo Krack

buzzzzzzed

I had a cup of coffee yesterday. That's it. That's the story. What's that you say? You're not impressed; you had six cups of joe yourself in just the past few hours? You have your own personal IV drip filled with precious life-giving java? You sold your soul to Starbucks years ago and have never looked back? Well, let me tell you, my cup of coffee was a big deal. To illustrate why, perhaps I should start by giving you a bit of back story first.

Before yesterday, I never drank coffee. Once, in grade 11 or 12 of high school, a friend of mine started work at Starbucks and made me a free frappuchino; I took one sip and decided it was the vilest concoction I'd ever tasted. Another time (probably that same year), a family friend gave me chocolate-covered coffee beans (also from Starbucks) for Christmas. I bit into the first one and thought "yuck!", but I was heavily addicted to chocolate, so when I'd polished the rest of my Christmas chocostash and was prowling the house like an alcoholic desperate enough to drink cough syrup, I rediscovered the chocolate-coated coffee beans and gave them another try. I got used to the taste after the first handful, and didn't come down for a week.

My only other coffee experience was ordering (AGAIN, at Starbucks!) a mocha something-or-other, which had lots and lots of chocolate and sugar and very little coffee. So the sum total of my coffee experience as of yesterday afternoon was: one sip of a frappuchino, some chocolate-covered coffee beans, and a mocha.

Not that I'm a caffeine virgin or anything; there was a time in my life when I was a heavy Coca-cola user (I suffered headaches, shaking hands, dry mouth, and extreme irritability when I finally gave it up), and I come from a long line of tea

drinkers. My mother has a few cups of tea daily, whereas I can take it or leave it. My father, on the other hand, is definitely addicted to coffee, but we blame that on his Greek heritage (the rest of you have no excuse!). Suffice it to say, I grew up leaning more towards tea than coffee, probably due to my tendency to avoid anything that was an acquired taste. My internal logic went like this: you mean it tastes bad until I drink it often enough that it starts tasting good? Why bother? (This attitude kept me from developing a taste for beer until later in life; before then, I relied on sweet, sweet girly drinks.)

OK. Back to the coffee story. So yesterday, as part of my job here in Japan, I was supposed to visit a local after-school care centre and teach English to some adorable little nine-year olds. I get to see this group for an hour a month, and they know almost no English, and somehow I am supposed to trick them into enthusiastically learning how to say "How are you? I am fine!" I've taught them only twice before, and both times they were at least somewhat interested in what I was trying to teach them. But yesterday, I quickly learned that the novelty of "new teacher" had worn off.

My first indication that something was not right was the fact that the regular teacher was on a business trip, leaving me with Spineless-Sensei instead. Spineless-Sensei was assigned to "help" me teach the class, in that he came to the classroom with me and diligently stared at his desk (there were no papers or anything on it, just the apparently irresistibly intriguing pattern of the wood grains). The nine children in attendance were in no hurry to do anything involving listening to the silly foreign teacher, and instead busied themselves with running around the classroom and fighting with each other.

Although I have practically no experience teaching children (but I speak English! Therefore I must be an expert!), I know that it's essential to maintain some semblance

of control over the class. Even the kids acting out prefer for there to be structure. But sadly, I was hooped. Let me introduce you to the nine children: one girl was sitting very quietly and didn't appear to have any friends (a clinically depressed nine-year-old if I ever saw one). Three other girls were playing some sort of game amongst themselves, and while they weren't being loud enough to disrupt the class, they weren't paying attention either. The fifth girl kept up a constant stream of loud chatter, aimed sometimes at me and sometimes at the other kids. That leaves us with four boys, all of whom were generally well-behaved when not tangling with the girls. In short: chaos.

The class was scheduled for an hour, and after fighting the urge to leave after the first fifteen minutes, I managed to hang in there, mostly by chanting to myself, "Kids are kids. Don't take it personally. Murder is illegal." By the time "class" was over and the children had happily fled the building, I hauled the CD player (which I'd been meaning to use to, you know, play games and sing songs with the nice sweet earnest children... not!!) back to the office. The head guy (not Spineless-Sensei) thanked me (as he hadn't observed the lesson) and brewed me a nice cup of coffee, because the regular teacher, who knows I only drink tea, was on a business trip. And most Japanese assume that tea is a Japanese thing and Westerners prefer coffee.

So there it was. A steaming cup of black coffee, freshly brewed, sitting in front of exhausted, non-coffee-drinking me. I was conflicted: should I remind him I don't drink coffee, thus appearing rude and unappreciative of his kind gesture? Or should I get with the rest of the world and drink it already? I heaved a sigh, piled in the milk and sugar, and took a sip. BLEAH. Yuck. I briefly contemplated suddenly remembering I was late for something and booting it out of there. But I gamely gave it another scoop of sugar and

a second chance. Bleah. But better. Another sip. Hmmm. Not bad, really. A fourth sip. Hey, this stuff ain't bad! And so on, until I had eagerly drained my first cup of real coffee.

"Hey-that-was-great-thanks-I'm-going-home-now!" I said in one breath, and cycled home in under 30 seconds. I then proceeded to start making chicken soup with rice, but it was taking too long and I found myself doing an impromptu little Dance O' Impatience, so I called up a friend and started bitching about the adorable children I'd had the misfortune to try to teach. After about fifteen minutes, when I paused to take a breath, she asked if I was OK. Then I told her about the coffee. A hardcore addict herself, she just laughed at me, like someone out of Trainspotting watching a newbie inject heroin for the first time or something: nostalgia tinged with envy.

To put it mildly, I was under the influence of the all-mighty java bean until late that night. I even attended my weekly adult "English club"; I passed the time trading wisecracks with the other native English speakers present and taking whatever the Japanese participants said as mock insults ("You think I'd like that restaurant because it serves big portions? Are you saying I'm fat?") I'm sure it was a learning experience for everyone involved. I think I uttered a record number of swear words, too (not because I was upset or anything, just for emphasis now and then).

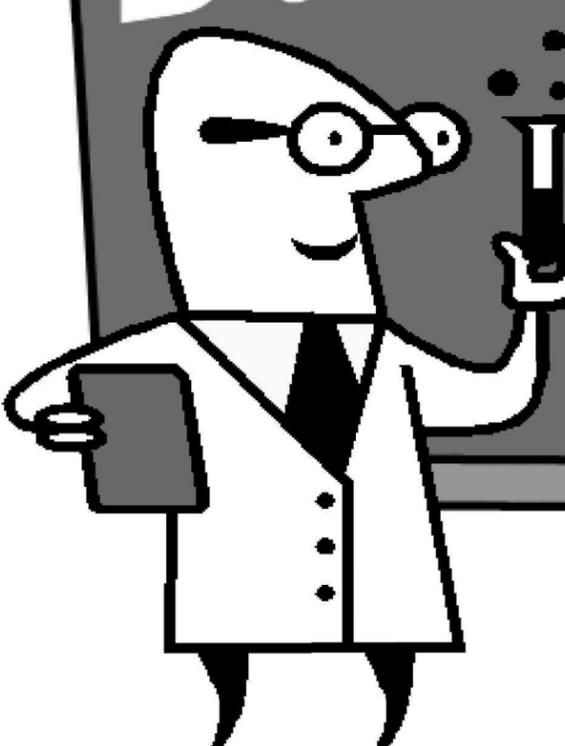
Although it was a wild ride, I'm not eager to hop on the coffee train again anytime soon. I'll stick to my Red Rose orange pekoe (only available in Canada! Pity! But I brought a supply with me!) and my green tea (more caffeine than coffee, or so I've heard!), and occasionally a mocha-frappuccino-whatchamacallit. I learned my lesson well: just say no to coffee. Because crack is probably cheaper in the long run. Comments? Email me at gimmekrack@hotmail.com!

HEY EVERYONE! IT'S BACK

Buck-a-Beaker

free admission and live dj

Friday Nov. 19th



Outside between

Chemistry A-block and Hebb Theatre

Brought to you by The Undergraduate Chemistry Society