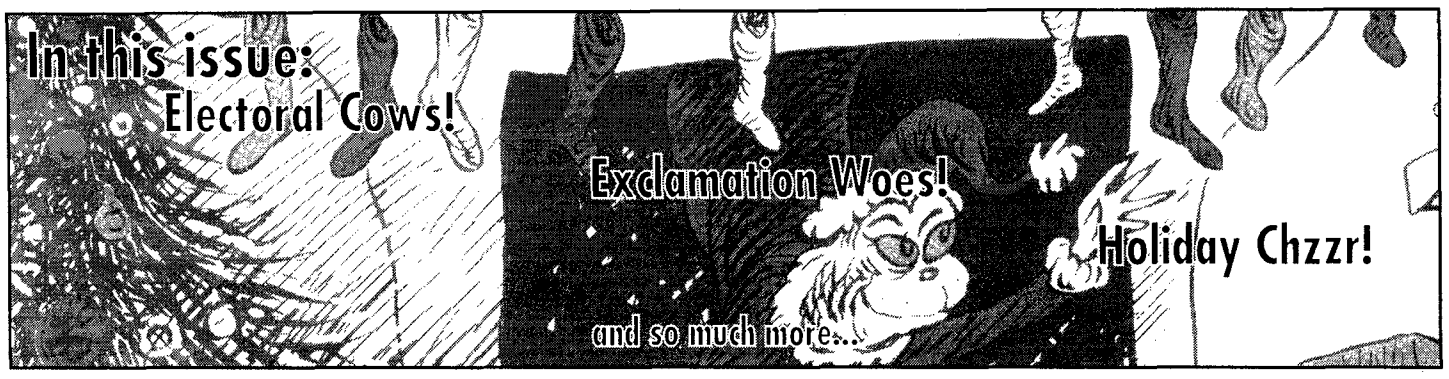
The 432.

VOLUME THIRTEEN ISSUE SIX 1 DECEMBER 1999



"What do you mean, it's not real beef?"

-- *Nathan Allen*

Local Cow Elected Mayor of Vancouver

"Moo."

Vancouver (CP)

In a stunning victory over Philip Owen's Non-Partisan Alliance (NPA), members of the Farmer's Coalition (FC) have been elected to a commanding position of Vancouver's City Council. Headed by 'Barb', local cow and mother of four, the FC ran a campaign of fiscal responsibility, increased park land, and the complete banning of all dairy products.

"I knew the citizens of Vancouver would do the right thing when it came time to vote," said an jubilant Barb upon hearing the results of the elections."I have always had complete faith in the democratic system ever since I was a young calf living on the farm. Although I have had my moments of scepticism, like when the farmer killed my first eight sons so they could be made into couches and sneakers and veal."

A greatly agitated Philip Owen commented, "Good God Christ son of a bitch ass felching cocksucking son of a bag of rotting testicle tumor fucking fuck shit bag crack whore rotten son of a piss drinking manure gas ridden cricket bat swinging cholera ridden alter boy humping fucking fucker fuck!" when reached after the final results had been released.

Reaction to the election results have been mixed. Members of the small but influential Hindu community have expressed great joy at having a cow, a symbol of great spiritual power, elected to lead Vancouver "out of this vast cultural waste land."

"I was overjoyed when I read this morning's paper," said Jimbawal Hidwara, local priest of Shiva. "Finally the municipal cud can be chewed and fully digested."

However, members of Big Effeminate Eaters of Flesh have expressed "outrage" to the possible banning of all bovine products, from head cheese to tongue and kidney.

"It's right there in the FC's manifesto," exclaimed Joe "T-bone" Consigliori. "How the hell am I supposed to get a good rib roast if this Barb bans beef? I already have to talk to cousin Vinni every time I want a good shot of Black Bear Bile. And believe me, I don't like talking to cousin Vinni, he gives me the creeps."

Local business leaders have been quick to condemn the new mayor's status on several key issues.

Bob Smith-Wright of the Downtown Enterprises Against Theocratic Hypocrisy was quick to discredit Barb because of her lack of action on the cleanup project of Granville Street.

"That cow is a fat, uh cow," said a confused Mr. Smith-Wright. "But on the bright side, it should be easy to get we want from this week-willed new council. It'll be like leading the cows to slaughter, which can be a lot harder than you might think because cows weigh almost two thousand pounds and can have a real attitude when they feel like it."

Barb dismissed all worries, saying "In the next four years, I and my fellow FC councillors will do our darndest to make Vancouver the best place in British Columbia to live, especially for bovines of all kinds."

The general public has expressed some doubt, but in all, most are looking forward to the FC's new policies.

"A cow? Cool," said Bob Renard, a Whistler based consultant. "She'll make a great mayor, if only because she's not human like the last one."

Chuck Carpenter, a plumber from Main and Fraser, is vehemently opposed to the idea of a bovine for Vancouver mayor. "What's the freakin' deal? A cow? If you can slather it in barbeque sauce and napalm it into a meal, it ain't supposed to be in charge of a city!"

Local vegetarians cheer the inauguration of the Barb and the other five FC councillors, and urge the FC councillors to increase their stance on the slaughter of innocent animals, some of whom may wish to run with the FC in future elections. "Please," stated Valerie Nelson, spokesman for the vegetarians. "Let us await the day where we can truly say, 'Where's the beef?'"

Grinch Arrested on B&E Charges

Who-ville (Reuters)

The recent rash of home invasions in *Who*-ville may be over. Police have apprehended a suspect in a recent disturbance believed to be a home invasion in progress. When *Who*-ville authorities arrived at the residence at 3214 *Who*-lane, they apprehended a suspect inside the dwelling. He dressed in a make-shift Santa suit and was allegedly shoving the family's tree up the chimney flue.

Hector H. Grinch was charged with Breaking and Entering the next morning and released on his own recognisance, mostly due to a rare genetic disorder causing him to be covered in thick, dingy green body hair and the use of an obscure dialect best described as a english spoken in odd verse. His dog Max, also found on the scene, has been impounded by the SPCA due to suspicious of abuse and malnourishment.

432 Reporters arrived at Mr. Grinch's residence when Grinch left to collect Max from the local SPCA shelter. He denied being the culprit of the string of home invasions in the *Who*-lane district, stating he was hired to do some maintainance on their homestead:

"I did not steal gifts from the Whos,

Not trees, or gifts, nor stockings too.

Not the *Who*-pudding, Not the roast beast!

Nor the *Who*-Hash! Nor the *Who*-heesh!

And while I was up the chimney shoving the tree,

I was using their ensuite for a late-night pee!

Twas not I, I swear to you and the people through the camera,

Taking X-mas, stealing jewellery, and impersonating Santa.

Whos were tied up,beaten and gagged, this much is true,

But they invited me for an S&M threesome with a Whigalamigalagoo."

A court date has not been set.

The 432.

Volume Thirteen
Issue Six
1 December 1999

Editor
Bree Baxter
bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca

Asistant Editor
John Hallett
hallett@cs.ubc.ca

Andy Martin
spacemoose@telus.net

Jake Gray
jakeg@interchange.ubc.ca

Printed by
College Printers, Vancouver, BC

Contributors
Dan Anderson
Bree Baxter
Mike Boestzkes (not)
Jag Dost (not)
Keri Gammon (not)
Jay Garcia
Jake Gray
John Hallett
Andy Martin
Paula Maylin
Trevor Presley
Ajay Puri
Kate Saenko
Mandy Seymour
Sara Stamm
Reka Sztopa
Ben Tippett
Sameer Wahid
Ben Warrington
Laura Yang
Holy Gin, that's a lot of people.

Legal Information

The 432 is published fortnightly from the basement of the Chemistry Building. *The 432* is the official publication of the Science Undergraduate Society and science students in general.

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

The 432 would like to take this opportunity to assure its readers that it will return in the new millenium. Come hell or high water (literaly!), we will continue our God-given mission to entertain the thousands of bored students incarcerated in Chemistry B-Block. For the greater good.

Outgoing Editor, Eh.

John Hallett

Had it up to HERE!

Well, that's about all she wrote, I guess. After half a decade of on-again, off-again relations with this here rag, I'm going to gracefully take my leave.

Yup, its been a long and illustrious five years. I had the unequalled privilege of being involved with this here rag during the "Golden Years" between Volumes 7 and 11. Heck, for about two years, our readership was larger than The Ubyssey's. Hard to believe, eh? If you want to find out why we were so great, come by and peruse the archives. It's a great way to blow a week's worth of afternoons.

Oh well, I'm sure that no one wants to gather around and listen to old Uncle John as he gets misty eyed with fond memories. I bet you'd rather hear me express my radical views through a disjointed serious of tirades.

Russell Christmas Ale

This stuff rocks. They have it on tap virtually everywhere now, which is a big improvement from when the Russell brothers first started kegging this devil's brew. Just look for the tap handle with the Santa cap.

The problem is that the beer is oh, so, good, and rings in at a whopping 8.5% alcohol. So take her easy. I remember a time when Peter Russell showed up on my doorstep unexpectedly with a keg of Christmas Ale. He had the most evil smile in the world on his face as he explained that "he couldn't sell this keg and he didn't want to see it go to waste..." Bastard.

Koerner's Pub

They've made quite a few cool renovations there. Too bad they didn't bring back the kitchen. Did you know that Koerner's once had the best cheeseburgers on campus? It's true. Bring that back and you've got a winner. Well, that and if they'd start serving Christmas Ale in pitchers again.

Lap Dogs

These god damned things were bred in the middle ages to be about as useless as possible. Give me a break. Dogs hunt. That is what they do. These things yap endlessly until you give it a Scobby Snack, or you kick it. Which you should.

Christmas

Give me a freaking break! Who in this day and age needs a stupid gift exchanging holiday to supposedly celebrate a religion that no one cares about anymore? Jesus Christ, people, who believes in gods these days, anyway? But noooo, you can't tell Christians this. They don't care that their god is little more than a glorified Zeus. Their religion is different because they're "right." Primitive zealots.

Y2K

So you think that the world is ending on New Year's Eve? You think that come midnight, Jan One, everything will just stop working? Give me a break! Most electronic devices don't even care what day it is. The ones that do were designed after 1990.

However, let me tell you about something more sinister, something that might actually happen: "The Bubba Effect."

Picture this: come Y2K nothing goes wrong, but a couple hard drinking good ole boys careen their pickup into a telephone pole, wiping out power to a nearby neighbourhood. Panicked denizens all call 911 to report a "Y2K Disaster" at the same time, which brings down the phone network, causing more panic, etc.

The whole thing escalates out of control because the same idiots that still believe in a god are convinced that the end of the world will happen Jan One.

This just proves that you can make anything happen if you believe hard enough. I just have to focus harder on having sex with Denise Richards.

Editorial Goddess

Bree Baxter

About Damn Time

On behalf of six thousand and five Science students, it's about damn time. I've only been slogging way at this damn rag for four months with no recognition or fame. I've had to suffer through the threat of a writer's strike, the mishandling of my finances, a naked editor, broken computers and no natural light in my office. And for what? Nothing. At least I now get to say to all the guys, "Hi, I'm editor of *the 432*. Want to go back to my place and see my byline?"

Is this a new brave step in *the 432*, a step forward for female editors everywhere? Am I standing up for the rights of all journalists with two X chromosomes? No. No one else wanted the job. I vow to produce the same high brow crap as have my predecessors, all twelve years of them.

I'm glad that is out of the way. Time to spew off my editorial comments about happenings on UBC Campus and on life in general.

John Hallett

Dear old John. He took the time out of his busy WebCT schedule to come in and contribute to *the 432*. Even after he's stepped down as the Editor, he's still out here every other weekend, helping out the greater good. God bless you sir, every one.

The Ubyssey

Everybody's favourite love-to-hate student organization (the AMS) is at it again, this time trying to relocate *the Ubyssey* out of their space in the top floor of SUB. In place, the AMS wished to give the AMS resource groups more space and more accessibility for anyone who wished to access a resource. *The Ubyssey* is understandably upset. After all, they get the prime real estate from the AMS, with whom they have severed ties and whom they insult, degrade and misquote at every turn, for free. They don't seem to realize that the AMS could in all legality kick their left-wing socialist asses out of the SUB so fast, even their pinko communist attitudes wouldn't cushion their fall. Smarten up, guys.

Oh, and don't go around misquoting Keri. She says actual stuff on a normal basis that is great fodder for your socialist agenda. Pay attention.

AMS Council

Science has surpassed some arbitrary number of enrolled students, and we get another seat on AMS council. Guess who? Me. Yup, it's me. What does that mean? Only that I get free food on AMS Wednesdays. Cheers.

The Underground

Normally, I'm not one to point out plagiarism in a campus publication. But *the Underground* has persisted in using artwork from Bill Keane, a relatively well-known comic, and his comic The Family Circus. I'd just like to remind the Underground that Bill Keane is a litigious bastard, and he won't hesitate to sue your lily-white asses. True, he'd be suing the AMS, your parent organization, but I don't think the AMS would be too pleased with you after afore-said libel suit.

Oceanography 308

Most classes in Hebb Theatre really suck. It's cold, it's loud, and it's early. But this Oceanography class I'm in is pretty damn swell. We get to learn about Gyeres, Swells, Fjords, Tsunamis and funky assed- deep ocean vents. The ocean floor is fun. And violent. I'm glad I live up on land, where the only things that can get me are earthquakes, volcanoes and Revenue Canada.

Exam Time

Suffering and woe fall upon the land. Ha ha.

Director of Finance

That's right, we have had yet another director of the Science Undergraduate Society resign. Who knew? Better yet, who cares? Quite honestly, not a bloody many of you. In fact, it means more to you to go out and buy the Star Wars CD you've been meaning to, than who is the new Director of Finance. It's Jag Dost, by the way. Third year Computer Science. Busy bastard. He's got the club budgets done. Yippee.

Science Clubs

Are you a member of a science club? Join one. It looks good on a resume and makes your parents think you actually give a tinkers-damn about your department. Yeah, right.

Coffee

Is there anything its caffinated goodness can't do? But it's too damn expensive. Does anyone think that I really want to pay two dollars for 16 ounces of its luke-warm coffeeness? No. I live on campus, and I have a thermos. I'll take the five minutes out of my morning and brew my own cup.

Christmas

It's coming, and despite what James Bond thought, it only comes once a year. Thanks for one thing, and the fact that I don't have to buy gifts for the scuzzy relatives that I have. Or the Secret Santas. Or the mistletoe. Or the faux-snow. Curse it all. Let's celebrate the pagan holiday of Solstice. Longest night of the year, orgiastic sex, and all natural mind-blowing drugs. Par-tay.

The next deadline for all you aspiring writers is next year, January 3rd. That's a Monday, so come back to school prepared. I love you all.

But not like that.

"Ah, the French. The only people in the world who can be both arrogant and cowardly at the same time.
-Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Road to None

Jake Gray

On Penicillin since 1965

It was a Thursday, sometime in 1995, I think. It hadn't stopped raining for three and a half days and continued to come down like a smack junky who hadn't had a fix in twelve hours. I was feeling under the weather.

I'd been driving for about six hours with only one stop for gas when I realized that the radio had stopped working. I wasn't sure how long I had been without music, but I was so tired at the time it could have been anywhere from five minutes to several hours. I looked over at the grizelled figure in the passenger seat. Gord's balding head was being offset by his few days of sparse facial hair. With eyes closed he looked like a wombat resting gently on the side of the highway after having its rear end flattened by a large Australian driving a Land Rover to a rugby match. He must have been having very very strange dreams because every once in a while he would wince terribly just before letting out a little girlish giggle.

We were somewhere between Portland and who knows where else when the headlights began to dim. We had bought the seventy-five Cadillac Eldorado in Santa Cal Biero about eighteen hours earlier from a seedy looking character known simply as the Burro. He was a squat fat sweaty man who had a hand shake like two day dead flounder. He sold rusty cars inside an old burnt out novelty pen factory. We knew the forty seven dollars we spent for the car would probably go to waste, but we figured if we could make it further than the bus would take us for fifty bucks it was worth it.

So here we were some where on the Oregon coast in a torrential downpour sitting on the side of the old coast highway in a '75 Cadillac with leather bucket seats and a dead alternator. Gord woke up swearing like an Italian at an English soccer match. He had been asleep for nearly five hours after having been up for close to thirty. He was not ready to re-enter reality. Nor was reality ready to except Gord back into her warm welcoming bosom. In less than three minutes we were running from the growing fireball that had previously existed as a Cadillac. You'd be surprised how hard it is to hitch hike within sight of a burning hulk of a car.

When we got back to Vancouver I spent four days in the hospital with Pneumonia.

I got paid for the first time at my new job on Thursday. I'm not sure which day I'll look back on less fondly.

Spay or Neuter?

John Hallett

In the Doghouse

I think that I'm reaching that point in my life when I need a pet. I know that there are a lot of people out there who have had cats or dogs their entire lives, and that's just sad. You see, pets perform a function in your life, and that function changes as you age.

When you're young and impressionable, you need a dog and a cat. The dog is there to protect your mischeivous little ass, and the cat is there to provide amusement through tormenting. Cruel? No way! Cats love being tormented! Being teased makes them feel like they're the center of attention, and cats love being the centre of attention. So try sticking a wad of cotton on your cat's tounge, or putting it in socks. Cats love socks!

After you grow up and mature a bit, you don't need pets anymore. You shift the focus of your friendships onto real people. This is why anyone who owns a pet between the ages of sixteen and twenty-three is just plain old sad. Get a life, you losers.

No, the next proper phase in your life for owning pets is the mid to late twenties (Yes, I am that old. Thanks for asking). You see, around that time in your life you start needing some abject lessons in responsibility. You slowly ramp up to a pet cat or dog by owning plants, and then fish.

Now, I've owned both plants *and* fish. And I killed each and every one of those little bastards. Not on purpose, mind you, I mean, it's not like I put a school of tetras in a blender with half a cup of water and hit "Puree." Nope, I just let them starve to death, much nicer. Well, except for when Ted took a chunk out of Larry. That wasn't so nice.

The great thing about fish is that you can give them communal names, because you can't tell one tetra from another. For instance, all my angel fish were called Ted, and all my tetra's were called Larry. So when Larry died, we all admired the fact that Larry was taking it well, but Larry was a bit sad because Larry really looked up to Larry and who was he going to use as a role model now, Larry? I don't think so. Sigh. I really *am* easily amused.

Anyway, back to my point. You see, fish and plants don't whimper and shit on the floor when you forget to feed them. They don't particularily mind if you bugger off to Vegas for a weekend of drinking and whoring with your buddies.

Cats are different. You piss off your cat and it might not act mad right then. No siree, Felix will wait until you're sound asleep and use your face for a scratching post. Cats know revenge.

Dogs are even more different. You piss off a dog and it'll try and take a chunk out of your leg (except those stupid little useless dogs, they won't do squat. I'm talking about real dogs here). The best part about the dog is that, by the time you've stopped the bleeding, Rover has forgotten why he was mad at you and is now wagging his tail and slobbering out of his blood stained mouth.

Cats, on the other hand, will continue to leave little presents in the shower every morning for a week. The choice is yours: immediate and severe punishment, or something less dramatic but more drawn out.

The real purpose for having a pet around is so that it can act as a sort of life style mine canary. You see, if I'm at the bar too much getting sauced, my cat will be the first to let me know by leaving a steaming pile of "I love you" under the covers of my bed.

Of course, I might go on vacation only to come home and find the little bastard curled up on the floor dead. Oh well, I guess that I'll find out soon enough.

I think that I'll name the little son of a bitch "Metallicat."

Would someone please remind me why no one has reported this man to the SPCA for cruelty to frosh readers?

-ed.

Visit the SUS web site:
www.ams.ubc.ca/sus/
or else we'll visit you

Jack the Nipper

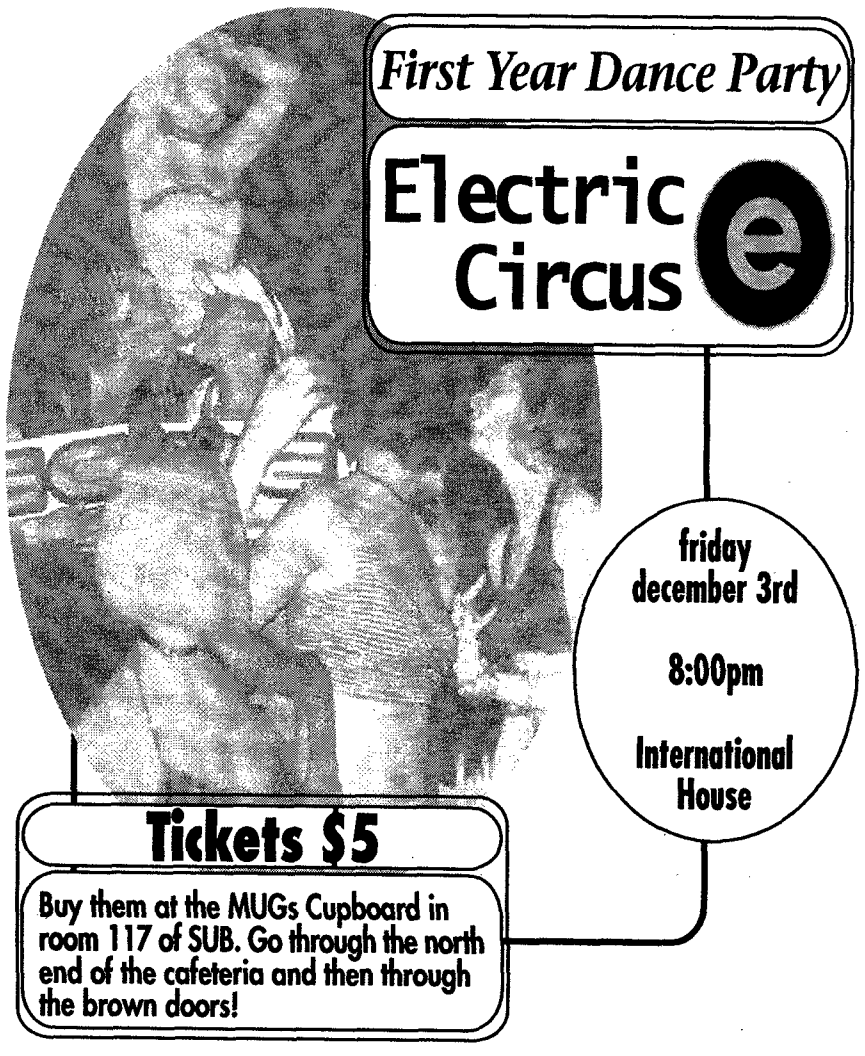
Ben Tippett

In the Sky with Diamonds

Don't do that, they told me. Don't do that! You're feet will freeze off, and turn black and will get cut off by the nickernack man with his sawtooth hatchet, that he caries in his back pocket for little boys and occasions like these. The street was dark, you see, very dark. And it was far from the homeleaving, homecoming, homegoing time when the streemers came out and the good old boys marched in the lanes, up and down to tickertape, better spent than on tickers of old lonely men. As I set off I knew he'd seen me, that nickernack man, with his back pocket hatchet, and his ways of the world. I knew he'd only be three steps behind, and if I looked I'd see him drool on the precious little toes still held warm by the comforting home left ten paces back. But he knew he'd have them, that nickernack.

The skies are strange, in the midsummer nighty-days, half between the sun, and the moon and the ways of the sweet smelling lagoon just beyond sight, and half out of smell. The captain of the big ship cloud, stood on his bridge and smiled at my street, in his blue ocean sky, in his blue sky ocean, held down by winds and homegoing emotion. So he stews and he builds his big ship galleon cloud, and it rests in one spot and brews up a storm, of blackbottomed evil, smelling like rain, but more like the bother of a field of mud that should be grass, and ruining the pants of little boys, late for home and running through. And it's black black black, darker than chicken, and more like a shadow of blue, more like the tastey part of a soul, that hides but is sweet and filling and rich if bitten, and it builds like a thought, and it makes the hungry boy-boy's mouth water with waiting, and it leaves boy-boy with a cloud in his mouth, like a pork bun bought from a merchant with no teeth, but he can't bite down and learn the illusion, he can't close his teeth and feel the loss. So the captain's cloud sits, and the sun-ship leaves, and the skies burn quiet-sad, and misses it's love, and runs to the moon, but not before mourning with red passion hue, and the captain sees' it's now or never, and he lifts his anchor and lets his mountain fall.

But that was summer, and winter's come, and little boys can smell the snow, the ice in nostril, where the mitten can't go, where the wool mitten would only be covered and maybe soaked through with yellowinsh pungent soaking good... but the mountain is still in the sky, and it is now grey, not the rainy gray of the spring's carress, or the showering gray of the autumn's cocky blessing of sleep, but a lighter grey of promissed snow, and the little boy knows the smell well, and the little boy can hear the snow fall, three minutes ahead, so close to the ground is the mountain, that he can't tell it from the sky anymore. And it's cold and it's cold, and his nose turns red numb, and his fingers are stiff like an old man's fingers around chicken knecks and hatchet blades, he can't close his fist without a stone inside. He can hear the pitter patter, the kitten steps, of falling ice art, of pixie kites, old man winter's broken skin. It muffels his breath the silence is so surrounding loud, it muffels his steps, and he can still hear the knickernack man behind him, with sharpened jagg-toothed hatchet, waiting for him to slip and cry. Little boy runs.



Cherry Flavoured Popsicles

Ben Warrington

Closed Box System Analyst

It was a dark and gloomy night . . . much like any other night in Vancouver. The rain fell gently on the walk outside my bedroom window, and as I sat at my computer, I pondered what I should write for the next issue of the 432. I had written a short piece on Mel Lastman the night before, but there had seemed to be no way to flesh it out into any reasonable length without including mindless filler. I had not wanted to hand Bree, who I had let down so much already, an article that was filled with brainless tripe even though such fodder by other writers had made it into print on occasion. No, I had higher standards. Those standards probably deserved the blame for why I had not submitted anything for the previous three issues—that and my inherent laziness. But now, I felt, I should make a renewed effort. My disillusionment with school as it approached the end of a term had made me discard such useless worries as stress and sleep even though it appeared I would miss two assignment deadlines the next day. It did not matter. Yet another meaningless deadline had already come and passed, the one for submissions to the 432, and I pondered yet again what to write. Inspiration was abandoning me, and the siren call of Minesweeper was becoming relentlessly stronger. Think! Create! Express! The quiet darkness seemed to say to me. I am a goddamned science student, I yelled back. A physicist, for Christ's sake! I can solve Schrodinger's equation in three dimensions, but creative writing? Hah! How can I write? The night did not respond.

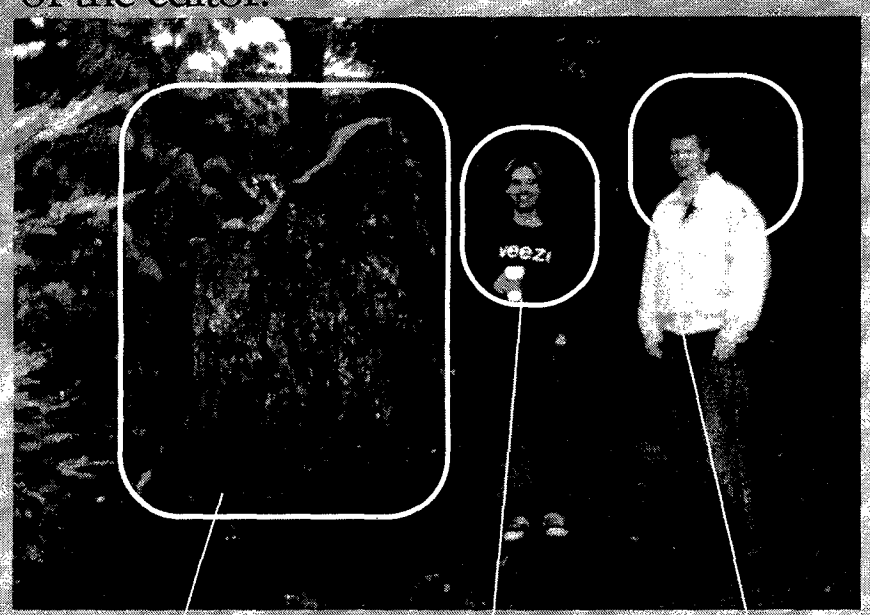
I sat some time longer, now feeling the twin pulls of solitaire on my computer and junk food in the kitchen. No, I commanded myself. I must resist the temptation. But, how could one small popsicle hurt? I whined. Be a man, I said. Come on, please, I replied. I fought with myself a while longer until I realised that it might, after all, be time for a therapist. The signs were all there. I had apparently zoned out in class a few days earlier when the professor of Math 215 had spent ten minutes handing out our midterm marks. It had been the first class all year that I had gotten to early. I even had independent confirmation of my arrival time from Mikey, who had seen me enter at the same time as he. Yet, I held no recollection of the midterms being distributed to the students, nor had I been in possession of my midterm when I departed the class.

Now, in but a few days, I had progressed to holding arguments with myself, or perhaps, the arguments had come first. I was about to contradict that point to assert that they were only heated discussions, when the night interrupted once again. Look at this way, the darkness seemed to say. Writing is no more arcane than the Schrodinger equation. The equation is all symbols and implicit meanings. Heck, It even looks as though it were written in mystic runes, whereas this is only a few words and in English to boot. What the hell are you talking about? I shot back. Again there was no response. Look, I said a little more gently, you are going to have to keep up here, that was the last paragraph. We have moved on. The night just shook its head. Ah, screw you too, I thought. At least we get mystic runes to convey our "symbols and implicit meanings."

I finally succumbed to the popsicle - my third that evening. It was like ecstasy when I bit into that frozen treat, and I considered the ingredients. Could it be that they really were putting ecstasy into the popsicles - that would sure explain my apparent addiction to the sugar-water-on-a-stick - or was it something new, and how long had they been doing it? Who, exactly, were "they"? Despite these disquieting thoughts, I savoured the cherry flavour. After a time, I finished the popsicle, and still basking in the afterglow, I returned to writing, or whatever it was exactly that I had been doing. My willpower was weakening, I could tell. I felt as though I were about to get up from the keyboard once more, though for what purpose I could not say. Perhaps it was the popsicle that was controlling me. Perhaps that is what had caused the blackout in Mathematics. Or perhaps it was the rain. I know not . . .

Dumb Assed Easy Contest #3 Winners!

Congratulations are in order for our two contest winners! Hats off to **Dan Anderson** and **Mike White**, proud recipients of VIP passes to Science Week's Cold Fusion! Winners can collect their prizes in SUS upon the production of a valid UBC student card, three strands of tinsel, and lunch for the editor. Any prizes unclaimed as of January 24th, 2000, will 'accidentally' fall in the pocket of the editor.



Leonard S. Klinck Stone — Mike White — Dan Anderson

Next contest: List the names of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse and their steeds. All entries must be emailed to *bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca* before the New Year. If the world doesn't explode, the winner will win chocolate.

Dead Pool

The Reaper

Loves Her Pale Horse

Well, there is good news and there is bad news. Andy Martin has drawn first blood and is currently on the throne of death with a measily nine points. Andy scored this converted touchdown and a safety when Walter Payton, described by Andy as "the best damn running back 'da Bears, or the world ever saw" kicked off almost a month ago when his liver took a permenant vacation. So there. If that's good or bad news, I'll let you be the judge.

Other high profile deaths in the news this past month include those of Greg Moore, Paul Tracey, and Regis Philbin (well...we can all hope).

Not many people listed on lists o' doom have passed away this year. The old bastards are just hanging on by the skin of their decaying teeth. Boris Yelstin is back in the hospital with a viral infection. That's bad news for him, but the good news for us is that he's in a Russian hospital. Add to that the Chechyn situation, and he's in a precarious posotion.

And now, a word from our sponsor:

Buy Sudanese Oil!

Because genocide happens!

Back to the program, I have a few updates supplied by our Assitant Editor, Andrew Martin: Charles Shultz has colon cancer, Archbishop Desmond Tutu may beat out fellow man of the cloth and perpetual Dead Pool favourite Pope Jean-Paul II, with his resurfacing cancer of the trachea, and Richard Pryor, the inventor of the term 'Muthaf*ka' has advanced Multiple Sclerosis. So far, no one has these people on their lists, so it's a moot point.

Good luck on your exams, and don't fear the Reaper.

Get Warm

Looking for Christmas Presents? Heading for the Ski Slopes?

Science Sales is selling gray sweaters, and navy and teal sweatshirts. Each and every shirt is embroidered with the Science Logo!

Contact Sameer in Chem B160 to purchase Science wear.

Hell Boy

Trevor Presley

Artsie-mageddon

Armageddon is upon us. I'm not talking about the year 2000 problems here; I'm talking about the dreaded month of December in general. Y2K has just raised the stakes and added a little kick to an already hectic month. The following will be an insight into the 30 days that will be your December hell.

December 1st-2nd: The Christmas Season starts at the local department stores. Get ready for 30 days of people sweating in rented suits pretending to be Santa. Parents won't let their kids talk to strangers yet they force them to sit on the lap of an unknown person who can't hold a job down for the other 11 months of the year. You will also witness several incidents of fisticuffs break out at various malls over the most valuable commodity this Christmas Season: parking spots.

December 3rd: The last day of classes arrives and exam start. Your last day of lecture will be celebrated with fermented drinks. Your first day of studying for exams will be celebrated with sleeping in and watching daytime TV After all, you have 20 whole days to study for your exams

December 4th: Hanukah starts. You will celebrate the arrival of the Jewish holiday by panicking over your exam schedule. Apparently you worship the wrong God because all five of your exams have been scheduled for December 7th, which leaves you about 15 minutes to study for each exam. You would appeal to your Faculty Advisor for leniency, but since you accused him of "falling out of the stupid tree and hitting every branch on the way down" at the start of the year when he screwed up your time table, you feel this may only make matters worse. You then declare that you have converted to Judaism and tell your professor that you need the eight days Hanukah free of exams to concentrate on your newfound religion. To test you, the professor asks you if you know anything about the miracle of the lamp oil and puzzled you tell him it has something to do with Pokemon. You do not pass Go and you do not get any exam time off.

December 5th to 12th: Exams start. You spend the next week studying diligently, avoiding all distractions such as sex, TV and laundry. You pass your first two exams.

December 13th to 21st: After the first week of studying, you don't give a damn about any of your exams. You are horny as a jackrabbit, you have missed an entire week of Friends and ER and your clothes smell. You spend the next week in the laundry-mat hitting on everything that has a pulse. Time not spent cleaning clothes is time spent scooping cheese-whiz out of a jar with your finger, while watching "The Price is Right". You always nail the cost of the cheese-whiz jar because you have bought 16 of them in the last 2 weeks. Your pass your last 3 exams.

December 22nd to December 25th: You spend the next 3 days in shopping Hell. Tired of standing in checkout lines, you go to the local drug store and buy everyone on your gift list a box of chocolates. You have done this so many times before, your mom could send in all her Black Magic Proofs of Purchases and fly to Switzerland.

December 26th: Boxing Day. What a stupid holiday.

December 31st: Despite all the hype, you end up at a friend's house with a whole bunch of people you do not know. As you watch the timeless Dick Clark countdown the millennium, you wonder if there will be any Y2K problems as the clock hits 12:00am. Luckily, everything has been debugged, except for the Starbucks coffee machines, which have a hidden computer chip in them, which crashes. No one can buy coffee so Wan-Val-Dez is forced to sell his Donkey and become a male prostitute.

Happy New-Year!

Fraulin Maria?

Paula Maylin

Far too happy

At last! The last lab of the semester! The last lab of this year! But NO, it is NOT the last lab of the century, nor of the millenium. They have to wait another year. I just hate all those supposedly intelligent people who don't realize that the turn of the century doesn't occur until the END of 2000. But oh well. I was celebrating the end of labs. The thing is, I wouldn't want to be taking these Chem courses if there WASN'T a lab involoved. Imagine having to sit through all those BORING lectures on metal-ligand complexes and d-orbitals without ANY sort of practical use for them. Okay, I'll admit that changing a solution's colour from blue to yellow to orange to purple isn't very practical, but it's fun. Labs are also a very easy way to raise your mark. Yes, yes, you have to pass the lecture and the lab portions, but if by some major mistake you end up failing the lecture portion, if you've done reasonably well in the lab, you don't have to take that too (which makes taking a chem course by correspondance over the summer MUCH easier if you're working... not that I personally know this of course...). But naturally, this means you're stuck slogging through all the boring shit you didn't understand in the first place without the chance for comic relief in annoying the hell out of the TA's... I didn't do it, honest <evil grin>. But even so, it's always a relief to reach the end of the last lab of the semester. You realize suddenly that hey, next week you CAN go to that bzzr garden or party that either you're too tired to attend or you simply can't make in time to be worthwhile. There's nothing worse than hitting a really great party with only half an hour before it's over. Of course, with the REALLY good parties, you'd better make sure that it really is over before giving up on it. A friend of mine didn't attend a party last week because he didn't get back from work until almost 10pm, and since me and my friends were meeting at 8, he didn't bother calling to find out if it was worth still coming... and he missed out on an AWESOME party that didn't end until 6:30 am when the last few people passed out (just about everyone crashed there -- such parties are good because it means no one drives home drunk). But I have no idea how I managed to start talking about the party when I started with chem labs being over... but oh well.

This marks the single longest paragraph I've ever seen in the 432 since... last issue. Damn Jay Garcia and his evil hide.

-ed

Fact One: Only passed courses contribute to a final percentage.

Fact Two: Failed courses count towards your registration date.

Fact Three: No one really cares about your Chem 231 grade.

Vacation Time

Dan Anderson

Big Elf

In a startling press release this weekend, it seems Santa Claus has decided to pursue a new career path. "The possibilities for career advancement were too limited," Nick said to a room packed with reporters. "The stock options were great, but I mean, I was serving over a billion clients in a 24 hour shift. McDonald's execs, eat your hearts out. The stress on me in this situation is obvious, especially taking into account the fact that I always procrastinated until the very last day, and even then I was often handing out my assignments past midnight."

Santa has been thinking about going into computer science, hoping to specialize in middle management, apparently. When asked about why, he replied with the standard answer. "Well, it's easy money, and you get to play video games all day, and you can wear whatever you want. Personally, for a man of my... physical stature... it's nice to not have to wear the same stinking uniform year after year for once."

The Registrar's Office at UBC confirmed that Santa had applied to the faculty of science, but since he did not have the required prerequisites, they had to send a letter of rejection. They were considering accepting him on special grounds prior to his comments this weekend, when he said, "look, these [expletives] just have no compassion. Look at me, I'm an old man, I don't have that many years left in me. I mean, I had held my last position since before high school was a requirement to get an office job. Dammit. Now I have to go get an education with the same annoying twerps I had to deal with at my last job."

The Registrar's Office at SFU confirmed that they had sent Mr. Claus an unconditional acceptance letter with a full scholarship, and that they had yet to recieve an answer. When questioned on the subject, Santa tried to control laughter, presumably at the idea of going to SFU, and declined to comment on his refusal.

There seems to be a slight problem, however, as his old company Xmas Inc. now has a glaring labor deficit (albeit of only one position). Said company public relations officer Jollie Ehlfe, "This position needs to be filled! There is now a large gap here, which isn't surprising, considering his girth. We simply must restaff before the Christmas rush!"

Xmas Inc. is now looking for an aged caucasian male, white hair or willing to bleach, rosy cheeks or willing to airbrush, consumerist background or willing to pretend, willing to work on a tight schedule, on a project involving children. Great long-term job security, with benefits like cookies, milk, and the occasional insomniac NRA member complete with snares, laser sight, and rare collectable trading card.

PS-I would like to apologize for a lack of gore and smut in this article. Rest assured, the original was entitled "Disarm Now", and involved removal of unneeded appendages, like (gee, no way!) arms. Ah, well. Maybe it'll be printed next ish.

3 JANUARY 2000

GIVE IT TO US, RIGHT NOW.

ALL ARTICLES AND CARTOONS WELCOME. MUST MAKE THE EDITOR LAUGH AT LEAST THRICE

WRITE ABOUT ANYTHING. ANYTHING BUT THAT MEDULLA OBLONGATA. GURRGLE.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS MUST BE SUBMITTED BY 4:32 PM, MONDAY, JANUARY 3RD. EMAIL TO BMONIQUE@INTERCHANGE.UBC.CA

NEXT DEADLINE

Knitting Kneedles

Bree Baxter

Good as Gold

I have discovered a new approach to the nauseating, the disgusting, the moronic, the stupid, the incomprehensible, the nonsensical, the foolish, the asinine, the prosaic, the inept, the obtuse, the offensive, the appalling, the fetid, the loathsome, the noisome, the repellent, the backwards, the half-witted, the imbecilic, the tedious, the balmy, the dull, the fatuous, the inept, and the absurd: Laugh at them.

When an individual comes to me and tells me that they are rtaising the price of alcohol, I laugh at them. When a person tells the press that freedom of speech is a fundamental right, I laugh at them. When someone points out that my rent is due today, I laugh at them. When people get upset when they are misquoted in a left wing pinko publication, I laugh at both the misquoted and the misquotee. When the pre-med keeners are crying into their non-alcoholic beers at their scant 62.5% in their organic chemistry class (after sixteen hours of studying, of course), I laugh uproariously.

People can't handle it when they are laughed at. Anger, they can understand. Sympathy is probably what they are aiming for, but anger is obvious. Laughter (and other forms of mockery) are harder to respond to. How do you react when someone is amused at your offended sensibilities? Agreement with such a scenario only makes you look like a big moron. You can't get angry, because you just look like a big wanker. In fact, there is no way to respond to the situation. Ha ha.

The above responses are harder to express, however,when someone is asking me a question that just can't be any stupider. It takes someone with quite the set of balls to laugh at a moron with a question. The most recent application of this unfortunate axiom I shall attempt to explain here.

I'm trying to knit a hat. My knitting skill ranks right up there with my sewing technique: It sucks and it's slow, but at least I'm trying. Knitting may have had a place in the past, before the invention of the mechanized knitting machines and polar fleece. The only reason knitting still exists is to prove to humans that they should stop playing with pointy sticks. Stress reliever, my ass.

Before staring to knit, one must select an item to knit. I selected a hat. A nice, fuzzy, multi-coloured hat. The instructions seemed easy enough: knit for about eighty stitches, then continue. Ok, I said. Sounds good.

Next, it was up to me to selected the yarn I wanted to knit with. Anyone who has been in a yarn store (and in this audience, I'm willing to bet that about four of you fall into this category) knows there are yarns that are tight yarns, and there are yanrs that are loose. Loose yarns aren't really spun, they're easy to get your needles in the wrong hole, the strands of the threads get tangled. Tight yarns are easy to knit, as long as you can convince it that you will respect the yarn in the morning and get it drunk enough. Like a naive college student, I decided on the loose yarn. Ohh, it was pretty coloured and oh so warm.

But it was loose.

I begin to knit. I realize I've turned into my mother. I cry.

People who have seen me knitting can't quite grasp the fact that I am, in fact, knitting. Like the moron who, for simplicity sake, I will refer to as the moron.

"What are you doing?"

Dead silence. "I'm knitting."

"Really? That is so cool! Why?"

More dead silence, accompanied by a mind-boggled stare. "Because I'm tired of stapling balls of yarn to my head when it's cold."

As an aside, I would ask my readers what they do in a similar situation. Would you have believed me when I made the yarn-ball crack? Would one have trusted me to walk around campus with multi coloured fiber attached to my head? No? Good.

The moron I mentioned in this story did. It was such nonsensical crap that I was forced to look, point and laugh. The moron got mad and stormed out. And all was good.

Until the next time. Some other moron, who shall also be referred to as a moron, asked me, "Why are you knitting?"

"Beacuse the sweater came unraveled."

"Oh." Quiet time passes and I continute to struggle with my loose yarn.

"You're not very good at it."

Kill. I simply wanted to kill. If I were good at knitting, I wouldn't be wasting time in this university. "You know, these needles are very sharp and make holes in the body that don't bleed much."

Only the threat of violence drive some morons away. Kind of like those red Commies. Hey, maybe next time I'll knit a red hat. Then people will mistake me for a communist, or Bonhomme.

Damn that Bree, she really needs some therapy

-ed.

Yes, M'Lord...

Jay Garcia

Prophet at Arms

If you think about it, Kent Brockman was right. Democracy just doesn't work. You have to love any form of government where a small number of vastly uninformed yokels can vote in an even smaller number of power-mad psychotic yahoos who will then turn around and rule with an iron fist. Case in point, the municipal elections which graced our wet and bedraggled city not long ago. And they call this a representative democracy. The federal elections are really no better. The issues behind the elections are so goddamn murky and clouded and fouled with the thick inky strings of frightened political rhetoric that the entire situation seems akin to a bloated squid bumping against the bottom of the ship of state, to stretch a really bad metaphor to its breaking point.

I figure that in the federal elections, most people vote based on the direction and the distance from Manitoba that they tend to live. Which explains why British Columbia is so full of freakin' extremist left wing loons, and why Victoria seems populated by demonstrating, tree-hugging earthies. It doesn't help that this country is saddled with multiple political parties, which can (and has) resulted in majority governments elected by less than half the populace.

Then again, the fact that people can't get together is some sort of harmony to work for their own betterment can hardly be pinned on the democratic system. Squabbling disagreement seems inbuilt into the very nature of people. If you need proof of this, you don't have to look further than the next time a bunch of people get together to try to order pizza. If it doesn't devolve into a bloody, no-holds-barred fistfight over the relative merits of feta cheese over mozzarella, or whether the inclusion of anchovies or olives is a good thing, then I'll show you a group of mentally pacified, emotionally-gelded water-headed weaklings incapable of coming up with either an opinion or an original thought between the lot of them, who are only good either as kindling for the roaring fires which will keep the rest of us warm in the long coming winter, or as cannon fodder for the time this country gets back its balls and decides to hold a revolution and pacify those damn whiners over in Quebec. And if you want to see some really entertaining squabbling, then check out AMS council chambers on every other Wednesday. They drink. Nathan Allen's there. So is the Ubyssey.

Besides, student politics is an exercise left to either fools or prophets, and there are damn few prophets these days, not since Jimi Hendrix died. Then again, if you really think about it, student politics is really a wonderful analogy for politics in the whole. It's loud, messy, fractious, occasionally rife with scandal, and it fulfils its ultimate purpose of being a distracting smokescreen which pulls attention away from the real power behind the day-to-day operations of the Student Society. In our case, the AMS plays right into the hands of University Senate and the President's office (loudly though our politico's might decry this; however, Martha Piper's over-reaching hand throws a shadow over us all). In the case of the federal government, the real power lies, not in the hands of a Canadian, but rather in that rapidly ossifying symbol of the faded glory of a once-great empire, the Queen of England.

You have to really admire the British. They once had an empire that spanned the world, and, even when they were forced by time and popular opinion to relinquish control over their wayward colonies, they managed to leave their monarchistic hooks in every country that they abandoned. Hell, Australia recently voted down a motion to replace the Queen with a homegrown monarch or other leader-type person. (By-the-by, have you ever wondered why the sun never set on the British Empire? It's because God doesn't trust the British in the dark.)

Those wacky Brits had it right in the first place. Screw this "rule by the people" crap. Monarchies, and their more iron-clad counterpart, tyrannies, are the way to go. The more you have to rely on the idiotic voting decisions made by Kletus S. Yokel (who, more than not, lives smack-dab in the middle of Buttfuck, Nowhere, where he farms dirt and raises a scabrous and squabbling horde of noisy and illiterate progeny), the more likely it is that big fat grain subsidies get handed out by Parliament, to the detriment of such "useless" services such as health care or education which, incidentally, works well to create more morons of Kletus' ilk.

I mean, face it. All forms of politics are unfair. Some groups will always have more freedom and benefits than others (largely through the rigorous and systematic oppression of said other groups). Monarchies are just more honest about this oppression. Those at the top choose the kinds and numbers of people who are fit and deserving to serve as their direct underlings, and thus live in the lap of luxury (or, at the very least, the crotch). The rest of the wasters can go mine for gold or harvest lumber and build farms in order to support the vast infrastructure and economic requirements of said monarchy.

The way I figure it, University life is one of the best ways to prepare oneself for a life within a feudal system. Frosh are treated like peons (or gypsies -- despised and unwanted by all save the foolish, degenerate or desperate), lorded over by those of higher peerage, the long-time seniors, TA's, grad students and untenured instructor-type people. These, in turn, pledge allegiance to their sponsors, the various lab directors who make up the body of the tenured professorship. And ranking above even these august personages are the Department Heads, Deans, Vice Presidents, and, finally, at the very top of this unstable totem-pole of human allegiance, lies none other than the President herself (ever notice that the really dangerous monarch-types tend to be female? The Queen, Iron Maggie Thatcher, and that Ghandi chick over in India. It must be all that estrogen). However, unlike a real feudal system, there is some level of advancement possible through the University. To be fair, it's not much of an advancement, and once past the T.A. stage, "advancement" seems to be more of a lateral motion.

The only way to really insure one's future in such a system is to be, more or less, the king of hill (for those of you familiar with the more bloody first person shooters, you have some idea of what I'm talking about). The more ruthless and evil you are, the more you oppress the others around you, the better-prepared you will be for life in a feudal system. Of course, in order for this to happen, we'd have to get rid of this ridiculous socio-democratic pestilence that has rooted itself into the very fabric of our political quilt, as it were. I suggest a large-area bulk erasure effected by means of a well-placed nuclear device somewhere in the Ottawa-Quebec region. Not only will this rid us of the drain of resources that are the bloated parliamentary politicians, but it will improve the morale of the entire country by eliminating the damnably ugly infrastructure that dominates these areas, as well as silencing the more arrogantly whiny members of our population. From there, an absolute monarchy will be erected in the grand old tradition of British monarchy, by having prospective candidates try to lop each other's heads off with great big sharp nasty swords, winner take all. A line of peerage will then be established, and this process will then be repeated, albeit on a smaller scale and with fewer thermonuclear detonations, on a province-by-province basis until all are ruled under an iron fist.

Hell, even if this fails, it'll be something to do over the winter. And in any case, it's a damn sight more exciting than watching the Canadian National Curling championships.

Again, remind me why I' m wasting my time in this backwater? If, as Jay says, I could rule the world, I had better get cracking. You there, fetch my carriage!

-ed.

The Utensil Drawers of SUS

President

Mike Boetzkes

Greetings. This isn't Mike, in fact it's Bree. I threatened these guys to write an executive report, or else I would write one in their place. I'm carrying this threat out.

Mike was elected President a couple of weeks ago. Since then, he has been diligent in the carrying out of his duties, consulting with the Science Students, taking his rightful place on AMS council, keeping order at the SUS Exec meetings/Bare-knuckled brawls, and keeping up with all his class work.

Mike Boetzkes entered this world over two decades ago. Fighting his way from his humble beginnings as a chimney sweep, he entered the cut-throat arena of UBC Physics Majors. He's so good at it, in fact, that he's lasted five years, and there seems to be no end to his reign!

With Mike as our figurehead, there is no limit to the heights we can reach. Mike is willing to go to the mat for each and every Science student, especially the cute female ones.

If you need to talk to him, wander into SUS and we'll point him out. He's the tall one.

External VP

Mandy Seymour

Hi all, it's Mandy, your faithful External Vice President. In SUS-land I am currently organizing **Science Week 2000** with Science clubs. You can look forward to the following events in **Science Week 2000**: Computer Science Car Rally and Beer Garden, a Trike Race in front of the SUB, Beyond First Year co-sponsored by the Dean's Office, the Physsoc Paper Airplane contest, the Chemistry Magic Show and club displays in the SUB. Mikey is currently working on our Cold Fusion concert for Friday, Jan.28th in the SUB Ballroom. Should be kick-ass.

Also, your SUS reps will be working hard for you tonight, trying to stay awake at our six hour long AMS meeting (joy). Anyways, see you around, and as always if you have any concerns about SUS/AMS/UBC Science, please email me at *aseymour@interchange.ubc.ca*

Sports

Sara Stamm

Hi everybody out there who cares enough about sports to read this meaningless report! Anyways, the latests: Register for Term II League Sports as soon as possible, because you run out of time by Jan. 7. Also, if you are giving me sports rebates, **I NEED A COPY OF YOUR RECEIPT AND CONTACT INFO!!!!!!!** I have way too many people give me nothing but a registration form, and I can't do anything with that! So, as a point of information; if you want money, I need a receipt.

Other than that, nothing else to say, Have a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Ciao for now.

PRO

Kate Saenko

First of all, thanks to everyone who voted for me in the recent election. And, thanks to everyone who voted against me: At least you people care enough to vote!

The other thing I wanted to mention is the Class Act campaign. Every year, the graduating class pitches in for a gift to future generations of UBC students to come. Past gifts included workstations and social space. This year, as usual, we're looking for volunteers to help collect $$$ that will be matched by the Dean and could even triple, if every graduating student contributes. So, come on, Y2K grads, you lucky bastards, help a good cause! All you'll need to do is phone a few grads in your class. At the end, you'll receive a reference letter from the Dean of Science.

That's it for me. Carry on..

Sucker

-Jake.

Sales

Sameer Wahid

[an error occurred while processing this directive]

Hey there! I'm Sameer, the new SUS Sales Rep. Although plans to standardize uniforms and make everyone wear Science clothing failed last year, we still intend to sell Science sweaters, t-shirts and other stuff. New items this year will be Science coffee mugs, and we're bringing back the Science patches. If you have any ideas for new Science products, come into SUS and let me know about it, or throw a note in my box. Also, look by the water cooler for signup sheets for new stuff!

Good luck with your finals!!

As a quick note, I'm pushing for the Science Coffee Mugs. I need coffee, and I can't stand those stupid Styrofoam cups. I'm getting cancer.

-ed.

Internal Vice

Reka Sztopa

Hello there everyone. The Science Councilors all went on a retreat to Whistler and we did a lot of thinking and talking about SUS's image and what we can do to improve it. We have struck a committee to deal with the issue so stay tuned for some cool things coming from Science council.

Also, on Wednesday we had our annual Science Wine and Cheese. There were quite a few professors and people from the Dean's Office as well as many old and new students. Thanks to everyone who came for making the Wine and Cheese a successful event.

Secretary

Keri Gammon

Bree again. I also warned Keri, but she's been a very busy girl with her physiology lab due and the general wackiness of life. I'll be generous and nice to the girl.

Keri Gammon is also a member of the Science contingent to the AMS Council. With Mike, Mandy, Sara and myself, she stayed awake until the end of the last meeting. Why? Because she cares about you, the UBC Science Student.

Finance

Jag Dost

Last time, I promise. Jag is another person who I warned, but he's new so I'll let him live. For those of you who don't know, Jag is the new Director of Finance for the Science Undergraduate Society. Why? Because the last one quit. That's right, he quit. So we voted in Jag and there you go.

Jag finished the club budgets recently. One meeting, three hours, and about ten number crunchers later, the clubs will get their money damn soon. I looked at the numbers. All the clubs together get ten thousand dollars. Wow. I want to be a Science club.

Jag's Bio: Jag's a cool man. He's in Comp Sci, he has a cool job at a local electronics store, and he has a well-developed sense of style. His choice of clothing is always well thought out and colour coordinated. No green leather pants for him, no sirree.

Okay, if you need any financial advice, don't ask Jag. If you do feel the need to get involved in SUS Budget Committee, come into SUS and ask for Jag.

SoCo

Ajay Puri

Hey all you dung poo! I am the new Soco, yes my plan to take over this shitty planet is proceeding as planned. Anyway back to business. As the new Soco I am determined to get everyone somehow involved socially in the SUS! We'll have kick ass parties and bzzr gardens. Nothing has been done yet, but soon it'll be all GOOD! Some of things which are going to be planned are: Cold Fusion (are kick ass concert in January), Bzzr Garden (on March 10), Movie nites (starting in term 2 in the SUS) and of course the X-mas party happening tomorrow (Thursday, Dec. 2 1999)!!! Everyone is welcome to come and encouraged. What's happening at this X-mas party?? Well, we'll make eggnog, drink, exchange presents and have a bitchin' Santa (hopefully not drunk!)... and cover is really cheap! Anyway that's my report, until next time, stay sober and [redacted] Oh yeah, and [redacted] wants to tell all that when he [redacted] he thinks of you.. yeah you, [redacted]

It's always the quiet ones. Anyway, you may have noticed the large black marks over the exec report of one Ajay Puri. This is to prevent Ajay's impeachemnt and a libel suit.

-ed.

Our Elections are over. Our new President is Mike Boetzkes, our Public Relations Officer is Kate Saenko and our new Social Coordinator is Ajay Puri. Congratulations to everyone!!! Take a look at the SUS website for all of our council members and their contact info.

Right now the First Year Committee is working on our First Year Dance. The theme is Electric Circus and the dance is on Friday December 3rd at 8:00pm in International House. Tickets are $5 and can be bought from the MUGs Cupboard which is room 117 in SUB. Go through the north end of the cafeteria and through the brown metal doors right into the Cupboard!

Okay.That's all for now. Have a great last two weeks of school and good luck on your finals.

In addition to staying awake at AMS, Keri organised SUS's Coffee and Donut morning last week, with all proceeds to the United Way. It was great fun. I almost broke the big coffee maker. And a big whoohoo to Tim Horton's, from whom we bought the donuts. (As an aside, is it supposed to be 'donut' or 'doughnut'? I've never been able to tell, eh) I wish I had the numbers, but I don't right now. We'll post them in SUS so you can see how cool it is to buy donuts and coffee for UWay.

Lastly, I will now quote Ms. Gammon in full and complete context, unlike the Ubyssey: "**Jerk.**"

Are you desperate?
I mean, really desperate?

Do you:

•Want to represent your department to SUS Council?
•Have Thursdays 1:30-2:30 pm free?
•Enjoy people you don't know yelling at each other?

Are you in Geography, Geology, Physics or Computer Science?
Come into SUS (Chem B160) and talk to Reka!

And may God have mercy upon your soul...

Why Tuque, eh?

Andy Martin

The Fifth Horseman

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

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

Monks and priests were students from a faculty that requires even less accuracy than fine arts. And hell, I've been part of scientific studies where +/-25% is an acceptable margin of error. Western religion expects us to believe that 4.6 billion years happened over 6 days. After that was shot down in a flaming mass of logic, they come up with something along the lines of 'Well, if you take a day as symbolising a hundred million years, it's kind of right". Hey, yeah, just like Methuselah really did live to be 969 years old, and all his family are said to have lived to 962 (Jared), 910 (Kenan), and 950 years old (Noah. Hey, a name you recognise! Thank God for the Irish Rovers!).

"Well, if you take a year as meaning a week."

Shut up.

"Okay."

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

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

But that won't happen, I'm sure God has His affairs in order. After only a few years of waiting I'll be brought before His holy council to receive judgement:

"Hmm...well, lets see the case against you: You went to church as a kid. That's good. But you stopped."

"Erm, is that bad?"

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

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

"I'm talking here."

"Sorry."

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

"Huh?"

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

"Sorry, but my church says..."

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

"Oh yeah, that."

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

"Uh... thanks."

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

"Hoo, hoo."

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

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

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

"No Sir."

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

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

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

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

~~"[Yelling] You once masturbated so hard you forgot to breathe, turned blue and your mom had to come in and sock you one! You were probably going at it just outside the doors before we let you in the way you carry on!"~~

~~"Well, it's not my fault. At least I didn't lay with anything freaky 'as with woman', and don't think I didn't have the chance!"~~

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

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

"Nope. How do you plead?"

"Not Guilty."

"I find you guilty."

"Goddamnit."

"Exactly."

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

Nah.

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

See you on the other side...

FROM THE PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT YOU

EASTER!

AND

ROSH HASHANAH!

"Makes Hannukah look like a latke walk"
-New York Post

"Nail my ass to a cross and call me Jesus!"
-Post mortem Gene Siskel

"Best Holiday since Thanksgiving."
-Dave Barry

"Is Christmas truly a celebration of Christ or an atempt to retrace that which we have lost through years of diluted mysticism?"
-T.S. Eliot

"Yes."
-Marv Albert