The 432.

VOLUME THIRTEEN ISSUE ONE 07 SEPTEMBER 1999

In this issue:

Boatloads of Immigrants!

The Wheel of Booze!

The Official Death Pool Returns!

and much more...

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

- Glen Clark, Former British Columbia Premier.

Fifth Immigrant Boatload Approaches Coast!

Increased coastal surveillance blamed for recent flood of illegal vessels.

PORT HARDY (AP)

Early Sunday morning, a fifth boatload of illegal immigrants was spotted one hundred miles off the West coast of Vancouver Island, putting more pressure on newly sworn-in Premier Dan Miller to resolve the ongoing saga.

"What the hell do you want me to do?" responded Miller when questioned about his government's stance. "Sink them? Jesus, our navy couldn't sober up long enough to put a torpedo into the Charlottes, let alone a *moving vessel*.

"Nope. We gotta stop this thing at the source. Let's nuke China... What do you mean 'We don't have nukes?' Aren't there some in Nanoose? Well, get me some! Damn the f---ing treaties!"

The immigrants, some of whom have spent their entire life savings (upwards of US $40,000) for a spot on the rickity boat, are attempting to trade a life of substandard living and socio-economic oppression for a new life in a prosperous capitalist society. Unfounded rumours of Canada's prosperity and relaxed refugee laws have prompted this recent influx.

"This is clearly a large problem. British Columbia cannot keep supporting these unproductive people. We have to continue the NDP's policies of producing human machines for business. We want to make it clear to the people of Asia that Canada is not the haven of democracy, freedom and prosperity that it is widely believed to be," stated B.C. Minister Responsible for Multiculturalism, Human Rights and Immigration Ujjal Dosanjh. "To this end, the RCMP will begin a harsh program of oppression and random beatings of the ethnic populace, bringing us more in-line with the United States."

This recent influx of immigrants has taxed Immigration Canada's west coast infrastructure to the brink of collapse. The latest boatload has had to be billeted out to residents in Port Hardy. "Sure I'll put them up," said local resident Rosie Jacobsen, "But they'll have to earn their keep." In an unrelated story, Gucci has announced plans to manufacture a new line of designer wallets on the North Island.

Reaction to the refugees has been mixed, ranging from the high school sign stating "Welcome to Canada, Eh!" to the band of drunken unemployed Port Hardy fisherman chanting "Hell no! We won't go!"

"I don't want them yellow red commies in my back yard, eating my dog or whatever. They should just round em' all up and send em' back to Iwo Jima," said a concerned Paul Timmons. "God put them in China and in China they should stay. My parents came here from Wales with nothing and I'll be damned if I'll let some Japs take what's rightfully mine."

RCMP presence was intense at the landing of the fifth boat which took place at one o'clock Monday afternoon. Thirty-eight Mounties from as far away as Smithers, B.C. were flown in Sunday night to ensure that any possible militant refugees could be contained, as well as to prevent possible violent reactions by the locals.

"Port Hardy is a strange little community," commented Port Hardy Constable Sasha Peters after six pints in the Seagate, a bar conveniently located next to the dock where the refugees would be landing in a few hours. "I can't figure out how a town of only three thousand manages to support eight cop cars, two drunk tanks, six bars and three liquor stores. For Christ's sake, you can walk to all three liquor stores in under five minutes from anywhere in town. Who knows what this bunch of drunken yokals are capable of."

The immigrants were obviously impressed with the presence of mounted police at the landing of their derelict craft. Cries of "ooh", "ahh", and "Mmm" could be heard when the Chinese nationals caught sight of the thirty-eight horses upon which the police were seated.

A study commissioned by the Premier's Office concluded that there is a direct correlation between the increase in discovered incoming immigrant vessels and recent increases in Coast Guard surveillance funding.

"This report provides a clear solution for our current problem," stated Lori Melner, a representative from the Premier's Office. "If we cut Coast Guard funding, then the number of incoming immigrant vessels should drop accordingly."

Artist's Impression. Okay, we need better artists, so sue us.

Jesus gay, Pope "shocked."

JERUSALEM (REUTERS)

A study of recently discovered scrolls and books dating to 20 AD commissioned by the Israel government published its findings today. Among the many results was what researchers claimed was official proof that Jesus Christ was gay.

"One document in particular was of great interest in this matter," said researcher Dr. Ben Eisenstein. "In this particular scroll, we see repeated references to a messiah who preferred the company of men."

"And lo, he did sit and dine with twelve of his closest companions, of whom none were woman" is one of many passages that indicate Jesus' marked preference for men and dinner engagements.

The study further points to repeated references to "wine" and "love" in the texts. "Jesus and his followers had a love for wine," Dr. Eisenstein continued. "And a main theme behind the accepted teachings of Jesus was that every man should love his brother."

It is expected that church attendance will sky rocket with the recent findings involving Jesus' torrid lifestyle. "Maybe they won't fall asleep this week," said Rev. John Dunns of Eastport Virginia.

The United Church, which has allowed homosexual ministers for serveral years, was elated. Reverend Eric Dundas, a spokesman for the United Church, commented "Thank God we hedged our bets like that! This marks a glorious new age of acceptance and tolerance. I know people will make a big deal about this, but in the end it doesn't change Jesus' message of love and peace. Who cares if Our Lord was gay? I don't."

New details involving John the Baptist's "Baptising Ceremonies" have yet to be released.

The 432.

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Legal Information
The 432 is published fortnightly from our derelict Korean Fishing boat in the basement of the Chemistry Building. *The 432* is the official publication of the Science Undergraduate Society, but does not represent the views or opinions of the Science Undergraduate Society. Figure that one out.

All views in this issue are strictly those of the individual writers, and as such are not the responsibility of *The 432* (except for the editor's. Everyone must believe what he writes. John is good. John is god). Should any need arise for you to see the writers, we have them locked in a box in the office.

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 thrice upon first reading, and contain the real name of the writer (or a really creative pseudonom and thirty bucks cash. We're really not that picky).

Ahh, Pixie Dust.

Jake Gray

Survivor of Sodom

"You'll love the life of a pirate, you'll love the life of a crook," sang Abe the fisherman as he untied his rickity old troller from the government wharf. I was beginning to think that hiring an out of work fisherman with beer to take me to the local fishing holes wasn't such a good idea. I looked at our supply of booze and realised we wouldn't make it out of the bay.

I had found Abe the night before languidly rolling a prairie fire around the Seagate Bar and Grill, a small town speak-easy trying to be a big town nightclub. He smelled of fish. He didn't just have the smell in his clothes, he oozed it like a duck oozes oil onto his feathers for water proofness. Abe oozed fish oil to keep himself dry when fishing.

After I bought him a chaser, I asked him if he was interested in taking on a charter to go sport fishing in the local coho infested waters. He laughed like a small child laughs when others are laughing around them and they don't understand the joke.

"You want me to take you out on my thirty six foot commercial trawler to catch one little salmon?"

"Sure"

"How much?"

"How's fifty bucks and a case of beer?"

" Fifty bucks?! It'll cost me fifty bucks in fuel to get to the gas dock!"

"Fifty bucks, 3 cases of beer and the entire set of Playboy Magazine from 1983 to 1992?"

"Done. But you bring the magazines with you tomorrow morning. Be at the dock at 5:30."

I left the bar at 1:43 am with two cases of off-sales under my arm and a bottle of gin I'd bought from the bartender.

Abe had left vodka behind and moved on to rye whiskey, the Canadian solution to so many of life's large problems.

At 6:23, I started pounding on the side of the *Enola May*. Abe opened the back hatch and I found myself staring down the barrel of a Browning 12 gauge slug gun, riffled barrel and all. The only possible use for a weapon such as this is tearing holes the size of tennis balls through large animals' flesh.

A look of dangerous animal confusion clouded Abe's one good eye. However he quickly realised I had come bearing booze and porn. Even a bear will eat the bait before ripping your arm off.

Abe started laughing again in his nervous, disturbing way while putting his rifle back into his cabin. The years of working only two months of the year had left his liver waiting in a cat like state of readiness. He had the coke can of a fishing boat ready to go in under ten minutes.

My nervousness quickly faded as I realised how relaxing it is to fish with a twelve gauge shotgun. We blasted a driftwood log into about forty thousand pieces. Unfortunately we didn't catch much that day, but I got a wonderful tattoo of Abe's ex-wife and possibly a minor case of tetanus.

The Government is now accepting applications for the position of The Man.

The successful applicant will be a WASP male, between the ages of 35-60; will have 10-20 years experience in Keeping People Down and General Oppression.

We are *not* an equal opportunity employer.

Ye Ole Editorial.

John Hallett

Chief Editor. Fear him.

You know, I never would have predicted being back in the driver's seat of this old rag. Never. Well, once in '97 but then I woke up covered in a thin layer of sweat.

As some of you might be surmissing, I've been around this here university for quite a while. Seven years, to be exact. I have my degree (my girlfriend's hung it on the wall in my den) and I thought that I was out of here. No such luck. The SUS came to me with a desperate plee: "We don't have an experienced editor. We need your help."

A plea from the dark, eh? Hard to resist. So here I sit in the ancient seat of power (a beat up blue chair on wheels) spewing forth this rambling stream of semi-coherent babble in a desperate attempt to fill up the last few column-inches of this issue.

Actually, I kind of like editorials. They're my chance to ramble on about almost any topic that I see fit, and put my extremist views in print for the world to see. So here goes.

School

Live it, breath it, love it. Life sucks once President Piper curses you with your degree. School is four (or five, or six...) years of responsibility free living. Don't screw it up by studying all the time or never doing something illegal.

The law of the land is much looser here on campus. People don't look so badly on petty theft and mischief, so long as no one was hurt and you either had lots of fun doing it or were drunk enough for it to be an excuse.

So be wild and try stuff that you've never done before, even if you only do it once.

Bzzr Gardens

Yes, Virginia, those men are walking around outside with beer mugs frothing with the good drink. UBC becomes a private chunk of land after dark and is thus immune to public laws concerning open liquor.

Beer runs the social life of this campus. Everything is based on or built up surrounding beer. We have five fulltime bars on campus built to serve your every alcoholic fancy (The Gallery and The Pit in SUB, Koerner's in the Grad Student Centre, The Cheeze in GeerLand, The Thunderbar in the Winter Sports Centre). Then there are bzzr gardens.

Bzzr gardens happen virtually every week in a number of places. Arts is the most consistent bzzr garden thrower, probably due to their $2/beer price tag (this is expensive for UBC). Arts seems to have the wacky notion that you should *make* money on an alcoholic event.

No one really checks IDs at bzzr gardens held outside of the SUB (even the ones in the SUB are pretty lax). Even if there is a security guard in place, try to get in anyways; there is no penalty for trying to get into a bzzr garden and failing. (Except at the Pit. They take your fake ID, the bastards.)

Politics

Student politics are important. You can vote in your Undergraduate Society elections (analogous to provincial elections) and again in the Alma Mater Society elections (like the federal government). Vote. I cannot stress the importance of voting enough. UBC has a huge apathy rating (90%). Try and change that. Make an old editor happy and get that number below 80% this year.

Journalistic Integrity.
The Relentless Pursuit Of The Truth.

Screw 'em both.

Write for The 432.

Fame! Fortune! Prizes!

Write For The 432.

The first Official *432* contributors meeting of the 1999/2000 year is on Wednesday, September 16th at 4:32 pm in SUS (Chem B160)

Anyone who would like to write or draw (especially draw) for *the 432* is invited to this meeting. Rumor has it the editor might attend. You can also get food (pizza) and pop and beer (bzzr) for free! If you show up.

Too chicken to come to the meeting? E-mail John Hallett at Hallett@cs.ubc.ca.

Who needs the Real World?

Jay Garcia
Sugar Daddy

Summer has officially ended. It's over, kaput, dead and on the slab, toe tag tied on and staring sightlessly at the ceiling. It's about as distressingly final as a mass extinction, though, Jurassic Park-like, echoes of summer may yet rise from the ashes to taunt us, not with the sharp, violent and undoubtedly painful gnashing of serrated raptor teeth, but with bright warm rays of sunshine as we trudge from class to class in this new school year.

It's not as if I don't feel some sense of relief that the summer is finally over, though. It's weird to think of this most hallowed of seasons in this disrespectful manner, but really, I can't recall the last time I had a long and carefree summer. You know the type; days squandered doing nothing in particular, hanging out with your friends, swimming in the lake, spending time at the local fishing hole ... hmm, hold on a second, those weren't my summers, those were reruns from 'Leave it to Beaver'. What I was really thinking of were long, hot summer days spent inside darkened rec rooms watching rented movies, bad daytime TV and playing computer games, all the while jumping about from the sheer amount of sugar and caffeine in my system.

The harsh reality was that most summers after my first year were spent in some form of capitalistic, equity-building endeavour, and this year was no exception. Although I don't mind shilling for the Canadian government (it's fun working for Revenue Canada, especially if you have the occasional sadistic tendency that needs to be creatively expressed), work has a habit of grinding you down, so much so that the last thing you want to do is go out at night with your friends. Add to that the fact that I had decided to have another kick at the MCAT can, and my fund of free time looked about as slim as Glen Clark's chances at re-election. Even in the two weeks off I've had since work officially ended and that exam has passed into memory, I've re-developed a taste for the scholastic life — or at least the abridged and modified version of academia, as seen through the eyes of a five-year hack.

However, lest ye fall down in disbelief over the concept of appreciating thi finer aspects of academia, I must point out that the five-year vision of university involves spending as little time actually doing things academic whilst maintaining a respectable GPA. And, though you may doubt that the concept of minimized academic effort with maximized grade output can be achieved within the stifling confines of this ossificating institution, lemme tell you that five years of professional studentship can teach you a thing or two about shortcuts - like how to scam the notes off of a smarter, if less canny, student; or how you can take advantage of obscure and little-utilized examination resources (ie, drunken TA's) in order to ace a midterm. These topics are best reserved for another article, however, as our focus is on maximizing one's personal enjoyment of the campus experience.

This ethos can be summed up in one word: Trouble. After all, one of the things you learn after spending this much time at one institution can be expressed very simply: "It's astonishing how much trouble one can get oneself into, if one works at it. And astonishing how much trouble one can get oneself out of if one simply assumes that everything will, somehow or other, work out for the best." While trouble-with-a-capital-T is best avoided in university (and in life in general, as this sort of Trouble is pretty much the equivalent of bumping into an irate Hell's Angel named "Crusher" in a shadowy alley after he's discovered you've been boffing his girlfriend on the sly), trouble-with-a-small-t is what makes the university experience so much damn fun. Stayed out all night playing Ultimate with a fluorescent frisbee when you should have been studying for your weekly quiz is trouble. Mistakenly hitting on your chemistry TA's girlfriend at any one of this institution's fine bzzr gardens is trouble. Being chased by the Engineers is trouble.

However, with the right frame of mind (possibly aided by bzzr — "the cause of, and solution to, all of life's problems"), then this ain't really trouble, and is part of the strange merry-go-round that is the full university experience.

There is some caution to this advice, though. Longtime readers of this fine piece of journalism that is *The 432* will have been repeatedly hammered over the head with the adage that university is much more than the sum of your classes. While this may be true, and despite however enjoyable it may be to start your morning off sometime around noon, stumble to your undergrad lounge and find your friends with their kiesters parked on the couches which have mysteriously migrated onto the grassy median between Chemistry and Angus and then spend the rest of the afternoon swilling copious amounts of fermented beverages, with an evening capped off with either steam-tunneling or exploring the heights of Buchanan Tower, do remember to actually fit some classes into that busy extra-curricular schedule.

That being said, there is a lot of latitude in the way that one can attend university and still make the grade while having fun. In university, you can bunk off an afternoon to play miniature golf with your buddies without having to fake some sort of debilitating illness or claim that your great aunt Mathilda has died (for the ninth time). The same definitely can't be said of working conditions in the real world, unless you're in Comp Sci, or work for the government. In a similar vein, staring idly into space and looking dazed and bewildered while managing to do absolutely nothing productive would leave you labeled a bum in the real world, but in university, it's called "attending class".

Furthermore, there's a rich range of university sponsored activities that can only enhance your ability to find things that distract you from the otherwise overwhelming urge to solving complex calculus problems. First off, there's always intramural sports. Go for tier three if you're inept and are in it to have fun; most people in tier three who aren't competitive ringers are similarly fumble-digited, and it's always humorous to watch somebody else sprawl headlong into an awkward position in an attempt to catch/throw/hit something. Then there's the weekly descent into various and usually personally incriminating states of inebriation known as the bzzr gardens. The frats hold theirs on Wednesday. Everybody else holds 'em on Friday (and in Science, that's Friday at 4:32, for some bizarre and inexplicable reason). Hell, in the first week of classes alone there's the annual booze-up known as the Second Class Bash, thrown together by The 432's parent organization and held on the second day of classes. Sports and drinking not yer thing? Then yer not reading enough Maxim, dammit. Still, you can always join a club where you can meet interesting and friendly folk who can definitely suggest ways for you to get into trouble-with-a-small-t. Find your undergraduate lounge and talk to the weird bastards who seem surgically implanted onto those couches. Or wander around SUB during clubs days and join those which tickle your fancy (and no; to those who are wondering, UBC doesn't sponsor *that* kind of club. Yet.)

The long and short of it is, make the most out of your four years here, because if you're really lucky, you can stretch it out to five (or more), thus managing to avoid the Real World for a while to come. Now if only I could find a summer job where slacking off and being dazed were requisite characteristics...

Thrift, Horatio

Bree Baxter
Princess Warrior

I hate walking past campus garbage cans late at night. The little holes in the can doors are just large enough to fit a slinky, weasel-like squirrel body, and claws scratching on the plastic door amplify in the cold, silent campus night. It's enough to give you nightmares. Picture: Suddenly, the night calm is thrust asunder, decimated by the release of the evil squirrel monster, tearing loose in a rush of birth fluids from the cavernous womb of the trash can!

Well, that was verbose. My internal clock has been set to 5:30 am for the summer, and it is difficult for me to stay awake past 11:00 pm. I need one good night of heavy drinking and semi-criminal activity. It was on a night full of such activities that I once heard the phrase, "Let's get naked and gyrate!" No, I did not say it, nor had it said at me. On that fair eve, we wandered, cold and alone, through the University Endowment lands. No flashlight, no map, no hope. Only when the pale sun rose through the Vancouver winter fog did we reach the road. Never again, we swore. Never again.

The state of radio in this city has gone to crap in a brown paper bag. Radio stations are fragmentizing into 'genres'. Tacky pre-teen ear-candy pop, hard-core electric-guitar metal death, or fey soft folk rock. The one thing this city needs is a real Blues and Rock station. What this city needs is me behind the programming desk, because I am always right, I will always be right, and if you disagree with me, you are wrong.

I had a bad dream the other night. I was trying to get back from home in White Rock to UBC, and I tried to catch the bus, but the bus wouldn't come, and then there was this crazy guy in a white rabbit suit saying, "Follow me Alice!" Since my name wasn't Alice, I followed him. He ran down to Granville Island and I got lost in the crowds of Canadian Geese. I woke up, scared, recalling the strange way in which they would scream and moan, "Operculum! Operculum!"

It is poor grammar to begin a paragraph with the pronoun, "I", but after five straight days of staring at the blank layout sheets for my first *432*, a single tear rolling down my cheek as I realize that sleep is a distant hashish-induced fantasy, I do not care. Grammar, punctuation and spelling be damned. If I cannot present navel-gazing, overly wordy trollop in the newspaper I have been fairly elected to run (into the ground), what good is this cruel world? If I cannot produce an issue that, in the light of day, I would be ashamed to show my soft-spoken mother, what would the crass and hardy university student such as yourself want with it? I ask of you, where is the justice in that?

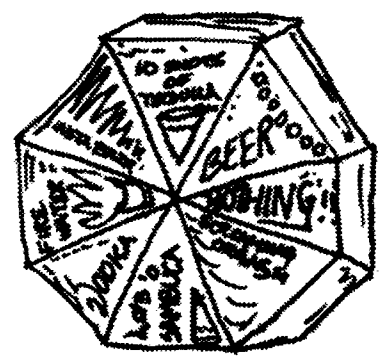
Don't aggravate the weasel.

Science Ambassadors
Be on the Dean's Team
www.science.ubc.ca/deanteam.htm

First Years!
• First Year BBQ!
Friday, Sept. 10th,
11:30 - 4:30 pm
Free for First Years!
• First FYC Meeting!
Wednesday, Sept. 15th
5:30 pm
Chem B160 (SUS)

The 432 Do It Yourself Supplement #24

Ever wondered how you can combined the thrill of *Wheel of Fortune* with the dulling intoxication of alcohol? Well, we have. And here is the product of our fevered little minds. It's the...



Wheel of Booze!

It really isn't that hard to turn your basement bar into the most exciting game show/vomitorium on the block. All it takes is some excess lumber, a couple of power tools and determination! (Well, a couple of beers can't hurt...)
Here's how it works: You create a vertical version of the Wheel of Fortune, but instead of dollar values you put various drinks and shooters on it. Put the wheel beside the bar, and charge per spin (we recommend $1).
Good prizes for the wheel are: "Beer", "Vodka Shot", "Praire Fire", "2 Shots of Rum", "Sambuca Shot", "Nothing" and my favorite: "6 Shots of Tequila".
The "Nothing" allows your bar to recover some money and introduces the element of gambling.

Step One: Collect the lumber.

Depending on the size of wheel that you'll be making, you need between one and two sheets of plywood. These instructions will create a wheel about six feet in diameter. Get the following:

- Two sheets of plywood.
- 4 ten foot 2x4s
- A whole sh*tload of nails
- A piece of 1 inch dowel
- Paint (whatever colours you can get your grubby hands on)

You can either purchase these items or steal them from a nearby construction site. I recommend the lockdown by Thunderbird Residenses. They have large piles of lumber in a seldom locked and poorly lit area.

Step Two: Sucker a friend into helping you.

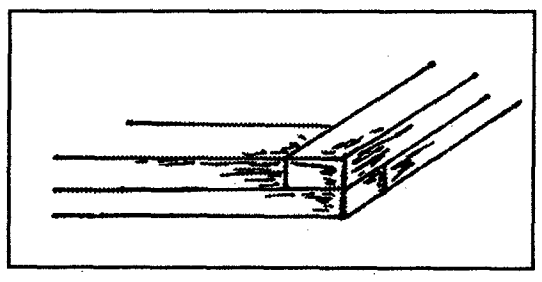
This is perhaps the single most difficult stage. Simultaneously, this is the most important stage. It is almost impossible to accomplish this task alone, so find a knowledgeable and extremely competent pal to help you out and cover your ass when you screw up. Also, having a friend help out gives you plenty of chances to get liquored when they're not looking ;)

Step Three: Cut the plywood into eight wedges.

What we're doing here is creating the main "deck" of the wheel--the part of the wheel that will be visible in the final product. So don't screw up. Minor scratches are okay, since you'll be painting it anyway, but giant holes are more difficult to cover up with paint and brush.
The wedges should be isocoles triangles, with the two similar sides measuring three feet in length, and the major angle being 45 degrees (8 wedges, 45 degress each, 360 degrees in a circle, get it?).
Mark the wedge on the plywood in pencil, then cut it with a skillsaw. Do this sober. Please.

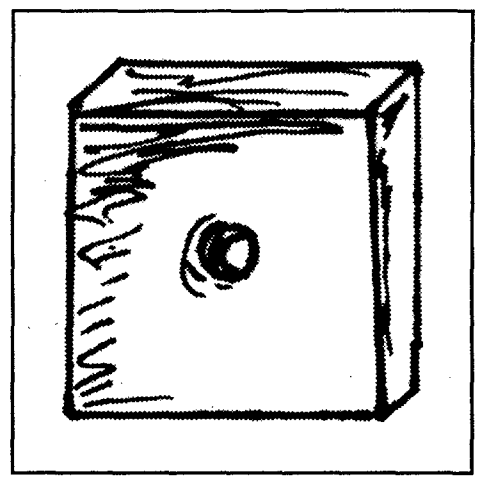
Step Four: Cut the two by fours.

You want to create a square onto which you will nail the eight wedges. So cut the 2x4s into three foot lenths and hammer into a square, using an alternating joint as per the illustration.



Step Five: Cut more plywood.

Now you need to cut four squares from the plywood to nail onto the 2x4 square. Make them 3'4" per side. Nail two on one side of the 2x4 square, then nail the other two on the opposite side. Drill a large (1") hole in both plywood surfaces, ensuring that they line up. This is the hole where you'll be putting that dowel you stole, which is how we're going to spin this thing. Ain't carpentry fun?



Step Six: Put it all together. Paint as desired.

If you can't figure out what to do at this point, you're a bloody idiot. Nail the eight wedges onto the square, with the tips of the wedges meeting at the center of the sqaure (over one of the holes). Drill another 1" hole in the wedges. Skewer the beast with the dowel, and afix the dowel somewhere secure.
Paint as desired.

Step Seven: The finishing touches.

Hammer nails, evenly spaced, into the parimeter of the wheel. Leave them sticking out about three inches. These will serve at the 'tick tick' things on the edge of the wheel when you spin it (you know what I mean).
Note: You may have to "round out" the edge of the wheel for smooth performance, this will be dependant on your design.
Now make a bracket on your wall (or just drill a hole through it) onto which you will stick the wheel. You may have to add graphite to the dowel to make the spinning a bit easier.
If you want something really cool, make two of these wheels and stick them together ala *The Price Is Right*.

Step Eight: The Challenge.

Now comes the interesting part: we seriously want to see this thing built. The first completed wheel (and fully functional, no half assed jobs here) will win a plethora of alcoholic prizes to help you use it.
The prize is full bottles of a large variety of "shoot-able" spirits, from tequila to vodka.
Why do we get the feeling that we just gave away $100 in booze to a frat? Frats seem to be the only organizations on campus with both the manpower and almost fanatical devotion to alcohol. Well, them and the engineers.

A Frosh's UBC Dictionary

(Deluxe Edition, now with yokel-speak!)

A

Action Now (Ack-shun N-ow): Neo-socialist fascist pinkos. They are an Arts political party, as well as an AMS party.

Alcohol (al-key-hol): Mmm. The beverage of choice. Is there nothing that the alcoholic goodness cannot do?

Allen, Nathan: Neo-socialist AMS External Vice President. If not in his office, he will be in his booth in the Gallery (see *Gallery, The*).

Artsies (frut kayk): 1.(n) the hot girls in English 110. 2.(n) young male dressed in black, smoking Gitanes and spouting off Proustian communist nonsense in front of Buchanan.

Arts County Fair (sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll): Held on the last day of April classes in Thunderbird stadium, there will be lots of bands and lots of beer and lots of semi-naked co-eds. (See *pissed, Ganja* and *venereal disease*.

AUS (eh?-you-ess): Arts Undergrad Society, home of the Underground, providers of Arts County Fair.

B

Bookstore (baa-star-ds): The place where you buy your books. Your books will be ludicrously expensive, but you'll have to buy from this money-sucking monopoly, because what else are you going to do? Fail?

Brock Hall (bah-star-ds): Ancient temple to the pagan gods of line-ups and bureaucracy.

Buchanan (Sh-hit Ho-ell): Built in 1967, a 'temporary' building for the Faculty of Arts.

Bzzr (Beer): The reason for the two z's is the fact that you cannot advertise alcohol on posters due to an old municipal bylaw. Bastards.

Bzzr Gardens (Mmmmm-oooooo): Where one goes to cultivate alcohol-induced short-term sexual relationships.

C

Cairn, The (Kay-ern): A six-foot white phallic symbol dedicated to the Faculty of Applied Science. Psychology has a pool as to "what they are are compensating for."

Cannabis (Wee-uhd): see 'Ganga'

CCCC (see-see-see-see): Acronym for Canadian Campus Crusade for Christ. Kicked off campus for cult-like recruiting techniques, Jake Grey's mortal nemesis.

Centurion (sen-tury-on): Drinking challenge. 100 shots of beer, one every minute. No leaving your seat. If your liver doesn't give out, your bladder will.

Cheeze, The (EE-you): A place to observe engineers in their natural habitat. Avoid the puke-stained women's bathroom and the pimply faced red-coats.

CiTR (see-aye-tee-are): 1. (n) Student radio station. 2. (n) Group of mental patients with a bad record collection who got hold of a microphone.

Cold Fusion (H+H=He): The dance and beer garden at the end of Science Week in January, featuring huge bands like 54-40, Junkhouse and cheap, yummy Russell beer. Don't miss it.

Crawl (Kur-all): 1. One night, Multiple Bars, Much alcohol. 2. Fun.

D

Dean's Vacation (Deen-se Vay-cay-shun): 1.(n) The year after the dunken year where you never went to class. 2.(n) 2nd year. 3.(n) The year that the Dean "invites you to take off" after failing every class you took.

Dean Maria Klawe (Dee-n Mah-REE-ah Claw-VEH): Our Dean. She juggles. How cool is that?

Drunk (Drr-aw-nk): 1.Blissful state attained by ingesting much alcohol. 2. A valid legal defence. 3. Preferred.

Drunksville (druhk-s-vil): (phrase)- Man, you were the Mayor of Drunksville last night. What about Bob? Bob was the drunkest guy there. He was the Town Drunk of Drunksville.

E

8:30 am (Ate-thur-TAY eh-M): While unavoidable, one should avoid foolishly scheduling classes at this time, assuming that no one gets drunk on Tuesdays.

Engineer (N-juh-nee-ear): A member of the Faculty of Applied Science, or as it was once known, 'Engineering'. Most engineers are nice and complimentary, but the ones you want to look out for are the red-jacketed 'Geers.

Exams (Ayn-ull Proob): After three months, it all comes down to three hours in Osbourne Gym, breaking into a cold sweat when you realise that You...Are... Fucked.

F

F (ef) - See *Fail*

Fail (fay-el) : Combined result of Forty Beer, Arts County Fair, Cold Fusion, and Bzzr Garden. Mult.: see *'Dean's Vacation'*

Fairview (f-err-V-eww): Site of UBC Biology silverfish breeding project.

The 432 (The For-Thir-T-2): In your hot little hand...no, not that one, the left one doofus.

(as a note to all of our female readers, I humbly apologize for this entry of obviously male humor. -copy ed)

Forty Beer (4-T-Beer): Futile attempt by braindead half-men to immortalize themselves by drinking forty beers in under twenty-four hours. See *Geer*.

Frat: Nickname for 'Fraternities'. Home of the toga party and all-night orgies. Or so rumour has it.

Frosh (Fur-osh): see Mirror.

G

Ganga (Gaaaaan-jah): see 'Hemp'

Gallery, The (Jeesh, you looksh cutesh tonaght): A large smoky room on the main floor of the SUB, where 'overage' people can consume large amount of alcohol at semi-inflated prices.

Geers (Gi-rs): see *Engineers*

Guide, The (Guy-duh): What you should have received weeks ago had SUS not pursued it's longstanding tradition of finding the most incompetent person on campus and putting them in charge of this publication. It's basically a book of prof/course reviews to help you pick their courses.

H

Hammered (Ham-mard): see *Drunk*

Hemp (H-ayem-p): See *Marijauna*

High (Hi): Blissful state attained by much toking.

High balls (Hi-bawe-ls): A state of being achieved after swimming in the outdoor pool in February.

I

Interchange (in-tur-ch-ayn-ge): Bastards who silently charge eighty bucks for a very bad online server and limited email connection. See also *Netinfo*.

J

Jackhammered: See *Hammered*.

Joint (joy-nt): 1. Small, easily tokable, amount of pot rolled in paper 2. A bendy point in your body.

K

Kegov, Beer (KEHG-ov, mmmm): An actual keg of beer; the second presidential and most successful candidate of the Radical Beer Faction. See also *Radical Beer Faction*.

Kegger (K-gr): A party where the goal is to empty at least one keg (50L) of beer

L

List, Top Ten (Lee-st-com-mah-tawep-teh-n): An outdated and unoriginal humour method pioneered by David Letterman. Top Ten lists are the best sign that a comedian is grappling for material. See also *Underground, The*.

M

Man, The (Da Mahn): Keeps you down. Invisible, all-powerful entity that controls the government and is doing everything possible to prevent your success.

Marijuana (Mary Jane): See *Oregano, Funky*.

Marshall, Ryan (Mar-SHAL, Reye-Ann): President of your fine Alma Mater Society. He is the elected 'Man'.

N

Netinfo (Neyt-in-foe): 1. State of utter frustration. 2. Useless.

O

Outpost (Ow-t-poe-st): A store in the SUB that sells items most commonly found in Gastown.

P

Plastered (Pl-ass-tard): See *Pissed*.

Pissed (Pss-ed): See *Drunk*.

Pit, The (Pit): A popular campus pub in the SUB with the famous Pit Nights on Wednesday. It's a great spot to form short term drunken and often sexual relations.

Piper, Martha (PAI-per, Mar-tha): Pres. of UBC. You won't see her until you graduate. Powerless figurehead.

Pylon, The (Pie-lon): The Radical Beer Faction's most recent attempt at putting an inanimate object into political office.

R

Radical Beer Faction (R-B-F): Politics meets a kegger. These pro-democracy champions sway the electorate each year by handing out free beer. They call it election expenses. The AMS believes them. The AMS pays for it. Coming to an AMS election near you.

Rose Bowl (roe-suh bole): A foreign term explainable only by Engineers in the Cheese. Go ask them one day and find out. The SUS is not responsible for any bodily harm done to you as a result of such inquiries. *(snicker snicker)*

S

Singh, Jaggi (SING, JAH-gi): Protester-for-hire made famous by his involvement in the recent APEC demonstrations, has never been seen in public without holding a megaphone.

Students for Students (Wahhh!): UBC's very own loony, bleeding heart liberal party. Essentially a bunch of students running for office for the sole reason of extending their political careers.

SUS (S-uh-ss): The Science Undergraduate Society, your political tool to fight 'the Man', and to provide cheap bzzr and entertainment. Famous for the satirical newspaper *the 432* and their AMS Political Party, the Radical Beer Faction.

T

T&A (Tee and Ay): Not what you think. The annual Talent and Awards night held by the Engineers. It's kinda like a high-school talent show, but with cheap beer.

TA (Tee-aye): Not T&A. Teaching Assistant. A person a few years older than yourself with only a slightly better grasp of the material.

Thorton, Johan (Yo): UBC's very own legend. He currently holds the record for longest time taken to complete a degree. Now at 14 years and counting. He also holds an almost God-like following amoung his fellow Geers.

Totem (Tow-tem): An experiment to see how many frosh you can cram into a building originally designed to house 40 university students.

Thunderbird (Tee-byrd): 1. The official mascot of the UBC sports teams. 2. A residence down by Totem Park. 3. A SUB store that was unceremoniously screwed over by the AMS; used to reside where The Outpost is.

To The Empire! (2 D Em-pyre!): Ancient battle cry of the SUS.

Tanked (Taynk-duh): The act of getting stripped naked then thrown into a fetid pool of freezing water by 'Geers. No one really knows where this practice originated or what possible purpose it could serve, yet the Geers still do it.

U

Underground, The (K-raap): Started by the AUS a few years back as a response to The 432, this newspaper has overcome its sporadic start and now publishes on a semi-regular schedule. It has always been and continues to be a refuge for writers turned away from The 432.

V

Venereal Disease (ven-air-e-l-diz-eeze): see *Editor, 432*.

W

Wasted (Way-st-ed): See *Drunk*.

Weed (We-duh): See *Cannabis*.

Y

Yo (Yo): See *Thorton, Johan*.

Z

Zeta(Zay-ta): Letter of the Greek Alphabet. Often used as a 'frat' name. See also Frat. (Oh c'mon, you try and come up with something starting with Z)

NEXT ISSUE:

A COMPLETE FROSH'S GUIDE TO UBC PART II:

LEGENDS OF UBC

The Pain of Materialism.

John Hallett

On fire guy

The 37" TV seemed like a good idea in the store. Heck, it even seemed like a good idea once the free delivery was over and it was sitting in the corner of my living room. It looked great when we were watching Dazed and Confused later that night. And the next night. And the night after that. In fact, it pretty much seemed like one of the best purchases that I had ever made right up until last weekend. You see, I decided to move last weekend.

The problem with 37" TVs is that they aren't exactly portable. In fact, one could list off accurate adjectives describing my TV for quite a few minutes and the word "portable" wouldn't be found among them unless immediately preceded by such words as "definitely not", "anything but", and-my favorite-"so fucking un-".

Now, you might be thinking that I'm off my rocker. Your dad has a 60" TV and nobody has ever lamented about moving it. Heck, it only took Dad and Uncle Frank to get the thing downstairs and Uncle Frank had had a few beers. The difference between that TV and mine is quite simple: rear projection. Rear projection is a wonderful invention that allows TVs to get very big and not weigh very much. The problem is that the picture quality sucks, and purists like myself wind up shelling out large amounts of cash for stupidly large Cathode Ray Tube Televisions, which have competing screen sizes and picture clarity that is about as close to divine as you can get solely with material goods.

So how did I move it? Well, step one was to put the monolith back in the box it came from. Yes, Virginia, 37" TVs come in boxes, but not like the boxes that microwaves come in. No siree, you can stand on the top of this box and it wouldn't collapse. Well, if you could climb all the way up it without falling, that is. "This shouldn't be too hard," I thought, "Just lift with the knees, not with the back."

There were several warning indicators that I noted while moving the box into position. First, the handy diagram on the side of the box informed me that the proper method of lifting said TV (once it was in the box) was to use three strong men and the handles provided. Hmmm. Second, the box when on to say that the preferred method was the use of a small forklift. O-kaay. Third, the box was heavy. This was not a good sign. You just have to know that a TV is very heavy when the box it came in is heavy to start with. All of this was adding up to severe hernia potential. I was going to need help.

So I went in search of the bravest, strongest friends I knew in order to plead my case to them and promise many fine nights of television viewing at my new apartment. They weren't home. Well, either that or they turned off the lights and hid behind the curtains, kinda like when Jehovah's Witnesses come around.

"Okay," I thought, "I'll ask my brother. He's family. He has to help." I called him up on his cell phone and got a brief, terse explanation of how he would love to help but had to go to Whistler for the weekend on business. Whistler. Business. Yeah, right.

I was alone. Nobody was going to willingly come to my aid, so I had to resort to methods better than asking nicely: treachery, extortion, and blackmail. (Aside: Kids, extortion and blackmail can be excellent tools for getting out of bedtimes and homework. You'd be surprised how much mileage you can get out of that Fisher Price tape recorder Dad gave you last Christmas.) A couple of photographic negatives later, I had three friends standing in front of me willing to help, and one at home futilely trying to explain some recently discovered pictures to his girlfriend.

With a great heave and a greater ho, we managed to lift the mighty box from its resting place and hoist it into the air. The psycotically heavy TV was suspended three feet above my carpeted floor and, perhaps more importantly, my unshoed foot. I could feel the mighty power of gravity trying to yank my arms from their very sockets. But I would not let my fingers slip. My TV depended on me, and I would not let it down. My friends however, felt no such obligation.

Matt let go first. Gravity seized this opportunity and struck up a brief conversation with the TV that went something like this:

Gravity: "Hey! How's it going?"

TV: "Not bad. Although I'm not quite sure where I am or who you are."

Gravity: "Well, you're about three feet in the air with absolutely nothing holding you up. That's why I'm here, I'm Gravity."

TV: "Oh, I see. So I supposed that you want me to fall to the ground or some such thing, right?"

Gravity: "Well, if you want to avoid creating a quantum singularity, it'd be helpful."

TV: "Okay, then. Where should I fall? How about that wall over there?"

Gravity: "Nope. Try something *below* you."

TV: "Oh, I see how this works, now! How about that guy's foot?"

Gravity: "Excellent, go for it. Oh yeah, it'd be helpful if you could twist and land corner-first."

TV: "No problem."

<brief pause>

Me: "AHHHHHH! HOLY F*CKING SH*T! GOD DAMNED MOTHER-F*CKER. ARRRRRRGGGGGHHHHHHH! PIECE OF F*CKING SH*T! AH, F********CCCCKKKK!"

Matt: "Gee, sorry man."

Me: "YOU STUPID PIECE OF F*CKING..."

Well, from there the conversation deteriorated into something of slightly less societal value.

What did I learn from this experience? Well, the smoking remains of my TV have been escorted to the dump (a poorly lit alley downtown, actually) and my foot is still in a cast. Maybe none of this would have happened had I not been so materialistic and purchased a smaller TV I would probably not be in this situation. I might even be better off if I didn't even own a TV, and just read books instead.

Naaaahhhhh.

Dead Pool IV:

The Voyage Home

The Reaper

Dead Guy

Once again, we wander ever closer to the mysterious unknown that is Death. Over the millennia, the mere concept of death has been the cause of awe, fear and panic, most of the later forming into organized religion. We at *the 432* have our own way of dealing with our impending mortality.

We mock it.

It's been a killer summer. It was a bad year to be involved in science or science fiction or movies. DeForest Kelly, "Bones" on the Original Start Trek, and Stanley Kubrick have both passed beyond. Jean Siskel, the thin one, is gone. Mario Puzo, the guy who wrote the Godfather but "had no ties to the Mafia," is sleeping with the fishes. And who can forget (I know I'm still trying) JFK Jr.? There aren't many Kennedys left, but trust me when I say that Uncle Teddy isn't going anywhere. He's pickled. Just like the Queen Mum.

These are the rules: List fifteen people-who you think will be kicking off between October 1st and the publishing date of the last issue of the 2000 year. The order of your list will count. This means that you should think carefully about who will die first. If you list Prince Charles as the first on your list, and he dies, you get fifteen points. If you list him 15th, you get one point. And don't try to fool me, I can at least count to fifteen.

You are not allowed to list any of the following.

1: Anyone in Turkey.

2: Jesus (He's dead, he's not coming back, get over it)

3: Anyone caught in an elevator at 11:59pm, December 31st.

4: Ryan Marshall.

5: Dead people.

6: Your math professor.

7: Elvis. For the love of God, stop obsessing over the ex-King.

You are allowed any celebrity you want. Choose your own definition of celebrity.

You are not going to get a point for anyone if you are found guilty of the murder.

Some good ideas:

- Suharto. Karma is a tricky thing.
- Boris Yeltsin. The man guzzles vodka like it were cheap Evian, and given the state of the Russian health system...
- Ronald Regan. Ronnie's brain is little more that a pile of gelatinized goo. The body can't be far behind.
- The Pope. Watch one of those televised sermons from the Vatican. They prop him up and tie strings to his hands. It's Pope on a Rope!

For some strange reason, some people have a problem with our Dead Pool. If you are one of them, there is this simple series of steps to follow: Don't read the Dead Pool column. Don't enter a list. Don't complain to us and enjoy your ever-shortening time on this earth.

Good luck and don't fear the Reaper.

Dead Pool IV Entry Sheet

Your name:

Your email address:

Your phone number:

Your entries:

What To Do When You're Bored: III

Tap into your overly conservative neighbour's cable. Slowly alter the programming so that his religious channels gradually change to pornography over two years. See if he notices.

Go to the late showing of the current Disney flick dressed in pajamas and holding a teddy bear. Cry during the scary parts and yell advice to the people on the screen.

Rent 5 Teletubbie videos and 5 hard core porn movies. Switch the cases and return.

Purchase a remote control airplane and a walkie-talkie. Go to the airport, launch the plane from parking lot and request to land on main strip.

Steal Level 3 Biohazard suits from South Campus. Dress and go to the Cloud Nine Restaurant. Order the lamb.

Run surgical tubing and a pump to a water gun. Put the gun in a toilet. Surprise unsuspecting patrons.

Attend a taping of 'Jeopardy!'. Heckle the contestants when they get a question wrong. Preferred heckles include: 'God, that was dumb!' and 'You find that out from watching squirrels fuck?' Compliment Alex on his shapely ass.

Pee in the water reservoir.

Build a nuclear bomb out of used smoke detector parts.

Fill a large, rusted tanker with JarJar Binks merchandise. Drive it off the West Coast of the Queen Charlottes. Claim refugee status for all 1053 plush dolls.

Start a band called Blink 183.

Enter your dead plants in the obituary. In lieu of flowers, ask people to send you money to help you through the grieving process.

Sit on Granville with an empty paper cup and a sign that reads, "Former NDP MLA, will work for food."

Chase campus squirrels with a blender. Smack your lips loudly and with gusto whenever you come close to catching one.

Place ground-up mint leaves in a large glass jar. Place the large glass jar in a conspicuous place when your SO's parents are scheduled to arrive. Act stoned. Offer them some.

Carve '666' in the head of a plush Mickey Mouse doll. Carry it with you everywhere you go. Converse frequently with the doll, always referring to it as 'Master' or 'My Dark Lord.'

Randomly wander into classes and yell, "No it doesn't!". Wander out and repeat. For variation, use the word "titmouse".

Dress up as a Teletubbie. Visit Kindergarden classes. After one minute of mobbing, tell the kids to 'Fuck off' and start laying the smack down.

Make Wobbly-Pops.

Cook phallic-shaped cookies. Leave them in a closed tin on the table during your grandparent's next potluck dinner.

Walk up to a stranger. Introduce yourself as their personal stalker.

Patrol campus on first day, carrying an automatic rifle and wearing camouflage with 'Frosh Patrol' across your front. Ask random people if they are "in season."

Phone Ujjal Dosanjh. Say you can put a roof on his house that will really get him the chicks.

Groom your lab partner. Promise them that you'll eat any parasites you find.

Break into the faculty webpage design. Replace all prof. pictures with pornography. Watch enrollment skyrocket.

Using any and all means possible, destroy the Cairn.

Rig the Nine O'Clock Gun to pop out one of those little flags with 'Bang!' on it.

Fill the power vacuum by staging a coup d'etat at the provincial Legislature using supersoakers and water balloons filled with red food colouring.

Call newspapers and give them leads on a sex scandal involving Martha Piper, Mordecai Richler, and Maltik the space monkey.

Conduct a self-help seminar entitled "Get Off Your Lazy Ass."

Perform home liposuction.

Film a cheap porn flick entitled 'The Blair Witch Penetration'.

Make napalm out of gasoline and styrofoam. Carry it around in a jar holding your arms out and making airplane noises. Shriek "It's Do-Long bridge all over again, man!"

Wear lipstick on your nose.

Fill 2 litre milk cartons with gas. Go to Chevron and buy some milk, swapping the cartons when no one is looking. Fill you tank with the cartons, claiming that you're using a "new type of engine that runs on calcium and vitamin A."

Ruthless?
Ambitious?
Insatiable Thirst For World Domination?

Write for The 432.

The drawers of SUS

External Vice

Hi, hi. My name is Amanda, aka Mandy, and I'm the External Vice President.

Basically I'm in charge of AMS and interconstituency liaisons as well as Science Week. Science Week is a celebration of Science Pride (not the gay kind of Pride -ed) and involves lots of SUB displays, huge bands, beer and movies. It's during the last week of January, from the 24th-28th. If you can't remember the dates, it's in your Inside UBC. Anyways, if you have any concerns you want me to pass on in AMS meetings, come talk to me. In related news, the AMS is pursuing a referendum on the proposed Health & Dental Plan. Also, the AMS, Western and Queens student societies are pursuing a lawsuit that questions the transfer of ownership of Travel Cuts to CFS, charging that all Canadian schools deserve shares of Travel Cuts, not just CFS schools. Spin it how you want, the Ubyssey certainly did. Come say hi to me in SUS sometime. Later. :)

Internal Vice

I'm Reka Sztopa, and I'm your new Internal Vice President for the 1999/2000 school year. This year, I am a second year general biology student with plans to major in Med Genetics and Physiology. Aside from school, some of my passions include organizing events, counseling at summer camps and dancing. This year, I am responsible for events such as Meet the Dean at Imagine UBC, the First Year BBQ (Friday, September 10 at 11:30 am n the lawn outside SUS) and the SUS Wine and Cheese. I will also be chairing committees like the First Year Committee and the Academic Committee and will be Elections Commissioner for Science Council Elections.

I encourage everyone interested to become involved with SUS in some way or other. If you have any questions or ideas for this year, I would love to hear from you. Come into SUS, or email me at rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca. Good luck with your classes, have a great week, and see you soon!

Finance

Hi, I'm Jeff Steinbok, and I'm your new Director of Finance for the 1999/2000 year. Well, given that the year just started and I haven't actually done anything yet, there's not much to report, so I'll just waste all your time and ramble a bit. But before I start, I have one important thing to say....this is a rarity, so please read this: **If SUS owes you any money from last year (1998-99) that you haven't yet picked up from AMS, please contact me in SUS ASAP.** Ok, that's that...I guess you can stop reading now. Actually, screw this, I'm not wasting my time writing a ramble no one's going to read anyway. If you want to hear me ramble, you can come find me in SUS. Anyway, pizza's here!

If anyone didn't pick up their 98/99 sports rebates or poll clerk honorarium from last year, get them in SUS over the next four weeks before Steinbok tears them up.

Grr

Yes! It's...

The No Class Bash!

The 1st All You Can Drink Bzzr Garden of the year!

XXX

$5.00!

What a deal!

Wednesday, Sept 8th, 4:32 pm in SUS (Chem B160)

Buy your own 22 oz.mug!

Who I Did on my Summer Vacation

Andy Martin

Not Test, really!

It's September and all you peons are back at school, worrying over marks that won't come for four month and lining up for hours to buy overpriced books for phenomenally boring courses about stuff that no one gives a flying fornication about anymore. Me, I'm done, I'm gone. Four and out.

Don't worry, I'm coming back, but only for two things: cheap beer on Friday nights, and drunk university girls on Friday nights. And I'll keep writing here until I get bored with it. I'm working: making money and being able to enjoy it because I can drop everything at 5pm.

Of course, work also includes getting to wade through a multi-coloured rainbow of sewage types, arguing with pitbulls and their even more inbred owners, stumbling into wasp nests and getting so close to sunstroke that only Ernie the horny muskrat and his kung-fu action grip can keep me from falling face first into the gaping maw of the technicolour teletubby that follows me around. How a teletubby found its way to Chilliwak, and what it wants with a shit-soaked university graduate is beyond me.

I do this because...well, because...umm, because it's a degree related job...yeah, that's it. Of course, between the stolen 5 minutes for lunch and jabbing myself with noradrenaline to keep myself from dying from the venom in a fetid cesspool, I do get to control military satellites for my own purposes. And you thought Y2K was dangerous? Try a severely dehydrated and delirious *432* writer with his finger on the button.

I've met a lot of interesting people on this job. Like Allison, who reminded me why I hate Christians so much, and G.I. John. At the job debriefing, the boss demanded that we wear a high-visibility vest, cork boots and a hip chain. G.I. John showed up to work the next day in a high-vis vest, cork boots and a hip chain (the more observant of us would have by now noticed that I made no mention of pants of any sort). At least the Devil's Club, stinging nettle, blackberry bushes and mosquitoes stopped his nudist binge in one day (and taught us that not all swelling is a good thing). The good nudist binge award goes to the very drunk farmer daughters who rode around town flashing the very sunburnt bastards in front of them. Who says alcohol has no redeeming value (except my mother)?

I got a good part of my 15 minutes in. I got to be in the new Matt Good video (opposite a pair of lesbian vampires and exotic dancers). I waited in a hot, sweaty Rage for eight hours of filming, and there's a grand total of 5 seconds of crowd shots (but I'm one of the few who are actually visible). I also got published in a major magazine (opposite Shannon Doherty). I'd tell you even more, but my lawyer told me not to discuss it until after the trial.

Well, I guess those of you who don't know me or anything about this campus need a little lube to get the apparatus working (interpret the metaphor as you will). Let's start with the Do Nots:

1. Do not go to the Cheeze and ask for a Rose Bowl...EVER!

2. Do not pee into the semi-circle in the Pit's washroom. Wait for an experienced adult to show you how to use it.

3. When it says 'Do not inhale fumes,' man, you better not inhale those fumes.

4. Do not go to Wreck Beach. I know what you're thinking: fashion models and olympic swimmers in the buff. Sorry. Try Newt Gingrich, Tammy Fae-Baker and their hideous army of mutant clones playing beach volleyball with a limp soccer ball. Jumping and spiking and making a diving dig ... NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! She's still caught in the net! Oh God, WHY?!

5. Never give your name to a religious club during club week. You'll be dancing in lamb's blood by the end of the month. Just give me twenty bucks a week and I'll tell you what to do. It'll save all that church-going and holy wars. Voila, the perfect solution.

6. And of course, the rule that overrides all other rules:

DON'T GET CAUGHT

And a few other tips:

1. Before even talking to an Artsie, consider the consequences seriously.

2. There really is a such thing as a stupid question. Someone in each class will prove this to you by the end of the month. These people are called keeners. They are unliked and often the target of large blunt missiles from the back rows.

3. The stuff that they try to sell at all of those quaint little bazaars sucks just as much as the stuff at the big bazaars.

4. Good God people, don't waste the best years of your life in a classroom. I know, I almost did. Steady diets of beer (with an optional side dish of pot) are required for each student (and please don't sue me when you take my advice as gospel and fail out - balance (and mix) the class and the alcohol).

5. Don't assume we like you, because we really don't. Several first years have yet to grasp this. Some fourth years have yet to grasp this. Hell, I have yet to grasp this.

6. I am six-foot four, 22 years old with a muscular build, a writer, university graduate and enjoy playing guitar and extreme sports. I am looking for a tall, short-haired blonde with which to share love, affection and bondage. Any interested can respond through this paper or directly by calling, emailing or stalking me.

Andy seems to think that he narrowly escaped wasting the best years of his life. He's wrong, of course. Look at me. I'm going to be here for a grand total of six years in the end, I'm broke and editing a damn newspaper at 10:57 am on a Monday morning. He's wading through shit in Chilliwack. Ha, ha.

-ed.

GRADUATED FROM FINGER PAINTING?

DRAW FOR THE 432.

Science Student Forum

on the Draft Academic Plan

12:30 pm - 2:30 pm
Thursday, September 23rd, 1999
SUB Theatre

SCIENCE UBC

The Faculty of Science and the Science Undergraduate Society invite you to join Dean Maria Klawe, members of the Academic Plan Advisory Committee, and student and faculty panelists for a discussion on the Draft Academic Plan.

Take this opportunity to have a say in your own future, the future of the Faculty of Science and the future of UBC!

Copies of the Academic Plan are available at http://www.oldadmin.ubc.ca/apac/
or
Pick up a copy at the Dean's Office, Biological Sciences Building, Room 1505

Co-sponsored by the Faculty of Science and SUS