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The 432.

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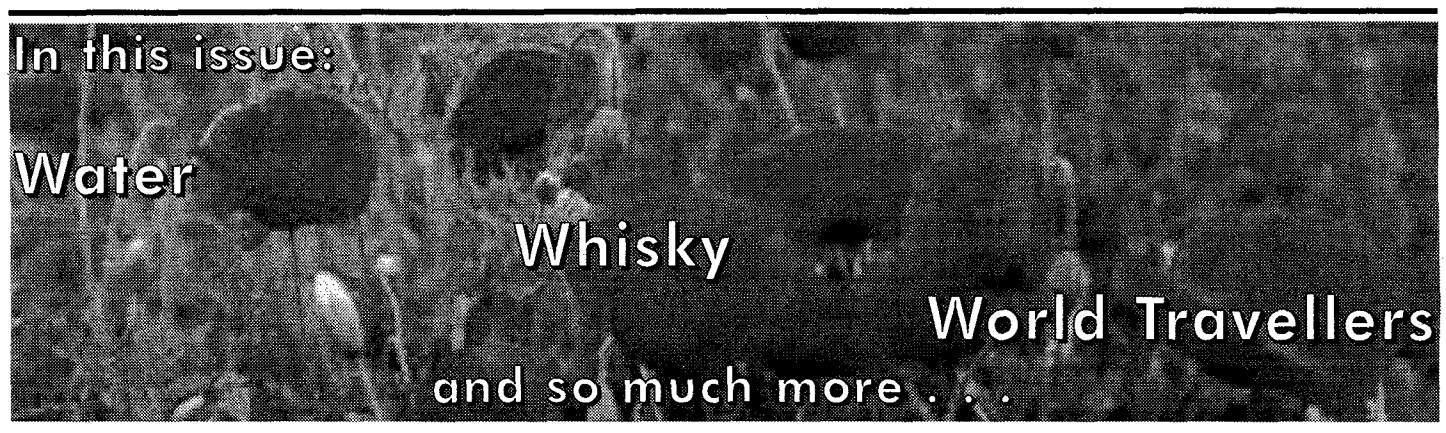

"Altruism is a fine motive, but if you want results, greed works much better."

-Henry Spencer

Protest Organized Against Water Shortage

Police brutality expected

(Vancouver, Reuters)

The Save our Sewers (S.O.S) Association is organizing a rally against the water shortage in Vancouver. Supporters have already started to distribute pamphlets and notices warning the public of consequences of a water shortage. Although absence of drinking water is not an issue for the richer people who can afford to buy five dollar per gallon spring water, poorer people are at risk. Among other consequences, there could be less water available for leaky toilets, extremely long showers, and the necessary continuous flow to drown out the sound of brushing teeth.

"The people of Vancouver by no means should have to tolerate such restrictions; everybody has a right to water, and to tell us that we have to reduce our use is ridiculous," stated the S.O.S President, Barney Glotz.

When it was pointed out that other countries such as Australia, Japan and India face water shortages every year and have successfully implemented water conservation strategies without compromising living standards, Glotz retorted that "conservation has nothing to do with the water shortage, and such conservation practices do not apply to most Vancouverites because Vancouverites use only the water that they need."

Such comments bring up the age old issue of people not thinking they are a problem. GVRD conservation educator Jill Hills says that, on average, a Vancouverite uses 340 litres per day around the home - far more than is necessary. Currently, Vancouver water is free, not charged on a meter basis like in many other cities in Canada. On average, a single toilet flush uses 6-30 liters of water, and showering uses 6-19 liters per minute. Hills was also quick to note that many Vancouverites unnecessarily wash items of clothing too frequently resulting in incomplete loads on high water-volume cycles. The average washing cycle uses 180 liters of water, far too much water for a single pair of pants.

"Hogwash," stated Glotz, "those are necessary laundry activities."

Angry protesters were quick to place the blame on members of society other than themselves. Among the accused were notedly students on student loans, who are known to be freebie grubbing leeches that hoard anything that they can get without paying for it.

"Just because water is free, it doesn't mean that they can continually fill up their water bottles and stash them in their knapsacks," remarked Richard "Richie" Edington.

Other accused culprits of high water usage are senior citizens, who no longer have the strength and manual dexterity to turn of the taps, leaving them dripping and wasting water.

"It is people like these that we need to ostracize, not ordinary Vancouverites," Glotz explained.

Similarly, students interviewed at Gage residence pointed the finger back at richer people living in the Westside of Vancouver saying that they use the most water, washing their fancy cars, watering their lawns, and having cleaning people (several of the interviewed students were cleaning persons) wash every single thing in their huge houses, despite the fact that items were clean and unused and had been washed just the day before.

Joining the S.O.S Association is the Anti City Wildlife (ACW) committee, claiming that seagulls are causing the water crises in Vancouver.

John Peters, member at large of the group commented, "Those damn birds gather in outdoor public swimming pools dirtying the water so that the pools have to be continually cleaned and refilled. If it weren't for the damn birds, everything would be better. And those pigeons, those feathered rats..."

An urgent call is being made out by supporters of the S.O.S. for the provincial government to alleviate the water crisis, either by getting more water, or by controlling those members of society that use too much water. Plans for a waterless internment and rehab camp are on hold.

"Something has to be done now, or there'll be no water left for the more deserving members of society," explained Barney Glotz.

Citizens who, naturally, use water sparingly and are concerned about Vancouver's impending doomed water crisis can join protesters at 7:30AM this Saturday in SUB south plaza.

Lest We Forget

New Health Study

University takes four to six years off your life

(UBC)

A new health study released by the Mayo clinic has revealed that individuals who attend university for undergraduate degrees have, on average, four to six fewer productive years in their lives. Further, those who continue on to graduate studies may lose as many as ten to twelve years.

The results of this study are somewhat shocking and have created much turmoil among undergraduate and graduate students alike.

Undergraduate students just beginning their degrees are particularly upset by the results of this study, feeling that they may still have the opportunity to drop out and salvage some of their time. However, those further into Master's degrees seem to feel that they are already a lost cause.

"Here at the Mayo clinic, we're all doctors. we've had more university education than just about anyone. We're doomed," stated an agitated spokesperson.

This health study has given those of the uneducated working class reason to be proud. Garbage collectors and taxi drivers everywhere are less hostile.

The Mayo study did find one additional surprising result; when the amount of time wasted was decreased using either of two proven methods as independent variables, there was no improvement in time wasted. In fact, as the independent variables went up, *more* time was wasted. These results might be invalid due to concerns as to the ethics of the study, raised due to uncommonly high complaint rates from subjects.

"They just wouldn't stop asking for chips and pop and other junk food, and griped to no end when we ran out," one confidential inside source revealed. "Both the video game and the weed group had the same baffling high rate of complaints.

"Clearly, more studies will have to be undertaken, but we need more Grad students to do the work. If these early results are indicative, we could be needlessly endangering the very people that we are trying to help."

In the meantime, it is recommended that all people avoid any unnecessary educational activities.

The 432.

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Captain
Benjamin Warrington
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Lieutenants
Per Bengtsson
Will Chao
Fiend (Dan Anderson)
Jane Gingrich
Miyako Hewett

Grunts
Emily Casey
Death (Death is my foot soldier)
Fiend (Dan Anderson)
Gill Gunson
Graeme Kennedy
Jo Krack
Andy Martin
Angelique Myles
Jason Rogalski
Ben Tippett
Sameer Wahid
Benjamin Warrington
Frank Yang
Dan Yokom
Eggy Yuh
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We would like to encourage reader feedback. If you have something bad to say, disregard your mother and say it (If you have something good to say you may also say it)!

Contact us at: *the432@hotmail.com*

You use too much water. There I said it. Go home and cry to your mommy. Oh wait, no. Your mommy is the one with the wicked left hook *isn't she? Don't tell her. I'm sorry.* Please forgive me . . .

A Look Back at the Chemistry Complex Renovation Crisis

Timeline of a Construction Disaster

Frank Yang

Cold and Hungry

It has been over two weeks since the conclusion of the Chemistry Complex renovation crisis. Now possessing the knowledge of hindsight, *the 432* takes a look back at the sequence of events which led to over 250 students becoming trapped behind an impassable blockade of fencing and construction tape.

October 10

Renovations begin at the walkway between B and D wings of the Chemistry building. Some students complain of delays from taking alternate routes, but no major disruptions are noticed.

October 14

Construction crews can be seen conducting maintenance work on the lower entrance to the basement level of the building. Both north entrances into Chemistry B are closed. Numerous students arriving for morning classes from the bus loop find themselves in a dead end and are forced to retrace their steps.

October 16

Repairs partially complete, lower entrance reopened. Many chemistry students breathe a sigh of relief.

October 17

Lower entrance once more closed due to safety concerns.

October 18, Day one

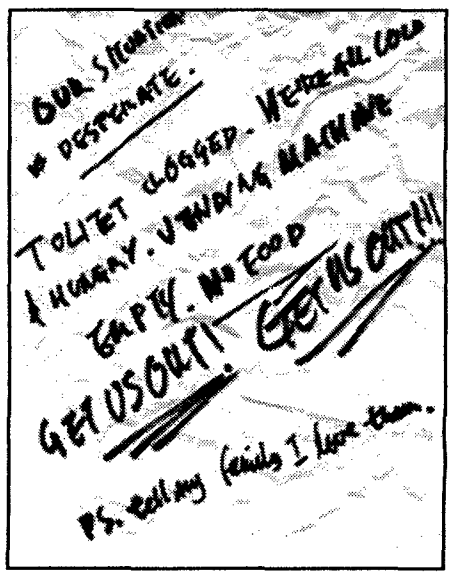
Both the south doors and fire escape stairwell are sealed for repairs at around 9:00 am, inadvertently trapping over 250 students inside four floors of Chemistry B. Confused students attempting to leave the building are told by staff to use exits not sealed for maintenance, of which there were none. Outside parties are unaware anyone is even trapped until some thirty minutes later, when one student finally notifies friends using his cell phone. Many attempts at crossing areas under renovation occur during the following hours, all are unsuccessful. Those outside found removing barricades are stopped by campus security for unauthorised interference with a construction site.

October 19, Day two

Confronted with desperate students, trapped staff members sequester themselves within laboratories. The majority of those gathered outside have dispersed for the weekend. After nearly a day of continuous use, it is obvious to all but the most optimistic that the cell phone batteries of those trapped will run out before the day is through. Later, while trying to stay warm in the evening, a number of students start a fire in the hallway between the north and south doors, only to set off the fire alarm. However, their hopes for an evacuation are dashed when the fire is put out by sprinklers and the fire department subsequently called off. The distorted faces of the desperate, pressed against tinted windows on the second and third floor, can be seen by the small number of onlookers who remained to comfort those still within.

October 20, Day three

A desperate note scrawled on the back of an old lab report is found on the south lawn, likely tossed from a broken window on the third floor. The author writes, "Our situation is desperate. Toliet[sic] clogged. We're all cold and hungry. Vending machine empty. No food. Get us out! Get us out!" adding, "P.S tell my family I love them." Hysterical cries for release echo from the hallways. Meanwhile, friends and loved ones hold a candlelight vigil on the south lawn for those who have been trapped for more than 48 hours.

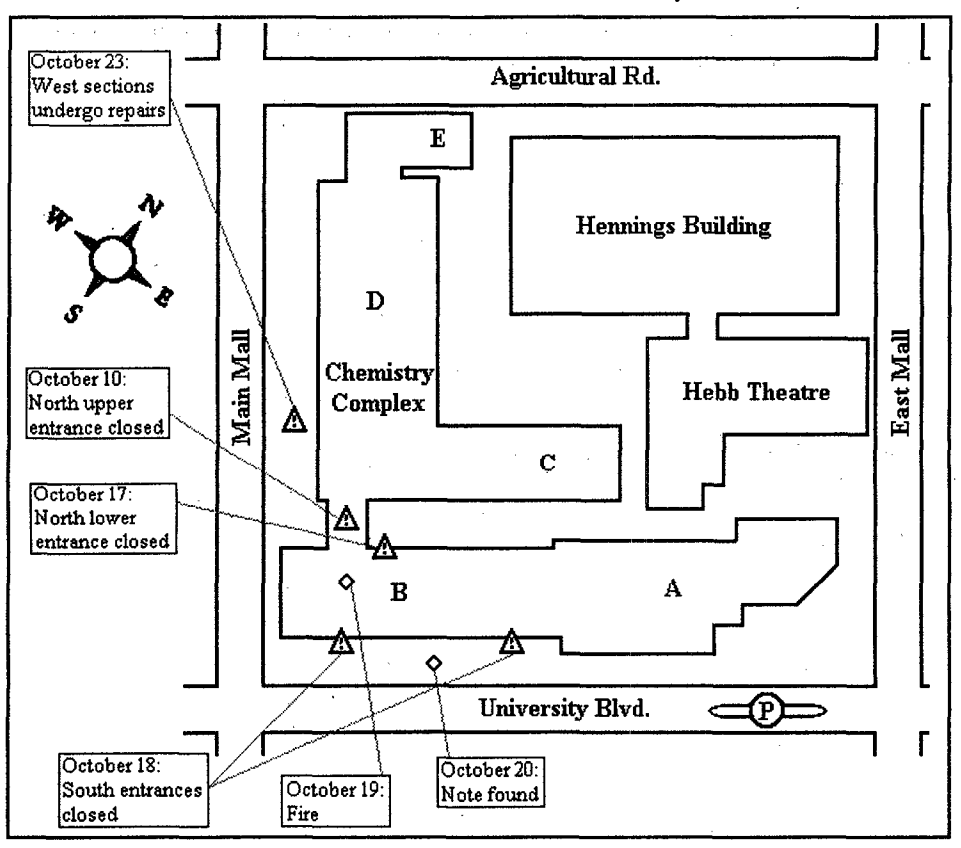


October 21, Day four

Finally at around 7:30 am barricades and taped fencing are taken down. A mass of students rush out into the cold morning air. Some are reunited with waiting loved ones while others can only stare blankly at the cloudy sky after enduring this hellish ordeal. Yet despite all doors being opened later in the day, a number of students, including the one whose name appears on the back of the note found earlier, are initially unaccounted for. Several are later found scattered throughout the building and unconscious.

October 23

Renovations begin on the west lawn in front of the old Chemistry building. We can only hope those involved have learned from the events which concluded just days earlier.



Life is a Lemon

Ben Warrington

Wants his money back

I have heard rumours that there are complaints about the content of *the 432*. Complaints that are so dire that people are asking for their $12 SUS fee back because they don't want to support a paper that doesn't carry their point of view. I will forego the obvious rant about how narrow-minded that attitude is; didn't Voltaire say, "I don't agree with what you said, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."? I will, however, point out that only a small fraction of that $12 goes to *the 432*. I would dearly love to have a 70 to 80 thousand dollar budget to play with (can you say sky-writer?), but alas, the Science Undergraduate Society has decided to spend most of your money on other endeavours. Feel free to contact us if you are curious about the budget.

Frankly, I cannot think of anything that we have printed recently that would illicit such a response. Everything has been pretty mild by the standards that *the 432* has set over the past fifteen years. There hasn't even been any nudity for at least eight months. I might have a better idea of the problem, however, if any of the people in question had bothered to contact me.

Needless to say, I was a bit surprised to hear that I had raised a bit of a "shit storm" when I have only received one complaint this year, and that only indirectly (contrariwise, I have received dozens of compliments).

See the email address over in the side-bar? Use it. If you have a complaint, send me an email, and unless your complaint is especially retarded, I will give you a fair response. I can't respond if I don't know there is a problem. Don't like my response? Send another email; open a dialogue. Better yet, write a witty, biting retort for publication in the paper. If you really think that we print the bullshit opinions of campus nutbars, do you think that we won't print your well reasoned reply? Quality of writing is the key, not humour (though humour does help).

Who do you think decides what goes in the paper? Complain to me, not to anyone else.

Food Review: Japan

Jo Krack

Gourmet

It's officially winter in Japan, as far as I'm concerned. The Japanese all became cold much earlier than me, a few weeks ago, and were shivering in 25C weather and asking how I could bear the weather in just a t-shirt. I got to be all smug and give the "I'm Canadian!" reply, which to them brings up images of The Land Of Perpetual Blizzards. But alas, I got what I deserved, and now I'm frikkin' cold. I finally discovered a little thing called an electric blanket, which I had dimly been aware of earlier, but had written off as something for the old and feeble. Now, I can't fathom spending the night without it! (Awww . . .)

I can hear those of you with very little Japan-knowledge scoffing, saying "It's got to be colder over here! What's she whining about?!" And you're right, it IS colder over there in good ol' Vancouver. The major difference is that at least when you come inside, it's warm. Not so here. My apartment can actually get colder than it is outside; I don't have to worry about "letting the heat out" if I leave the door open! In fact, in the morning I open the front door to let heat IN! I could heat my apartment, though . . . if I wanted to pay through the nose. Eventually I'll break down and do it. For now, I'd rather spend my money on the exorbitantly-priced subway and train systems so I can escape my cold little hovel and go hang out with friends.

OK. So you understand that it's cold. I can't leave you with that impression of Japan, though, so I'm going to take the rest of this article to convince you to hop the next plane over here. Think that's a bit tough? Well you haven't heard me rave about the food yet.

The food. The FOOD. The Japanese sure know how to eat! From the healthy to the sinful, they've got it in a million different flavours. I went to an all-tofu restaurant in which each course was somehow comprised of tofu. I wasn't a tofu fan when I entered, but I sure was by the time I left! I also got taken to an all-fish restaurant, but I'd rather not get into that. Let's just say that I prefer my fish (a) cooked (b) gutted and (c) de-boned . . . and this restaurant was definitely operating with a different philosophy. But then again, they also brought a bucket of freshly-killed, flopping, skewered fish to our table, which we were supposed to cover in salt and stick in a little oven until their little eyes popped... Er, I think I'll get back to what I LIKE about Japanese food now . . .

Autumn is sweet potato season, and these potatoes are way sweeter than any you'd get in Vancouver. They're so sweet that I've eaten them in a dessert–basically little fried balls with sweet-potato centres . . . oh god, if I hadn't been getting drunk on chu-hai (another must-try), I would've finished the entire basket of 'em, dining partners be damned!

But for sweets, you really can't beat mochi and anko. Mochi is a sort of rice paste, which can be sweet or plain. I, of course, gravitate towards the sweet. Anko is red-bean paste, which those of you who live in Richmond are surely familiar with. Now put some anko inside some sweet mochi, and oh . . . the tastebuds are in heaven! That's some gooood sheeet! I went to visit a temple in Kyoto, and all the tourist shops along the way were selling mochi with various sweet fillings, and green-tea flavoured sweets (cakes, cookies, you name it). But the best thing was . . . they had samples. Samples upon samples upon samples. I basically scored lunch on the way up to see the temple, and dinner on the way back down after (I suppose both meals would more aptly be termed "dessert", for those of you traditionalists who still cannot accept a meal consisting only of sugar . . . damn your narrow culinary worldview!!).

A little more satisfying than sweets, however, would be some of the big'n'hearty staple foods. The first is my new favourite: okonomiyaki. It basically consists of a bunch of shredded cabbage held together with egg, and some sort of meat or tofu in the middle. Fry it until it's lightly browned, slather it in mayo and okonomiyaki sauce, and ta-da! Dinner. Some people call it the Japanese pancake, mainly because it's usually round, but really it has almost no ingredients in common with our beloved pancakes so I wouldn't go that far. Another major staple (but eaten only in winter) is nabe. At first I was apprehensive, because the word "nama" means raw, but luckily for me it's a completely different word and there's nothing raw about it. Basically, it's kind of a hot pot with different veggies in it, and whatever meat or tofu you like. The best part, however, comes after you've finished it: then rice is added to the leftover soup stock, along with rice and green onions and whatever else your host decides to throw on it, and that's cooked up into a mixture I can only describe as delicious. I really wish I'd eaten less of the soup so I could've saved more room for that rice concoction!!

Well, now my stomach is really paining me, so I'm headed home to see what I can cook up for dinner tonight. I'm getting sick of ramen so I found a library book on Japanese cooking; let's hope I can handle it. After all, I managed to burn my French toast this morning, but then again I knew I shouldn't have been allowed near a stove before fully waking up . . .

Ja ne! (Japanese for "later!")

Mata saraishu madeni. -MH

Disappointing Appointments

Angeligue Myles

Doctorific

Many people fear the doctor, the dentist and even the hairdresser. And by all means they very well should. The fear begins when you make the appointment. You circle the date on the calendar, mark it in red pen and the anxiety just builds from there.

These appointments, as stressful as they are, are nonetheless extremely important. How would you like to live with rectal warts for the rest of your life or an overgrown mullet? Better to just suck up your pride and get some sort of bum jelly because damn those things have got to hurt when you sit down.

Now, the making of the appointment has got to be the easiest part of the ordeal. I mean you can get your kid brother or your pet parakeet to do it for you. However, once the date is set, the waiting will be what drives you insane. Each day that passes is one closer to your ultimate consternation. You sleep well the night before but then wake and feel as though you hadn't slept at all. You can't eat anything for breakfast and for some reason you are now writing with your left hand - wait a minute you could do that before. Every event that occurs throughout the day is marred by the burden of this dreaded engagement.

The moment has arrived and as you place your jacket on the coat rack you think to yourself, "just a trim" and take a seat amongst the glossy hairstyling magazines, hoping that if you stack enough in front of you no one will even know you came in. A chipper, wide-eyed lady greets you with a smile and tells you to sit in one of those spinning chairs that go up and down. Now with your unfortunate coordination you never seem to be able to mount one of the chairs with elegance and precision. After a couple of twirls you manage to place yourself in front of the mirror. The hairdresser then arrives and this is the moment when you must sit and talk about your hair. You 'if' and 'um' and 'er' about not wanting a big change. Then it is off to the wash basin and then back into the chair.

The scissors are out. A look of panic moves slowly across your face as the blades touch your locks and then the hair falls down onto the tiled blue floor. Snip, snip, snip and away she goes in a mad frenzy. A bit of mousse, some gel and a quick blow dry later - an eighties rock star is staring back at you. You smile and nod your head hoping that she can't hear you growling. You quickly pay and exit the salon. As you walk down the street you start to feel triumphant that you stayed strong until the end and mortified because you are now going to have to start wearing headbands and leg warmers all over again.

A trip to the hairdresser, now that is pretty low on the fear factor rating scheme. A trip to the doctor, however, is definitely worth a clean pair of underwear, because man, you never know what the day can unveil.

Your first task is to make it past the receptionist without revealing to the rest of the waiting room attendees why you are here. So you attempt to whisper your situation, the receptionist, of course, does not hear you. You then say 'personal' and avoid the quizzical stares as you take your seat amongst the fake potted plants. The room is meant to have a calming effect. It is painted in soothing ochre and the chairs are just hard enough so that it hurts to slouch. The magazine that you picked up is not only 3 years old but it has great advice on how to decorate for your next big social event. Just as you begin to immerse yourself in an article about bees wax candles and potpourri holders, your name is called out. You recoil in pain and your stomach gurgles. Mental note: don't eat the spicy bean and cheese burrito before an appointment with the doctor. You are taken to a room and must wait once again. More magazines and a few disturbing posters later the doctor finally enters the room. You discuss the usual health issues and then it is time to speak the words that even you wouldn't whisper to your cat. Once they are out there floating in the air, you must wait for the response. Is it bad? Am I sick? Or am I just making this up? The doctor jots down a few notes, hands you a prescription and off you go...your heart skips a beat and the perspiration on your forehead is starting to cool. Is that it? Am I finished? You leave the room feeling exhausted. As you pass by the other people in the waiting room, you overhear someone say "personal" and can't help but speculate why they are here. Constipation? Painful urination? Uncontrollable bowel movements?

So whether it be a trip to the orthodontist, the chiropractor or herbal therapist, fear will always be there for some. For others it may come easier. Either way, a clean pair of underwear is a must no matter what.

Write for us. Please.

The Next Deadline is November 13 at 4:32pm.

Yum, Ewan McGregor

Eggy Yuh

Likes 'em in skirts

A friend of mine has a thing for redheads. Another has a fetish for curly hair, and yet another won't date anyone shorter than her (neither will I, but I'm only five feet tall to begin with). I have three initial criteria: clean fingernails (shows attention to detail and hygiene, both very important), nice shoes (nice enough to show that he cares, but not too nice so as to indicate homosexual tendencies), and a nice phone voice. And he can't be prettier than me. Four criteria, I guess.

So aside from the initial hoops that prospective dates have to jump through, what makes someone different enough to warrant your precious attention? There are enough distractions to begin with: school, work, Buffy the Vampire Slayer, beer...who has time to really sit and ponder whether or not someone is worth spending time on? It comes across as superficial, but everyone makes an initial judgment based on looks. That's not to say that the best-looking people are automatically the chosen ones; a lot of the time it's some strange quirk of appearance or personality that piques interest.

Sometimes other factors come into it: accents, for example. I went to the International House Ball (sounds much more impressive than it wants to be; in any case, it was fun) a few weekends ago, and found myself surrounded by international students. People that I would have glanced over or completely disregarded were suddenly very attractive. For example, this guy in a kilt that I noticed across the dance floor. Never would have picked out his face if he weren't wearing a skirt, but between the traditional garb and copious amounts of alcohol we started talking about British music, Canadian liquor and whether he might be commando underneath that sexy sexy attire. Did I mention my slight fetish for Scots? I blame Ewan McGregor (pre-Star Wars) and Trainspotting for that. And maybe Sean Connery. Anyway, Mr. Kilt (I never was very good with names) ended up leaving with a girl from Barcelona draped all over him, but whatever. Accents can work against someone's favour, though: a very cute guy in a suit opened his mouth to make a snotty comment in a French accent and I groaned inwardly. Too bad.

Somehow, foreign-ness is attractive. Given the right accent, I think I could be told the alphabet an infinite number of times and still swoon. The wrong accent, on the other hand, just invites disdain and contempt.

So is that any better or worse than judging someone based on their appearance? It's the same principle, really. You're putting someone in a box (good or bad or maybe just tonight) based on something they really can't help. Which is not to say that people are incapable of creating accents or using a different one, but you know what I mean. Somehow it's slightly more acceptable, because someone's accent, while beyond their control, has less to do with appearance than with personality. Really, it's neither. It's just another arbitrary thing that people might use to find someone.

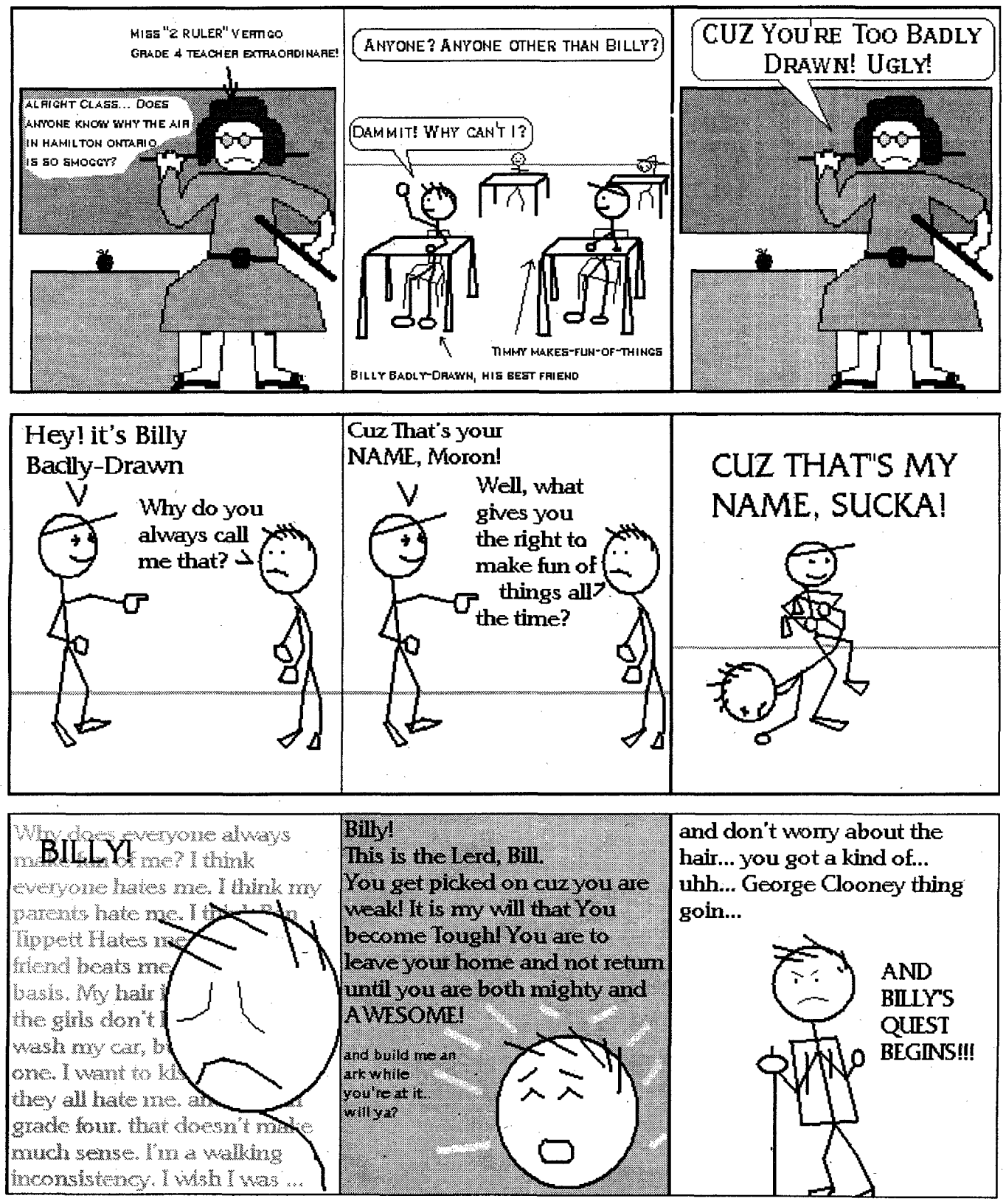
A friend of mine swears by the number system, although it's incredibly hard to implement. He thinks that everyone should be assigned a number from 1 to 10, based on attractiveness, personality, intelligence, sense of humour, etc. etc. So someone who might not necessarily be considered good looking might make up for it if he or she is wickedly funny. So people would go around with their number, and simply date people of their own number, thus being assured of the quality of their date. "Can I have your number?" gains a whole new meaning. While the number system reeks of totalitarianism (of course, my friend gets to assign the numbers) but it's a cute theory. It should be instituted in some small test population of people. Bzzr garden, anyone?

Further, then, it depends on where you intend to meet someone. If you meet at the Pit, you're guaranteed a bit of necking action and maybe more if you're lucky. In terms of long-term stability and settling down...maybe you should try your luck elsewhere. Meeting in class is another viable option, though slightly more effort. But do you really want to date someone in your program? Think of the incredibly boring conversations you could have about school. Or hey - go on exchange, and thereby become the international student with the endearing Canadian accent, eh? I hope it works both ways...

TIMMY MAKES FUN OF THINGS -BN

The Quest of Billy Badly-Drawn

part I



Dead Pool

Death

Got Gas?

Like Russian mystery gas spreading through a Moscow theatre, death spreads around the world.

Take, for instance, an estimated population of 6 billion people on the planet. Let's give them each an average life span of 60 years. Probably, this is too high, but I will take it as a mathematically convenient value between the 70 or 80 that people in Western countries can expect and the 30 or 40 that people in the most destitute countries might have. This means 100 million people die per year (and slightly more than that are born). This works out to roughly 274 thousand per day, 11 thousand per hour, 190 per minute, or a whopping 3 per second. In the roughly half minute it took to read this paragraph, 95 people have died. How's that make you feel?

One such unfortunate, Richard Harris, who recently played Headmaster Albus Dumbledore in *Harry Potter*, died on October 25 at the age of 72. Born in Ireland, Richard Harris has played roles in many famous films including *The Guns of Navarone* (1961), *Mutiny on the Bounty* (1962), *Hawaii* (1966), and *Unforgiven* (1992).[1] All told, he has acted in no less than 64 movies between 1958 and 2002.[2]

The second *Harry Potter* film is due to come out on November 15, so you will be able to see Richard Harris in one last performance this fall. Kind of like watching a movie from beyond the grave. And you call me morbid.

I am not aware of anyone having listed Mr. Harris on their Dead Pool form, though, so the pool is still wide open. This means that no points have been awarded, yet. It is anyone's contest. Never fear, people are bound to start kicking off sooner or later. Someone is likely to take a shot at George Bush or perhaps Britney Spears within the next few weeks, aren't they? Remember, no points if you kill them yourself.

And remember, don't fear the reaper.

[1] *http://www.infoplease.com/*

[2] *http://www.eonline.com/*

So my girlfriend left for 8 months . . .

Jason Rogalski

Lonely

So my girlfriend recently left for 8 months, for the purposes of tromping through western Asia, learning about the history and culture of the area, seeing wilderness untouched by humans and, presumably, getting the hell away from my whiny ass for a little while. So lately I've felt more lonely and left behind than Gordon Campbell's sense of morals.

Now, in order that I live out the remaining 221 days (as I write this) until I can see her again, whilst retaining what is left of my sanity, I started looking for other things to occupy my mind and keep me content. After seemingly endless seconds of deliberation, I went immediately back to my good friend, beer. Oh how I missed thee. It's not that I didn't drink with my girlfriend, it's just that I didn't drink 6 nights a week. But, alas, I soon realized that my glass was empty and my bladder full, and I found myself staring at a Mazda advertisement above a urinal wondering who the fuck cares that you get $750 off of a Miata if you're a new grad ('cause new grads *always* have 25 grand burning a whole in their pocket), and also, more to the point, that there must be more than beer that makes me smile. After all, I don't remember being all *that* miserable when I was single. Then slowly, over a few days, things started occurring to me that made me feel better, even made me smile. Here's a short list of things that I realized make me feel better about myself:

The look on the face of an arts major who is trying to do math in their head.

That glazed-over 'deer in the headlights' look when trying to figure out what a 15% tip on $20 would be. It warms my heart for the 30 seconds I'm willing to wait before I yell out, "IT'S $3, YOU STUPID BASTARD!"

I like my job.

I recently had the misfortune to have to go to UBC payroll to ask a few questions, (namely "Where the fuck is the paycheck I should have received two weeks ago?") and man, did I ever come out of there feeling sorry for them. These people couldn't hate their job more if they were making artillery rounds in a Nazi concentration camp. Now I realize that most of the people they have to deal with are dumber than a bag of hair, but come on, the job can't be paying enough to justify staying there if you're that miserable. Anyways, in a soothing voice I gently tried to explain my situation to one woman, and she cut me off faster than an Albertan who spotted an open half car length, in a desperate attempt to pass the buck as if it were a conditioned response. (*Ding* ... I'm not responsible ... *Ding* ... I'm not responsible) By the time I got out of their newly-renovated-but-still-very-unwelcoming office, I had a new found appreciation for my job, and felt very lucky to have scored a decent, relevant job right after graduation.

Plant Ops' now legendary 3:1 supervisor:worker ratio.

These guys have inefficiency down to an art form. It's apparent everywhere, from the 3 guys standing around an open manhole watching the one guy inside, to the six months it took them to redo the stairs outside the sub, to the 2 months it takes to get a light bulb changed on campus. This story is my favorite: At one point, a friend of mine, while studying in the library, observed 3 grown men take almost an entire working day to move a not-so-large bookcase from Main library to Koerner. Bravo. And you just know these guys go home at night and complain about how politicians and athletes are getting paid way more than they're worth. I enjoy laughing at the absurdity of it all.

The GAP crazies.

Now, I'm all for standing up for what you believe in, but could the way they're sending their message be any less effective? I mean it's dumb enough to simply go for shock value when, on a university campus, the majority of people pride themselves on reasoning out a decision as important as their stance on abortion. But if someone is riding the pro-life/pro-choice fence, and then gets compared to Hitler for thinking that there might be at least some merit to the pro-choice argument, they may start thinking that they want to choose the side that has a little fewer crazy people. Granted, the anti-GAP people aren't a whole lot better. What it comes down to is that nobody's opinion matters except that of the pregnant woman, and if you're trying to 'educate' her to make the decision that you think is right, fanaticism takes your cause one giant step backwards. Sometimes you just have to shake your head.

People with shitty facial hair.

I'm including myself in this one. From that guy in the Backstreet Boys who looks like a rat, to Scott Morrison from sportsnet, to that woman at a will-remain-unnamed Subway on campus, shitty facial hair is all around us. I'm a bit of an asshole, because I'm guilty of it too. These are the people that take a look in the mirror in the morning and say, "Yup, that's pretty good" and then leave the house totally unaware that they look like they've given up on life. Here's a bit of help: If you have a chiclet-sized tuft of hair on your chin or just below your lip, shave. If you find yourself thinking 'if Brad Pitt can pull off the unshaven look, so can I', shave. If you're a woman, and you notice a constant barrage of 'Teen Wolf' jokes whenever you are around, please, please shave. I am quite thankful to all of my good friends who let me know when I look like an asshole. Isn't that what friends are for?

Listening to arts majors spew bullshit.

We've all been there, sitting at a party or bar when all of a sudden the conversation turns from making fun of everything under the sun, to obscure topics like biblical contradictions, middle eastern human rights, and what, exactly, that falling frogs scene in *Magnolia* was all about. And of course, all the science majors sit back, and let the artsies go to town. Why? Because we don't have time to worry about irrelevant shit like that while pursuing our useful degrees, and nobody wants to hear about how you totally fucked up your chem lab. But sitting back listening to this, you realize that the only reason this person has that much confidence is because they just got a B+ on their paper on gender roles in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* because they managed to eloquently restate everything that had been talked about in class. But I let them feel superior to me for the duration of the conversation, secure in the realization that, despite their assumptions, I've read *Heart of Darkness* too, but I think it's a blatant rip off of *Apocalypse Now*.* It's also slightly satisfying that, as soon as I graduated, I got a cool job, that is both interesting and relevant to my degree. Too bad there isn't a current demand for *political* scientists.

Having Smart Friends.

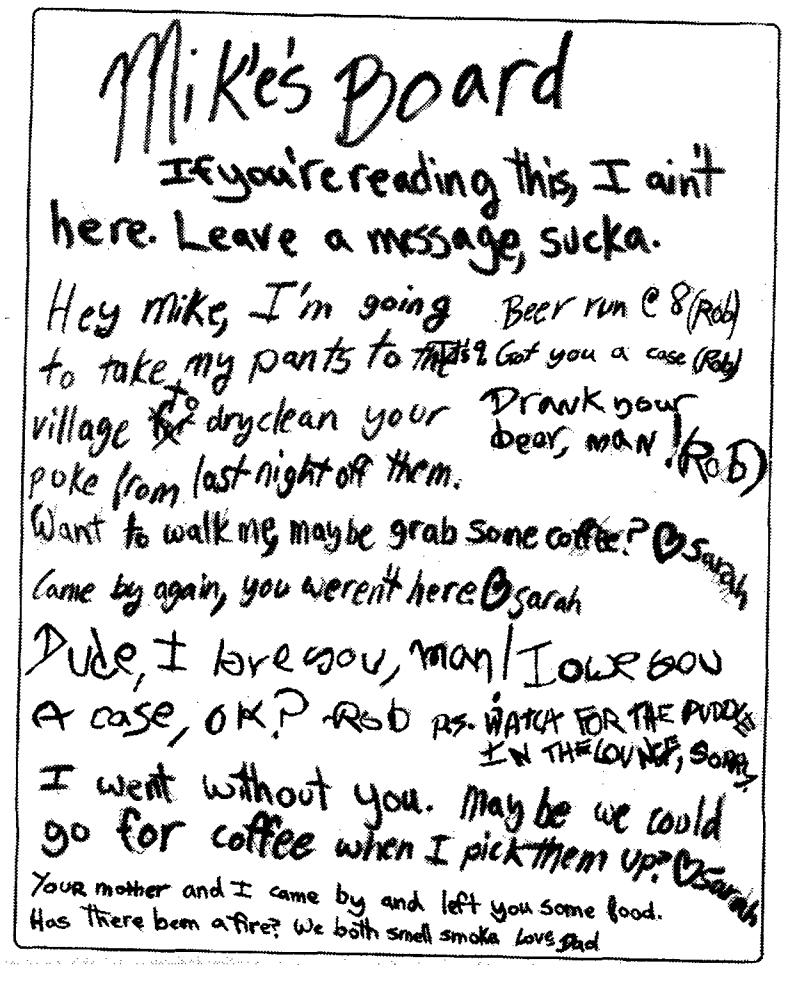
The one thing that keeps me afloat though, even more than beer, are my friends. I'm talking about the ones that can have meaningful discussions about politics, religion, sports and relationships, while still making fun of everything under the sun. And when a good Oedipus joke is in order, they understand what I'm talking about. It's a beautiful thing really.

**Just a note for those with a sub-par grasp of the obvious: The* Apocalypse Now *thing? Yes, I was joking.*

Harleqwhipped, Part III

Dan Anderson

One Interesting Fellow



Mike's Board

If you're reading this, I ain't here. Leave a message, sucka.

Hey Mike, I'm going to take my pants to the village to dryclean your puke from last night off them.

Beer run @ 8 (Rob)

Got you a case (Rob)

Drank your beer, man! (Rob)

Want to walk me, maybe grab some coffee? ☺ Sarah

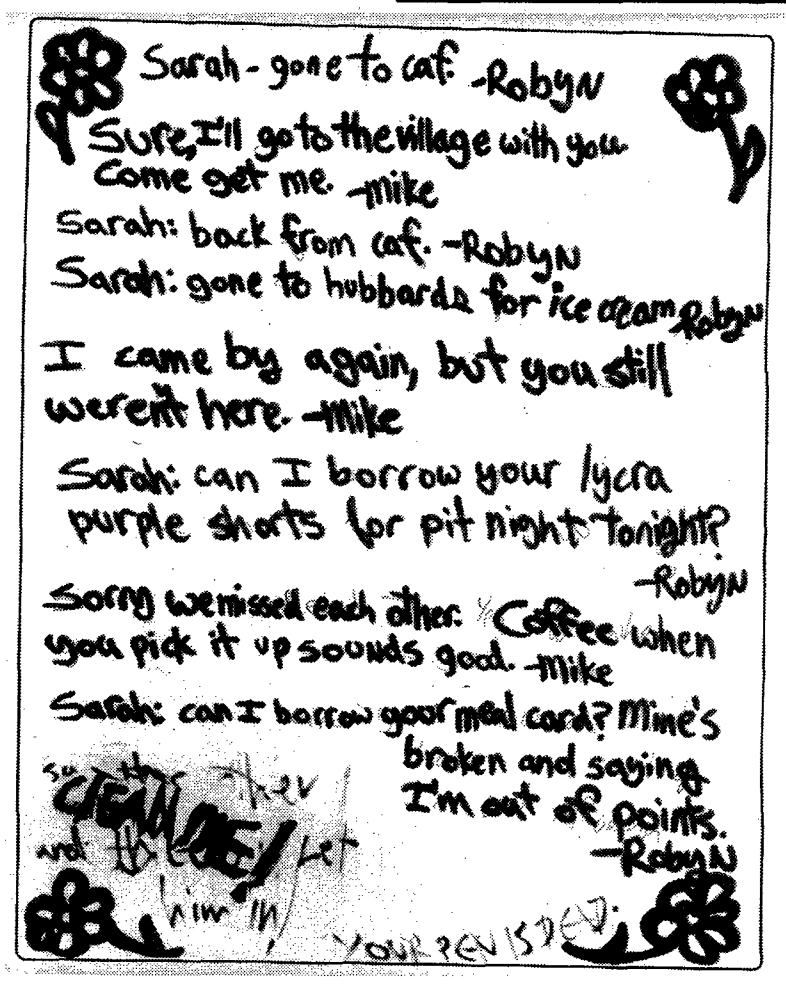
Came by again, you weren't here ☺ Sarah

Dude, I love you, man! I owe you a case, ok? -Rob

PS. WATCH FOR THE PUDDLE IN THE LOUNGE, SORRY

I went without you. Maybe we could go for coffee when I pick them up? ☺ Sarah

Your mother and I came by and left you some food. Has there been a fire? We both smell smoke. Love, Dad



Sarah - gone to caf. -Robyn

Sure, I'll go to the village with you. Come get me. -Mike

Sarah: back from caf. -Robyn

Sarah: gone to Hubbards for ice cream -Robyn

I came by again, but you still weren't here. -Mike

Sarah: can I borrow your lycra purple shorts for pit night tonight? -Robyn

Sorry we missed each other. Coffee when you pick it up sounds good. -Mike

Sarah: can I borrow your meal card? Mine's broken and saying I'm out of points. -Robyn

YOUR REVISED

Insani-Ichty What?

Gill Gunson

Fish Foiled

I'm having a problem with my fish. But before I tell you why, let me give you the background information.

Fish: for when you can't have a REAL pet

As much as I miss having something furry to feed and cuddle, in lieu of a boyfriend I decided to get a fish, the only live-in companion I'm allowed in residence. I bought a fishbowl the size of a beer mug and was given the fish on discount. Because really, it is the plastic container one wants, and not the pet itself, in the same way that hamster wheels are so much fun to play with on their own.

Anyway, my fish is a betta. That's what we used to call Siamese fighting fish until the name became politically incorrect along with killer whales and other gratuitously violent words that invoke hostile behaviour in children exposed to such language. And speaking of violence...

Ichthyarmageddon

A friend of mine and his roommate were woken up one night by a loud crash, and found that their shelving unit had collapsed under the weight of their 30-year-old fish tank. Personally, I believe that it was the amount of organisms and algae growing on the sides of the tank that brought its total weight past the shelf's maximum capacity, but that's another story. In any case, the tank fell to the ground, and tipped over. Luckily it hadn't spilled that much and all fish were accounted for, minus one, which was either buried under the gravel at the bottom of the tank, or is behind the TV (in any case, never to be found again). How sad for the fish, a victim of IKEA furniture instructions.

The problem

I seem to have a lot of problems with fish. Even in high school, and when I had a boyfriend, I once had three goldfish. One morning I noticed that one of them was practically dead but I left it to die naturally. I came back from school that afternoon to find that same fish floating about the tank, missing its torso. Like in cat cartoons, the dead fish contained only a head, tail, and a skeleton in between. It seemed that the other two goldfish were cannibals and had probably plotted that third fish's death for days (I'm sure a day is like a month in fish years). But the deceased was avenged as the two evil ones died soon after. The moral of the story? If you're going to be eaten, be sure to catch a contagious, fatal disease beforehand.

Insaniquarium

There's this game on the Internet called Insaniquarium, or as I like to call it, Insanicarpaltunnelsyndrome, in honour of the WCB forms I will have to fake when the game's incessant mouse clicking cripples me completely. This game gives you a fish tank where you buy fish and feed them and eventually they start to shit coins. Life on the fish farm isn't all happiness and profits, however: "Beware! Aliens will try to eat your fish! Click to zap them!" it warns on the sidebar. Boy, am I impressed when video games are so realistic. Because really, that's the greatest threat to fish owners today: invaders from outer space eating their money-minting guppies.

The problem, really

So now that I've padded my article enough to meet the 432's minimum word count, I'll get back to the issue at hand. My fish is obsessed with self-pleasuring.

Which really isn't that strange considering I had renamed it Wanker when its previous namesake had ruined England's chances at the World Cup (David Seaman, whose name in itself would be worthy of a pun if I didn't consider myself better than that sort of base humour).

Wanker spends all day swimming in circles, rubbing itself up against its plastic tree. Now, far be it from me to deny it such pleasure as it might have learned by example; I mean from other fish, of course. Yes. When have I rubbed myself up against a tree? But the tree keeps getting dislodged, so I keep finding it floating at the top of the bowl (the tree, not the fish). And to replace the tree I have to remove the fish itself from the bowl, because the bowl is so small, and Wanker bites. Hell, this fish fluffs its gills at my webcam, it's so aggressive. Friends of mine suggest that the fish deserves a larger tank, but the fish bowl manufacturer insisted that this is the correct size for a betta. If it's not, somebody, quick, call the SPCA!

Last time I found the tree floating about I took it out and promptly lost it somewhere, so my fish has been without its marital aid for over a week now. Boy, does it look frustrated. Or bored. Actually, I'm not really sure what it's feeling, but it has stopped moving to the point where I have to tap the glass every once in a while to get it to make a reaction.

I am going to find the plastic tree, and I am going to try to find some way to secure it in the gravel so that Wanker may continue its sexual expression unhindered. Also because it's much more entertaining, for me, since the fish won't excrete loose change.

I Couldn't See The Forest For The Trees In My Ass

roadkill

Graeme Kennedy

fender bent

the plot is hatched

Nature has vowed to make my life miserable. I don't blame her, though, as I pretty much started the relationship on the wrong foot. The story starts in preschool when we were hatching eggs in an incubator. The plan was that the class would put a few eggs under a lightbulb and in a few days, presto, a flock of cute little friendly chicks would be underfoot. This plan went awry in moments, as you might expect, since preschoolers and eggs don't mix. They do, however, perform a good approximation of 'beat'.

Well, it wasn't all that bad, but I have a special extra billion years in purgatory for my egg treatment: I decided to help the little chick along by puncturing the shell in advance with a tack. You know, give him a little head start, that sort of thing. What a horrible mistake that was. Especially for the chick. Not at all daunted by the fact that my chick ("Ralph"), which I expected to be the first to materialize due to the handy, easy-to-open shell, was well overdue after the other victims limped their ways out of their shells, I continued to be optimistic about Ralph's apparent shyness.

However, eventually the smell alone was an irrefutable indicator that I was not to be responsible for living things in the future. And Nature's plans for me began to unfold.

is it okay to get a buzz before noon?

You have to understand that I was a child of the 70s. This meant that women everywhere were relying on the authority of Dr. Benjamin Spock to help them raise their children. One of these suckers was the woman I refer to as 'mom.'

Part of this disturbing set of advice Dr. Spock doled out in his famous tome in an effort to help a generation of children live longer and prosper was for mothers to meter out their attention in strategic quantities. Specifically, he advocated that attending every call for mommy would stunt an independent personality. Maybe, but the problem is that a mother can't determine the importance of a call without getting to the child. So you see the problem: what if the mom ignores an emergency?

Like my bee sting. Which wouldn't normally be more than a painful experience, except for my allergy. So, one swollen blue kid later, mom decided it was time to toss the first of several baby owner's manuals into the trash.

never cry, coyote

Which brings me to the most current episode, which I refer to as 'the rollerblade incident.' Again, some background information: I suck at rollerblading. Nevertheless, I am determined to improve. So, that's fact number two: I am bone-headed about going beyond my abilities.

Which in the case of rollerblading took the form of the Seymour Demonstration forest . . . about a 20km blade, mostly up and down long steep hills. So, to start, I handled hills by jamming the brake into the ground until it either started to melt from the friction, caught a twig (it is fall, after all), or tripped me up on a pebble. Eventually I discovered that what goes down must come up, and it just became common practice to ride out the hills and slow down when the slope gradually tilted upward. I got quite good at this.

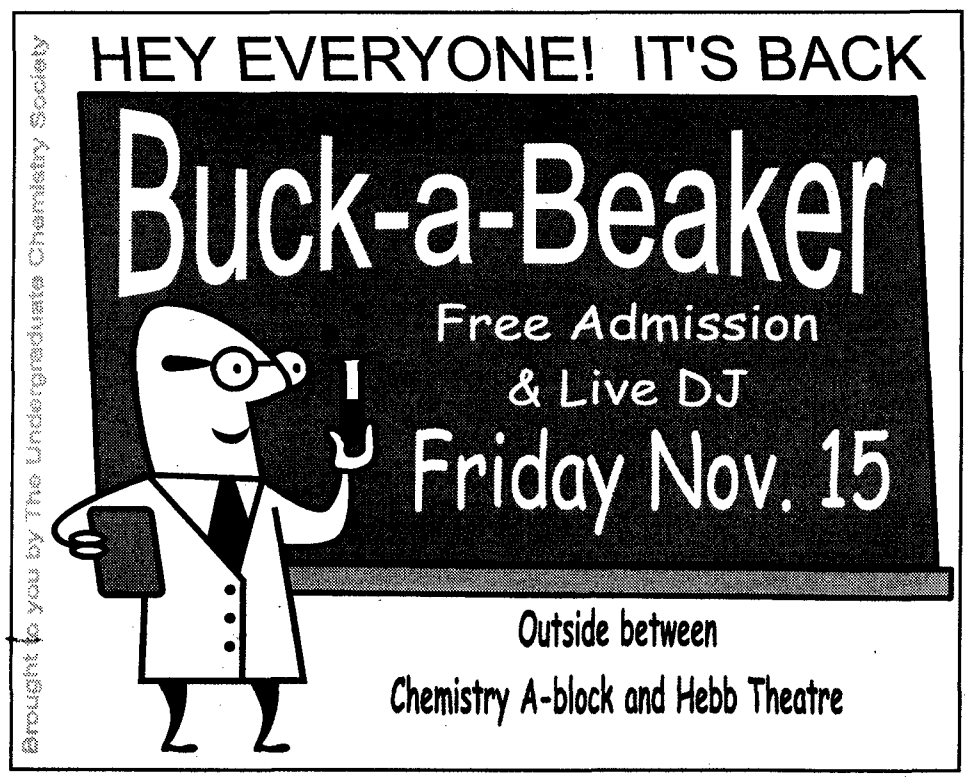
The fundamental flaw in my plan was the assumption that speed was irrelevant because I would not have to stop for obstacles. Like wolves. Like the coyote I hit in the ass. Like the coyote who would go to the right when I went to the right; left when I went left. The slow motion *pas de deux* that only an imminent collision can inspire. The little shit *wanted* to get hit.

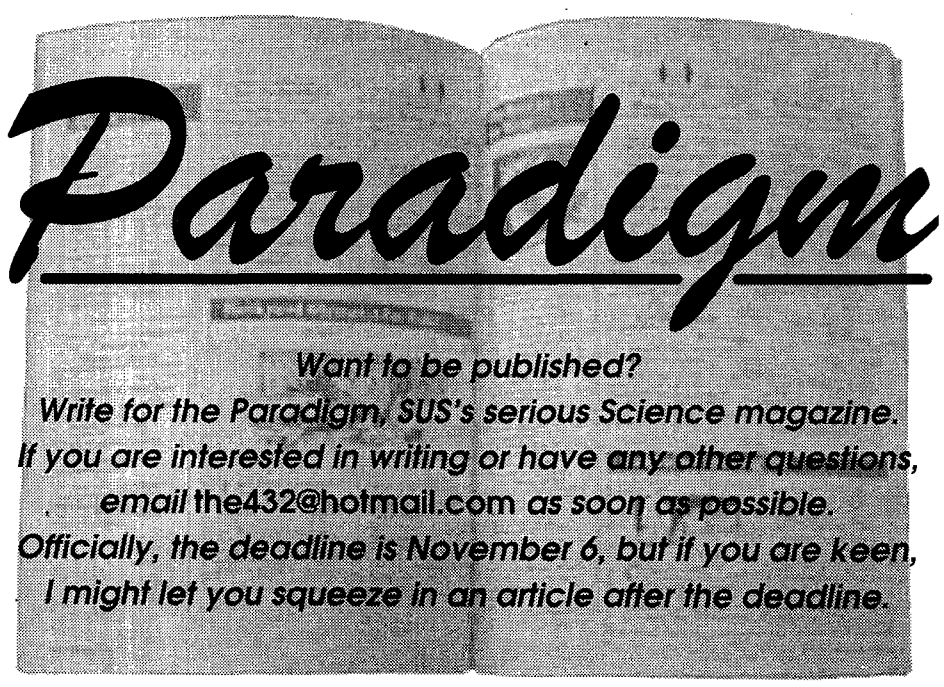
So as I catapulted through the air and into the ditch, time slowed down and I had opportunity to think about three things . . . one: that contrary to popular myth, wild animals can be pretty clueless, even when there's a 150lb monkey on wheels hurtling toward them. Two: that when I land, one pissed off *lupus* is going to jog over and casually pull a vein out of my neck, and three: that this would be a really bad time for somebody to come by and see me die.

Fortunately, the coyote chose to call it even, snapped out of his daze, and darted off into the woods. I live to tell you the tale, and moreover, to head of for a Lions hike this weekend.

Nature, my old enemy, we will meet again, but this time, on my terms . . .

next time: graeme gets "grouse ground"





The Drawers of SUS

Dan Yokom
VP External

YES!! Planning for Science Week is finally under way. We had a general committee meeting on Tuesday, 29 October to meet everyone and go over what this year will involve. We decided to break the committee down into three groups, which will all meet independently once a week. These sub-committees will be:

1. Planning and Charity: Meets Mondays, 5pm, in LSK 200. This sub-committee will be responsible for the planning and organization of the events, speakers, and charity fundraising that will take place during Science Week.

2. Promotions: Meets Tuesdays, 5pm, in LSK 200. They will be responsible for the advertising, and promotional materials before and during Science Week.

3. Sponsorship: Meets Wednesdays, 5pm, in LSK 200. These people will be responsible for producing materials for and communicating with Science Week sponsors (who donate prizes and money to be given away during Science Week.)

If you are interested in getting involved in any of these committees then please come out to our meetings or email me at dwyokom@interchange.ubc.ca for more information.

Chris Zappavigna
Senate

The October Senate meeting was cancelled, but the committee work never ends. I recently had a Senate Admissions Committee meeting and a document was distributed regarding the province's changes to the high school curriculum.

If you would like to see this document, simply e-mail me at cjzappav@interchange.ubc.ca, and I will forward it onto you. I'd like the opinions of as many science students as possible, as it is my job to relay your thoughts and concerns back to Senate.

Other than that, I hope you had a safe and Happy Halloween.

BOO!

Sameer Wahid
Public Relations

SUS is proud to announce the return of **Kiss The Pig!** Kiss the Pig is SUS's annual fundraising event for the Canadian Gene Cure Foundation as part of their Jeans for Genes campaign. A number of teachers have been selected to participate in this event, and starting Thursday Nov. 14th, they will be taking donations in class. Make sure that you come on out and donate to your prof! The professors who receive the most donations will then get the honour and privilege of kissing a swine at the Kiss the Pig event on November 22nd, outside the SUB. So, stay tuned - maybe your professor has been selected! If you have any questions regarding the event, please e-mail me at wahid@interchange.ubc.ca

AMS Access

Dan Yokom
VP External

23 October 2002

U-TREK (a.k.a U-Pass)

Representatives from UBC and Translink gave presentations to AMS Council regarding the progress of the U-Pass deal between AMS, UBC and Translink. Negotiations are still going on but here are the important points of the currently discussed deal:

1. Full bus pass through all GVRD zones
2. $20/month for each semester a commuting student is registered at UBC
3. $15/month for each semester a residence student is registered at UBC
4. No fee increase for 2 years
5. Increased service to UBC including the Night-Owl Service on Friday and Saturday night (woohoo!!)
6. The pass would be mandatory for all UBC students except Co-op students outside of the GVRD, and areas not serviced by transit.
7. The pass would be a photo-id magnetic strip card and will hopefully be incorporated into the SmartCard when that comes to UBC.

However, negotiations are still underway so this deal may change. If all goes according to plan then we may see a referendum later this year to add the cost of the U-TREK card to your student fees. If you have any questions or concerns please email me, Daniel Yokom, SUS External VP at dwyokom@interchange.ubc.ca or Tara Learn, AMS External VP at vpexternal@ams.ubc.ca.

AMS Safewalk Sustainability Fund

AMS is looking to the university to pick up the funding lost due to government cuts. This money would not only support the lost funds but also go towards upgrading the radio system used by Safewalk, add an additional 2 person shift each night to help relieve high demand for the service, and hopefully they will also be able to add a new dispatch center in the South Campus to increase walker efficiency.

Differential Tuition

Despite the results of last year's referendum the university is still looking into applying differential tuition. This basically means that students in each faculty would pay different tuition costs. If you have any thoughts or concerns with this issue that you would like us to relay to the AMS and the university then please email me at dwyokom@interchange.ubc.ca.

Alcohol Policy Review

The university is currently looking into their alcohol policies. Research is currently ongoing so if you are having a bzzr garden or attending one, or even just enjoying one of our on campus establishments, please be responsible and show the university that we are indeed mature students that deserve the right to control our own pubs and alcoholic events.

My Urinal Runneth Over

Inter-Faculty Publications Office

Ben Warrington
Publications

As was recently printed in the Ubyssey, we are indeed currently in the process of developing the Inter-Faculty Publications Office idea. The main point to this endeavour is to provide a location where undergraduate newspapers, such as *the 432* and the *nEUSpaper* can work together on developing ideas and sharing resources. It is meant to develop a community among the various papers on campus. Secondly, the office is intended to be a place where other faculties or even clubs can go to start their own publications. This would make available the resources necessary (computers, printers, office space, and so on) to start a publication without requiring the organization to lay out large sums of initial cash. It would also provide a pool of knowledge and talent of which the new publications could take advantage.

An office space is currently being worked into the next round of SUB renovations which will go before the AMS council on Wednesday. After that, final plans for the design of the office will be developed in the coming weeks.

Also, a variety of grant opportunities are currently being sought to cover the start-up costs of this project. Any remaining costs would be shared between the major members, which currently look to include the Science Undergraduate Society, the Engineering US, the Commerce US, and possibly one or two others. Once the office is in place, other groups could then make use of the space and resources for a fee covering supplies and other costs.

Finally, discussions are underway to finalize the administration of the office. Most likely, things will be run by a committee consisting of the directors of publications from each major partner.

If all goes well, the office could be ready as early as summer 2003.

No Offense, but . . .

Emily Casey

Offended

Isn't it just great how polite today's society is? We hold open doors for each other, mind our p's and q's, and box with nice cushy gloves on to soften the blows. Then there are the other gloves people wear, the ones to protect themselves. These gloves can be referred to as the "No Offense Clause". This is a practice often used by people attempting to appear helpful or nice when really they're just being bitchy.

Here is an example of the NOC in practice: "No offense, but you look really ugly today." Now, would you be offended? Well, too bad, you have no right to be because they said "No offense". They carefully covered their own ass before kicking yours.

Clever users of the No Offense Clause may disguise it in another form. For example: "I'm not trying to be mean or anything, but your butt looks really big in those pants." Or, my own personal favorite; someone says something clearly offensive, you protest and then receive a defensive: "I'm just saying." No apology, just a description of the previous action. Yes, I'm aware you were 'just saying' that I have a fat ass, but I'm pissed off nonetheless.

It's almost more annoying when someone expects you not to get angry with him or her just because they have acknowledged ahead of time that they are out of line. As if allowing you to brace yourself will diminish nastiness of a comment. If they know ahead of time that you will be offended, they should just not say whatever the hell they were going to say. Being consciously bitchy is far worse than accidentally putting your foot in your mouth. At least when it's accidental you can claim spontaneous stupidity and legitimately apologize.

In this time of wordplay and innuendoes, insults are the one thing you really shouldn't mess with. Say what you mean, and don't sugarcoat it. Or keep your mouth shut and your dumb comments to yourself. No offense.

Come Fail Away

Andy Martin

Meticulous Apathy

I'm facing my first possible fail in my scholastic career. Five years of near straight-As has comes to a head as a string of bad scheduling, customary comic misfortunes and grad school's new rule making anything sub-80% a failing mark have combined to force my Ph.D. future to one bloodied knee. The harder I tried, the better I became, and the rules got harder and stupider until it became no fun anymore. And if I FUBAR this one, that's it. 'IT' it! Done. Thanks for playing, tell the security guard on your way out I said you could have a lollipop.

Which honestly bears the question: 'Why am I writing this when I should be working?' Maybe it's to exorcize my procrastinatic demons for the couple of weeks it'll take to get back on track (tho' it's interesting how quickly an exorcism becomes short-term appeasement).

Or maybe it's that little voice (Ben) asking me to write every other week. I've always found it amusing that the word 'conscience' starts with 'con', as in opposite or 'pro' and as in 'conning me out of a good time'. Then it ends with 'science', which really makes no sense whatsoever.

Or maybe I just need a couple of hours with the speakers applying large doses of aural frustration-relief while I make pseudo-sense of the latest twisting junction in my life.

But I think it's just that I've ceased to care anymore, and have decided to just enjoy the ride. The deeper I get into the world of ecological research, the more bullshite I find myself in, and the less I want to do it. From my first job after the B.Sc., working for high-school dropouts, to getting 2 M.Sc. thesis projects cut down by other people's incompetence/apathy last year, it has become slightly disheartening. I've always been one to enjoy a good struggle towards a virtuous goal, but I've evolved an even more admirable skill over the last few years: the ability to realize when something's futile and to cut all ties to the detrimental situation. Truly, disenchantment is a virtue.

And what happens when the uber-jaded version 2.0 comes in contact with its antithesis?

In the latest annual batch of frosh I am guiding through the harrowing BioI, I was put in charge of one particularly extreme case. Every lab requires an outline to be handed in, which I mark either 'check' or 'check-minus' (75%).

A little math: There are 20 labs. Outlines are worth 7% of the lab mark, which is worth 40% of the course. Therefore, each outline is worth 7/20 x 0.4 = 0.14% of the final mark.

I handed down a check-minus to one character, and she came up to me minutes later on the verge of tears, asking how this could have happened to her. I looked at her, and illustrated my precise level of compassion with the timeless adage 'You're fuckin' pre-med, aren't you?'

She then went off on all these marks she said she had to get, in 1st year, to get into med school. I gave her the extra assignment of going home and figuring out exactly how much of her final mark she had lost. I kept myself from asking her to undergo the brutal task of calculating her odds at med school, as I have a sense of a shred of compassion left. This deterred her reaction only slightly when I handed the next outline back with the same mark.

I think a lot of people don't consider the costs of actually succeeding before they do it. I've seen countless people addicted to jobs they hardly enjoy. And I've seen it kill people, literally. And they'll be the first ones against the wall when the revolution comes. Think aboot it. Who is the target of even uprising, coup or similar outburst in history? The guy in charge. In some countries, a king's reign lasts about as long as the palace air freshener. Then it's out to the gallows with the infidel as the next flash in the pan absolute power comes into effect. All the while, the lowly evil advisor who caused all the problems keeps his place. And isn't it better to be left alive after the revolution to hatch another evil scheme?

And is there not a grand beauty in true failure? I mean really really fucking up? A 79% B+ makes you feel like crap, yet a 2% F really give you something to cheer about and makes a fabulous story. And that recorded voice on the phone sounds so happy when it belts out '...Ffffffff...[shave-and-a-haircut-2-bits!]...'

Like the fact that any extreme sport's 'bails' video far outranks any true display of skill in terms of true entertainment. I've been skiing more than half my life, and nothing beats the thrill of causing a yard sale in the middle of a run after a brief argument on solid state physics with an inconvincible spruce, or taking a jump that God never intended you to.

But I have to admit that nothing would get accomplished without perseverance. Almost everything in my life can be interpreted as the result of some form of less-than-perfection when I was aiming for 100%. But then I can look around again and see that I've accomplished a lot of cool things, and it's only through the struggle that I got here and can get further. That 79% may not be perfect, but it gets you to Level 2, where you get another swing and another step. I guess there's nothing to do but keep trying, and take what comes my way. The trials and cheap shots may be a bitch, but that's how it goes. My marks may not be the best, but they'll get me where I want to go. I may never reach the top, but I'll enjoy the view from wherever I can get to.

So there's nothing to do but make an appropriate mix tape, lower the shoulders, and make a spectacle of it. A glorious recovery or a spectacular crash. Either way, always give 'em a show.

"I cannot be beaten, I cannot be like you, I cannot be otherwise, no matter what you do."

"This life is played for keeps. Once More Into The Breach."

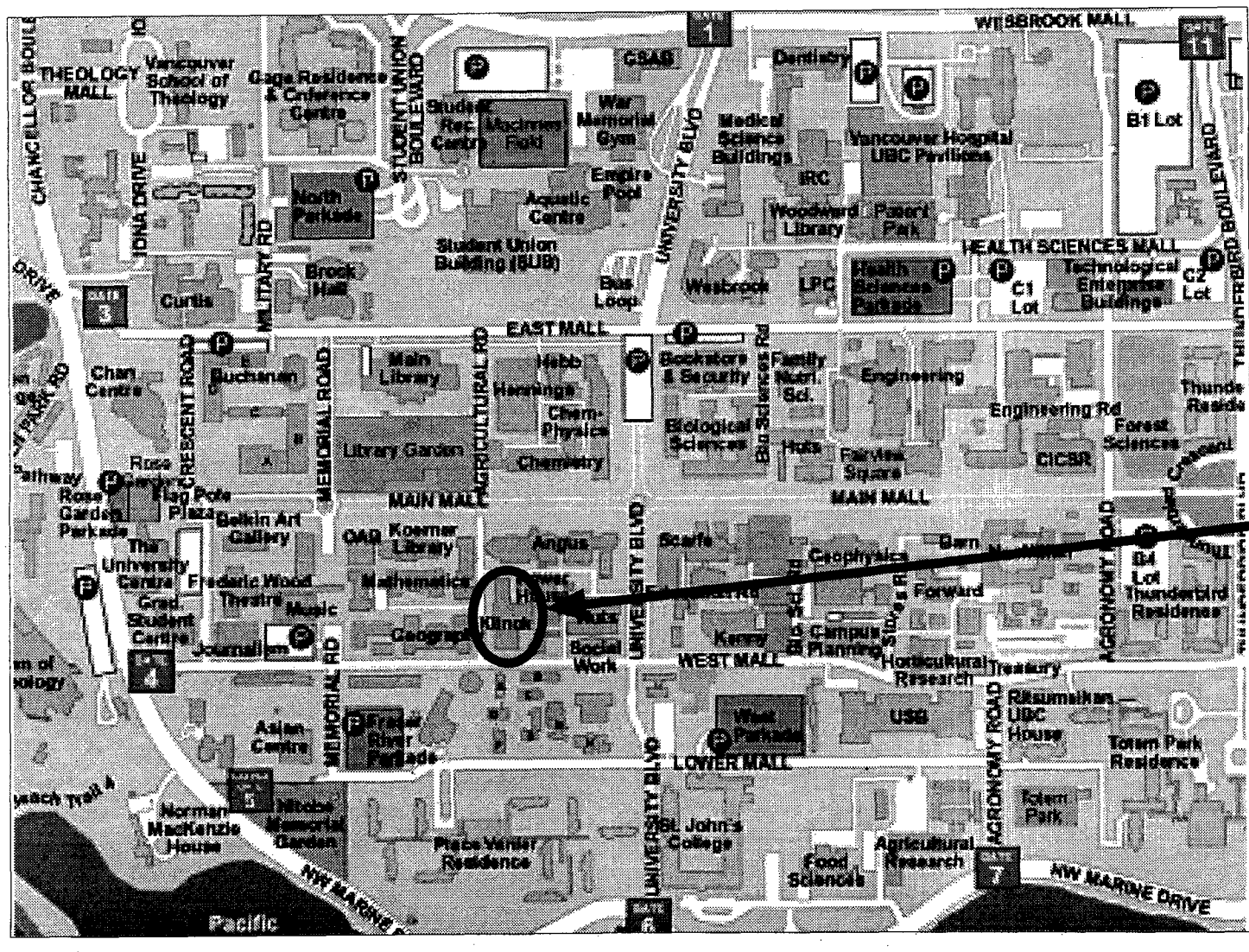
"Why do you build me up, buttercup, baby, just to let me..."

Dammit, so close.

Dumb-Assed Not So Easy Contest 2

I want to see *the 432* logo painted on the engineering cairn. Do this for me and you will be showered with praise and four tickets to Cold Fusion on January 31. Be the first to paint a reasonable facsimile of the logo covering most of at least one side of the cairn, take a picture of yourself with your artistic triumph, and send the picture in. This contest is open until January 31. Don't let me down.

SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY
LSK 202



WE ARE HERE.