

# Predicting the end of the world since 1987

The Official Newspaper of Armegeddon Vol 3, No 12 • 13 March 1995

# The 432.

## UBC Science Faculty sold to an American!

*"It's the biggest thing since Sony!"*

**Gord van McOlundsky and Irving Washington**

**Roving Correspondents**

VANCOUVER (CP)

In a surprise news conference last week, Arthur Griffiths, local science magazine, announced the "redistribution" of controlling interests in many of Vancouver's professional science organizations, UBC Science. The buyer: reclusive multi-millionaire John McCaw. But who is John McCaw? In a rare public appearance, he attended Thursday afternoon's SUS AGM, although he has been

unavailable to the press since the announcement of his acquisitions. While sources close to McCaw are also unavailable for comment, *The 432* was able to reach some people who claim to have known McCaw from before he became one of America's richest men.

"John was always such a quiet boy," said Mrs. Johnson, McCaw's kindergarten teacher. "He would sit in the corner for hours, colouring lit-

tle pieces of green paper. He was always happy; the only time I ever saw Johnny cry, was on Picture Day. He wouldn't let the photographer near him. I guess it's because of his terrible disfigurement. You know: the hook."

Next to come forward was The Amazing Preskin, of the Amazing Preskin's Centre for Paranormal Research. Preskin claims to have channeled the memories of a deceased associate of McCaw's. In a seance held for the benefit of *The 432*, the Amazing Preskin

contacted Helmut the Large, a Visigoth chieftain from the second century AD. Said Helmut of McCaw:

"Ya, I remember Johann. He could sack a city like no vone else I ever knew. He vas dere when ve took Rome, and let me tell you, that man was a vizard with a siege engine! Even vit that vooden leg of his. Vere did you say he is now? Vancouver? Any big valls I should know about?"

According to McCaw's secretary, the new owner of UBC Science has been out of town, despite a rash of McCaw sightings throughout the city. To date, McCaw has been spotted in seventeen different locations over the last three days, including the Burnaby Save-On-Foods, a small privately-owned gas station near Mission and five trailer parks

just outside Aldergrove.

Ed, the owner of Phil's Gas, describes the meeting:

"Y'see, I knew it was that McCaw feller from the second he stepped outta that dang big vee-hicle. Saw his photo on the news, y'see, but I never thought I'd meet dat guy in person. Sure seemed polite 'nuff, although y'd think a multi-billionaire could tip more than two bits for gettin' his oil checked. Ah, guess it's that glass eye of his makes him all nervous or some-thin'."

When asked via electronic mail about plans for the future of UBC Science, McCaw's reply came back with only one word: "Condos!"

The future of UBC Science is obviously unclear.

## New Particle Discovered!

**Irving Washington**

**Raving Correspondent**

In breaking news today, physicists at the KAON research center have announced the discovery of a new particle, suspected for decades but only observed for the first time yesterday.

The particles were first proposed during late allnighters in the '50s. Scientists working on the first particle accelerators would work long shifts in underground bunkers. In such an enclosed space, odours would concentrate and became detectable. A particularly foul smell went untraced, and the search for a new particle had begun.

"It's the most offensive particle known. It's created when stench and anti-stench collide, and annihilate one another. The products of such a collision are e.m. emissions such as infrared radiation and

hard radiation in the forms of gamma rays and the newly discovered 'phartons'."

Originally difficult to locate, the phartons are of uniquely biological manufacture. The only place you are likely to find anti-stench is in a special quantum-designated digestive enzyme. Other complications to the detection are the wave-particle duality, and the qualitative nature of registering presence.

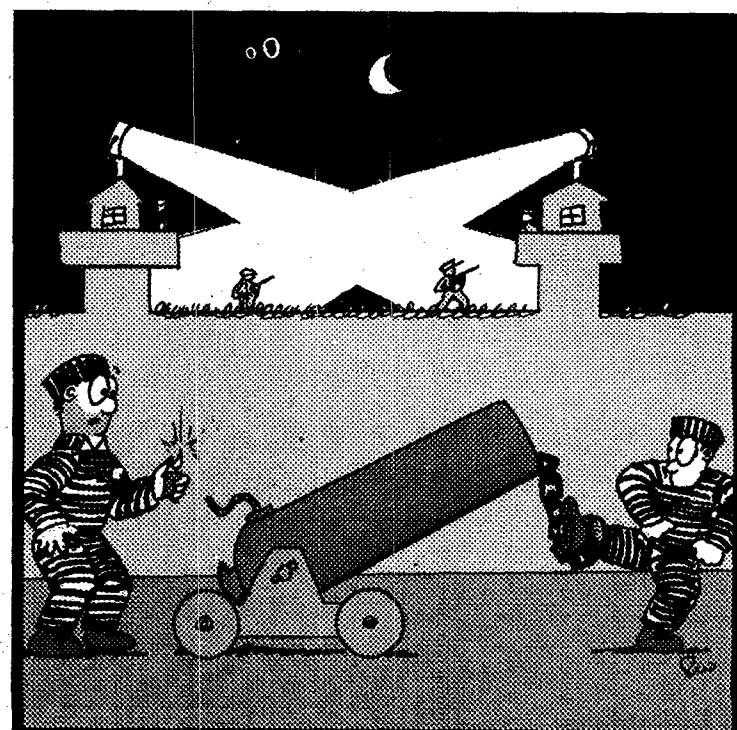
Dr. P.U. Deltit explains: "The wave-particle duality can be observed in any living room. Particularly after Mexican or turkey meals. While it is true that the dissipation follows the familiar inverse-square law, it is not unlikely for two or more individuals to be simultaneously emitting, seriously confusing wave patterns and therefore local distribution of energy. What you observe at this time is that some detectors are in

domains of constructive interference. These persons promptly wrinkle their noses or experience watering of the eyes. Some even salivate. Eew. Meanwhile, others are oblivious to the emissions because they are in nodes."

Speculators believe that the particles are not exactly natural to the geosphere.

"They came from space," explains Deltit, "From aliens. No, really. There's no other explanation. Just think of the power contained in just a tiny burst! We're talkin' transgalactic transportation at superluminous velocities. You know, blue flames."

Plans are to develop a weapon, as soon as the US Department of Defense can determine whether or not such a weapon would violate international agreements restricting gas weaponry.



"Ready?"

# The 432.

Volume 8 Number 12  
Monday, March 13, 1995

## EDITOR

Blair McDonald

## HONORARY EDITOR

Graeme Kennedy

## ASSISTANT EDITORS

Roger Watts, John Hallett

## CONTRIBUTORS

Leona Adams, Elvis Arnold, Jay Garcia, John Hallett, Graeme Kennedy, Andrea "Just call me Jake" Klassen, Tracy MacKinnon, Blair McDonald, Michelle McLeod, Glen Stokes, Lynn van Rhijn, Roger Watts, Matt Wiggin, Elaine Wong

## OTHER STUFF

The 432 is the official publication of the Science Undergraduate Society of UBC. Opinions expressed herein are those of the individual contributors, especially if they express support for those &%\*(% in Arts. By the way, all rights reserved, The 432, 1995, so God help those Arts guys if they copy ArtsBoy™'s picture.

## Old age.

FOR THE FIRST time in my life, I finally feel old. Usually, I've been the youngest in my group of friends, but by now, I've gotten over all the major coming-of-age events. I've got my driver's license. I can go into bars without fear of the bouncer. In fact, I can sit back and enjoy a fine glass of the bitters without feeling completely out of place.

And I can finally enjoy making fun of the unlucky frosh who aren't of age.

But I'm feeling old, and that's a new feeling for me.

It's due to a few reasons.

First, my twentieth birthday is rapidly approaching. The big 2-0. Sigh. Now, before everyone who's 23 and over out there start to mock me, try to remember what you felt like. I'm willing to bet that just about everyone went through this stage in life at one time or another.

Second, I'm now wearing a pair of gunmetal steel glasses. I think they make me look like a slightly stupid yuppie.

Now, I've got to share the reason why I'm wearing a new pair o'specs, and apologies in advance to y'all who're getting sick and tired about hearing about my girlfriend, Elana.

Elana's standing on a chair, trying to put something up on a shelf. Somehow, and don't ask me how, she manages to fall out of a wide, steel bodied chair. It's a chair that could easily support a battleship.

Me, being the sensitive gentleman I am, rush to try and catch her before her head cracks against the floor. I manage to grab her, but in thanks for my act of heroism, she elbows me in the face!

My frames shatter into three or four pieces, and my right side lens gets firmly planted into the side of my eye.

For those of you who don't know, my lenses were crafted by the same kind folks who polished the lenses for the Hubble, with comparable size and thickness.

It would be fair to say that a lens of that nature leaves quite an interesting mark in the side of one's face.

So now I'm blind, and in possession of a really cool facial discolouration.

Elana's fit of hysteria shortly thereafter did absolutely nothing to improve my sense of humour.

I never realized exactly how much I rely on my glasses until I had to spend

a day groping my way around my place. I could read, if you call holding a newspaper up in front of one's nose reading. I could do my homework, if

my prof was exceptionally skilled in translating complete and utter garbage into English.

Trying to focus on the multiple blurs around me also overloaded my brain, rather spectacularly.

It happened in a public place, too. I was sitting in White Spot, morosely chewing whatever food the waitress threw down in front of me. I certainly couldn't see what it was. Suddenly a burst of white light shattered my brain, and left me with a splitting head thumper.

Luckily, I had a copy of my current prescription, and LensCrafters promised me new glasses "within the hour."

And now I can see.

I can see that I'm still old.

It's quite a shock to sit here, and realize that I can now count my involvement with this wonderful rag in years. And realize that I still have years to go before I can escape to the relative ease of composing 20 page term papers every three months, instead of a 800 word article every two weeks.

I'll take the term paper any day, folks. Writing this stuff... well, let's just say I'll be slowing down a bit next year. No more trying to get a paper out every two weeks, always on the Monday. I'm gonna take it a bit easier. I'm gonna take a vacation from time to time.

Really.

I just thank whatever higher powers exist, usually on a daily basis, that my hair isn't turning gray or falling out.

At least not yet. My granddad's been bald since he was 20, so it's entirely possible that I'll wake up on the morning of the 18th with a big pile of hair on my pillow and none on my head.

It would be as if all the follicles got together when I wasn't watching and agreed on a good time to pull up the stakes and make a run for it.

I must admit, that particular scenario's been visiting my nightmares on a fairly regular basis over the last few weeks.

So, if I walk into class on the 20th wearing a toque, and it's not 20 below, you'll know exactly what happened on my 20th birthday.



Blair McDonald

## Upcoming Events at the PreMed Society

March 14 – Lecture by Dr. Steinbox  
Neurosurgery

March 21 - Do it yourself brain surgery, hosted by Dr. H. Frankenstein

March 28 – Interview Church Chat featuring Carolynn and her buddies from Med I  
12:30 in Biol 2449

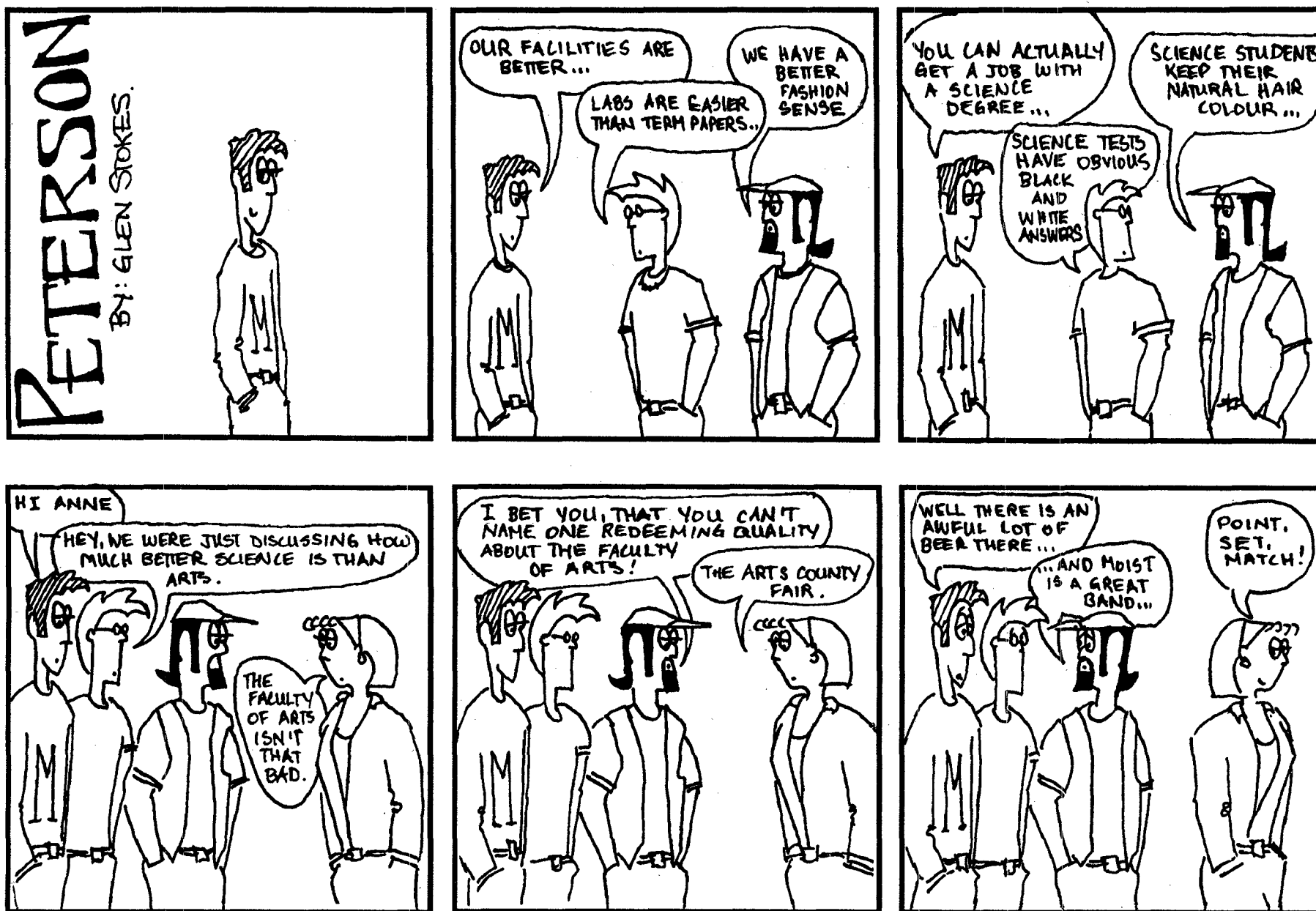
## SyberVille

- W<sup>3</sup> Publications
- Personal homepages
- Business advertising
- Composition and storage services.
- Free updates • No transfer charges
- Businesses/Organizations \$10/mth

Students: \$5/mth

store of up to 1MB of your creation.

<http://www.xmission.com/~seer>



Editor's Note: Although yes, the Arts County Fair can be a lot of fun, this cartoon shouldn't be interpreted as official support for the Fair or any activities of the Arts Undergrad Society. In fact, we think Glen probably accepted a bribe to draw this bit of advertising, and we're considering pressing charges. And just for the sake of balance, we'll be sure to bash Arts twice as much as normal to compensate.

## Grasping at straws.



Leona Adams

I AM BEING MET with an interesting dilemma: I increasingly desire to keep writing, but the proverbial well has gone dry. A variety of reasons have been suggested as to why this is, everything from a waste of creative energies venting on my fellow man (sorry you know who you are) to old age to my friends becoming more boring. Coke-induced central neuropathy has even been suggested, but I'd rather not discuss it until a settlement has been resolved.

Not to say that you'd be able to tell if there were any environment-related brain damage anyway. My brain is just a tad quirky. It has recently been brought to my attention that I read things strangely. I don't think it falls under the current categorization of dyslexia, but considering that the word simply means "bad reading", I imagine Kathie Lee Gifford's autobiography could be encompassed by such a loose definition. Anyhow, I don't know whether it's related to the number of words which my brain perceives at any given time, but suffice it to say, kaka has been known to occur. Last month, during Eating Disorder Awareness Week, I ran across a poster which I thought said: "You too can be thin." What an odd poster to display, thought I, especially considering that I

had just seen a poster advertising a slide presentation on body image. Upon re-reading the poster, I found that the heading actually read: "You can be too thin." Kinda puts a whole different spin on the matter.

Another quirk I've noticed since last year as I was doing my undergrad thesis, and I'm trying somewhat successfully to keep a secret from my current supervisor. My brain has a certain saturation point of information intake. When this threshold is reached, it wires down to my ears and says "OK, that's it. You can keep listening if you want, but I'm not writing it down." This situation has the irritating habit of presenting itself as I am trying to take notes in a lecture or receiving critical instructions or, often worse, directions. If I notice in time, usually I try to get the person to take a break briefly. If you've ever noticed that I tend to interrupt at seemingly inopportune times, this might clear things up. Sometimes, in lectures, I fight the desire to tune out. Unfortunately, neurotransmitters are then released, putting me to sleep.

My brain also thrives on its uniqueness. While other people tend to improve with practice, I tend to come out of the gate, guns blazing, and get about a 100 metres or so before falling flat on my face. Take bowling, for example. A couple weeks ago, I went 5-pin bowling with some friends. The first game, I got 160, someone else got about 120, and the others were under

a hundred. The second game, two were in the 120s, one was at about 90, and I was about 60. I think I may have seen too many Sprite commercials (Dance to the beat of your own drummer! Be non-conformist! (Look like an idiot!) Drink Sprite!)

There are occasions when my brain will respond to the call of reason. Last week, for example, as I was walking back from lunch, I ran into Tom Arnold. Not Robin Williams, who has been seen by everyone else in the Lower Mainland except me, or someone else for whom I have respect, for example, but Tom Arnold. There was this small corner of my brain which said, "Wow! He's famous! Go talk to him!!" And I probably would have listened, too, were it not for the angel perched on my other shoulder. She said, "Leona, we have watched a fair percentage of the episodes of "Roseanne". We have seen about ten minutes each of each of this man's sitcoms. We have watched him in "True Lies". Did you enjoy that?"

"Well, no," I answered sheepishly.

"Do you like this man?"

"No."

"Do you have any respect for him at all as a human being?"

"No."

"Then don't talk to him."

"But he's famous."

About this time, my conscience gave up and went for coffee.

Just when I'm getting down on myself, I think about other people, and I don't feel so bad. In my lab, there is another grad student from Tanzania who's about 3 inches shorter and about 50 pounds lighter than I. For some reason, certain people who work in our building have this irritating habit of referring to me by her name, and vice versa. The only thing we have in common is our hairstyle and the colour of our skin. It's strange, at least I think so: if I can keep identical twins straight, I think they should be able to tell the difference between people as different as ... well, the old Oprah and the new Oprah.

On the subject of race, I always find it interesting when people use expressions like, "I ran into this girl like you the other day." Girl like me? Five-foot-six? Master's student? Marginally attracted to Brad Pitt (hey, I'm not following the trend, I liked him way back before the Legends of the What-have-you)? So, upon pressing them, you get expressions like African-Canadian. Listen. If F.W. DeKlerk immigrated here, he'd be African-Canadian. I, on the other hand, am just black. As those of you I've managed to corner and expound upon already know, I think political correctness is a load of ... hooie. I'd rather have the evil I know than the evil I don't any day of the week. Why do you think I'm still living on campus?

# John gets *really* bitter.

I WAS SITTING IN SUS, plucking the eyes out of a still kicking squirrel, when some one came up to me and asked me if I were bitter about something. I don't like to be disturbed.



**John Hallett**

Ten minutes later, I was sitting in SUS, plucking the eyes out of a still kicking curious bastard, when a nice man with yellow strips on his legs came up and didn't ask me if I were bitter about something.

I'm not going to tell you what happened because I am rather terribly embarrassed about the whole incident, especially the man with the rubber gloves. I will, however, give you a clue: I'm writing this with chalk because *They* think pencils are too sharp.

Life sucks. It really does. No matter how many good things happen to you in your life, there will always be an equal number of completely rotten things just waiting around the corner to ruin your day... week... month... year... oh, what the heck... life.

"Why am I so bitter?" you ask. Let me explain: <WARNING: What is about to follow is a personal theory of

John's. We've never published anything this bizarre before and frankly, don't know what to expect.>

## John's Theory on Bad Luck

### Assumptions:

1) Misery is finite.

*Translation:* There is only so much shit to go around.

2) Everyone can expect a certain level of woe based upon assumption 1.

*Translation:* All this shit is roughly spread around even.

3) There exists a standard deviation from the normal amount of depression one must endure.

*Translation:* Everybody gets about the same amount of shit.

### Conclusion:

If a person should take more than their share of bad luck, the rest of the world will benefit as a whole because (by #1 and #2) the finite amount of misery has been depleted by more than a single person's average share

(#3).

*Translation:* Since I take so much shit, there's less shit for you to deal with.

This puts a silver lining on bad luck, and should theoretically make the world a better place. Unless, of course, some *unnamed* person has been taking way more than their fair load of shit for a long time. Then this nice thought becomes a little... empty. I have come to the conclusion that I, being the black hole of misery I am, have allowed more than one mass murderer to roam the streets free due to astonishingly good luck. In fact, I think this adequately explains New York City.

What to do about this problem? Well, I could just off myself and do the world (well, at least lower Manhattan) a great favour... nahhhhh. I've been dealt enough shit in my life to justify taking me and rest of my shit to over one hundred years of age

just so my minions of death can roam the surface of the Earth distributing payback for all the shit the world's seen fit to generously lather upon me.

Amen.

Then again... I might not wind up taking more than my share after all. Maybe I just have to live a really rotten decade or two in order to wallow in luxury the rest of my life. If that's the case, I'll be reaching the top of the hill at about 21.

So, if my luck doesn't turn around, I'll know what level of hell I get to put the world through for the rest of my life. If my luck does turn around, the world is safe and I'll be sending *The* 432 postcards from Tahiti for the explicit purpose of taunting all of you. I just love being in charge of something this big.

Just so you know, I fully intend to show favouritism in the distribution of my wrath. I'll start accepting bribes immediately.

## Crossword II: The Crossword Returns

## CLUES

### Across

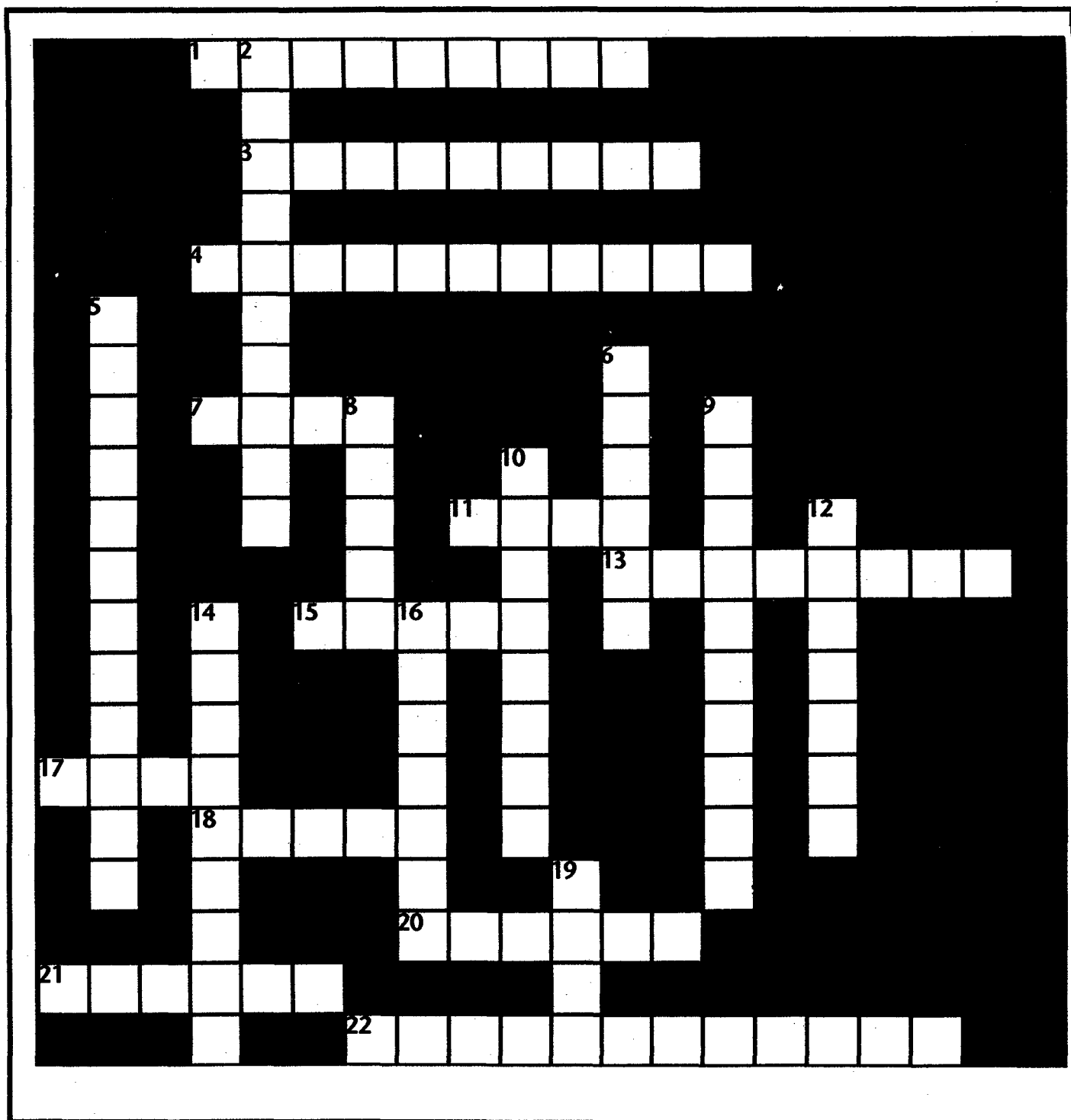
1. Opposite of green-blue
3. Located at the end of the rainbow
4. Opposite of green-yellow
7. Lights out
11. The colour of limes
13. A lucky...
15. Opposite of 7
17. Castle in the homeland
18. The colour of olives
20. Skinhead rocker
- a
22. Reason so many Irish immigrants came to Canada

### Down

2. Lucky little person
5. Kiss it for luck
6. Colour of the forest
8. Colour of the army
9. Colour of the ocean
10. Colour of a sweet spice
12. The homeland
14. ... the Irish (saying)
16. The only beer to drink
19. French

And the theme is:

**St Patrick's Day**





# My first time.

You never forget your first time. I remember mine. I didn't want to do it, but she was irresistible.

It was difficult, but got easier. And then it was over. I guess I was a bit young, but what the heck? Made me feel superior to my friends for years. Nothing like experience.

She showed me diagrams to help me improve. She told me about the shaft, about control and acceleration. Eventually I became quite the little expert. I had to get past the 'turning on' part, but once that bridge was crossed it was all downhill. It was the timing that was off: push, twist, pump. Then release before you shoot forward too fast, or worse: flood the chamber! I never got it right. I'm just glad there was no damage.

Naturally, I had to keep this a secret. My mother would have blown a gasket if she ever found out about my little 'after school project'. Mothers can be so protective. I remember her warning me about the fast ones. That's how I learned about protecting myself. (If I don't nobody else will) I'm religious about it, despite the fact that I hate the feeling of being confined: restricted. The price you pay for peace of mind.

My dad taught me the down and dirty stuff. All that uncomfortable fidgeting, looking at the shoes, giggling. Dad was a mess.

"Lubrication, son. That's the key. Always make sure you've got enough. You know how to check to see if there's enough, don't you son?" I said I did. I didn't. She showed me how. She told me about which lubricants were best for my needs. She told me about friction.

She told me about taking it slow. Watching what I was doing. Using mirrors. What to do if you've had an

accident, or if you smell something suspicious. Or that if you get drowsy that you should stop get out and go for a walk, rather than risk falling asleep at the helm.

I remember seeing my first in a magazine. (Centerfold!) I had the picture up in my locker at school, salivating at it every day. Now was my chance to live my dream. My chance to be a man.



**Graeme Kennedy**

"Can I go all the way, now?" I asked. "Yes," she answered, "you can drive me home."

Seriously, though. Learning to drive is a real chore. I have spent many a relationship trying to teach my respective other to drive. I have cultivated respect for driving instructors.

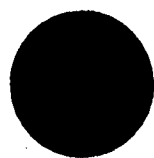
I recall a particularly challenging young lady. She was a little scatterbrained to begin with, and I probably shouldn't have been too confident but there we were in the Cap College parking lot. Not a car in sight. Except ours. Duh.

We practiced inching forward for an hour or so (much to the detriment of one clutch), and I figured she was ready to try actual acceleration. Sipping on my super-big-gulp, I directed her to 'step on it'.

Okay, so now we were nose down in a ditch. I'm covered in pop and more than a little cheezed. I ask her sit on the rear bumper to try to weigh down the back wheel and get traction to back out. In the back of my mind I guess I thought about what could happen if I accelerated too quickly with a woman on the hatchback, but I didn't really believe it would work. It was nice while it lasted.

**To all Science Clubs:  
Blurbs for the Guide '95 are  
now being accepted**

## Eye Test.



**square?**

**circle?**



**Draw an arrow to the correct shape.**

## Review of the UBC Library

A committee chaired by Lynn Smith, Dean of the Faculty of Law, has been established to conduct a review of the UBC Library system. The last review of the Library was conducted in 1988. The committee's terms of references are:

- To examine the operation of the University Library and its role in support of the University's mission
- To comment on the accountability and the overall effectiveness of the Library's staff and its organizational structure
- To identify the Library's strengths, and also any opportunities which the Committee perceives for improving its programs, its relationships with both internal and external organizations, and for better utilizations of the financial and other resources assigned to the Library.
- To examine the Library's strategic plans for dealing with technology, space, collections, access, services, and staff.

The committee will welcome written submissions from individuals or groups. Submissions should be received no later than April 14, 1995 and should be addressed to:

Byron Hender  
Secretary, Library Review Committee  
Office of the Vice President, Student & Academic Services  
124-6328 Memorial Road  
Vancouver BC V6T 1Z1  
fax 822-8194 e-mail [hender@unixg.ubc.ca](mailto:hender@unixg.ubc.ca)

**NEXT  
DEAD  
LINE**

**Monday  
March 20  
4:32pm**

**Last issue!**

# The New Campus Heroes!

## ArtsBoy<sup>TM</sup>

### Major Strengths:

Able to recite ancient German epic poetry from memory.  
Capable of flipping a gazillion burgers in the blink of an eye.  
Smokes anything, but doesn't inhale.  
Overcomes logical thinking with his brute stupidity.

### Major Weaknesses:

Actually dumber than toast. Can be easily duped into falling for any villain's evil plot.  
Grammar.  
Lack of opposable thumbs makes handling tools difficult.

### Battle Cry:

"Huh?"

### Alter Ego:

None. ArtsBoy<sup>TM</sup>, along with the rest of the Arts<sup>TM</sup> clan can easily be recognized in a crowd.

### Current Mission:

To prolong graduation as long as possible, by stacking his transcript full of first year Arts courses. Expected to complete this mission by 2003, or later if job prospects do not improve.



## elPrez<sup>TM</sup>

### Major Strengths:

Can adopt a resolution to form a committee to investigate the possibility of drafting an policy for *any* circumstance.  
Speaks a completely unintelligible tongue, useful for secret communications.  
Dagger at the ready, and Teflon<sup>TM</sup> armour surgically inserted in the dorsal region.

### Major Weaknesses:

Thinks the rest of the population supports his/her policies when actually the vast majority doesn't realize elPrez<sup>TM</sup> even exists.  
Incapable of action without a notarized copy of all current rules and regulations.  
Bribes.

### Battle Cry:

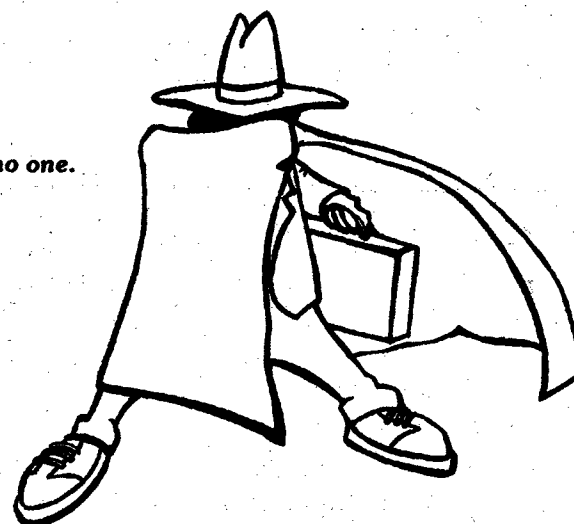
"To the Empire!"

### Alter Ego:

Unknown. Trust no one.

### Current Mission:

To infiltrate major student governments across Canada, spreading chaos by making wholesale changes and firing staff.



## Granolan<sup>TM</sup>

### Major Strengths:

Willing to sacrifice its personal freedom to save the nesting sites of the Amazonian white-footed pygmy goat  
Nutritious and filling.  
Can smell a logger from 200 paces.  
Contains a fun prize in every box!

### Major Weaknesses:

Various hair dyes are reducing its average intelligence.  
If soaked, will turn into a mound of goo.  
General lack of knowledge to back up its poorly-conceived, eco-Communist dogma.

### Battle Cry:

"Save the...<insert anything here>!"

### Alter Ego:

Greenpeace organizers or UVic students.

### Current Mission:

To infiltrate major student governments across Canada, spreading chaos by making wholesale changes and firing staff.



## ScienceGeek<sup>TM</sup>

### Major Strengths:

Can calculate the exact rate of acceleration of a falling body heading directly for ScienceGeek<sup>TM</sup>'s head.  
Carries a pocket calculation powerful enough to control the entire US military-industrial complex.  
Immune to most organic solvents.

### Major Weaknesses:

Freezes solid in presence of opposite sex.  
Totally blind without appropriate corrective lenses.  
Confuses easily by references to literature, poetry, languages, or anything else not directly related to British humour.

### Battle Cry:

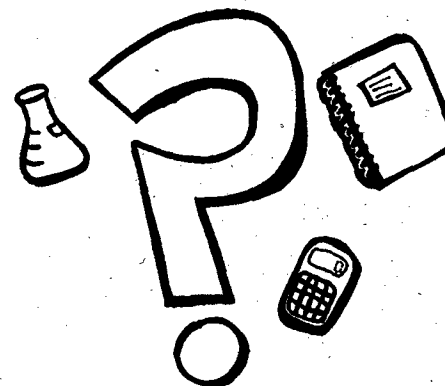
"Pi to the e!"

### Alter Ego:

It could be you.

### Current Mission:

To study, study, study and complete an double Honours degree in the least time possible.



Clip and save these valuable trading cards! Also available: the SUB Action Adventure Set (comes with moveable action figures!)

Next week: The Villains. Set of four includes The Dean, and the Real World!

# Predictions of the Future.

## The 432 Great Armageddon™.

During the renovations at Scarfe, workers stumbled across a leather bound book sealed into the old foundations. Amazingly enough, the book appears to contain Nostradamus' lost predictions covering the imminent apocalypse.

1) And the day shall arrive when we will see the coincidence of the shoes of platform with the hair of the shag. And that this will be considered attractive. And all shall suffer thus.

2) And that all fashions will happen simultaneously-together-at-the-same-time-concurrently-equitemporally. Like. And all of mankind shall be confused by it.

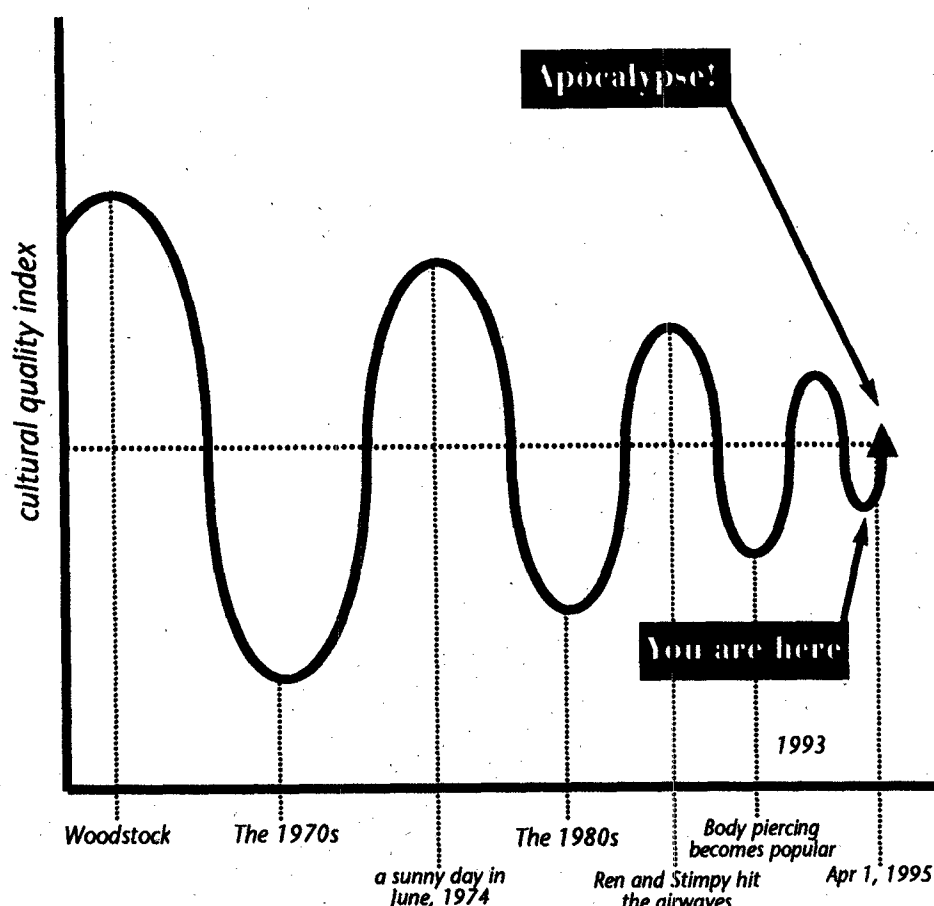
3) And that a time will come when all styles of the retro will coincide with the styles themselves, and this is the first sign of the Apolcalypse.

4) And that the second sign of the Apocalypse shall be riders upon pale horses numbering four. First shall come the horse of Music, ridden by the George Boy. Second, the horse of Fashion, ridden by Len. E. Kravitus. Next, the horse of Taste, directed by the Olive Stone, and finally shall come the horse of Literature, commanded by King Stephen.

5) And the third sign shall be the arrival of the Beast. It shall be known by the number which it bears upon its flanks, that number being four hundred and thirty-two. Produced by alchemists, it is truly profane. Flee for your lives when you see this evil, and believe not what the Beast sayeth, for it will suck you into its web of lies.

6) Oh, by the way, Graeme, your keys are under your sofa cushion.

7) The Canucks in '94.



The 60s was the Decade Thought Forgot.

The 70s was the Decade Taste Forgot.

The 80s was the Decade Talent Forgot.

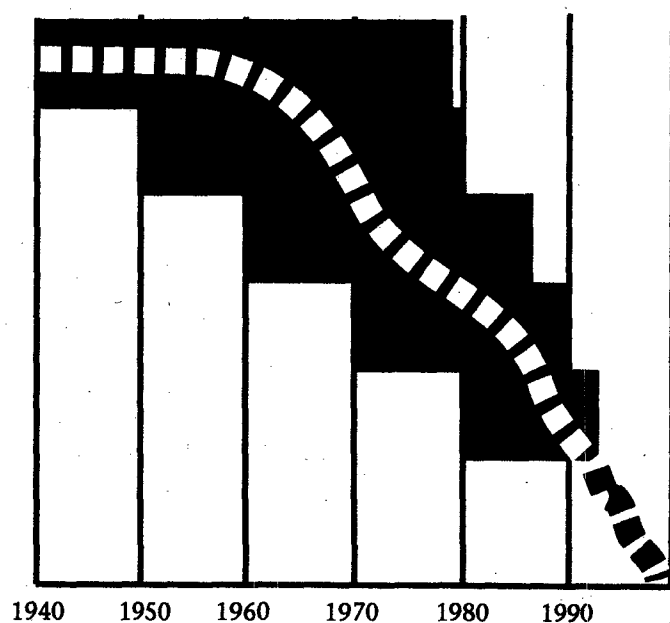
The 90s was the Decade I'll Try To Forget.

Last week I witnessed K-Tel selling The Best Of The Eighties. this album included an endless supply of hits produced in this decade, and I was appalled to recognize the vast majority. I was more embarrassed to have known the words. I was mostly embarrassed to have picked up the phone.

Among the talent hosted on this CD were Duran Duran, The Fixx, and other favourites from my youth. Why, I thought, it seemed like only yesterday...

Wait a minute, it was yesterday. We're only five years into the decade and the last decade has become a classic? When did the 70s stop being the good old days? When did this happen? How did this happen? Did this happen?

There's the trick! The 70s are still retro, coinciding with the 80s! Observe:



This is an unprecedented disaster. We can foresee a scenario developing in which all retro styles will coincide, leaving no room for new fashion, and in which there is no distinction between current taste and retro. We can expect it to evolve in certain identifiable localities first. New York is such a location. Observe the behaviour of people in this city and you see what the coincidence of styles heralds: the end of civilization as we know it.

Now, on the other hand, that's what they said about The Thompson Twins.

The problem is further complicated at the point of conversion (calculated to take place next month or so) by the fact that time will invert. Beyond this point, fashion will *begin* as a retro-style, and then become the fashion later. Bizarre.

## Horoscopes

The 432 Psychic Connection presents the following horoscopes for the week of March 13, 1994

**ARIES** (March 21 - April 19). You will buy a lottery ticket and get the numbers 11 and 21 correct. You will run over your neighbour's cat and blame it on a FedEx courier van.

**TAURUS** (April 20 - May 20). Love waits at the corner of Hastings and Fraser, tell her "Guido" sent you and you'll save \$50. You will put your back out for some mysterious reason that I can't quite isolate.

**GEMINI** (May 21 - June 21). You don't want to know. Trust me. I'll say just this: avoid things with an overall pointy motif.

**CANCER** (June 22 - July 22). Your mother will call at 11:05pm, so arrange to be out of the room to avoid explaining where your loan payments are. You will find a lump during your daily self-examination.

**LEO** (July 23 - August 22). The probation officer won't buy the story about the alien abduction. Try saying you we're under hynosis instead, it will buy you valuable time that can be used to stab him (a Gemini) to death and flee to Panama.

**VIRGO** (August 23 - September 22). You will both excel and fail utterly in academia today. To make it sporting, I won't tell you which subjects.

**LIBRA** (September 23 - October 23). I foresee you meeting with some one about six feet tall, possibly less. I can't make out what you're talking about or even if you're talking at all. However, there is a spatula involved, I think.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 - November 21). You will have a bad hair day. Don't fight it or you will make it worse and miss math. Two parts aren't so bad, anyway. Fashion-wise, you're setting major trends today, too bad it's all belittled by your hair.

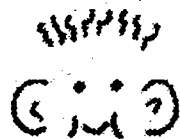
**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 - December 21). Your sexual prowess is at an all-time high, unfortunately, you must endure it alone. Go to the pharmacy, buy a tub of vaseline, and spend some quality time at home with Dan Rather.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 - January 19). Your messiah complex flares up and you spend the majority of the afternoon wandering around downtown slapping people on the forehead saying "I release you from this bondage."

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 - February 18). You will wake up, go to class, take notes, come home and go to sleep. In fact, this day will be pretty much like all of your previous ones: boring. You'd be better off to kill yourself now.

**PISCES** (February 19 - March 20). I'm too tired for this prediction stuff. How about: "Things are looking up." I'm going home.

# The Meaning of Jay's Existence.



**Jay  
Garcia**

It's always 'round this time of year when I wonder why I'm still in Science. Usually this is because, most nights, you normally can find me hunched over a text book into the wee hours of the morning, eyes red and bleary, with far too much caffeine in me, pondering how in the hell you calculate a parametric curve, all the while muttering about just how many neutrinos can dance on the head of a pin — or is that how many pins can dance on the head of an angel?

By the time I get to this stage my mind has congealed so much that it has the constituency of cold oatmeal (the Quaker Oats kind, not the Superstore generic choice variety. If my mind ever turned into generic choice oatmeal it would be running out my ears). When I'm positive that I can no longer absorb any kind of drivel concerning Riemann sums and indices of refraction, it's probably about the right time for me to turn to study my arts subjects.

Arts. Now, there's a sore point. As Kevan Dettlebach once put it, the arts side is "faster, easier, less hours per week and no labs." The thought of no labs should set any science student (or at least any science student in Physics 102) salivating. Faster? Easier? You bloody well bet. Time for a quick flashback.

December 20th, 1994. The day of my Anthropology final, held in the far boondocks of Osbourne gym. It was a drizzly day (like when isn't it a drizzly day in Vancouver?) and I was halfway to the gym when the skies opened up. A deluge of biblical proportions, or at least of biblical proportions as depicted by the immortal Cecil B. DeMil, soaked me completely from head to toe, forcing me to take my final in an incredibly damp state.

What has this got to do with arts? With the exception of Anthropology, most arts students had finished their exams weeks before. The Arts One program, of which two friends of mine are participants, is particularly guilty of this, as most of them had been done by the seventh of that month. To all of you, I offer a friendly raspberry. *Thbpppppppppppppppppt!*

Now, you're wondering, isn't Anthropology an Arts subject, and didn't arts students get drenched along with you? Nay, I declare, nay! Courses such as anthropology fulfill the humanities requirement of any science degree, so a large majority of the people who take such classes are actually science students! Ha! Vindicated!

So why am I in science anyway? Why do I put up with hydrochloric acid stains on my shirts, or high-voltage electrocution, or long lectures in large rooms with really bad overhead lighting, or really loud stereo systems blaring out a weird fusion of country music and techno?

(Sorry. That last one doesn't have a lot to do with Science. It's just one of my many pet peeves.)

But I honestly don't know why I'm

in Science. Maybe it's got something to do with my fascination of bright flashes and loud explosions. Maybe it's because I hope to make my mark, by making the world a better place through science. Or maybe it's because, in grades 11 and 12 I took far more science courses than arts courses, and am therefore stuck in this track for the rest of my life.

Ah, well. As Dettlebach also said: "Once you start down the Arts path,

forever will it dominate your resume." At least I won't be a waiter for the rest of my life.

(Ed. Well, this article clinches it. This paper has obviously undergone a generational shift, and the young fellers are taking over. Ya see, when Jay starts to quote Kevan... well that's the true indication we're all getting old and gray. Sigh. I can't believe I'm one of the old guys now. Why, I remember da day I walked into the office, young, naive and ready to help...)

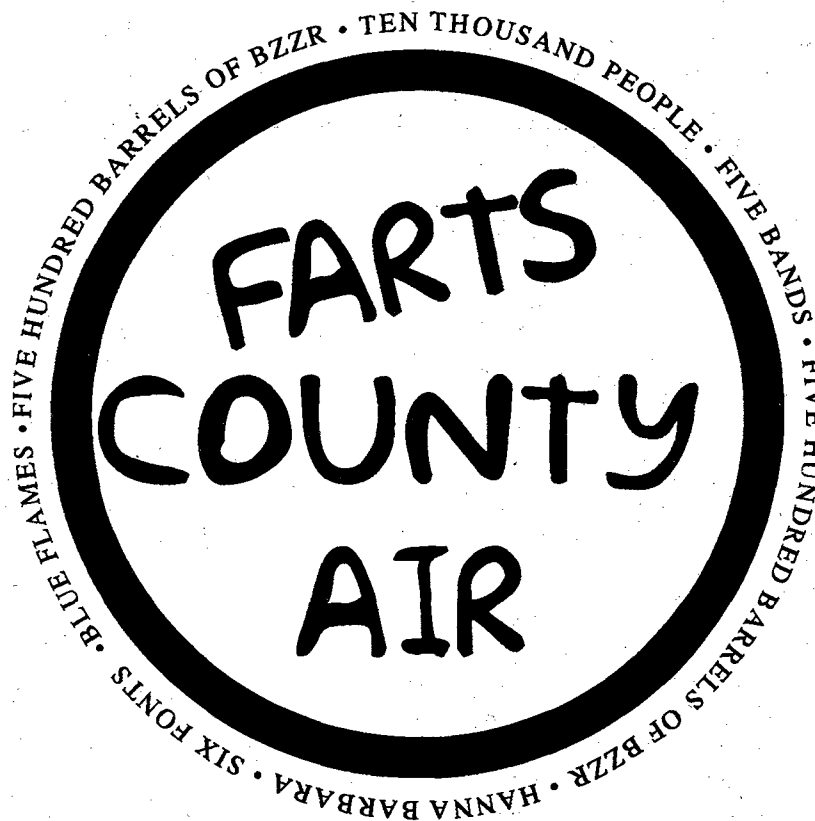
## Thunderbird Stadium – Last Day of Flatulence

(Noon until 8 pm April 1st, 1995)

33,000,000 ml

X or Y% /vol.

# Fourth Annual



**an extra Special bean**

100% Natural Ingredients - All of Your Farty Friends, A Bevy of Beans, Bountiful Chili and Beverages, Free-Flowing Psychedelic Fun, Major Groovin' Methane, a Plethora of People, Rubber Band Running, and more...

**BREWED RIGHT FOR YOU BY THE STUDENTS OF THE FARTS UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY  
POINT GREY, VANCOUVER, B.C., CANADA**

**More Misinformation Coming Soon...**



# The Statistics of Being Weird.

Elaine Wong  
Columnist

Do you ever get people telling you that you're weird? I'm not really weird, or course. It's just that everyone in my department isn't exactly in line with the norm. I'm a statistics major. *<sounds of boos and gasps from the audience>* No, stats, does not belong in Commerce, and yes, it is a department of science.

Unfortunately, all of my Arts-type friends constantly tell me I'm the strangest person they have ever met. Of course, they've never met other stats people. Let me give you some examples.

It's a dark and stormy night. Our heroine, Elaine, is sitting in the stats lab, at about 9pm one night. The air is

thick with tension – you could cut it with a knife. The room is silent. I was struggling through yet another pointless stats lab, when *<pause for dramatic effect>*...

...the guy next to me began singing silly commercial jingles. "Oscar Meyer Wieners..." Constantly. Over and over and over. And when I say singling, I don't mean humming. I mean opera-style, breaking into song, *loud*.

Unfortunately, Mr Wiener wasn't quite as irritating as the guy two terminals away, busy doing calculations with S-Plus and snorting out Beavis and Butthead imitations. "Snort. Snort. It sucks. Snort."

Hey, I don't have anything against Beavis and Butthead. It's not perhaps the most intellectually stimulating show I've ever seen, but hey... I've got a soft spot for things with the average intelligence of a moss-covered stump.

Now, if this wasn't bad enough, some *^^&)%\$* across the room was playing with the volume and pitch of the beeping thing on the computer. Beep. *Beeeeeep*. Beep. *Bee-eeep*. Beep. The silly jackass then moved onto his rendition of "Stars and Stripes Forever."

Remember, this was all fairly typical for a night in the lab. At least the tap-dancing panda bear decided to stay at home.

A few minutes later, while everyone was continuing their various performances, and I was beginning to consider demonstrating the artistry of a mass killing, a heart-piercing scream shattered the air. It came from the women's washrooms, and thoughts of trouble flashed across my mind. Mr. Wiener stopped his singing for about 30 seconds to nudge me to go find out what happened.

I pushed open the door, to find a girl wailing and screaming. As, I rushed to her side, she screamed "I dropped my homework in the toilet", presumably in Cantonese, since that's what she translated in to English a few seconds later.

While someone else helped her fish paper out of the toilet bowl, I returned to the lab to report the good news to the rest of the room.

Everyone burst into laughter. "How could she do that?" asked one person. "What was she doing, studying while standing over the toilet!?"

Good point, I thought, as I started to hum along to the general merriment.

*"...food, folks and fun..."* Caught.

I'm not weird. I'm not. I'm not.

I'm just a normal statistics major.

Same difference, you ask?

## Who's smarter – me or my fish?

Michelle McLeod  
Columnist

It's the same thing every night. I come home from school. My cat Luna is sitting on the counter. I tell her to get down. She doesn't. When I finally give up in disgust, then she jumps down. She goes to the refrigerator. I go to the refrigerator. She sits so close to the door that when I open it her face makes an imprint. She careens over to her food dish and manages to land right under the food as it falls into her dish, leading to two hours of cleaning(her, not me) until every bit of Kal-Can is out of her ears. She eats. I eat. We study.

The ritual has gone on five days a week, oh, say, fifty weeks a year, for a few years. That's roughly a thousand times. Is it too much to ask that some day she would greet me at the door, and then wait by her dish for, oh, 16 seconds or so???

One day, after the one thousandth and one round, I took a long look at my cat. I was going off to school. She was going off to nap. I was already frantic about a million details for the day. She had been staring into a void for a half an hour. "You know, Luna," I said, "You are either really smart or really stupid." What is it that they say about humans having the inane ability to state the obvious? I checked. Yup. Human.

I decided to find out whether the house cat is really the aloof, mysterious being that I always perceive it to be, or whether it is just some fur covered mobile meat loaf that has become that perfect sycophant.

When asked "How smart is a cat?", animal behaviorist Catrina Herringbone, cat expert at the Washington headquarters of the Humane Society said "A cat is very good at being a cat. Does it better than anyone else." 'Nuff said. To put it simply, if you asked your cat to play

chess, it would look pretty stupid, but if it asked you to climb a tree, leap into a rain gutter, and catch a sparrow in mid-flight, you wouldn't look so swift yourself.

We have to realize, though, that we, with our three pound brain and 100 trillion neurons are trying to figure out a critter with a two ounce, 10 billion neuron brain. Even if Luna grew to my size, she'd still only have one third of a human's brain size. Probably just enough to wonder why I pee in her water bowl.

"On a cerebral chart, a cat falls between a gerbil and a marmoset," one neurologist says, "aside from that, I can't tell you how smart he is." Don'cha just love science? Come to think of it, that's probably where the brain size of most of our politicians lies. Try and get a research grant for that investigation.

Although many people don't believe it can be done, there are cats who can be taught tricks. The problem is attention span. When they reach the end of theirs they will inevitably look up at you with that look which effectively means "Screw you, buddy, I'm going over there to stare into space for a while. Wake me if you see one of those little fuzzy moving things. Then we'll talk."

When I come home tonight, Luna will probably sit on the kitchen counter, face plant the fridge, and be the target for pet food warfare. But she's only a cat.

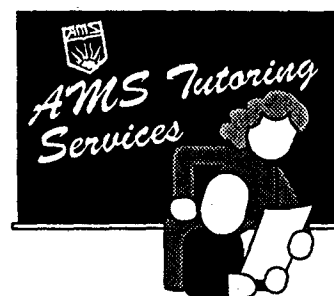
I taught Luna to play chess. I showed my friend.

"See," I said, "Now I can beat an entire species."

"Yeah," he said "but it's not fair if they lick the pieces!"

Anybody got an extra rook?

Just wondrin'.



## FREE 1<sup>ST</sup> YEAR TUTORING

AMS Tutoring Services is offering free drop-in tutoring in 1st. year subjects:

- Math
- Chemistry
- Biology
- Economics
- Physics
- English (composition)
- French
- Spanish

### SUB Room 205

Mon 6 to 10 pm  
Wed 3 to 5 pm  
Sat 1 to 5 pm

### T O T E M : Shuswap Lounge

Tue 7 to 10 pm  
Thu 7 to 10 pm  
Sun 7 to 10 pm

For more information call 822-8724 or drop by the AMS Tutoring Office in SUB 249D.



AMS Tutoring is an education project of the Alma Mater Society and is partially funded by the Teaching and Learning Enhancement Fund of UBC.

# Pablo's Fish.



**Matt Wiggin**

SINCE the beginning of all time, humanity has searched for love. Perhaps it's the companionship, perhaps it's the need to nurture and care for something. If I ponder this any further, I'm gonna get all philosophical, so I'll go on now. Whatever the reasons, people need to love and feel loved, and while many look for this with other people, others choose instead to own pets. Take for example, the fish. I'm not talking about fish in general, I'm talking about the fish that "Pablo," (a close friend whose name has been changed to protect his anonymity,) has bought over the past year. About six months back, Pablo decided his life was lacking something: intimate relationships. This left two options: find a girlfriend, or buy a pet.

Eventually, the fish won out. This was due to a number of factors. First of all, fish are much easier to come by. If you want a fish, all you have to do is take the bus to the nearest pet store, say "I want that one," and the owner of the pet store scoops it up with a net, throws it in a plastic bag, and you take your new friend home to your aquarium, where you can enjoy countless hours together. Acquiring a girlfriend is not quite so simple. Unless you're much more wealthy than I (or Pablo,) you can't buy a girlfriend. And even if you do, if she's with you for your money, she's just waiting for you to die so she'll get it all.

Now in the conversation department, the two have different pros and cons. In general, fish don't have a whole lot to say, and more often than not, you end up carrying the whole conversation yourself. This can be good or bad, depending on how long winded you are. A definite pro is that a fish will never tear out your vocal chords for saying something stupid. Even if you own a school of piranhas, and happen to stick your face into the tank after telling them you hate them, I can assure you that your need for plastic surgery has nothing to do with their feeling hurt.

Unless you're a real weirdo, the physical side of the relationship is much better with a human than with a fish. It's really quite difficult to get a fish to kiss you, much less with the passion one can expect from a human (um, or so I've heard.) And anyone planning to go to bed with a fish can forget about it. Unless you have one of those rare breeds that can breathe air, your "partner" will just flop around in the sheets for about 2 minutes before dramatically expiring.

It's too easy to forget that sex isn't the only aspect of a relationship however, and the fish certainly do come up big in some other areas. If you're

looking for a low maintenance companion, then the fish is an ideal choice. Not only are they financially cheaper (\$3.50 every three months or so on food, compared to who knows how much,) they demand far less of your time. A fish doesn't mind if you go away for a week and leave it at home, so long as you put one of those little white "food for a week" things in the bottom of the tank.

Finally, if your relationship with your fish becomes stale, you can always flush 'em. There's plenty more where that one came from.

In hindsight, it's a pretty good thing that Pablo chose to have a caring relationship with a fish over a person. Now you must be easy on Pablo when you judge him; he's a mechanical engineer, and the last time he took any schooling in biology was in grade 10 when it was still part of "science." What I'm saying here is that Pablo's on his fourth set of fish now. He's had to live through the loss of eight loved ones; it's probably just as well that he's not in a position that would require taking care of a real person when they're sick. Someone once said "love is where you find it," - for some it's to be found in a kiss, for others, it's in the aquarium...

*Disclaimer: I wrote this article with a fever of 102, and was assisted by assorted drugs. If anything seems strange or insane, please take into account that at one point, I was convinced that the meaning of life was written in the paint on my ceiling, but it was too small to read.*

# For a Good Time, Call Your Dentist.

**Elvis Arnold**

**Columnist**

WHEN MOST people think about having their wisdom teeth removed, they think only of the truly horrendous pain involved. Now, I've had mine removed and I think that everyone should be made aware of just how much fun it actually is.

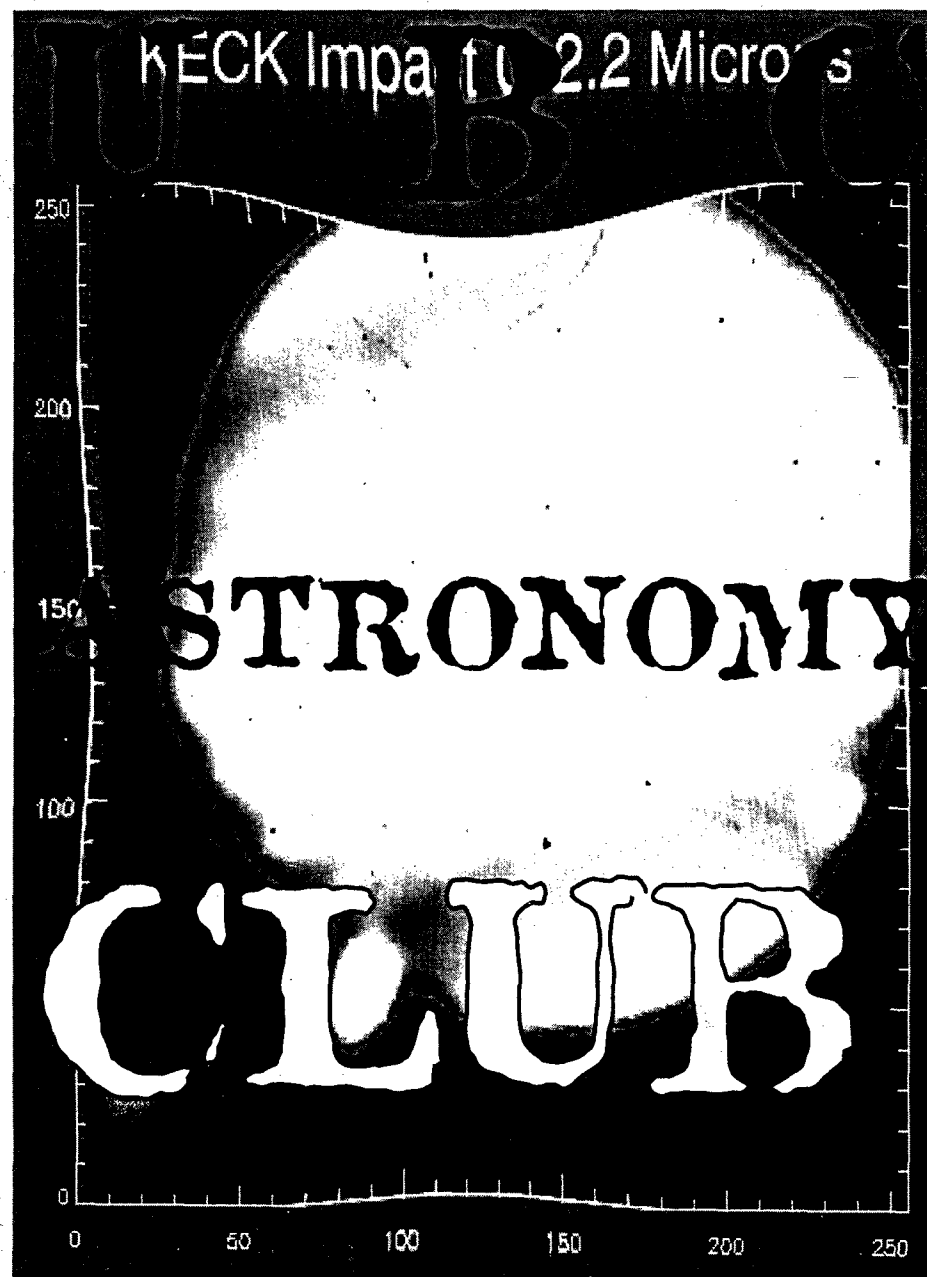
Let me put this into perspective, a year ago I went to my new dentist for a full diagnostic. Among other things, he suggested that my wisdom teeth should be removed. As I'm such a trusting kind of guy, I went along with the idea despite all the horror stories I'd heard. The fun began immediately; they took X-rays of my jaw. I've never laughed so hard in a medical facility in my life! My lower right wisdom tooth was literally going the wrong way. Instead of growing up like all the other nice little teeth, it was trying to grow forward! I think that all my laughing upset the dental technicians, perhaps in the same sort of way that zookeepers might be upset to find all the monkeys lounging around in bathrobes and flossing their teeth (it could happen, you know!).

Anyway, next thing on the list was to decide how best to avoid all this pain that everyone expects. Decisions, decisions: general anaesthetic, local anaesthetic, or a general sedative. I didn't like the first option at all. Male pride/stupidity tells me "it's only pain, what are you so worried about?" Also, being asleep in the presence of people wielding knives and drills bothers me. The second option was out because, in contradiction with my previously mentioned motive, being wide awake in the presence of people wielding knives and drills bothers me. I chose the third option. Do you know what they mean when they say "general sedative"? They mean valium, lots of injected valium! I thought that this was a pretty neat idea.

So the big day arrives and I'm a bit nervous. The first thing they do is put a heart-rate monitor on my thumb. This was a nice, calming gesture, especially the way they quickly said that it was "just in case". Oddly enough, I was fairly nervous and yet this little machine says my heart-rate is in the low 60s.... hmmm. I probably should have paid more attention to that but that's when the valium arrived. Having never been injected with anything of the like before, I found this to be a fascinating procedure. I mentioned this often throughout the surgery and I think that that bothered them as well. They asked me to count backwards from a hundred to see just how conscious I was. I only got about thirty decimal places into my recitation of pi before I just had to comment on the fascinating ceiling tiles above me and the interesting bit of furniture that I was lounging on. I believe that this is when I started to hear the pleasant little whine of small power tools.

Well, the actual removal of teeth was extremely exciting in a quiet, contemplative fashion. It didn't hurt (much) and I said things like "Interesting", "Fine" and "This is really interesting" a lot. Just a short three hours later, it was over and I was being encouraged to get up and go for a quick jog around the block - no, not really. At this point, I would have been thrilled to take the bus home but wiser (and less drugged) heads prevailed and my roommate drove me home.

Overall, I can say that I learned two things from having my teeth removed. First, it's all fun and games until the valium wears off, then there's a significant amount of pain involved. Second, I should be more polite to the next wild-eyed, blood-drooling maniac I meet on public transit. After all, he might have just had his wisdom teeth removed.



# The Mundane Dumpster.

Tracy MacKinnon

## AMS Report

Council meeting of 1 March 1995: When I received the council agenda, it looked like the meeting would be short. A deception. People were appointed to the University, Finance and External Commissions, as well as the appointments of the at-large members of the Code and Policies Advisory Committee. Tamara Bourne is the new Ombudsperson, and Josh Bender is the assistant to the President. Our own Lynn van Rhijn (SUS Director of Finance) was appointed as Vice Chair of the Finance Commission. Council passed a motion sending the Nominating committee in its entirety back to re-interview the applicants for SAC, since the first interview team couldn't reach consensus. As a result, we had to appoint three new members to Nominating committee to ensure that we had enough people for the interview team. Tim Lo, the former Director of Administration, was appointed to the Aquatic Center Management Committee as a community representative. Joe Cheng, the SAC secretary, was appointed as a signing officer for the Society. LOTS and LOTS of appointments!

A formal motion was passed to ensure that if the AUS lost money on the upcoming Arts County Fair the Arts fees for next year would be applied to cover any debts incurred. The AMS has to do this every year because a couple of years ago the Arts County Fair lost about \$40 000, and the Arts representatives on Student Council argued that applying next years fees to the debt would be an unfair burden to future Arts students. Hence, this motion goes through every year as a precaution.

And maybe at this point you thought that nothing that occurs at AMS Council meetings is relevant to you...the Gallery Lounge's place in the new SUB was discussed. In the SUB renovations plans, there is no Gallery Lounge. This is because it is said to not make enough money per square foot for a commercial operation, but many council members argued that the Gallery Lounge served as a unique place for social gatherings and was important for students regardless of whether it made as large a profit as some of our other commercial businesses. It does, however, provide close to \$100 000 in student wages per year and while most people I know might not have utilized Speakeasy, or Volunteer Services and Orientations, most have grabbed a beer at the Gallery Lounge. This matter was referred to AMS Commercial Services Planning Group and it will be reported back to council within the month.

I just had a revelation... this will be my last AMS report. In the future, Anna Carvalho will be forced to make boring reports that nobody reads (but rest assured Anna, that I'll read the AMS report so you'll have a least one devoted reader).

See you all in Chem 160. I'll be the one looking relaxed on the couch. No more six hour AMS meetings for me. I might even start poking fun at the AMS reports in this paper (sorry Anna, but to make fun of them I'll still have to read them). Signing off...

## Financial Statements

Lynn van Rhijn

### Finance Stuff

Well, here it is, after all this time - the long awaited, much anticipated and unleaked SUS Financial Statment. The rumors that this particular government was unable to balance the 94-95 budget are totally true, however, it may be of some comfort that a deficit was avoided (not that I couldn't do it if I wanted). If it seems that a few of the figures are, how do I say it, mildly squewed, do not be concerned, they are supposed to be like that. I really do have an answer to explain all of this. Honest.

All in all, the spending of SUS is on track, but for a few minor exceptions. I still have money coming in and rest assured, I will be spending more money. All that remains is the presentation of next year's budget. That will be the total and sole responsibility of the new D of F, Deanna Braaksma (congrats, by the way!), who will be taking over the position March 16th. At that time, I will be making my escape, break for it, transition over to the AMS as their new Vice-Chair, Finance Commission. It was my desire to move into a position where I can roll in actual bills instead of the painful coins that fill my Scrooge McDuck swimming pool right now. Ouch.

So it is time for me to say farwell, it's been a blast, and don't worry Blair, I'll be available for your constant verbal abuse at SUB 258. See you there!!!

	year to date	budgeted
<b>revenue</b>		
prior fiscal	6,631.64	4,500.00
fees	44,213.00	45,000.00
misc revenue	100.00	100.00
photocopier revenue	861.85	2,300.00
pop revenue	1,070.30	2,200.00
<b>total revenue</b>	<b>52,876.79</b>	<b>54,100.00</b>
<b>expenses</b>		
telephone	532.71	720.00
office supplies	467.64	800.00
postage	0.00	0.00
misc expenses	2,479.33	600.00
photocopying	0.00	600.00
travel	(742.00)	200.00
promo/ad	0.00	100.00
photocopier expense	2,503.05	3,000.00
open house expense	0.00	450.00
computing	770.14	500.00
public relations	85.50	200.00
elections expense	698.51	800.00
club grants	4,122.89	6,400.00
special projects	1,508.92	1,000.00
pop machine exp.	1,287.77	2,300.00
academic	60.00	750.00
acad. entertain.	522.61	400.00
social - net	4,368.93	3,500.00
scienceweek - net	3,325.24	3,800.00
first year committee	756.31	1,200.00
sus sports	6,000.00	10,000.00
sus publications	14,000.00	8,000.00
the guide	0.00	4,500.00
martin fruaendorf		
bursary	500.00	500.00
<b>expenses total</b>	<b>43,247.55</b>	<b>50,320.00</b>
<b>net surplus</b>	<b>9,629.24</b>	<b>3,780.00</b>

**SPORTS  
REBATES  
ARE DUE  
MARCH 20**

Wide open spaces for easy filler!

# The Art of Brewing Stories.

The only thing better than killing two birds with one stone is killing a whole flock of 'em in one go. I mean this figuratively, of course; I am in fact a big fan of actual birds, and wouldn't want enraged members of the Audubon Society showing up on my doorstep demanding my non-feathered head on a flaming brochette.

For example, one might say to oneself:

1) The weather has been chilly lately. Jesus Murphy, is it cold in here.

2) It's the end of the school year. I have little money.

3) I sure wish I could get rid of all of this massive pile of Labatt's Blue boxes in the basement, to say nothing of all these matches....

And thus is born the Cozy Warm Fire, solving everything. (Of course, there are always alternative solutions, such as the Cozy Warm Job On A Boat To Tahiti or the Cozy Warm Bank Robbery, but the former seemed the least likely to involve either a change of address or intervention from the authorities. Mind you, that does depend greatly on the size of the fire one builds.)

Sadly, there aren't many ideas in this world that can solve several problems at once. They used to think that the Ford Pinto was one such epiphany, but it too went the way of 8-track tapes, supply-side economics and the entire concept of the Bee Gees altogether. However, one has endured that answers these difficult problems:

1) The weather is getting warmer. Soon I will require a cold, refreshing beverage.

2) It's the end of the school year. I have little money.

3) Labatt's Blue tastes like week-old bilge water. Yecchi.

Enter the magic of homebrewing.

Believe it or not, making your own beer is really easy to do. The hard part is trying to figure out exactly how someone cooked up the idea in the first place. Think about this for a minute... about 3000 years ago, local clever guy Mr. Alpha says, "Hey, this grain stuff is hard to eat, and kinda boring in the morning without milk or Yoplait on top... however, if I grind it up before I add the milk, throw in this slimy stuff that makes it puff up, and then bake the whole thing, it makes great clubhouse sandwiches..."

So this guy becomes really famous as the inventor of bread, changes his name to Mr. Wonder and lands numerous Greek-tragedy script deals as a result. Down the street, his neighbor Mr. Beta says, "Oh yeah? Well, I can take that same grain and boil it and make soup! Pretty neat, huh?"



**Roger Watts**

Needless to say, this prototypical barley soup didn't quite catch on until several years later, when other plants and bits of cow were added to spice it up a bit. So the barley soup gets set aside while Mr. Beta gets on with his next great idea of devising videotapes that are smaller and give sharper pictures than VHS.

Meanwhile, the slimy stuff that made the bread rise finds its way into the barley soup. It sits around for a couple of weeks, eating all of the natural sugars in the grain and producing a byproduct that would later be known as ethanol (or "liquid courage", depending on the circles in which one travels). And so one day, Mr. Beta's entertaining some friends and says, "Oh, this? This is my new soup. Here, try a bit..." and the rest is history.

Granted, the beermaking process has, through various refinements, become slightly more complex, but the principle remains the same.

The big thing to keep in mind is to keep everything really clean. Benefiting from the knowledge of basic microbiology, we can now take precautions to ensure that the yeast is the only thing growing in flourishing in your beer. Fear not for your life, though; there are no known pathogens that can survive in beer, but they can actually make your beer taste worse than Labatt's Blue. (On no account make beer in your bathtub, as I've heard has been done. Gawd.)

Not only is beermaking easy, it's cheap. To illustrate this, consider the amount of money required to buy the necessary equipment and enough ingredients for your first two batches of beer (good for about 12 cases). If you made this beer and never used the equipment again, you would still only have spent the same amount that would have been required to buy 12 cases of commercially-produced beer; that is, it pays for itself after only two batches. After that, it gets really cheap - about \$30 for a six-case batch.

And once you get good at it, you can make all sorts of exotic concoctions - remember, anything with sugar in it can be turned into alcohol. This includes fruits, honey and other goodies that can make for some truly original and thoroughly yummy beer.

So why not give it a whirl? It's a neat thing to get into, and, well... the rewards speak for themselves.

PS - If you happen to live in Totem Park, Ryan McCuaig and I will be giving a presentation on homebrewing later this month. Please contact friendly Totem advisor Craig Walker for details.

## President

• Tracy MacKinnon  
Y 203 N 17 spoils 72

## Internal Vice President

James Li 48  
Jay Garcia 52  
Michelle McLeod 44  
• Ali Behmard 99  
Orin Del Vecchio 24  
spoils 25

## Director of Sports

• Nareeta Lal  
Y 186 N 26 spoils 80

## Director of Publications

• Blair McDonald  
Y 205 N 17 spoils 70

## Director of Finance

• Deanna Braaksma 190  
Selena Billesberger 56  
spoils 46

## Public Relations Officer

Guy Davis 71  
• Anna Carvalho 151  
spoils 70

## External Vice President

• Bella Carvalho 163  
Ali Sadeghi 100  
spoils 29

## Executive Secretary

• Tessa Moon 119  
Dianna Kyles 95  
Fahreen Dossa 41  
spoils 37

## Social Coordinator

• Matt Wiggin 153  
Donatella Ciampi 69  
spoils 70

# SUS Executive Election Results.

