The Official Newspaper of the Eighth Annual Arts County Fair

Full-out War "Imminent" in Kosovo.

In a dramatic break from tradition, *The 432* is pre-empting our fake story on 54•40 breaking up, and will instead report on late-breaking events in Kosovo. The following news story is taken from a REUTERS source.

Monday, March 22
Athens, Greece

The situation in the Balkans dramatically escalated late Thursday night. In an attempt to widen the theatre of combat, Serbia launched a ground offensive against Macedonia and the 24,000 NATO troops stationed there. At this time, reports coming out of Macedonia are sketchy, but some indicate that chemical weapons have been used by Serbian troops against both NATO troops and the 250,000 Ethnic Albanian Refugees seeking shelter in the former Yugoslav republic. One anonymous NATO source described both military and civilian casualties as "catastrophic. Beyond imagination."

Greece immediately came to the aid of the NATO troops, sending 12,000 of its own armed forces into the troubled region. The Turkish government, seeing an opportunity unrivaled since the Second World War, reacted by air-dropping paratroopers onto the island of Cypress, proclaiming it to be Turkish territory. The island of Cypress has been the focus of much tension between Greece and Turkey, and the cause of several armed conflicts since the 1950s.

Because of the increased military traffic in the area, several neutral UN observers have reported coming under fire by military aircraft in the melee. No doubt this is one of the effects the Serbs had hoped to cause.

A Russian reconnaissance frigate in the Adriatic Sea also reports coming under fire from an unknown aircraft. Accusations that it was a NATO plane have yet to be confirmed or denied by NATO sources. Russian military command have activated their armed forces, recalling some 300,000 reserve troops. Moscow has also requested permission from the Turkish government to send 20 more military vessels through Turkish water en route to the Adriatic Sea. The Turkish government has approved the request.

> **"US retaliation [to chemical war] will be swift... and nuclear."**
> -US President Bill Clinton

In keeping with the United States' long-standing anti-biological and chemical weapons stance, American President Bill Clinton threatened that if Serbia again used chemical weapons in the Macedonian theatre, US retaliation would be both "swift, and nuclear." Clinton went on to say that "the nations of NATO cannot continue to simply stand by while dictators and fascists such as Slobodan Milosevic continue to use weapons of mass destruction with impunity. Mr. Milosevic, these actions can not and will not be tolerated in a civilised world. You will be punished."

Russian President Boris Yeltsin responded to President Clinton's stance, stating that "Mr. Clinton's policy of using weapons of mass destruction as a deterrent to nations considering using weapons of mass destruction simply does not make sense. Russia will not stand idly by while America attacks the innocent bystanders in Serbia. If a nuclear strike occurs against Serbia, a similar strike can be expected against Washington."

After hearing President Yeltsin's statement, Clinton remained firm in his resolve to use nuclear weapons as a deterrent in the Balkans.

The first to suffer in this new offensive are undoubtedly the Ethnic Albanians currently fleeing Kosovo. The stream of refugees coming out of Kosovo slowed to a trickle early Friday morning. What few refugees who did appear in the neighbouring states told tales of "ethnic cleansing" taking a terrible turn. Albanians are now being systematically executed, rather then deported.

UNICEF had not verified this statement as of press time.

Serbian invasions of neighbouring countries.

Dramatic Re-enactment.

E-Coli and You: Study says ACF "high risk"

Thursday, April 8
Point Grey, BC

Enjoy that hamburger at the fair, but watch out for death causing bacteria, warns a recent study from Health Canada.

"Undercooked hamburger is at significantly more risk of E-Coli contamination than other beef products," stated Health Canada Researcher Alice Samples, "Most E-Coli resides on the surface of the beef, and can be spread throughout the meat during grinding, increasing the risk of infection."

This risk is magnified at open air fairs such as the Arts County Fair, where the emphasis during food preparation is on speed and efficiency rather than on maintaining health standards.

"To properly kill all E-Coli resident in beef, the meat should be cooked to a bare minimum 160 degrees fahrenheit for 10-15 minutes, verified by a meat thermometer," continues Samples, "obviously this kind of diligence is not observed at venues such as the ACF, where outdoor grills rarely even reach 160 degrees fahrenheit, and patties never stay on the grill more than a minute before being served to a drunk fair-goer."

So, how do you know if you've been poisoned while enjoying the fair? Symptoms of fatal-level E-Coli poisoning may include:

- Mild abdominal cramping
- Mild nausea
- Paranoia
- Dry throat sometimes accompanied by hacking cough
- Loss of coordination
- Excessive urination (indicative of the onset of kidney failure)

If you, or anyone who know, exhibits these symptoms, seek medical help as soon as possible.

Riding the Skin Boat to Tuna Town.

Jake Gray

Seeing as this is most likely my last ever article for the 432 I would like to take this space to list all the people I hate.

Craig Temple, John Hallett, Andy Martin, Shirin Foroutan, Ryan Marshall, Jesse Sims, Jiuliano Giusti, Sidney Chiu, Gildo Giusti, Josh Douglas, Sean Rollo, Amanda Seymour, Aarne Hamalainen, Adrian Mitchell, Alex Varju, Angela Ho, Anna Carvalho, Bella Carvalho, Corrie Baldwin, Doug Belazney, Dave Belazney, Don Nash, Johan Thortan, Frenchy Maftei, Henry Wong, Ian Neville, Jeremy Thorp, Jeffry Steinbok, John Fournier, Kathryn Murray, Kirby Sands, Michael Boetzkis, Phil Ledwith, Roman Kaminski, Scott MacLachlan, Taryn Iker, Marianne Bach, Mike Inwood, Jake MacKinley, Bree Baxter, Karen Sonik, Neena Sonik, Sara Stamm, Lisa Blackshaw, Sheldon Tay, Jenn Gardy, Jagmeet Dost, PKU (the Pumpkin King), Reka Sztopa, Marcin Delecki, Keri Gammon, Jamie Withers, Marianne Adamec, Winko Wu, Duncan McHugh, Jaisun Garcha, Amir Baradaran, Kevin MacDonald, Sarah Galashan, Sally Tourani, Horny Pam, Ryan Davies, Vivian Hoffman, Jennie Chen, David Borrins, Every member of the Canadian Campus Crusade for Christ, Jan-Carlo Villarante Garcia, Allison Dunnett, Owen Chan, Graham Senft, Jonothan Fast, Bev Marlo, Erin Kaiser, Chris Gouranski, Nathan Allen, Desmond, Bernie Peets, Paramjeet Rai, Tim Ambler, Nardwuar, Tina Ciao, Sandra Matsuyama, The Malchiks, Speedbump, Flannel Jimmy, Moz, Aaron Adamack, Natalie York, Sameer Wahid, The Pizza delivery guy from Panagopoulus, Matt Wiggin, And that guy from the Deli.

May you all rot in the fetid stench of your pitiful lives. Terribly sorry if I missed any boot licking sacks of crap, but don't worry, I probably hate you too.

I would like to take the rest of my space to write a brief synopsis of my most memorable moments at U.B.C.

First Year- I don't have any memorable moments from first year because:

a. my memory doesn't go back that far.

b. I snowboarded 83 days that season. I didn't spend much time at school.

Second Year-

1. I pleged a fraternity. Those were the drunkest few weeks of my life.

2. I entered SUS for the first time, met John, Jer, Frenchy, and Mikey. Those were the drunkest few weeks of my life.

3. For the first time I get to the roof of an academic building. A new pastime is born.

4. Start writing for the 432. I breach the controversial subjects of religion, aids, gays and marriage, abortion, euthanasia, brit pop and diarrhea. Receive first death threat.

5. Learn how to withdraw from classes within two weeks of final exams. Result, I don't fail out.

6. The end of the year rolled around and I came up with the brilliant idea of burying a keg at Arts Country Fair. The scam goes off without a hitch until I get so drunk I can't see and beat some random guy up.

Third Year-

1. Move into the fraternity house. Those were the drunkest few weeks of my life.

2. Nearly fail out, move home for second term. Marks skyrocket.

3. Run for AMS president under the Radical Beer Faction. Refer to my opponents as "Fart-sucking Helium Boy" and "That Fat Cow". Lose by very large margin, but get my money back for a very drunk week's worth of beer. Realize I will continue to be active in Student politics.

4. Remembering the fiasco from the year before, I decide not to bury a keg. I fill red bell peppers with Ceasers. Hilarity ensues.

Fourth Year-

1. Declare my major based on taking the fewest classes to graduate. Animal Biology it is.

2. Ran for Vice-president of the AMS under the radical beer-faction. Lose by a large margin.

3. Ran for and won the position of Public Relations Officer of the Science Undergraduate Society.

4. Get drunk in my first AMS meeting. Accuse the council of hiring people to make the Inside UBC just because they were women. They were men.

Fifth Year-

1. Realize I've been very silly in agreeing to run for the position of Public Relations Officer.

2. Ran for Vice-president of the AMS under the RBF. Co-members of the slate include the Pylon, a traffic cone running for Director of Finance. Lose by very large margin. Get my money back.

3. Run the Class Act Campaign. Chew my finger tips off.

4.Graduate ??????

Well, its been a slice. So long and thanks for all the fish. If you don't get that line read a book you ignorant sack of crap.

Well, Jake, we're all going to miss you... hey, wait a second! Just where the hell do you think you're going? Didn't you read the contract? You're here for life!

-ed.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, CHUNKS IS MY DOG

Editorial. Deal with it.

John Hallett

Well, this is our first issue back in the driver's seat, and to continue with the analogy, we haven't been drinking so it should be a safe issue (we have, however, been hitting the PCP really hard, so watch out, pedestrians. Okay, that made no sense...)

Anyway, as is our editorial wont, we can rant on and on about what ever we so desire (and use the Royal We!) and we will. Okay, screw the we thing, that was getting a little annoying. Anyway, I have a lot of stuff to spew on about, so let's get at it.

AMS Elections

Once again, the slumbering Apathetic Party took the polls with a stunning 90% turn-out. For those of you who either don't know what apathy is or don't have a dictionary nearby, this means that 90% of you schmucks didn't bother to dirty your Library cards and vote (yes, they mark your card when you vote). I know the standard defenses: "I was too busy," "I didn't know who was running," or "It's not like it matters, anyway." To these I reply, in order, "Get off your f—ing ass. It only takes one f—ing minute to vote," "Look at the bloody posters. See the pictures, those are the people, see the vague promises, those are the platforms. This ain't rocket science, people," and "Yes, it does matter. Just look at the ripe collection of Pulitzer Prize winning yutzes we elected this year. For Christ's sake, the Radical Beer Faction almost got into office with a policy of bankrupting the AMS within 100 days."

Voting ain't rocket science, people. The only thing that you have to be wary about is politicians promising stuff that the either do not have the power to deliver, or simply don't exist. (Like Scott Morishita's 1997 promise to repeal a non-existant 40% tuition hike. Pretty clever marketing, eh?)

The Underground

I have to admit it, *The Underground* has made some significant strides since my first term as Editor of *The 432*. It is no longer a disjointed stream of semi-conscience babble loosely linked together by bad layout and militant squirrels sodomizing other rodents at random, being published on a schedule that only a perma-stoned Artsie could call regular. Some of this has been corrected. Kudos.

There are, however, a few lingering details. Let's review. 1) You *can* bash Science and Engineering. Just make sure that you do two things: a) Don't rely on said bashing for a significant portion of your paper's humour each issue, every issue and b) don't limit said bashing to the clever and timeless placement of an '=' between 'Science' and 'Losers.'

2) Take a piece of technical advice: join the non-acid dropping world and use a serifed font for your body (serifed fonts are the ones with the little 'ticks' at the ends of the lines in a letter like 'l'). Non-serifed fonts are fine for titles, but look butt-ugly for a body font. Look at any newspaper. Look at their main font. It isn't Helvetica (quite possibly the world's ugliest font, Groening excused).

Yes, I am telling you how to run your paper.

One more thing. The latest issue of The Underground featured a photograph of the editor in a scantily clad outfit. If *The Underground* continues on this trend, I will have little choice but to respond by squeezing my 6'1", 275lb hairy frame into a size 10 bikini for a photo-shoot. Don't think I won't do it, and I'll at least have the common decency to take my top off.

Yugoslavia

Nuke 'em all. Thank you.

The French

I've pretty much had it with those filthy, diseased-ridden, lice-bearing, child-molesting, leg-humping, cheese-eating, cigarette-smoking, wine-guzzling, nude-sunbathing, cow-feltching frogs. Phew. Just wanted to see how many non-expletive insults I could throw in a single sentence. 12. Cool, new record.

You

Yes, you. You are a lazy, two-bit, do-nothing apathetic couch slob with little or no drive and even less sex appeal. See? You've been noticed by some one in authority! Doesn't that do something for your self-esteem?

The 432

For only the second time in its 12 year history, *The 432* will have a separate Editor and Director of Publications. The D of P, Breeonne Baxter will be overseeing my work and generally making sure that I don't screw up as badly as I did during my reign of terror during the 10th Volume.

Look for new writers, new cartoonists, less feltching, and lots of general mayhem from this here rag. The first issue of the ominously named Volume 13 should be on newstands sometime in early September. Watch for it.

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April 8th, 1999
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Writers and cartoonists from all faculties are encouraged to submit material to *The 432*.

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ACF Word Game.

So apparently I'm supposed to put together an article recounting past Arts County Fair memories to amuse you all, but asking me to recount what happened at Arts County Fair is like asking Pol Pot if he has any explanation for that big pit of dead people in his backyard - he just stands there looking smug, refusing to divulge anything.

Everything I know about last year's ACF has been pieced together from other people's accounts, as even though I was there, I honestly can't recall more than about 30 seconds of the whole day. This seems to be a common problem, so next time someone asks you what you did at the ACF, you can put together a reasonably good story by peppering it with sentences constructed from the following formula:

"At last year's ACF, _1_ got so __2__that _1_ __3__ on __4__."

Blank #1 should be filled with a name or some personal pronoun, like "I," "she," "Jay Garcia," or "the rabbit that lives up my bum." *(the last two are the one and same -ed.)*

Blank #2 should be filled in with some state of mind. Obvious choices include "drunk," "stoned," "overstimulated," "anesthetized," or "concerned about the socioeconomic crisis currently faced by Lower Kerblakastan."

Blank #3 should be filled in with a humorous verb. I stress the need for humor here. Verbs like "passed out" or "threw up" are pretty common. Try for "peed" or "pulled a pressed ham".

Blank #4 gets another noun. Try to make it believable.

Although someone could easily believe that last year the rabbit that lives up your bum got so over stimulated it peed on your beer, they're probably not going to believe them when you say it peed on Bob Dole. Unless in the lead-up to your story you included the phrase "We dropped a lot of acid and then..." And if that's the case, can I sit with you at this year's ACF?

I'm sure elsewhere in this paper there's gonna be a list of tips for the ACF-goer, but I have a few suggestions.

1. If you're gonna do a lot of drugs, take a buddy with you when you go to the bathroom. A friend of mine was taking a very stoned piss last year when suddenly the horrible thought that "I might not actually be at the Pee Wall" ran through his mind. A buddy can help you avoid this situation, and if you choose to use a port-a-potty, they can hold you so you don't fall in the hole.

2. Tie a string to your wrist. To part of the string, tie your beer mug. Tie the end of the string to something solid near where you're sitting. Make sure the string is long enough that you can walk to the beer line or your peeing locale of choice without running out. You may also want to tie your friends onto the line.

3. Write your address on your hand in permanent felt.

4. Stay out of Craig Temple's way when he decides to run down the hill. You know that thing they do in Japan where a bunch of men ride a huge log down a big muddy hill and a bunch of people get crushed and maimed? Replace "log" with "Craig Temple" and remove the riding Japanese men (or not) and you have an idea of last year's carnage.

Have a good time this year, and try not to puke on your clothes.

Miss Jenn's plans for a sober ACF will be derailed when she unexpectedly and unwillingly consumes roughly 8 grams of musrooms at roughly 10am. Roughly.

No, you can't have any.

-ed.

Fun Things to do When You're Bored, Part II

Get 5 white board markers. Take off the caps. Put one in each ear, each nostril, and one in your mouth. Complain loudly to friend about being unable to break your substance addiction. When they ask, say coffee.

Douse yourself in rum. Attend lectures as normal. Act embarrassed when questioned about your smell, explaining that you have a rare skin disorder. Bonus points for slurring.

Fill up a 500 ml Coke bottle with 10w30 motor oil. Wait by the vending machine for the Coke guy. Slip it into his box of full Cokes while he is distracted.

Go to a Jehovah's Witness church and proclaim that now that God has set up the stage, 20,000 new seats are available in Heaven and are going fast.

Go to the aquarium carrying a tackle box and casting rod.

Sneak into an elementary school at recess. See how many kindergarten classes you can attend before being kicked out.

Dress up in all black. Staple a piece of paper to a baseball hat that says "Porn Patrol." Go to Koerner library and haul off a random person as noisily as possible.

Collect "Bridge Out" signs.

Get a large cardboard box, a stick, and some string. Set up an animal trap by using the stick to hold the inverted box up on one edge and tying the string to the stick so you can pull the stick out from afar. Place a ten dollar bill under the box. When someone takes the bait, pull the string and sprint towards them with a large fishing net.

Buy the largest pair of underpants that you can find. Run them up the pole to half-mast.

Get a job walking neighbourhood dogs. When you have a good group (20 or so), attend a lecture. Bring a pooper scooper.

Paint strips down the back of campus squirrels.

Paint the exterior of a car on an old oven box. Cut arm and head holes. Wear the box and make car noises everywhere you go. Be sure to signal.

Go to the public use computer labs in Main Library. Add common misspellings like 'teh' and 'att' to the spell checker.

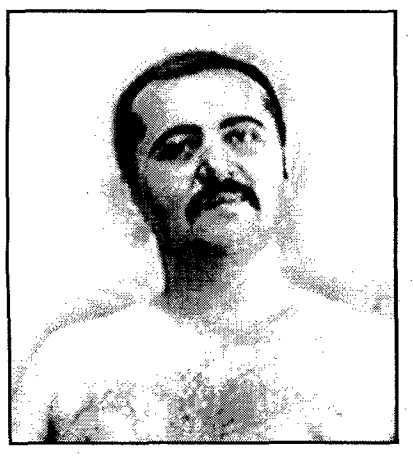
Get rink side seats at a Canucks game. Bring a bag of pucks and a whistle.

Official Apology

The 432 would like to offer an official apology to Mike Inwood, whose pager and home phone number (609-1445 and 221-5222 respectively) were published as part of our Dumb-Assed Easy Contest #5, along with a challenge to page him as much as possible in order to obtain Arts County Fair tickets (the contest is over, put down the phone).

We're sorry, Mike. We're really, really sorry. Everyone who called you is sorry. Everyone who didn't call you is sorry.

If you called Mike and would like to apologize in person, visit him in Gage Residence, apartment number N13D. He sleeps during the day, so come calling after 2am.



In unrelated news, Craig Temple won our Dumb-Assed Easy Contest #5, and may come collect his prize in Chem B160.

Official Arts County Fair Narcotic Dosage Chart

In order to keep freaky bad trips to a minimum, the AUS has authorised The 432 to publish this handy guide to safe open air concert drug dosages. These dosages have been calculated for the unique atmosphere of an open air fair and may appear strange to regular users. However, the data that these numbers are based is sound, so please trust this chart. Thank you.

Drug	Recommended Dosage
Psilocybin (magic mushrooms)	Five grams is a good start. The crowded atmosphere of the ACF will prevent you from noticing dosages under 4 grams. Whatever you do, don't take more than 15 grams without also taking LSD to offset the affects.
LSD (acid)	When taking LSD for the first time, it is important to take the right amount. Ignore friends advising you that one 'hit' will be enough. Go directly for the liquid stuff and consume at least 10 ml. Remember: it cannot hurt you.
Marijuana (pot, weed, ganja, skunk, Conrad Black)	Virtually everyone at the fair will be toking the reefer. You want to be different, you want to quickly down two or three of Uncle John's Ganja Fun Brownies. The recipe is quite simple, just add 1-2 ounces of cut, fresh, weed to a standard Betty Crocker brownie batch. Enjoy.

Making Diamonds.

Keri Gammon
musical genius!

Life in residence... It's being woken up at 2 in the morning when your floormates come home, nicely tuned up, with their catches of the week. It's being woken up at 8 am the next morning by the same people who are still drunk and ready for another day of consumption. But my biggest complaint, aside from the drunkenness, aside from hairballs in the showers, aside from the infinite fire alarms and even aside from the attention that our floor lounge has been attracting from the Centre for Disease Control, my biggest complaint is having to hear the stereos of other people.

At any given moment, there is some ignorant bastard who has her stereo cranked up to a level surpassing the threshold of pain. Is it ever good music that comes flooding through the walls/windows/doors? No. No, it's absolute shit. Here's a big one-digit salute to those of you who play that perverse song "Too Close" by Next, on endless repeat. You'll get a similar greeting from me if you happen to disturb my sleep/ studying/quality time with my boyfriend/ procrastination with any crap that is Mariah Carey, N-Sync, 98 Degrees, and so on. Everyone should like what I like, and the world (or at least residence) will be a less violent place.

Instruction #1 - take that latest paycheque, your student loan, or the money your parents had set aside for your brother's rehab, and head to a music store. Instruction #2 - buy the music that Keri likes. Let me share with you what is allowed if you **must** disturb others with your loud music.

Canadians, for the most part, have lots to be proud of when it comes to our contribution to the world of music. I like to refer to it as "our" contribution when I discuss good Canadian music, and a "god damn embarrassment" when referring to garbage. But I'm working on being a more positive person, so I will not discuss my thoughts on the "artists" such as KD Lang, Love Inc.., The Rankin Family and Snow.

I will discuss The Tragically Hip. Their recent concert made me realise that they are still my all-time favourite band, despite the little display called *Phantom Power*. It's growing on me, I admit, but when I first heard it, I asked that million-dollar question - "What the fuck?!" I simply prefer their older stuff, that is all. But I guess it's time to grow with them. *Up to Here*, *Road Apples* and *Fully Completely* are the musical equivalents of Labatt's Blue (~~Labatt's' - good, for all of you Kokanee morons.~~) *(edited to prevent impressionable first years from thinking that Labatt's makes anything approaching good beer. For good reference, see Beer, Shaftebury, and Beer, Russell -ed.).*

Their references to Canadian towns, the 401 (an Ontario highway for those of you unfamiliar with it), the Leafs, Niagara Falls, Millhaven maximum security penal institution ... goosebumps, I tell you. How many Canadian kiddies have experienced camping trips during which they became severely liquored and sat around a campfire, listening to "Wheat Kings"? Lots, that's how many. The Hip put the "trip" in road trip. My aunt went to high school with the band in Kingston, so maybe I feel a certain connection to them. Or maybe I just love 'em because they're so damn Canadian, because Gord Downie is a gorgeous man and the only one to change his hair since 1985, and because their music is more than the sickening love songs that most other bands choose to write. Writing about love and relationships is cool, I guess, but it gets tiring. How about a good song about a prison break, or one about Reaganomics, or a tune about a royal f*ck-up on the part of Canada's judicial system? The Hip are where it's at; that's the take home message.

As for the rest of the good music out there, in my opinion, most of it is Canadian stuff as well. Blue Rodeo are classic; any band who admits to coming up with their best lyrics while getting stoned in an airport bathroom is going to have some great stuff. The Watchmen will always be a favourite as well - "buckle me in on the highway to sin". I'm game. The Philosopher Kings are also up there on the list of music which meets with my approval, but I attribute a good portion of that to their lead singer's sexiness. There are so many more, like the Wild Strawberries, Holly Cole, the Ladies, Moist (David Usher? If you're reading my column, please listen to me - stop with the solo stuff) and the ACF headliners, 54-40. I would also like to put in a plug for Moxy Früvous, one of the last of the truly "fun" bands. Cutesy, humourous songs about video stores, Canadian authors, spiderman and Rush Limbaugh - listen to this band. I promise that they will make you smile, regardless of how depressing your miserable little existence may be.

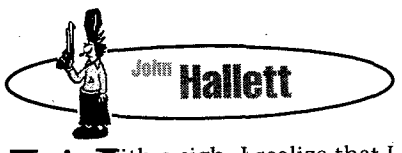
Finally, I have to admit that rap and hip hop have made their way into my collection *(further proving that Keri is, indeed, the living incarnation of Satan -ed.)*. I began to actually enjoy the stuff during first year, and upon my return to Ontario for the summer, my friends back home tried to beat it of out me. I mean literally beat it out of me. Many a night we would be in someone's car coming home from any one of our fine drinking establishments in Windsor, ON, and I would politely ask if we could listen to some Busta Rhymes or Missy Elliot. That was it. The car was pulled over into a deserted Taco Bell parking lot and I was dragged from the car and brutally assaulted by my so-called-friends clad in their bar attire (twinkie pants and little tank tops). Maybe it was a funny sight to passers-by (me being assaulted, not my friends in bar attire) but it was a little uncool for me. But when I'm back out west where my tastes are accepted, I can listen to Foxy Brown without locking my door at night.

TO ALL THIEVES AND SEXUAL DEVIANTS - I am **not** saying that my door remains unlocked at night *(aww... c'mon... -ed.)*; I am just saying that I **could** leave it unlocked without being afraid of being assaulted for my musical tastes.

But for all of you who live in res (especially Totem), your musical tastes are **always** under **my** critical review. The moral of the story? Listen to music that I like, or play your crap at a volume which ensures that I won't hear it. Thank you, and have a great day.

A new writer for The 432, Keri Gammon *has publicly declared her intent to personally govern music selection and consumption country-wide through an elaborate and complex Orwellian scheme involving a surprisingly small number of hamsters. For further information, visit www.hamsterdance.com*
-ed.

Finding Fun with Fibble



With a sigh, I realize that I am at the end of yet another year. ACF looms on the horizon and classes are drawing to a close. You can tell that the end of class is nigh by the method that your prof uses to deliver content. Science profs, realizing that there are only 3 classes left in which to divulge 8 classes of knowledge, jump straight into the lecture and proceed to teach like a gerbil on speed. Arts profs, realizing that there are 3 classes left and that they ran out of material two weeks ago, either cancel classes altogether or spend them reminiscing about the sixties ("...and then I said to Bill, 'you just ate more acid than I've ever seen anyone eat in my life.'")

Anyway, back to my story of self pity and fading memories. You see, this will be my sixth Arts County Fair. Yes, I attended ACF II when I was the tender age of eighteen. Yes, I got drunk. No, I don't remember anything.

I will be graduating this year and leaving this fine institution (except for being dragged back every two weeks to edit this here rag for the first semester next year). I have experienced many fun and cool things in my time at UBC and would like to take this opportunity to impart my (virtually) infinite wisdom onto you young-folk. So here it is, John's list of things to do before you graduate:

1. Spend a night in Totem. Preferably not in your own bed. Preferably not with someone whose name you know.

2. Get drunk regularly. You should try and set up a schedule. Form a club. Go to the Gallery every Tuesday afternoon. Stay until closing. Don't schedule 8:30am Wednesday classes.

3. Reach for the Cone. This warped version of Jeopardy is held every year during E-Week. Go to the Cheese and ask for details.

4. Storm the Wall. Everyone is a frosh until they do this, regardless of how long they've been here.

5. Get tanked. Go to the Cheese and ask for details.

6. Urinate off of the very top of Buchanan tower. Aim for passersby. This is slightly more difficult for women.

7. Audibly snore during a class. Profs are surprisingly tolerant and can come up with some rather entertaining jokes at your expense.

8. Write for The 432. Better yet, edit it. No, this is not a shameless advertisement.

9. Pass out at ACF. Don't worry, for some reason people who pass out on the hill at the ACF come to only 30 minutes later, ready to drink even more. Warning: Once you leave the fair, this rule does not hold.

10. Pick on an artsie, even if you are one. Relate a somewhat funny joke involving a relatively basic scientific fact (like that DNA has four nucleotides, or that using all of your hard drive for virtual memory is a bad thing) After they uncomfortably feign laughter, make light of their ignorance to the entire crowd. Point and laugh.

11. Play in the steam tunnels. These tunnels criss-cross campus just under the surface and transport steam to various buildings for heating. The atmosphere is very creepy and cool. It also pretty much guarantees a lay.

12. Visit the secret third floor of SUB. It really is up there. You have to use that second elevator that you never see running.

13. Sneak into a concert in the SUB ballroom. Get a box of Tuff Cups. Go to the elevator by Blue Chip. Go up. Act important, carry the cups through the kitchen and behind the bar. Voila.

14. Find the mythical Master Key and wreck havoc. Legend has it that ex-UBC President "Diamond" Dave Strangway created a master key for master keys. In theory, this keys opens every door on campus, from the front door of Martha Piper's house to your closet in Totem.

15. Write an exam drunk. You'd think that your brain would work normally, but you'd be surprised how quickly you degrade to writing "What do you do with a drunken sailor..." as the answer for question 5.

16. Fail a course. It keeps your ego in check and teaches you that school isn't everything. Better yet, fail out entirely.

17. Go to Edmonton spontaneously. Get a t-shirt at West Edmonton Mall to remember the trip by.

18. Visit the wind tunnel. UBC has a fully functional wind tunnel that can push air up to 100 miles an hour. Bring a kite.

19. Play with Liquid Nitrogen and Dry Ice. This is cool. It is your right, neigh, it is your solemn duty as a science students to do something as insanely dangerous and stupid as this.

20. Wrap your self in a garbage bag and saran wrap and go to the Gallery with paper hats on your head. (Don't ask)

That's about it, folks. Trust me, you have to do these things. Don't ask why. These are the top twenty things that I feel have made a major contribution to my personality as it stands today. Do them all and be happy. Do half and be content. Do less than half and be a complete loser.

1999 August 25

Give it to us, hard or soft.

(Written submissions on software, art in hardcopy.)

Stories can be about anything, except that Albanian midget. Make the editor laugh at least thrice, or we shoot you.

Deadline is 4:32pm on the date above, to Chem B160, or emailed to Hallett@webct.com

ACF Virgin Girl

Arts County Fair. It's my third year at UBC and I have never been to Arts County Fair. I'm probably going to go this year, so I will have lots of stories to tell you next year. Unfortunately, this would leave a large, gaping space where an article should be. So I shall write about what Arts County Fair and its associated vices mean to me, an ACF virgin.

As Jay puts it, you have ten thousand people, nowhere near enough beer or adequate sanitation facilities, and lots of horny drunks with sunstroke. What are these conditions ripe for? Sex. Sex between drunken strangers and drunken acquaintances *(Woohoo! -ed.)*. Why? Why not? The funny thing about sex is that everybody wants it, everybody has it, and not too many talk about it. I'm going to subtly change topic into a dissection of men and women in relationships.

Men and women are supposed to get together and do whatever raunchy sex game strikes their fancy. It is all due to genetics. Evolution. Millennia of religious and sociological programming. However, after consideration, one wonders why humans can reproduce at all. Men and women don't communicate on the same level. In grade school at recess, girls congregated in little groups to chat and gossip, while boys are tearing around the playground trying to maim and kill each other. Most 17 year old girls can function as adults, while most 17 year old boys are still giving each other wedgies after gym class. At our level (university) we are "supposed" to be at a better understanding and level. Whatever. We still want the same thing. Sex. *(Woohoo! -ed.)*

A theory I have about the religious and societal programming is that if we weren't programmed from birth that we are supposed to cohabitate with a member of the opposite sex, we might end up cohabiting with a member of the same sex. Why? It's just so much easier. How many of us have had roommates? Easy to live with? Yup. There is also that whole sex thing, but I can sense those brains on the first years starting to steam *(except the gay ones -ed.)*, so I will get back to the point.

In the late teen years and early twenties, the sexes have communication problems stemming from completely different thought patterns. Read about these examples, and see if you can relate.

Girl says: "Let's go out for coffee." Girl thought she said, "I like you and you're too dense to figure it out and I'm too shy to say it out loud, so let's have a cup of coffee so I can flirt with you some more." Guy thinks, "I like coffee. She likes coffee. I am thirsty. This is good."

Guy says, "Let's go to the hockey game." Girl thinks. "He doesn't care about me, all he wants to do is watch some stupid sports thing." Guy thought he said, "I like you. I like sports. I want them both together!"

"Let's go out to dinner." Guy thinks, "Burritos, beer and sex." Girl thinks, "Fancy French restaurant, an expensive dress and flowers."

Of course, there are some situations when both male and female are thinking the same thing. "I'm pregnant." Girl thinks, "Oh shit." Guy thinks, "Oh shit."

"The condom broke." Again, "oh shit," is the common response.

As you can see, these problems in communication are only aggravated by men and women continuing to act in totally different manners. If you say you will call someone, then call them and don't assume that they really will call you if they are interested. If you really mean that you would love to have dinner with me, then say so. Honest communication would be a nice tactic. Lying only creates more things you have to remember. Even morons can remember the truth.

Relating back to my Arts County Fair thesis, alcohol makes it much more difficult to remember to lie, and even to recall what you did say if you found enough sober brain cells to lie in the first place. As a side effect, more people have sex when they are drunk *(Woohoo! -ed.)*. I am aware that that premise is not scientifically provable, or even very logical, but please play along. I also know that it is a stereotype. Ditto. One thing you must realize, is that sterotypes all have a base in fact. Therein lies my evidence.

Men and women have strange opinions when it comes to birth control. Men say, "As long as I don't have to think about it, it's great." Women say, "If you don't have it wrapped in a titanium full body condom, you are not touching any orifice of mine." It's a different mindset. Because, no matter what bizarre male implantation techniques produced this week, chicks get pregnant. Guys never really have to worry about morning sickness, or swelling ankles, or the joy of a last-minute episiotomy. Gals won't either, if the condom doesn't break. (Or the pill works, or whatever.)

To conclude, the only reason the sexes interact is because most of us like to have sex with others. Actually, all of us like to have sex with others *(Woohoo! -ed.)*. Most of us are into hetero sex, while some of is have broken the mold, and play for the other team. (I could talk about those who play both sides of the fence, but I am running out of space). Sex is good. Condoms make sex easier in the long run *(and KY makes it easier in the short run -ed.)*. Men and women will forever conflict, except when alcohol is involved, like at Arts County Fair. Have fun this year and pack the latex.

Hmm? Oh, I'm sorry, I was thinking of something else.
-ed.

BY THE WAY...

KERI GAMMON

is the new

Executive Secretary

of the

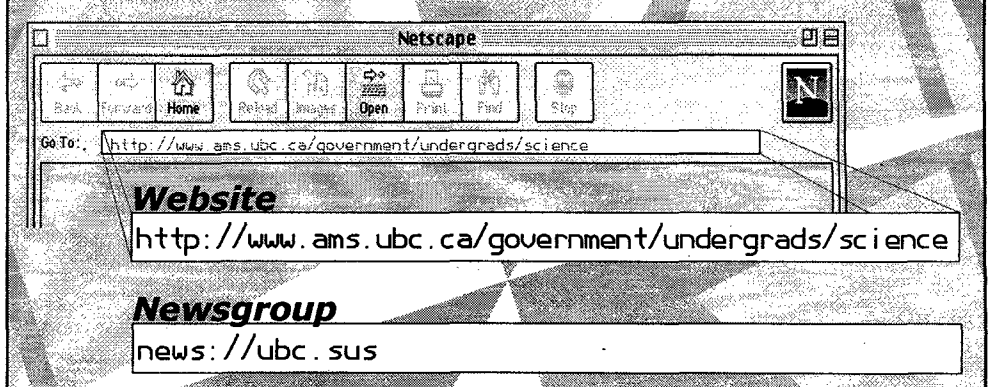
Science Undergraduate Society

And the Poor Taste Joke of the Day is:

If there is an Italian, a Pole, and an Arab in a car, who is driving?

The Police.

The Science Undergraduate Society on the 'Net



Website
http://www.ams.ubc.ca/government/undergrads/science

Newsgroup
news://ubc.sus

Your up-to-the-minute source on Science Undergraduate Society events, activities, information and updates!

Vomitus in Extremus

Jay Garcia

If you take ten thousand people, add lots of repetitive, raucous noise, throw in a few hundred cases of prostration, heatstroke, and mild-to-severe concussions, what do you have? The Tokyo Subway at rush hour? A bomb shelter in Kosovo? A World Cup soccer riot? Nope. You've got Arts County Fair, baby, the largest conglomeration of punks, jocks, stoners, brew-heads, miscreants, left-wing radicals, geeky keener-types and other spawn of this misanthropic cess-pool known far and wide as the University of British Columbia.

Throw in a light dusting of jailbait leaping the barricades from the minors' section, add a smattering of pseudo-medievalish athletic-type activities (for what else can you call sumo wrestling, weird-ass trike races, human velcro jumping, and the odd climbing wall or two), mix in over-crowded porta-potties, a paramedic's tent, three or four ambulances, a few hundred kegs and much, much bruising and concussing, and the resulting carnage resembles nothing so much as the bastard stepchild of a small-town carnival sideshow mated with a particularly bad prison riot. If you arrive early enough, you even get to see the freak show; anyone who recalls those weird stilt-men / interpretive dance people who were the floor event from two Arts County's ago will know what I'm talking about.

To truly appreciate the whirling chaos of the Fair requires an appreciative mixture of both special preparation and semi-formalized ritual. Case in point, the pre-Fair breakfast. Whereas most people will argue against the foolishness of filling up on all those nutritive edibles, thus depriving room for the much more deserving and significantly more anticipated quaffing of many, many mugs of fermented inebriating beverages, I believe that a filling breakfast can only be a good thing as it allows you to stay conscious long enough to actually reach the Fair. Not to mention the fact that it adds color and texture to your vomitous. Plus the food extends the effects of a few hits, prolonging the magic.

The observant amongst you will notice that I haven't said anything about the bands. This is largely due to the salient and delightful effects that alcohol has on one's long- and short-term memories. As they say, it's not a good Arts County Fair if you can remember what you were doing that day. My own memories of the last four years of Arts County are particularly fragmented. I remember the first time that 54•40 came and played; that was nigh unto three years ago and the only reason that I recall this at all is that this evening of Arts County was one of the coldest in recent memory. Either that, or I was shivering from the multiple drenching by the intermittent rain and the depressive effects of many, many beers on my core body temperature. This would be one of the more pleasant ways to experience hypothermia, I would imagine. This was in direct contrast to the warm, balmy semi-summery night that Moist played, well back in the Paleolithic ages of my first year. That was a fun afternoon and a relatively warm night, and thoroughly enjoyable, up until the three-hundred pound drunken bastard thundered down unto me from the top of the hill, causing multiple contusions and severe abrasion (its surprising how rough the sides of those beer kegs can be).

Perhaps the best memory of Arts County would have to be mid-afternoon at last year's Fair. Now that was an afternoon devoted to the worship of fermented potatoes; very few things beat twelve tetrapacks whose fluid contents have been replaced with Stoli and grenadine. Putting things in perspective, there are really two kinds of drunken afternoons. One of them is the kind of afternoon where you spend your time in interesting, if slurred, conversation, trading witty banter back and forth and philosophically expounding on the nature of life, the universe, and everything, with great heaps of smacktalk and double entendre thrown in for good measure. This was not one of those afternoons. This was one of those blurry- and cloudy-vision, hot and cold flashes, vertigo-inducing and ultimately passed-out drunken afternoons. I spent most of the early afternoon passed out, up until the point where I woke up and I had a camera crew positioned above me, filming my unconscious, cruciform self. I have no real recollection about the bands, up until Great Big Sea came on, when I decided that moshing would be a good idea. Now, I'm a big guy, pretty steady on my feet , hard to push over and all that, but I can only liken the situation of being drunk and in a mosh pit to that of a passenger on the Titanic in the sea-tossed weather of The Poseidon Adventure: you're sinking fast, off-balance, and are liable to drown in a tide of frenzied humanity. To my credit, I managed to pull several somewhat smaller girls upright and prevent them from being crushed by the mob; I was feeling mighty heroic up until I fell over and was repetitively trampled. There's nothing so humbling, so ego-deflating, as having a size nine tread stamped in Arts County Fair mud all across your face.

Moshing is probably the most fun you can have at the Fair without getting laid, though no small number of couples manage to achieve some measure of coitus during the course of events. To these people, there's really only two pieces of advice I can give to you. Firstly, if you must have sex, use an appropriate form of protection, and I ain't talking about condoms here. There are always a bunch of looky-loos and deranged perverts who either want to watch or get in on the act. Carry a club and use it liberally. Secondly, if you happy couples are going to be happily coupling, try to avoid the piss wall. I know it's secluded, I know it's one of the few places that you can stretch out and not get trampled, but I doubt that the experience can be all that fulfilling, unless you really truly enjoy third-party watersports.

Personally I'm quite looking forward to this year's ACF. I look forward to the mind-bending inebriation, the massive pharmaceutical consumption, and, oh yeah, 54o40. If this is going to be anything like the last time they played the Fair, I can expect south-easterly breezes bearing heavy clouds with 100% level of Deluge-level precipitation. If you're looking for me, I'll be the big muddy guy rolling down the hill into a pile of beer kegs. Cheers.

Does anybody have any idea what Jay's article was about? Me neither.
-ed.

The White Horse is Last.

-"smelly" johnson, jockey.

Science Sales

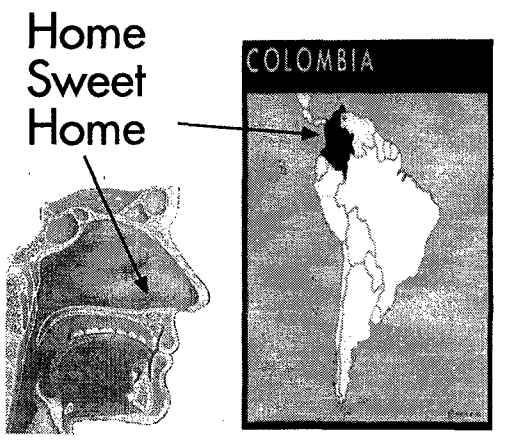
Now available just in time for the end of the year-

-22 0z. Science Beer Steins. $4
-Various T-shirts $12-$14
On the way- Science Sweatshirts and Science Fleeces.

Interested parties should contact Lisa Blackshaw in Chem B160. Good luck.

The Coca Producers' Union of Colombia

The CPUC (Coca Producers Union of Colombia) would like to announce the beginning of their membership drive in the lower mainland.



Those interested in a high paying, exciting, career in the field of botany are encouraged to visit our free information seminar Friday April Ninth 8:30 am. to 10:30 am. in Chemistry B160.

This ad, like many of those in the 432, has been placed for free in hopes of recieving complementary product samples. Woohoo!

The Drawers of SUS™

What's happening in science?

The Drawers of SUS....

your source for science events and science news!!

Keep your eyes on this page

PRO
Jake Gray

Large anal postules popping and dripping infectious pus down the inside of a soft creamy thigh. Yeast infected, green sliming, red swelling, chlamydiased, virus spewing chancres. Swollen appendix oozing squishing dripping goo into the large intestine causing gastroenteritis. Fluid flows into the colon causing large amounts of water to flow into the rectum causing explosive diarhea. Swollen heammorhoids scratched and bleeding. Marinated and barbequed after birth. Used tampon collection festering and dripping semi coagulated menstrual fluid. I don't think I can top that. Who wouldn't hire me?

It is a terrible, terrible shame that I can't edit executive reports.
-ed.

Sports
Sara Stamm

Hi, I'm Sara Stamm, your new Science Sports Representative. I plan to be the best thing that ever happened to UBC sports next year, but please don't hate me if I make mistakes (*which you will -ed.*). I hope to be able to meet any demands that have to do with sports, and be on time and efficient with rebates and such. I have a lot to learn as well, so if you have advice or suggestions, do let me know. I am here for you, I serve you, but remember, I am in control (*and she likes to be on top -dp.*)! Anyways, good luck on your exams, and I'll see you all next year. Have the best summer.

SoCo
Miss Jenn

Welcome to a second glorious year with me as Social Coordinator. This year, I've finally figured out how to do everything, so it should be a very drunk year. For all of you who will be coming back next year, mark the first Wednesday of class on your calendar, as S.U.S presents it's annual "Second Class Bash". I don't like that name, so from now on I'll be referring to it as "The First Chance of the School Year to Throw up on the Floor of an Officially Sanctioned Event". Unlike last year, the whole thing will happen in the S.U.S office. We have an Oktoberfest planned for the 22nd, and the current goal is to make the beer as cheap and as plentiful as possible. Once again we'll be bringing you the finest from Russell Breweries.

I guess I won't be seeing many of you over the summer, so have a really nice time doing whatever it is you do. Play safe, don't put sand in your mouth, and keep a safe distance away from the barbecue when you are lighting it. Especially if the barbecue belongs to John Hallett.

Finance
Alex Varju

Wow, time has flown by very quickly. It seems like just a year ago this job was handed over to me. Oh yeah ... it was a year ago. It's been a good year for SUS, and I've enjoyed the time I spent, whether I could really afford it or not. Between school and a full time job, things have been quite busy for me. But somehow I've still been able to find time for all those late nights in SUS counting change from the pop machine. Overall, SUS should come out ahead of it's projected budget for the year. Try as they might, those other execs didn't manage to spend every last penny. However, honorable mentions do go to Miss Jenn for being the only exec to go way over her budget. The only outstanding issue from this year is grad rebates. Most clubs will be holding (or have already held) grad events this year, and we should have some money to help you out with that. Get your receipts in by September sometime, and Jeff will deal with handing out the money when we actually get it from Grad Class Council. So long for now.

Finance
Jeff Steinbok

Welcome to my first exec report as your Director of Finance for the 99-2K year. As at time of writing I have yet to take over as director of finance. There's really not much of anything I can say about the state of our finances at this point. That said, I'm going to use this space to introduce myself and basically waste some space. I'm a fourth year computer science student and I've been involved *<annoying the people -asst. ed.>* in SUS for the past 4 years. I'm very excited about the way in which SUS seems to be heading. We have a very enthusiastic executive, and our recent executive elections attracted nearly double the voters as last year. The SUS is always looking for people come get involved and help out, so if you're so inclined, come drop by Chem. B160 or you can email me at steinbok@interchange.ubc.ca.

That will be all.

Can I get that in writing? Oh I guess I did. -asst. ed.

Secretary
Keri Gammon

Salutations! My name is Keri Gammon, I'm a second year bio student, and I'm your new executive secretary. What will I do for the SUS and for you? Anything you want. Or at least that's what the SUB bathroom stalls might lead you to believe. Recording minutes of SUS council meetings, sitting on the budget committee, effectively representing science to the AMS council and overall, working with the rest of SUS to ensure that science students are enjoying themselves are all part of my job and objectives for the upcoming year. Visit us in chem B160 and see just how supercalifragilisticexpealidocious your science undergraduate society really is. See you all in September (and at every SUS event, right?) and best of luck on finals!

External
Mandy Seymour

Hi, my name is Amanda (Mandy) Seymour and I'm your new External VP. Just to tell you a bit about myself, I'm going into third year Computer Science next fall and was SUS Internal VP last year. You may have seen me around the Totem Caf this year, trying to keep down the slimy spaghetti. Anyways, as External VP I organize Science Week 2000 and am one of your AMS reps. On to Science events... If you were in the SUB on Wednesday at noon, you may have seen the Science Forum from 12:30 to 2:20. It was a great opportunity for you to ask questions about funding cuts, Science classes, etc. directed at your professors and the Dean. Email me if you have input- it was such a success we might run more next year! (and they will be giving away bzzr to make you come - dp.) Email me your ideas for Science Week 2000 at aseymour@interchange.ubc.ca. See ya!

Internal
Andy Martin

Executive Turnover is on the 8th, during council. I know, one day in front of a.c.f. All old and new exec are asked to bring their livers, as there will be massive amounts of alcohol consumption that night.

Other than that, my job is done. I've got my degree in four years, and still managed some mild drunkenness in that time. God knows where I'll be next year, but I just may come around now and then to remind you that cell phones cause penal shrinkage.

I'll see all of you at ACF, and goddam it, don't punch me in the back ofthe head like last year, or I'm introduce you to my good friend Mr.Smashy. Mr. Smashy doesn't like it when people piss me off, and tends to be a little faster on the draw when I'm drunk.

I love you all. See you in hell.

Internal
Reka Sztopa

I'm Reka Sztopa and I'm your new Internal Vice-President for the 99/2000 school year. Next year I will be a second year general biology student with plans to major in Cell Biology and Genetics and possibly Minor in English. Aside from school, some of my passions include organizing events, counseling at summer camp and dancing. Next year I will be responsible for events such as Meet the Dean at Imagine UBC, the First Year BBQ and the SUS Wine and Cheese. I will also be chairing committees like the First Year Committee and the Academic Committee and will be Elections Commissioner for Science Council Elections.

I encourage everyone interested to become involved with SUS in some way or other. If you have any questions or ideas for next year, I would love to hear from you. Come into SUS and someone will let you now how to get a hold of me. Good luck on exams, have a wonderful summer and see you in the first school year of the next millennium!

Pub
Bree Baxter

As these things go, the 432 this year is going to be rather odd. I'm the Director in charge of Publications, and yet John Hallett is the editor, and Craig Temple is doing the Guide. It's like an immaculate conception: I get blamed and they get to have all the fun. Either way, we still need writers for next year. You have all summer to write funny, intellectual articles for me. Barring that, you have all summer to pretend to be witty and debonair. I may only be the figurehead, but I plan to be a well-informed and attractive figurehead.

You may have noticed a few interesting changes in this issue. The horoscopes are gone. As the one who was forced to write them, all I can say is, "Yay!" The layout of the paper is going to be reworked over this summer, so be prepared for a new and improved 432. Jake, Andy and Jay are going to graduate this year (in theory), so they will have gaping spaces where they used to write. Craig ... Let's not discuss Craig. He's president of SUS (you voted him in) so he may not have time to write for me this year. And now I have my key, so I can relax.

Rock and Roll (Baby!) Part 2

Andy Martin

We join our hero staring at the gates to the fortress Thunderbird. His mission: To infiltrate the compound and corrupt the evil syndicate AUS's master plan, code named Operation: ACF. This scheme to enslave the youth of the University of British Columbia by pulverizing their mental resistance with subsonic subliminal messages then breaking their will by keeping them in unending lines with the promise of alcohol at the end that they will never reach *(uh, Andy, that wasn't a real sentence -ed.)*. This is a critical part of their plan to legalize child pornography, prostitution and gambling as 'art forms' in the great province of British Columbia.

The sun is shining, in the distance, a bastard child cries for the father she will never know, and our hero is stuffing his brassiere with balloons filled with scotch.

"Maybe I shouldn't have worn the underpants as well," our hero, Andy Spade, comments to his sidekick.

"Listen, at least I washed the stains out." remarked Shera, Spade's partner, as she latched up the bra. She was a feisty girl, with a razor wit and a head of red hair that would turn any man to water. Beautiful, charming and effective with a .44, Spade thought he could love her, if he could bring himself to trust any dame, especially after his woman turned him over to the Nazis during Operation: Jizzmagnet. Yes, the torture irons had scarred him, but those scars healed, unlike those that she had given him in his heart.

Disguised in a summer dress with elevator shoes and a Gucci purse, Spade was a walking convoy of hidden alcohol. His gozangas, enough to challenge country music's finest, were scotch. His nicely rounded ass, were cheeks of vodka. His elevator shoes were hollowed out and filled with sambuca. His five foot beehive hairdo concealed a 40 lb bottle of rum. His asthma respirator contained Russell Christmas Ale, which he had been specially preserving for three months now. His insulin, syringes of martini and his lips were injected, not with silicone, but with the contents of two B-52s.

"Well, is that everything?" Spade asked, looking around him for any alcohol he may have missed.

"No, now lets get going" were the only words of encouragement that Shera could muster as they headed off to the gates. Once there, they blended in with the crowd of students, witless as to what was going on around them. Spade couldn't believe the extra weight of the alcohol, but he gritted his teeth and bore the burden. As they approached the gates, Shera produced two bright yellow tickets and handed one to Spade.

"Where did you get these?" Spade asked in amazement.

"From the ticket counter in the Student Union Building, where else, you imbecilic fuckface?" Shera explained

"Shera, you certainly are full of surprises. By the way, this underwear is nearly my size, I didn't think you had such big hips."

"I don't, but my mother does."

"Your moth...!" Facing the guards, Spade shut his mouth quickly. If they heard a man's voice coming from a woman, they would know that something wasn't quite right in Denmark. Spade knew he had to be quiet, or the jig would be up. He handed his ticket to the small girl, who tore it in two and gave him his stub back. Well, that was quick and easy, Spade thought, but the guards up ahead were going to be much tougher. Spade walked forward slowly, concentrating to keep his balance on top of six inches of sambuca while wearing a good 100 lbs of alcohol on his six foot four frame. Shera put a comforting hand to his back and shoved him forward.

A few feet in front of the guards, he stumbled suddenly. Swaying in the wind, he though he was done for. But he steeled his jaw against the sun and righted himself to look the guard in the face.

The guard grunted "Your mascara's running, you slut!"

Suppressing his urge to kill the hulk, Spade nodded politely and gave a sheepish smile. Not wanting to draw attention to himself, he walked a few more steps to allow the jerk to do his job. The guard put his hand on Spade's hip and felt across to his other hip, barely brushing the vodka balloons. Then he waved Spade through and looked Shera up and down before doing the same to her.

"We're in," Spade congratulated Shera.

No sooner had Spade uttered those words did an excessively hairy and dirty security guard approach them and put his arms around both of them.

"Hey ladies," the smell of cheap beer and even cheaper perfume reeked out of his mouth, "You two up for a threesome?"

"In your wet dreams, you fat fuck," Shera responded.

"Yes," Spade said, in the best woman-voice he could muster, "Please leave us alone"

"Awww, come on now, chickee-boo! You have to get to know the real me, which is best done behind the tent there."

"I said FUCK OFF!" Shera said, ripping the slob's arm off her shoulders.

"Well, I guess its just me and you then baby," the stinking man said, turning his full attention to Spade, "Why don't I just..." The walking carpet of a man reached down to forcefully grab Andy's ass. Before Spade knew what had happened, the man's firm grip was upon his false ass and giving it quite a rub down.

"Now listen you..." Andy started, but was cut off by the sound of one of his ass cheeks blowing under the pressure of the oaf's iron grip. *POP* The forceful explosion left the one side of Andy's ass sagging like Walter Matteau's face, and the burst of fluid from the former cheek soaked his entire dress with the sweet, sticky smell of vodka.

Though the man upon him hadn't yet noticed and was busying himself with his other half-ass, the nearby guards turned with a start at the sound of a woman's ass blowing with a sound that was far too loud to be a girl's fart.

"Fuck," was the only word Spade uttered before kneeing the bear in the groin and running as best he could in his elevator shoes. The man, though shocked, did not let go of his ass, and removed the lower part of Spade's dress along with his underwear, which turned out to be tear-away. Shera's mother always was kind of a slut, Spade thought to himself as he ran.

Naked from the waste down and two balloons of vodka lighter, Spade ran for the crowd, knocking over the gawkers who were staring at this woman with bad mascara, hairy legs, a humongous beehive hairdo and a flaccid penis swaying from side to side as he ran for the field, and safety.

Luckily, the guards hadn't been prepared for the speed of Spade, and he was soon able to loose them in the melee. Spade moved slowly across the piss wall, where he found he blended in just fine until he reached the other side of the field and joined Shera.

Shera had kept her disguise up perfectly by laughing her ass off when Andy lost half his dress. Improvising, Spade made a toga of the remaining dress and broke out the alcohol. He couldn't save everybody, but damn it, it had been worth it to save these few. Operation: ACF would fail, and the AUS would be left holding their dick.

Andy pierced one of his former tits with a small needle from his purse, and drank the sweet fluid inside.

Four hours later, Spade woke up. He was completely naked, upside down in a port-a-potty with the words "I am a blinking light" grossly misspelled, written in excrement, all over his naked flesh. Andy Spade, truly one of Canada's great black heroes!

Andy, that is entirely indicative of the rambling, over-written, non-sensical, melodramatic shiite that we've come to know and love you for. Never change.

-ed.

Congratulations Leon Jang!

You are the proud winner of the seventeenth annual The 432. Dead Pool.

Leon "Dr. Death" Jang successfully predicted the death of no less than three able bodied persons within the six month extent of the dead pool. Strom Thurmond, Roddy Macdowell and Gene Autry were all unfortunate enough to be on Leon's List.

Duncan McHugh, Jenn Gardy, Mike Inwood, Al Reid, Kathy Lo, and Frenchy are all tied for second place. There are no prizes for second place, losers! Better luck next year.

You may collect your prize in Chem B160 from Jake Gray. You must produce two forms of picture ID, a valid student card, car keys, house keys, clean underwear, six sprigs of asparagus, a live chicken, an extra large tube of K-Y personal lubricant, and a picture of David Hasselhoff.