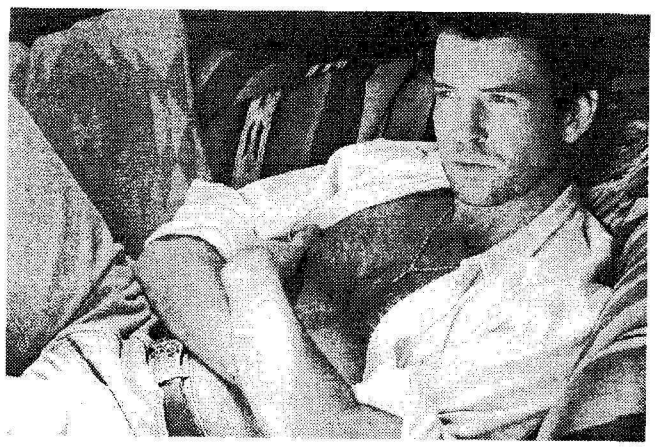
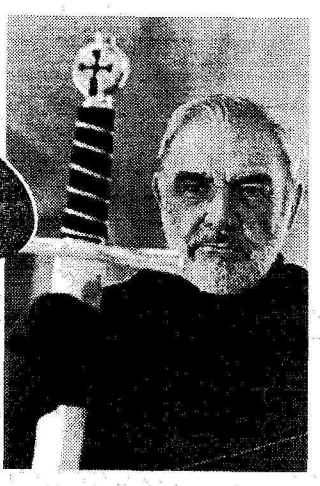
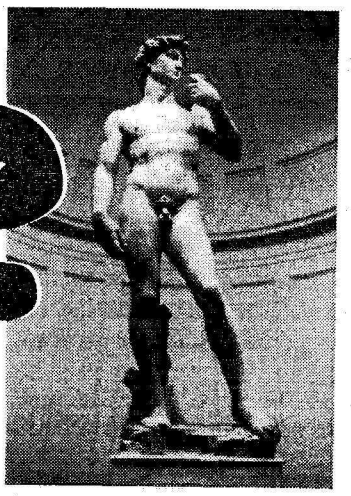
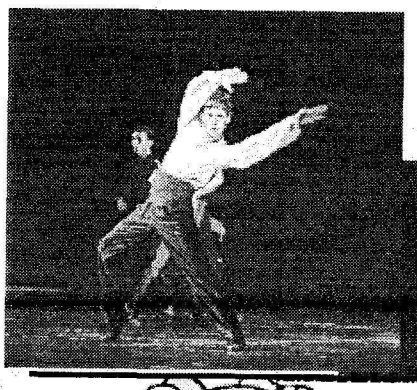
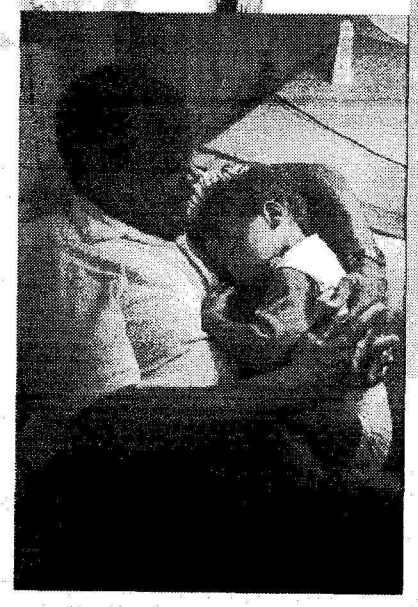
A BLACK PLAGUE SPECIAL ISSUE

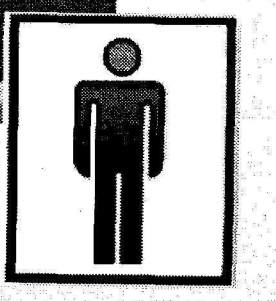


Men's Issue







March 26, 2002 Volume 15 Issue 13 mocking the Ubyssey since1985

Statistics Of Male Abuse By Women On The Rise

Past Findings Have 'Dire Consequences', Warns Researcher

Frank Yang

Byline Goes Here

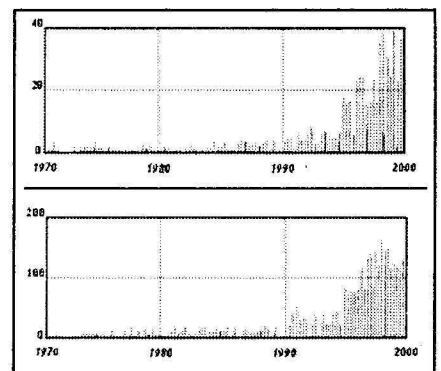
A controversial new study released by the University of British Columbia suggests thatresearch done on the subject of female perpetrated abuses towards men is on the rise.

Figures gathered by the comprehensive study suggest since the early 1990s, incidents of physical and emotional assault conducted by women towards men are becoming more frequently known. Further findings of the study also strongly indicate the frequency of such incidents being reported is in direct correlation with the amount of university-level research conducted on the subject.

"These figures have serious implications for academic institutions and even society at large," warns Taylor Ferguson, director of the project's research team. "The information we gathered from these recent dissertations has the markings of early warning signs—likely the beginnings of a self-perpetuating social and educational disaster just waiting to happen within the next 5 to 10 years."

Citing an example, Dr. Ferguson points to one of over four research papers on male battery published in 1992 alone. "This one is typical of the research explosion starting from the '90s onward. Facts such as "occurrences of domestic violence involving male and female aggressors are on a comparable level, but men are 8 times less likely to report the incident," abound in these papers and are often discussed in detail. The rate at which research of this nature is been conducted has increased exponentially in the last decade, with no signs of slowing down."

Dr. Ferguson contiued: "This information is already beginning to go mainstream. It's a good bet some of those papers' findings



Above top: Number of studies on 'male abuse' conducted over the last 30 years.

Below: Reported male battery incidents per thousand households, same time period.

are making their way around the Web at this very moment. Now it is only a matter of time before other abused men start to read them. And once they do, what's there to stop them from changing those earlier figures by recounting their life stories, adding more fuel to the research fire?"

According to the study's conclusions, unless a large-scale government funded censorship, research regulation and public desensitization program is set up in the near future, incidents of male abuse and domestic victimization will become as socially acknowledged in the next decade as female oppression and prejudice towards homosexuals are today.

"This type of immoral research should have its funding cut immediately. It is an insult to the public for funding it with its tax dollars and a further slap in the face to both men and women for forcing society to recognize a problem no decent citizen would want to acknowledge,." declared Dr. Ferguson at a later press conference. "The first step towards eliminating the problem is to cut it off from the roots, by ceasing to acknowledge it exists. If we keep paying attention to victimized males, even if it's just lip service, they'll have all the recognition they crave for and then the issue will never go away."

When a female member of the audience proceeded to criticize the team's findings based on the sampling method, Dr. Ferguson murmured something about, "not repeating that fiasco ever again," and hastily retreated from the conference. A colleague later suggested he was simply consumed by his work and wanted to confirm the data to the public immediately, but Dr. Ferguson has neither been seen nor heard from since the conference.

Men in Skirts Through the Ages

Kevin Nottle

Not a Scot

Skirts, more commonly known as kilts when worn by men, are the ultimate in manly attire. Nothing proclaims a man's machoness more than a skirt flapping around ones loins. Don't believe me? Call the Seaforth Highlanders sissies when they're on parade. Just be sure to notify your next of kin first.

Skirts exemplifying manliness no doubt goes back to Neolithic times, when our ancestors first draped skins over themselves for warmth. The simplest way to gird one's loins is to wrap something around them. Presto, the first skirt. Since the strongest got to keep what he liked back then, the toughest were the ones most likely attired in these ancestral kilts.

Skipping forward in time, we come to the Romans. Some of the toughest bastards on the planet at their time. They brought more of the planet under one rule than any empire before or since. Romans could say with justification, "I am a Roman citizen, let kings tremble."

The Legionaries that let any citizen make such a bald statement wore kilts, made of leather bands. (Step too high, and everyone knew how your boys hung). The foe they liked to beat up the most were pants-wearing German barbarians.

The political bosses who told these tough mothers what to do wore togas. Full-length ankle-to-shoulder dresses. Piss those guys off and you wouldn't know it until the dagger was hilt-deep in your back.

Halfway across the planet and a few centuries later, we come to the Mongol hordes. Another bunch of conquerors who formally attired themselves in full-length robes. Squint at them right, and you see a dress.

Now we come to the most famous skirt wearers of them all, the Scots.

The kilts you see being worn these days aren't the original kilts. The originals were full-body garments. We're talking huge sheets of fabric, 6 yards by 60 inches, wrapped around those great brawny warriors. They had hand pleats and gazillions of pockets. You could stash anything in them.

The pants-wearing English had a bone to pick with these skirt-wearers, and fought a bunch of wars over the matter. As anyone who has seen Braveheart knows, those fancy pansy English got the trousers beaten off them. Once again, we see the supremacy of the skirt of the pant.

So who wears the skirts these days? Chicks, that's who, and they've taken full advantage of the power it provides. How many big beefy guys do you know who are completely whipped by girlfriends half their size? Lots I'm sure, I even know one guy who's whipped by a couple of chicks whom he doesn't even stand a chance with.

We cannot let this situation stand. We men must overthrow this tyranny of chickdom, and once again be the ones wearing the skirts in the family.

I urge all my fellow manly men to gather at the Goddess of Democracy on April 1st wearing your finest kilts. We will march to the offices of the department of Woman Studies and trash the place. That'll show'em who's boss.

You should see Kevin's biker legs in his "kilt." Yum.

-ed.

News in Briefs

Size Isn't Everything

Bob Markus, 24, of Surrey (BC) discovered yesterday that size wasn't everything. After years of taunting in showers, being laughed at by women, and generally feeling inferior because of his somewhat diminuative height and girth, he finally came to terms with himself. Included in the rationale for his newfound happiness described in his press release was the fact that he's great in bed despite being only 4'10" tall and 95 lbs.

Liberals Cut Services for Men

"What services?" men exclaim.

Plans Announced For New Dept

Monday, march 25th, 2002: plans for a new "Men's Studies" department were released by the Dean of Arts. Courses are to include:

-MNST 205: Men in Canada from the 16th Century to 1920
-MNST 224: Men in Literature
-MNST 300 Introduction to Gender Relations
-MNST 425I Spc Tpcs In Mnst
and
-MNST 520A M.A. Thesis

Sadly at this time no courses in hot rod upkeep and repair, bikini waxing, Odyssey attire, quake strategy, or vertical urination are planned.

Duct Tape Store Under Construction

In the Village at UBC a new super-power is growing: a duct tape store. Promotions are likely to include 'fix the plumbing', '100-metre-roll-dash', and a hog-tieing competition.

Penis Pops For Sale

After the success of V-Day Vagina Pops (anatomically correct chocolate popsicles), men on campus are jumping on the choco-bandwagon. In celebration of P-Day they are selling Penis Pops. "After all, everyone loves sucking on a big, black, chocolate cock, so big you worry if you can swallow it all," said spokesperson Mike Coangelo.

Upcoming Men's Events:

March 28th

Vancouver Canucks VS Columbus Blue Jackets - General Motors Place

March 30th

Vancouver Canucks VS Anaheim Mighty Ducks - General Motors Place

April 5th

Vancouver Canucks VS Minnesota Wild - General Motors Place

April 6th

Men's wellness program- **Up Yours 2!** - an anal health forum

Find out what you need to know about anal health. Come out to Nanaimo and get the "hole" story. Everything from STDs of the butt, rimming, HIV, prostate health, enemas, dildos, fucking and fisting. With Dr. Doug McGhee, Jim Kirk and Jim Oliver. The forum will be held at Maffeo Auditorium, 285 Prideaux St., Nanaimo, and doors will open at 7 p.m.

April 7th

Vancouver Canucks VS Phoenix Coyotes - General Motors Place

April 11th

Vancouver Canucks VS Los Angeles Kings - General Motors Place

Any Day You Want

Steak and a blow job day. Rejoice!

Upcoming Men's Cultural Events:

April 13 & 15

Vancouver Symphony Orchestra

Entice your ears with the music of the Great Composers. Come out to the Orpheum Theatre to hear the symphony with Conductor Bramwell Tovey, Violin soloist Sarah Chang and the Chor Leoni Men's Choir & Vancouver Men's Chorus. Concert starts at 8pm.

Starts May 14th

Puppetry of the Penis

Come out and see this hilarious non-stop laugh fest at the Vogue Theatre. It will have you in stitches! Tickets are $37.50 plus service charge on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday, and $42.50 plus service charge on Friday and Saturday. Tickets can be purchased at all Ticketmaster outlets, online or by phone (604) 280-4444.

May 22nd-24th

The Penis Monologues

One Graceful Gander

Miyako Hewett

Female correspondent

I feel like a bit of a sugar plum fairy, as I sit across from Roy Biggerman, a large, boisterous handsome man who tips his chair precariously as I set up the video camera for our interview. Although Roy looks more like a hockey player than an international synchronized swimmer, I am fully aware that the 6'5", 240 lbs man can move more gracefully and light-footed than my 5'2" frame. I know this, because in his five-year career as a varsity synchronized swimmer, he has out-competed many pretty-legged, graceful swimmers.

Yet, Roy has had to overcome various barriers to rise to the level that he has. And it hasn't been easy. Roy went through a stage where he jumped from sport to sport. "My Dad wanted me to be like the other boys. So, he pushed me from sport to sport. But, I was never good. You name the sport -- baseball, hockey, lacrosse, basketball, football -- you name them all. I bet I've tried them, but I sucked." It wasn't until Roy's younger sister, Jena, tried synchronized swimming, that Roy realized his potential. Roy had arrived early during Jena's practice, and sat down to watch. He was amazed how long the swimmers can stay underwater, and how smooth their movements were. He watched in fascination at how patterns unfolded through movements of legs and rhythms developed from the pace and change of limbs. It was magnificent.

Weeks later, Biggerman's opportunity opened up. His sister had not been enjoying synchronized swimming, and their parents had already paid the year long tuition. "Mom and Jena were happy to have me take over. But, I regret, I can't say the same for Dad and the rest of the synchronized swimming team." Roy pointed out that, in order for the team to let him in, he had to go complain to the regional sport's commission. Then, he was told that he'd have to "beautify" his legs and "clean up" his body.

So, off to the salon it was. Roy went through a three-day intensive session, where his legs, arms and chest were waxed. This was then followed by a french manicure and pedicure. Finally, his appearance was ready. Roy started intensive training to strengthen his lungs. He ran 10 miles every day, and he started taking bagpipe lessons. Together, these two exercises strengthened his lungs and endurance. Now, this super synchro-swimmer can hold his breath for three minutes and 10 seconds.

Pierce Brosman plays Roy Biggerman in an upcoming film, *Beautiful Legs*.

When I asked Roy, what was the most challenging thing about synchronized swimming, he told me that it was all about mental fortitude and endurance. "Most people think that synchronized swimming is all about form. You must move prettily, smile prettily and wave your legs prettily. But, that's not all it. Sometimes we are underwater for two minutes. You need strong lungs for this. You need to be focused. You have to count and keep time and keep in synchrony with your team. Otherwise, it would look like a mess." Roy chuckled to himself after recalling his first blunder. In his first few months, Roy struggled to keep in time with his teammates. It was hard to stay in time and move gracefully when gasping for breaths of air.

Soon, it paid off. A mere 20 months after he first dove in the pool, Roy was offered a place on the varsity team. A year later, after working through the ranks of synchronized swimmers in BC, Roy was offered a place on the national synchronized swimming team in 1998. With two Canada Cup first place ordinals tucked under his Speedo and two successful trips to the World Championships, Roy Biggerman is considered one of the best synchronized swimmers in the world.

Synchronized swimming isn't all glamour and glasses of lemonade. Roy has had his share of struggles, both financial and time organizing. With a five-day-per-week schedule, Roy has had to decrease the number of classes he takes, and becoming a particle physicist is still a year and a half away for this 25-year-old athlete. Financially, Roy works as a research assistant in nuclear physicist lab. Additionally, Roy had had to watch his diet to keep his buff body fit.

But Roy doesn't regret his decision. Many good things have come of his involvement in the sport. Roy met his longtime girlfriend through synchronized swimming, both of them sharing their love for the sport. " We get along great, we aren't too competitive and we are happy when the other does well. She is so supportive. It's also nice that we both can travel the world virtually cost-free visiting various sites and trying new things together."

Roy admits that at times he feels old. He looks at his friends that have jobs and realizes that he has debts to pay and more courses to take. Yet, he is not too worried. He is young, and has a promising future in synchronized swimming or particle physics; whichever he chooses. Roy is looking forward to the next few years. He has farther to go and looks forward to completing his degree. This smart cookie is going for the gold.

Pay Inequity Still a Problem in the Porn Industry

Recent reports have shown that some male porn workers earn a mere third of what their female counterparts are paid. Despite years of equal rights actions, this inequity persists in the porn industry. Male workers do the same work as the women. In fact, they are often asked to juggle more tasks.

"We hardly ever get breaks, but the women are allowed to trade off all of the time," says an anonymous whistle blower. "Our work can at times be a lot more difficult. Do you have any idea how much effort it takes to maintain an erecction in front of a crowd of people with a camera on you?"

The study found that women, by contrast, usually just need a little bit of lubricant to do their job properly.

"It can be quite boring, but it takes very little effort," admitted a female co-worker. "A few moans and groans, and it's off to the shower."

In addition to the low pay, men are also expected to provide their own supplies that are may be vital to the job, such as Viagra.

"It is hard to believe that such an inequity of pay to work can still exist in this day and age," stated George F. Silva, a porn expert. "Often the men are treated as little more than props."

Further, any lapse in the performance of a man working in the industry can be disasterous to his career. There is little to no safety net for these under-appreciated and under-paid workers, and they are rarely eligible for workman's compensation in these situations either.

"It must change, and the first step is getting the information out there," concludes Silva.

Review of Hand Creams

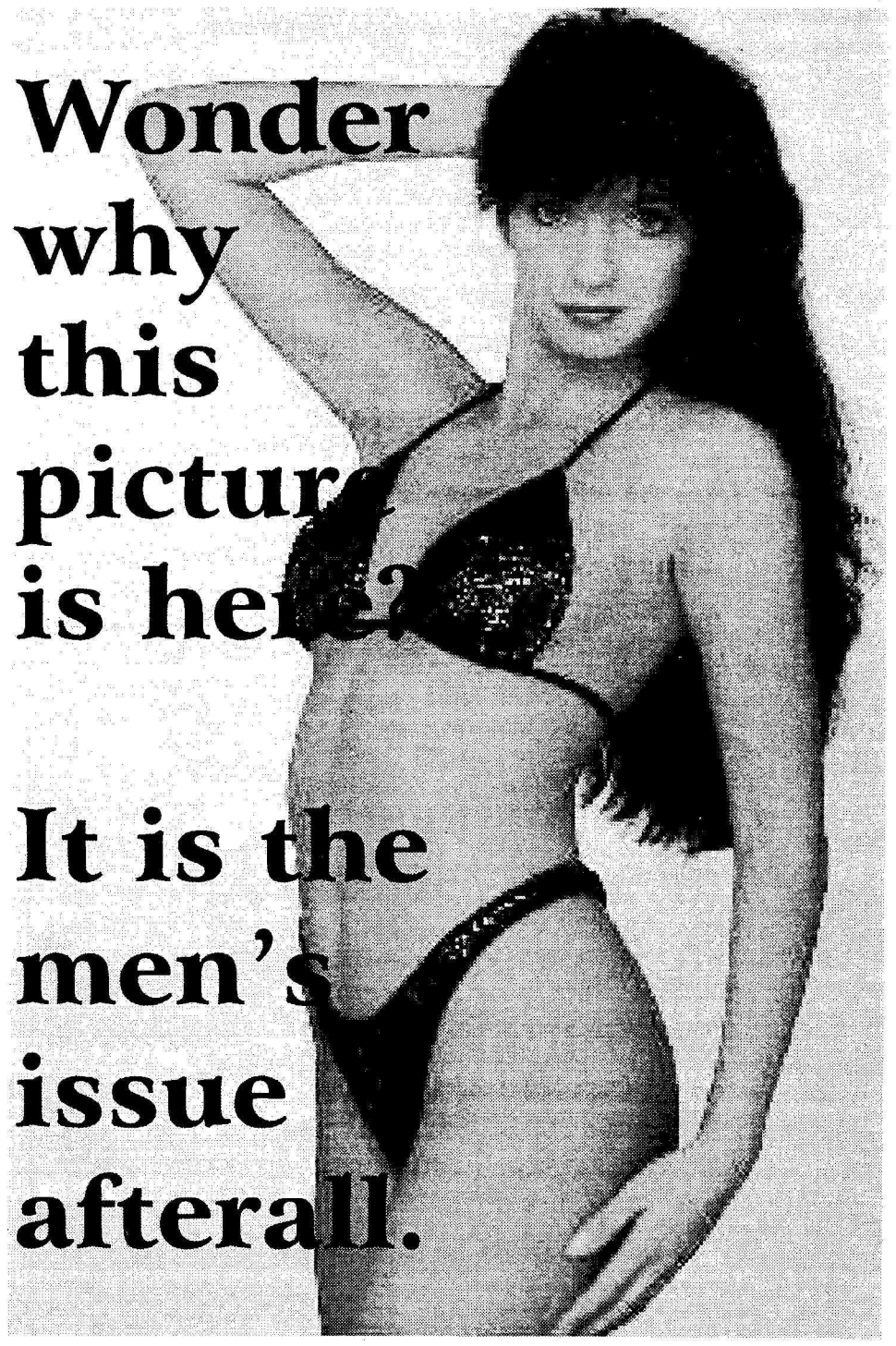
Dumont Hand Cream (All purpose) ★★
This cream tends to dry too fast, resulting in a need to reapply every 5 minutes. This can be counter-acted by using more. On the plus side, post-chaffing is reduced somewhat, and it doesn't smell bad.

Neutrogena Norwegian Formula Hand Cream ★★★★
I first found this wonderful stuff in my girlfriend's bathroom, and boy is this stuff good! It reduces friction and adds to the sensation. However this lotion tends to be a little sticky. On the down side, this product is pricey.

Kermit's Wonderful Hand Cream (fragrance free) ★★★★★
Aaaaaw, baby! Now this is the stuff! It reduces friction, feels great, and has the right moisture balance. This is the stuff to use! To make things better it is endorsed by a big green frog, Kermit, and it's cheap! Just use it.

Jergen's Skin Cooling Moisturizer With cucumber extract ★★★
This stuff isn't too bad, and the tingling sensation adds to the pleasure. However, at times this stuff can be too slippery and can feel gross on the hands. This smell is a little strong and unappealing. However, this stuff also reduces post-chaffing and softens the skin (which girls just dig).

Uncle Bob's skin cream
This stuff sucks! That's why I give it a zero rating. It reeks and feels nasty. Plus, you can't get this stuff out and it stains the sheets. I had to use my girlfriend's nail polish remover on my...um, skin... ya, and that stung like a bitch.



Beer: The Realistic Weight Loss Plan for Men

Slimfast not working for the wife?

Get BEER to work for you!

The 432.

VOLUME FIFTEEN ISSUE THIRTEEN

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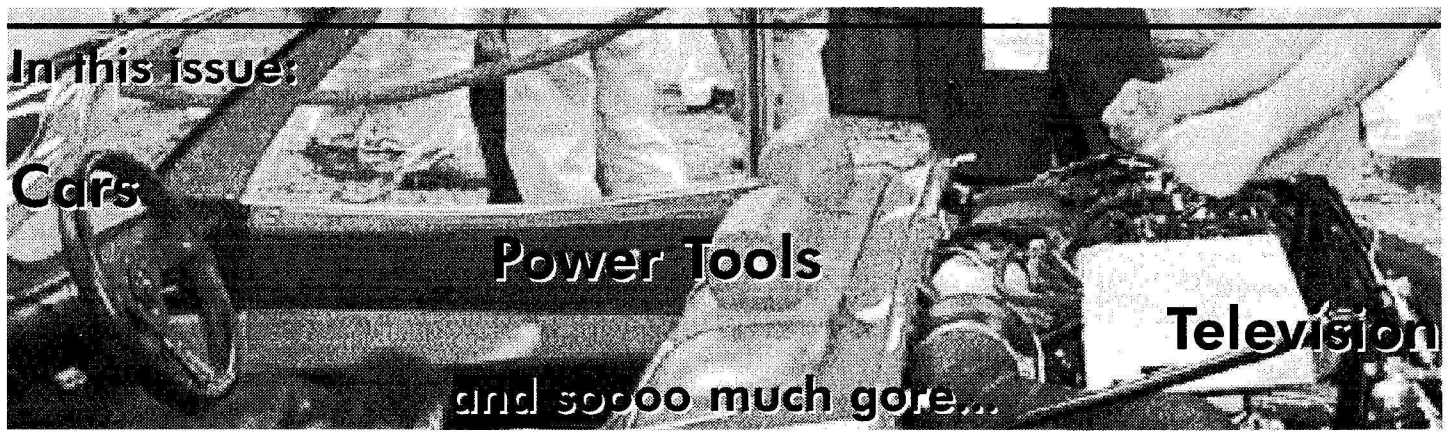

"I'm not an athlete. I'm a professional baseball player."

-John Kruk

Clones Attack UBC!

Scottish Exchange Student Numbers Expected To Increase

(Vancouver, reuters)

In the morning of Tuesday March 26th three million clones overran the University of British Columbia campus and the adjoined Pacific Spirit Park. Dolly one through Dolly millenium special edition 9.0 JP (named after the famed original cloned sheep) were created in a freak accident in the Agricultural Department.

"We really didn't expect to have this much success," said PhD candidate Hamil Markusson; "All we were trying to do was make sheep that were horny enough to reproduce with anything, even Totem Park residents. When we got back the next monday, they had just kinda... well, they tried to reproduce with the DNA extraction and reconstruction machinery. It's sad, really. So many samples of the same DNA, cloned over and over and over and..."

Despite an outburst of anger from students who must either wade to class through a sea of wool or attach cowcatchers to their bikes, rollerblades, and skateboards, the UBC administration is unlikely to do anything to alleviate the situation.

"To date," commented UBC President Martha Piper, "we have had no complaints about the sheep. Students can now discard the tired old 'my dog ate it' excuse for the much more lively 'dolly 1,345,021 ate it' line. Plant ops no longer has to worry about mowing grass since there is none left anywhere on campus. And UBC Food Services have finally found a clientele that can stomach some of their food."

After continuing on about the dietary habits of the horde for some time, Piper wiped most of the foam from her mouth and contined on more reasonably, reminding the students and faculty that "everyone loves mutton. Except for those damned vegans. I'll show *them* for trying to stop me from putting hot, steamy meat in my mouth . . ."

After returning from a quick "washroom break", the press conference continued. No further hilarity ensued, however, so the next crucial point is that the sheep are not expected to take well to the Wreck beach lifestyle come winter, especially since they still won't come up the stairs.

The price of wool is expected to decrease sharply while the availability of wool based products is expected to increase. Students will now be able to buy woolen UBC wear at a fraction of the previous cost.

"We anticipate that prices will get down as low as $70 or $80 for a basic $10 sweater with the university logo. What a great deal!" exclaimed the Bookstore manager. "And think of the socks. Only $20 per pair. How can you beat that?"

"Kilts! . . . UBC kilts for everyone!" ranted the manager. "They are made of wool aren't they?"

In related news, a brief protest about genetic engineering before the protesters were eaten by Dolly, Dolly, Dolly, Dolly, and Dolly.

"The smell is unbearable," commented biology student, Barney Glotz. "but I feel the general intelligence level and independent thinking has sky-rocketed on this campus."

Place Vanier residents are already complaining about the prospect of lamb-based vegetarian lasagne. One resident, Dan Anderson, however, is excited at the chance for a change in the menu.

"And there will be fluffy animals everywhere . . . if only they were monkeys."

Sheep have been spotted diving off of the cliffs around point grey. Some ecologists have suggested that it may be a response to the sudden overpopulation.

"Or they may just be smarter than most students here . . . or, at least saner."

George W. Bush is rumoured to have added UBC to his axis of evil for these genetic experiments.

"I cannot allow people to play God like that. Playing God is something that only I should do . . . and possibly God. I'll ask Dad what he thinks."

When asked to elaborate, Bush continued, "Sheep should only be born from sheep, and people should only be born from people. Sheep should not be born by peope, and people should not be born by sheep."

"Thank's for clearing that up." retorted one reporter.

It is rumoured that Maria Klawe, the Dean of Science, wielded a pretzel threateningly in order to get the US President to shut up and go away.

The usefulness of self-cloning sheep as a weapon of mass destruction is currently under review by all the usual terrorist organizations. Martha Piper has reportedly set up an auction on Creepy Hidden Island to sell the technolgy to the highest bidder next Saturday.

In the meantime, it is unclear what will happen to the sheep. The debate ranges from the ignore it and it will all go away to nuke it before it spreads.

"If we just ignore the problem," says Frank Lin, a member of the former group, "the sheep will continue to multiply, over-running Vancouver, and then BC and then we will all be too fucked to care."

"If we don't nuke'm all now," responded Mathew Reinhold of the latter camp, "the sheep will continue to multiply, over-running Vancouver, and then BC and then we will all be too fucked to care."

THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

http://www.plif.com

Tuition remains frozen, apart from small increase to offset inflation

Freelance correspondent, Frank Yang

In a stunning turn of events, the UBC Board of Governors (BoG) reversed its tuition policy by announcing approval of the university's new proposal for 2002-2005, including a continuation of the no-longer enforced tuition freeze. Under the newly approved budget, student fees across the board stay the same for a three-year period, apart from a small, 80% per annum increase to accommodate projected national inflation rates.

The continuation of the tuition freeze comes as welcome news for the majority of UBC students, especially those studying in the Pharmacy and Commerce programs, which were slated to be hit with massive increases.

"I'm glad they decided to keep the freeze in place." said Kathleen Parlow, second year nursing student, "It's good to know I don't have to pay an arm and a leg just to come back next year."

When questioned on the marginal raise of tuition aimed at offsetting the alleged increasing costs of supplying university level education, vice-president of students, Brian Sullivan, remarked it was the administration's goal to only match peer national averages. "Some people might think the [inflation-based tuition] raise is too high," said Sullivan, "But judging from the current economic growth rate, the 80% increase is very reasonable."

There have been some challenges from the Faculty of Commerce as to the accuracy of the figures used in drafting the tuition policy, but so far they have all been dismissed as caused by rounding error.

Much of the effort for influencing the BoG in maintaining the tuition freeze can be credited to pressure exerted by student government bodies. "Keeping the tuition freeze in place could never have happened without the great participation from the students. We had democracy on our side and the students' voices were heard," said Kristen Harvey, president of the Alma Mater Society (AMS).

Meanwhile, *The 432* has made inquiries into how UBC expects to cover the economic shortfall from maintaining the tuition freeze. Preliminary reports indicate that the university, in order to cover the shortfall, is preparing to divert a portion of its money into funding investments of diverse, lucrative markets such as the Dutch tulip trade. Further inquiries have also discovered several missing bodies of participants in the earlier Wednesday's "Sit-in to Stop Tuition Hikes" protest, but further details are as of yet inconclusive.

The 432.

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***The 432* is published fortnightly from the Pancreas of the Colonel Klinck Building, except that it won't be published for four months because this is the last issue of the year. I would be cheering if my term paper were done, but it is not.**

Paper Make Hulk Mad

Dan Anderson

Fuzzy Bunny

They say "write about what you know". If people held to this, two things would happen: a lot more students would fail out of courses that have research papers, and the rest of this article would be blank.

Unfortunately, such is not the case. People are bound and determined to spew forth what they consider to be priceless anecdotes and life-lifting experiences, not caring for a moment that they are wasting trees, bytes, or their breath. Why in the world people find it neccessary to write - let alone forward - emails such as the infamous "forward this and your crush will kiss you" series, or the "You have been referred to me as someone who is looking for a financial miracle" compendium, is beyond the most inquisitive of scholars.

Simply put, no-one with any intelligence can grasp the concept of someone so uninsightful that they would write such drivel.

On top of this, well thought out articles are occasionally to be found in that bastion of UBC satire, the Ubyssey (though normally they are written with horrible spelling and grammar). This would be wonderul if they were intentionally sarcastic; the problem is that when poetry that sounds as if it is a grade eight homework assignment is printed (written by an English major, no less), and it is intended to be serious, it is at once hilarious - a la "someone actually wrote this and thought it was insightful?" - and depressing, since the sheer number of trees torn down and man-hours lost reading it is staggering. Well, the number of trees, anyways.

Not that The 432 is better; sometimes we print utter crap (see current article), and other times we print rib crackers (see most Andy Martin and Jay Garcia material). The difference is that we are trying to be funny; if we fail, it's our sense of humour that is at fault. When the Ubyssey fails to make an intelligent point, it's their intelligence that is disproved. Duncan, find me at a beer garden sometime, and I'll gladly help you forget it all.

News - especially on TV of late - has been equally plagued with silly material and stupid mistakes. For those of you that have somehow missed it, the chronicalling of the idiocy of several US politicians has, while certainly having it's place, seemingly taken over. One can only hear so much about someone choking on a pretzel before getting the desire to throw a hammer through the screen. Next thing you know, news headlines will proclaim "WAR ON PRETZELS" (though it is decidedly difficult to beat the incredibly stupid "Suck on this Saddam". It's unbelievable that they got away with that one).

So while the media both in print and in pixels (though not quite as bad on the airwaves) kicks itself in the rump, no-one seems to be noticing. People sit down, read the Ubyssey as if it's an unbiased opinion. They watch US news channels and assume that Afghani body counts are accurate. They believe that the Alliance vote wasn't rigged, and that AMS politicians are honest.

In short, the general populace seems to be as dumb as the gruel they're spoonfed.

Wake up.

Now that you all think I'm an arrogant bastard, I'll explain to you why I'm not:

Rantings and Ravings

Ben Warrington

Why won't Photoshop boot?

Life is in the details, the little ironies, like seeing a police car parked illegally.

SUS Elections

As most of you are obviously unaware, the SUS executive elections just occured. Some unofficial results are published near the back of this paper. I stress that these results are unofficial. The elections commisioner cautioned me against publishing them as there may be a change or two in the works. Don't you just love democracy?

We had a wopping 3.4% voter turnout. That's 190 votes out of 6500 eligible voters. There was a mere 2 vote difference in the race for the External Vice President, too. Your vote would have actually made a difference. Don't you feel dumb for not voting now? What do you mean, you don't care?

Term Paper

I have a ten-page term paper due on Tuesday. I am currently working on this here paper. Guess what I will be doing Monday evening?

nEUSpaper

The *nEUSpaper* scheduled their issue to come out on the same day as ours. It was completely coincidental, but it is making it very difficult to produce both papers on the same weekend in the same office. That is why I came in this morning, despite the fact that I normally don't get up in the morning on publications weekends. The morning is the time for going to bed. This added frustration really doesn't help matters in regards to my term paper, either.

Jokes

As the Fiend would put it, this editorial is short on jokes. I don't really agree with his method of counting jokes to determine how good an article is, though. Good satire can spend a few hundred words building up to its point before leaving someone sprawling. I also find that too much emphasis on getting a few more punchlines in can break up an otherwise readable article, creating a disjointed mess. My policy has always been to try for a good read rather than to try for hilarity because, for me at least, the latter often backfires. Other writers, like the Fiend, might do better with that style, however. He would certainly be right in the fact that this editorial does not contain many particularly funny observations. Oh well.

the Fiend

I don't want it to sound like I am bashing the Fiend's style of writing in a paper he helps edit, however. I honestly believe that both are needed. I know that a paper based solely on my sense of humour wouldn't be interesting to many people besides the ones like me, and people like me are thankfully rare. Incidently, people like Dan are also, thankfully, rare. *(ha! An insulting punchline! Caught you! -fiend)*

You never know what people are going to find funny, either. I have gotten plenty of compliments in my time on articles that I thought were rather mediocre.

Anyway, long story short: I am glad Dan has been on board this year. He did a pretty damn good job with the paper last fall when I was ~~sitting watching TV in Calgary~~ working hard at the astronomy lab. He also has been an invaluable help this term. I hope that he continues to provide the same kind of quality work next year. It is a lifetime contract, after all. Look at Andy and Jay and Bree. Even Graeme Kennedy got in an article this year. *(Dammit, people always leave Lana out. Lana did just as much work as I did and only has a few less incriminating photos . -fiend)*

Coffee

Mmmm . . . sweet, sweet caffeine. The pot has almost finished brewing. I drank a whole pot yesterday while working on the paper. Now it starts again.

This reminds me of an anti-crack advertisement that used to be on television when I was younger. Now, doesn't a sentence like that make me sound old? The ad featured a rather strung-out actor repeating, "I take drugs, so that I can work longer, so that I can afford more drugs, so that I can work longer, so that . . ."

Sounds like a lot of people's attitudes towards coffee. Myself, on the other hand, I generally do not drink coffee to wake up. In fact, I avoid drinking coffee as a stimulant. I drink it because I like the taste. I don't suppose that makes me any less of an adict, though.

A Lesson in Police-ese

I was pulled over a few days back for making a left turn between 3 and 6 p.m. on a Wednesday. I knew the sign was there, but for some reason it completely slipped my mind that day. I guess that it is because I do not normally drive into campus between 3 and 6 p.m. on a week-day. The irony is that I purposely picked that street so that I would have a traffic light that might give me a hope in hell of getting around the corner. Turning left onto West 10th Ave. during rush hour is almost impossible.

So, I was pulled over. The officer pulled over a second guy who had come through the turn behind me, and then came and asked for my licence. He saw right away that it was an Alberta driver's licence, so he asked if I had moved to Vancouver.

The trick is to figure out what the police officer is really asking, and then answer the question in such a way as not to incriminate myself.

What the police officer really wanted to know was whether I was a local. Should I know better? The second hitch was that if I had moved, I should really get a B.C. licence.

I answered, truthfully, "I am a student at UBC."

He told me to hang on. He then proceded to go back and ticket the second driver. He ran my licence plate, and then came back and asked how long I had been a student at UBC.

Again, what he really wanted to know was if I was a local and whether I should know better.

"I am a fourth-year student." That doesn't sound good for me, so I added, "I have only had my car here since January."

That did it. I am sure that he knew what game I was playing. Police officers aren't hired to be dumb, but it was enough to get me off the hook.

"You should pay better attention to the signs," said the officer as he returned my licence.

Translink

In case you don't know, Translink is raising bus fare to two dollars. Tickets will be $1.80. Monthly passes won't change.. You know how they are advertising the increase?

"More Value for Monthly farecards."

What? Let's see. I pay the same amount and get the same service. This is a better value? I think what they mean is

"Less Value for Tickets and cash fare."

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Item the first:

I like watching sock puppets on television. This can only lead me to conclude that sock puppets in print would be equally, if not more, entertaining. I'm not talking about those damn Muppets made of foam and unloving rubber. I'm talking about real genuine God-fearing Canadian sock puppets, like Lambchops.

Item the second:

Please stop making fun of Reka Sztopa. Although my criticism of Muppets may be harsh, they still deserve our respect and the benefit of the doubt. We here at the Reka Sztopa fan club think that all Muppets, even politicians, deserve to be free of lopsided biased, baseless criticism.

Item the third:

On the subject of your newsprint. I resent the fact that you cover each and every page with ink. The fish that I wrap in the 432 and take with me to the legislature often gets all covered in ink. In order to maintain the edibility of my cod, please use large amounts of white space, like *the Underground*, or at least inform me of the ink's carcinogenic properties, lest I catch cancer from my cod.

Sincerely,

Gordan Campbell

Dear Editor,

You are a pyschopath with multiple personality disorder.

Sincerely,

Editor

Dear Editor,

I resent the fact that a geek like you can get as much sex as you claimed to get in your previous article, "Nice guys really do get screwed." Firstly, no one wants to be out-sexed by a guy that considers quantum mechanics and astronomy fun. Further, you have floor plans of the Enterprise on your bedroom wall. I, for one, believe that I am worthier of sex. I drive my mom's nice new car, I have a Bad Batz Baru cell phone, and I bet I can beat you at Dance Dance Revolution. Further, I am a loud, boisterous prick and have loads of money And guess what? Girls go for the bad boys, or the rich ones. So there. So if you really are getting screwed as much as you say you do, I bet she's really weird and screwed up like you. So stew in that for a while and remember that I'm cooler.

Sincerely,

Anonymous

Dear Editor,

I really want sex and I never get any. Can you help me? I am a geek too.

Sincerely

Needing Sex

Dear Editor:

In response to your front page article, "Zimbabwean Elections Declared Farcical" from your March 12th issue, I would like to state that I am insulted to be mentioned alongside Jeff Steinbok as the possible mastermind behind General Tobaiwa Mudede's elections strategies. My name is Tobaiwa Mudede. You killed my father. Prepare to die, just like the Bok, kicking and screaming like a baby.

Sincerely,

Henry Wong

PS I voted in your recent SUS elections. Ha!

We don't think people like these are worth responding to. Except for Sincerely Needing Sex - after all, Kristin Harvey is here to satisfy the needs of students.

-ed

GQ Horoscope

Albert Chen

Fluffer

Aries

Believe it or not, according to your astrological chart, you will turn into a mermaid regardless of your current gender, and UBC will have no choice but to declare you a student with special needs.

Taurus

Sure, sucks to you be, but have you thought of other people for a while? Not really, eh? If you really get to know all the people that you've envied and actually know what kind of problems that they have gone through, you would know that all of these people are no better than you.

Believe me, it doesn't take an psychic to know that, either.

Gemini

Your imaginary friends will now be so fed up with your inconsistent attitude that they will beat the crap out of you. Hire an imaginary bodyguard for a change. I could go on about all the wholesome goodness that an imaginary bodyguard brings, but that would be like having your mother pampering you when you go to boot camp.

Cancer

Your financial burden will worsen this week when the other prisoners start trading you for fewer hemp cigarettes than usual. What do you do? Take yourself off the market, baby. Let the demand rises for a while and do some research in the business. Check your portfolio regularly. Of course, inflation will ultimately destroy you.

Leo

You will find a four-leaf clover and end up winning the lottery. Then you will wake up and realize that you are actually $20,000 in debt. Sure, blame it all on the Liberals...

Virgo

Ah, did I see you holding hands with a certain monkey last night? Sure, blame it on my eye problem. Since it will be so well known, you might as well tell me what's going on. Wait... for my mental health, I won't ask you what you did with that monkey few nights ago. Come to think of it, I don't think that you remember what happened, either.

Libra

You might think that you are in a problematic situation right now, and that many people are going to do something mean and awful to you anytime from now, but that's not the complete truth. Many people around you are helping you out, whether you know it or not, and things will get better and better if you keep on working at it. It's all about perspective. "I'll be Watching You" by The Police is the perfect example: some people think it's endearing, and some people just think it's an absolutely psychotic song... so be strong and don't let assholes get you down. Who knows, maybe it's just God's way of making your future autobiography more interesting.

Scorpio

You will finally accept responsibility for your infant son. With any luck, he's still where you left him last month. Don't bother contacting the social service people: they will get you, I tell you. THEY WILL GET YOU!!!

Sagittarius

Your conviction that there is a purple slimy squid under the bed would be a mere eccentricity if you weren't so heavily armed in your own bed. Take my words: wear your garlic necklace at all times.

Capricorn

I don't know whether to pity you or to congratulate you, for there is hardly anything about you this week. Envy rears its ugly head, realizes there's nothing enviable about you, blinks a couple times, and goes back to sleep. Be aware of the Government.

Aquarius

Try not to put the people around you on an extremely high pedestal and expect them to do something impossible. Also, you will soon learn the hard way that "motherly love" means different things to different mothers. Expect the unexpected – take the purple pill for a change.

Pisces

Do not put your extra pots and pans in the oven, though how tempting it may be to save some space. Chances are you would be a jackass like me someday, preheating the oven without knowing that there are some plastic pots in there. If you are as unfortunate as me, that's the time you find out that your pots are not heatproof.

If you have any comments/concerns/feedbak, feel free to email me at aquavue@yahoo.ca . Trust me, I'm not big on prank mails and I will respect your privacy: a little feedback is ALL I ask.

The Dangers of Protest

Frank Yang

None too clear

To ensure a superior education for the pioneers of tomorrow, it is imperative that the modern university environment be organized, well structured, and financially stable. Yet this noble goal is being constantly undermined by a sinister force from within: Student Protest!

Proposals for differential tuition and increases to student fees have been continually thwarted in the past by the enforcement of the "tuition freeze," causing the quality of education to deteriorate over the last six years.

This must never happen again!

The Liberal Party, in its infinite wisdom, has finally liberated us from the clutches of the tuition freeze, but sensible financial propositions to improve the quality of education in our glorious university are being hampered again by so called "student activists" and their disruptive "protests."

Protests against the rising and differentiating of tuition seek to deny opportunities to students by promoting slander, suspicions and flat out lies, and all in the name of the students themselves! Such protests claim to give voice to student concerns, but in reality the opinions voiced are only those from a dangerous minority.

Student protest must be stopped! All who are exposed to it have their motivation to an orderly education diminished. Every time such activism succeeds it shows the average docile student that causing chaos and disrupting studies brings personal gain.

Increasing tuition means: "The common good before the individual good."

Higher fees means: "Think not of yourself, but of the whole, of the people and the institution."

Differential tuition means: "Not the same for everyone, but to each his own."

It is time for each and every student to face the facts. Higher education is not a right, it is an economic investment for the future. To think higher education should be available for everyone is to delude oneself into believing the very worst kind of lie. Every student seduced by the lure of the protester's promised "lower tuition, and equal fees for all" is one more previously upstanding citizen corrupted by anarchistic thrill and lost to society.

Anyone who becomes a willing puppet of student protest against increasing tuition should be viewed as a danger to their peers. There is no doubt campus dissidence comprises of only a minor portion of the student body, but it is the actions of these riotous few that threaten the well being of our university's prestige. These individuals, at the thought of relinquishing one more dollar from the spending of their own luxury, will hastily rush to each and every medium available to them to denounce the rising cost of education.

There can be no doubt student protest is poison to the mind. The greatest risk lies in believing their claims contain at least a fraction of truth. Be warned, to humour the protesters in any fashion is risking the future of our education. No time is to be wasted on these idealistic fools. Remember, it is the duty of each and every one of us to ignore their lies. When in doubt, keep this simple axiom in mind: There is no truth to their words!

http://www.seercom.com/sus/432/

Me? Graduate?

Jo Krack

Professional Student

As I wrap up my last article of the year (rather than finishing my last three essays and two projects of the year instead), I suddenly realize: I've been out of high school for almost five years now. Most of my high school friends (the ones who went to college/university, anyway) have graduated and are probably somewhere out there in the world of work, striving to get paid while making a meaningful difference.

Suckers.

Why are people in such a hurry to graduate? I remember I had my future all planned out at age 18: go to UBC, graduate at 22, then... er... does the university assign me a job based on my GPA? No? You mean I have to make my degree relevant to a career all by myself? Hmmm... I think I'll be sticking around just a little longer...

My first strategy was the "education through travel" approach. After one year at UBC, I was ready to copy the English nobility of the 18th century and take "the grand tour" of Europe. This used to be part of a gentleman's education, and was supposed to include learning the languages and political systems of France, Italy, Spain, etc. (though mostly those nobles just got drunk and slept around), but as an impoverished female student rather than a rich nobleman, I took a different approach. A cheap approach. Why dine in restaurants when you can buy bread instead? Why train when you can bus much cheaper? Oh, the memories of those 18 hour bus rides, with bathroom stops every four hours because the bus's toilet was always hideously clogged within ten minutes after starting the voyage... This is starting to sound bad, but really I loved almost all of the seven months I spent shamelessly wasting the money I'd slaved a year for. When I returned from Europe, my options were (a) return to UBC or (b) get a job. So back to UBC I went!

After finishing second year, I was beginning to wonder what I would do after graduation. "I'm halfway done," I realized. "Oh shit!" It was then that I embarked on the "meaningful work experience" strategy. I joined the co-op program and learned a lot about employment. A lot. The first thing I learned was that you don't need a degree to do 90% of the work out there. You just need to be smart enough to learn, and to pretend you know what you're doing. University is a nice place to shelter smart people (and some stupid people) for awhile, but one problem with being out of the workworld loop is that you are left naive about the general Way The World Works. Which is: very few people want to work. Work is not fun. Find a way to get paid for doing very little and you're set. Those who are able to find a cause, a raison d'etre, and make money from it, become famous, and then suddenly it's expected that everyone can and should do the same. Doesn't work — who's going to clean the streets when they could be supervising "Orgy For Peace" campaigns?

Anyway, co-op taught me that my brain is actually in demand in the workplace (the right workplace, anyway), so I should sell it. (Pssst — hey you... check out this medulla oblongata!) Many many workplaces are filled with legions of people just waiting for payday, and then two or three people who are actually interested in the work. If you keep your cynicism at bay and join the interested people, you are able to hold off zombie-syndrome that much longer, and perhaps even get paid better. Basically, just use your youthful enthusiasm and brains to your advantage: all you need to look better than 90% of your coworkers is experience. No wonder it's hard to get in the door... "Them young college punks wanna take our jobs! Quick, pretend we do something complicated that requires years of experience!"

So after the wonderful experience of co-op (I'm not being sarcastic — I got paid well and I learned how to work my way into the juicy jobs), I thought: this is it. It's finally time to graduate. I've got work experience, I've got skills, I've got an education based on more than just books. I'm finishing third year this April, and by next April I should be making my parents glad by graduating, moving out, and getting a job. No wait, a career. Career? I'm not ready for a career! Something must be wrong, there must be something wrong here...

Wait! I haven't gone on exchange yet! How can I graduate without living in a foreign land, experiencing life as a foreign exchange student, getting to be the exotic chick for once? You can never duplicate that experience post-graduation; foreign exchange students are just never as cute when they're 30+ years old. I must savour my youth while I still have it! I must continue to be a student until I just look too pathetic and have to give it up and move on! Just like the Duchess Mazarin, who lived as Charles II's mistress for years and years (and as other rich and powerful men's mistress before and after Chuckie) and then killed herself when she had hit 50 and felt too old to retain the power her beauty had given her for her whole life... I too shall milk this university experience until I'm finally ready to give my youth up and slide into the so-called Real World.

So wish me luck, everyone. If I spend the next year in a beautiful foreign land surrounded by adoring foreigners, then I'll be emailing regular 432 articles to keep you all posted on the joys of being an exchange student. And if I don't get to go on exchange, well then, I'll be writing articles all next year about my impending graduation and what the hell I think I'll be doing after that. So either way, see you next year, and remember: delaying graduation is an ART, so treat it accordingly and don't get too jealous of those artists who manage to stay students rather than workdrones for a few years longer than you!

Confessions of a Food Freak

Eggy Yuh

Picky eater

I am not a picky eater. In fact, there are very few foods that I don't like. However, whether or not I can eat certain foods is another issue entirely. Someone joked to me that when we first met, I could only eat 50% of the world's food. Now, it's something closer to 20%. Allergies, preferences, and quasi-political statements have limited my choice of food such that even the staples of university existence, pizza and beer, are off-limits. Here, for you, a chronological description of my struggles with food:

1980-1984: First four years of life spent as vegetarian. Not due to personal preference, but because was kid unaware of meat's existence, and inability to cook. Parents thoroughly disappointed when, on trip to Toronto to visit family, I developed an obsession with breakfast sausage. Subsequent return to Vancouver only resulted in an exponential increase in my carnivorous capacity. However, mom's refusal to cook beef made steak and burgers out of the question.

June 1992: In attempt to be somewhat trendy, decided that I would become a vegetarian. Attempt was somewhat stilted by my discovery of A&W Teen Burgers (yum, bacon) and subsequent fall off the wagon.

September 1992: Got back on the wagon, as pesco-vegetarian. Meaning: fish good, meat bad. Regarded as a freak by many, as this was before everyone else in the world became vegetarian. Extremely pleased by the release of Deadeye Dick's "She's a Vegetarian" from the Dumb and Dumber soundtrack. Trips to restaurant entail mentally erasing entire sections devoted to steak and red meat in general.

March 1996: While on a school-arranged trip to France, managed to subsist on omelettes and grapefruit. Returned to Vancouver 10 pounds lighter and very, very cranky.

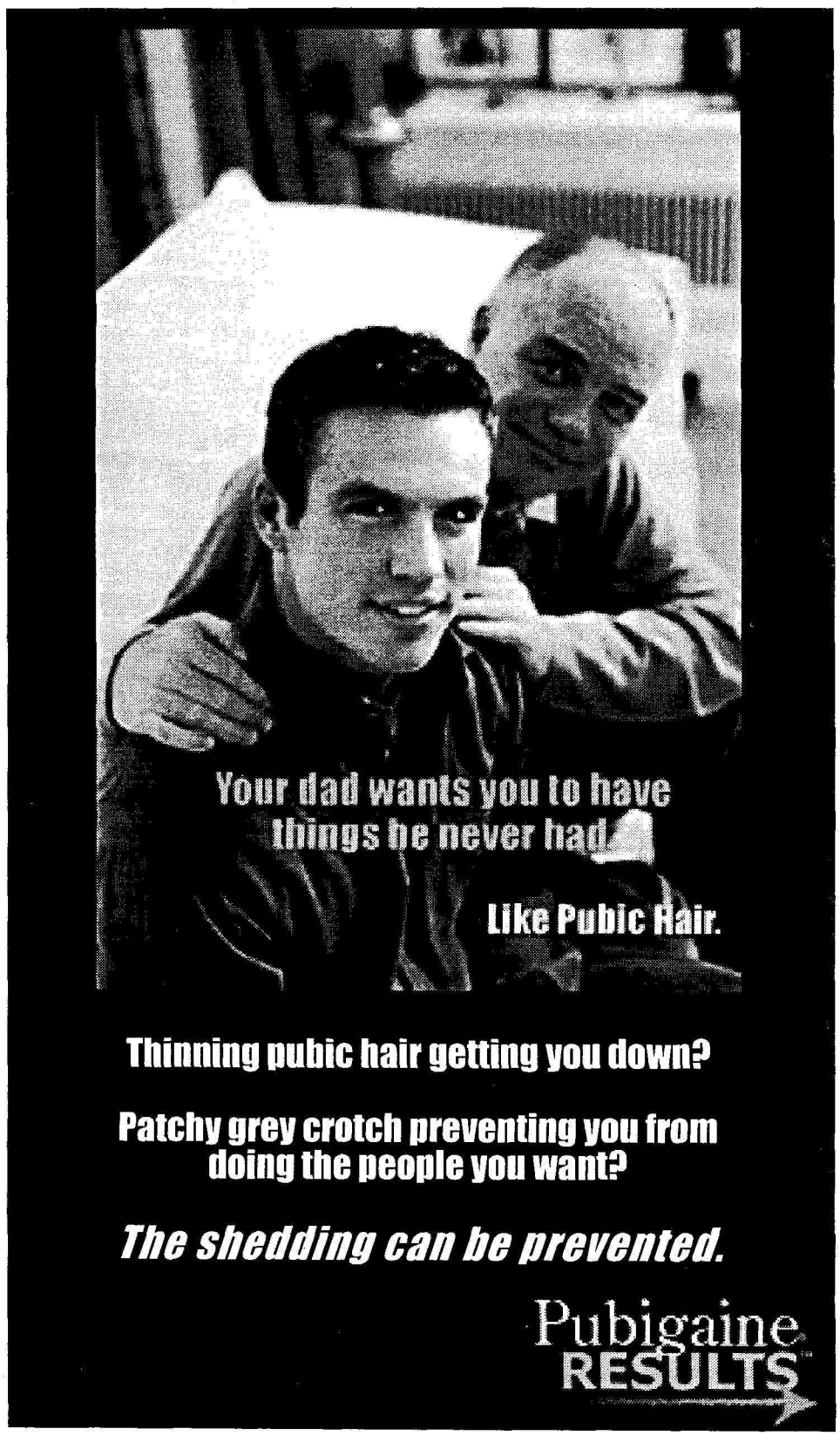
Summer 1998: Parentals, while on a money-wasting trend, decided to go to Spain. Spent the first week trying to choke back overcooked, many-times-frozen, drowned-in-sauce fish. Out of desperation, turned to chicken. Embraced it wholeheartedly. Returned to Vancouver in wash of love for chicken and chicken-based food. Very pleased that restaurant menus hold some new possibilities. However, still bitter when friends hold birthday parties at the Keg. Resent having to eat salad out of necessity but still refuse to pay $20 for tiny piece of chicken on oversized plate.

May 1999: While on trip to Palo Alto to visit friend at cushy American university, discover am lactose intolerant. Some dairy ok: yay ice cream and yogurt. Some dairy not so ok: must cut out milk and cheese. Continue to eat cheese, in manner of martyr for all lactose-intolerants. Effect on restaurant menus minimal.

February 2001: Plagued by sudden tired spells and general sluggishness, so cut out yeast from diet for a month at mom's suggestion. Notice marked improvement in energy; reintroduction of bread produces splitting headache. Am distraught at sudden yeast allergy. Restaurant menus now a slap in the face, as am relegated to the soup and salad section.

Never truly realized the far-reaching world of yeast foods: bread, donuts, pizza, cinnamon buns, bagels...even flat things like pita bread now off-limits. Realize with disgust that manufacturers also put yeast in things like soup (evil evil Campbell's) and chips (evil evil Mrs. Vickies). Find self spending ridiculous amounts of money on buying lunch, as packing sandwiches now out of question. Feel like freak at university-sponsored events, reduced to eating pizza toppings and chucking crust. Endure withering looks from other people who believe I am on a no-carb diet.

March 2002: Discover recipe for Irish soda bread. Make Irish soda bread. Decide is not like bread at all; more like biscuit. Find recipe for Sourdough bread. Realize that even sourdough bread is made with yeast. Give up all attempts to be normal. Document struggles in 432 article.



Dog's Life

Jordana Laporte

Pavlov's sucker

University is better than a dog . . . in sensing fear at least. Dogs have been proven to be able to sense fear effortlessly. It's a sixth sense to them. Then they can either leave you alone or feed on this fear and chase you while you run for your life running and screaming and trying not to trip over your own feet. But don't even think of stopping, because vicious dogs will devour you whole, even the little ones will nip at your feet a bit. Does this terrible situation remind you of anything? It's actually analogous to university, except the part about the tiny dogs. The university is obviously bigger than you are, plus if you were actually caught by a tiny dog, stepping on it would probably solve your problems. Let's recap: University = dog = evil = you inevitably get devoured. I think a little explanation is necessary.

Scene 1: Genesis

It all starts in high school. You're hanging out with friends, not doing anything in the line of homework and not worrying too much about the future. Well, maybe you're worrying about it silently in the back of your head. Little do you know that universities have radar for silent fears. A huge red light goes off at Fear Central: university headquarters and a signal, like the Bat Signal but it's more of a red colour to symbolize the fire that will eventually scald you when you least expect it, is shot into the sky. Before you know it parents, guidance councillors and teachers (all brainwashed by the masterminds working at Fear Central) are on your ass to "make a decision" and the next thing you know you're in university. "Let loose the dogs!"

Scene 2: Natural Selection

It looks as though there's no turning back, but if you have to do this university thing you just want to make sure you pick courses whose sole purpose isn't to terminate your life. Too bad. Courses like that only exist in a parallel world, where passing something is actually an achievable goal. You get stuck in courses like Chemistry, Honours Physics and English (don't be fooled, the English department is just as close to a canine as are all science programs). Most of your courses have a 99% fail rate and those who have managed to pass them didn't live longer than a few hours to tell the tale.

Scene 3: Stop Thinking Out Loud, Idiot!

Take, for instance, any of your classes where there is a final exam. Your prof gives you some crazy proof to do or an impossible mechanics problem to solve in class and you say, "Oh my God, this is really tough . . . don't put this on the exam okay?" And the dog (prof) hesitates, smelling the potential for fear in the air. "Okay?" you plead. Your prof gives a conspicuous grin and sighs lightly. Guess what? That's the moment where fear was recognized by the sharp senses of the pitbull who teaches your class. You'd better study for that final.

Scene 4: Into the Abyss

If you've managed to survive one year against the powerful teeth of university, don't convince yourself that it gets any easier. Your opponents just get more vicious, they have sharper teeth and first aid supplies are running low. You'll be stuck, looking back every so often wondering why you chose to keep on running when you could have ducked behind that dumpster. Sorry, there's nothing you can do now except for ALWAYS keeping one metre between you and the beast.

So, now that you know this maybe you can help yourself or even prevent future university-goers from falling into the death trap. Go fearless for the rest of your life.

Remember beware of dogs, even the tiny ones.

Deadpool

Sister Death

Life goes on

Welcome to the end, the grand finale, *la fin*, of the dead pool for this overly eventful year. I would like to premise this brief wrap-up with a goodbye, as I do not think I will be back next year to do the dead pool, and so I pass the scythe onto capable hands. You'll remember that the points scheme this year is that people get multiple points, based on the position of the entry on the list; hence the large scores. As a last bit of housekeeping, I found Mark Fraser's entry sheet. However, he failed to place, except on the UBC Board of Governors. There are no prize for that.

This year was a particularly active one, what with war and strife breaking out all over the place. When we first started the dead pool, pre-Sept. 11, it looked to be a year like all others. Then, of course, it was post-Sept. 11 and it looked like we were on a straightaway to Hell. It's still looking bad, but I have hopes. This isn't a political column, but as long as people have been killing each other, they've also been sorting it all out. Of course, they didn't have biological weapons and nuclear bombs for most of that time. I'm still hopeful.

You'll notice that no one has any points for named members of the Taliban or al-Qaeda, most notably Osama bin Laden or Mullah Mohammad Omar. This is due to the fact there has been no documented evidence of any deaths of these individuals. Bin Laden in particular is turning into a third Elvis, with sightings all over the place. Perhaps next year (if at all).

So: who has died?

HRH Princess Margaret, the younger sister of Queen Elizabeth, died on Feb. 9, 2002, following a stroke and other health problems. Princess Margaret had been a favourite on dead pool lists in recent years, as things got near the end. Reading some of her obits, you can tell that woman knew how to party. Points go to Michael C, nine, and Charlotte D, eight.

Dalton Camp, Canadian political pundit and hack, who is credited with bringing down John Diefenbaker (No, I will not tell you who Dief is, you sorry excuse for a product of the Canadian educational system, you), died on March 18, 2002, at the age of 81. Ten years ago, he was the oldest recipient of a heat transplant in Canada. Super extra bonus points go to Charlotte D (three of them) for knowing who Dalton Camp was.

Isaac Stern, master violinist, died on Sept. 23, 2001, of heart failure. Albert C. had him first on the list, which gives him 15 points for that. As Albert also had Barbara Olson, who was on one of the crashed planes on Sept. 11, in second place, he has pulled off what I am classifying as the eeriest win in recent years.

Other entries, the undying kind, ranged from the perennial (the Pope, the Queen Mum, Ronald Regan) to the wistful (Backstreet Boys, N'Sync, the head of UBC Chemistry) to the astute (Arafat, Bushes) to the downright bizarre (Bort). One of these days, the old-timers will kick off, probably the year that you choose to not enter. You'll just have to enter next year to see if you can place (or else they will die over the summer and you'll be all pissed off).

So, to recap: Albert C wins with 29 eerie points (Isaac Stern and Barbara Olson). Charlotte D is in second place, with 11 points (Princess Margaret and Dalton Camp). Michael C is in third, with nine points (Princess Margaret). Nicholas C has an honourable mention for being the only person to have George Harrison down (two points). The rest of our fair contestants had totals of zero.

So long, have a productive summer, hope to see you next year and don't fear the Reaper.

I'm still disapointed that neither Barney the Dinosaur nor the gay Teletubby kicked off. Damn.

-ed

Lotus Light Charity Society

Gift Of Sight 2002

Eyeglass Campaign

PRESS RELEASE

For Immediate Release

Lotus Light Charity Society's Millennium Plan:

20,000 Pairs of Eyeglasses to the Third World!

Year 2002 Gift of Sight Eyeglass Campaign

The head branch of the Lotus Light Charity Society, located in Vancouver, British Columbia, is hoping to collect over 20,000 pairs of used eyeglasses (of any type) from February 12 to August 12, 2002 in their "Year 2002 Gift of Sight Eyeglass Campaign". These eyeglasses will be cleaned and restored and then distributed to the poor and impoverished of Third World countries like Nepal, Kenya, and countries in Western Africa and South America, through the international charitable organization Operation Eyesight Universal.

During last year's campaign, the Lotus Light Charity Society collected over 22,000 pairs of eyeglasses, exceeding over twice the amount targeted! Once again, the Lotus Light Charity Society will be placing collection boxes at various locations throughout the Lower Mainland. Individuals with extra or discarded glasses or sunglasses of any type or in any condition are invited to drop them off at any of these locations. Stores and public facilities willing to place collection boxes in their premises are greatly appreciated and needed.

The Lotus Light Charity Society is an international charitable organization with over 100 chapters throughout the world. In addition to working in international charitable causes, the Vancouver head chapter of the Lotus Light Charity Society has also been active in local causes and projects. Last year, for example, the Charity has donated over 7,000 items of winter garments (socks, gloves, toques, and scarves) to the Lower Mainland's homeless in its annual "Winter Charity Drive" campaign. Organizations like the BC Cancer Society, BC Children's Hospital, BC Heart Foundation, BC Paraplegic Association, Canadian Diabetes Association, Canadian National Institute for the Blind, Carnegie Community Centre, The Food Bank, and The Vancouver Police Union Foundation are some of the hundreds of organizations the Lotus Light Charity Society has assisted in the past.

By supporting the 2002 Gift of Sight campaign with your gesture of caring and sharing, you will not only benefit our less fortunate neighbours in the Third World with the important gift of sight but also help bring our world closer together.

If you are interested in helping or donating in this campaign, you are invited to call our campaign hotline at (604) 692-6100 or fax us at (604) 685-5598. Our address is #200 - 357 East Hastings Street, Vancouver, B.C., V6A 1P3.

Biochemistry, Pharmacology & Physiology Club

Presents

Graduation Dinner & Dance

Hotel Vancouver

Monday, April 29, 2002

Reception 6:00PM

Dinner & Dance 7:00PM – 1:00AM

Tickets: Members $55
Non-Members $60

Sale: Wood Concourse
M, W, F @ 12- 1PM
March 4 – 15

OR

Email: bpp_grad@hotmail.com

$10 off if you buy your ticket before March 22

Everyone is welcome!!!

You Are Where You Pee

Albert Chen

Urinary

About two years ago, Kiri Nichol wrote a review on various on-campus female washrooms, and it has been suggested that there should be a men's can review. Unfortunately, limited funding prevented us from hiring an independent male agent to do such report, and the project went on hiatus.

So I decided to step in. It's time for men to take care of themselves. Years have gone by without a comprehensive, informative guide to male washrooms on campus. In the mean time, thousands of men are out there, exposing their sensitive areas to unknown dangers. Thus, I have decided to dedicated my time to some fieldwork, and there I was, going to various johns/loos/washroom.

My research has produced some interesting results. Most of the excretion facilities reflect their users' intelligence, so I guess you are where you pee. Who knows, one day you might develop a connoisseur approach to these things, just don't brag about it.

Each washroom is rated on a scale of one to five stars, with five being, "It's good enough to live in," and one being,"Touch the sink and you will die." Here it is: the 2002 SUS male washroom guide.

Hebb Theatre

I am rather concerned about this washroom, for although the theatre is largely devoted to first year and pre-med keeners, their knowledge is hardly applied outside of their notebooks. Case in note: most of the urinal users tend to miscalculate the projectile parabola, constantly resulting in disgusting facilities that are speckled with... *(Urine. It's called urine. -ed.)* anyway, my advice: bring your calculator to the washroom, use your brain while you pee, and PLEASE, don't miss the target! Toilet space is extremely limited during peak-time (10 am - 2 pm), so be prepared to wait for a while if you ever need to use the toilet. No comment on the sinks. (**)

Kenny, 4th floor

This Biopsych facility is an extremely user-friendly space, so it's worth walking up those four flights of stairs. Although there are several washrooms in this building, this is, by far, the cleanest one of all. (Considering the fact that only approximately 10 males use it a week on average and two janitors maintain it every day, the user-janitor ratio is unbeatable). Everything you can dream of is in this washroom: clean toilet, great sink, great ventilation, and oh, yes, a constant supply of paper cups. Oh, by the way, the washroom is right next to the sexual behavior lab. A lot of happy rats and other relevant animals there. (*****)

Music Building, Basement

A great deal of non-music students tend to have the urge to pee when they approach this building, probably because the out-of-date building closely resembles a giant washroom cubicle with several peek holes (yes, I am talking about their tiny windows). Anyway, this facility has a nice retro effect, resembling the seedy washrooms in '70s blaxploitation films. Everything is fine, except the toilets, which break down once in a while. Only go there if you have to. No classical music available while using the washroom. (**)

Chem Building, right next to 2nd-floor lecture hall

Not a very user-friendly place. To start with, the room is VERY COLD -- janitors like to keep the room well ventilated which, unfortunately, cause a lot of shrinkage among users. It's generally clean, though, can't complain there. Surprisingly, the building dealing with chemicals is the one that tend to run out of soap or other hand-cleansing chemicals. Go figure. (Note: I did notice that the nearby vending machine guys who reload the foods sometimes have to visit the john. Unable to trust anyone, they tend to, you know, take the goods with them. I once saw a guy came out with a tray of Five Alive, so be aware). (***)

Koerner Library, 2nd Floor

Ah, my favorite place to visit the john -- the room is always at the right temperature (even in winter), the toilet seat is always comfy, the sink is always clean, and the lighting is always spot-on: not too bright, not too dark. Although sometimes the ventilation system isn't all that efficient, everything else is way above average. Highly recommended. (*****)

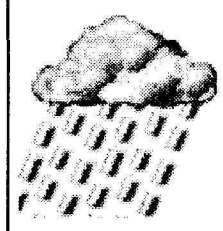
Math Annex Building, 1st Floor

No need to worry about whether you are in the wrong washroom -- only men's washrooms exist in this building. The building is one of the oldest building on campus, from back when women wouldn't have a great chance to study in post-secondary institutions. It's pretty small, and it's not soundproof, but it's clean. Aside from that, there isn't much to talk about, except it's very convenient. It's right next to the front entrance - so I suppose you can just pee and dash. Hmm, I wonder if it's going to be a trendy thing. (****)

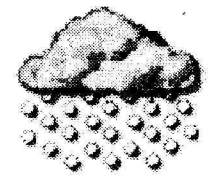
Chem D Wing, 4th Floor (Right Next to Organic Chem Lab)

This is the strangest men's washroom on campus. There are 1 sink, 2 toilets, 3 sinks, and a giant couch with comfy cushions. I suppose it's very nice to sit and wait for your turn to use the toilet, but sitting on a couch in the washroom is not my idea of a cool time. Still, the washroom has a great view. (**)

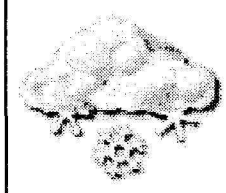
ACF Weather Forecast



9AM Rain

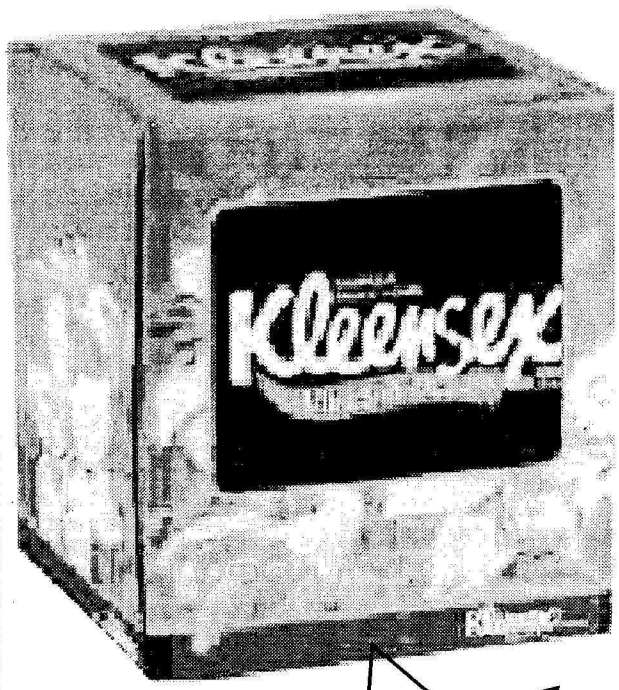


Midday Sleet



5PM Snow

Our softest and most soothing genital wipe ever!



- New refreshing menthex cream leaves that tingly feeling *all* over.
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UBC CHEM GRAD 2002

@at the Pan Pacific

Everyone Welcome!

When?

Sat April 27

6:30pm-1:00am

Tickets

$50 members

$55 non-members

On sale Now

Room D222

Between 10 -2

The Drawer of SUS

Kristin Lyons
Director of Sports

Hey everyone. Well, here it is, my last exec report as the 2001-2002 Director of Sports for the Science Undergraduate Society. Rebates have been completed and were given out at 40%. We had a ton of people hand in rebate requests, which was great because lots of teams were able to get some money back. In terms of Science's status in the intramural points standings, we are still currently first, but Gage is right on our heels and final tallies won't be in until all the league playoffs and Storm the Wall are over. Look in the last issue of The Point newspaper for final results.Well that's about it for me, good luck to all science teams in Storm, good luck to all science students in exams and have a great summer!

Ben Warrington
D. of Publications

Damn you, exec. Damn every last one of you except Kristin. You can't be bothered to send a report for the last issue of *the 432*. I know that some of you are out of here in two days, but that is no excuse. This was your last opportunity to be ridiculously self laudatory. I know some of you are graduating and moving on to bigger and better things. Others may be too pumped up on their recent election win to feel it necessary to communicate with the common people. Still others might be too distraught and bitter about their election defeat to care enough to inform the students what has been accomplished this year in SUS.

I have a goddamned ten-page term paper due on Tuesday, and here I am writing an exec report. What's your excuse? Huh? What is it?

Shut up. I know this is about the only one I have written, but I have to write editorials, and edit, and write articles. Don't turn this around on me. Bastards.

Brian Maclean
VP Internal

The First Year Committee helped out with the 30-hour famine held on March 23rd and 24th in the SUB. It was a lot of fun, and I hope next year's FYC can meet the challenge and raise as much money as this year's FYC did.

The Academic Committee will meet this week to determine the Teaching Excellence Award winners. They will be announced on April 2nd. SUS elections are now over and the offical turnover will be held on Thursday, March 28th, in Council Chambers in the SUB. And yes, there will be turnovers to commemorate the event.

This will be my last report -- I'll be handing over the reins to Annes this Thursday. I've enjoyed being VP Internal and working with the rest of SUS Council. You're a great group and I'm going to miss you.

He is very late, but I no longer hate Brian.
-ed.

Translick

Gillian Gunson

Bustrated

A young male UBC student was heard declaring, "Translink is dictating my sex life," during a recent horizontal encounter with his girlfriend. Business, as they say, had been as usual until the girl suddenly turned her head towards the bedside alarm clock and said, "Hey, can you be finished in fifteen minutes so I can catch the 3:25 480?" referring to the twice-hourly Translink route between Richmond centre and UBC. It seems that many vehicularly-challenged students have had to disrupt, delay or even cancel sexual liaisons for the sake of getting on the right bus at the right time.

Even Vanier girls with off-campus boyfriends are finding the situation difficult, being pressured to have orgasms at breakneck speeds so that their boyfriends don't have to wait an extra 20 minutes at the UBC bus loop in the evenings. "Like, after two minutes he's saying, 'Have you come yet? I gotta catch the 99 to Commercial, then Skytrain to Surrey Central and if I miss the 316 to Scottsdale it's another half hour before I get home and everyone will have eaten all the good KFC,' " said one distraught Sherwood Lett resident. "I mean, what happened to 'oh, baby, yes' and a bit of moaning? And I can't cum to a description of suburban transit routes, it doesn't do anything for me."

In response to the allegation that his company's bus schedules are so disrupting to sexual well-being of UBC students, TransLink Chair Doug McCallum said, "The idea that our scheduling detracts from students' social lives is ridiculous. In fact, our timetables encourage pre-marital fornication. Our #41 Joyce Station to UBC goes by every 17 minutes during non-peak daytime hours. And 17 minutes is enough time for anybody to get off." Mr. McCallum then went on to describe the success of Translink's articulated bus routes, and the company's commitment to promoting bus travel amongst students. "We're considering renaming our express route from Commercial and Broadway to UBC the '99 Bootie-Line' for those passengers planning on getting lucky at the Pit."

The 25-cent increase in transit fees effective April 1st have angered many transit riders, especially after the cuts to late-night schedules that force partyers without vehicles to leave clubs and bars before the desperate people make themselves known. This extra revenue will supposedly allow Translink to expand their services, perhaps back to where they were before the cuts. *The 432* asked Mr. McCallum if Translink would be willing to condone sexual intercourse on their emptier busses in exchange for the extra 25 cents. His reply: "We're not insured for that sort of activity."

Ben Tippett:
"Do rectum and recreation have the same root?"

Dave Tsang:
"I'm going to venture a cautious yes."

Science Undergraduate Society
Unofficial Elections Results

President	
Reka Sztopa	
Yes	149
No	23
Spoiled	18

Internal VP	
Annes (Hee-Yun) Song	
Yes	150
No	21
Spoiled	19

External VP	
May Tee	87
Dan Yokom	89
Spoiled	14

D. of Finance	
Alan Warkentin	
Yes	139
No	25
Spoiled	23

D. of Sports	
Hedy Lam	78
Kristin Lyons	98
Spoiled	13

D. of Publications	
Benjamin Warrington	
Yes	151
No	23
Spoiled	15

Public Relations O.	
Serena Siow	66
Sameer Wahid	99
Spoiled	24

Executive Secretary	
Dan Anderson	95
Andres Ruberg	67
Spoiled	26

Social Coordinator	
Katharine Scotton	
Yes	143
No	26
Spoiled	21

It's Lonely at the Top of the Food Chain

Andy Martin

Midget-Curious

Evolution is the hot word on everybody's lips. Every week, more fossils are unearthed that seem to be supporting Darwin's gradualism theory over Gould's more widely accepted Punctuated Equilibrium theory, and the very supports on which our society was built are shaking. The tabloids are ripe with scandal about the biggest names in biological science today. I can't even turn on Access Hollywood without a new star-studded archeological dig dominating the news.

This hitting just as the creationists make another bid to have their fairy tales taught as fact in school. Get in line mofos, there's another 500 creation myths that came before yours. Just because your religion is the richest and the whitest doesn't mean it's any less full of shit.

But then, we have to take a look back at the evolutionary chain, and realize that there are a few illogical quirks that have appeared as 2 billion years of life strived towards me, it's finest creation. Sure there's the facial water receptors, biochemistry of the cell (too complex to evolve, too complex for a rational mind to create (or memorize in a single term, but that's another rant)), the needlessly winding nervous system and even more things nobody cares about that I could reference to make myself feel smart.

Maybe evolution isn't the answer. I present my thesis to some overlooked characteristics that have evolved and probably really shouldn't have.

Life in General

Well, it's interesting...but what does it do?

Sexually Reproducing Lifeforms

That's one hell of a can of worms you just opened.

To this day, scientists still debate just why Life thought this was a good idea. Why would a population want to only have one half of its individuals be able to reproduce. I say the answer's obvious: because it's fun.

Animals

Pain.

Pain sucks. When I played football, I took the group mentality that pain was something good and a welcome reminder that we are alive...which when you think about it is really quite stupid. Pain is the negative neural response evolved to keep you from doing stupid things. But does it have to hurt so much? The reality is that life would feel so good without it. I concede it's an effective deterrent to stop me from doing things deemed anti-productive in the evolutionary sense, like turning into oncoming traffic or genitalia piercing. But when it's a leg cramp that has me jumping out of bed at 4am, one questions the appropriateness of said mechanism.

Loss of Photosynthesis

Now, we animals can be lazy, but we always have to get up and forage for food to continue this amusing pastime of living. But if we were still autotrophic, like those slacker plants, we wouldn't even have to move to feed ourselves and could take lazy to a whole 'nother level. However, heterotrophism does allow for eating tasty food and drinking inebriatives. But couldn't we have a choice? or a Auto/Manual switch or something? And what the deal with active breathing?

Mammals

Male External Genitalia

While, yes, they are fun, and I couldn't imagine living with a different morphology of Mr. Happy, other animals get the same job done with internal versions, and don't run the risk of nasty injury by errant ski pole and/or PMS whim.

Humans

Loss of a 'Mating Season'

It's a little overwhelming being pre-occupied with sex all year round. I'd love to actually be able to concentrate on something else for eleven months of the year, then have a month-long bout of reproductive activity with like-minded partners. We'd get so much done.

Religion

What other species takes it upon themselves to create a group mentality to deny themselves all the fun things in life, perform stupid ceremonies, erect huge temples, and kill each other...just because?

Suicide

Name another species that get depressed over nothing, and then puts its own survival rate to zero to 'solve' it. If other species were this anti-fit, you'd see zebras so locked in the 'am I white with black stripes, or vice-versa?' question before taking the zebra-gun and blowing their zebra-brains across the savanna.

Domestication of the Hamster

I mean, what the fuck? How the hell does that help anything? They don't guard worth shit, have little meat on them, and they bite.

PMS

Hell hath no fury...

Art

How the hell am I supposed to believe 'NSYNC is evolution from the Stones? How am I supposed to believe what passes for the visual arts is supposed to evolved from the great masters, but is a higher and greater form. All forms of art, save for porno and video games, have de-evolved over the past 50 years to the point where joe-shmoe could do a better job. Evolution is 'decent with modification' towards being better suited to the current environment. Unless people are getting stupider (I'm not ruling that out, by the way), this is a very non-progressive field, unless downwards counts as a progressive direction.

Artsies wonder why they get so little respect, they should look at the fact that the number of arts students keeps going up, but quality of their produced 'art' keeps dropping faster than tomahawk missiles on religious nuts' holy holes in the mountain.

Commercialism

The only species that decides it wants to kill its home planet in 50 years because it likes its water bottled (and can't take five more steps to put the bottle in recycling as opposed to the garbage can), plastic stickers on each separate piece of fruit, and fresh Brazilian bark mulch for their hamster cages.

Guilt

Leads to telling the truth. See 'Pain'.

Sense of Humour

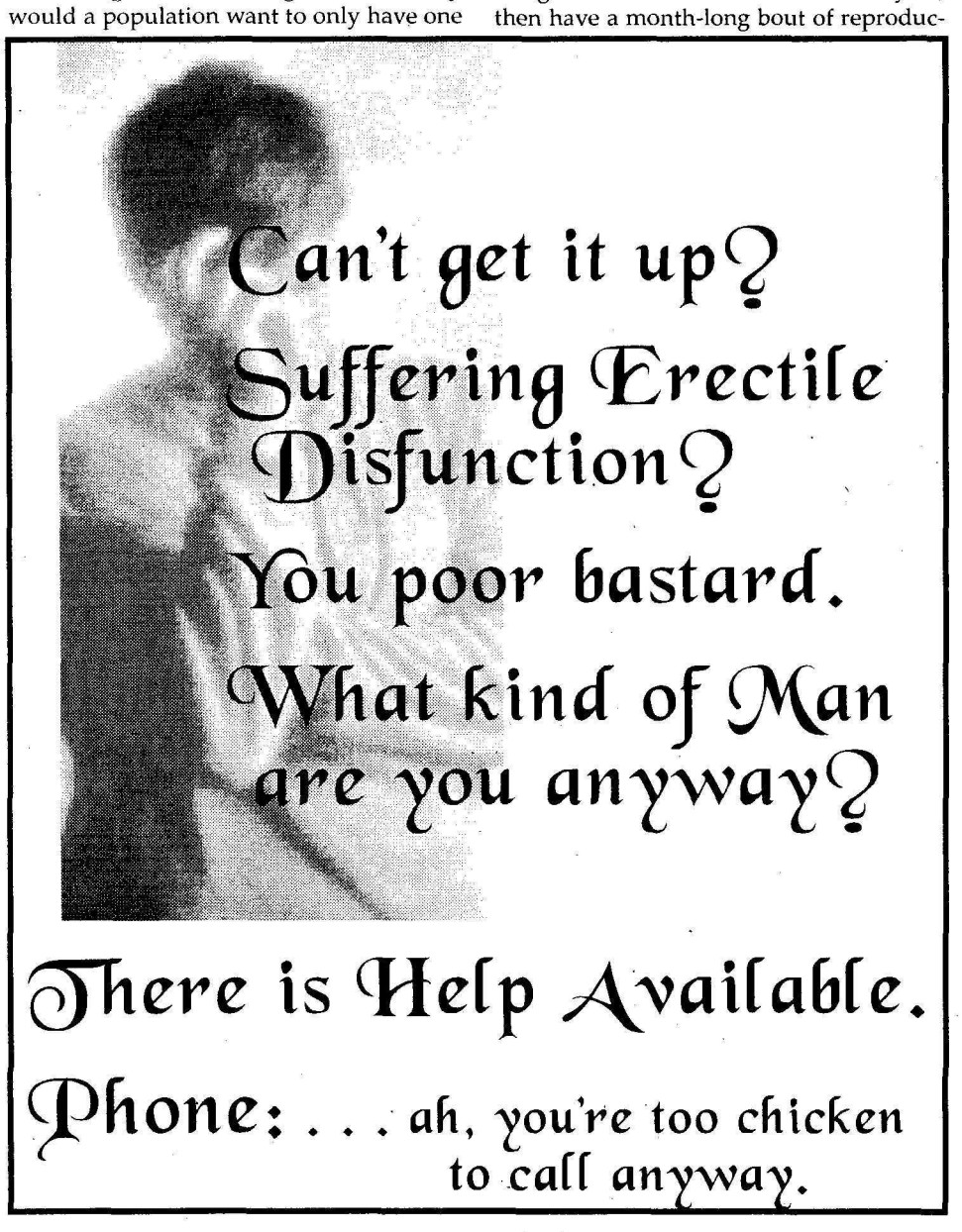
Why would evolution make us laugh at things we find absurd? We find nonsensical things amusing, and seem to seek them out to further our amusement. I guess it's just a evolution's way of keeping our heads from exploding during political debates.

And lastly, the top of the chain:

Me

What the fuck?

'What the fuck?' indeed.



Duck. Fast.

Jay Garcia

Writer of Wonder +1

It's semi-official; I'm now an Old Fart. I would say it's official, but there's no ceremony, no audience, and definately no prizes, unless you count massive frustration over bureaucratic hassles, long lineups, and the semi-seasonal insanities inherent in coursework to be a prize. There aren't really many of us; time and finances separate us from this campus after a while, and most people have the good sense to grow up and get the hell out of here once they finish their undergraduate degree. The exception, of course, are those poor fools here for their graduate and professional degrees, as well as those ancilliary folks who work in the infrastructure of UBC campus, and, of course, the Old Farts. By definition, an Old Fart must at least be in their fifth year of a four year degree. Further, they must ramble on disjointedly and incessantly about "the good old days", and how much better everything was back then, when alcohol flowed freely, rules were laxer, and women wore shorter skirts (nothing, of course, would be said about the terrible mustaches or the oh-so-popular mullets). An Old Fart should be capable of running a Campus Tour at the drop of a hat (or pair of boltcutters, as it were), and be able to convincingly initiate people into the mysterious arts of the Merry Prankster. Old Farts, are, of course, too attached to this campus or to its people to ever really leave; the ways and wherefores of campus are known to us, and the place is broken in and comfortable, like an old shoe. Some would call this willingness to go on arrested development. I'd agree with them, but I would add that it's more like knowing what you're good at and sticking to it.

Old Farts have the most fun on this campus; we plot and we scam, and we get all the chicks. Well, okay, not all the chicks, but we do get the really cool ones who are willing to go along with our wacky schemes and are patient enough to clean our wounds after an impromptu fall off of one of Buchanan Tower's roofs, or post our bail after an unfortunate encounter with the police after one of our absurd machinations has blown up in our face (if we're lucky, that's all that would have blown up).

All good things, however, must end, and it looks like my days on this campus are numbered. In a little over a year, I must hie my way over to the other coast, to a tiny little spur of a state called Rhode Island, therein to enter the hallowed halls of academia. On the plus side, it's relatively close to New York, which puts me in driving distance of ex-432 and nEUSpayper alums like Andy Martin and Dave Tsang. It should also be relatively easy to attend the once-yearly Sluggweens (*www.sluggy.com*, blatant plug that it is). And it puts the entire distance of this continent, and a complete national border, between me and UBC.

I certainly won't miss some aspects of this fine institution - Campus Patrol being one of them; to the fine, fine people of Patrol, I present the Golden "Can't You Read a Frickin' List, you Morons" award for towing my car twice in twenty-four hours, for the same infraction, despite the fact that I had already paid off my fine. I won't miss the Bookstore or Pit Nite lineups, or any of the myriad inventive queues of torture created to quash the spirit of the UBC student.

But I will miss all of you, you lovely and loyal readers of these here campus humour rags. But don't think that I'm getting sentimental in my old age; it's just a statement of my accuracy with a high-powered sabot round fired from a gas-chambered armalite rifle. Remember kids: always burn your bridges behind you - that way, there's no chance on God's green earth that the bastards can track you down and ask you to pay back your student loans.