

SPECIAL ADDITION

BRIBERY AT UBC

MACLAME'S

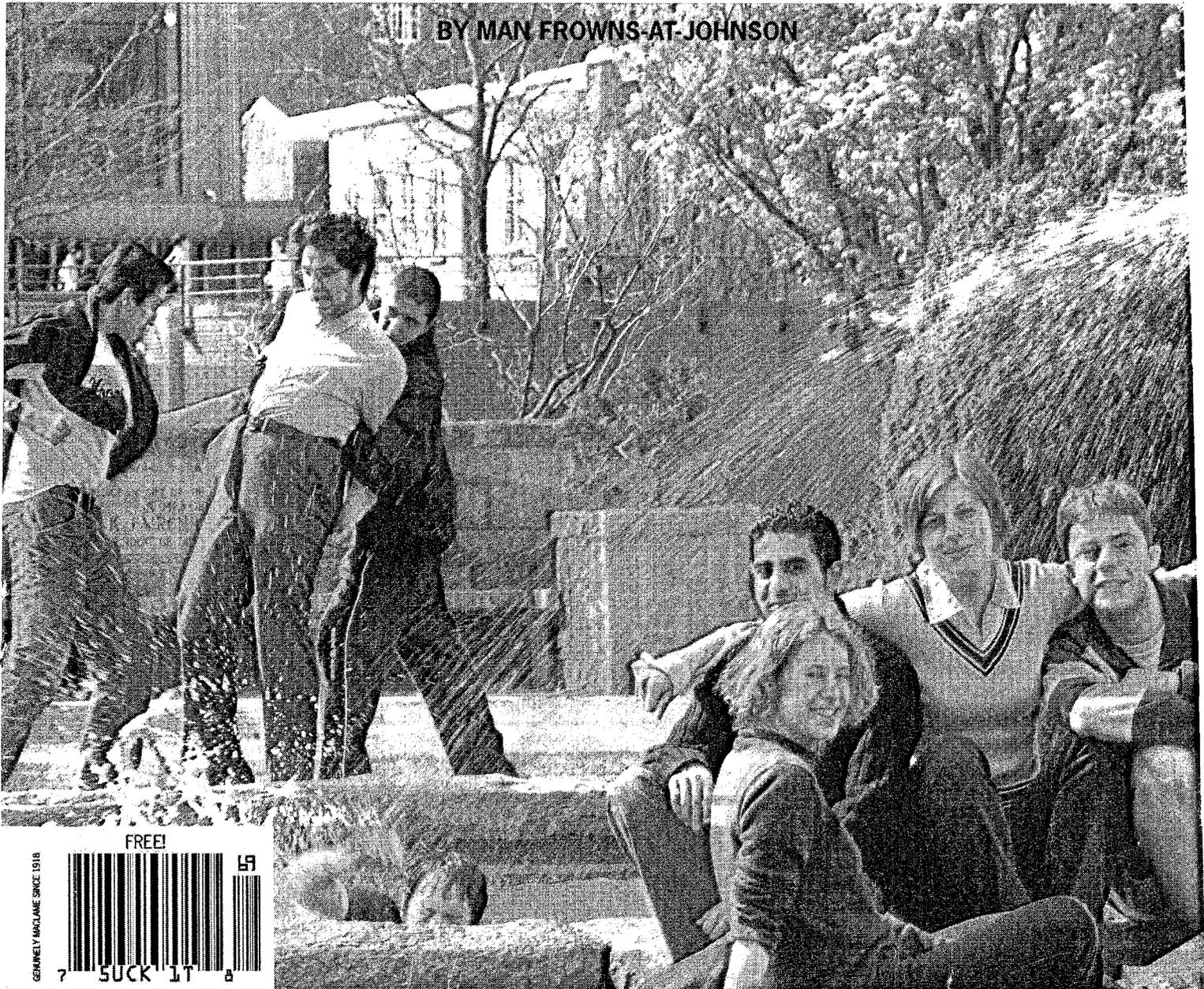
CANADA'S WEEKLY NOOSEMAGAZINE | www.maclames.ca

APRIL 2 2004

UNIVERSITIES 2004

MEASURING EXCELLENCE AN INSIDER'S GUIDE

BY MAN FROWNS-AT-JOHNSON

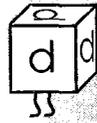


FREE!

GENUINELY MACLAME SINCE 1918



59



is for dignity.

The quality or state of being worthy of esteem or respect. This is the building block of functional human relationships. ph technology allows images of you at your most hideous to linger on the Internet in perpetuity and ensures that you'll never get that dignity you so crave. www.ph.ca/multiply_dignity

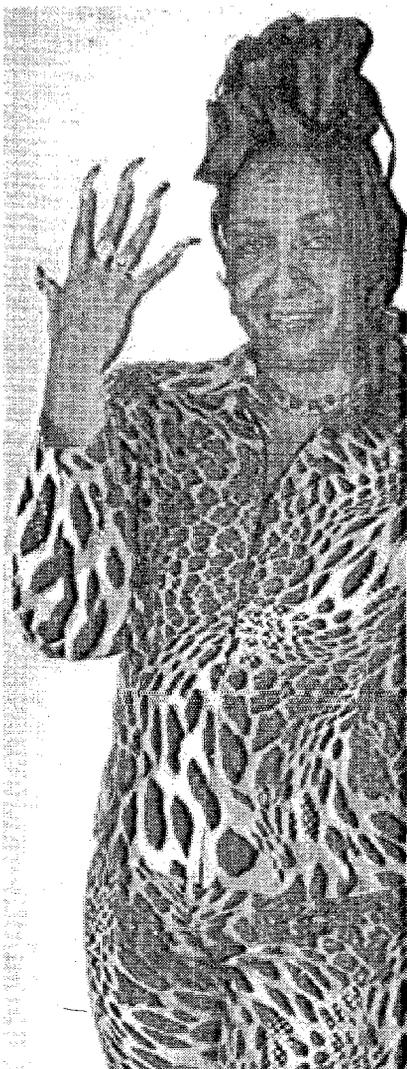
X_{ph}



= anything is possible



43 Shoo, Kitty.
It's not raining out.



MACLAME'S

CANADA'S WEEKLY NOOSEMAGAZINE

Cover Story

MACLAME'S UNIVERSITY RANKINGS

Comparing Point Grey institutions in all categories except class size.

18-19

Features

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They're not turkeys. What the hell are they?
- 1 4 Mad cow | I've got it
What the sam hell are you looking at? Piss off.
- 2 9 Aliens | It's what's for dinner
You're eating ventricular ectoplasm. How about a side salad?
- 3 3 Bacne | Admit it
Popping parties in a neighbourhood near you. Squish.
- 1 7 Cheney | Picking up the pacemaker
But the vice-president's cold heart beats inexorably on.
- 1 4 Naked | Everyone has a neighbour
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FACE SLIME Osama, Laura and Lloyd
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PASSAGES
- 1 4 BLOWING GOATS
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RAVING

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THE EDITRIX'S BLATHER



COWER BEFORE ME!

It's not easy being so intimidating...but I have a special little secret

YES, WEAK-WILLED, DOCILE *Maclame's* reader. Look into my beady, fearsome little eyes. Marvel at the supple power in the shape of my jawline, the subtle yet ferocious bulk of my shoulders. I am huge! I am intimidating. Canada, cower before me!

I am the editor of Canada's weekly news-magazine. I have an intimidating, triple-barreled name. I am 6'7". I am a well put-together man.

People know this. The photograph above isn't everything; I embody it. I beat the shit out of my stress ball when other journalists are watching. I often growl. I drop hints at the *Maclame's* water cooler that I've shot-put irascible dwarves. And people are scared. They know I'll do it again.

Canada listens. When I tell UBC how many kids to put in its classes, it listens. Because this is Canada's fucking weekly news magazine, I am Canada's *fucking* weekly newsmagazine.

But it's lonely at the top. Sometimes that power schtick doesn't feel so good. It's not intimate. My best friends complain of a burning feeling when I look at them, and Deirdre can be so cold. Like my writing, power can be heavy, and that's when I need to come to work with the feeling of lace, latex and leather under my clothing and on my skin.

Then, when I strut into the office on Mount Pleasant Road, my confidence held up by a silk brassiere, I can bark orders even to the American president, "Only 15 per cent of Canadians like you," I say, bosom heaving, torso straining against my corset, sweating in my leather pants. It feels so good.

I decide which jobs at *Maclame's* stay and which ones go, all with the exhilarating feeling of "Sweet Heart Lace"

“Look at you, AWS. Beautiful God, it's enough to make my nipple-tassels stand on end.”

lingerie. It's much classier than closing the Eastern bureau in fishnets—which are so drafty.

Did you know that my beady eyes get beadier with a flash of green mascara? That my shoulders get broader with the frills of a satin slip? That a man is more of a man when he's greased up like a bald monkey?

I found myself applying Maybelline during the last layoffs. I realized that with a champagne lip-smack, a bat of the eyelashes, I could order any *Maclame's* bureau to shut down. I would even enjoy it.

Look at you, AWS. Look at you. Beautiful. God, it's enough to make my nipple-tassels stand on end. That's just the sort of mood to be in when...oh, my chest is fluttering. I feel it coming on again.

UBC! George W. Bush! *Maclame's* grunts, slaving away!

Cower before me!
Obey.
God, I love it when I say that.
I just love it.

MACLAME'S

CANADA'S WEEKLY NOOSEMAGAZINE

Chief Wanker:
Jonathan Woodward

Executive Wankers:
Hywel Tuscano
Paul Carr
Iva Cheung

Wanker Prankers:
Megan Thomas
John Hua

Wanker Spankers:
Jesse Marchand
Heather Pauls
Michelle Mayne

Ice Ice Wanker:
Sarah Bourdon
Bryan Zandberg

Wankstas:
Karen Ward
Alex Leslie

49 Cent Wankstas:
Paul "Basil" Evans
Sohail Samavi
Dan "D-Mac" McRoberts

Da Shit Wanskta:
Momoko Price

Wankstas in Da Club:
Laura Blue
Peter Klesken

Wanker Spanking Wankstas:
LV Vander von Axander
Soroush Samavi

The Wanking Po-Po:
Samantha McDonald
Houtan Tahaei
Eric Szeto
Levi Barnett

ADMINISTRATION Manager of the Universe:
Cast of Fraggles Rock
Universe Assistant:
God

Cartoon:
Gi Joe
Contributing Wanker:
He-Man

How to Reach Us

By carrier pigeon:

For letters to the editor, proposals of marriage: use Australian Saddleback Tumbler. Place letter firmly in your pigeon's beak and set off from the top of a tall building into a clear blue sky. Make sure to pack your pigeon a healthy snack.

For submissions, really creative insults: use German Fork-Tailed Trumpeter. We really don't want to hear from you. So don't bother. Give your pigeon a rest. It deserves it. Show your appreciation. Stir up a pigeon-sized martini, and invite a Giant Mallorquina (Spanish breed) over for the night. Just leave us the fuck alone.

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We aren't in Toronto. Idiot.

Office hours:
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By mail:
Don't send us any mail. We

won't read it. Unless we're drunk. Then we'll laugh at it.

By e-mail:
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Single digit every day to be HAESIA (http://www.1-888-888-888.com/)

Best Friends Forever!

Just of luck in the future!!

Don't stare gold, you're always pleased.

Dear Acker: for a great year!

AKC Pigeon!

shutyourcakehole@maclames.ca for shits and giggles

'What is this, the National Post? Do some proofreading!' —Lord Conrad Black, London, England. Not Ontario.

Horse Floggin'

Normally I leave it up to you to flog a dead horse, but your cover story of the February 9 issue, "Hope you lose, eh," goes too far. It is crass and disrespectful to belittle our American neighbours, and it's just too damn easy. Leave it to the experts at *This Hour Has 22 Minutes*, who are actually paid by our government to do this.

Rick Mercer, CBC Studios,
Toronto, Ont.

PS You knew I was gay. That wasn't a scoop. Get over it.

Pokin' Through

Your March 16 feature "Two-ply for a smooth ride," really chapped my ass. Did writer Papier Dilletante actually do any research? You'd think she hadn't had a bowel movement in years. And what's up with the anacronistic poo talk? It's not a "ringer," you fools, it's a coiler. Further, the drizzle shits haven't been called "the skitters" since *The Grapes of Wrath*. Gawd, I'd say you guys have your heads up your asses, but it's quite clear you haven't got a clue about number two.

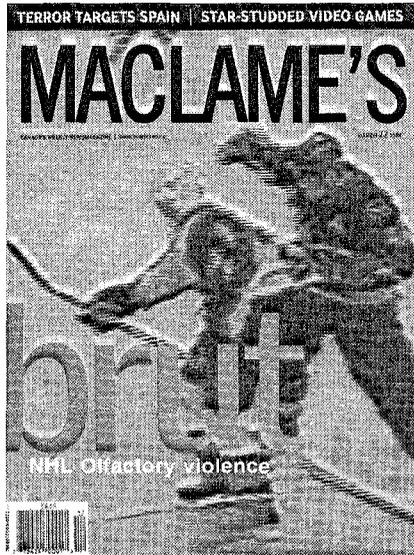
The French say it best: Mange ma merde.

Martha Wiper, Point Grey, BC

Gel coverage uplifting

I'd like to commend you for your balanced coverage of AndroGel™, the testosterone jelly that impotent old fellas like myself rub all over their upper torsos to achieve, as your writer Robert Hercz so eloquently put it, "better bones." Lately, I haven't even been able to get it up on the dance floor when I'm trollin' for honeys at the Pit [the meat market up at UBC —ed]. Aw shit, wait a second, I was reading *Toro* magazine! You suck *Maclame's*.

Joe Flaccid, Kitsilano, BC



The Divided mind

As a person similarly suffering from Attention Deficit Disorder, I found your article (ooh shiny hair!) to resonate with the struggles I've faced (did somebody float a biscuit?) over the past decade. As a matter of fact (how you say 'scuba diver' in Esperanto?), it convinced myself and my spouse (why won't she watch *Matlock* with me?) to renew our subscription for another (damn you Nietzsche!) year.

Sam (bum is itchy) Tab, Burnaby, BC

Teen Trouble

What author Sheila Leaterlicks failed to recognise in her story "Gyrating Brittany wannabes" is that the youth of today are incorrigible in their behaviour. My advice is: lock 'em up for the first eighteen years, and don't take any of their bad music, bad haircuts, or bad attitude.

Nardwuar the Human Serviette,
North Vancouver, BC

Tickle-me MJ

As a 42-year-old live-at-home bachelor, I feel that your feature "Livin' Large on my Futon"

in the March 21 issue is a gross misrepresentation of family-orientated bachelorhood. I have been a practising 'man-child' for approximately my entire life and have experienced first-hand the bountiful good living at home as a mid-life crisis dependent has to offer. Of course, I have no means of comparison never living anywhere else than in the comfort of my mother's bosom. However, looking statistically at how well men-children are doing in society today, it is impossible to ignore that this way of life is not only dignified, but can also be seen as preferable. A few names to prove my point: President W. Bush moved straight out of the family ranch into the White House. It is a fact that Barbara keeps W's room just the way he left it for the ending of his term. Another sparkling contribution to society and man-child is the King of Pop, Michael Jackson. MJ believes so strongly in this method of bachelorhood that he has taken it upon himself to reach men-children early—at the stage of childhood. By hosting a children's camp at Neverland Ranch, Jackson is working hard to touch children in that special way, tickling and giggling their way into maturity. I rest my case. So the next time you see us men-children in the dark corner of a club, drinking Zima and scoping out the women's washroom, feel free to give us a high-five.

Enoch "Growing boy" Zimmerman,
Narcissus, Sask.

Alien legions of doom

In "Speed Freak Space Demons," (Feature, February 27), your writer claims that our inevitable alien overlords will crush us with charm, wit, intelligence and smooth manners, rather than in a frenzy of maniacal destruction with lots of stomping, as the movies have led me to believe.

It is this kind of demented ranting that I have come to expect from experimental performance art, not from your usual tree-killing dentist's office brand of banality that has come to stand for 'magazine' in Canada.

Keep up the good work. Way to go, Mr. Mansbridge!

Dwight Robbins, Oshawa, Ont.

WORLD

OOPS An interconnected series of caves in the mountainous region between Afghanistan and Pakistan **exploded today**, in multiple coordinated blasts. In a videotape, al-Qaeda blamed themselves.

FOOD Food giant Krafty jumped onto the Fatkins bandwagon this week when it announced that the fake, plastic powdered cheese found in Krafty Thinner is **not technically a carbohydrate**. "Neither is it a protein nor a fat molecule," said a representative, saying that it can help consumers lose weight. Emaciated students everywhere starved to death in protest.

JAIL Martha Stewart is putting out a new book entitled *Martha Stewart's prison special: The perfect prison hit*. The book explains how to tunnel out using the spoon from last night's dinner, **jammed down your esophagus**. "When in prison, I prefer to use a slightly greased torso to fit through the bars," said Stewart. "And that's a good thing."

NEW YORK Independent cafés are no longer a growth industry, because they're **out of the puns** necessary to make a shop succeed. There are no more Higher Grounds or Bean Around the Worlds; now, all that's left is Bean Counter, Has-Bean, and Ground Zero.

GRAFFITI Lifeguard Bjorn Daschle saw unexpected graffiti when he sat down in a Toronto **public pool toilet stall**: "If I profane with my unworhiest hand/This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this: /My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand/To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss." When he looked to the other side of the stall to find other beautiful thoughts scrawled in sharpie, he saw, "I fucked your mom."

ANNEXATION The University of British Columbia (UBC) last week annexed six other institutions, dubbing them **all satellites** of what is now Canada's largest university. It is also expected that the addition of the Universities of Alberta (UBC-Northeast), Calgary (UBC-East), Manitoba (UBC-Prairies), and Toronto (UBC-Toronto), along with the Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design (UBC-Art) and the University of Victoria (UBC-By the Sea) will finally make UBC number one in next year's *Maclame's* rankings.

TERRORISM Canada is still unprepared for a large-scale terror attack, particularly on a port, according to a Senate committee report that said too many central government agencies were disorganized and inadequately staffed. In a press conference, a bunch of **skateboarding kids** by the Vancouver port confirmed that the ports were indeed inse-

DRUGS On the upswing, Canada's ports are prepared for major drug unloading in the coming months. "Obviously all drugs that go into the States are filtered in through **lazy border guards**," said an irate man found hiding under a bench. Aspirin and Viagra are among the expected drugs to come across in the upcoming months.

LOOKING After a lengthy legal battle, *the Vancouver Sun* has learned that in late 2002, a UBC team of assorted scientists were dispatched to Simon Fraser University to look for illegal weapons of mass destruction. UBC has claimed that SFU has illegal weapons and that the campus radio station possibly has several Anthrax albums. A special envoy from SFU has denied the allegations and invited the inspectors to return with a neutral observer from BCIT. The whole thing is **rather hush-hush**. SFU students are eyeing the statue of Terry Fox warily.

FIRE An expected half of British Columbia will burn this forthcoming summer in what firefighters are calling the worst **dry weather ever**. The situation, affectionately referred to as '2003 Part II: the Phantom Flamers,' could cost BC citizens many fire extinguishers. Efforts to prevent the mass destruction of trees and houses are underway. Old men are preemptively burning grassy areas in some sort of pathetic attempt to be "ahead of the game," according to Ned Leroi.

CANADA

MEASURED While NDP Leader Jack Layton girds his loins for an expected election call, he may also want to get a pair of lifts. At a pre-election weigh-in last weekend in Toronto, it was revealed that his height is a paltry 5'6 1/2", and he is therefore a 'short man,' particularly when compared to Paul Martin, whose head alone is half that height. Layton faces an **uphill battle** convincing voters that he is neither too left-wing nor too short to lead Canada into the future.

SAFE, THEN SORRY
Okanagan senior citizen burns field in anticipation of '2003 Part II: the Phantom Flame.'



SCIENCE | HEALTH

FINDINGS A team of researchers working across seven different universities across the country have conducted empirical research over several years, and announced last Tuesday that Hamilton, Ontario is "Canada's No. 1 shithole." Also making the list were Dartmouth, NS, Lethbridge, AB, and Burnaby, BC.

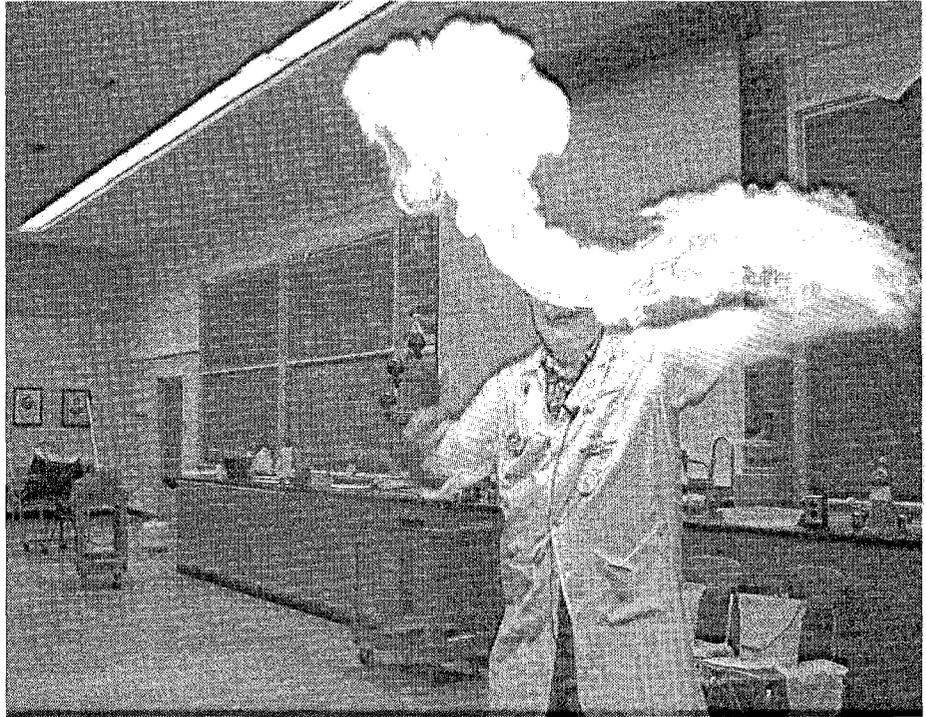
MEDICINE Ambitious children in the rural community of Abbotsford have commenced an in-depth research aimed at dispelling the myths about the medicinal sniffing of glue. "Our brains is just good now," said their ringleader, Alphonso. "Pancakes?"

ASTHMA According to a science experiment conducted by fifth graders Brendan Keelie and Martin Frengé, the Lower Mainland of British Columbia is Canada's most ideal location to develop asthma. Findings encourage locals to move north where there are less methane-producing dairy enterprises and pollution drifting in daily from Vancouver.

"Well no shit," said Fred Kilpatrick, the boys' teacher. "Everyone from Langley to Chilliwack can hardly breathe. I don't see how anyone can grow up here and not die a smoker's death."

EDUCATION University of British Columbia students protested what they called a government attack Tuesday as the BC government announced a \$393 million donation to their university. Claiming that the money brings too much government influence, students railed against money from the provincial and federal governments, and then fingered the private sector. Then they said they wanted free tuition.

ATTENTION A recent study conducted by Dr. Liam Mahon found that setting your arm on fire and dancing maniacally in from of a lecture hall of 14 year olds will increase their attention span from 16 minutes to nearly 30, given that within that time frame the arm stays lit. Mahon's results will revolutionize the way Canadian middle school is taught, speculated Burnaby School District spokesperson Mindy Kromanda.



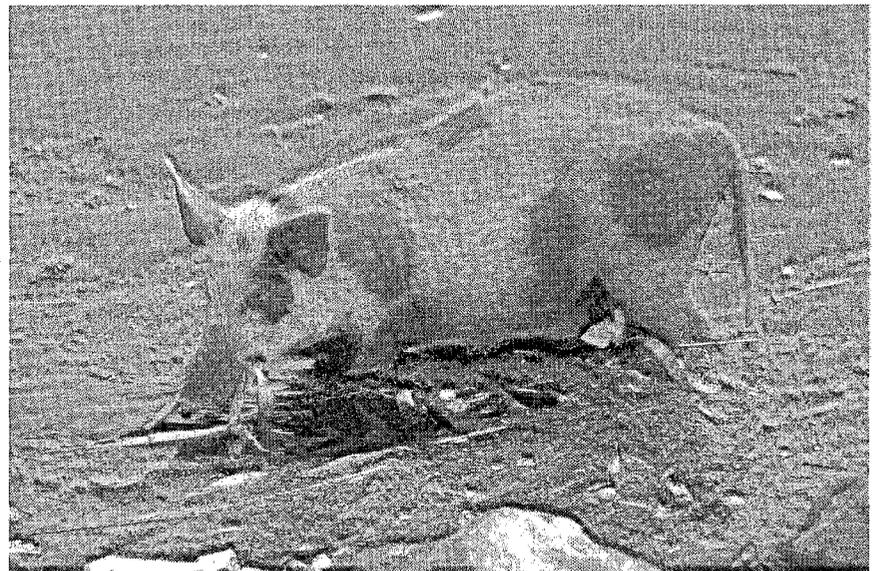
MARTHA University of British Columbia President Martha Wiper has been awarded the President's Choice Environmental Award. The prize: a new Hummer. "This is so much better than my old Hummer. This will make me come so much faster," said Wiper. "To class," she added, smirking.

FAR AWAY Archbishop Bloh Mee-Hyan was impeached by his fractious opposition-controlled legislature for voting against a law they had in some country somewhere. Now, he'll be out of office for a long time and

FWOOSH Dr. Liam Mahon entices a ninth-grade middle school class with his flaming arm (above), while a sixty-odd increases asthma-causing methane in the lower mainland (below). Yes, even pigs are known to cause cancer.

someone will take his place...you don't need more detail, do you? It's all right here, you know?

CANCER Everything causes cancer. 



Fairy Manigan | ON THE TISSUES



REFRESHMENTS, PLEASE

Stephen Harper—what does he have to offer Canadians who just like blondes?

NOW THAT the Conservative Party has finally united itself under the capable Leader of Her Majesty's Official Opposition, there is just one question hanging in Canadians' minds: What about Belinda? She still has her corporate empire to fall back on, but what excuse do average Canadians have to read about her now that the pretext created by the Tory leadership campaign is over? Let's face it, Stronach's refreshing take on Canadian politics, her refreshing good looks and, especially, her refreshing lack of experience in anything related to government have done a far better job of unifying front-page headlines across the country than a united right could ever hope. Here are just a few of the reasons Canada needs to hang onto its latest media sensation, even though she's never done anything newsworthy:

- ☛ Sure, she may not have political opinions on anything, but neither do Harper and the rest of the Conservative Party.

- ☛ The world needs refreshing blonde

business tycoons. Martha Stewart has fallen from grace, but Belinda Stronach has never been charged with insider trading or obstruction of justice. Yet.

- ☛ Belinda Stronach: refreshing. Stephen Harper: not refreshing.

- ☛ 'Credible' news sources like ours can't get away with running a page three girl. Take pity on the respectable Canadian businessman who just wants a little titillation with his morning dose of interest-rate predictions.

- ☛ There is nothing linking Stronach to the Liberal sponsorship scandal, the staggering HIV-infection rate of Swaziland, or coups in Haiti. Who doesn't want to read a feel-good story like that? It's not all doom and gloom in the world, folks.

- ☛ Stronachmania may not have a good ring to it, but Belindamania sounds like it could sell Canadian newsmagazines.

- ☛ Please buy Canadian newsmagazines. Maclame's is hurting. We love you and your subscriptions so much.

M

FaceSlime



Osama bin Laden

The international man of mystery is about to become the world's most wanted man for a completely different reason. On April 10th, bin Laden will premiere his newest release live on al-Jazeera. Perhaps his most anticipated recording, Jihad Jams, promises to bring all the anti-American funk any good mujhaddin can handle. Bin Laden is expected to embark on a triumphant tour of the Great Satan, with an exclusive appearance already scheduled on Ryan Seacrest's new show.



Lloyd Robertson

He might not quite match our own Peter Mansbridge for unrelenting sexiness, but CTV's veteran news reader certainly contains more botox per

square inch. "A little injection here and there never hurt anyone," Robertson says, the corner of his mouth drooping slightly. The botox route was recently decided upon by CTV's senior news producer after the network received several complaints about Robertson's ever-increasing levels of makeup. An added plus with the injection treatment is that it will extend Robertson's shelf-life at least ten years.

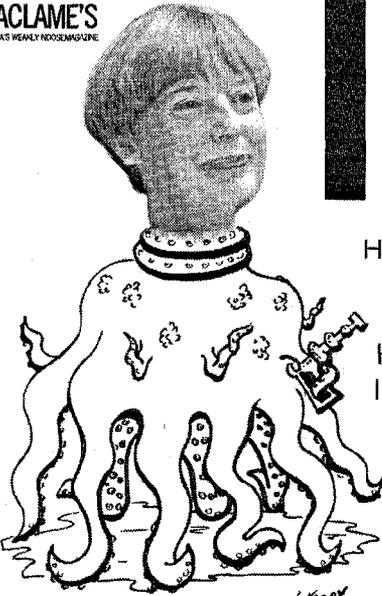
Laura Best

Maclame's will be keeping an eye on Ms. Best, the year's most devoted media whore. During her tenure as Asinine Mammal Society (AMS) VP Academic, Ms. Best did her "bestest" to redefine the term "media whore," making passionate love to all and every media form: print, radio, film, A&E Special Presentation, Internet, and carrier



pigeon. What's next for Ms. Best? Her very own book: *Ms. Camera Sex Appeal: Today's guide for the young female media whore.*

MACLAME'S
CANADA'S HEAVILY REFORMED MEDIA



I do.

Hi, my name is **Martog**. When I'm not scavenging **human carcasses** for **assimilation**, I'm hanging out in the history lounge or **volunteering** for Colour Connected. I **slither** to school in a fetid mass of my own **pus**, and yes...

I do read Maclame's.

L. Van of.

Mansbridge on the Record



TRIPS I'VE TAKEN

It's become challenging to be so interesting in Canada

SOME RANDOM thoughts about life in Toronto—a life filled with grandeur, hubris and ever so many romantic misunderstandings. I've hired a lovely, yet sturdy house maid to wipe the drool off my chin.

Go down any street in Toronto (T.O., Hogtown, Mansbridge Court, if you will) and you will find people. All sorts of different, less interesting people than I. The most intriguing and less interesting person that I encountered on Toronto boulevards in the past three hours was the prominent visage of Jean Bichonfrisard, forward for 1968 Toronto Maple Leafs (the people's erstwhile champions—and, for the folks at *la chasse-galerie*, that was a very good year).

After examining my card and muttering a confused 'allo,' I led Mr. B (I christened him that—cute!) to an idyllic outdoor cafe, the Zebra Mollusk, on the shores of mighty *lac Ontario*. Propane-heated latté in hand, I commented that my book on his storied team had indeed painted him in a forgiving, if not favourable light (for those few Canadians who don't recall, old 'number 56' missed a pivotal playoff jeu due to an errant stir stick in the eye). Jean took it in stride, belly-laughing at my attempts to make him sample the bistro's namesake appetizer. He's a great treasure. A wax bust of '56' now adorns my upstairs study and arcade.

Travelling in my business is, regrettably, a necessity. Cynthia can't do without yours truly around to open the garage door (the button says push, dear) or summon Peregrine. I was deeply offended when the CBC (the Mother Corp, that snake in serpent's clothing) refused to let him accompany me to that jewel of a

“I'm so in love with him, but I find myself thinking he won't like things I do and I'm self-conscious around him.”

nation, Libya—of all things! Despite this crippling lack of indulgence, Mr. Khadafi's sprawling palace and numerous peasant wenches satiated me. I'll admit to being bested by Moammar during our annual three-day game of Monopoly, not capitalising on the ever-crucial New York and Illinois districts. Mistakes are made, bets are lost, harems are traded. Tra la.

When the new Malaysian Prime Minister consented to an interview, thereby diverting me from the Hong Kong Medieval Recreationists' Convention, I found him to be the cold, imperious fellow I had described in an earlier column. What is noticeable about him in person is his height, and weight, and his general appearance. He is, in a word, like the photograph I downloaded: Striking, Eye-catching, breathtaking, wow, really.

They always ask me to keep my columns brief. I consented to a 1200-word maximum but obviously this is still too verbose for the likes of that 'fellow' whose musings appear *avant moi*. Does he not realise that my actual speaking time on the *The National* is edited down to a scant 15 minutes? Outrageous does not begin to explain it. Ridiculous, silly, fanatical, nasty and wrong, I say.

Do Mr. Rather, Brokaw or Jennings get cut into with cultural sidebars, heritage moments and 'quality children's programming?' How about this for a Canadian heritage moment, Tony? That glorious day in Canadian history when you get your ass canned and begin your new and exciting job as editor of the 'Also Noted' section of the *Sechelt Women's Club Weekly!*

Now, to colour this snow on the roof, as it were. And yes, the beard did tickle. Cynthia said so. **M**

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television, News and Anchor of *The National* after he rode Knowlton Nash out of town on CP rail. Stuart Maclean wrote a story about it, I think.

Passages

SOCKED IT TO Confjordian education student Ken Limson socked it to The Man during an intense debate concerning library etiquette. "I shouted, 'Yeah you think you're all that!'" said Limson to his **squinting, vague adversary**. "He really let that prick have it," said witness J. Thims. The Man reportedly flared his nostrils and wiped his moist upper lip in response.

DISCUSSED The effects of cyclopsism in literary devices, by a New Jersey Mensa club. Group spokesman Ord Samuel said **cyclopes are stigmatized** in literary circles for "not having any perception of anything." Samuel later tripped on his untied shoelaces and injured himself. Samuel's Mensa colleagues all wear slip-ons.

AWARDED For bravery, a honey-glazed ham and bronze plaque were presented to Burnaby, B.C. toddler Bruce "Chubby Knees" Diette for pulling the **family dog's tongue** out of a lightsocket. Diette gummed the ham for an hour, shit himself and took a nap. Canine companion, Thorston, now suffers from a permanently erect tail and buggy eyes.

DISTRAUGHT A 17 year-old Halifax girl recently discovered she is not firing on all cylinders. "What the fuck?!" yelled Paige Peterson. "I drink V8! I have a yoga ball and my **gout cleared up!**" Boyfriend Tom Dinkbarten later prevented Peterson from gnawing her one good ear off.

THOUGHT OF 93 year-old Winifred Fredmonds recently thought about the selection of **home-made jams** and jellies which she made and donated to her local Rotary Club and concluded that she ought to make more. The thought is big news to her home town of Jopertrain, Manitoba, because nothing ever happens there.

RECORD BROKEN Mission United Church recently broke its own record of consecutive pancake breakfasts held on Saturdays. Church elder Don Mesnam said the rural BC congregation is gearing up to challenge the national record, currently held by no one. Mission United Church only uses whole wheat flour and distilled water for its flapjacks.

OBLIGATORY

AFTER THE RECENT attacks in Spain, Canada remains hopelessly insecure. "Do my ankles look fat?" asked Ralph Goodale in the final nervous moments before delivering last week's budget. Even considering his recent elevation to Finance Minister, Mr. Goodale still is not quite sure if Prime Minister Paul Martin "really likes him," according to one source. While our crack team of journalists attempted to come up with

possible Canadian Connections to the Terror Tragedy, the actual people in Spain changed their minds according to what was going on at the time.

According to recent polling data, Canadians are more terrified of the Spanish than ever. Sixty-five per cent of the 1,257 Canadians asked said they were either "somewhat distressed," "kind of freaked," or "hiding under the fuckin' couch" when asked about the sudden explosion of democratic choice.

"That will never, never happen here," said UBC Political Science student Scott Matthews. "I mean, changing their minds? That's absurd!"

Since a bad new world of badness was revealed to us on September 11, 2001, Canadians have feared Terror, and yet Terror does not fear Canadians.

While US President George Bush now says that Iraq's status as "a hotbed quagmire of terror" was one of the motivating factors behind last year's trial of lies that led to the no-Canada-involved War on Perceived Evil and the invasion of Iraq, there is no end to terror.

Canada remains woefully unprepared for a major terror attack, almost three years after that fateful day. Even in Canada's largest city, which of course fears the most terror, there is a 15 per cent shortage in current-affairs related souvenirs.

"No, we're ready," said Society for Improved Tacky Souvenirs of Political Relevance spokesperson Jody MacFarlane. "I could easily snap this plastic CN Tower in half."

Half a world away in Vancouver, picked twice as Canada's most insecure city, local MLA Gordon Campbell said that Vancouver was striving to be the country's number one

terrorist destination.

"We have mountains, sky, sea, like, a million unregulated entry points, and a thriving drug trade," said a Tourism Vancouver spokesperson. "Most hotels have off-season specials, and we feel that a terror attack would really improve the profile of the city abroad," he continued.

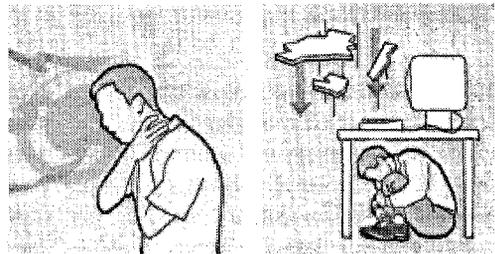
According to a central Canada-sponsored study, the fortunes of Canada's Jewel of the West, its Lotusland, would improve dramatically were terrorists to strike.

"Over here!" fairly scream the billboards along Robson Street, Vancouver's fashionable main shopping drag. "Hit me," says another on the side of an office tower.

According to the Fraser Institute, a good dose of Terror would sort out most of Vancouver's insecurity issues. During a presentation to the city's Board of Trade, the institute presented details from its upcoming report, *Grow Up, Already: Vancouver and Whatever Century It Is*. With its tight ideological grip on the pulse of social reality, the report contains such profound ideas as a Terror-themed Olympics (Terrolympics), gentrification and re-branding of some of the city's seedier neighbourhoods (Gastown to Sarintown), and a shift in the general marketing for the region (from "Spirit of 2010" to "Terror of 2010").

"Obviously, we can turn the reality of Terror to our advantage," said one Board of Trade member. "But we must be prepared and vigilant for it."

In Ottawa, as Paul Martin's government



GRAVITY STRIKES BACK How strong is your desk? (top right). Strobe lights and dry ice directly linked to terror (top left). George W. Bush takes a closer look for the "evildoers." So far efforts to put them in the sights have failed (bottom centre).

lurches toward an election, the loose ends of the Liberal tenure are alternately swept under rugs and held up in their naked glory for the scrutiny of the press.

One such end was revealed to great fanfare only a week ago: a citizen's guide to coping with Terror situations. Released over a year since the US Department of Homeland Security's similar Be Ready (everready.gov) campaign, Canada's website, eh.ca, contains tips, guidelines, resource information, and much paranoid fantasy.

"Canadians can now prepare themselves for anything," said the new, and no doubt briefly serving, Special Person for Homeland

TERROR

Canadians fear Terror,
but Terror does not fear
Canadians KORIN WAR

WHAT SCARES CANADIANS MORE: TERROR OR FEAR ITSELF?

BC:

FEAR ITSELF: 45%
TERROR: 35%
UNSCARED: 20%

ONT:

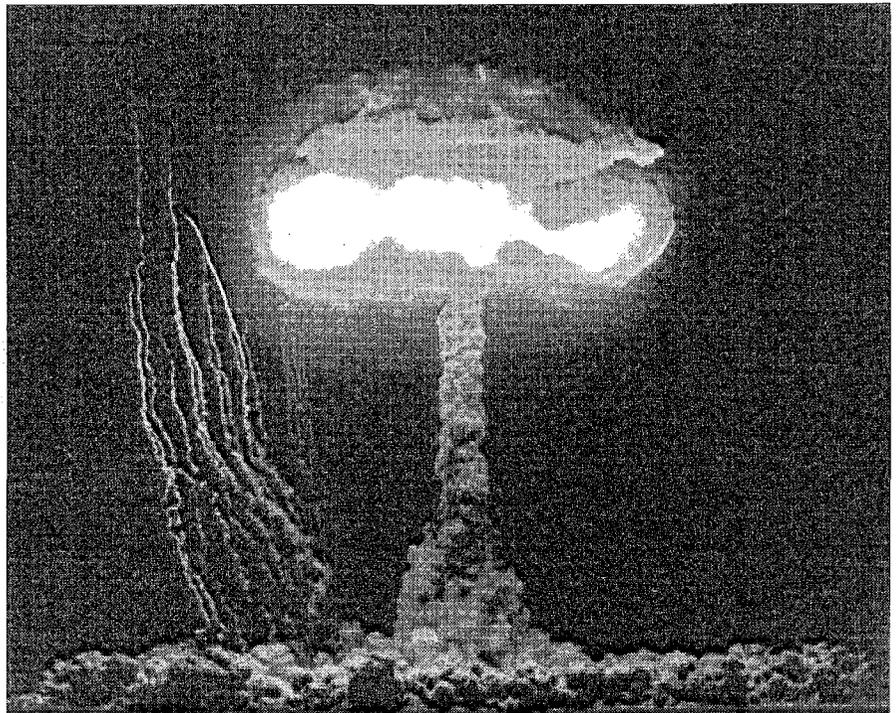
FEAR ITSELF: 56%
TERROR: 29%
UNSCARED: 15%

NS:

FEAR ITSELF: 37%
TERROR: 35%
UNSCARED: 28%

Security Shiela Cops. The program, developed in two years and with \$6.3 billion of taxpayer dollars, was a venture which brought together the Ministries of Heritage and Defense in new and interesting ways, Cops explained, to no one in particular, in a large and empty room. **M**

korin.war@maclames.rogering.com



NUCLEARIFIC

The United States' pursuit of evildoers is not only reaching toward a conclusion, it is also grasping at straws. Teams of Special Super Secret Supertwin Squads have been dispatched to every corner of the globe that Mr. and Mrs. Middle America find even slightly scary.

Taking the form of a bucket of water, Maj. Scott Perskalk explains that his ability to hide in rivers, streams, and puddles, as well as in urban situations where buckets of water lying around are considered OK makes him uniquely capable of fighting the war on terrorism, as well as the wars on evil and Satan.

In this faraway, scary, and distant land whose English name ends in Stan, his part-

Bush predicts nuclear war will come back into fashion

ner, Maj. Jolene McKraken, takes the form of the rare Clouded Leopard (*Neofelis nebulosa*), which is totally scary.

In Washington, the newly-created Department of Supertwin Homeland Security and Getting Re-Elected holds daily press conferences, impressing all with the administration's love of openness, honesty, and graphics.

"Whoosh," said Spokesperson Rush Limbaugh. "Lookit that bucket of water kick some terrorist ass. Blang!"

"We are so gonna get that evil guy in time for the convention," said Maj. McKraken, eating a freshly slaughtered ibex. "We're supertwins. We follow orders."

"Like Jenna and Barbara, Bush Twins!" burred Perskalk. "No, I mean not. That one's too easy." **JOHN INTINIWEENY**

IT'S THE PIT

And it's hosting a Bible study

IT'S 7PM ON Wednesday and everyone who is (or isn't) anyone is invited to make their way to the Pit—the University of British Columbia's campus bar—for the weekly Bible study and potluck. Boys in modest slacks, dress shirts and knitted sweater vests meander their way into the venue of fellowship—not too fast now—to meet friends, brethren and sisterēn. One woman seemingly budes in line, but don't fret. Seconds after, she realises her mistake and apologises profusely to the others in line. She must be a nice person; she's from Campus Cruise-Aid for Christ, I think.

"Everyone waits politely in line to go to Bible study...It's not that there are any people in there. We just came early to get good seats," some nearby students smile. It's true, dining with warm, considerate and self-controlled brothers and sisters in Christ is a great way to spend a Wednesday evening. That must be why it's so popular.

"What UBC needs is a wholesome place where like-minded students can share communion and the word of God," former disciple Matthew wrote in the year 24 CE. "That and a politically correct venue where no one will be trying to fornicate with one another, drink alcohol, normalize dangerous gender double standards or, God forbid, undo years of safety awareness work on campus." He envisioned a space where Catholic, Protestant, Anglican, Baptist, Amish, Puritan, Mennonite, Quaker, etc., people can come together and discuss theology over some unleavened bread.

I'm not sure if unleavened bread is everyone's favourite food, especially at Bible study where it's dry enough already. I have never validated gender-related inequality at the Pit nor did I drink alcohol, ever. The Pit is a place where I've learned to calm down, worship, think of the value of silence and contemplate the divine. Besides, it's the first place I learned that if you're happy and you know it, you should say amen.

The Pit, like Bible college, is renowned as a meeting place where casual sex is out and long-term commitment is in. It's "the perfect place to meet your future spouse. Sometimes they say they're not ready for marriage, but it only takes that one person

for it to be a 'go,'" says Luke Corinth, a regular at Bible study potluck nights.

"It's like a shoe factory. Your soles are repaired and you leave in pairs," a Navigatoires member says.

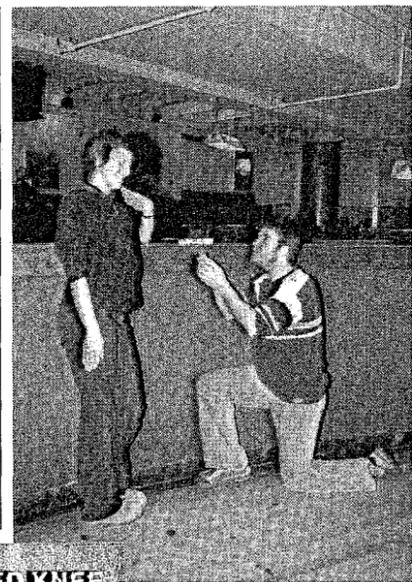
I decide to talk to a young woman in a blue sweater, hush puppies and khakis, with a crucifix dangling pendulously from her neck. She has come to the Pit over forty times for their weekly Bible study and, like most club members, comes to meet that special someone.

"I've got some 'out there' ideas that I don't bring out for many people," she says. Nope. She only expresses those thoughts to the 'deep' guys and says that conversation can often be touchy because of "so many differing views that are all valid" at the Pit, mostly due to the mix of denominations. "Whenever I'm here, I can express whatever thoughts and emotions, whenever I want, and I know they will be respected and listened to. Even debates about birth control and transubstantiation."

She explains that it's this "diversity and respect" that makes Bible study night at the Pit so irresistible. Even Bible translations differ. Amongst the crowd are people with standard New International Versions, stodgy old King James versions, 1970s "Jesus was a hippie" The Way versions and Regent Prof Eugene Peterson's controversial vernacular Bible translation, The Message.

Joseph Moses, a second-year UBC Religious Studies student (and "the holiest roller on campus," according to himself), says that guys go to the Pit Bible study for heated debates about the role of worship and the laity in their non-denominational Protestant churches.

"I want to hear songs by Delerious5, Newsboys and DC Talk in my church,"



BENDED KNEE
Many students head to the Pit for Bible study. The magazine, *The Pit*, is shown above. Photo by George Pimento.

Moses says. "I like the way they've taken music genres from mainstream pop culture and—because it's spiritually dangerous to listen to non-Christian music—have appropriated their styles to sound just like Much Music and

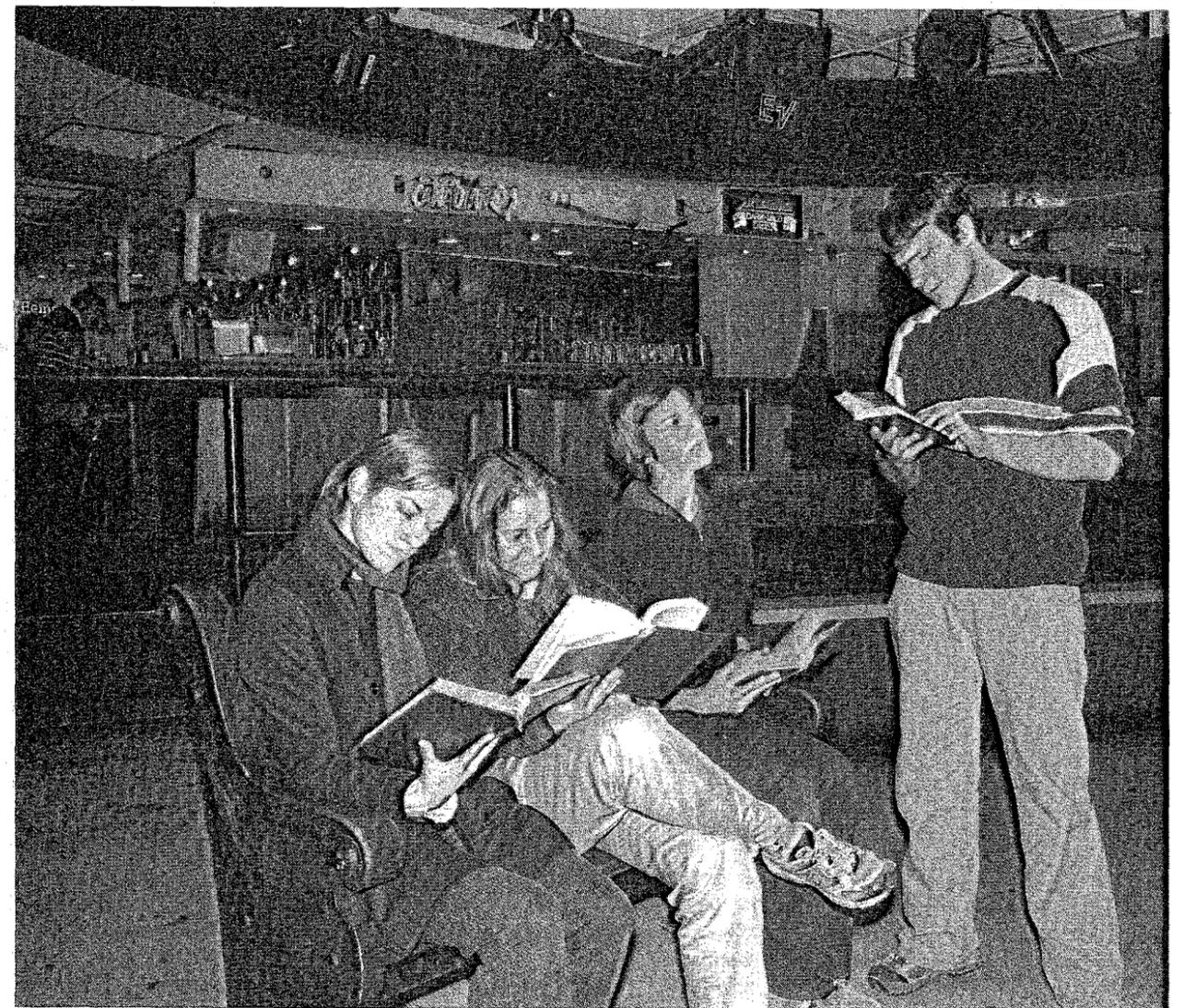
Z95.3 bands, except they sing about Jesus and salvation."

"Me too," says Benjamin Job, another Pit regular. "I especially like hearing Christian hard-core acid metal bands like Petra and kick-bum punk rockers like MXPX scream, 'Jesus loves you,' over screeching guitar solos and power chords."

But besides their affinity for Christian pop culture, Job says most people come for the worship songs. "There are these great hymns like 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' 'Amazing Grace' and 'Lamb of God,'" says Job. "I guess some people come looking for potential spouses or 'life partners' but I'm not too sure about that."

I decide to ask a group getting decaffeinated coffee before the meeting if they are attending to find a life partner. "Ah no." Their eyes glaze over with salesman smiles. "Neither gender comes to find a spouse. My life partner is Jesus, so I intend to learn scripture." Maybe they don't intend to get married, it just sort of happens.

"We just want to watch *Veggietales*," one woman says, referring to adorable computer animation episodes in which baby-talking vegetables share jokes, silly songs and Christian moral lessons. It's a blessing to see



Veggietales on the big screen making ethical pointers—like anti-consumerism and sharing—all the more poignant. "I love *Veggietales*, especially on the big screen. I have their videos, stuffed animals, board games and stationary sets," she continues. "I can't wait till their new water guns come out."

But *Veggietales* is not the only video series they watch. Dr Dobson, Billy Graham and—controversially—Christian Comedian Mike Warnke are high on the roster.

"I'm a little uncomfortable watching Mike Warnke videos because, I mean, he claimed to be a redeemed Satanist but then it turns out he lied about that. He was never really a Satanist," says Rebecca Habbakuk. "Sure, he was really funny and everything, and his message was positive and inspiring, but he never did anything

Satanic. He just said that he was, and that's wrong."

Disagreement about movies aside, the weekly Pit Bible study continues to thrive, especially under the guidance of Pastor Tim. "They're just great kids," he says. "They volunteer at Speakeasy, Allies, the Womyn's Centre, work at Safewalk and TREK, and are so respectful of all minority groups."

And like many resource groups who have their own special space to discuss ideas, the Pit Bible study group is grateful for their venue.

"I'm so happy we're allowed to have Bible study in the Pit," says Habbakuk. "Maybe our positive spirit can influence what goes on during the other nights. We pray for everyone who goes to the Pit every time we meet that they'll be safe and treat each other



with due respect." "It's a totally different atmosphere," Pastor Tim says. "I can't believe that on other nights guys come here, get drunk and arrogant, and try to pick up girls when all the girls want to do is dance. That's so rude and borders on sexual harassment. And I can't believe they dance." M



Frantic Texas ranchers search for the beloved asshole, missing for four years. For Texans, this is a modern nightmare.

ASSHOLE TRAGICALLY MISSING

AUSTIN—A group of concerned residents in Texas released a statement yesterday appealing for national assistance in their search for an asshole who went missing from his ranch in Texas nearly four years ago. The missing man was last seen headed for Washington and the group, led by Jeb Cousinlover, claims his absence has thrown the region's delicate ecosystem of illiteracy coupled with articulate whitebread bigotry out of balance.

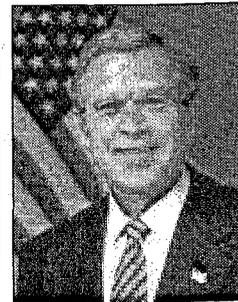
"He's been gone four years!" said Cousinlover, who has tirelessly devoted himself to this cause since its 2000 incitement. "He just took his Bible autographed by Johnny Cash that he stole from my momma when she was fryin' me up a mess of cornmash, corndogs, fritters and lil' Mexican chilluns an' just took off."

Cousinlover expressed deep concern for the wayward asshole, saying that, if left to his own devices, he might attempt to take unjustified unilateral control of any given situation and indulge his childhood love-affair with faith-based missile systems. Cousinlover also said—woefully, woefully—that the missing asshole suffers from Acute Pretzel Consumption Disorder (APCD), an affliction that tragically took the lives of 43 people living (but no longer) in the southern US this year.

Cousinlover was too upset to say the

man's name but did say that the beloved asshole responds to the nickname 'Dubya.' Although, "recent brushing up on his alphabetizin'" might elicit the automatic response 'XYZ' and lead to considerable head-scratching resembling that of the Apeus Konkus species of Northern Africa. Cousinlover and several hundred concerned others have signed a petition to find their missing asshole and restore him safely to Texas. "We are poor simple folk an' all we ask is jus' a few loud assholes to follow blindly after, y'see? Y'see?" explained Cousinlover. In related news, Much Music is still a popular television station among teenage females.

Scientists at Harvard University say that individuals like Cousinlover could be suffering from Idiot Dependency Disorder (IDD), a condition that has had epidemic status in frat houses since the early 1970s.



Harvard neurologist Dr. Humphrey Brainy-boogle told *MacLame's* that recovering from IDD is "very difficult" as "neurons can be very reluctant to bother with a host

that thinks Dr. Phil has a real PhD and that Eminem, otherwise a popular candy treat, is a harsh-core name for a white rapper who still has obvious authority issues with his mother."

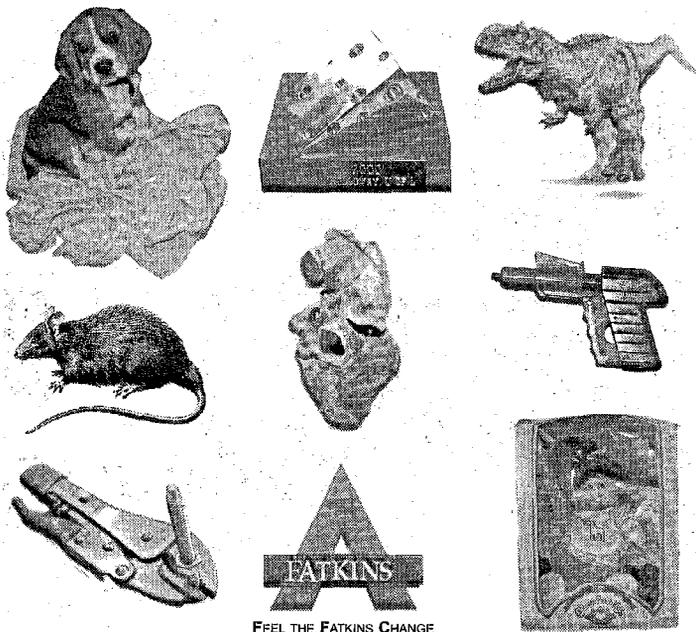
For the moment, it seems all Cousinlover and his friends can do is wait, hoping that their petition does some good in delivering their beloved asshole safely back home to them.

"We just want him to know that he can come home anytime," said Cousinlover.

For his friend, he wished to pass on this final, moving message: "Come home, Dubya, buddy, we love ya! Momma Texas will take real good care of your neuronfeed-
ingness. Promise!"

M

What Can You Eat On a Fatkins Diet?



EAT FAT WITH FATKINS: CAT, HAM and COW

What is "Net Fatkins Count"?

Not all fats have the same effect on our bodies. That's why instead of sticking to one kind of fat, the Fatkins diet allows you to eat any fat, any time. Get skinny and die at age 35.

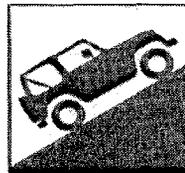
Fatkins Controlled Nourishment Products Are Now Available in Canada!

Every fast food restaurant now has Fatkins alternatives, filled with protein, grease and lard. When a regular burger, fries and Coke are not fatty enough, try Fatkins products.



Powerful. Innovative.
Pointless.

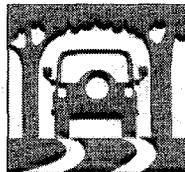
Burnaby-compatible



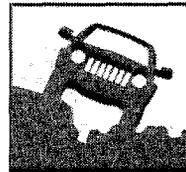
Puts Nature in its Place



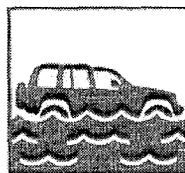
Fits Between Trees



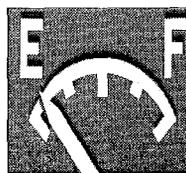
Kicks ASSphalt



Endorsed by Noah



E! for Efficiency



INTRODUCING THE FURD EXXPLOSION™ TRAIL RATED SYSTEM. Here we go. Changing the world of oversized 4x4s yet again. This time with a series of five grueling tests with one objective: to make sure all Ford Exxxplosions™ are proven capable of the toughest terrain on earth—terrain you will never be driving on. So you'll feel secure and ready for anything, including driving to soccer games and filling up the GazGuzzla™ 528hp V46 engine. The roads of Suburbia are rugged and unforgiving, so remember, to protect your loved ones, you need a vehicle that can out-perform most modern tanks. **YOU NEED A FURD EXXPLOSION™.**



TIME TO CELEBRATE CANADA!

CELINE DION By far the best decision-maker in Canada. Who else has a kid and then moves to Vegas? This is why we love her. Not at all a media-whore, she prefers the affections of her geriatric husband who is also her business manager. Wish you better luck than Sigfried and Roy. Watch out for the white tiger!

LEBRON JAMES Sure, he has absolutely no ties to Canada, but we're hoping a

ROCKY VI Rocky Versus Miriam Bedard.
SCARLETT JOHANSSON Remember that movie when she went to Canada and totally bonded with Bill Murray even though they never had sex but shared intimate moments of eternal understanding of each other's loneliness, providing meagre but crucial heart-food to get them through unsatisfying relationships for years to come? Remember how they ate sushi, which is typical Canadian fare? And then he totally kissed her.

LEONARD NIMOY That suit would look great on the burgeoning Burnaby rave scene. Anything else wouldn't be logical.

JOHN KERRY Voulez-vous parler avec moi? The Democratic nominee for the presidential candidacy can speak French, just like everyone in Québec, thereby showing his proud Canadianity. He has mastered two languages while his rival is still struggling with the rudiments of one.

RICK MERCER Born and bred in the famed incubation chambers of Atlantic Canada's CBC television, Mercer grew out of his comedic role in *This Hour Has 22 Minutes* to blossom into his present identical role as mediocre central Canadian celebrity star of *Made In Canada*. Great career moves. A great Canadian. Oh, and he's gay.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES are more often than not Canadian, and that's why we love them. It's a Canadian's duty to celebrate what is beautiful, but most of all to celebrate their Canadianness, their Canadianity, their North-of-the-Borderness. With the recent induction of Canada's finest—Diana Krall, Mario Lemieux and Steppenwolf—into the Canadian Walk of Fame, the talent pool is getting a little bit shallow. But don't fret, the Canadian Government is on the job and will do anything to acquire some new Canadians by next year. Here are some Canadian Candidates that are left in the pool, and also some potential Canadians:

PEACHES Don't give a fuck? Great. Neither does Peaches. She'll tell you what she thinks in flawless articulate English. That's why we love her. Abortion? Fuck that! Free trade? Shit! Racism in the military? Anal penetration! Sounds Canadian to me.

MIKE BULLARD We don't really know why he's here, but I guess it goes to show that even dorkwad witless flaccid jerk-on-a-stick suck-up-to-meaningless-celebrities buttmunches can be loved by millions of turnip farmers with cable TV. Watch out, the unborn twin manifested in a lump of spinal cord and teeth and is currently floating next to David Letterman's kidney.

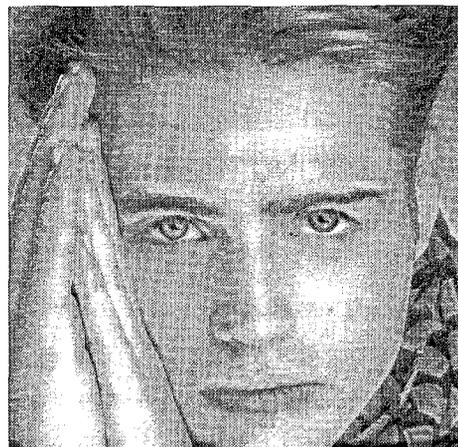
little visit from our national escort Pamela Anderson should ride some Canada into this Cavalier.

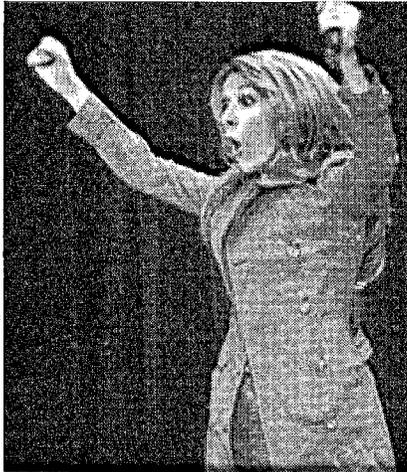
MICHAEL MOORE Shame on you, Paul Martin! Shame on you! These are the words every Canadian is aching and quaking to hear. We, also, need loud, fat men to scream, make self-righteous documentaries and guzzle beer out of their shirt cuffs. Michael Moore came to Vancouver for a book signing like, last summer or something. Proud to be Canadian. Prouder to be Michael Moore.

JASON PRIESTLY He races go-carts now.

MICHAEL ONDAATJE The house hangs like an orange orb in the impenetrable delicacy of the dawning sky. I am Michael Ondaatje, I write like a genius, and that is why I am Canadian. Canadian like a gentle moth whispering, rising and finally dying. Canadian like a telephone ringing in the heart of a lover's sublime dump truck. Sublime like a thousand contradictory images, dunked in duck sauce.

SLY STALLONE You've seen him walking down Robson Street, Vancouver's main shopping drag. You've seen him buy sushi and other typical Canadian fare. Well, at least I have. Don't believe me? Shut up. You weren't there.





GEORGE WASHINGTON One of Canada's founding fathers. Those wooden teeth were made from Canadian birch. And the apple tree he cut down? Transplanted from a sunny Toronto boulevard. Quebeckers may appreciate his experience with Wars of Independence.

JIM CARREY Despite his recent renouncing of his Canadian citizenship, we're always willing to welcome him back into the fold, but not his front—the front that he puts up when he pretends to be American! Is that a donut dangling out of your pocket? You know it. Your rubber face isn't so flexible in Torontonionian winters, is it? Is it? Infernal Hellfire of the Spotty Traitor! Come back! We're so poor...

OPRAH WINFREY Once, during her eighteen-year run on national television, during the outro of a special episode featuring the plight of the beaver in today's modern workplace, she mentioned Canada in passing, once. And she's diplomatic, has a long history of insecurity and enjoys consuming heavy foods. Step out of the Canadian closet, Oprah! Be strong. Be brave. Be Canadian.

THE EASTER BUNNY Every April, he diligently distributes chocolate eggs to small children across Canada to celebrate the birth and death of Jesus. Being Canadian is just as logical. Obviously. A closet alcoholic, the Easter Bunny will be able to indulge his love for partly fermented maple syrup (as in, "pass the syrup—never mind, pass the vodka"). And we have the deep dark woods necessary for the little hoppy boozer to hide out for the rest of the year, when he's not breaking into houses, leaving chocolates and taking the silverware (why does no one ever notice that?).



SCREWED
— in —
2010

British Columbia.



Be Here.

In 2010, British Columbia will display its sagging economy, brand new Sea-to-Die highway and half-built stadiums to the world for the Olympic and Paralympic Winter Games. Today, you can see what we live and inhale. It's the spirit of lacking resources, international-style bungling, and Olympic-ranked ski jumpers landing on soft fragrant piles of weed.

Invest Here

As Canada's Pacific Gateway for consciousness-expanding condiments and boatfuls of illegal Asian immigrants, BC now enjoys one of the nation's most rapidly growing deficits. BC's Premier is dedicated to creating a generation of students who will build character by battling impossible debts for years to come: a proud tradition for our children. The Premier invites you to invest in BC's third largest industry, Wacky Tabacky Inc. (recently privatized). Just call and ask for Mary Jane.

Work Here

Good luck getting a job, you lazy bastard. But if you're persistent, check out the lucrative opportunities on Main & Hastings as a Sidewalk Adornment (sparkles extra) or Peddler of Psychotropic Street-Friendly Chuckles. Or, if you love the great outdoors, then you'll love hacking into mangled stumps. Or, the position of Gordo's personal bartender is always open (responsibilities include: holding his hair back after grueling "cabinet" meetings, flashing Maui police and entertaining his wife when she's tiddled, but still ugly). Come get a job in one of many such thriving industries.

Play Here

Wheeee! This cigarette is funny! Wahoo! Yipee! Oh my God, an alien! Zap! Got 'im! Whammo! I'm broke! And wet! I live in BC! Wow! Teletubbies should be comic legends! Whoeee! Shut up! Shut up! Just listen! I am a God! That cat is a God! What the Hell is up with God anyway! Y'know? Shazam! Ben Affleck's a talented actor! Pow! We don't have enough hockey rinks or highways! Who cares? It's just the Olympics! Wheeee! Blue truck tickles aqua walrus la la la la la la la la papazapa!



BRITISH COLUMBIA
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MEASURING EXCELLENTNESS

Point Grey's most excellent white-bread education By MAN FROWNS-AT-JOHNSON

EXCELLENCE. EXCEEDING our excellent expectations. Succeeding in excellence. Besides excelling in alliteration, *Maclame's* excels in other things. These things, too, are excellent. Vantage points. Perspectives. Viewpoints. Points of view. All these things, yes, are excellent as well. Welcome to *Maclame's* rankings of educational institutions. Par excellence. *Maclame's* first-annual Point Grey rankings survey measurement is unique and excellent this year. To begin, these rankings are uniquely focused. In a word, our rankings evaluate institutions within Vancouver's Point Grey region. Alone. It seemed to make sense. Comparing medical-doctoral schools didn't. You know.

Maclame's aims to provide Vancouver's Point Grey students, prospective students, alumni students, flunked-out students, geezer students, extra-limbed students and one-eyed students the reasons why they chose, will choose, tried to choose but couldn't, and wouldn't in hell choose to attend a school in Point Grey. It is to you, the pupils, that *Maclame's* dedicates this minutely excellent, narrow, pin-pointed and comprehensive first annual survey.

Enjoy the excellence.



Students at the university pose for lame photos. The guys in the back aren't doing anything.

AFRAIDIA PARK DAY CARE

Walks through the endowment lands, class field trips to the Museum of Anthropology, trips to the Aquatic Centre. Maybe this sounds like a real educational institution, but it can't fool *Maclame's*: all these little shits do is leech off of UBC. Get your own shit, Afraidia Park! Where's your 8-million book library; where's your particle accelerator? You frustrating, snot-nosed, faecal little parasites.

Your student society is the lunchtime milk club. You don't have a research budget. Residence consists of mats at naptime and

sleepovers under the stars—stars that UBC's department of physics and astronomy maps with tools way more advanced than your fucking plastic dollar-store kaleidoscopes.

Pissants.

PRIVATE TUTORS

A twinkle in their eye, a friendly pat on the ass, and house calls any time—Point Grey's private tutors know how to make their students feel appreciated. Their entrance requirements include what other institutions in Point Grey are afraid to acknowledge: the

OVERALL	RANKINGS				
POINT GREY UNIVERSITIES	AVERAGE ENTERING GRADE	LIBRARY HOLDINGS	OPERATING BUDGET	RESIDENCE SPACES	STUDENT AWARDS
1 UBC	87%	8.7 million	\$1.02 million	6,010	7.7 per 1000
2 University Swill	Great!	Entire Mr. Men Series	Recommended donation	Sleepovers not allowed	Everyone's a winner!
3 Private Tutors	Less than 65%	Bring your own	\$15/hour	Lots of room for hot ones	Friendly slap on the ass
4 Afraidia Park	Must be potty trained	A speak-and-spell	Pennies found in toilets	21 Afternoon nap mats	Lollipops

Bs, Cs, and DDs that UBC lets slip through the cracks.

With teachers who have tried the real world's job market and failed, private tutoring probably has a higher percentage of faculty with PhDs than it would like to admit. But bitter, unemployed, hypereducated people or not, they'll provide intimate access to first, second, and third year class material—and to first, second, and third year students.

UNIVERSITY SWILL ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Science Fairs, field trips to Stanley Park, and litmus paper are a few of the many research opportunities at University Swill; in experiments, a student is limited only by his imagination and the paint he can scrape off the walls when he's hungry. Professors at University Swill encourage student-directed learning, including out-of-window sky-diving, syringe dullness contests, and holding breath until your best friend looks like Celine Dion before the surgery. The janitor's closet contains untold wonders for students, where mixing household chemicals and sticking paper clips in electric sockets are the formative experience of students who enrol here. Not to mention eating rubber cement.

Exposing students to such dangerous chemicals so early is invaluable to the UBC biology department, as developmental responses like gigantism and *spina bifida* can be measured in comparison to a control group of elementary students in Burnaby...I mean, never mind.



THE UNIVERSITY OF BURGEONING CON ARTISTS

Picture this: an old mansion overlooking the beautiful marine vista in Vancouver's historical Point Grey. Just stepping out of the ancient, regal doors into the morning air, you can feel the educational power of the place: Cecil Green Park House, the headquarters of the University of Burgeoning Con Artists' public affairs department.

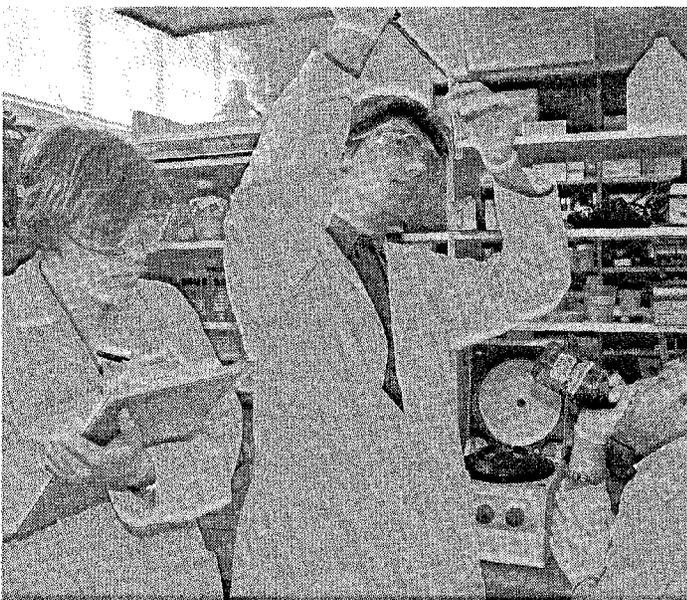
"It's incredible the amount of learning that goes on here," says Director Scott Macravedrugs, pointing to brochures spread out on the table. "UBC engineers solutions," reads one; "University Town will serve as a model of living and working in harmony,"

and "Tuition=awesome!" reads another.

It's around these gems that learning crystalizes—these are learning documents, Macravedrugs says. And what could go wrong in such a beautiful place?

UBC championed this year's rankings, coming first in nearly every category, from research funding to faculty with PhDs, and especially total money devoted to financial aid. Offering the most complete range of programs, and student services ranging from the Swipe Co-op to watching movies at the Worm, UBC set the standards for competing institutions. Dwarfing any other university in its category, it's clear why UBC is the best university in Point Grey.

Unless we consider class sizes. Hah! **M**



66
Riker climbed on the table and straddled her. He didn't enter Deanna right away, however. He knelt over her, his scrotum throbbing as he breathed heavily.





WHERE ARE THE PSYCHOPATHS?

The Company reaches new heights of pretension with politically driven psychopathic ballet

AS A FILM CRITIC and a helpless 21st Century consumer of corporate goods, I can understand the metaphor of diagnosing multinational corporations as psychopathic entities. And in light of the fact that *The Company* is a Robert Altman film, I was prepared for some seriously abstract ideas and some real creative liberties as I watched this film. But as Neve Campbell twittered and danced across the screen in leg warmers for the better part of two hours, in what I understood to be a futile attempt to expose the evils of corporate business set to classical music, I began to wonder if some mischievous

pharmaceutical clerk had been slipping horse tranquilizers into Altman's vitamins.

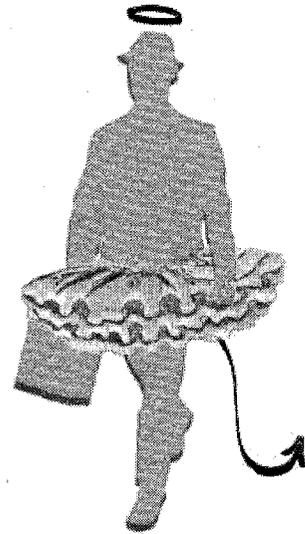
I'm not quite sure if Robert Altman's effort to portray the corporate-driven First World as an innocuous ballet company is some kind of bizarre super-irony, but I can tell you for certain that it does wonders in alienating the average viewer, who has a tough enough time trying to conceive the magnitude of corporate power as it is today without envisioning it as a herd of anorexic bun-haired dancers prancing around in a studio full of plate-glass mirrors.

As far as I can tell, the story of *The Company* centres around a dancer named Ry (Navel Cadwell) as she works through the production of a new ballet at the Joffrey Ballet Company. She may or may not represent a new, ruthless corporation fighting its way to the top of the financial ladder. Soon enough, one of the dance choreographers replaces the older, injured star of the show with Ry, and before long Cadwell is taking over. This may be a metaphoric portrayal of a hostile takeover of a small, older business by the new emotionless corporate hybrid, but I'm not exactly sure. That at least would explain Cadwell's stone-faced, emotionless acting.

Eventually I gave up trying to piece together the allusions to clinical psychopathy and corporate criminality amongst the incessant dancing and tried to enjoy the movie on a purely aesthetic level. And I must say the rear ends of those corporate dancers are just spectacular. Wouldn't mind setting aside a little nest egg to invest into some of those com-

panies, if you get my drift...

The Company is a film for the truly abstract thinker. Only if you can find some semblance of meaning in a David Lynch movie could you ever have a hope in hell of understanding Robert Altman's disturbingly innocent docudrama about the capitalist state in which we live. Hopefully, once Altman comes down from whatever trip he's been on, a more coherent film will grace the screens of Sundance in 2005.



What do these men have in common?



Ashton Kutcher. The Butterfly Effect. Punk n. Hood. We say more?



Jaha the Man. Perpetrator of the sexy princess. Lea bikini scene.



Mr. Ass. Found urseping in your bathroom window.

They ALL wore in a frat. Not this one exactly. but a frat. Cool!!!!

DESPERATION. USELESS. YOUR MOM NAKED.



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Chicken wings!

Manuel de Roberto | ON THE HAIRCUT



MARTHA FLAUNTS WHAT SHE GOT

So can I get the number of her hairstylist?

Martha Wiper admits to being busy as the President of UBC. Even with most of her time given to whoring the university out to the business world and enraging the student body with tuition increases and housing lotteries, she still manages to make waves with her ever-changing style.

"I've got to spend my hard-earned money somewhere!" Wiper exclaims when asked about the cost of her latest hairstyle, a subdued rear undercut that has added a whole new dimension to her previous look.

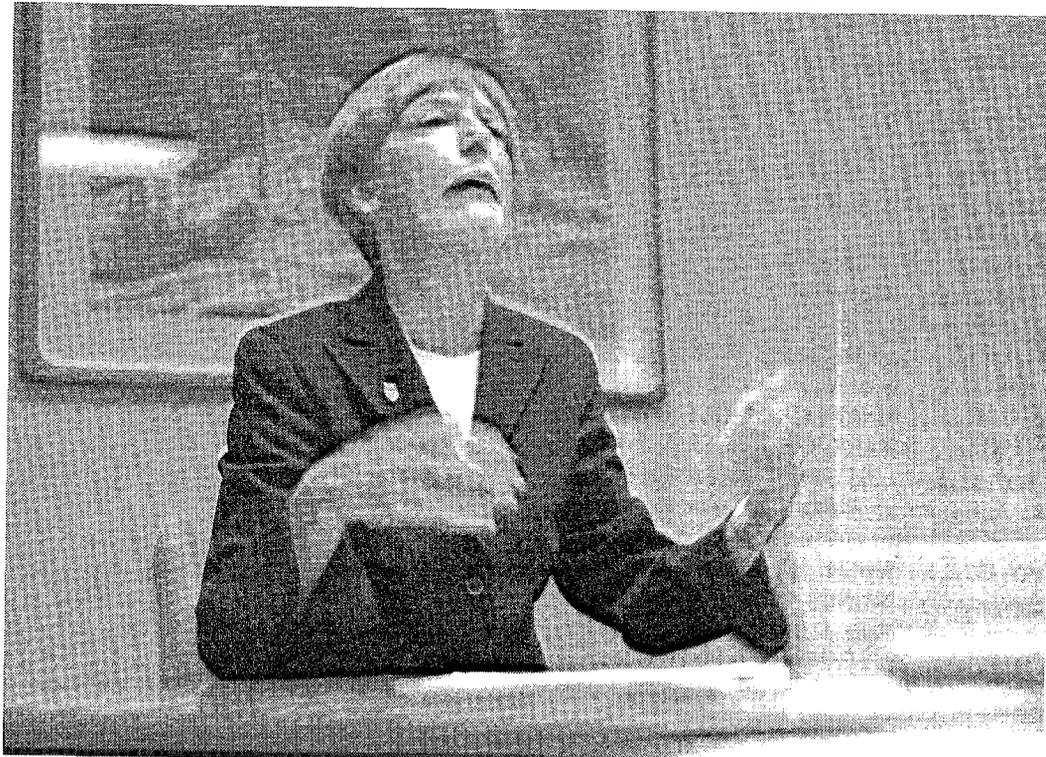
According to Wiper, the revelation in beauty costs \$1,000 each trip to her hairstylist, famed French designer Jean-Louis-Phillipe-Etienne-Charles Ducarre III. "He's simply magical," Wiper raves. "Jean merely places a bowl on my head and asks me to close my eyes. Forty seconds later I'm on my way out the door."

Piper cites former child-star and present Hollywood outsider Macaulay Culkin's *Home Alone* era haircut as her

inspiration for the trendsetting do. "As President of UBC, I have to make decisions that might make students unhappy. I thought if I looked like a poor prepubescent boy, I might earn some subconscious sympathy from the seething masses."

And it seems to be working. The attitude on campus towards Wiper has changed since her trim. "I used to think she was like, a total bitch," says one student who preferred to be identified only as a prominent Young Conservative. "But now...I'd hit it." **M**

OH SIGH Wiper's new bowl-cut mesmerises students and faculty alike



“

She looked up into his eyes, removing her remaining underclothing. "Fuck me, Will Riker." She smiled as he groaned and placed his hand between her legs, caressing softly.



**John Intiniweeny starts a sentence ...
Alfonso Gagliano finishes it**

In 2001, federal minister Alfonso Gagliano was accused of preferential treatment within his Public Works ministry. Now he's under scrutiny in the latest federal government embroglio over misdirected sponsorship-program funds. But he still found time last week at a Toronto media scrum to finish *Maclame's* Assistant Editor John Intiniweeny's sentences.

MY FAVOURITE HOLIDAY IS ... I don't understand why people keep asking me questions. I'm innocent of all wrong-doing. No minister knows what goes on in his department. Why would he? I don't think that is in the job description. Honestly.

ESSENTIAL GAGLIANO

- 1. Former ambassador to Denmark
- 2. Former career couple
- 3. Former Minister of Public Works
- 4. Formerly not involved in scandal

IN MY LIFE I WISH I'D ... no, no, I had nothing to do with this scandal. Nothing.

WHAT I LIKE MOST ABOUT DENMARK IS ... I did not read that audit. I did not know about that audit. I've never even heard of an audit? What is an audit anyway?

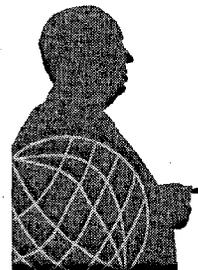
WHEN I PLAYED ON THE SWINGS AS A CHILD ... leave me alone. I don't like the press and their crooked little fingers. They see scandal everywhere. Everywhere!

FOR MORE "FINISH THE SENTENCES" VISIT WWW.MACLAMES.CA/PEOPLE

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U BE SEEIN'?

Ignore the suppositions: this man is senile

IN THIS SCRIBBLER'S younger days, Pompous-on-the-Point, aka Marthaville, aka the University of British Columbia, was home. Dabbling in the ink of the Ubysey newspaper was the only fashionable pastime, after sweating out gridiron matches and starting families in the back seat out near the farmland.

To indulge, a few predictions for the old sinking, settling campus. Had a few years to step back, ponder. Here is what bubbled to the surface.

1. The grand old Thunderbirds, resplendent in a new logo, will take back Mr Vanier's goblet and triumph in the upcoming Shrum Bowl, this year at T-Bird stadium, which some residents think is not only too loud but too ugly. Right on the latter.

2. Martha Wiper will announce a donation. Fifty per cent off at Magicuts may do the trick.

3. The AMS Student Council will

get the cobwebs out of the old administration and replace it with hemp blankets and a Coleman stove for those extra-long sessions. Cold-cut sandwiches and Coke for public meetings will be replaced with honey ginseng effervescence tea and a vast array of organic soy protein loafs. Yum.

4. Stephen Owen, the genuinely nice chap that he is, will go bald trying to win his seat again at Vancouver Point Grey, struggling against a giant head of lettuce, the creaky communists and a newly invigorated Radical Beer Faction, who will go federal.

5. Someone in UBC Administration, say...oh, B. Sullivan, will suggest to raise tuition rates once again, in keeping with the three-year tradition. The unshaven student body will squawk (the only thing they can afford to do) and some poor chap who



enjoys punishment will remind them that the university starved for six years under a tuition freeze. Thanks, Glen.

6. *The Ubysey* will print something clever by an old alumnus staff member. Thank Mr. John Turner in advance.

7. The BC Bureau Chief of Canadian University Press will, after graduation, shuttle off to T.O. for some minor pencil-wearing, then get his senses together and return to the rainforest city in Lotusland. Try and dye your beard in Hogtown, you lovable putz.

8. The clever Engineers, always ready for another toothless-grin photo-op, will resurrect the Lady Godiva Ride and hang a giant phallus from the Brooklyn Bridge. New Yorkers won't be bothered, claiming they've seen bigger.

9. President Piper will vacate Cecil Green

“
Campbell will set up home in that shack, turn the living room into a day-care and order all UBC students to be happy, dammit

Compound early for a posh seat at UC-Whatever. Local Vancouver bossman Larry Campbell will set up home in that shack, turn the living room into a day-care and order all UBC students to be happy, dammit. Jim Greene will take control of the Political Science department and make 'Ho Chi Minh appreciation 101' a graduation prerequisite.

10. PM PM will visit the campus in '04, shout some anti-Toronto slogans, sip a latté while wearing Taiga fur, and promptly have his ass shot off by keen graduate students who wonder why their research grants went to Canada's favourite son from Denmark, who ran his ministry with the same tact as a Dundarave mother driving late to Yoga in the family SUV.

11. Construction workers at UBC will stage a one day strike against 'Bad Surrey Jokes.'

Buenas noches, toute le monde. **M**

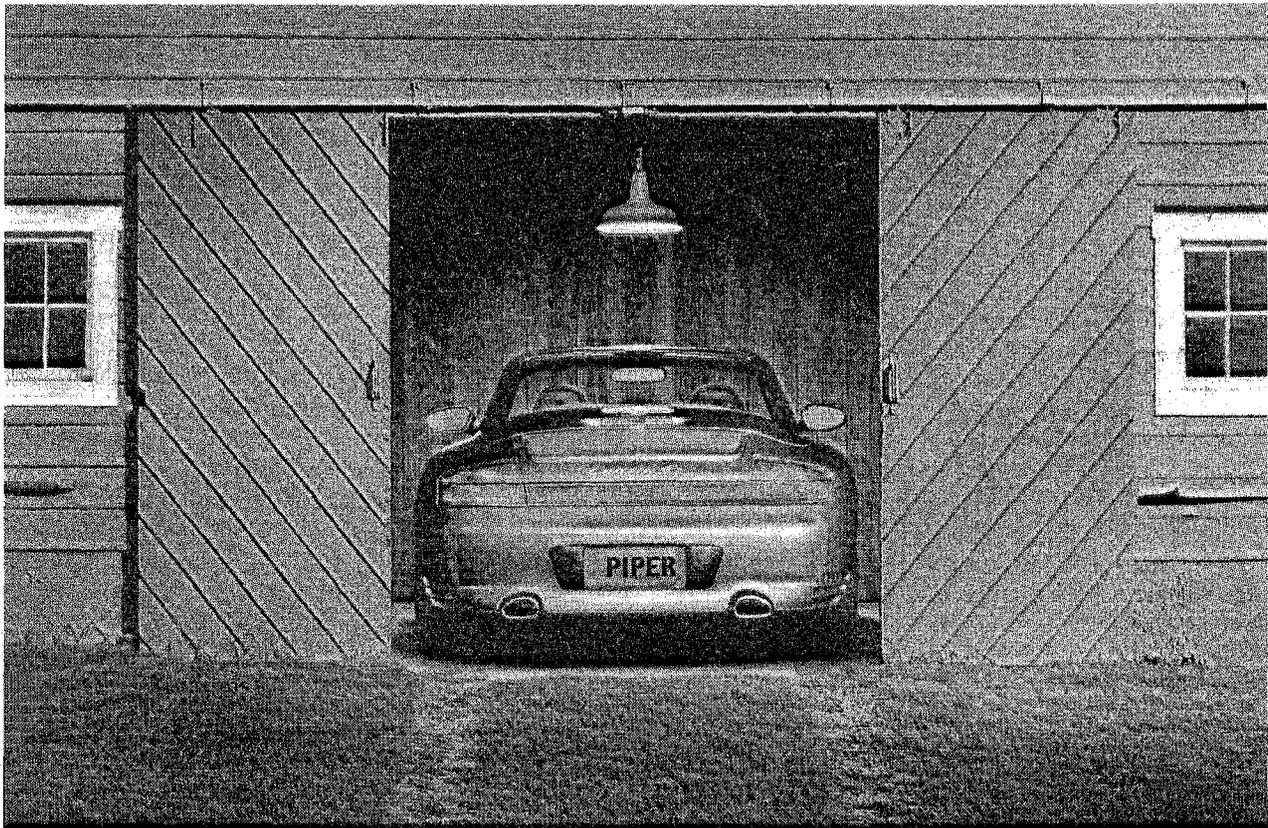
Editor's note:

Paul Wells usually occupies the 'Back Page' of Maclame's, but after subsequent review, this magazine's editorial staff determined that he is better suited to being our ombudsman, since he loves to hear people's complaints. Mr. Alien Fotheringham had escaped from his playpen, so we gave him something to do.

-Wilson-Smythe

To comment: aliens...everywhere@maclames.ca
Read Alien Fotheringham's pathetic livejournal, "old and short," at www.maclames.ca/senile

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