UBC Administration Delays CUPE Strike

University Administration Orders Negotiators of CUPE Locals 116 and 2950 Executed

San Antonio, Texas (AP)

A new study from the University of Northern Texas has provided conclusive scientific proof to link guns and death.

"After many months of research on our controlled condition gun range, we reach two very startling conclusions," stated Dr. Julia Buss, head researcher on the UNT project. "First, shooting guns is a lot of fun. Second, it turns out guns really do kill people."

Reaction to the controversial research has been mixed. The NRA was very quick to challenge the research. In a press conference, NRA spokesperson Karen Marlatt attacked the research methodology used in the study, claiming that "the number of firearms and subjects used in this study was far less than what would be needed for this research to mean anything statistically. The NRA is still upholding our long-standing philosophy that guns Don’t Kill People, People Kill People."

Dr. Buss defended her research, saying that, "There was startling correlation between being fired at with a Colt .45 and needed some kind of medical assistance. This eliminated the need for large volumes of subjects." Buss continued by saying that "guns tend to do nasty, nasty things to a person’s chest."

Marlatt, continuing with NRA standard policy, stated that "the rate of personal injury in the study would have been dramatically reduced had the subjects themselves been armed."

"The NRA will continue to support our view that, if everyone had a gun, no one would get shot because everyone would have a gun!" Dr. Buss decided not to comment on the NRA’s stance. She instead elected to laugh uproariously out loud.
Alcohol in the Morning

Jake Gray
Hemingway Clone

It was morning. So this is how it is, this is how it always happens in the morning. Damn your morning. With my last 50 lira I purchased some truth; honest gin; I took a pull from the bottle. It was good. It burned my mouth and felt good and warm going down my esophagus and into my stomach. From there it went to my kidneys and my bladder and was good, I remembered then when I last saw Hunter S. Thompson who was still a damn fine writer. It was in Milan and we looked out the windows at the plateau and drank gin in the morning. It was morning and had been morning for some time. Then, I remembered a time when it was not morning, and when it was night.

The night ambulance attendants shuffled down the long, dark corridors of the General Hospital with an inextinguishable burden on the stretcher. They turned in at the receiving ward and lifted the unconscious man to the operating table. His hands were calloused and he was unkempt and ragged, a victim of a street brawl near the city market. No one knew who he was, but he received the name of George Anderson, for $10 paid on a home out in a little Nebraska town served to identify him.

The reason opened the swollen eye-lids. The eyes were turned to the left. 'A fracture on the left side of the skull,' he said to the attendants who stood about the table. 'Well, George, you're not going to finish paying for that home of mine.'

'George' merely lifted a hand as though groping for something. Attendants hurriedly caught hold of him to keep him from rolling from the table. But he scratched his face in a tired, resigned way that seemed almost ridiculous, and mumbled the word again at his side. Four hours later he died.

It was merely one of the many cases that came to the city doctors from night to night — and from day to day for that matter; but the night shift, perhaps, has a wider range of the life and death — and even, comedy, of the city. When "George" comes in on the soiled, bloodstained stretcher and the rags are stripped off and his broken body lies on the white table in the glare of the searchlight, and he dangles on a little thread of life, while the physicians grumble grrrribly, it is all in the night's work, whether the thread snaps or whether it holds so that George can fight on and work and play.

Here comes another case. This time a small man limps in, supported by an ambulance man and a big policeman in uniform. "Yes, sir, we got a real one this time — a real one — just look at him!" The big officer smiled. "He tried to hold up a dr g store, and the clerks slipped one over on him. It was a —"

"Yes, but they were three of 'em, an' they was shootin' all at once," the prisoner explained. Since there was no use in attempting to deny the attempted robbery, he felt justly offering himself for his frustrated prowess. "It looks like I oughta got one of 'em, then, maybe, I'll do better next time." "Say, you'd better hurry up and get these clothes off of me, before they get all this kind of stuff on you. The drunk was thoroughly defeated and dejected, and the red handkerchief he used for a mask still hung from his neck.

He rolled a cigarette, and as the attendants removed his clothes, a ball of lead rattled to the floor. "Wheel it out clear into the hall, say. I'll be out before long, won't I, doc?" "Yes — out of the hospital," the physician replied significantly. Outside on the lawn the street a drug clerk — the one of the three who used the 38 — has a 38 bullet dashing from his watch chain.

Now with Pants!

John Hallett
So Very Drunk

Well, last issue was about as controversial as I had hoped. It was even the talk of the night at AM's council. The look on people's faces as they opened the paper was worth it. Imagine a cross between "completely" stunned and "abject horror." He he.

Although I would have expected to get wiped out of the "give me free beer or I'll take off my clothes" threat, I probably should have taken the inverse approach and gone with "give me free beer and I'll put my clothes back on." I suspect that I would have seen more results that way.

Oh well, on to my rarely literate and quite often entertaining rants.

Appearing nude with five women

Wow! Yikes! That cool! I know that The Underground really would have liked to see me in a bikini. Heck, I'll bet everyone would have liked to see me in pants of some kind (Aide: I did my best to hide certain aspects of my um, personality.)

However, I feel that I must defend my bikini-less approach to the issue. Besides, have you ever tried to find a bikini with a 40-inch waist band?

Apologies

Apologies are so two faced. The only reason anything like apologies get published is so a publication can save face with its financiers. Without a doubt, every time you see something like "We're so sorry for [insert offense]— what the apologists really mean is "We're so sorry that you found out about our [insert offense], you stupid F***."

So take any apologies you see with a grain of salt. Changes are, the person apologizing means the exact opposite.

99 Chairs

Cool, 99 Chairs is back. For those of you who are too young to remember, 99 Chairs was originally in the current location of The Beauz in Fairview. They closed it down when someone pointed out that the very centre of a residential complex is a bad place to put a loud, noisy pub that doesn't close until 1:00 AM. Oh well, in any event I'm pretty excited about the fact that The Pit will no longer be the closest pub to the SUS lounge. See you there for some pints!

Do-gooder Ninnies

You know the ones. The types that scorn social settings of any kind and prefer the seventh-inning stretch. I figured you might learn to like the night scene on.

Ubernerds

Okay, straight A's are nice. Heck, I hate computer science grades for my company and a near A of Rs always perks up the ole transcript. But I also look at these people with a bit of suspicion.

You straight A's only shows that you can do good in an academic environment. While that is a plus, there are things that matter to employers even more than good grades.

1. People skills. You have to be able to communicate with your co-workers. This doesn't mean pronouncing things right. It means chatting up the people that you work with so that they can relate to you on social level. This builds trust. Trust is good.

2. Working under pressure. So you got 93% on that assignment about layered network protocols. However, did you start it the day the prof gave it to you and then bug the TAs for help for the next three weeks? Or did you do it the normal way, and start it two days before it was due and not leave the lab? This is important because in the real world, you rarely have more than a week to do this kind of stuff and your boss won't take kindly to you constantly bugging him.

3. Are you truly a smart guy, or just stupid and very dedicated? You see, it is my firmly held opinion that everyone can get straight A's if they spend enough time behind a book. So study more than six hours a day to get straight A's, just give up. You don't make the cut.

So, if you really want to make it in the real world, put down the book and pick up the closest pub and charm the nearest beer garden.

Liquor Credit

So there I was, buying a small bottle of gin and nice big bottle of white wine at the liquor store when the guy in front of me handed the cashier a credit card. Nothing too extraordinary there, the mind numbing part came when she accepted it. I did a double take. Not believing my eyes (maybe it was a fluorescent cash card, or something?) I asked "You guys take credit cards now?"

She smiled, looked at me, and gave me the money. Grin. "For a couple days now."

I giggled like a little girl. "I'll be back in a couple seconds." I then practically danced my way to the back of the store and grabbed the two biggest bottles of vodka and rum.

I know that this whole scenario may seem redundant to people from other eras, but I've been living in B.C.'s draconian liquor law system since day one. The concept of not needing money to buy hard liquor is particularly liberating to me.

So, kudos to the government. Maybe we can start talking about these "Liquor Stores closed on Sundays" and "Bars cannot be open 24 hours" laws.
Green doesn’t have the coverage it should. After all, the world is covered in green grass, green water, green leather jackets, green leaves and limes? It’s time to play with green crayons. Green is wonderful. It’s time to play with the green crayon. Mimes are amazing things. The pale lime-green colour may appear harmless on the grocer’s counter, but inside that wrinkled citric peel lies a flavour that is not quite sour (certainly not sour as a grapefruit), which makes your beverage just so quaffable. Limes are small and love a good grocer. It’s a slice of hide-and-seek in your mouth. They are much more playful than lemons, yet more devilish than orange and tangerine cousins. A slice of lime in your afternoon margarita just completes the whole mind-numbing experience. On the other hand, it is generally good practice to avoid adding a zest of lime to your cat’s bowl of milk.10 NOVEMBER 1999

Green? The red and blues and purples that our brains are just saturated with isle of the Wonderful Land of Talking Antlers. Is it sell out at the stores, the green Sprite St. Patrick’s Day Beer. But there’s never any rush for things that have been made green by the hand of the human. Those lime green IMacs are always sold out at the stores, the green Sprite cans stay on the shelf long after the red Cola cans. jay garcia

I was to corral your average UBC student and ask them to define the culture of this place. I’d probably get a lot of blank stares. I figure that there’s probably a direct correlation between the number of particular academic activities and the rising GPA requirement needed to get into this fine institution. There are no boring academic types on this campus is getting unbelievable. If you were to wander by the library after a night out, you’d see people sitting in the carrels in the lit windows. What are they doing, you might wonder? Are they getting away from the weather while considering their Friday night inebriation options? Are they waiting for friends to join them before hitting a lecture? Or are they sitting there resting, pausing to stop the world from spinning long enough so that they can find their way to the next beer garden without stumbling down into the SUB Library Pond? No, not what I’m thinking above. They’re studying. Studying. On a Friday night. I blame it all on the increasing lack of the social games that can only come from never having had to explain your actions after an embarrassing evening with someone you barely know. But I digress. I hit on everything with two legs and a pulse and then ended up worshiping the Goddess of Mount Borealis because of a puddle in a puddle of your own vomit.

I mean, every fucking frog who comes through the Gates is book-smart, but otherwise is a water-headed, mewling little whinger. While this has always held true for the past several decades worth of frogs to attend this university, most of them managed to turn into somewhat decent individuals, largely through the entertainingly corrupting influence of the current inmates of this fine institution.

However, the trend towards ever-increasing academic rigour has all but disappeared. I mean, this place. I suspect that I should have seen this coming quite some time ago when, way back in the 70’s, when Dean’s vacations were being handed out left, right and center. Those slips of paper and the accompanying benefits like free Microsoft stock options. If you ask me, the trend towards an assisted program departure should be expanded to include them Uber-keeners who spend almost all their time studying and no time socializing. Further, people who are on academic probation due to having missed one too many midterms, or who’ve passed out in class a little too often should be exempted from having to leave their cars so they could celebrate for a few paltry “Fs” on their transcript.

I mean, if you take a look at the real world, the real movers and shakers are the ones who are both academically adept and socially normalized. You know the type, those smooth talking bastards who can compile code in their head and still slam back a couple of frosty glasses of PNT with no ill effects. Those über-nerds who did well in school have good jobs, but, odds are, they’re working behind a desk that could probably because the guy he held his contract negotiations with said über-nerds in a cubicle and waited for the effects of the first beer to kick in before presenting the contract, “Well, a second, that I lied my speech, isn’t it?”. I suggest that, if this University is to produce qualified and normalized citizens capable of facing the new millennia without breaking down in terribler than the thought of the Y2K bug, there must be certain sweeping changes be instituted.

First of all, we’ll need some new courses to be added to the calendar. Six credits of either Geophysics 101, Barley and Hops 100, and Micro Breweries 201 should be included in the curriculum to introduce new university students to the wide world of inebriation. Then, we could go even more advanced courses like gruit beer, bitter beer, the wild beers, such as Guinness 300, German Beers 201, Hard Liquor 221 (for honour’s students only), and, of course, the bour- eaux’s thesis on Falling-down-piss-drunk and wakling-up-in-the-basements-of-locked-buildings 449. In a similar vein, if the provincial and federal governments ever get the collective iron-plated rodd extracted from their extra-large glutton maximi, and the legalization of the British Columbia’s finest greenhouse and basement-grown produce should come to pass, then the appropriate courses should also be added to the calendar. Classes could be held in the forest near Thunderbird, the patio-deck between Hebb Theatre and Chemistry A block, of course, that bastion of dead and blunted stubby glasses that is Buchanan Kent.

Bitter Beer Face

Attention: No one bothered to submit an answer last time. Come on if I can find the damn beer, the Bitter Beer Face. Facetiousness is book-smart, but is otherwise a water-headed, mewling little whinger. The man sweats contempt. The man sweats contempt. The man sweats contempt. The man sweats contempt. The man sweats contempt.
Vinyl Catsuit

Andrew Tinka
Feline In Charge

I like seedless grapes. I like seedless watermelons too. You know why? Because it's a real pain in the ass to get the seeds out of regular grapes and watermelons. If they come off the vine without any seeds to begin with, it's super fantastic, because you can just munch away without crunching on seeds.

"Gee, Andrew," I can hear you say, "this article seems far too mellow. What's wrong? Aren't you pissed off about something?" Yes, friends, I am. And I'm going to tell you about it too.

We've had seedless grapes for how long now? Twenty years? Fifty? A long time anyway. What's taking them so long to come up with gonadless kitties?

Yes, dear readers, I have a cat. And I had to get her spayed. Why, you ask? Well besides the fact that I only want one cat, the fact is that horny cats are right messy little bastards. They spray urine on everything, they make really weird noises all the time, and they attract all sorts of undesirable characters who come over wanting sex. Quite like a roommate, little bastards. They spray urine on besides the fact that I only want one cat, to get her spayed. Why, you ask? Well one that it was time for Roadkill's appointment. As I took my kitty to the exam room, I overheard the two twelve-year-old girls who were sitting by the door:

"Who would name their cat Roadkill?" 'I know. It's so immature.' I couldn't believe it! I was getting cut down by twelve-year-olds! How the hell was I supposed to react to that? "Eat shit and die, Bitch!" just don't seem like the right thing to say in a situation like that. If they were two years younger I could have gone with the old standby "Hehe! Well you're a pooh-pooh head!" Instead, I could only shake my head and share a "kids say the darndest things" look with the receptionist. I think she was on their side though. It sure would explain the visit I got from the Humane Officer.

The worst thing about getting a cat, I've decided, is that you run a very real risk of getting a "cat person". How the hell later to get 90% of your cat back. And when you get her back, she's still doped up on ketamine for the next few days and can't do any of the things that you take granted, like walk, eat, or control her bladder. Plus, she looks weird as hell because her belly's all shaved from surgery. (must... resist... temptation... to make... shaved... pussy... joke... back, Satan... back, I say!)

Despite my whining about spaying and other unpleasantness, I'm really happy with the addition of a cat to my life. For one thing, I'm a complete and total slob. Until now, I've had to accept infestations of mice, rats, and other plague carriers as an unfortunate consequence of my hygiene-deficient lifestyle. Not anymore. Now I've got a vicious little predator on my side, and she's quite good at keeping the number of species in the house down to two. (I suspect she's plotting the elimination of Homo Sapiens as well, but I keep a cattle prod by my bed so I'm not too worried.)

To the disgust of friends, family, and total strangers, my roommates and I decided that the cat would be named "Roadkill". (By the way, there's an excellent black and white Canadian movie by that name that I thoroughly recommend watching while drunk. In case you're interested, I bear a striking resemblance to Wennie Boy. Anyway, I was at the vet one time with the cat, and the receptionist, of course, announced to everyone that it was time for Roadkill's appointment. As I took my kitty to the exam room, I overheard the two twelve-year-old girls who were sitting by the door:

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They're all out to get me. Them and the bus drivers. I'll show them. I'll show them. They're all out to get me. Them and the bus drivers. I'll show them. I'll show them all! But that can wait. I've got more important issues of The 432 might have told you. It's far better to leave this task in the hands of the disgruntled folk at the SPCA. Even still, it's an ordeal. You have to take time off, wait an hour or two for a bus driver who's too stupid to realize you've got a cat with you (Did you know that you're not allowed on the bus with a cat? Even if it's in a box?) then deal with the SPCA receptionist, drop the little monster off, and come back ten hours later to get 90% of your cat back. And when you get her back, she's still doped up on ketamine for the next few days and can't do any of the things that you take granted, like walk, eat, or control her bladder. Plus, she looks weird as hell because her belly's all shaved from surgery. (must... resist... temptation... to make... shaved... pussy... joke... back, Satan... back, I say!)

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If you think getting the seeds out of grapes sucks, just wait until you try getting the gonads out of a kitty. Actually, but you're allowed to take surgical action against your cat.

The worst thing about getting a cat, I've decided, is that you run a very real risk of getting a "cat person". How the hell later to get 90% of your cat back. And when you get her back, she's still doped up on ketamine for the next few days and can't do any of the things that you take granted, like walk, eat, or control her bladder. Plus, she looks weird as hell because her belly's all shaved from surgery. (must... resist... temptation... to make... shaved... pussy... joke... back, Satan... back, I say!)

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Don't tell him, but Andrew Tinka doesn't actually own a cat. In reality, Roadkill is little more than a very large rat.

—ed.
Dan Anderson
Not a Girl Guide Fan

Recently I had a friend point out that I always use the phrase "monkey mind" when I rant. Monkey monkey monkey. I also had said friend point out that I always use the phrase "I recently had a friend point out...". So, I pointed out his left eye was on an index finger, right index finger, and that settled that.

All you people should give money to FYC. It's been a good thing anymore; we're so far in the red we can tell what time of the month it is. We're a really big monkey, bear us roar. Moow.

For the record, all the SUS teams are kicking ass. You know badminton is good when you wake up the next morning with aches in places you never knew existed. (well, ok, there was that time last month out in Ladner and you went out to the barn and you saw those chick- en...). Anyway, you have to love the "morning-after ache". Especially when you realize it's from playing with your partners, when each of you was hitting the other one, hugging, boy! (Don't even ask about the inner tube water polo, what with the rubber, and the tubes, and the burn marks, and the hours of wetness, and the rule saying how at least your legs must be protrud- ing from the hot tub.) (Ookaaaaaaaayyyyy -ed.)

But, to get to something worth reading, Jay, being the observant evil mastermind that he is, noticed that the Girls were moving in on his turf. Seems like their cookies are really just fundraising for all the girls in the world. Which will allow them to eradicate the scourge that is Girl Guides. All time favors include repeatedly pummeling them with sharp metal crafts, threatening them to McDonald's for '100% pure beef bits!' (trust me, if you can sell them worms and roadkill, you can sell them Girl Guides), and saying "oh, I'm sure there's a nice man who'll buy your cookies over there" and pointing at the apartment next door, which has been filled with carbon monoxide.

If you are too timid or squeamish to per- form any of the above improvements to society, at least help us out, and scare them. The easiest way is just to rant and rave at them every time you see them, but if your vocal chords can't take the abuse. There is other ways, too, although most of them require slightly more effort or preparation. Making small dry ice bombs is simple, just put warm water in a plastic bottle, keep the cap handy, and stick some nuggets of dry ice in there. Make sure the bottle is at least a little squished first, then cap it, and throw it at the lil twerp. Smile. Or else, you could just throw a bucket of ink at them. I recommend India ink, it sticks very well. Probably the most fun would have been to be picking them off from story third windows with a BB gun... make sure you keep on shooting them as they run away. If caught, just say it was the kid next door.

With these tips in mind, have fun, remember that no matter how you are apprehended, and enjoy ridding the world of those evil creatures known as Girl Guides.

As a former Girl Guide, I must say one thing: Damn Dan for figuring it out. I'll get you, my pretty, and your little monkey too.

-copy ed

Kiri Nichol
Entropy in Motion

A couple weeks ago, I was sitting in the Science Office with a few friends, trying to augment my understanding of Statistical Mechanics. It's an important topic for midterm. In case you are unfamiliar with Statistical Mechanics, it is, in laymen's terms, the study of why people don't suffocate to death in closed systems. I shall elucidate: Let us, for a moment, pretend that we have a bunch of oxygen molecules whose properties are described by the fancy symbol "p". These molecules, when placed in an isolated system, tend to bump around or less randomly in accordance with something called the "Brownian distribution." To make things more interesting, we throw in two more Greek letters, "ε" and "τ" (think of it as "temperature" or "coherence") hoping that, with in a finite and observable time period, our oxygen molecules will form a flat, glassy sheet. But the point is, our oxygen molecules DON'T form a flat sheet - all because of something called "entropy", they are doomed to continue a random, chaotic motion, random motion to the point where they will lose all organized structure, and random motion is organized around the table at my fellow Science Friends. While this can be good for the poor social lives of oxygen particles, it's really good for humans because it means that as long as we're in a closed system, the odds are that there will be suffi- cient movement and random motion for us to get the required regulation.

Anyway, a bunch of us were sitting around trying to figure this one out when our efforts were interrupted by the arrival of a Fed Ex courier delivering a shipment of sheep brains and pig hearts. All right Dissections! Sadly, our program director informed us that there must have been a mistake, because nobody in Science One had requested the organs. We read the labels on the boxes despondently (Warning: Carnivore - may contain 5-10% soy sauce) and thought of all the wonderful things we could have done with those sheep brains and pig hearts. The Fed Ex guy phoned his dispatcher (now there's a company with entropy!) and discovered that the shipment was really for the Vanier cafeteria - two blocks to the west. He departed shortly thereafter with the boxes, but not before us Science 1's had developed an idea...

That night, at the Vanier cafeteria, I ordered the pork and motor "Chef's Special" and snuck out the door in the direction of B-Lot. My fellow Science students were already congregating with the necessary equipment: A broken Macintosh computer, alligator clips, extension cords, 8 l of Coca-Cola products, duct tape, the Van de Graaf generator from the Hebb building - we had it all. The procedure - gleaned from our chem lab manuals - was simple: We attached the sheep brain and the pig heart to the mouse port of the Mac via the alligator clips. Then we plugged in the Van de Graaf generator and took turns making each other's hair stand on end until the sun set. At the stroke of midnight, we showered the whole apparatus with Gatorade, touched the "on" button on the side of the Cola machine and - nothing happened. So we went back to our respective residences and did our math home- work.

The next day, we went and discussed the situation with our professors who chuck- led heartily and then suggested we return the Van de Graf generator to Hebb, there- by increasing the number of parking spaces available and, consequently, the value of the complexity function for B-Lot. In other words, we needed to dip back to the first step of The Scientific Method and reformulate our hypothesis. So, putting our prob- lem solving abilities into action, we came up with a new strategy to ameliorate our understanding of Statistical Mechanics: We decided to hold a seance for Dead But Very Smart Physicists.

For the record, all the SUS teams are kicking ass. You know badminton is good when you wake up the next morning with aches in places you never knew existed. (well, ok, there was that time last month out in Ladner and you went out to the barn and you saw those chick- en...) Anyway, you have to love the "morning-after ache". Especially when you realize it's from playing with your partners, when each of you was hitting the other one, hugging, boy! (Don't even ask about the inner tube water polo, what with the rubber, and the tubes, and the burn marks, and the hours of wetness, and the rule saying how at least your legs must be protrud- ing from the hot tub.) (Ookaaaaaaaayyyyy -ed.)

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With these tips in mind, have fun, remember that no matter how you are apprehended, and enjoy ridding the world of those evil creatures known as Girl Guides.

As a former Girl Guide, I must say one thing: Damn Dan for figuring it out. I'll get you, my pretty, and your little monkey too.
**Demi-Page O' Electoral Blurbs**

**President**

| Mike Boetzkes | Wini! Wini! Wini! Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ho Ho Ho Ho Ho. You will be sorry just wait and see all hail. President Mike! Vote early vote often! |

**So-Co**

| Ajay Puri | Hey there you pieces of dung. I would like to introduce myself, the name's Ajay Puri and I am a bastard. That's right a bastard! But you should know though that I am NOT a stupid bastard, not a f*cking bastard, nor even a fat assed bastard, just a plain old bastard. Why should you care? Well that's because... umm... well... I don't know, but you should. Okay anyway this bastard is running for Socco... actually I am the only person running... so I guess I'll rephrase this... this bastard is now the socco. That's right I'm gonna plan the best parties, beer gardens and other social events out there... you know why?? that's right, cuz I'm just a plain old bastard. Don't worry though, this bastard will make sure everything goes as planned. Otherwise you know what will happen if it doesn't, that's right the wrath of the pink pickles will be upon us! They'll be after your sorry ass and there'll be nothing to stop them except for maybe a jar, (you know cuz those pickle jars are like so hard to open) but otherwise they are invincible!! Muaahhhahahaha! I am unable to deceive all of you worthless pieces of cow dung anymore... I must expose my true self - I am Picko! Nono! Or I might have to kill you. |

**Complaints Department**

> Here at the 432, we appreciate our audience. As such, we want to take the time to air some of their recent complaints. Thank you for your feedback. Please, come again.

---

**Official Complaint Form**

**The 432, Issue 4, October 27th, 1999,**

| Name: John |
| Form: | Email: Email |
| Phone: Phone |

I would like to register a complaint about:
The hairy naked men on page two.

**Official Complaint Form**

**The 432, Issue 4, October 27th, 1999,**

| Name: John |
| Form: | Email: Email |
| Phone: Phone |

I would like to register a complaint about:
The hairy naked men on page two.

---

**Official Complaint Form**

**The 432, Issue 4, October 27th, 1999,**

| Name: Kate Saenko |
| Form: | Email: Email |
| Phone: Phone |

I would like to register a complaint about:

*The views herein may not be the actual views of the above mentioned complainant, and are in fact entirely fraudulent.*

---

**PRO**

**Matthew Cowper**

Is it quite possible that you find this election rather absurd, as I do. The incredibly difficult and vexing decisions of whom to vote for SUS Prez and SoCo have been made substantially easier this year. This is to be taken as a good thing, for although artsies may have time for politics, we Science students have little room for such luxuries. Should you still have an unrequited desire to make a democratic choice, you get to chose the SUS PRO. In this matte, I urge you to vote for the candidate with a realistic view of the election process, namely me. If you actually want to find out what policies I might or might not have, seek me out! I am fairly recognizable as I habitually wear a black hat that makes me look like a London Paperboy.

---

**Kate Saenko**

Vote for Kate Saenko for PRO! I'm a 4th year Computer Science major and a computer geek. Contrary to popular belief, I do not hide in my room, wearing inch-thick bi-focals and typing madly away at the computer all the time. I only do that on Mondays... Anyway, I like people. I can speak four languages, I am very easy-going and friendly, which makes me a perfect candidate for Public Relations Officer. My past experience in charity events and doing press releases will help me do a great job. Also, I have many years behind me as an ex-RGB agent in my native former Soviet Union (but don't tell anyone.) In fact, if I am elected, I promise to make SUS a nuclear power. So, vote for me, please.

Or I might have to kill you.
The Mitten Drawers of SUS

External VP
Mandy Seymour
Hey, I'm Mandy and I'm your SUS External VP! Hope you're all psyched for Science Week - it's coming up January 24th to January 28th. We're planning an action packed week of interactive club displays and events (we're hoping that we will again have the Comp Sci car rally!) Also we've started on plans for Beyond First Year.

Finance
Jeff Steinbok
Hey there, you guys are all enjoying the "wonderful... ahem... Vancouver weather. (Well, Bree said I could talk about the rain... I think she just wanted to kill some space). Anyway, to start, I'd like to congratulate everyone involved in the planning and attending of the Oct 22 bar garden; it was, by far, one of the best one's we've had in the past 4 years or so. We lost money, about what we were one's we've had in the past 4 years or so.

Sports
Sara Stamm
Hey there Science prods! Your friendly sports rep reporting the latest news from the sports world. Register for Invade the Dome Insomniac Softball. It is the rockingest, most funnest thing you can do this term. Registration ends Friday the 12th, so hurry yo' asses up and hand in them forms.

Class Act
GRADUATING CLASS GIFT CAMPAIGN
Attention Science Grads!
Leave a lasting impression at UBC! Become a Class Act Rep and create a memorable grad gift for the Millenium!
Class Act is the committee that advertises and collects money for the year 2000 grad class gift. This is your chance to give back to your school!

If you have grad gift suggestions or would like to volunteer, contact Amanda Seymour at aseymour@interchange.ubc.ca, or call 822-4235 for more information.

Internal Vice
Reka Sztopa
Hey everyone, another 2 weeks, yet another exec report. First Year Movie Night was a blast. We showed 'The Matrix' and Trinity is my new hero.

Secretary
Keri Gammon
I really wish I had something to report this week, but nothing crazy ever happens to the SUS secretary. Yesterday I did some photocopying in the Dean's office... then there was that paper cut... I made some phone calls... thatabout sums it up. But in my capacity as the UBC United Way Campaign assistant, I would like to inform you all about the upcoming Student Campaign week, from November 22nd-26th. Look for fundraising events around campus and support the United Way - you know you want to. Everybody's doing it. I'll still respect you in the morning, I promise. That is, unless you forget to vote in the executive by-elections.

Need New Clothes?
PSA (Psychology Student's Association) is having a clothing sale. Come on out and get dressed!

Members
Non-Members

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I Wanted A Mission...

Andy Martin

Straight to Hell

Trying to do a project with incompetent, government-funded bosses is like trying to pick up girls at a bar without the control of your right hand...and all that hand wants to do is masturbate. It's frustrating, you never get anything accomplished, and even though you didn't have any fun, you get fucked in the end.

It started as most of these things do, with me happy and content... My summer, low-respect, low-paying, hard-working, stint with my former employer was about to end in October. I was hitting the pavement hard to get another job before I ended up face-first on said pavement. Then a ray of light came down. I was pulled out of a meeting the day before and thrown the War and Peace of raw data: "Make a paper out of this, make it pretty, and hand it in to the District office, and we'll give you...what's something like this worth? Something around twenty an hour." I was so damn happy, I had to run home that night just to joyously enter data in my computer. Finally, everything I had ever done was recognized. I was getting paid almost what I'm worth and loving what I was doing. I worked the weekend through, fighting through a bloody mess of data errors and useless tripe (Note: when recording scientific data, a point form is usually preferred over novel form. I don't much care what your feelings are at any moment and the District doesn't much care that you fell in brambles at 10:53am on August 11th) to put together the finest report they'd ever seen. I brought the first draft to the District with my supervisor. The District loved it, and would support us for a follow-up (and much larger) contract, and was even genuinely interested in my thesis work. My supervisor asks me to lead the next contract, which will be at least 6 months in length. I'm on top of the world baby! A phone rings up in Heaven.

-Click-

"Sir, this is Johnson.")

"Johnson! How's it goin' in Shitville?"

"I wish you wouldn't refer to Earth like that, Sir."

"Ah, lighten up. So what's up? I haven't heard from you in months!"

"Sir, we've got a problem down here."

"Really? Harump...takes a swig of scotch...What kind of problem?"

"Do you remember Andy Martin, Sir?"

"Oh...[pauses] girls, girls quiet down...what happened?"

"Well, you see sir...he's happy."

"WHAT!?"

"He's got a degree-related, well paying job that he enjoys. It looks like all his hard work is paying off!"

"No, no, no. This isn't right at all."

"AND?"

"He's found a girl he likes who likes him."

"Oh...FUCK!!! I'll get right on it.

"Thank you sir. I knew you would."

"Fuck, fuck, fucky-fuck..."

-Click-

Back on earth, I happily continue working on the contract, giving up a good chunk of my Thanksgiving long weekend to double-check facts and details in the report before handing in the final copy due on Wednesday. I was working through the last details of the work on Tuesday when my supervisor came in. He tells me he'd like me to put together a digital map of the data. Great, the only problem is that:

a) we don't have the anything that can do that in the office; and
b) I have no idea how to do that.

These vital facts seem lost on him, and on his insistence I spend the next six hours combing every computer in the office to show him this. So the day that was to be efficiently ended at 4pm, now will end at 2am as the final copy is due the next day.

We reach Wednesday. Wednesday...The middle of the week. 'Hump Day'. You know, hump is another word for fuck. The word fuck is beautiful, it can be a noun, as in: 'my boss is a dumb fuck', or an adjective, as in the phrase: 'my boss is fucking retarded'. However, it was originally intended as a verb, to be used in such phrases as: 'my boss fucked me over with a crankshaft' (What? No, no foreplay here, why do you ask?).

I finished the paper, and left it for my supervisor. I spent the rest of the day helping to host a meeting of a group of fisheries conservation groups. By now I'm in my tenth straight hour of work. The meeting has gone off perfectly. The bigwigs finish up their fine sushi and arranged crackers as I remain myself to cleaning duties. Just as the office 'numbers lady' is going out the door, she turns to me and I hear those ever-famous words: 'Andy, we have to talk.' Oblivious to the plot against me, I half-jokingly reply, 'Uh-oh, is this a good talk or a bad talk?' She replies, with a small smile on her face, 'Well, it's a good because we talk about paying you, it's bad because it's your last day on Friday.'

[WHAT THE FAA!]

"Oh...my. But 'Cetus' told me that I was going to head the next contract."

"What next contract? We haven't got anything coming up."

"But I've got everything done quickly, there's lots of hours left."

"No, no, somebody else has been working on it for weeks."

"But shit-all was been done on it when I got it. It was the worst data set I've ever seen."

And on it goes. I finish cleaning up, and drive home in a daze. But of course, I haven't hit bottom yet. I've just gotten a little muddy in the outhouse basement that is life. And the Lord is absolute. Everything He does is absolute. Includ-

Feeling low? VOTE!

Go from this...

President
Public Relations Officer
Social Coordinator

Vote in the upcoming Science Undergrad Society Executive Byelections! Why? Everybody's doing it.

Don't you want to be like Ricky Ricardo?

Vote Monday, November 15th to Wednesday, November 17th, in most Science buildings and SUB. Bring your student card to vote! All Science Students can vote! (Once)