



"Gee, Dean Klawe, I dunno. It seemed like a good idea at the time..."

-- John Hallett

## UBC Administration Delays CUPE Strike

*University Administration Orders Negotiators of CUPE Locals 116 and 2950 Executed*

Vancouver (CP)

The University of British Columbia has narrowly averted a pending strike by university support workers late Monday night. The heads of both CUPE locals 116 and 2950 were asked to a 'special meeting', at which they were escorted into the meeting room and summarily executed.

University Vice President of Students, Brian Sullivan, responded to criticism of the action as being rather draconian. "As a university, we are committed to a high level of academic service to both our students and our researchers. The continuing threat of strike action by these unions has prevented us from carrying out this imperative. Something needed to be done, and with all the recent funding cutbacks and budget shortfalls, this was our only viable option."

Administration-commanded snipers made quick work of all union officials who missed the special meeting. Bodies were still being recovered from the Rose Parkade at press time.

"We had a lot of practice at this kind of thing during APEC" stated RCMP Sniper

and Special Constable Bill Harris. "Of course, we didn't actually shoot anyone during APEC. Well, no one that was missed, anyway. This was a bit of a change for my team. It was pretty damn fun, cutting them down like sheep."

Nathan Allen, AMS External Affairs Coordinator, was vehement in his denouncement of the University's action. "This is a prime example of our capitalist society's complete disregard for the average worker. The days of the worker in a socialist society are coming, and the University Administration shall be the first to fall victim to its glorious reign." When asked about his role in the planning of the special execution meeting with the unions, Nathan Allen refused to comment further.

Administration officials stated, "It was only a matter of time before something like this had to happen. [Former UBC President Dr. David] Strangway would have let those unions walk all over him. Heck, that guy'd agree to anything if you gave him enough pastries and hot chocolate beforehand."

"Nope, [President] Piper is totally differ-

ent. She's one tough cookie who's not going to take any shit from these self-serving and self-centred unions. She's a real ball-buster, that one."

"It was important that we send a strong and very clear message to all campus factions," stated Mary Johnson, spokesperson for the President's Office. "Our first plan, a strongly worded newsletter, may have curtailed some on-campus subversive behaviour. However, we felt that a brutal, no holds barred slaughter of everyone involved would really set the tone for future talks. We mean business. If this doesn't work ... well, we know where they live, and we'll whack their families next."

Unionized workers at other Lower Mainland educational institutes expressed much concern at news of the slaughter.

"Man, do those guys ever have grounds for a grievance. Administration could only have screwed up more by axing coffee breaks," stated Oscar Ghallager, an exterior upkeep engineer from Simon Fraser University. "My CUPE local is holding a strike vote of our own soon,

and I'm worried about how much the UBC thing will affect how I vote. One thing's for sure, I ain't going to any special meetings. Paid overtime be damned. The head of my local can risk life and limb for the damn union. They get paid, you know. I don't pay union fees for the membership card."

The average UBC student, for whom Brian Sullivan claims the eradication was for, does not appear to be overly concerned with the University's actions. When questioned by *The 432*, it appears that their concern lies solely on the future. "I'm not one to get involved," said David Deol, fifth year honours math student, "but how does the University plan to get the rooms clean? There's only so much the squirrels can do. Not that I'm disagreeing with the University or their camouflaged snipers. No siree."

Reactions from other faculties were similar, although some were more enthusiastic in their responses. "What? Mowing down all of your enemies in one glorious hail of cleansing gunfire? That's sassy!" stated one Arts student, on the condition of anonymity.

## "Guns Kill People," Study Reveals

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 philoso-

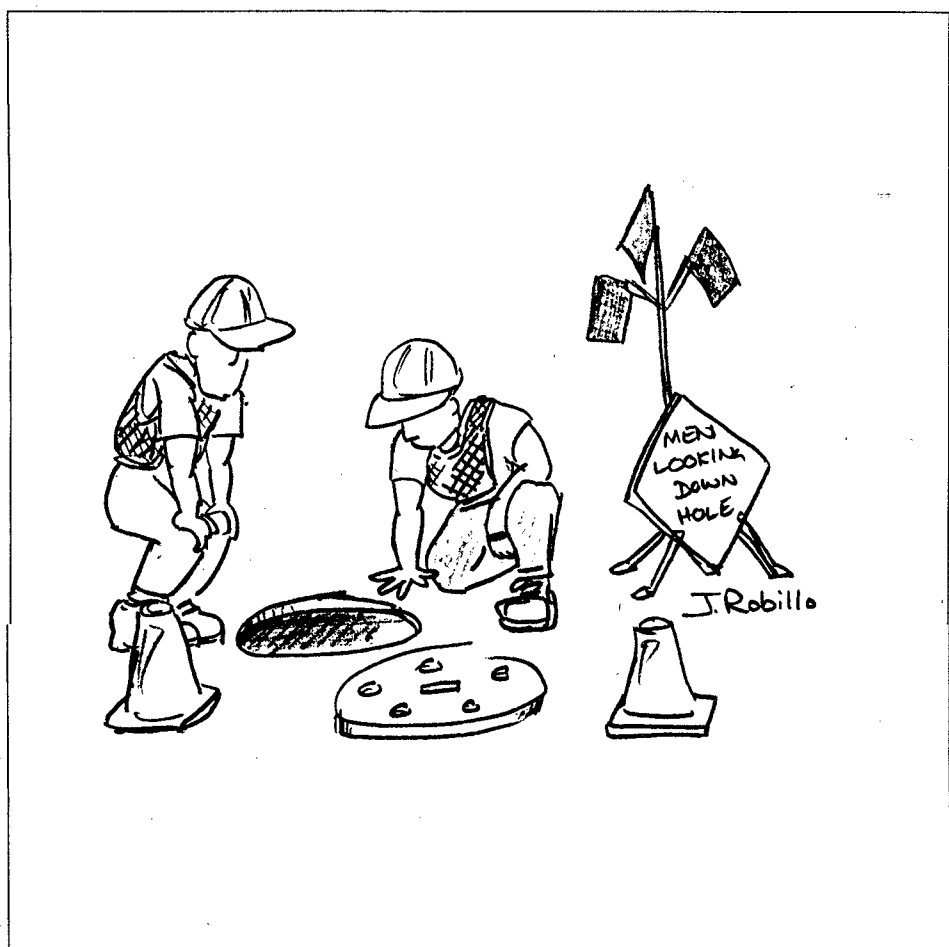
phy that Guns Don't Kill People, People Kill People."

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.



# The 432.

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*The 432* is published fortnightly from the basement of the Chemistry Building. *The 432* is the official publication of the Science Undergraduate Society and science students in general.

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In the interest of saving space, we will publish some answers to common questions we've been getting a lot of:

Yes, we have a complaint box. It is in CHEM B160. There are forms available there. No, we won't shave the editor. Yes, those girls really were naked. Yes, the editor really does have a beer gut. No, he isn't single. Yes, we're allowed to do that. No, we won't do it again. Bree didn't partake because she has some sense of self respect. No, that isn't good grounds for a lawsuit. Well, then you shouldn't have shown your Grandma, shouldn't have you?

Next deadline is the 24th of November. Yes, we're having another three week break. Why? Because that's the way it goes. So submit your stuff to me then! Yes, then! Or you can do it now, too.

## 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 true and 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 at the General Hospital with an inert 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 a receipt, bearing the name of George Anderson, for \$10 paid

on a home out in a little Nebraska town served to identify him.

The surgeon opened the swollen eyelids. 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 yours."

"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 placed his hand again at his side. Four hours later he died.

It was merely one of the many cases that come to the city dispensary 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 tragedy -- and even comedy, of the city. When "George" comes in on the soiled, bloody stretcher and the rags are stripped off and his naked, broken body lies on the white table in the glare of the surgeon's light, and he dangles on a little thread of life, while the physicians struggle grimly, 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 robber this time -- a real one -- just look at him!" the big officer smiled. "He tried to hold up a drug store, and the clerks slipped one over on him. It was a--"

"Yes, but they was 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 justified in offering an alibi for his frustrated prowess. "It looks like I oughtta got one of 'em, but 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 bloody. I don't want 'em spoiled." He 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. "Whee! It went clear through, didn't it? Say, I'll be out before long, won't I, doc?"

"Yes -- out of the hospital", the physician replied significantly.

Out on Twenty-seventh street a drug clerk -- the one of the three who used the .38 -- has a .38 bullet dangling 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 AMS 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 more mileage 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**

Woo! Yah! That rocks! 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 (Aside: I did my best to, um, hide certain aspects of my, um, personality.)

However, I feel that I must defend my bikini-less approach to the issue. Besides, have you every 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 apologizers really mean is "We're so sorry that you found out about <insert offense>, you stupid f\*\*\*."

So take any apologies you see with a grain of salt. Chances are, the person apologising 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 Beanery* 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 1am.

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 watching old Star Trek re-runs to a good laugh with your buddies at *The Gallery*.

I'm tired of receiving flak from these people because I like to wet my whiskers occasionally. Yes, I drink. No, I'm not going to hell because of it, deal with it. Heck, if you relaxed long enough to get that freaking rod out of your ass you might learn to like the night scene on campus.

**Übernerds**

Okay, straight A's are nice. Heck, I hire computer science grads for my company and a neat row of A's really perks up the ole transcript. But I also look at these people with a bit of suspicion.

You see, straight A's only shows that you can do good in an academic environment. While that is a plus, there are three 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 95% 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 very 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, if you have to study more than 6 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 some old fashioned charm at the nearest beer garden.

**Liquor Credit**

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

She smiled, looked at me, and gave me the money grin. "Yes, 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 could find.

I know that this whole scenario may seem redundant to people from other provinces, but I've been living under 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.

# Lime, Citrus Fruit of Choice!



**Bree Baxter**

*Green-Eyed Beauty*

Green doesn't have the coverage it should. After all, the world is covered in the stuff. Green grass, green water, green leather jackets, green 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 the last to sell out at the stores, the green Sprite cans stay on the shelf long after the red Coke cans disappear, the green acid stays in the hand long after the blue acid is ingested and showing you the way to the Wonderful Land of Talking Antlers. Is it that our brains are just saturated with green? The red and blues and purples draw our attention from the green? Is the green crayon left all alone in the box, untouched when the black crayon is just a nub and the pink one is a chewed-up gummy mass? Is it screaming, "Colour with me! Make grass and leaves and limes?" It's time to play with the green crayon.

Limes are amazing things. The pale

lime-green colour may appear harmless on the grocer's counter, but inside that wrinkly citric peel lies a flavor that is not quite sour (certainly not sour as a lemon) which makes your beverage just so quashable. Limes are small and love a game of hide-and-seek in your fridge. They are much more playful than lemons, yet more devilish than their 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.

Eating green items, limes in particular, are wonderful to ward off scurvy. In case you have never lived in Totem or eaten the SUB cafeteria's patented 'Frööt', scurvy is when your body decides it's had quite enough preserved food and starts to reject your teeth. Your gums turn black, your limbs swell up to double their size and your hair falls out. There is a rich and varied history of scurvy among the early European explorers of Canada. Ironically enough, they began to ward the hideous nutrient deficiency off by drinking and form of beer made with fir tips. Yup, green saves the day

again.

That was then, and this is now. The only arm of the military that wears green these days is the land forces, and it's that hideous dark, "I'm lost in the jungle and waiting to become a Vietcom POW!" green. Not many civilian uniforms (service and otherwise) go for green. If you put your hand up for 'Red' as the colour of choice, lick the person next to you. The redness of red gives the impression of approach and aggressiveness (*and sex, don't forget sex. -ed.*). Green's a more passive colour. I still prefer my doctors in MASH greens as opposed to those lovely violet scrubs. Even in the near future, green is passé. You'll never see Kirk in a green shirt, or Lister sporting a green cap. No, the advent of technology has eradicated the colour green from our colour archives in a search for the perfect, non-natural world.

There are people in black trenchcoats watching me whenever I buy limes, you know.

Green has always symbolized the coming of a new age, you know. When the winter ends, the spring buds grow on the trees and the whole damn thing starts again. Maybe humans are just sick of the

damn winter ending. Snow just makes everything look more uniform. And isn't uniformity what Microsoft wants? You don't see them putting out any green coloured computer cases, do you? At least Apple puts out green computers, although that was just a smart advertising ploy to match the sickly green colour of their users' skin tones.

I like green apples too. They aren't as sweet as the red apples. Snow White can vouch for that one. The Wicked Stepmother gave her a red poisoned apple, and the ditz fell for it. She wasn't the quickest gazelle off the diving board. Never catch me eating a red apple.

They're watching me when I buy green apples, too.

*Did you ever get the sneaking suspicion that your writers really are looney? I do all the time. Between Jake sitting in the corner rocking back and forth like an autistic on speed, and Bree hissing at Coke cans and forming the sign of the cross with her fingers, I'm hard pressed to find any sane talent. Sigh. Maybe I should just quit and move to Mexico.*

-ed.

## Not So Dumb Ass Easy Contest #3!

## Where the Hell is the Leonard S. Klinck Stone?

Attention: No one bothered to submit an answer last time. Come on, if I can find the damn boulder, YOU can find it. What are you waiting for? To win, you are required to submit a photo of you standing beside the Leonard S. Klink Stone. The prize is 2 VIP tickets to Cold Fusion.

# Bitter Beer Face

 **Jay Garcia**

*Bitter, bitter man*

If you were to corral your average UBC student and ask them to define the meaning of the words "school spirit", you'd probably get a lot of blank stares. I figure that there's probably a direct correlation to a decrease in extracurricular activities and the rising GPA requirements needed to get into this fine institution. However, the sheer number of boring academic types on this campus is getting unbelievable. If you were to wander by Koerner Library on a Friday night, typically prime drinking, staggering-around, dropping dead drunk hours, you'd see people sitting in the carols 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 kegger? Or are they sitting there resting, pausing to stop the world from spinning long enough so they can find their way to the next beer garden without stumbling down drunk into the Main Library Pond?

No. None of the fucking above. They're studying. Studying. On a Friday night. I blame it all on the increasing lack of the social graces that can only come from never having had to explain your actions after an embarrassing evening where you drank yourself blind and silly, hit on everything with two legs and a pulse and then ended up worshipping the porcelain gods until you passed out in a puddle of your own vomit.

I mean, every fucking frosh who comes through the Gates is book-smart, but is otherwise a water-headed, mewling little whinger. While this has always held true for the past several decades worth of frosh 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 culled the fun out of this place. I suppose that I should have seen this coming quite some time ago when, way back in the mists of time in my second year, when Dean's vacations were being handed out left, right and center. Those slips of paper were being mailed out to friends and acquaintances like they were free Microsoft stock options. If you ask me, the criteria for 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 a midterm, or who've passed out in class a little too often should be exempted from having to leave their programme just because of a few paltry "F's" 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, charming bastards who can compile C code in their head and still slam back a couple of bottles of TNT with no ill effect. Sure, all those uber-nerds who did well in school have great jobs, but, odds are, they're probably all working for this bastard, probably because the guy held his contract negotiations with said uber-nerds in a bar, and waited for the effects of the first beer to kick in before presenting the contract. (*Hey, wait a second, that how I hired my staff at work... -ed*)

I suggest that, if this University is to produce qualified and normalized citizens capable of facing the new millennia without breaking down in terrified hys-

terics over the thought of the Y2K bug, that certain sweeping changes be instituted.

First of all, we'll need some new courses to be added to the calendar. Six credits of either Oenophilia 101, Barley and Hops 100, and Micro Breweries 201 should be required and would all be good courses to introduce new university students to the wide world of inebriation. Then there'd be more advanced courses in similar vein, such as Guinness 300, German Beers 201, Hard Liquor 221 (for honour's students only), and, of course, the honour's thesis on Falling-down-piss-drunk-and-waking-up-in-the-basements-of-locked-buildings 449. In a similar vein, if the provincial and federal governments ever get the collective iron-plated rod extracted from their extra-large gluteus maximii, and the legalization of the British Columbia's finest greenhouse and basement-growrr-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, and, of course, that bastion of dead blank stupefied gazes that is Buchanan A207.

Heck, if I had my way, I would go all out to encourage real social normalization on campus. First off, I'd get rid of all vehicular traffic past the intersection of Westbrook Mall and University Boulevard. This would keep people from drunkenly stumbling into traffic. Then, I'd expand the security bus service to include all areas of campus, and have it running at all hours of the day, though I'd rename them from "security buses" to "convenience buses", and I'd paint them black. White just shows up the puke stains all too well, and the new purpose of this rechristened service would be to transport the drunken bastards from bar to bar, and maybe the occasional class or two. Secondly I'd up the number of bars

on campus. I find it unacceptable that a campus of this size only has seven drinking establishments (The Pit, the Pendulum, the Gallery, Koerner's Pub, Thea's, Cheeze Pub, and the Thunderbar). Despite the upcoming addition of 99 Chairs right next to Trekkers, I find that I still can't go to one establishment, drink, fall over and reach the next bar before I pass out, 'cause they're still too damn far apart (unless we were to build a hurl-proof Teflon slide leading from the Gallery to the spot right between the Pendulum and the Pit). Then, I'd replace the water in the Main Library Pond with Stoli. Both of them have the same mineral content, and that'd make the occasional tanking by the Engineers a pleasurable experience for a change. And I'd add the sweet, sweet water-of-life that is good 'ol Irish Whiskey to the water used to run the steam plant. That way, students could get a good buzz from the fumes belching out of those service-entrance covers and those weird spotted mushroom pipe-things. Speaking of mushrooms, I'd see if the AMS would be amenable to kicking out all those non-profitable businesses in the SUB and replacing them with a profitable grow operation or two.

Hell on it. If all of these activities don't end up with a happier, jollier, less stressed out, and far-less keenerific campus, then I'll fall back on my original plan of firebombing the campus, razing the buildings to the ground, sowing the land with salt and putting up a casino over the remains. A casino with hookers. And blackjack. On second thought, forget the blackjack.

*Despite what you may think, Jay Garcia is no where near as disillusioned in person as he sounds in print. Ah, hell. Who am I kidding, he's way more disillusioned in person. The man sweats contempt.*

-ed.



# 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, actually, but you're allowed to take surgical action against your cat.

If you think getting the seeds out of grapes sucks, just wait until you try getting the gonads out of a kitty. Actually, please don't try it. Despite what past

issues of *The 432* might have told you, it's far better to leave this task in the hands of the disgruntled folks 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 for 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 Weenie 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:

"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 doesn'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 "Yeah? Well you're a poo-poo 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. 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 cat stories to tell.

The worst thing about getting a cat, I've decided, is that you run a very real risk of becoming a "cat person". Case in point: Every bookstore has a shelf or two dedicated to cat books. Not books about feeding, training, or breeding, which I fully acknowledge are useful and important.

No, the cat books I'm thinking about are along the lines of "What Your Cat would Say If It Could Talk, Volume Fifty-Three," "Chicken Soup for the Soul of Your Cat," "Aromatherapy for Cats," and similar tripe. Ordinarily, I'd walk right past these shelves with the disdain they deserve. The other day, though, I got sucked in. I browsed the titles. I found some of them interesting. To my horror, I found that I wanted to look at books filled with nothing but cute pictures of cats. I was close to buying a book that would help me figure out what my cat was thinking by the shape of the clumps she left in the litter box. Luckily, I gave myself a firm punch in the nuts and got out of there. There's enough freaky cat people in the world without me adding to the problem. In fact, sometimes I think there's a freaky cat person overpopulation problem. They reproduce fast, you know. Someone's going to have to do something soon. So if you know a freaky cat person, do the responsible thing and have them spayed or neutered. SPCA hours are 9 to 9, Monday to Saturday. But do yourself a favor... don't tell them your freaky cat person is named "Roadkill". Come up with something more palatable, like "Muffins" or "Fluffy" or "John Hallett" (*Hey! Why I outta... -ed.*). You'll get less cruelty investigations that way.

*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.

## Official Apology

**We're sorry. We're really, really sorry. Nobody needed to see that. It won't happen again. Really.**



Alternative and Integrative Medical Society

### Lectures:

**Topic:** Sports Nutrition & Supplementation

**Date:** November 18th, 1999

**Time:** 12:30-1:30

**Location:** Woodward Lecture Hall 1

**Topic:** Top Ten Herbs: the Latest Research

**Date:** November 25th, 1999

**Time:** 12:30-1:30

**Location:** Woodward Lecture Hall 1

The Alternative & Integrative Medical Society  
Box 81, University of British Columbia,  
6138 S.U.B. Boulevard, Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1

email: aims@interchange.ubc.ca

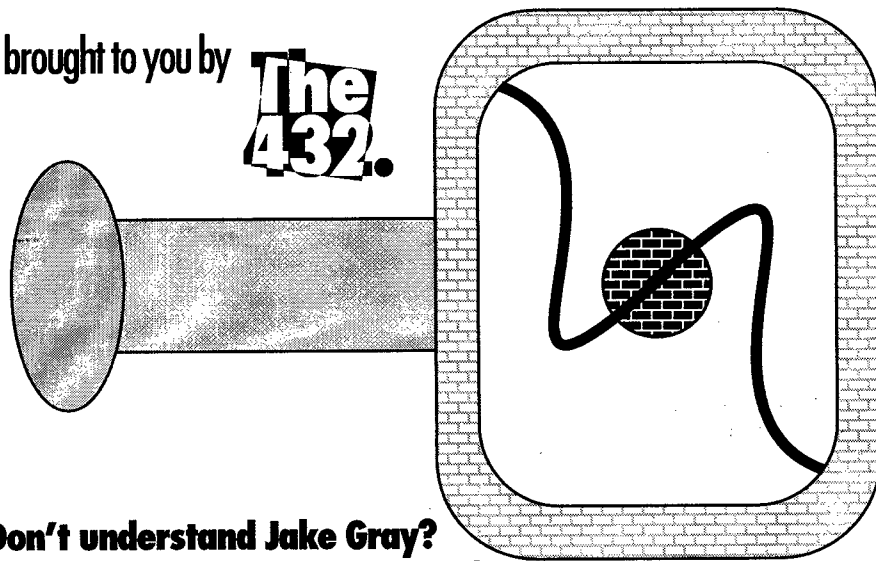
web: [www.ams.ubc.ca/aims](http://www.ams.ubc.ca/aims)

ph: (604)-822-8085

fx: (604)-986-6575

## Official All-Purpose Decoder Ring

brought to you by **The 432.**



**Don't understand Jake Gray?**

**Want to know the naked babes?**

**Confused about koala's real status?**

## This is your solution!

**Simply cut out this decoder ring and hold it over the object of your confusion! Problem solved!**

**Warning:** Designed for people experiencing red-green colour-blindness. Improper use may result in death and/or paper cuts.

# Merit Badge For Crack Cocaine

Dan Anderson

Not a Girl Guide Fan

I recently had a friend point out that I always use the word "monkey" 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 with my right index finger, and that settled that.

All you people should give money to FYC. We're so far in the hole, it's not 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, hear us roar. Meow.

For the record, all the SUS teams are kicking ass. You know badminton was 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 chickens and...) Anyways, you have to love the "morning-after ache". Especially when you realize it's from playing with your partner, when each of you was hitting a birdie and wielding a racquet, bay-bie! (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 protruding. Oh yeah, and the hot tub.) (Ookaaaaayyyyyy -ed.)

But, to get to something worth reading, Jay, being the observant evil mastermind that he is, noticed that the Girl Guides were moving in on his turf. Seems like their cookies are really just fundraising for... well, I'll get to that later. Besides the money factor, it seems the Guides also put a mildly physically addictive substance in the cookies, meaning that if you're like me, and you eat about three or four boxes (thank you, Jay & Bree & others for your generosity) then you will have an intense craving for more. Note that this is a separate craving than the one caused by chocolate, apparently the second thing better than sex. This plan will keep us going back for more (cookies! more cookies! jeez!). Eventually, we will all be completely addicted, then they will raise the prices, making us mortgage our homes, sell our cars, and frolic with birds in public to make money to give to them, and so control the entire world through cookies.

With the money they make, they will begin by purchasing all stocks of IBM that are available, getting a majority stake. They will then make it lose (even more) money, causing every man

woman and child to lose their life savings in their techno-overbalanced stocks. By thereby making everybody completely poor, they will have the advantage of major money gotten from narcotic cookie sales, which will allow them to purchase all the ganja in the world, which will allow them to enslave the youth, which will mean that all the parents of the world will have to do their bidding, under threat of returning their children. The Guides will then force all hamsters, guinea pigs, potbellied pigs, and empty coke cans to be given to their cause, which will give them world domination, power, and control of all recycling facilities.

As you can see, this diabolical plot must be halted. The solution? Kill all the Girl Guides. Do your part. Next time one comes to your door, next time you see one outside of the SUB, next time you wonder about the little girl next door, help the world rid itself of the horrible-ness of the scourge that is Girl Guides. All time favorites include repeatedly poking them with sharp metal crafts, selling 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 perform 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 are 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 best. Probably the most fun would have to be picking them off from third story 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 homicide is only bad if you're apprehended, and enjoy ridding the world of those evil creatures known as Girl Guides.

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

-copy ed

## It Came From B-Lot

Kiri Nichol

Entropy in Motion

A couple weeks ago, I was sitting in the Science One office with a few friends, trying to augment my understanding of Statistical Mechanics in time for midterms. 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 "psi". These molecules, when placed in an isolated system, tend to bop around more or less randomly in accordance with something called the "binomial distribution". To make things more interesting, we throw in two more Greek letters, "epsilon" and "tau" (think of it as "temperature" on cocaine) hoping that, within a finite and observable time period, our oxygen molecules will form a fraternity. But the point is, our oxygen molecules DON'T form a fraternity - all because of something called "entropy", they are doomed to continue a lonely diatomic existence, roaming around looking for a nice ethanol molecule to oxidize. While this may be bad for the 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 sufficient O2 spread around for respiration.

Anyways, 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: Carcinogenic - may contain 5-10% soya 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'ers had developed an idea....

That night, at the Vanier cafeteria, I ordered the pork and mutton "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 Graf 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 Graf 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 sheep brain to the charged surface of the Van de Graf machine and - nothing happened. So we went back to our respective residences and did our math homework.

The next day, we went and discussed the situation with our professors who chuckled heartily and then suggested we return the Van de Graf generator to Hebb, thereby increasing the number of parking spaces available and, consequently, the value of the multiplicity function for B-lot. In other words, we needed to nip back to the first step of The Scientific Method and reformulate our hypothesis. So, putting our problem 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.

An astrologically viable date for the event was determined and preparations made.

At precisely 7:00 PM the night before our physics midterm we, hushed and quiet, entered the Klinck building. We lit our ceremonial Bunsen burners, sprinkled de-ionized water around the room and seated ourselves at several tables. Slowly, quietly, we began to sing the "Bill Nye, the Science Guy" theme song. At first we could perceive nothing, but gradually the water vapour in the atmosphere began to condense into a recognizable form, with eyes - oh, such ghastly, glowing eyes - a mouth and a QWERTY keyboard. The specter shuddered once and with a macabre hiss of static proclaimed:

"You.... have... reached... the sonorous and sorry realm of... LUDWIG BOLTZMANN!"

A gull outside the window cried out as the tape recorder in the clock tower proclaimed the half-hour. The apparition quivered again:

"Dr. Boltzmann isn't available to speak with you right now, but if you'd like to speak with his dog, Rover, stay on the line and he'll be with you in a second."

I stared around the table at my fellow Science Ones, eyes wide with fright. Suddenly, the ghost dissolved and we heard a "Woof" that no earth-bound canine would vent. Quaking, I collected enough resolve to utter this instruction:

"Bark once for yes, twice for no - are you the spirit of Rover, Ludwig Boltzmann's dog, friend and faithful companion from this life to the next?" We heard but one "woof" in reply.

"Is, then, the partial derivative of entropy with respect to energy a measure proportional to the inverse temperature?"

"Woooooof." We glanced around, uneasy.

"In attempting to reproduce the results of Victor Frankenstein's famous experiment in pigs and sheep, is it more appropriate to use Dr. Pepper in place of Gatorade?"

"Woof."

"Nooooo!" There was much wailing from all present - how could the chem lab manual have possibly been so very wrong? We hastily held a conference - should we attempt to repeat our experiment before dawn? No, there was not enough time. There was only one thing left to do - hope that luck was with us and that all the oxygen molecules in the room would spontaneously find themselves in some high crevice for a brief period of time - say five minutes. We were silent as we performed the calculation. And while we waited to go quietly into the night, the spirit of Rover happily chased flocks of bleating spirit sheep through B-lot in the light of the full moon.

*Kiri is one of those disillusioned frosh we all hear so much about. Normally, it takes these young 'uns the whole first term and the exam period to reach that state of desperation where they will channel the dead to ask a beverage question. And besides, who in their right mind would touch that sugar-imposter, electrolyte-filled, toxically-florescent liquid substitute? Dr. Pepper (otherwise known as 'editing fluid') is quite possibly the most creative drink known to man.*

*As an aside, if anyone (besides Kiri) comes into SUS and tells Bree who Ludwig Boltzmann is and what his contribution to science is, I'll give you a free Dr. Pepper. Sorry, no Vanier dinner substitutes.*

-copy ed.

# Demi-Page O' Electoral Blurbs

## President PRO

**Mike Boetzkes**

WIN! I WIN! I WIN! 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\*\*\*ing bastard, or not even a fat assed bastard, just a plain old bastard. Why should you care? Well that's because..... um.... well.... I don't know, but you should.

Okay anyway this bastard is running for Soco...actually I am the only person running... so I guess I'll rephrase that... this bastard is now the soco. That's right I'm gonna be your social co-ordinator. I'm gonna plan the best parties, bzzr gardens and other social events out there... cuz you know why??? that's right, cuz I'm just a plain old bastard.

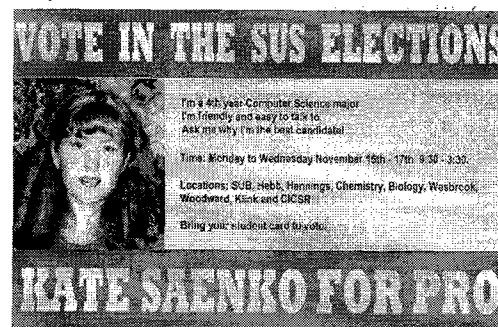
Don't worry though, this bastard will make sure everything goes as planned. Otherwise you know what will happen if it doesn't, that's right the wrath of the pink pickles will be upon us! They'll be after your sorry ass and there'll be nothing to stop them except for maybe a jar, (you know cuz those pickle 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 Pickloid from the planet Zoltrix and I have been summoned by the Pink Pickle master (PP master for short) to take over this pathetic piece of dung planet! Becoming the soco will enable me the power to strengthen my resources (i.e., that is give me enough free beer) that I will become the all mighty pickle!! Muahahahaha! I will make all you dung's worship me and my PP master. You will obey. And that's that. I have said too much already the master will be displeased! Okalie dokalie this pickle is out. Feel free though to approach me anytime, I am here to listen to your 'rule the world' techniques.

**Matthew Cowper**

It is 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 ... Anyhow, 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-KGB 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.



# 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.

-Bree Baxter, Dir. Pub

**The 432. Official Complaint Form**

Name Ben "Gopher Lovin" Tippet  
Email \_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

I would like to register a complaint about:

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

- A ☒ The hairy naked men on page two.  
B ☒ The spelling.  
C ☒ The grammar.  
D ☒ The Dead Pool.  
E ☒ Jake Gray.  
F ☒ Other (use space below).

-Dark colour of paper makes me want to drown my cat.  
-Off center rectangle behind title gave me vertigo.  
-No mention of Godzilla or any other giant monster besides Jay Garcia.  
-Paper's fuel tank spontaneously exploded upon impact.  
-Lack of Louis Armstrong / Leonard Cohen / Bjork music played in SUS.  
-Not enough reference to things as 'flaxen!'  
-Bring back 'My Little Pony'.  
-When Mark McGuire hit homer No. 70, Philip Ozersky had to kiss his normal life goodbye.  
-One more Pokemon keeps them from being a nice round number.  
-Nobody knows how to pokka anymore.  
-Too expensive \$ on paper.

**The 432. Official Complaint Form**

Name John  
Email \_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

I would like to register a complaint about:

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

- A ☒ The hairy naked men on page two.  
B ☒ The spelling.  
C ☒ The grammar.  
D ☒ The Dead Pool.  
E ☒ Jake Gray.  
F ☒ Other (use space below).

Yo' nana

**The 432. Official Complaint Form**

Name Ryan Morasienic  
Email \_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

I would like to register a complaint about:

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

- A ☒ The hairy naked men on page two.  
B ☒ The spelling.  
C ☒ The grammar.  
D ☒ The Dead Pool.  
E ☒ Jake Gray.  
F ☒ Other (use space below).

Dear Sirs,

I would like to complain about the preceding sketch I have many friends, and very few of them ever fall from tall buildings

**The 432. Official Complaint Form**

Name Barry Shin  
Email \_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

I would like to register a complaint about:

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

- A ☒ The hairy naked men on page two.  
B ☒ The spelling.  
C ☒ The grammar. (English and French, not english and french)  
D ☒ The Dead Pool.  
E ☒ Jake Gray.  
F ☒ Other (use space below).

The math (1999/1963 = 36, not 46)

The timing (this issue is 1 week too late)

**The 432. Official Complaint Form**

Name Reka Sztopa  
Email \_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

I would like to register a complaint about:

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

- A ☒ The hairy naked men on page two.  
B ☒ The spelling.  
C ☒ The grammar.  
D ☒ The Dead Pool.  
E ☒ Jake Gray.  
F ☒ Other (use space below).

Why aren't there more naked hairy men? Why?!

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



# The Mitten Drawers of SUS

## External VP

### Mandy Seymour

**H**i! 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,

Beyond the B.Sc. and our huge Cold Fusion concert. Stay tuned for info. on the band - we're keeping it under wraps until January, and then expect the hint dropping to begin. I've been keeping busy with AMS meetings til all hours - if you'd like to know what's going on in AMS land or in SUS land you can email me at [aseymour@interchange.ubc.ca](mailto:aseymour@interchange.ubc.ca). While you're at it, check out the SUS website at [www.ams.ubc.ca/sus](http://www.ams.ubc.ca/sus) or our newsgroup at [ubc.sus](mailto:ubc.sus) on the netinfo server. Later!!

## Finance

### Jeff Steinbok

**H**ideho, hope 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 bzzr 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 planning to and it sold out, so I can't

complain, or so the other exec keep telling me.

As far as finance goes, the big thing right now is giving money to our clubs. I have spoken with representatives from most Science clubs. If your club hasn't contacted me yet, please do, ASAP ([steinbok@interchange.ubc.ca](mailto:steinbok@interchange.ubc.ca)). I can't give you money unless I hear from you. I will be putting together proposals to bring to the SUS budget committee over the next few weeks, so get that information to me soon. Lastly, if you want to be on Budget committee or want more information, email me or drop by the SUS office. It's your money, have a say!

## Sports

### Sara Stamm

**H**ey there Science prodigies! Your friendly sports rep reporting the latest news from the sports world. Register for Invade the Dome Insomniac Softball. It is the rockiest, late-nightest, most funnest thing you can do this term. Registration ends Friday the 12th, so hurry yo' asses up and hand in them forms.

Hey, just for your information, badminton set an all time record for registration this year with 225 players! Never before has a racquet sport had such good

turn out. Thanx to all who participated.

Hockey pool updates will now be posted, I apologize on Aarne's behalf for the slowness of procuring this, he is busy and it's now my job however, so bitch to me if you feel the need.

Anybody looking for rebates: I need your receipt and name and registration form and what sport you registered in BY THE BEGINNING OF DECEMBER! It looks like I'll be giving around 60% back to all science teams.

HEY!!! Play sports.

*Yeah, like basketball! I'll have a form in SUS so come sign up, you hosers.*

-ed

## Internal Vice

### Reka Sztopa

**H**i 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.

Elections for our new President, Social Coordinator, and Public Relations Officer are under way. Stay tuned to vote from November 15th to 17th (Monday to Wednesday) in all the science building.

Anyway, I must go and find a child-size PVC suit and begin my Jujitsu training.



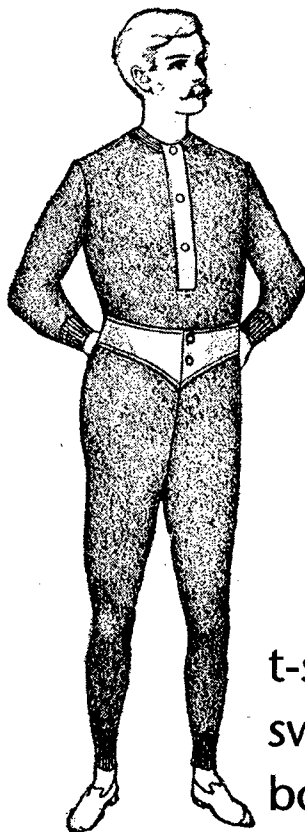
## Secretary

### 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...that

about 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!

Non-Members  
Members

t-shirts	\$10	\$12
sweatshirts	\$27	\$32
boxer shorts	\$20	\$25

# 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](mailto:aseymour@interchange.ubc.ca), or call 822-4235 for more information.

# 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 the end 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, 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 from last year. 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-

"It's your quarter, make the most of it."

"Sir, this is Johnson"

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

"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? Harumph...(takes a swig of scotch)...What kind of problem?"

"Do you remember Andy Martin, Sir?"

"Oh...[pause] 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..."

"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, fuckity-fu..."

-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 fact seems 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', 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 forehead 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 for 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 resign 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 'Cletus' told me that I was going to head the next contract."

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

"But I 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. Including

ing exacting punishment from my heathen ass.

Thursday. And next on the Fuck-Andy-Over Countdown is the pay itself. I give my hours for the past two weeks, including weekend hours. The numbers lady says that she'll process them and have my check tomorrow. I naively ask "So what is my exact hourly rate?"

"Same as before, nine an hour."

Fucker. Absolute Mother-bleedin'-FUCKER!

"But 'Rib' said I'd be getting around twenty. You know, the kind of wage a technical writer and the only person in the office that can actually do the body of your \$10,000 contract would earn."

"No...we don't do that."

The remaining two days of my employment are spent with my supervisor, showing him again and again that we can't do the map thing he has his empty peanut shell of a mind set on. You'd be surprised how long he can drag something like that out. He eventually got the message about a week after I left and sent away for the right program. I expected, and got, a polite call afterwards asking me to come in and 'volunteer' my time to do the map. I politely told them to fuck themselves.

So I left, embittered and pissed off at these paper-pushing, donkey-raping desk jockeys and waiting for the fertilizer shipment to clear customs. But it's water under the bridge in an existential sense. I'm out, stress free and writing the GRE before starting another job in a month or so to finance my trip somewhere warm and tropical for grad school. All this is only material. We're all on earth to find one thing, true love. And I found it. I found it right where I find everything: with an empty bottle, a full baggie, and five naked women.

*I have a deep seated fear that I will find myself, not too far in the future, describing Andy Martin as "such a nice, quiet boy" to a news crew.*

-ed.



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