

THE UNDERGROUND

The Official, Caucus-Sucking, Paper of the AUS since 1990

Volume: 17 Issue: 5.5 ELECTORAL SPECIAL - January 21, 2008

Wait... There's an Election?



In a surprise turn of events the AMS decided to call an election. "We knew we had to do one eventually. I mean if we just stayed where we were for a couple years people would notice." Says Jeff Friedrich President of the AMS. "I'm surprised people didn't know about it, I mean everyone has it written down, right?"

When asked about the event, Brandon Richards, a third-year Cognitive Systems student, remarked, "what's the AMS? Should we be donating money to getting rid of it, or something? Does it skip a gen-

eration?" Brandon, like many students at UBC were taken aback when the little four by three inch pamphlets were distributed on top of the newspaper boxes in the SUB.

Mephisto, a shadowy figure that was found waiting in the Underground offices gave us an exclusive interview. "It was all my doing, yesssss. You see, my goal is to sow discord amongst student populations, by forming elections and contests that pit students against each other." Mephisto continued, "by doing this I hope to destroy the university system which had re-

jected me years ago when I was in..." Mephisto was cut off by the Underground correspondent who stopped caring, and wished to move on with the joke.

In an equally surprising maneuver the Voter-Funded Media contest was announced on the day of the deadline. "I had to call in all my mob favors on that day to get the entrance fee" says Underground editor Carmin Carotenuto. "There was Johnny Twobits, who owed me a few dollars from the prostitution ring I helped him get off the ground, and there was Tommy "The Gun" Gunn who sold

some... Uh... Wait are you still writing? You're fired."

While the election has come at a shock to many the candidates got off to a great start with a bunch of debates where they talked about issues to a crowd of students eating lunch and playing World of Warcraft on their computers. "The debates were okay," says Marian LeFleur, Arts 1, "I was able to grind my Blood Elf to level 70, and I got some good ex-boyfriend stalking done on Facebook."

The Underground's Voting Instructions

Voting Starts on Friday, January 18th; and runs until Thursday, January 24th
There are two ways to do this:

ELECTRONIC

Thanks to the Internet (mankind's greatest invention) you can do Democracy at home. Simply log into the Student Services Center website (the place you go to check your timetable) and follow the WebVote option hidden away at the bottom left of the page (it took me awhile to figure out which one was left as I was typing). Apparently you can't be behind a proxy when you do this. I dunno, I just edit a newspaper...

Paper Voting

Also known as 'Old Timey Voting'. You need your student card, and you can do it at the following locations:

SUB North Entrance

SUB South Entrance

Bus Loop

Koerner Library

Totem & Vanier Common Blocks

Greek Village

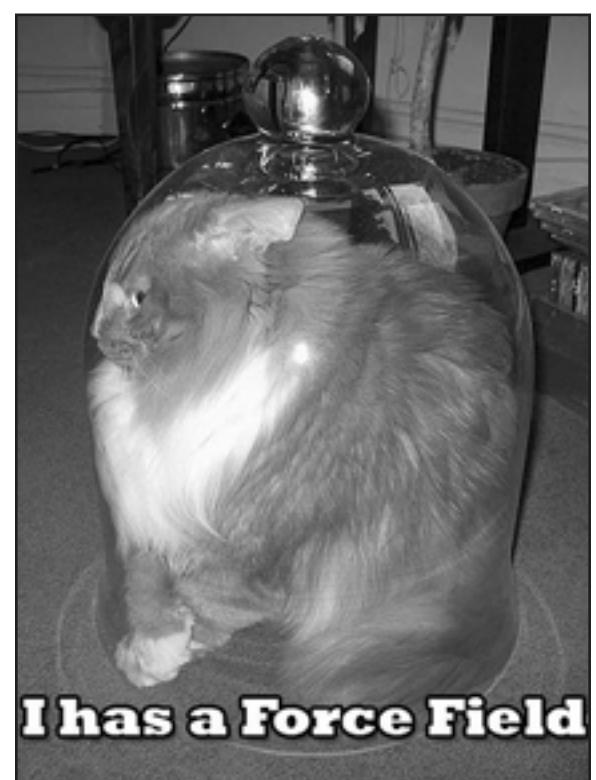
Buchanan 'A' Block

Henry Angus Building

Kaiser Building

Forestry Building

If you don't vote, then don't... What do I care? Look, to your right, it's a Lol-cat!



Page 1 LOLcat. Beam me up Scotty. WOAH!

This Issue Is The Product of Six Hours of Work From 9pm-3am Saturday the 19th to Sunday the 20th. Enjoy.



VOLUME 17, ISSUE 5.5
ELECTIONS: WHAT GOIN' ON?

EDITORISTA

**CARMIN 'JEFFERSON-LIKE'
 CAROTENUTO**

HOUSE OF WRITERS

**DESIREE 'QUOTABLE' MORIN
 SPENCER 'ROBESPIERRE' POWELL
 MARCY 'ELECTORAL COLLAGE' DAVY
 EDWIN 'BLUE-STATE' ROYJAVIK
 DR. DAVID 'LINCOLN-STYLE' TRENT**

**NEXT STAFF MEETING:
 SEE FEBRUARY ISSUE**

**NEXT DEADLINE:
 FRIDAY, JANUARY 25TH, 2008**

**NEXT ISSUE:
 TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5TH**

'TEXT IS FUN TO TYPE'

A PUBLICATION OF



The views expressed in this publication do not necessarily reflect those of the Arts Undergraduate Society. If they knew what we were doing... Oh man, I don't wanna think about it. In fact, I'm not gonna.

CONTACT THE EDITORIAL STAFF!

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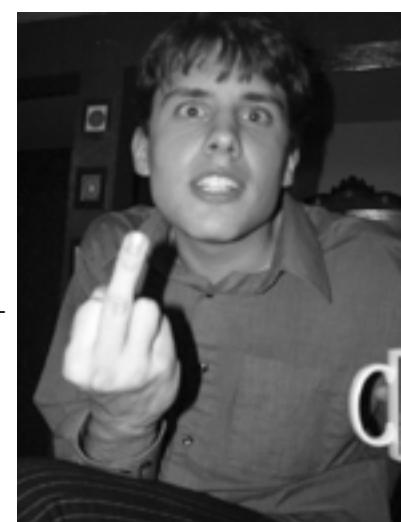
Editor's Fallacy

DEMOCRAZY! Bet You Never Heard That One Before.

I bet you didn't know this about me, and I'm sure you don't want to, but I have a fetish. A democracy fetish. My ideal woman is Wonder Woman. My hero? Captain America. My favorite country? Democracia (located somewhere off the coast of... Somewhere). I made all of my many girlfriends dress up in nothing but Greek, French, and American flags (in that order); and I had them quote nothing but Jefferson, and Lincoln (whilst making love, of course). Thus, when I heard that there were Student elections, I totally went half-mast.

Yet, somewhere in all the VFM, and all the elections, and the criticism regarding the Underground I lost sight of what really matters to the Underground. Fun!

I lost sight of what the Underground was about: entertaining. In all this elections bull-crap where people will be telling you that you're apathetic, and that Duncan Whogivestwoshits the Underground is supposed to be the place you can go to and make fun of all this elections stuff, that you weren't interested in nor informed about before you heard a guy on a megaphone tell you to vote.



The Underground is supposed to take a look at all the serious stuff you read about in more expensive looking magazines and newspapers and say: "Who gives a fuck? Wouldn't it be funnier if he turned out to be a cannibal?" Some people regard this as a waste of time. I don't, and if the Underground can make one person laugh per issue we print, then I'm happy. More importantly the Underground is supposed to be fun to write for, and you can't have that when you're stressed about what some online blog is saying about you, or whether you can get an issue out the door by such, and such a date.

I believe in satire as informative. Look at the Colbert Report, the Daily Show, or This Hour Has 22 Minutes. All are fine programming that doesn't take such a bothered and worried stance on things, but aims to inform through entertainment. Most of the time The Underground makes shit up. Okay, 99% of the time we do; but in an election issue we also aim to tell you something about a candidate and an issue while making it fun to read. Even if what we have to tell you is that this whole election is flawed.

So, in short, I hope we win. Why? 'Cause it'd be cool, and maybe we can make people think about what's effective in conveying something like this, or even that the system needs fixing. If we don't win, oh well, I won't lose sleep over it. Either way, to The Underground's critics: Eat us! And to the people who are reading this and didn't come to the Underground for this type of baggage bullshit: Read on, and if you don't laugh, then don't vote. Otherwise

VOTE THE UNDERGROUND FOR VOTER FUNDED MEDIA!

OFFICIAL SONG OF THE 2008 AMS ELECTIONS *(SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "TAKING RETARDS TO THE ZOO" BY THE DEAD MILKMEN)*

**ELECTION TIME IS COMING, THE MADNESS TAKES ITS TOLL
 I GOT MYSELF A BALLOT, GONNA VOTE A MORON AT THE POLL
 NA-A-LA-A-LA CHOOSING MORONS AT THE POLLS
 NA-A-LA-A-LA CHOOSING MORONS AT THE POLLS**

**ISSUES 'BOUT THE SUB, ISSUES 'BOUT THE KNOLL
 WHICH ONE'S MORE IMPORTANT, VOTE A MORON AT THE POLL
 NA-A-LA-A-LA CHOOSING MORONS AT TO THE POLLS
 NA-A-LA-A-LA CHOOSING MORONS AT TO THE POLLS**

**WHO'S IT GONNA BE, HOW'S IT GONNA ROLL?
 ARE WE REALLY GONNA VOTE FOR MORONS AT THE POLLS?
 NA-A-LA-A-LA CHOOSING MORONS AT THE POLLS
 NA-A-LA-A-LA CHOOSING MORONS AT THE POLLS**

Mis-Attributed Election Quote Grab-Bag!

"I have no real objection to Blake Frederick's puppy eating platform. As long as he leaves me the succulent babies."

-Philip Edgcumbe

"I was elected to lead, not to read." Freeman Poritz on both why he refuses to finish any of his academic course readings and his favorite Simpson's quote.

"If you can't beat 'em... join 'em! That's why you should vote Chris Diplock, and bring a little Taliban to your campus."

"Please vote for me so I can put this pointless shit on my resume."

-Aidha Shaikh

"There's nothing wrong with a little nudity every now and then. Why confine it to just wreck beach? Why not have an AMS Senator who's naked all the time?"

-Rob Mclean

The part where it says (name) is obviously not meant to be left as (name) but replaced with the real name of an actual candidate.

-Election Rules

Presidential Pizza Party!

Which Presidential candidate is worth his salt for the position? Who cares?

Name one thing you can think of that past AMS presidents have done? The U-Pass guy is all you got, huh? No, wouldn't it be more interesting to see who would do a better job of delivering pizza? I would, of course it's 1:45AM right now and I've been in the Underground offices eating nothing but onion rings and soda. That adequately explains what you're about to read.

Rodrigo Ferrari-Nunes

Rodrigo Ferrari-Nunes is the pizza-king! There's not a single man I would trust to deliver my pizzas faster or more efficiently. C'mon the guy's got Ferrari in his name. I can almost see the arrival at the door:

"Hello, I am Rodrigo Ferrari-Nunes."

"Great! Did you get the Salami on my pizza?" "I believe that the U-Blvd project consultation was a fiasco, and that the "transient non-expert..."

"Yeah, so is this my pizza?"

"The Only true success I experienced this year was the drafting of a housing motion brought forward by Brendon Goodmurphy."

"So, is he gonna deliver my pizza?"

"I was the ONLY person who spoke on behalf of approving this motion at the moment."

"Thanks. Keep the change."

Rodrigo Ferrari-Nunes' downfall in this comparison could be his love of Childcare. I don't want him to be more focused on the rug rat bastard-children of 3rd year Geography majors than on the freshness and speedy delivery of my Hawaiian pizza. Though I like his unwavering commitment to transparency.

Michael Duncan

"Duncan" I said, my voice quivering with hunger. "Will you not deliver my many pizzas?"

"NO!" The voice boomed through the mountains, with all the swell and vigor of a fourth year science student. "You are weak, and redundant, Underground. Do you not realize

that your Arts degree will get you nowhere? My superior science degree shall take me to the heavens! I shall become more attractive to employers than a tight-lipped twelve year old boy to the Catholic Church."

"Oh! Lord Duncan Spare me, and deliver onto me the Caesar Pizza I so long for." "Silence!" He growled, his ire apparent. "I tire of your existence, worm. Do you not know that I support free gyms on campus and a SUB re-development? In fact, I am aware of its superiority to the U-Blvd project."

"But lord Duncan," I ventured. "Isn't it true that the SUB development plans are just a thought and still going under consultation? Of course they seem superior, they are at a dream phase; a mere utopia on paper; lines drawn in dust."

"FOOL!" His voice rang with a terrible thunder that threatened to rip my world apart. Truly Daemons of horrible manifest swirled around him like a halo, illuminating the full terror of his being. "You dare contradict my vision? The hiring process in the AMS is a joke! I shall consume the souls of the current contemptible worms and replace them with my own minions of vice and horror." As the sound of his voice echoed off the jagged cliffs of our surroundings his eyes lowered to look at me. "Now, your pizza awaits" I could feel my eyes burning and a great breath being stolen from me as his mouth extended to consume my whole. The last thing I saw was the eternal blackness of his terrible throat.

And that's why I wouldn't have Michael Duncan deliver my pizza.

Erin Rennie

"Erin Rennie? Delivering my pizza? Wow! Thanks."

"No problem, vote for me!"

"Okay, well, what do you stand for?"

"Well, the campus is in danger of drying up."

"Oh, okay... Did you get me the breadsticks?"

"Nope. Anyways, I'm for the U-Blvd, because the campus needs more buildings where students can't afford to shop at and people who don't go to school here can hang out and get

yelled at by the RCMP for loitering and skateboarding."

"I see. There's no Pepsi in here, I wanted a Pepsi."

"I got you bzzr instead."

"Alright, well, I'm driving later so I can't but you can have some."

"I'd love some. But you better drink fast 'cause if I don't get elected you won't see any bzzr gardens being advertised anymore because of the RCMPinistas."

"Yeah, I really don't care, thanks for nothing."

Matthew Naylor

While I was typing this Matthew Naylor came by and delivered my pizza, and quickly. He attributed it to the new opportunities he's exploring for funding the U-Pass structure through wide ranging transit consultations, but I'm sure he just took Rodrigo's Ferrari. He lingered for a bit and spoke to me about the lack of unity and cohesion in the AMS executive. I continued typing with the occasional "uh-huh" and "yeah, no kiddin' huh?" Finally I had to level with him and tell him I really didn't have any time for all this though I appreciate his speedy delivery. This seemed to embarrass him, slightly so I apologized, said I'd think about voting for him, and then tossed a toonie his way. This brightened him up and I saw him scamper out, no doubt to spend his tip on moon-pies, and pennywhistles.

So who proved to be the best Presidential Pizza Pusher? While the consistency of Rodrigo Ferrari-Nunes shone through the terrifying parody of Michael Duncan, and the self-interested Erin Rennie, I'm gonna have to side with Matthew Naylor. His humble nature, and decent upbringing marks him as a perfect hand with which to rest my pizza on. In fact, I did so for three hours as I sat and ate it, really doing nothing at all but watching 'All in the Family' in my underwear.

As for whether he'd be a good president: how the hell should I know? The man just delivered my pizza.

President Rodrigo Ferrari-Nunes

I fully endorse water bottles and am willing to commit to perfectly symmetrical violence with anybody who disagrees.

Inward-swinging doors are just gateway entrances to harsher, more destructive portals and should be abolished to protect our duplicitous youth.

I use Photoshop 7 on my home personal computer to digitally add moustaches onto pictures of myself. I have begun forwarding these to police after the discovery of my no-doubt evil twin and this article's co-author.

Unlike those delightful beads one can purchase at a craftatorium, these are not for necklaces and will be pointed out as such in public. Buyers beware!

I am not the one with the moustache. I am the good one.

Hot Issues

Water Bottles

Inward-Swinging Doors

Photoshop 7

Anal Beads

The AMS Elections

BoG Rodrigo Ferrari-Nunes

Water bottles are a strain on the natural resources of mother-earth, and on the minds of the students. They don't smash like cans.

Fuck that "gateway entrances" shit, Rodrigo needs to get his SHOP-ON!

I use Photoshop 6 just fine.

Anal BEES??

Yeah, that's right. I took your moustache. BOO-YAKKA, BOO-YAKKA, I KEEP THE STASH FROM YA!

"Irish Courage" Bylicki

What many in this school have been clamouring for in years past is an entrant to the throne of VP Finance who can skilfully summon the magic of The Celts and prance menacingly. In comes Mr. Bylicki who, despite his sombre name, isn't afraid to spout ridiculous Irish non-sequiturs and confuse the competition with riddles and promises of riches beyond the dreams of Avarice. Though his affinity for Captain Morgan Spiced Rum and large unwieldy hats is a trademark of the natural leader, he faces stiff competition from other contestants in this deathmatch; though they do not wield arcane Irish magic, they do weigh more than 60 pounds and aren't hampered by constant knee-slapping.

Name: "Irish Courage" Bylicki
Age: As old as he's got coins in his purse, I says.
Special Move: Bylicki/Bono Double Bodyslam
Strengths: The largest hat; wits; killer wink; freakishly small fingers for gross, inappropriate pinching
Weaknesses: Stature and weight of an 8-year old or average Lean Mean Beauty Queen contestant (Mike Kushnir)
Tag Line: "Hoy toy toy toy teehee hoy" followed by unintelligible rambling.

Limericks are a strong offensive weapon in the war against feelings, but it has yet to be seen what Bylicki brings to the physical front besides a swaggering disposition. Despite his physical shortcomings, Bylicki remains one of my most anticipated combatants.

**"Scary" Mike "The Rabbi" Kushnir**

"Scary" Mike "The Rabbi" Kushnir is a wild card in this elections race; a dangerous virus in the wrong hands, and a delightful virus (disco fever) in the right ones. His willingness to admit a desire for discotheques coupled with his many years of Lean Mean Beauty Queen could send his bid for dominance to an early grave, but he isn't done yet and could turn his apparent danceaholism to his advantage.

Name: "Scary" Mike "Mike" The Scary Rabbi "The Scary" Rabbi" Kushnir
Age: He is in 5th year geography. Science dictates he must be at least 5 years old.
Special Move: The jitterbug followed by the funky chicken to the jugular
Strengths: Dance Fever; music running through his veins; the leathered skins of defeated Lean Mean

Beauty Queen contestants bound into a rope attached to a disco ball made of razor blades.
Weaknesses: Dance Fever; veins filled with music instead of blood
Tag Line: "Harder, Better, Faster, Stronger: Discotech"

Mr. The Rabbi "Scary" The Kushnir "The Rabbi" Mike Kushnir it seems provides the perfect foil for Allison; a yin to his yang. I am not a betting man, but if I were to put money on the bloodiest fight, I would have to wager on these two diametrically opposed warriors in destroying each-other. Mike Kushnir "Scary" Rabbi Mike "The Rabbi" Mike "My Name is Very Long get It" Kushnir is at a disadvantage being the fun-loving glamour guy, but if he can pull his moves together and buy spandex that adequately reveals his thunder, he might have a shot.

**"Fiddler Crab" Finlay**

Here at The Underground we have a room full of lobotomized chimps whose exposed brains are connected to a supercomputer called an Apple Mac G3 (known amicably as Prime Cortex). It is in this room that our most pressing issues are computed and resolved, the most pressing of which lately being "Fiddler Crab" Finlay's chances at winning a fight to the death with five other battle-hardened competitors. The results are in, and the outlook is as promising as the beaver face he skinned with his own hands then wrapped over his head in a barbaric display of vigilance as seen in his Ubyssey profile.

Name: "Fiddler Crab" "Not a Fiddler" Finlay
Age: $(2-3)(2x(2x+y))$ _ solve for x
Special Move: Ultimate Ambivalence
Strengths: Ambivalence
Weaknesses: Ambivalence
Tag Line: "BEAVER FACES FOR HAT!"

As is widely known, Finlay opposes ambivalence in all its forms. However, ambivalence is the only reason he has gotten where he is today and the only thing that's keeping him in the ring as a fighter. Despite his jarring tag line and potent support for public stoning, Mr. Finlay may not hold his ground long if people ever start to care. We'll see if he can be swayed one way or the other in what is shaping up to be a terrific fight.

**Alex Lougheed vs. "Fiddler Crab" Finlay**

While Alex Lougheed as Lougheed The Barbarian would be a hands-down in this fight, he has regrettably lost the will to tear his enemies asunder. Instead, both contestants are remaining in their corners. The judge (Prime Cortex) is attempting to jostle them into fighting stance with the help of a zombified chimp, but they are both reluctant to move. Wait, hold on. They are moving towards each-other. They've met at the centre of the ring. Ladies and gentlemen, in a surprise move, "Fiddler Crab" Finlay and Alex Lougheed have started making out. They are now basking in each-others' average normalcy. Oh the humanity. Both contestants disqualified. Prime Cortex has removed them for liquidation into nutrient drips for its hive-mind of chimps.

END OF MATCH 1**"Che" Allison vs. "Scary" Mike "The Rabbi" Kushnir**

In an epic battle to startle us all, Allison is lining up in one corner with Kushnir in the other. One, a paragon of liberal hippie nostalgia and tight-fitting prancy-pants, the other a hard-hitting anti-individualist with an iron fist and a vehemence against all things fair and flowery. The bell has been rung and they are approaching one-another. They are circling. The first hit goes to Kushnir with a flying pirouette. Allison is knocked back but regains his composure quickly. He has removed a speakerphone from under his cape and is shouting his totalitarian manifesto. I have never seen this before ladies and gentlemen, Kushnir is developing a genetic inferiority complex, putting a

stop to his Charleston-ing. "Che" has removed one of the pelvises from his towering throne and is approaching Kushnir for the killing blow. Kushnir, in a last ditch effort, has swung out his leathery flail, gouging Allison and removing his left arm and scarring his face hideously. In a surprising demonstration of determination, Allison continues forward. Oh the humanity. Allison has just delivered the coup de grace and is the victor for this round.

END OF MATCH 2**Fire Hydrant Peets vs. "Irish Courage" Bylicki**

In a fight for the century, two of the most interesting combatants are now entering the ring. Sizing each-other up for a moment, the bell is rung and the fight begins. Unsurprisingly, Peets is immobile in his corner, unable to go on the offensive for lack of any capacity to move. Bylicki has taken

**"Che" Allison**

Unlike other candidates, Allison has what it takes to bring this election battle royale to a head, and then curb stomp it into the ground with his shifty gypsy feet. While not quite as immobile (or made of metal) as other candidates, "Che" exhibits a ruthless disdain for democracy and the public voice, and that gives him the undeniable advantage: to unfeelingly murder others for a cause he cares nothing about. Will his antiquarian social beliefs lead him to victory in this meatgrinder or will it prove to be his undoing? Just take a look at his stats.

Name: "Che" "Che" Allison

Age: Unknown; possibly immortal

Special Move: Glasnost

Strengths: Willingness to abandon public security and

equal representation for a cold, efficient system of midnight-kidnapping; a throne made of bleached pelvises

Weaknesses: None

Tag Line: "I have a throne made of bleached pelvises"

UBC needs a ruthless despot in these trying times, somebody who isn't afraid to abolish further elections and impale liberal media outlets on giant rosewood spikes. The AMS President of the 21st century should delight in the pains of the proletariat and make great efforts to bring hellfire down upon them and Mr. Allison has what it takes. My only concern as a professional pundit is his glasses; a mighty leader willing to crush the will of the people shouldn't wear glasses and should have at least one large, noticeable scar. Only time will tell if this four-eyed Big Brother has what it takes. We'll see you in the Thunderdome.

**Alex Lougheed**

Alex Lougheed has been pushing hard this election to be recognized as a serious candidate for the UBC Senate and a well-rounded individual up to the task of student support. This is horseshit. Mr. Lougheed would like you all to assume he is a mild-mannered "rules geek" as he so timidly put it, though The Underground remembers past statements by this self-appointed "wordsmith". No more than a year ago, Alex's screams of valour echoed through the hallways instilling fear in the heartiest of men and making women weak with lust. He cleaved his way into the elections and only the combined forces of the other hopefuls put his barbarian rampage to an end.

Name: Alex "Lougheed The Barbarian" Lougheed

Age: LOUGHEED SMASH

Special Move: Forcibly combine two or more peoples'

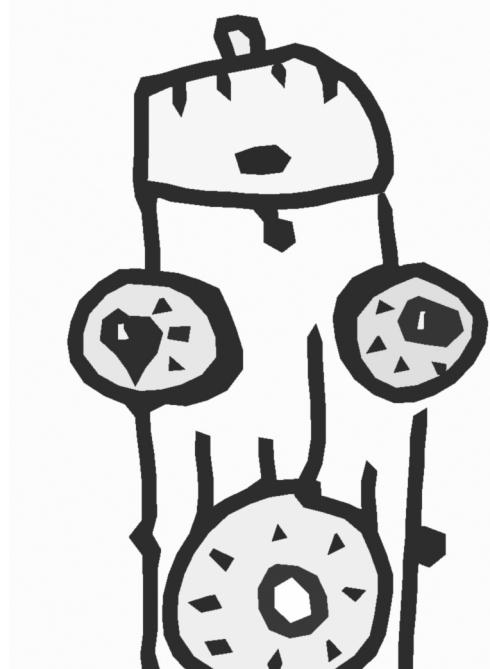
skulls into a singular pile of mush with his sinewy scar-spattered hands

Strengths: The blood of his ancestors; a large blood-soaked club

Weaknesses: Civilization

Tag Line: "ARGH!"

Alex Lougheed has cast off his heroic and noble personality in favour of a docile indoor-speaking-voiced weenis. If this keeps up, he will be quickly overwhelmed by the beefier (if not dancier) competitors in this ring of death. Only by unlocking his inner barbarian once more can Lougheed hope to crush his opponents with hands, club and all-around stal-lionesque physique.

**Fire Hydrant Peets**

Fire Hydrant Peets (If that is its real name) is a stiff competitor in the race for University supremacy and my vote for death match victor between all those anticipated to be elected to the studly positions for which they compete. Peets puts issues like money, shrub-smeared hills and personal security aside to focus on the things that really matter: being an immobile cast-iron fixture. Mr. Hydrant doesn't mince words (or human emotions for he has none) and gets straight to the point, and for that reason alone he will be the clear victor in the cagematch finale to the upcoming elections. In case you out there in meatspace doubt this noteworthy newcomer's capacity to grind his opponents and all others into a slimy gelatinous paste, here are this contestant's stats

Name: Fire Hydrant "The Fire Hydrant" Peets

Age: 20 years since casting, new paint every 5 years as per city regulations

Special Move: Remain anchored steadily to the ground

Strengths: Made of metal; does not succumb to fleeting and whimsical emotions; anchored firmly to the ground

Weaknesses: A thousand gentle summers' rains

Tag line: N/A

Despite the vim and vigour of the other candidates and their underhanded gypsy fighting, their knuckles will slowly but surely be ground down to nothing against Peet's indomitable metal hide. Not to mention Mr. Hydrant's strong defensive manoeuvring (standing immobile and being made of cast-iron). For those putting money on the outcome of this metaphorical battle royale, take my advice as a well-learned pundit and professional hydrant promoter; vote Fire Hydrant Peets: He is immobile and made of cast-iron.

an aggressive if jovial stance, dancing about the ring and reciting tunes of grandeur and glory. This is quickly becoming a stalemate of epic proportions.

END OF MATCH 3

This brings us to the grand finale of this bloody rigamarole. In one corner remains Fire Hydrant Peets, unmoved since the previous match; unwilling to give any ground to the next opponent and unable to do so being an inanimate hulk of moulded iron. In the other corner stands "Che" Allison. In a shocking turn of events, "Che" Allison has regained an arm, replaced by the dark sorcery of Bylicki before his timely demise. Allison's laugh now resonates with the unlimited power of the just-beyond. Having sold his soul for the promise of supremacy infinatum, he looks confident.

Fire Hydrant Peets. Having died just moments ago from critical exhaustion and dehydration, Bylicki's corpse remains a dark reminder of the rigours of university politics.

Thirty-six hours have passed since the beginning of this match and a victor has finally emerged. Standing just over 2 feet is the winner...

The bell is rung and the match begins. Showing no fear, Fire Hydrant Peets remains immobile and cast-iron. Allison, soliloquizing the end of freedom and the beginning of a dark reign over man, approaches Peets. He is shimmering with untold power and the will to bend even reality to his twisted vision. In an unforeseen move, Peets has sprung a leak, showing "Che" Allison in grimy pit-fight water. Prime Cortex is just now telling us that due to "Che"'s highly energetic and arcane state, he is susceptible to trace amounts of fluoride. "Che" is down for the count, his bloated corpse disappearing in a plume of dark smoke. The crowd goes wild!



Dr. David Trent Does the Board of Governors

Hello you sick bastards! It's I, the good Doctor. You'll notice that Doctor is capitalized, that's because I worked hard for that title and I have the kneepads to prove it. But that's a tale for another issue of ManLady.

I'm here today to "Do" (as it were) the Board of Governors. What exactly is the Board of Governors? Well, I don't know. When I graduated from UBC in 1994, I wasn't involved much in student politics except for the occasional scandal (that bitch had it coming). But what I do know is secret sex lives, and sordid stories; and so, without further ado, I'm gonna do some BoGs!

Timothy Blair has a certain attractiveness that hides within the exterior. I'm not saying that someone couldn't find love in his fair features and windswept hair, just that the sheer amount of words he submitted is more impressive than the friendly visage he wears like the burka I had to don to get the hell out of an Afghani whorehouse in '96. What he doesn't have going for him is a Graduate degree in Forestry. Bor-ing Tim. You have to spice that up for the ladies. Tell them that you are an expert wood-handler, or that you have felt all the vestiges and nooks of a lean trunk. Or that you... Jesus P. Christ it's getting hot in here.

Bijan Ahmadian has an attractiveness that jumps out at you and captivates your eye. Plus, he's a law student, that means big bucks if you can cling on to him, and he actually becomes a partner, you can share in that monetary orgy. That is if he doesn't end up sucking crack off the kitchen-counter of his Manhattan loft that daddy Ahmadian paid for with his blood, sweat, and tears. One day you'll walk in and there'll be a dead hooker on your couch and you'll scream "WHY ANTONIO? WHY?" The tears streaming down your face. "I did it for you Davie, for you!" He'll scream, as the blow wears off and he sees the true consequences of his actions. After that there's nothing left to do but head back to the west coast and pick up from where you left off. So, no, I won't vote for him.

Cris Marincat is a hip fellow that spells his name without an 'h'. I also like his collection of scarves. This man has what the others lack. Style. He's got so much style my eyes hurt. I image a small coffee shop, with an aroma of burned beans and a little bit of mold. Cris sits across from me and expounds the virtues of student voices, and budgetary constraints. Ironically his voice is the furthest from that of a student's, instead forming a mocha-

like baritone that seeps into my every pore and shakes my lungs as a subwoofer would at a bathroom-stall rave. I can't even hear what he's saying because the jazz music in the background is too loud. No, it's not loud, it resonates in every fiber of reality, and I'm further transported to a bohemian rooftop where Kerouac reigns supreme and Ginsberg is my king. Let me be a part of that world, Cris.

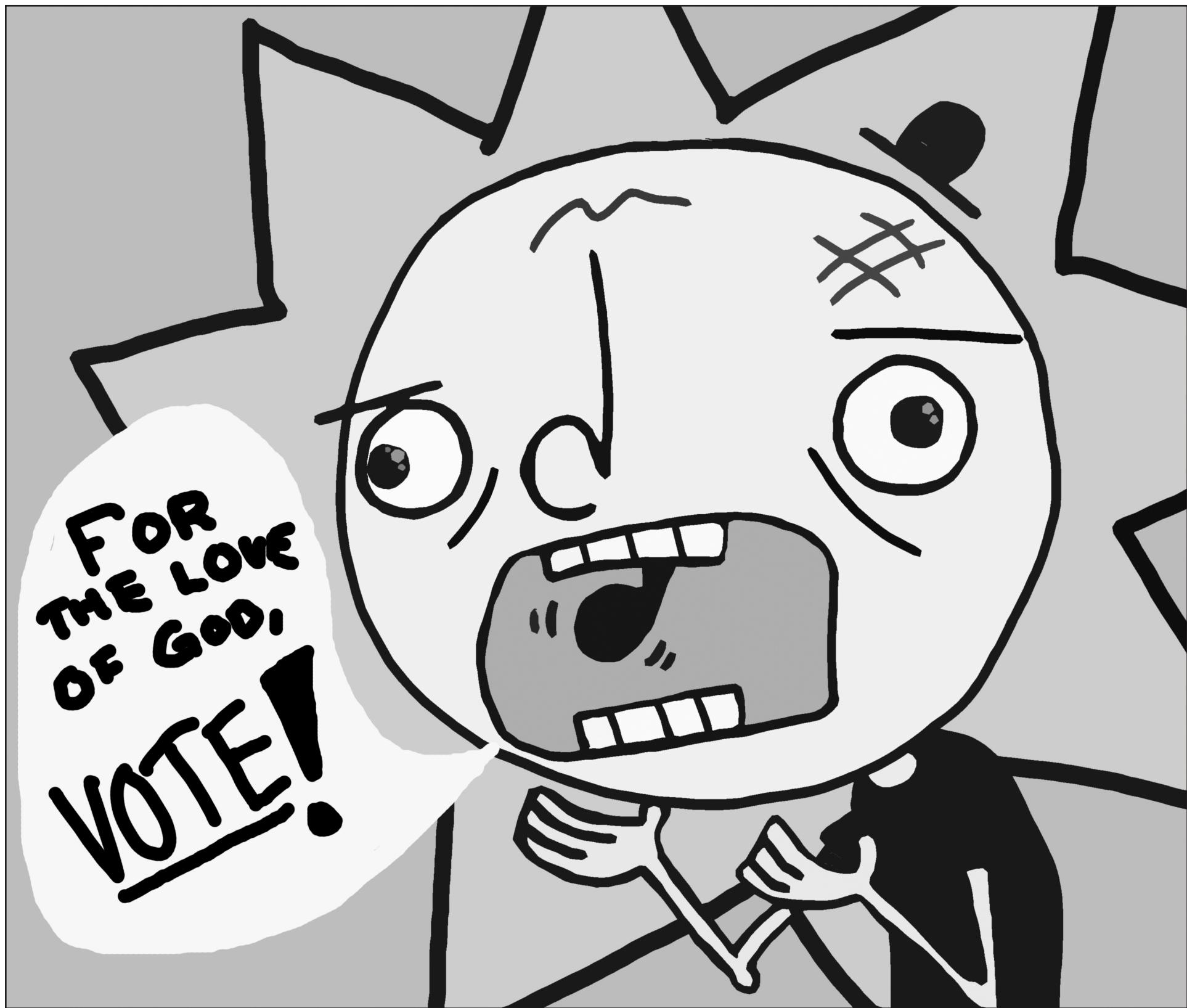
Rodrigo Ferrari-Nunes is running for Board of Governors too? This guy is double-penetrating the races! This double dipper is coming at both ends of this election DP-ing the shit out of the virtue of democracy. I can just see him there, BoG Rodrigo, and Presidential Rodrigo high-fiving each other while avoiding each other's gazes (that would be weird), thrusting their throbbing opinions, and stances. Elections just aren't what they used to be.

Finally there's Andrew Carne. This boy has the white-man fro to take office, or at the very least form a hip-hop trio that raps about computer games. That being said, Nerd core is very popular these days and I can see this man taking the first year vote by storm. Andrew Carne, if I was allowed near boxes with openings I'd vote for you.



Whatever happened to Fan-Fan? Don't you find it disturbing that he's not running this year? I do. I think about it a lot.

Comics! Comics! Comics! Comics! Comics! Comics!



NOTHING NICE TO SAY

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COMING UP IN THE NEXT ISSUE:
The Underground Regains Some Semblance of Normalcy
The Editor Dies a Peaceful Death
Jesus Comes Back. Exclusive Interview
Underground Betrays All Sources