The views expressed in this paper are by no means the views of the UVic ESS, nor necessarily any member of the UVic Engineering department, and should therefore be taken solely as opinion rather than policy.

Looking for something more productive to do in class than Facebook? Take note of the funny quotes your profs rattle off in class and send them in to essa-com@engr.uvic.ca. Here are this week’s contributions:

“It’s sexy motion, but it comes at a cost. Isn’t life like that” Podrod, MECH 335

“This is all sh*t, fire that guy. So they did.” Corless, CSc 115

“Southern Kentucky: twenty generations of inbreeding.” Pearson, BIOC 102

“I dunno, let’s ask Craig.” N. Dechev, MECH 320

May the Pi have mercy on your face

Another spring semester means the ghetto blasters’ batteries are in their chargers, the ESS dry cleaning bill requires an exponential curve fit, and the Order of Pi are out flaunting their loud voices and unrestricted access to Bavarian Crème Pie.

Since before any sensibly aged engineer can remember, the Order of Pi has been run at UVic. Each year the Order pulls the green sack o’ money out from the closet, dusts it off, fills it with them Queen Lizzlies, and sends it to Queen Alexandra’s Children’s Hospital. Tradition is an important part of Pi Week, and it is fairly well integrated into the ritual, with costumes and colored rope belts pertaining each to a single position in the Order. Expectations dictate that the Inquisitor and Councillor memorize their lines, and that the pie bearer submits to the Executioner, as well as that the sacred crust is cracked to maximize splatter. The Order lays the beats down when they roll, packing their farm fresh heat.

You may think its somehow mean to pie that one quiet kid in the class, or that the special someone you’ve been stalking the ‘book doesn’t want to receive a pie. These misconceptions are just that: misconceptions. That quiet kid just wants to fit in, and what better way to break the ice than to cream that soft-spoken kid with a pie. So send pies, be sure to repent your sins with excessively generous donations, and carry your warrant if you’ve already been hit, since it protects you from getting hit again.

The cause is a good one, and the operation is simple. You can go online to www.engr.uvic.ca/~pi, phone us at 721 8822, or come to the ESS Office. We will be taking orders up until Thursday night, so in case you thought you missed the boat and didn’t donate to charity; you haven’t, so get on it.
Bitter war has erupted between the ECS and the ELW, no end in sight.

There comes a point in inter-departmental relations where the only solution to a petty and trivial miscommunication is bitter conflict. That time is upon us. Just this last week, the Computer Science Course Union made a poised and calculated move toward total war against the engineers. For those of you unawares, knives were thrown. As pacifistic individuals, the last thing we engineers want to do is prepare for battle; however we are given no other choice. Therefore, it is my duty as an impartial member of the associated press to inform the general engineering population that, as of the 8th of March, the ‘geers have been at war with the CScU kids. Now in spite of the inadvisability of this decision, we must honor the decisions made by our respective members and perpetuate this duel of wits beyond its reasonable proportions.

You may ask, “Why am I at war with the CScU? I love StarCraft!” Many moons ago, the CScU erroneously claimed ownership of a certain microwave, where in fact said microwave belonged to the glorious Engineering Students’ Society. Harsh words were exclaimed, and a bitter battle ensued, when finally, an aluminum dinner knife was mounted onto the door of the ESS Office. To this knife was attached an invitation to show supremacy with your WASD fingers, and your mad strafing skills. An emergency meeting was called among a select few engineers, where it was decided that in order for successful planning, the ESS Office needed a new table. Conveniently, the CScU gifted us a table later that evening; or at least, by some miracle of nature, said table appeared in our office. Like sensible property owners, we soon epoxied this beautiful pine monument to our floor, where it now sits. Lucky epoxy is so strong, since soon thereafter, a raid by the CScU was made in an effort to recover this ‘stolen’ table. It was conveniently and dutifully pointed out, in due course to the CScU raiders, that their plan to recover our stiff wooden platform would be thwarted by simple glue. These are the recent events in this cruel fight, and thanks to ingenuity and bravery, the ‘geers are winning on every front, and have yet to be retaliated against. We cannot, however, break in our resolution; we must prepare for battle, for war, and for glory.

Our purpose: humiliation of the enemy in a manner as dictated by our own foci. The tools of war: whatever you can scramble together into the most ambitious stunt you can keep together with epoxy. The rules of war, as dictated by the least impartial of judges, this FishWrap editor:

1. We’re all friends, even though no one likes either of our faculties. So let’s not be nasty, vicious, or violent.
2. Creativity rules the battlefield, while petty stunts lose your department respect.
3. Independence is bad. Roll with your crew, and keep your homies close.
4. Sign up to fight at your executive office - the exec. knows to whom to refer you.
5. Every official act of war must have an equal (or greater) and opposite retaliation.

Let the games begin: rally your troops, and let’s fight to the death. It is important to have full commitment from both sides, so get involved, keep it clean, and fight the good fight, comrades.
An Abridged World History

Early Humanity
In the beginning, we left the trees from which we had gleefully flung our shit at each other for centuries, and we spread across the land picking berries and copulating, throwing stones at the slower creatures, and, of course, at each other – with a steadily decreasing stool-to-tool ratio. Life was simple, but difficult, and thanks to Darwin only the strongest survived.

The Birth of the Tribe
We continued spreading into deserts and snowy lands, still picking berries and having sex like never before – until a truly fascinating development passed: the more innovative among us began throwing larger stones and occasional sticks at larger and faster creatures, leaving excess food after a hunt. Our weak intrinsically knew that if they could manage to crash these humans’ cave-parties, they could steal a mouthful of rodential bliss while the alpha-male was being preened. Darwin’s theory was effectively disproved, finally allowing the first tribes to establish.

The Divide
We continued spreading and our tribes grew as the most innovative amongst us collaborated by rolling boulders onto mammoths and driving bison off of cliffs. Increasing numbers of the weak no longer had to suffer the humiliation of waiting by the seashore until the annual lemming suicide for sustenance; and in what would prove to be a pivotal decision, they bashfully left their priva-

tion for the heat of the strong’s bonfires. This move would prove pivotal for two reasons: first, in what historians term “The Great Metamorphosis”, the innovative and strong made the transition to what could be considered the earliest engineers, as the now time-honoured tradition of leaping in a naked and drunken frenzy over a bonfire to the rhythmic chanting of “DO IT! DO IT!” made its humble debut; second, the weak, united for the first time, felt alienated from the fanfare as the extraverted engineers scored all of the hot Neanderthalic dates; thus, Marx created class-consciousness, and a rift was born.

The Birth of Society
Time passed, tribes grew, and human beings continued to evolve. Red, yellow, white, bronze, brown and black people each consolidated their territories and modern societies emerged. The rift, however, had steadily grown. As engineers introduced agriculture, roads, trebuchets and beer-bongs to the societies, the weak’s alienation grew, culminating in The Treaty of Moniker: they had been known as “the weak” for too long, and in what was initially intended to be the first steps towards unifying society, they had decided to create a P.R. firm to devise a new, edgier name. Over the following three weeks the weak met daily with little fear of repercussion knowing well that the engineers’ egotism and endless efforts to refine the practice of beer-pong would render them oblivious to all else, however the first 20 days resulted in nought: as the Communists had never realized that money does indeed equal happiness, the weak had no incentive to contribute new ideas. Thus Marx’s theory was disproved, and Adam Smith created the market. Consequently, “the weak” became “the Poorly-Equipped Organisms Piously Lobbying for Equality”, later shortened to the popular acronym “the PEOPLE” when Equality passed from vogue.

During this time, the engineers had, as expected, no clue of the rest of the world’s absence; they had stalwartly continued creating and innovating, however without anyone to benefit from – or to create a need for – their work, their ability to benefit humanity with their skills quickly deteriorated, and then reversed: a promising machine that made salt-water potable preceded a cell-phone with a built-in microwave. The ensuing pen that wrote simultaneously in invisible ink and white-out was only a small step from a land-mine designed to resemble a Tonka-truck wheel, and so on, and so forth.

To Present Day
Engineers have yet to re-unite with the PEOPLE, although they are both currently working at maximum capacity to fulfill the newly created need for a pomade that simultaneously coifs hair and whitens teeth.

Marcin Lasinska
SFU Journalism

Dodgy Balls?
I’m sure that, as engineers, we have all suffered because our scruffy pre-pubescent arms couldn’t keep up with the jocks on the playground. Now is the time to fight back. We’ve evened the playing field, and now there aren’t any jocks, just scruffy engineers, so everyone has a chance to win. $20 gets your team into the event, which is being held on

Friday the 14th, 2008 at 14:30 in the MacKinnon gym
in the engineer sized puny gym at the end of the hall,
and where a round robin tourney will determine your ball dodging glory. Sign up this week in the ESS Office. Only six teams can sign up, and since the first years are signing up twelve teams, you’d better hurry.
Absolute Power Corrupts

By Ledo Vobis

Corruption has a foul connotation in today’s society. It is, however, the means by which many of the things which you cling so righteously get done. And as much as you’d like to think that your ESS members are doing their jobs for the benefit of the students, you may be very wrong. Indeed many executives feel bound by duty, but an equal amount are merely pursuing their own political agendas and stuffing their resumes. But it has been shown by the embarrassing lack of interest in our affairs that you could care less about our respecting of your rights as an engineer, or our concern for our ‘guidelines’.

It is by no means an overstatement to say that ninety percent of the work is done by ten percent of the people, and that no work is done without benefit, or external motivation. It follows then that the ten percent working derive some reward from their work other than the obvious.

Corruption thrives on the apathy that surrounds it. It feeds on the laziness of the members who leech off the hardworking. Since there is no concern in the work at hand, only that it is done no matter how, then it’s not surprising that one would not go about using the resources available to them? Their cleverness is superior to the self-centered egotism of those too disinterested to do anything productive. But corruption must stay hidden so it might drive our fundamentally flawed system. And it must stay hidden and persecuted as it presently does so that those who partake may remain exclusive and the work and power is not shared to those incapable of handling it.

To stand against corruption, is shortsighted. Corruption has built what’s around you. Without corruption, those who do most of the unseen work would not do it. Corruption drives the work that no one wants to do and the work you do not know takes place. Corruption drives planning and clever intuition, and is tied nicely to manipulation.

Consider both the power of the Engineering Students’ Society has and your own personal apathy. The ESS is bound, publically, by a constitution. The respect of these guidelines is not monitored, and many of you don’t even know that they exist. You, the publically thoughtful, but realistically cowardly student, have neither the motivation, nor the pride to participate in the affairs which relate to you most readily. It is a common chord in electoral bodies that apathy is the greatest enemy. I say that it is the greatest asset; an ignorant people don’t care about being used for the personal gain of their leaders.

It has been mentioned that the ESS has overstepped its bounds by removing the TV from the office last week. It should never have been a surprise that video games spurred discontent, while a few thousand dollars of misplaced funds didn’t cause a whisper. A few (seven) thousand of misplaced funds you ask? How did you not know about that one? We didn’t Facebook it, so why would you notice?

A call to apathy is what we make. The aspirations of the executive dictate the direction it follows, and these aspirations alone, since none of you could care less about the finer points. So rather than sit back and take what you are thrown, consider becoming a part of a scheme bigger than your inflated sense of self importance.
Engineering Poetry

Who said that shear wasn’t beautiful, that a capacitor didn’t feel, that C++ isn’t modern Manet?

For those of us whose lips have only just united with the liquid courage for the first time.

For those of us relishing in a long-standing relationship with the piquant lager.

And for those of us familiar with the dapper bite.

If, in a quiet moment, you weep at the supposition of such an utterly pure, unadulterated pleasure.

If you yearn to feel the errant droplets of a poorly cracked shotgun spill down your naked chest.

If, after a messy break-up, the only thought that crosses your abnormally cluttered mind is gripping the familiar off-white, red-trimmed can.

If you have, or are willing to, let this sensual amber friend into your heart, and blood-stream, join the Lucky Lager brotherhood and share the tender, passionate affection you, too, feel towards this undeniable brewed masterpiece.
Interview with a First Year

By Liam Butters

This week, I interviewed Liam Butters, a handsome, budding mechanical engineering student with a keen interest in aged scotch and an underdeveloped knowledge of butter’s uses.

Let’s start with an introduction, what’s your name?

LB: Liam Butters

Favorite cooking product?

LB: Brown sugar

Not butter?

LB: I’m more of a sweet and sugary guy

Favorite dairy product?

LB: Milk. Cheese too

Not butter?

LB: Milk has more uses than butter. Its all about functionality for me, milk is functional. So then Vaseline or butter?

LB: This is a trap, but Vaseline. You should always lubricate with butter. What do you think about Betty’s bitter butter?

LB: I think Betty should replace her bitter butter with some better butter. I think we should replace you with a less bitter Butters. Do you creep the ‘book much?

LB: I creep like a vandal.

Would you use butter on the girls you creep on Facebook?

LB: No, I would use my buttery smoothness.

Do you ever cook naked?

LB: I don’t cook, but if I did, I would cook naked, yes.

Can I call you butter tart?

LB: No.

Do you like cinnamon buns with butter on them?

LB: No, I prefer icing.

You know you’re the worst Butters ever right?

LB: In my defense, icing is at least sixty percent butter. If I gave you a pound of butter, would you sleep with me?

LB: Maybe.

What would you do with a pound of butter?

LB: Other than sleep with you, I would rub it all over my muscular body until my skin glistened.

How would you get it off? Butter is non-polar? You couldn’t use water.

LB: I’d use dish soap.

Do you do dishes naked?

LB: Yes, suprisingly often.

What’s your favorite kind of milk?

LB: 2%

F**k you.

Rant at a First Year

I don’t know who you are, or where you live, but I’d like to know so that I can cut your face with broken dishware.

Why do people in residence insist on smashing cafeteria plates outside their buildings? I’ll wake up in the morning, rip-roaring to grab some slop in the caf, only to walk out my door into a pile of stroganoff and broken glass. Now I’m no hippy, I don’t mind the littering, in spite of its un-aesthetic value, although I’m sure some do; but when I’m longboarding back home after an ELEC lab, I don’t want to take a flying bail right in front of my building when a chunk of plate gets jammed under my wheel. And about that littering. I’m not going to say that its bad for the environment, or that maybe the bunnies will eat your waste, just that it makes the place look so trashy. Would it really be so hard to throw that garbage, rather than on the ground, at least in a nearby bush so I don’t need to look at it?

Also, clear your damn table when you get up to leave the caf. You slobs who don’t, you only add to your swamp donkey appeal by leaving your dishes behind. And it’s not the cafeteria workers’ job to play your mother and clear your table; it’s your job as a non-tool.
What Got Done This Week

Contrary to popular belief, we actually sometimes do stuff here at the ESS. So in the spirit of proving this, the following is what went down this week:

- A motion was passed to start calling Liam ButterTart
- Sean killed a man
- There were angry words about religion and abortion thrown around the office. Fists were balled. The dispute is not yet settled.
- The TV was moved, and promptly destroyed
- A war was initiated ( War engravscU = new War() );
- The ESS office was properly furnished
- A new executive (JP) was sworn in
- Janel found herself an iron ring
- Everyone saw strippers
- Betty Botter bought a box of bitter butter. She said, “This butter’s bitter. It will make my batter bitter!”. She replaced her bitter butter with better butter to make her somewhat bitter batter better.
- Karl did everything he was supposed to and much more
- Penticton Secondary placed first at the Physics Olympics at UBC, for the 11th time in 15 years.
- Shane made a rude gesture at a certain Inquisitor
- Erik took a bullet for David Suzuki
- Marnie tried to assassinate David Suzuki
- Marnie shot Erik
- Michelle hosted a Ladies night without drag queens

That just about sums it up. It was a good week I’d say.

FROSH 2008 needs a house and a design

With the FROSH looming on the distant horizon, certain clerical issues need to be taken care of.

We need a FROSH 2008 t-shirt design. This design will be printed on all the FROSH 2008 t-shirts, and will serve as the official design for the event. Since pride is such a fantastic manipulation tool, I, Milk-Man II, will personally garnish the winning designer with as much praise as is heterosexually possible. The design needs to be single color, and relatively simple. It should have some relationship with FROSH.

We also need a house to host a mystery event for approximately 120 people, and likely 6 kegs. There would be motivation to host other than the esteem of a very great many impressionable youth, and assurance for property and the like.

If this interests you, and god knows I hope it does, drop a line onto one of the below listed email addresses.

Join the Frosh 2008 facebook group, or contact Liam - I.butters@hotmail.com
Brendan - bmorgan@uvic.ca

Current updates from UVic Engineering Sub-Organizations

**AUVic** will be heading to a ROV competition in San Diego at the end of June and an AUV competition in San Diego at the end of July, and are always looking for new members. Recently AUVic appeared on the Knowledge Network, where we were highlighted for a dive we did down to a Boeing 737 on the sea floor just off Chemanius. For more information about AUVic, check out www.auvic.uvic.ca or contact Matt at mburdyny@uvic.ca.

**UVic AERO** had our first “test flight” last week and are currently fixing landing gear issues. We are very much hoping to be flying again on the weekend or next week. Contact aero@engr.uvic.ca for more information.

The **FSAE** team is engaging in a large sponsorship drive over the next few weeks. The team is raising funds to build a new car for 2008 which will be used in autocross events at Western Speedway and be entered into the Formula SAE Detroit competition in 2009. Weekly meetings are Wednesdays @ 6 pm - Room ECS124

**H2Drive** is working on final preparations for the Eco-Marathon Competition taking place from April 10-13th at the California speedway in Fontana.
This week, with all the associated distraction of global warfare, I was unable to maintain the relationships I so tirelessly fight to keep. I apologize to all the Andrews I didn’t eat lunch with, and for borrowing the hot dog costume. For now, however, I must endure, and learn some foosball hacks so I can beat the exec. Also, a shout out to Mrs. Buttersworth and Ryan Atwood; I’m sorry about judging you both, I was wrong.

Liam Butters, Director of Communications

Sudoku, fun to say, fun to do

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