Aye Me, the FROSH Have Arrived

With another year of spending all my time around innumerable dudes comes...innumerable more dudes. But with FROSH week, we are given our chance to be superior, for once.

Be this the first publication to officially welcome all you fresh FROSH to this, the land of rectilinear motion and knife edge followers, where neither your social nor hygiene skills will be tested. This welcome comes conditional on your fulfilling of the hopes and dreams I once had as a FROSHie; dreams crushed under my GPA's wise and watchful gaze and the fruitful burden of engineering. Let this also be your introduction to the FishWrap; the newsletter which will litter your lecture halls as often as I can manage with my artsie-like courseload. It will also, hopefully, provide some less docile entertainment than a mountain of crystal-meth stacked on the pages of the Martlet could ever provide.

But the best part of first year was the virginal enthusiasm which fully surrounds everything. Everything was new, everything had a trail to be blazed (so to speak) and was to be jointly (one could say) accomplished. The family I gathered reared me from the pup I was, to the silver-fox I now am, to their great credit, and to my great debt. I did Order of Pi, which was fun; intramurals, which were fun; got involved in the ESS, which was/is fun; and cried during Braveheart, which was embarrassing.

I urge you, dear FROSHie, not to worry; to know that you will pass; that you will enjoy yourself, as everyone before you has; and that marks don't really matter. I very much recommend doing everything, in spite of what your doctor says; in spite of your best interests; and in spite of your personal safety - for without the burden and hindrance of better judgement, we are truly engineers.

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:

“Suck, squeeze, bang, blow” - Hung in MECH 240
“There are heavy balls in the economy” - Brown in PHIL 220
“It won’t go in because it knows its terrible” - Choi in ELEC216
WAR!?

Having just had a few months to plan a counter-attack against the CScU, the Black Hand Society has made a counter of over-inflated proportions.

Not only are there two hundred or so fresh faced ‘geers who know neither the function nor the entertainment involved in the battle of wits that is our present conflict, but there are equal numbers of students who need to be reminded of our current and perpetual strife so they can get the ol’ engineering juices flowing and be creative.

It started with a LAN invitation of all things. A pleasant, although carelessly worded and open ended invite to a non-alcoholic WoW battle. Events turned malicious when a table was stolen. Although of no material significance, said table is said to be the first, and undoubtably only, article of furniture in the ECS to be ‘christened’ since it’s inauguration and installation ceremony back in ‘03. Seemingly incomprehensible, yes, how this fine pine could be the only truly ‘experienced’ piece of ‘furniture’ in the ECS; but understandable considering it’s location.

A little epoxy and some lovin’ later and a new footstool and FishWrapping table was made an integral part of the ESS Office. It was returned shortly thereafter to the distain of those who’d become used to it’s plasticy finish. Understandably, the engineers made the whole situation seem much more epic than it in fact was. Secret meetings which the black hands of engineering knew went down led us to believe a stunning retaliatory effort would be made.

As a dutiful FishWrap editor, I was sitting at my desk in residence watching Buffy the Vampire Slayer one night when I received a call from Weanie Swalsh informing me that we were in the process of being ‘shown who’s boss’ by a tag team of ragged mercinaries and CScU folk.

I was told of the delicate nature of these pranksters, and that if I went after them with the 1 5/8” steel trailer axle I had armed myself with in anticipation, things might not be so kind in the future. The anticipation of the epic retort we could expect was only rivaled by a medium scale Hadron collision.

Then we found the box of tampons. Not since first visiting the UVSS office had I seen so many posters of teen heart-throbs, nor so many scented candles since dinner at the Buckham’s. But beyond the pink was the knowledge that our security was infiltrated either by cunning plan or by traitorous treachery. Our magnetic locks must have been bested by some clever Chastity virus so that they would only open for that special someone. For the remainder of the year, our office had that Hannah Montana look about it. We lived with it, burned low the red cinnimon candles during late night moment of inertia calculations, and enjoyed having a seemingly endless supply of teeny-bopper soft-core to gaze upon.

What could be more fun than a battle of wits with a worthy adversary whose final result may likely be devastating embarassment for the loser and a vast magnification of rightful arrogance for the victor. More importantly however, know that a duel of this proportion only brings the two sides together to some sort of mutual contentment, and that behind perverse appearance lies benign intent.

And the counter? Rumor has it that eight pounds of party ballons were carefully inflated and transported to the CScU Office under cover of darkness; whilst our CSc comrades gamed into the consuming night. Seems that tampons and estrogen made deep cuts, but true egotistical inflation can be achieved through clown tools. Details soon

by Butters

Pictures and details courtesy of the UVic Black Hand Society

The UVic Black hand Society is an Elite Group of gorilla gardeners and seamstresses who, obliged by engineering tradition, fan the flames of inter-departmental conflict. The take pride in their engineering prowess and tact
DANGER: DO NOT INGEST COPIOUSLY?!

It is readily evident, especially on a campus of tepid, barely maturing, infantile children, that there is a serious lack of social responsibility in today’s world. Not only are people not to be trusted to take care of themselves, but we allow their ability to overcome deserved death to flourish like the viral spores they are. There can no longer be evolution since we no longer eliminate our weak—so instead we just let them into our unions and elected offices.

My parents tell me of a day when a chunky monkey in corduroy could fall to it’s death in an oily puddle of it’s own lipids; or that someone could choke and die on a Tonka Truck. More importantly, that neither of these two had to intentionally disregard the safety warnings that 1) tall buildings kill you if you fall off them, or that 2) metal cars could rupture your duodenum if ingested. Take a clothing iron for example. In big letters on the back, it explains the dangers of ironing your clothes while you are wearing them. I relish the opportunity to meet the guy who melted a square foot of skin off his chest with a hot iron, and just hope that he’s got the iron good and hot, and ready for round two. How is it acceptable that someone so profoundly stupid as to press hot metal INTO their flesh made such a ‘legitimate mistake’ as to warrant a warning to the future near self-immolating morons against doing the same? Do we not have enough self respect to let the idiots do what they can to remove themselves from our clouded and murky gene pool.

Cue the legal system and everyone’s state/federally given right to justify their ignorance with expensive and lengthy legal battles. How do you justify letting convicted rapists make bail while punishing companies who didn’t let their customers know that snorting a kilo of pulverized Nalgene bottles might give you cancer? And what about taking care of ourselves? Is it really necessary to disallow me to clamber up a slippery and deadly looking rock at Laguna Beach in fear of hurting myself? I know that the rock to head impact force required to fatally wound me is fairly low, but if I want to chance that to snap a once in a lifetime shot of a seal getting ripped apart by water buffalo and take extra care not to fall, shouldn’t I be allowed to take my chances? And if I was to die horrifically in the process, how is that anyone’s fault but my own? If I can’t hack walking up some rocks, then let me die trying, but don’t tell me that I’m not allowed to.

I’m pissed that no one takes care of themselves anymore. If we are irresponsible enough to put ourselves into direct, knowing, and imminent danger, then are those three conditions of mortality not enough to dissuade us by forcing the use of the apparently foreign concept of common sense? If not, then I’m going to go iron my pants and eat Play-Do until I go into hypertensive shock.

DANGER: DO NOT INGEST COPIOUSLY?!

LET'S GET SERIOUS FOOLS, JUST WEED OUT YOUR WEAK AND LET ME ENJOY A NICE BUCKET OF EXTREMELY TOXIC PAINT, MINUS THE WARNINGS

RE: "WHAT GRINDS MY GEARS" - TUBES & WIRES JULY 29TH

by Aaron Trueman, Vice President Academic (essb-vpa at engr.uvic.ca)

It’s important to remember that many of the views printed in the Engineering Students’ Society publications (Tubes & Wires and Fishwrap) do not represent the views of the student body, or the ESS itself. With respect to the article I wrote entitled, “What Grinds My Gears” on the July 29th edition of Tubes & Wires, I wish to formally withdraw the article and apologize to the student body and the Faculty of Engineering for misrepresenting them.

Upon review, it did not reflect well on the ESS, the engineering students, the Faculty of Engineering, the university, and most importantly, myself. It was written hastily and with unclear motives and intentions, and lacked complete thought, which is essential to publications in professional organizations. Because of the incompleteness of the article, it appeared to hatefully target specific people, faculty members, minorities, sexes and religions, which was never the intention.

I apologize to anyone who was offended by it, and wish to offer an open line of communication to every student, staff and faculty member in order to allow further questions or concerns on the article. Feel free to contact me in the future, whether it be by anonymous or conventional methods. I will not be discouraged from further contributions to the society’s publications, including “What Grinds My Gears”, but will ensure in the future that the engineering Standards for Professional Behavior are maintained.

Sincerely,

Aaron Trueman
Over the course of my recent articles, you may have come to know me as an overly opinionated, unfairly critical, and offensively pessimistic guy. But I’m not all grimace and gear-grinding; in light of this revelation of sorts, it’s my intent to share my fond, affectionate thoughts about the co-op office.

First is the thrill of getting a job. Exercising complete independence you get to navigate daily through a redundant, counter-intuitive website to find that mediocre nugget of potential career. Upon finding what sounds like a not-horrible job, you’ll write template mediated cover letters to your heart’s content. If the stars align and you avoid the fate of the red dot, you land an interview. Here the job-hunting thrill reaches its pinnacle when you get weeks with multiple interviews… and multiple midterms! What could possibly be better than failing tests and interviews in quick succession! And nothing ups confidence more than ungraciously happy peers exhausting their own success at the expense of your own failure.

Fortunately, we are not always left alone in our never-ending search for a desk job. With all the fast-paced, 4-month turnaround action in the co-op office, you’re obligated to pay the ever so fair sum of $612 to co-op office. This $612 goes to the service of providing youajobservice that you might not use, and to marking a report you don’t want to write. Now although they don’t really help you find jobs, apply for jobs, interview for jobs, or choose jobs, they do give you business cards and make you accept a job offer in 24 hours. In fact, since their efforts are such a blessing, even more are being hired! The co-op office teaches you…how to pretend that you’re happy the whole day

Unfortunately, the fun of a job search eventually comes to an end; and whether it’s a complete failure or a slight success depends on how you look at it. Once on the job, you get to encounter a number of new facets of joy and gain all that precious life experience: mediocre wages for mediocre work, boring meetings about boring subjects, how to type numbers into excel, and how to pretend that you’re happy and working hard the whole day.

Despite the thrill of finding drawings in a library, if you happen to feel lonely, you can again depend on the support of the co-op program, that will dip into your $612 gift to fund their trip to your work site. If you land your own job or go to another country they won’t come visit you, but you can be sure that they will put you $612 to good use visiting your peers.

As the co-op term nears its end and you begin to loathe the end to all the amazing life experience. You’ll remember that the best part has yet to come: the work term report! Over the course of fifteen pages you get to ‘elaborate’ on all the ‘significant’ and ‘highly technical’ ‘work’ ‘you’ ‘did’. Since student work is so involving and high-profile, reports easily meet the already excessive length requirements. Thanks to IEEE formatting standards, you even get to spend 70% of your time assuring you’ve used sans serif font on your headings, and that you didn’t include your table of contents in your table of contents. This time will be well spent though, since formatting accounts for 30% of your final mark. The acquisition of more co-op advisors may even enable the advisors to read the executive summary; who knows, maybe they will even be able to read the introduction!

All I can say is that I’m glad I’m spending more money than I do on textbooks to pay someone to come see me and tell me that I need to write a better logbook.
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meetings isn’t about Enyce and Sean John; it’s about ex
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Anew.  I don’t disagree with him; very soon the suburban OGs
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bought me my first Our Lady Peace CD, whom I owe my musi

Are they babies on the way?  Tephian has stopped wearing make-up and has packed on the pounds in the last few days?  Could a baby-bump be coming soon?  Keep an eye on this Fisherman for news about the pregnancy and the passionate love story between these two pork-sworded lovers.

Rap has always had a bad reputation for its explicit lyrics and low moral standing. Hearing people running around talking about guns all day can’t be good for the mind of a child, but let’s not be presumptuous and call anything with hand-clap and some bass, rap.  What about hip-hop?  And why get hung up on some OGs from Compton?  I say deliver us from mindless profanity and grant purchase for spoken prose.

My father, the man who introduced me to Pink Floyd and bought me my first Our Lady Peace CD, whom I owe my musical taste too, describes rap as the ‘disco of [this] generation,’ that in five years, looking back. I’ll destroy all the evidence that I ever owned Illmatic, and take up Wish You Were Here anew.  I don’t disagree with him; very soon the suburban OGs will realize they look like tools in their flat brims and XXXL tees.  But even after this happens, I’ll still be thumping the bass in my mom’s sedan.  Why?  Because the hip-hop I cue before meetings isn’t about Enyce and Sean John; it’s about expression; the same stuff Dali was looking for.  Just because heavy bass and profanity find their way in doesn’t mean it isn’t art: Some people don’t like Warhol, but that doesn’t mean he isn’t any good.

While I agree that kids don’t need much of what rap and hip-hop have to offer, but let’s not disallow rap as art or poetry like we allow Bob Dylan.  Keep in mind that while kids ate up the Beatles, their parent’s beat them with hoses.  It’s not as though this musical revelation hasn’t happened in the same way before.  Only this time the bad stuff is booze and money rather than relentless sex and LSD.

Hip-hop has so much to offer musically that it should be embraced and supported, not spoken down to.  There is such a connotative definition of hip-hop from mainstream artists like Akon and R. Kelly who get all pedophilic every now and then.  What about Matisyahu?  He doesn’t cut his side-hair and teaches Judaism in a University.  I don’t mean to say that hip-hop in its nature is innocent, just that sometimes you have to look beyond the visible spectrum to see some beauty.

So let’s consider hip-hop as a separate entity from rap.  We’ll differentiate by lyrics and music rather than stab wounds and bottles of Olde English.  And before you write off hip-hop entirely, sample what the Blue Scholars have to offer, and you might be surprised about what hip-hop really is.

L. Butts
Rabbits are described as the worst pest to hit Australia since the English. Like many university students know, and likely relate, bunnies mate like bunnies. While being cute and fuzzy, and while they may scream awkwardly when they get savagely slaughtered, their populations must be capped to protect both their population and surroundings.

A pair of bunnies, given sufficient Barry Manilow and red wine, can reproduce, from the mature age of five months, once every ten weeks; producing, on average, a dozen kits each litter. With a little artsie multiplication and a small error calculation, that means roughly sixty baby bunnies each year. And, without sympathy, winter kills any of these sixty who are unlucky enough to be sired in the ‘off-season.’ Picture a party pack of tidbits. That’s approximately what a year’s worth of bunnies add up to, taking into account the relative size and taste difference between a vanilla glazed and a young bunny. Almost enough, that with enough chap stick and females, you could have one of those Burger King ball pits full of fuzzy bunnies, and be replacing the dead ones as fast as a four year old with a nail gun could put ‘em back.

More statistics on the rabbit reproductive system, just because it’s nothing less than amazing and envious: Bunny breeders boast that ‘the buck (male) may be bred up to 7 times a week effectively. Sometimes [lucky for George the male rabbit], you can use the buck twice in one day.’ In essence, rabbits can get themselves pregnant at a rate not limited by the lack of child support, but by the sperm count of the ‘sire’. Reminiscent of Ramses the second who managed to rack himself up six soccer teams worth of kids (including spares and enough match officials to run three games simultaneously), except he’d have a full U16 team, as well as a little league and a men’s squad once you take into account gestation periods.

Recent news have shown the upheaval associated with giving a family of inbreeds enough Pacific Pilsner and .22 shells to stem the population growth associated with rabbits; both in Victoria and in Kelowna. Reasons being that they aren’t hurting anyone with their illustrious sexual exploits and that there are more humane ways to ‘deal’ with the problem of rabbit overcopulation. Australia simply introduced a Radiohead song to their vastly infested grounds. Myxomatosis, is a disease which routinely ravishes bunny populations. It usually kills within thirteen days of contraction. It causes blindness, and large genital protrusions, and often encourages the onset of pneumonia. Fair to say I certainly wouldn’t like to die having giant tumors on my bits, and I wager that with the frequency rabbits use said junk I don’t think they would either. Or how about Viral Necrotizing Hepatitis; which sounds way worse than it probably is; but then again, I don’t have an immune system designed to protect me from eating my neighbors’ sh*t all day. So that worked for Australia, why do we have to complain about some controlled poisonings here and there? The Russians still do it, and it works great for them.

Other, some say, more humane solutions include safely trapping the bunnies and then relocating them. I’m sure I’m not alone in saying that I’ve been drunk trying to catch rabbits before, and ever sobriety wouldn’t make it much easier. Releasing a pack of kindergarten kids, on four hour shifts, with huge nets and tranquilizer guns may also work, but is also not really humane.

People complain about rabbit infestations, and school kids pick up their picket signs to protest the systematic slaughter of the bunnies, but never think about what will happen when they’re left on their own. Once the population hits a certain point, inbreeding, inherited disease, genetic defection, and immensely infectious virus’ take their toll. Now I might just be hopelessly romantic in saying that I’d rather see a guy in a cowboy hat with a bag of tasty poison and a pellet gun than witness the Black Death ravage the bunny world. Monty Python and the Holy Grail comes to mind; except replace that ‘bring out your dead’ body cart with a hawk toilet-papering campus trees with entrails.

So rather than whining about how poisoning the campus bunnies at Christmas, where you’ll never notice anything more than Sh’more not being around when you get back, is cruel, think about the alternate means by which the rabbit world would pull a Bubonic plague on UVic’s un-expecting campus.

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**COUNTERPRODUCTIVE FORNICATION**

**By Liam Butters**

UVic ENGR

It’s the 28th of September from 7am-7pm, see the back page for more information
Executive X-posed

Name: Sean Walsh  Position: El Presidente
Blows like a: Champ  Sucks at: Carpentry
Sean once thought he was a glass of orange juice, and that rainy days would dilute his fruity mix. Having overcome this allusion, he has become more concentrated on mixed diversification algorithms. Some think that Sean is homogeneous, especially in his juiced state. Most evidence stirs this contention and pulps others.

Name: JP Markes  Position: VP External
Hair: Gelled  Collar: Popped  Chavvy: Yes
While many suppose that JP is a gentle lover, he is, in fact, a Pisces. He likes to make custom, steam-punk waffle irons in his ample spare time, which he uses to print checker patterns onto his hands to supply his chess addiction. His hobbies include Pre-Socratic philosophy and bread.

Name: Mike Fryer  Position: VP Academic
Electrical preference: 240V, 3-prong, Italian
Mike has red hair. His fiery follicles add zest to the bitter facade he displays when it comes to neo-communist political humor. When asked to comment on the importance of self-regulation in life insurance payouts, Mike responded by throwing a spoon at a horse and yelling 'Rhubarb' at a mail box.

Name: Marnie Woodman  Position: Dir. Events
Favorite ch(j)ord: Either insulated or noto-
Often equipped with a moustachio, Marnie is a keen collector of spare folders, and stashes her finds in the 'things that are sticky' drawing in the ESS Office. She is an engineering spy, who infiltrates nursing with vigor and passion. She also loves to drive chuck wagons.

Name: Janel Willms  Position: VP Finance
Favorite accessory: The Bandito
Always ready to funnel appreciation towards others, Janel is more clever than Henny Penny. A long time lover of all things electrical, Janel loves movies about train robberies. The reason being that she relates most easily to these, her fellow bandits.

Name: Liam Butters  Position: Dir. Communications
Writes: Slowly, and poorly, and incorrectly
Liam knew, from the ripe age of 21, that he would race a lawn-mower against a Dodge Caravan, and win. He takes great pride in his recycling abilities, and his manic pen-chewing and twirling. Without coffee in hand, Liam reverts to a Cro-Magnon man-beast spewing muttered, tired explanations of why he wants his scrambled eggs over easy.

Name: Trevor Thompson  Position: Secretary
Having cultivated his gardening skills during work terms at Jane Goodall's monkey camp, Trevor hopes to up the oxygen output of the plant by 200% over 5 years. He also hopes to increase pig-iron production by 300%. An avid bass fisherman and oyster floater, Trevor is never opposed to a good ol' fashioned PB + Bacon sandwich.

Name: Karl Fort  Position: Dir. Services
Likes: CRT Monitors and Bill C-60
Karl learned his work ethic from Kulak farmers, who would routinely work themselves to death by exhaustion. A longtime lover of printer toner and acetone, Karl finds great pleasure in accumulating wealth in gold bullion, and plans to use his wealth to make a giant Faraday cage so he can shelf his tin-foil hat.

Name: Steph Morrison  Position: Dir. Corporate
Loves: Apple pie, puppies
Steph grew up in a small town in the interior of BC. She attended French Immersion during her entire highschool career, where she also participated in extracurricular events like candy-stripping and the Physics Olympics. She likes to watch Harry Potter and has a pair of comfy fuzzy slippers under her bed. She has been known to host cake fights, and is very familiar with un-wrinkled paper. Way to be, Steph!

Formal Friday

Every Friday is Formal Friday. Wear your Business Casual attire and your nice shoes all day: its tradition
What grinds my ‘geers? 9 point grading scales!

Let’s get serious here UVic; why? It’s not even a nice number that you can convert back to a normal scale. Eight would have been nice, just divide by two, hell, I’d settle for a 12 point scale, but 9? There is no reason I can think of why this is the case? Maybe it’s some sort of righteous effort to say ‘f**k standardized systems.’ If that’s the case, then how about we complete this anti-establishmentarianism and put Blackboard and uSource into their proper receptacles? On that note, I hate uSource, and I love the new Facebook. On THAT note, stop whinging about the new f’book and just learn to use it. Its better, you’re just slower. Change is good!

Sudoku, fun to say, fun to do

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Editor’s sign-off,

So ends another edition of the paper that keeps my benign and thoughtless gifts mostly hidden on birthdays and anniversaries. Its a good thing no one actually reads this, or else I’d have to find a new source of paper to print my forged currency on. I need a juice box. ‘Night.

Liam Butters