

# Humour

## Solve BioSci puzzle

by Diane Olson

Well, September is drawing to a close, and hopefully you have all found your various classes, despite what was printed in your timetables. Just in case you haven't (or are already worried about next year), here's a guide to one of the many exciting buildings on campus: that adventurous maze called Biological Sciences Centre (BioSci to those imprisoned there). First of all, a hint.

Forget everything you know about normal buildings. This place was built by several contractors, none of whom got along. Don't expect the result to make sense.

Ok, rule #1. The Science Office is on the second floor, Centre Wing. For some of you, that's all you have to know. But hey, may as well keep reading anyway. Someday, you too may get stuck with a class in M145.

#2. The first floor is the basement and the main floor is the second floor. Before you ask, I don't know why. Maybe the building sank.

#3. The Building has six wings (Microbiology, Botany, Centre

Wing, Zoology, Psychology, and Genetics) and each wing has its own colour (red, green, brown, blue, yellow, and orange, respectively). So all you have to do to find out where you are is look at the colour beside the room number (or better yet, the initial beside the colour). There are also signs on various walls pointing the way to each wing.

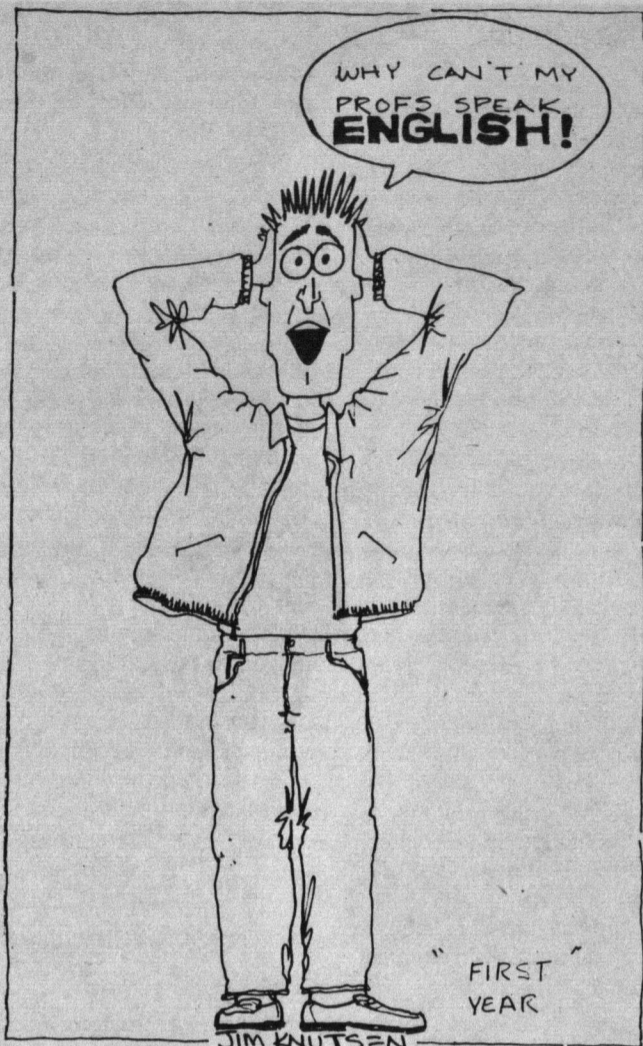
#4. Make sure you are in the right side of the Building before you take an elevator to the floor you want. You can't go up to sixth floor Botany and expect to get over to sixth floor Zoology. Remember, it doesn't have to make sense.

#5. Don't expect any course to

be in the obvious wing. Your Botany might be in the Microbiology wing. That's because you Zoology will be in Botany. Your labs? Probably Centre Wing. I still can't figure out how Chemistry seminars made to BioSci, though.

#6. If you get lost, don't be afraid to ask someone how to get there. Don't waste your time being macho about finding it. You may find yourself in the middle of a psychology experiment. Or worse.

I could tell you more, but I think you get the picture. If you aren't totally lost by now, chances are you'll have BioSci figured out in no time. If not, just remember to bring a compass and a full water canteen before you venture off. Pith helmets are optional.



### On The Wild Side



## Bar Tabs

by Butch and Pit Bull

I'm using the Pit Bull's notebook, so I feel a little like a voyeur, although I was there.

We started, aimlessly, in BP's lounge, with a pitcher of draft beer. Olympic athletes were competing on a *really big screen*. Suddenly, it was there — our destiny for the right to find the Olympic Spirit in Old Strathcona.

We headed east on Whyte, on foot. A figure detached itself from the neon lights, swayed up to us and asked for money. I dug through my pockets and gave him a couple of quarters. The Pit Bull asked him where we could find the Olympic Spirit in Old Strathcona. "I don't know," he said, scratching his grey beard

with one hand, and his ass with the other, "It's not my aura." "You always have to get something from them," the Pit Bull told me later. He didn't explain why.

We crossed in the middle of the block, drawn to the Burlesque Palace not by lust, but by hope. Maybe strippers had the Olympic Spirit. There were gymnastics on TV. A sign advised us that it was Amateur Night — a different kind of gymnastics.

The room was full of angry-looking men and cowboys in ball caps. The dancer was billed as Heavenly Passion by the guy who mumbled into the mike. She was wearing something green, for a while. We didn't see much because we didn't make enough

noise, or throw money. "Which side of the room gets her, fellas?" the voice asked. We left depressed. There was no Olympic Spirit in a strip joint.

We went to the Scona Hotel. It had a machine in the men's room, beside the condom machines, that advertised "Porn's Plenty-Shocking-Rated XX-A surprise assortment of: sexy novelties, sexy games, sexy puzzles, sexy pictures; only 50¢ a package. I was out of quarters — I gave them to the panhandler.

Back in the bar, I told the Pit Bull the rules of small-town Prairie bars: order draft, say "Howdy" or "Hidy", make jokes with the waitress even if you don't know her. The old guy at the next table leaned over to talk with us. He didn't say "Howdy". Or "Hidy".

"Not one of them ever swam the Great Lakes," Ted said, pointing at the TV, where the Olympics had started again. He was wearing one of those caps with ear flaps. "Just imagine if somebody woke you up tomorrow and said: 'You've got to swim Lake Superior.'" I acknowledged his point, whatever it was. The Pit Bull was writing furiously. "I'd like to see any athlete in Seoul swim the five Great Lakes," said Ted, triumphantly. Just then, some people came through on a scavenger hunt, and the moment was lost. Sadly, we left, a little closer to having felt the Olympic Spirit.

We were prevented from heading east by the railway tracks. "Students don't go past here," says the Pit Bull. We tried Andante's, and were told the band would start by 10 past 10. It was

10 o'clock, so we paid the cover charge and found a table.

While we were waiting for the band, I went to the next table and asked some Yuppie-looking ladies what they thought about the Olympics and 'Scona, etc. Although they admitted to watching the Games, they didn't seem too enthused. One said that watching Ben Johnson run made her want to run. Two days later, the doping scandal broke. I wonder what she wanted to do then?

There was no sign of the band by 10:30, so we left. We hit Courtney Blake's, looking for food as much as for the Olympic Spirit. They said they didn't have any gravy for our fries because the kitchen had been open since that morning. Seemed like enough time to make gravy to me, but I didn't argue.

So, we didn't find any Olympic Spirit in Old Strathcona. We reeled back down Whyte, looking for a bar, a beer, and a babe for the Pit Bull: they seemed more accessible goals. Maybe in four years we'll try Jasper Avenue.

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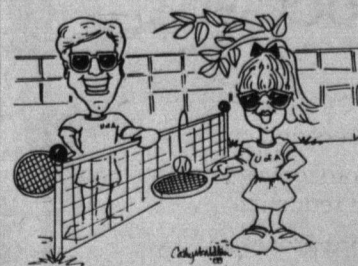
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