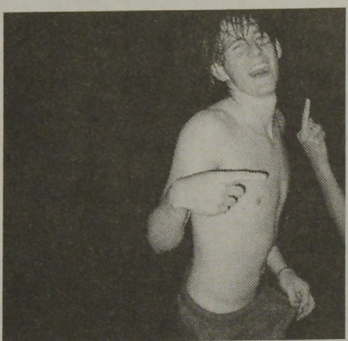


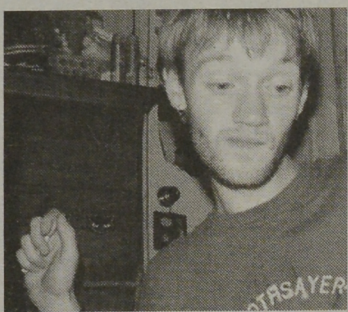
MySpace Do's



It's way easier to find fashionable guys on Myspace than girls. That's because all the cool women who aren't completely gross sluts keep their profiles hidden. When you find a total babe who has her profile publicly viewable, she's more precious than gold. Pirates of the future will draw maps to women like this. We'll have to brave the seven seas to find them. Enjoy this one before she escapes forever on her bicycle of dreams.



So, you just finished an interview for your dream job. After a short pause, your would-be employer gives you the fake sympathy lean and says, "I'm really sorry, but the position has already been filled." You know what you do then? Stand up and proudly announce "Oh yeah? Well I had a boner the whole time and you didn't even notice!" Who wants to work for boner-ignorers anyway? When you've got a big one, other people should be like "Dude, you've got a totally awesome boner! Alright!" Those are your real friends. Don't worry, the drinks are on them tonight.



Who needs to dance at clubs when you could just play DDR at home with your little hamster, Mr. Sprinkles? Stay inside and take pictures of your private party then post them online. The right people will eventually find you and give you the respect you've earned.

The debonair wizard's beer of choice

DRINKING IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE

by Jim London

Unibroue is a microbrewery based in Chambly, Quebec. They brew no fewer than 16 different beers, five of which I've had the pleasure of imbibing. Their products have niftily creative French names like Don de Dieu ("Gift of God"), Trois Pistoles ("Three Pistols" - the significance escapes me), La Fin du Monde ("The Ends of the Earth"), Maudite ("Evil One"), and - less excitingly - Blanche de Chambly ("The White of Chambly"). Of these five I've tried, I'm sad to report that only three are available through the NBLC: La Fin du Monde, Maudite, and Blanche de Chambly. Now, you've probably seen these brews on the shelf, noted the high alcohol content and heroically-sized bottles and thought, "Oh dear, this stuff must be just like Colt 45. Barf." Well, you're fucking wrong! I mean, we've all pounded back a 40 of Colt in the car on the way back from a Nine Inch Nails concert in Portland, but you have to be pretty skunked to think it actually tastes good. Unibroue's lovingly crafted, yeasty delights, on the other hand, are simply delicious; what's more, they're so strong that you can get drunk on beer without having to pee all the time. Thus, gentle reader, for your edification, I pedaled my magic bicycle all the way up the hill to the Prospect Street liquor store (the only place in town, as far as I know, where one can purchase Blanche de Chambly; the other two are also available at the King Street LC), where I acquired an ample supply with the truckloads of money NSERC gives me for sciencing.

Be warned that these scrumptious beers are not for the faint of heart: they're brewed in the Belgian tradition and re-fermented as many as three times. The resultant potions are high in alcohol content and headily robust in flavour. If you're the kind of beer drinker who has a "brand," and that brand happens to be Alpine (or Canadian or Keith's or *shudder* Coors Light, or whatever lame beer you drink), and you

consume only Alpine, and you honestly believe that it's the "best," and you like a beer with "no aftertaste," then you probably will not like these "real" beers. If this describes you, then stop reading now because the secrets I'm about to reveal may well scramble your feeble intellect.

You see, friends, I have been a wizard for some time now. I could share the story of how this came to pass, but I got in trouble with the arts editor (who happens to be a level 48 werewolf) last week for writing too much, so it'll have to wait for another day. Mostly I use my phenomenal powers to jack my taste buds so that I can write this column, but I've been known to cast the occasional Bolt 2 on emo kids (they're the easiest targets around) and I also routinely use my abilities to give my best friend, Jack Bauer, +10 against terrorists. Anyhow, since I've been a wizard, pussy beers just don't cut it for me anymore; I need a beer with some ZING, and that's what Unibroue delivers.

My personal favourite is La Fin du Monde. This may have something to do with the fact that it has the highest alcohol content, at 9%. As with Maudite and Blanche de Chambly, live yeast is added to the beer when it's bottled; the yeast increases alcohol content, adds elements to the flavour, and creates a sediment on the bottom of the bottle which, being yucky, is best not consumed. These beers are ideally served in a tulip-shaped glass (a large wine glass works well in a pinch) and only slightly chilled. Based on recipes used by monks in the middle ages, and revived by the Trappists in the 19th century, La Fin du Monde has a golden colour and spicy, almost fruity flavour; it also restores A LOT of magic points (i.e. it gets you "powered up" real fast). Maudite is much darker in colour, a light reddish brown (the Unibroue website calls it "mahogany"), with a taste more suggestive of an English or Irish ale but, at the same time, altogether quite different. With 8% alcohol by volume and a name based on a Quebec legend about lumberjacks who made a deal with the devil, the sorcerous potential of this brew is not to be underestimated. Finally, Blanche de Chambly, which was Unibroue's first product when they opened in 1992, is a white ale somewhat reminiscent of the Belgian Hoegaarden. In terms of alcohol content (5%), it's a

lightweight compared to its menacing brothers and sisters, but it has a pleasantly complex, wheaty flavour with hints of spice and citrus. Carnie Dave, who has been soiling my couch since last week, decided it was his favourite but then changed his mind when he discovered that if you drink it while eating muffins, the beer just tastes like water. You've been warned: avoid pairing Blanche de Chambly with muffins or you're going to be disappointed.

So there you have it. I bet when you opened this week's Bruns you didn't think you'd be getting advice from a real drunken wizard. But guess what: you did! Aside from drinking, I also specialize in giving worms to ex-girlfriends (you know who you are), and have an unusually dexterous magic wand; contact me at jimldon@gmail.com to inquire about these and other services. Gwa ha ha ha!

'Modern Times' with a classic

by Erin Hancock



Imposter! This album offers only subtle hints that the artist is, in fact, Bob Dylan. Being a man who was once known for his high-impact lyrics and unique singing style, he now sounds more like a hybrid between Leonard Cohen and Wil-

lie Nelson. Perhaps it is a reaction to our current culture, but these songs sound somewhat contrived. This work begs the question, 'Is Dylan trying to exploit his fans by just producing anything, hoping his name still works for record sales?' We're not biting Bob. In this 10-track 2006 compilation, I deem three songs worthy of a listen. "Spirit on the Water" (track two) is a quality track with a jazz flare, including the cello and mandolin. "When the Deal Goes Down" (track four) and "Beyond the Horizon" (track seven) also offer a smooth sound. My experience with music fans is that they don't appreciate their artist changing their sound and style. Thus, I award Dylan with only 1.5 stars for this undesirable shift in his music.

Back to the beginning: A history of the video game

by Paul Alviz
The Cord Weekly (Wilfrid Laurier University)

Beep, boop. Beep-boop.

These are the sounds my friend Jesse and I heard after hooking up his Atari® 2600, the first-ever home video game console to feature the luxury of removable cartridges, not to mention wood panelling.

The game was Pong, the one-ball wonder. After a few minor soldering adjustments, since it was physically impossible to hook the unit up to a modern TV set, we were ready to jump back 30 years into a realm of gaming that was rumoured to destroy the minds and eyesight of youth.

When the game began, we chuckled at the bulky mechanical controllers and scoffed at the game select switch, which allowed us to choose one of more than 30 games on the cartridge - all of which included a ball and paddle of some sort.

Two minutes into the game of virtual tennis, my mind was focused on one thing: keeping that friggin' ball out of my end of the screen and shooting it into the other side. Somehow I had completely forgotten just how terrible the graphics were and was actually enjoying the game, bent on declaring myself

the more skilled player. This must have been the feeling that ran through millions of gamers when they first laid hands on Pong in the early '80s.

Businesses and software developers were quick to catch the wave, releasing countless games made with poor quality and craftsmanship, leading to an eventual video game crash.

However, in 1984, a quiet Japanese company released a home entertainment unit known as the Famicom, selling over half a million units in its first year.

The company was Nintendo, and in 1985, after a troubling dispute that ended a partnership with Atari, Nintendo took on the North American market all on its own, giving its console a new look and name, the Nintendo Entertainment System.

Can you say Duckhunt? Zelda? Super Mario Bros? Nintendo ensured no second-rate games would ever be produced by ensuring that every one had an official seal of approval before it was allowed on shelves.

For a while this worked, and with no real competition, Nintendo dominated the North American video gaming market.

Enter Sega. Boasting a 16-bit processor, double that of the NES's 8-bit, and catchy marketing slogans, such as "Sega does things that Nintendo can't," the Sega's blue hedgehog was suddenly running laps around the mushroom-munching, turtle-jumping mascot of the NES.

Other consoles receiving minor success in an attempt to dethrone Nintendo were the Matelivision and the more popular TurboGrafx 16, which relied on its more advanced processor and young adult niche market for commercial success.

With technology becoming outdated, and competition arising from every avenue, Nintendo ventured forth into the 16-bit world, introducing the Super Nintendo in 1994. Super Marioworld became one of the bestselling game titles ever, at the time.

After a deal to develop a CD-ROM attachment for the SNES with Sony went sour, the technology was taken on a separate path, becoming the 32-bit Sony Playstation. Slowly but surely, Sony took a fair share of video game profits out of the hands of the then-infamous Nintendo.

Over the past 10 years, Sony has secured its grasp as the leader in game development and innovation, with the Microsoft Xbox coming a close second, Nintendo a fair third, and Sega completely wiped off the console market.

From Pong, to Mario, to Mortal Kombat, to Goldeneye, to Grand Theft Auto 3, games have gone from neat, to fun, to cool, to intense, then crazy and morally suspect.

With the introduction of yet another new Mario - and a new Nintendo system, Wii - on the horizon, it could be the beginning of a new era for the highly skilled plumber.

Boop.

Advice

from Gay old page 9

were married). Why, they had the most wonderful dances in those days. All the little candles and lovely white ribbons and a great, huge Christmas tree with birds in it; this particular dance was the Yule Ball, as I think I've mentioned. Oh, and there was the most saintly man dressed as Father Christmas. Just splendid. Now Harold didn't care for dancing but he knew I simply adored it so he humoured me. Harold was always good for a few turns 'round the hall, but then he'd trot over to the bar and spend the rest of the evening with his gin martinis; always with the drink, my Harold. Anyhow, on this particular evening, whom should I run into at the dance but my good friend Ethel. We two blathered the rest of the evening away; she shared the most gorgeous recipe for pound cake - I still use it to this day. After Harold was a bit soused he even joined us: what a threesome we were. And so, dear, my point is that if you're willing to let go just a little bit, you might find yourself having the gayest of times too. Perhaps you and your new flatmate have more in common than you think - you'll just have to be prepared to experiment.

Tsotsi: Beauty from brutality

by Tony Merzetti

94 minutes

Country: United Kingdom/South Africa
Language: Tsotsi-taal with English subtitles
Cast: Presley Chweneyagae, Terry Pheto, Kenneth Nkosi, Mothusi Magano,
Director: Gavin Hood

An audience award winner at the 2005 Toronto International Film Festival, and an Academy Award nominee for Best Foreign Language Film, TSOTSI is a riveting and important film about the legacy of deprivation and violence in South Africa. Adapted from a novel by the eminent South African playwright Athol Fugard and set in the gritty, hair-trigger environment of the Johannesburg ghettos, the film is relentless in its portrayal of one man's battle with his own brutal nature and the past that bred it.

One night, after winning a bloody bar fight, Tsotsi (Presley Chweneyagae) comes upon an opportunity for a spontaneous car-jacking. After discovering a small infant in the car, he abandons the vehicle and the baby. Moments later, compelled to return, he scoops the baby into

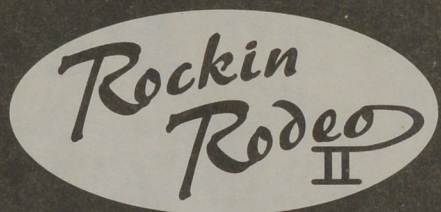
a shopping bag and hustles through the darkness to his ramshackle home in the townships. Realizing he has neither the skills nor the temperament to care for a child, Tsotsi zeroes in on Miriam (Terry Pheto), a young mother in his neighbourhood, and forces her at gunpoint to care for "his" baby. Tsotsi's uneasy, negotiated relationship with Miriam provokes a volcanic chain of events that only results in further confrontation.

Utterly believable as a powder keg of potential violence that conceals an aching, childlike core, Chweneyagae displays extraordinary charisma and power. Ably guided by Hood and surrounded by the raw energy of South African Kwaito music, Tsotsi and Miriam become symbols of the struggle towards dignity and away from poverty, violence and a cold, hard world.

"Fresh and vivid crime story set in South Africa." - Ray Bennett, Hollywood Reporter

"A spiritually riveting film about a nasty thug in a Johannesburg shanty town whose violent and selfish life is totally transformed." - Frederic and Mary Ann Brussat, Spirituality and Health

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