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LOOK WHO'S COMING!

Guy Gavriel Kay

Wednesday Feb 7th 7:30 P.M.

**Reading from and signing his new
novel "Ysabel"**

(Penguin Canada \$34)

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ROBB
MYROON

"Dave Chappelle said it, and I'll say it again: everything's better in slow motion. No matter what movie you're watching—*Kill Bill*, *Talladega Nights*, *John Tucker Must Die*—there'll be a scene in slow motion. And when that moment comes, we're moved to the edge of our seats to marvel in its wonder."

Free time is a wonderful thing. Countless carefree hours can be devoted not only towards testing the criminal code or enjoying a lack of responsibility, but also towards complete inactivity. I, like most others, fill much of my free time with TV and engross myself in what some might call cinematic adventures.

These adventures may occur in the safety of the home, but can also be experienced with over-priced popcorn and Dolby 5.1 surround sound with THX. Regardless of which a person prefers, it's safe to say we all watch movies. During my movie marathon this past Christmas, for example, I had a pretty solid mix of action, comedy and thrillers. Most were good, and, of course, some were bad. Midway through one of the bombs, I started to wonder why exactly I had kept watching the film. I didn't really think the show was going to get any better and none of the actresses were really worth a complete watch. Then it hit me like a slap from Richard Simmons, lightly of course. I was waiting for the scene in slow motion.

Dave Chappelle said it, and I'll say it again: things are better in slow

motion. No matter what movie you're watching—*Kill Bill*, *Talladega Nights*, *John Tucker Must Die*—there'll be a scene in slow motion. And when that moment comes, when the inspirational music plays, we're moved to the edge of our seats to marvel in its wonder.

As I watched in awe at one particular slow motion scene, I decided to take it upon myself to probe into the human, mind and find the cause of why we're in love with everything moving at less-than-normal speed—and I have reached some conclusions.

Normal speed tricks us into a false sense of security with the word "normal," when in reality, we all know that normal speed is just too damn fast. Gravity is a huge culprit here; it pulls everything down much too quickly for anyone to enjoy a glass that's knocked off a table. The water that spills out creates a symphony of beauty for the eye and the anticipation of the glass smashing into a thousand little pieces make our hearts melt. In real life, the glory is so short lived that all we are left with is the hopes that someone will slip and fall on the water.

Slow motion gives us the Spidey Sense that we never got from letting a spider bite us and having a huge welt for three weeks. We can see the air being pushed into circular waves by a bullet and we can even hear the air being pushed. That's right baby; I can hear air. And as the vase is knocked off the table, I have enough time to figure out how far it's going to travel and exactly where it is going to smash—and I also know the actor will never be able to catch it in time.

Something shattering into a million pieces is perhaps the greatest part of slow motion. Not only do we have a sick love with destruction of fragile objects, but being allowed to watch this annihilation occur five times longer than normal, well, let's just say it's cinematic nirvana.

Bottom line: everything is better in slow motion and I wish that life could sometimes achieve this effect. Just imagine yourself walking in slow motion through the hallway of CAB—with some hard rock in the background of course—and seeing that box of fries fly off the table toward the ground, spraying in all directions. It would be truly beautiful.



ANDREW RURAK

IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE ... It's International Week! Various events and performances are running until Friday.