

Frat Boys! Crack Cocaine! Festering sores! Fun for the Whole Family!

## UBC Student Awarded \$3200 in Court Case

*Judge orders UBC to pay damages in harrasment case*

**Earle Warren**

*Graduation Correspondent*

**A**B.C. Supreme Court Judge has ordered the University of British Columbia to pay \$3,200 in damages to a student who was the victim of what the Judge called 'severe humiliation and sexual harassment.'

The student, who cannot be named under Canadian law, spoke with reporters on Monday.

"I'm happy with this decision," said the student. "This incident has caused me a great deal of emotional pain and embarrassment. I'm just glad this whole thing is behind me."

As it turns out, the entire issue was indeed based on behinds. The incident in question happened last March, after a first year Biology lecture.

According to witnesses, Professor Mark Whitman made lewd and suggestive comments to the student in question, when she approached him at the end of class.

Dr. Whitman insists that he is innocent, and that the whole incident was a case of mis-understanding.

"The girl wanted to talk to me about her grades in the course. I looked at my records, and told her that she had a nice

set of tests, and it looked like a pretty good pass," said Whitman. "I don't know what all of the fuss is about."

Representatives from the Women's Student Office were not surprised by the young woman's claims. "These kinds of things happen all of the time," said Linda Forsyth, director of the WSO. "Just this morning, when I was getting a cup of coffee, the guy behind the counter said 'that's a nice dress.' I mean, really. He might as well have said 'you're a piece of meat and I own you.'"

432 reporters attempted to contact representatives from the faculties most knowledgeable in sexual harassment matters. Unfortunately, both the Political Science department and the Faculty of Law did not answer our calls, so our staff instead interviewed a spokesperson for the Faculty of Engineering.

"Sexual harassment isn't really a problem in engineering," explained EUS Vice President Marcus Willings. "For one thing, there are very few female engineers. I mean, sure, after a long night drinking at the cheese, some of the guys start to look pretty attractive, but I'd hardly call a little bit of touchy-feely harassment. It's not like you can prove

anything, anyhow! That could have been anyone's ass!"

Engineering Professor Dr. Ron Halden, though confused by Willings' statement, agreed that sexual harassment is not a serious problem in his faculty.

"Things have been fairly quiet around here since they got rid of the Lady Godiva ride," said Dr. Halden. "You'd be surprised how easily a hooker on a horse can stir things up."

In the meantime, the Professor involved in the harassment case still intends to teach. He is currently teaching two introductory biology courses.

"I refuse to jeopardize my career as a result of a ridiculous mistake. I'm innocent. I will continue to teach," Dr. Whitman assured reporters.

Dr. Whitman's job may not, however, be completely safe. University President Dr. Martha Piper is currently reviewing the case, and has suggested to reporters that a formal inquest may be held.

"This kind of behavior will not be tolerated at my University," said Piper. "If my review finds Dr. Whitman at fault, he will be immediately relieved of his tenure."

She had a nice set  
of tests...

—Dr. Whitman

## Massacre in the United Kingdom

**Earle Warren**

*Silent Correspondent*

**London (Reuters)**

The tragic death of Princess Diana has resulted in one of the most serious human rights violations in Britain's history. Over 120 bodies were discovered Tuesday in the London suburb of West Housingham. The victims were performance artists, and had apparently been 'rounded up' by London Police, on the orders of British Prime Minister Tony Blair.

During a press conference yesterday, Blair told reporters that he was acting on the express wishes of the late Princess Diana.

"Diana worked very hard to rid this world from the horrible threat of mimes," said Blair, "And this is one small step in that direction."

After a brief conversation with his advisors, Mr. Blair apologize for the mis-communication, and agreed that Princess Diana was in fact talking about landmines, and not mimes.

Hans Streibert, President and founder of Mimes of Britain, was outraged. Through a translator, Mr. Streibert explained:

"We've been trapped in this box for years. It's as if we can see the problem in the mirror, but we can't quite climb the rope to get out of the box."

The British Parliament, along with the entire population of Great Britain, will observe a moment of really loud noise in memory of the slain mimes.

Recent polls have shown that PM Tony Blair's popularity has not been hurt by these revelations. In fact, Wednesday's London Times published a 5% increase for Mr. Blair and for the labor party.



*As an American, Fred was proud  
of his right to bear arms...*

# The 432.

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*The 432* is the official newspaper of the Science Undergraduate Society, published twice monthly from our offices somewhere in the Gallery Lounge.

All opinions expressed herein are strictly those of the individual writers and not those of *The 432* or the Science Undergrad Society.

Writers and cartoonists from all faculties are encouraged to submit material to *The 432*. All submissions must meet the strict deadline requirements and should not exceed 1000 words.

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Jake Gray

## Frat Boy.

More waste. Those pledges could have been drinking that beer, instead of washing their hair with it.

There also seems to be a persistent rumor of hazing. This is *not* the Airborne Regiment people. The pledge period is not a time when the active members sadistically try their hardest to make pledges miserable. The pledge period is a fun learning time of personal challenge. I never knew how much more I could drink before puking until I was introduced to a little something we call Mr. Funnel. I had a great time throughout my pledge period. I had a great time throughout my pledge period. I had a great time throughout. . . Whoa slipped into automatic for a second there.

While we do have a secret initiation, it does not involve running naked through a field of bramble, eating any animals feces, or getting so drunk that you're not sure if it was you that puked or the person passed out beside you. The initiation is a very mystical and necessary part of the joining process. If there is no initiation, there is no difference between your

friends and brothers of the fraternity, except you still like your friends.

The fraternity is a great way to meet a huge number of people. Through various events such as wednesday beer gardens, sorority exchanges, the Pride of Panhellenic Ball, and the everclassic Serenade, I, the average fraternity guy, have met probably around two thousand people through the greek system.

Building brotherly bonds is what being a fraternity is all about. How these bonds are formed is not important: wether it be through a beer bong or through charity work; through tequila-induced hallucinations, or through positive community presence. I'm proud to be a frat boy.

*- Jake seems to know far too many details about this 'supposed' hazing process. Personally, I've heard some pretty horrific stories, most of which involve naked men and loaves of bread. But the story which Jake has hinted too is much, much worse. Running naked through brambles? Eating animal faeces? Pass me that peice of bread.*

-Jer.

**Cost for a brightly-coloured lamp post banner: \$63.  
 Think about it.**

## Editorial.



Jeremy Thorp

Today, for the first time in my two month tenure as the editor of the 432, I actually had to make a decision.

John wrote an article about whores. No, that isn't a typo. The article was about prostitutes, and how John could improve the prostitution 'industry' as a whole.

Now, I'm as quite possibly the biggest supporter of shit-disturbing there is. If I had it my way, every single issue of this paper would make Auntie Beatrice blush, and would cause protest from every interest group on campus.

Lawsuits? Who cares. I'd declare bankruptcy faster than you could say 'breach of trust.' And, if that didn't work, I'd blame it all on Jake. That's not the part that scares me.

The fact is, John's article was tasteless, crass, and very offensive. If an engineer were to print it, there'd be another set of pansy-assed ethics courses for geers to sit

through. If I printed it, I might get a slap on the wrist from Bella, a dirty look from Mandy, and a snicker from Jay. Not much else.

At this point, most of you are probably wondering where you can get a copy. Well, that part is simple: you can't. John deleted the file. If you insist, I can give you a short summary, but I'd probably have to be bribed with beer..

The point is that I feel like a censor. I feel dirty. Well, okay. Maybe I don't feel dirty... but I still feel wrong. On the bright side, though, John managed to write a pretty darned funny article as a replacement. And, as far as I can tell, it doesn't involve prostitution in any way, shape, or form.

I've received quite a few comments and submissions via e-mail over the last couple of weeks. Not all of them have been printed, but we appreciate them anyhow.

Here's one letter which I particularly enjoyed:

*Dear Editor,  
 On the cover of your last issue, you printed a cartoon, depicting a bull having sex with*

*a man<sub>1</sub>. I found this incredibly tasteless, and downright offensive<sub>2</sub>. The thought that I am spending my student fees<sub>3</sub> to sponsor graphic depictions of bestiality sends shivers down my spine. The caption read 'Why cattle don't make good housepets.' Perhaps it should have read 'Why thirteen year-olds don't make good editors.'*

*-Joni Richards, Arts.*

Joni,

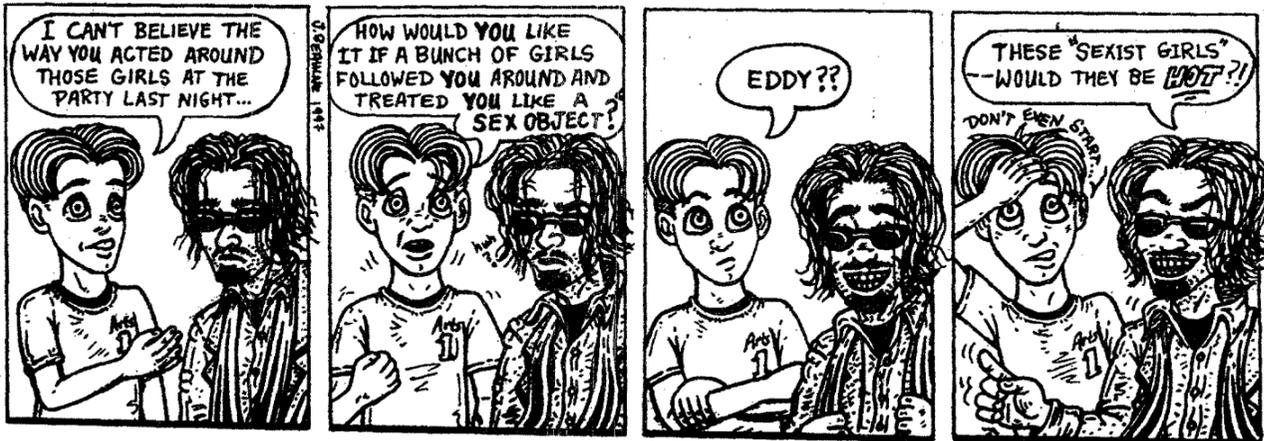
1. I don't know how familiar you are with bovine and human anatomy, but I think that you can agree that the bull would at least have to take the man's pants off before attempting penetration.

2. If you found that particular cartoon offensive, you should check out 'How to Castrate a Cat,' last published in Volume 10, Issue 7.

3. The AMS spent \$3000 dollars on a new bench for the Student Union Building. Certainly you will agree that printing free pornography satisfies a larger percentage of the student body.

Moo.

-Jer.



# Why Dilbert Should be Shot.

**Mandy Seymour**  
*Paranoid Correspondent*

Ahhh...computers. To me they remain an unsolved mystery of chips and wires. Like most students, I can adequately use word processors and play the addictive Yahtzee games but I couldn't program if my life depended on it, much less install Windows 95. It seems that all those many computer shark males around campus have some sort of secret code going on, computer vocabulary reserved only for the initiated. I'm beginning to think that RAM, megabytes and petaflops are actually part of a top-secret CIA agent code. (Aside: THEY say that a petaflop is a thousand trillion calculations per second but I think it's actually a sign that they have confused another first year trying to install a new disk drive.)

The Pentagon has infiltrated the entire population of UBC with agents posed as comp-sci majors in science and engineering. One of these days a UBC student may catch on and inform Chris Carter of this computer conspiracy. Soon we'll see Mulder decoding their comp-sci language with a tiny micro-chip removed from my friend John's brain.

John is the perfect example of the CIA's comp-sci agents trained to blend in with the drunk Friday night crowd at Elwoods. These agents have set out to mess with the minds of the barely computer literate crowd around campus. They can be blamed for all the computer crashes that happen at 2 am when you

just finished your English essay worth 90% of your mark. For some odd reason, my English prof. just wouldn't believe my theory. They have allegedly installed sensors in computers everywhere to measure your stress level. If you're sweating bullets to get that killer essay in before the due date in two minutes, the sensor goes absolutely nuts and sets off the crash mode. It's the perfect opportunity for the agent to wipe out everything in the computer in an effort to fix the crash. The truth is they are secretly getting their kicks off our misery and terror as we confront the newly deleted document with a scream.

But I have discovered that these agents have a second hidden agenda. They not only want to terrorize us, they want to corrupt our innocent minds with subliminal messages. Screen savers don't actually save your monitor, they are designed to flash disgusting porn shots at 1/1000th of a second intervals. This would explain the large knowledge of porn stars that comp-sci majors seem to possess. They actually hope to pimp out young frosh on the internet or at Nuffy's Donuts. Why do you think you find so many cops at Nuffy's Donuts?! It's one stop shopping. Warning: if you see one of these terrible agents, run, run and run. Do not be persuaded by their friendly smile and unlimited beer supply.

*-Mandy Seymour writes from Riverview Mental Hospital, as part of a three step program to re-enter the real world. We wish her the best of luck. -ed*

# Offside!

**Breeonne Baxter**  
*Benched Minor*

Anyone else confused by hockey? I'm probably only going to get a response from the girls in the audience; a guy wouldn't admit this even if someone was holding a hockey stick to his head. I am proud to admit that hockey has me more confused than Organic Chemistry 231.

I was once interested in hockey. Waaaayy back when. I was living in Calgary (pity me) and the Oilers won the Stanley Cup. Now that was a hockey team. Gretzky AND Messier? Show me the money! And then, the team splintered. Gretzky went south and Messier went... wherever. I lost interest. I also moved to BC. There was about as much hockey enthusiasm here as for student protest (APEC foes: take note). But now, with all the hype surrounding Messier, Bure, Japan, and those hokey new uniforms, I have been forced to pay attention.

I have to ask. Why? Why do 12 grown men chase each other around a sheet of ice with sticks in their hands and knives on their feet? This is why women don't play hockey. We can be so much more destructive with words alone. Ever listen to girls (sorry: women) gossiping? We can tear down anyone's reputation in seconds flat. And we can twist anything into anything. It's so fun. And damn meaningless.

But back to hockey. My brother informed me the other day about the whole Bure deal. Scornfully, I was told that Bure wants out. Then he'll stay. Then he wants out. I thought, this was what Quebec is doing! But we can't have nearly as much fun with politicians as we can have with hockey players. Wouldn't you love to trade premiers? We could send Bouchard to Cuba for a crate of cigars and a dictator to be named later. Or we could send Philip Owen to

Halifax for a third-year Dalhousie student and lobster.

And no, the lobster would NOT be mayor.

When was the last time you skated? On ice, not those wussy roller-blades. Frozen puddles in B-Lot don't count. From what I've noticed, out on this side of the country no one skates. Except if you play hockey. Or <shudder> figure-skate. Y'all should skate more often. It's fun. Imagine, racing in circles, around and around. With ice below us, knives on your feet, and dodging the maniacs around you. Like rush hour in January. But skating is no big deal. In Calgary, you learn to skate as soon as walk. That may be due to the utter cold there. Hell, they had their first blizzard last Tuesday. <There I go again, a girl-writer swearing in the 432> Who would want to live out there? Polar bears. Reform MP's. Cowboys. Cattle. And in the summer? Hotter than Satan's armpit. You can cook a steak on your car hood.

So, to recap: Hockey confuses me. Bure should stop whining. Bouchard we'll trade for smokes. A lobster for a mayor. Calgary's cold. Would you pay to watch Canucks get whumped by the Ottawa Senators? Or the Winnipeg Jets? No, wait, they moved somewhere. Which reminds me. Why are these teams moving around? The Quebec Nordiques moved to Colorado. And where the hell did the Hurricanes come from? Since when does Carolina have a hockey team? It's too damn hot down there for the ice to crystallize. The players can practice their synchronized swimming while they practice their shots on goal.

I don't get it. But I never will. I should focus my energy on studying for midterms. Unfortunately, that isn't going to help me. Maybe I should become a sports writer for a major Vancouver newspaper. Pay's better.

*-Whaddaya mean, pay's better? We pay you...um...er... oh yeah. -ed*

# Jay's Discount Drug Mart.



British Columbia's Attorney General Ujhaal Dosanj recently suggested that we open up talks to legalize drugs and stop treating drug abusers like criminals. I was, quite frankly, not very surprised by this announcement; after all, we are living in British Columbia, home of some of the best marijuana in the world (as determined by High Times).

I, for one, would definitely be interested in seeing what the legalization of various currently illicit narcotics would do to student life at UBC.

Personally, I figure that this would open up a whole lot of possibilities for the supplementation of the income of the average UBC student. I mean, there's a captive market in the form of an elementary school right on campus, so it wouldn't be too out-of-the way to go and pander a couple of baggies worth of medium grade mary jane. And, as an added bonus, a large proportion of these kids are already hooked on cigarettes, so getting them to step up to weed, and then on to crystal meth and crack. It'll just be like getting a beer drinker to move on to hard liquor.

Legalizing drugs would probably have a significant effect on the on-campus

activities. Bake sales featuring "green-enhanced" brownies would raise money for ski trips and campus charities. UBC students would have an even wider variety of means to get intoxicated on a Friday night. The Bzzr Gardening Club might have to expand to include other narcotics as part of their mandate. Clubs and undergrad societies might hold "d00b" gardens, with local BC grow houses supporting the events.

I can see it now.... "Hey dude, how much for the tickets for this stuff?"

"Five bucks for the weed — that's on the table on the left, ten for the 'shrooms — table on the right, and ten for the LSD."

"Uh, where's the table for the LSD?"

"The LSD's in the tickets, man."

Academic life wouldn't be affected so much by drug legalization, because if you think about it, the same people who don't drink probably won't be found in the corner of Chemistry with a belt around their arm and tapping for veins — then again, you never can tell; you never expect the quiet people sitting in the corner attempting to take notes to be hooked on smack, though that might just be the reason that they *are* the quiet people sitting in the corner attempting to take notes.

And of course a few hits of acid couldn't help but inject some life into those boring 8:30 lectures, and not only for those partaking from a few tabs; those abstaining would no doubt immensely enjoy

the floor show provided by those few souls freaking out in time to the Prof.'s delivery. And never doubt that a few hits of speed could keep you awake through even the most ultra-sleep-inducing of lectures. Come to think of it, some speed would probably be a good thing to have before those stressful work-study job interviews. Provide some confidence, add some eloquence to your speech, all that.

Still, no matter how legal it is, it's highly unlikely that your professor will accept the excuse "Sorry, man, I was on crack" for missing those vital tests. However, he might accept that excuse on medical terms if you should end up freezing cold in the pouring rain and developing double pneumonia because you didn't have the sense to come in and get dry.

Of course, legalizing drugs won't be all roses and song. As a possible response to projected increases in undergraduate over intoxication, Student Health might be forced to start stocking anti-overdose drugs and heart-restarting intravenous solutions in four-inch, breastbone-penetrating needles in addition to their stomach pump and usual supplies of vomit-inducers. Further, greater supplies of tourniquets, anesthetics, and coagulants might be required to deal with students suffering from wounds inflicted by other students hopped up on PCP induced fits of psychotic rage.

All in all, weighing the pros and cons,

should drugs be legalized; it can't help but make campus life more interesting, not to mention more profitable. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a couple of baggies to take over to U-Hill.

*-Jay Garcia is the head of an international drug cartel known only as 'Durandel.' Hence, his comments about legalization of drugs should be taken with a grain of salt.*

*And a rock of crack. -ed.*

**Junkhouse**  
**CONTEST!**

The first five people to  
bring their Oktoberfest  
tickets to Chem B160  
will receive a FREE  
autographed  
Junkhouse CD or  
poster!

Junkhouse plays the SUB Ballroom  
Friday the 17th with guests Copyright.  
Tickets at the SUB Box office.

# Cool! Lasers!

**Mike Eastwood**

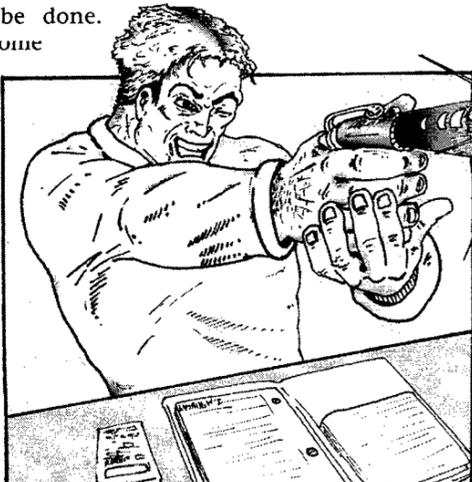
*Irritating Correspondent*

It's indisputable that laser pens are a useful tool for professors. With overheads that stretch over fifteen feet high and ten feet wide, it seems moronic to use a wooden pointer as a teaching "aid."

Most of my professors are equipped with fancy laser pens. But it's amazing the boring things they do with them: point out some sine curves, show the crystal structure of crystals, demonstrate the effects of neutrinos on a tank of water... yet there is so much more that can be done.

That's where I come

in. My mother just returned from a trip to Malaysia, also known as "The Land of the Black Market." Amongst throngs of fake Gucci watches and stolen designer clothes, my mother found something for me... that's right, a laser pen.



I admit, half the fun of having one is answering to people who ask:

"So where did you get that thing?" in a tone that just oozes the words "I want one!"

"Malaysia," comes the nonchalant response.

After that, I've heard everything from "that sucks," to "fuck off, smart aleck."

As far as I can see, laser pens knock at least five years off of your maturity level. The minute I got mine, I was shining it through my brother's protective lenses into his eyes, in an attempt to blind him. I spent the rest of the evening peering through window and shooting the beam at various saps who happened to be out for a walk.

That night was like Christmas Eve. I couldn't wait to wake up in the morning, get to my lectures, and torture my professors and fellow students alike. As soon as my physics prof pulled

out his laser pen to point something out on the overhead, mine was there pointing to something else. A couple of idiots didn't know what was going on and fainted from confusion, but most thought it was humorous. My crazy prof thought that if he slashed through the alien dot with his beam, it might knock off the screen, but his efforts were unsuccessful.

Sometimes it's fun just to shine it in someone's ear and wait until someone else points it out to them. If you're lucky, you can get them to dig in with their fingers in an attempt to scoop out whatever they think is in there. Other times, it's fun just to shine it on some-

body's cheek. Normally, somebody points it out to the victim and they mutually try to rub the dot off with all their might. Ironically, once the laser light is gone, that person is left with a red blotch on their face from all the rubbing!

Sure, it's fun to use a laser pen to mock the older generation of profs and boggle the minds of various not-too-bright people. But the ones you can have the most fun

with are the people who just watch way too much TV. These are the types who see the red dot and think it means someone is hiding in a tree with a high-powered rifle, waiting to shoot random students. Of course, they play the hero and either dive right in front of the bam, in order to take the fatal "bullet," or they tackle the "target" and scream "get down! He's got a gun!" Either way, it's very amusing.

So instead of forking out \$65 for the next Tyson 'fight,' buy yourself something truly entertaining - get a laser pen. And let the games begin.

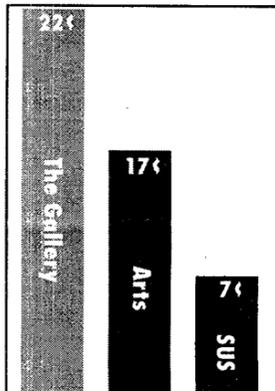
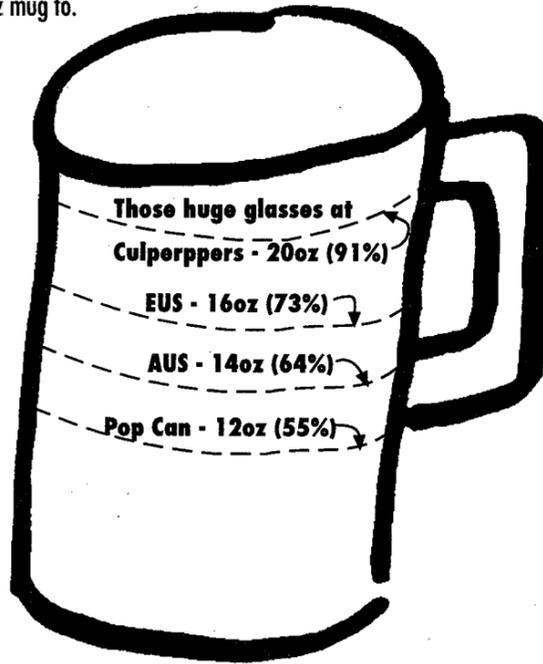
*-Is that a laser pen in your pocket, Mike, or are you just happy to see me? -ed.*

## A Quick Comparison.

Have you noticed how the bottom of those Arts County Fair mugs has been sneaking skyward over the past few years? Well, we at the Science Undergrad Society have had enough.

We're introducing the new Industry Standard in BEvERage distribution technology: the **22oz Science Mug**.

And just to give you an idea of how big 22oz is, we've provided this handy-dandy illustration of where a full mug from our competitors would fill our 22oz mug to.



And if that didn't convince you that this is the mug to own, you should know that it will always be filled for one bzzr ticket at all SUS events. Guaranteed.

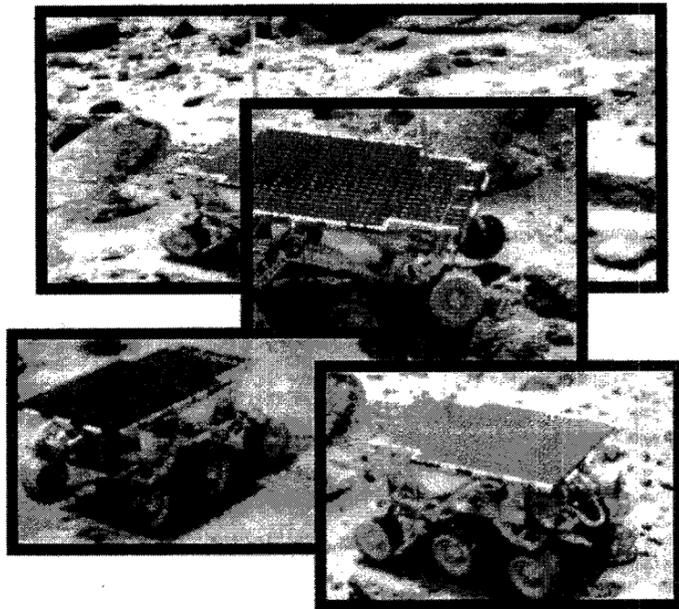
What does that mean? It means that you'll be getting bzzr for about 7¢ an ounce, compared to 17¢ at Arts and 22¢ at The Gallery!

The Science Mug. Available at Oktoberfest for only \$4, or \$5 with your first bzzr.

**What a deal!**

# CUPPC '97

NOV 1996-9th UBC



## THE CANADIAN UNDERGRADUATE PHYSICS CONFERENCE

A great chance for Physics Undergrads to meet well-known physicists, and to learn what other interested undergrads from all over Canada are doing.

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**Doug Osheroff (Stanford)**  
1996 Nobel Prize winner for discovering superfluidity in He<sub>3</sub>

**Melissa Franklin**  
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Plus: Representative from the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, speaking on the Mars Pathfinder Mission

To register or for more information please contact us at UBC:

email: [cupc97@physics.ubc.ca](mailto:cupc97@physics.ubc.ca) phone: (604)822-3116 fax: (604)822-5324

# Very Active Resistance.

Andrew Martin

CSIS Mole

Yes, it's a sad fact: The World Trade Center, Oklahoma, Heathrow, every city in the Middle East and Northern Ireland and now UBC.

It seems that the incident at the bookstore might only be the first in a long, sad line of terrorist attempts. Sure, the Ubessey tells you that the bomb scare was due to a skipping diskman, but an unidentified source that our reporters met outside the Pit at Midnight last Friday claims to have evidence that, in fact, there was a nuclear device buried under the pile of cash which the bookstore president apparently likes to roll around naked in his office.

When asked about the evidence, the man said that they'd put him in charge of customer relations if he said anymore. He then he keeled over, threw up, and fainted. But we had gotten what we needed.

Early the same morning we knocked on the Bookstore head's door. He answered, and we asked him about both the bomb, and his erotic activities in his office. He replied (a little too quickly):

"What? It's 3:30 in the morning, get the hell out of here, you drunken punks!"

We refused to leave until he answered our questions. He obviously knew we meant business, because soon we were grabbed from behind and brutally assaulted by two thugs dressed as policemen, an old Italian man, and a leg-humping dog. Obviously, we were dealing with a massive conspiracy. This reporter took it upon himself to gather, and head, a team of experts, with the sole mission to stop further terrorism here at UBC and to preserve the safety of all of Western Canada.

We were able to secure, with relatively little force (those old ladies can swing a mean cane), an office in a washroom at the Main Library's coffee room. (complete with a separate furnished cubicles for each of our agents) and set upon our vigilant task. We dubbed ourselves the Katastrophy Investigation and Lessening Legion (or K.I.L.L. for short). Following the tradition of every organized group at UBC, we plastered the campus with posters, letting people know we were ready and willing to take on evil.

We didn't even have to wait an hour until we got a call. Some deranged lunatic had taken a first year english class hostage and threatened to kill one student each hour until he was reinstated as a B-Lot attendant.

Well, we just weren't ready yet. The weapons hadn't arrived, and the homemade body armor and explosives weren't adequate just yet. We told them to sit tight, we'll get around to it.

The next day the guns arrived, so we set out on patrols of the campus. They say

that young people are disrespectful towards authority, but nothing encourages respect more than seeing someone and knowing that they are there to protect you. The badge commands quite a presence, and the black studded kevlar (proudly displaying the K.I.L.L. logo in big red letters), the comlink, the grenade belt, and that minigun do quite a bit of the talking when patrolling down Main Mall at 9:30 in the morning.

A suspicious gathering later that same morning told me and my partner (and new best friend), Bubba the breaking-things expert, that something was going down in 'geer town. We used our grappling hooks to climb up the side of the Cheeze, opened a vent shaft from the roof and climbed down, all Die Hard-like. We wandered around the ducts (getting serious lost only three times) until we heard loud, arguing voices and sensed an overpowering stench of alcohol and urine. Looking through a grate, we saw a group of people dressed in blood red clothing, drinking something frothy, and huddling around a large machine.

This was bad news. They were obviously some sort of doomsday cult, and they were *obviously* planning some horrible assault on the campus. This is what we spent that long grueling weekend at Towers Beach training for. We were ready.

We donned our gasmasks and released the canisters of tear gas. Then, with a cry of "We shall never give in!", we kicked out the grate and stormed the room. The cult members, already disorientated by their brain-hazing rituals, were easy targets for our stun guns and tranquilizer darts. We tied them up, and locked them in the closet before setting the time-bomb on their weather machine. We set the bomb at 30 seconds so we could have a cool running-down-the-hall, braking-through-the-glass-door-and-diving-out-of-the-exploding-building scene as we left.

News of our success brought cheers back at the office. We were superheroes! We decided to take the night off and planned to go party. The heightened mood was not even dampened by the loud sounds of sirens from the south, nor by the 5 answering machine messages about the hostage english class. But damn it, we had earned this night off.

Tomorrow, the AMS will be thoroughly investigated for a suspected mind-control device. We also have an anonymous tip that an M. Piper is in fact 'Mr. Big,' the wanted weapons and narcotics smuggler. But for tonight, the safety of the world can wait - while its protectors go out and get smashed real good.

-Andrew's task force, in real life, consists of two Spanish refugees, four trained budgies, and a squirrel with a bad attitude. -ed.

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**GARDEN**

**FRIDAY OCT 24**  
**BIOL 2449 4:32**

## Ask Dr. Temple

Craig Temple

'Doctor'

Well, Thanksgiving is over and now that we've all had a chance to recuperate from our tryptophen overdoses, we have to work on our post-Thanksgiving-oh-my-god-Christmas-is-right-around-the-corner depression. The best method to get rid of this condition is to smoke huge amounts of pot. This isn't as hard as it sounds, I can write you a 'scrip for your "glaucoma" and we can toke up a huge fatty here in SUS. Anyway, while I run down to Sev to grab some Doritos and Snow Balls, you listen to Steve whine about his problems.

Dear Dr. Temple,

I'm kind of embarrassed about this, but I have to tell someone; lately I have been experiencing a burning sensation whenever I urinate. I could bear it a while longer, but my girl friend is starting to wonder why I scream every time I go to the bathroom. I wish I could confide in her, but I fear she might question just how I came about getting this particular venereal disease. Somehow I don't think she can appreciate just what it means when your buddies chip in to help you celebrate your nineteenth. She's let a lot slide by, but I'm not sure how she'd handle this one. About my burning, I've heard rumours on the internet that if I use a cored apple and some whipping cream the pain and discharge will subside. Any help you can give will be greatly appreciated as I don't know how to keep my girlfriend in the dark any longer.

Steve Delaney

Well Steve it sounds as if you have a very serious case of VD here. It's a shame nowadays that the young ones are getting these diseases, didn't you listen in your health classes when they told you to use the two finger test? Anyway, no,

the cored apple and whipping cream doesn't work. Sure it's fun, like most things you're likely to read about on the internet, but about all that it will accomplish is to frighten your dog. Besides, whipping cream is not to be used when you're flying solo, this is one marital aid that isn't nearly as much fun as when you're with someone else. I recommend using some cod-liver oil and a pine tree air-freshener, you can read about this at alt.sex.messy.fun; sure it stings at first, but you'll soon be saying sayanora to your syphilitic sores. As for your girl friend, I'm just as competent a psychologist as I am a medical doctor, so I feel qualified to guide you in this matter. The key to a happy, healthy relationship is to never, never tell her when you screw up. I guaranty that if she finds out about your little 'experience,' you will be spending a lot more time with Suzy Palm and her twin sister. However, if you do decide to tell her, and she does understand, you can now ask her if she'd feel comfortable trying some of the more complex activities described in Kama Sutra. So the decision is up to you; play it safe and continue on with your boring relationship, or take a gamble and maybe expand your mind.

As a final note, one thing that we can all be thankful for this Thanksgiving week, is that we don't live in Toronto. Officials there put out a public health advisory recommending that everyone act "extra-safe" over the Thanksgiving weekend, this was due to the record low levels at local blood banks. One doctor attributed the lack of donors to the tainted blood scandal of a few years ago, he was quoted as saying: "There's no reason to worry, we've changed the needles several times since then."

-For the sake of the children, please do not listen to anything Craig has to say. Last issue alone, we had three complaints from people who followed his advice. Stop. Just stop. -ed.

**Next Deadline:**

**Oktober 22nd**

**4:32pm**

**Submissions to:**

**jerthorp@unixg.ubc.ca**

# Bella the Fly Pimp.

Bella Carvalho

Mutational Correspondent

Back in high school, when we were still indecisive about our futures, still impressionable, why is it that no one explained what science is truly about? They all talked about the excitement of new discoveries, the glory of being published, and if you got a really truthful teacher, she might mention that science involves a lot of repetitive tests before you get any results. But in all that time, not once did anyone say one word about getting up at 7 in the morning on Saturdays and Sundays to count flies. In fact, I distinctly recall an insinuation that scientists made their own hours. Go into the lab when you want, run your little experiments, go away, then publish your results and try to schedule in time for your Nobel Prize award dinner.

Instead, here I am, waking up before the vampires have gone to rest, to go into the lab and move my flies. And the reason for this? Flies start mating 8 hours

after they are born. Now excuse me, but 8 hours? I don't care how few chromosomes you have, that just isn't right!! I realize that their life span is indeed shorter than our own, but, even accounting for my killing them two weeks after they are born, this still puts them at under three years old in human terms when they start going at it. Out of the diapers and into a condom. (ooh...is that too tacky to print?)

Of course, this means I have to be in the lab every 8 hours, so that I can choose who they mate with. For all the arguments I've heard about the moral opposition to genetics, I can finally understand why people get so upset. It has nothing to do with cloning, playing God, or the making of a master/slave race. The ethics come into question when you realize that I am a fly pimp. I go in there, bright and early so as to catch the little buggers before they get amorous, and knock them out. I then get to decide who mates with who. "No, Suzy, he's not right for you. See his eyes? They're white. He's just not your type.

This gentleman over here, with the bright red eyes, now he's the kind that you can have a real future with." And so, off they go, into their own little newly-wed vial; I turn out the lights, play a little soft muzac, and wait. Not that I have to wait long. By now she's probably 8h15m old...almost a spinster by fly standards.

As for those mutants though, nobody wants them. To even get them a date, I have to put yeast in their vials. Yeast, which turns into ethanol. Much like humans, once you get them drunk, they'll copulate with anyone. At least that's the theory. There's still a few guys that don't seem to be getting anywhere, so I'm considering taking them to the Pit. If they can't get a date at the Pit, then there's no hope.

*-Bella Carvalho as created was part of a genetics experiment undertaken by the Portuguese government, during the early 70's. Unfortunately, something went very, very wrong. -ed*



# 432 News Briefs

Ottawa, 1 October

Burnaby-Kingsway MP Svend Robinson was kicked out of the House of Commons for calling federal fisheries minister David Anderson a traitor, after a leaked document irrefutably proved that Anderson was on the CIA payroll. According to the source, highly classified information about Canada's West Coast fishing fleet was passed to the Americans. The information includes data on the strategies and formations of Canadian fishermen, along with the weave pattern of their nets. Anderson vehemently denied the accusation, charging that Svend Robinson is in fact a KGB agitator who plans to export the Communist agenda to Canada. In an effort to quell the disturbance, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien said that if the war of words continued, he would have them both purged by CSIS and sent to re-education camps in the Northwest Territories.

Jerusalem, 5 October

Relations between Canada and Israel have been rocked by the revelation that Mossad agents on a mission to kill a prominent Hamas leader in Jordan were traveling on passports belonging to the Canadian ambassador and his wife. According to the Canadian mission in Jerusalem, the passports were reported missing hours after a private meeting between the ambassador and Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. Responding to questions about the possible source of the agents' passports, Netanyahu said: "We would never forge Canadian passports! Why, you simply have to walk into the Canadian embassy and pick them...er. I mean...apply for them." The Ministry of Foreign Affairs and International Trade is fuming over both the lack of security at the Canadian embassy and the complete lack of civility displayed by the Israeli PM. In an effort to kill two birds with one stone, the RCMP has agreed to transfer Const. Benton Frasier from Chicago to Jerusalem. The move has yet to be approved by CTV.

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# Drawers of SUS

## Aarne Hamalainen

Director of Sports

**R**ebates! Rebates! GetYerRebates! Forms available in CHEM B160. Day of the Longboat registration ends today(Oct 15 at 5pm). It's an event that you don't want to miss. Hopefully there are a few Science Crews out there. Here are a few other deadlines: Street Ball Hockey (Oct 15th), Indoor Tennis(Nov. 12th), Indoor Softball Championships at BC Place (Nov. 12th) and the Gravel Pit Mountain Bike Challenge (Oct 17th). Singles sign-up was not too successful, since almost all of the science rosters were full. Sorry 'bout that :( I will try and get my butt in gear for T2 registration. On the Hockey pool front I surpassed last year's total of 57 by about 20 entries. Woo Hoo! I'm trying to get a "Cosmic Bowling Night" set for early December, but I'd like to get suggestions for other events. This year's edition of the Bandicoots is undefeated thanks to the play of Trevor and August. In Ball Hockey the Math Juggernaut is 1-1-1.

You can contact me at <aarne@unixg.ubc.ca>.

## Mikey Boetzkes

Social Coordinator

**T**hey're coming to take me away! Ahhhh help. Someone please get those guy in the white suits away from me. Whoever said that promotions was easy sure hasn't tried doing anything at UBC.

For those of you who are unable to see we've got Junkhouse coming playing at Homecoming Oktoberfest. At this point ticket sales should be going pretty good. If you don't have your ticket yet, why not! Get your group discount now. We're selling tickets outside of SUB and we might still have give aways when you buy tickets. Come by say hi and buy tickets.

I'd like to thank the UBC/AMS Event Sponsorship Fund Committee for their grant. Without that we would even deeper in the hole. So thank you every much.

And on that note I will leave with the mission of trying to find more wonderful grants that will give me more free money. Remember free money is nice, free money is good, everyone please come and give me a lot of free money. Thank you for your support.

## Bella Carvalho

President

Last Wednesday, for any of you who were up at the ungodly hour of 7am, you may have noticed some familiar faces on the tube. VTV came out to talk to different campus clubs about UBC...and despite meaning getting up early, Science did manage to get out a few people (and an artsie, too). One thing I do want to mention...while dry ice may seem like the coolest thing in the world at 7 in the morning, it's a pretty bad idea to ingest too much of it. Yes, it makes Kool-aid look pretty nifty, but there is an upper limit to how much acid your stomach can take.

Moving along, in other SUS news: by the time this paper comes out, it will almost be time for Oktoberfest!! I hope you already have your ticket; if not, you can still get them at the Box Office, or go find Mikey in SUS. Junkhouse will be headlining, as you already know, I'm sure, since Mikey and his committee are doing such an excellent job of postering, and opening for them will be copyright.

## Phil Ledwith

External V.P.

Really boring exec report that nobody ever reads and even the dog wouldn't bother to piss on (second try after I erased the first one in a bout of mindless idiocy): Well, it looks as though I won't be writing any more articles for the four-thirty-two, mostly at the request of the office of Awards and financial aid who do not want me involved in "extraneous activities" while I attempt to graduate, which is fair enough I suppose. So I guess I should take this opportunity to say thanks to anyone who actually read any of my inane ramblings, and that working for the paper has been really great, that is to say that it was pretty ok, really, I mean, hey, it wasn't as if I was being held there at gunpoint by the editor or - oh, what's the use? The food was free, and almost palatable when it wasn't cold, and four am didn't seem so late after the first couple of times, and.... I guess what I'm trying to say is that I really have nothing at all going on in my portfolio and I'm desperately trying to fill space. There's only so many times you can write things like SCIENCE WEEK ROCKS! and while it's true that I have loads and loads of FREE STUF to give away to anyone smart enough to join my committee it just cheapens and commercialises the whole event. I would never stoop to that. If you want to be part of the coolest event since Captain Oats "just stepped outside for a few minutes", get involved. Quickly. The first meeting will be announced in council this week.

Also to be announced in the next issue: the Cold Fusion contest. Win some huge hundred dollar value prize and pick this year's SUS extravaganza band. See You then.

**1ST YEAR MOVIE NIGHT**

**F  
Y  
C**

**HEEEERRRRREEEE'S... JOHNNY!**

**HORROR MOVIE NIGHT!**  
**TUES. 21 OKTOBER**  
**4:32PM IN CHEM B160**

PRESENTED BY THE SCIENCE UNDERGRAD  
FIRST YEAR COMMITTEE

**MUCHMUSIC**

Even the Gods here at MuchMusic make a mistake on occasion. On Saturday, October 5th, we aired Oasis: Live in London as part of our Big Ticket Event.

This was a mistake. Apparently, the tapes were inadvertently switched. The Oasis concert was supposed to be run on Sunday, as part of our Big Dickhead Event. Sorry.

**BIG TICKET**  
**BIG DICKHEAD**

## Dead Pool Update

**G**reetings, fans of Death and Decay. It's been a slow week for the Grim Reaper. The only new stiff this week was John Denver. While no one had him on their list, it serves an important lesson; the people on your list don't have to be old, just stupid. John died after piloting his private plane in Monterey Bay. John, I know that they're both blue, but even most birds can figure out the difference between sky and ocean.

Anyway, here's Who's Weak This Week: #1) Frank Sinatra. Still holding on, but not for long. #2) Bob Dylan. Newest member of the exclusive Knock, Knock, Knocking, on Death's Door Club. #3) Boris Yeltsin. Apparently, wacky Boris still hasn't figured out the difference between vodka and water. That's it to next week. Good luck, and don't fear the Reaper.

# Things that go boom.



John Hallett

NASA has decided to make the move from conventional to nuclear-powered spacecraft. The reasoning behind this move is rather obvious: nuclear power plants offer greater power, maneuverability, acceleration, and can go four hundred million miles between tune-ups.

Granted, there is a slight risk of an itsy-bitsy nuclear detonation, but few people aside from the scientists directly involved would be bothered much by a mushroom cloud over Neptune. I personally wouldn't mind these explosions unless the space probes started to routinely blow up in low-earth orbit, knocking out HBO for a few days as a consequence.

The only foreseeable drawback of this power source (aside from the afore mentioned spontaneously melting spacecraft) is the possibility of the rocket blowing up on launch. This accident could spread deadly uranium throughout the stratosphere, poisoning millions of people from The Florida Keys to Washington.

This possibility has generated protests from environmentalists who believe that the minute one of these things is launched, most of the south-eastern US will start to glow.

There are two problems with this theory. First off, the odds of a NASA space shuttle disintegrating on lift off is minute. I mean, hey, when was the last time it happened? '84? '85? And NASA has been doing pretty good since then.

NASA administration assures us that the odds of a space launch exploding shortly after take-off are about one in one million. The odds of a launch not making escape velocity and burning up somewhere over Australia, however, are slightly greater. That said, it's still pretty small.

Secondly, the people who would be affected are Americans, anyway. With the amount of radiation that the CIA has purposely exposed the general populace to since 1963, most people probably wouldn't notice.

Although it might be in our best interest to avoid any more mutating genes south of the 49th parallel. But, this being in the era of low-cost space flight, the kinds of safety precautions required for safe nuclear powered interplanetary travel are prohibitively expensive. So we're going to have to live with the 1 in 1,000,000 odds of the thing not making it out of the atmosphere. (Aside: I feel that I should point out here that the odds of winning Lotto 6/49 are about 1 in 14,000,000. I personally know people who have gotten all six numbers. Doesn't that make you feel better?) We are going to have to concentrate on the spaceship making it intact to its destination.

What sort of perils can befall a vehicle in the vast, empty blackness of space, you might ask? Just take a look at the many Mars missions of recent years. It's as if the whole show is being run by Larry, Curly, and Moe.

A brief review for the uninformed:

- NASA lost contact with one of their probes shortly after it entered Mars orbit in the mid-80s. The most NASA would say about it was that they were tracking

*something* moving towards their probe for a few minutes before it disappeared. Of course, all the UFO buffs immediately came to the conclusion that Marvin had atomized the probe. Pictures of the mysterious object, released recently, have confirmed that it was nothing other than a small asteroid, which could be seen getting closer and closer to the probe until it filled the frame of the last shot transmitted. This is the kind of thing that two years of flight planning is supposed to prevent.

- SSA (Soviet Space Agency) lost contact with a Mars probe after one of their senior technicians directed the receiving antenna away from Earth. This doesn't seem like a major problem until you realize that without this antenna pointing at Earth, the probe cannot communicate with Earth at all. Nothing. It should be noted that this was the first space vehicle to ever be equipped with an Ion Propulsion system, capable of speeds approaching 0.9c (the speed of light, for all you Artsies). In a few years, this sucker's probably going to slam into the side of a Vorgon battle cruiser and make them really, *really* mad.

- SSA lost a subsequent probe after it failed to achieve escape velocity on liftoff. This wouldn't have been a problem had the engineers in question remembered to hook up the secondary rocket stage. So an unplugged wire (no, really) caused a 500 billion ruble (~\$100 million) piece of machinery to burn up over Australia. At least the folks in Melbourne got a nice light show.

Doesn't it strike you as odd that people who read calculus textbooks for fun when they were five would manage to screw up three multi-million dollar space missions?

Now let's look at landing options. I'm sure that everyone is familiar with the Mars Pathfinder approach to landing on Mars. The idea was to parachute to within 100 feet of the surface, then inflate giant airbags and drop the remaining distance. The vehicle would roll for about 200 feet over various terrain and come to a rest in a vertical position.

They selected this method over the traditional slow-descent-and-gentle-touch-down approach in-order to save on gas. Nuclear reactors don't take well to 100 foot drops followed by 200 feet of tumbling 4x4ing over big rocks. We would actually have to attempt to slow down the rocket.

Then there's the Russian approach: aim a rocket at Mars, hit the "Fire" button, and hope the thing survives impact. It's not as stupid as it sounds, the Russians built these things tough enough to survive a 500 kph collision with a red planet. But of the two probes using this method, both failed. And here's why: the first one missed. Can't go much more wrong than that. The second one hit and survived impact. Sounds like it worked, doesn't it? Well, the Russians had failed to take into account the fact that once the dust had settled, the probe would be about twenty feet below the surface.

So when you hear about the potential environmental disaster of a nuclear spacecraft blowing up over Florida, comfort yourself with the thought of the engineering professionals who will be in charge of the mission. That mission and Mir...

- John is in the process of building his very own space probe, which will be showing up at Uranus sometime soon. Er... that didn't sound too good. -ed

**Jerkhouse**

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 tix at sub box office  
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