VOLUME TEN ISSUE TWELVE
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"Mmm... fresh 'apple' juice." ~ Sir Francis Drake, after 2 months at sea

Another Health Crisis Hits Campus!

Ministry of Health to begin 'Vaccination' Clinics immediately!

Earle Warren
Dietary Correspondant

Residents of Totem Park were shocked last week to learn that the six-building residence complex has become the center of what may be the University's most serious epidemic in years. Seventeen students were hospitalized, after showing symptoms of a disease which has not appeared in British Columbia since 1897: scurvy.

Scurvy is a nutritional disorder, resulting from a lack of vitamin C in the diet. Symptoms include anemia, weakness, swollen gums, tooth loss, and most importantly, apathy.

The disease is not common in modern society, and usually only appears found in third-world countries, and aboard Russian freighters. In this case, the disease seems to have stemmed from the Totem Park Cafeteria.

Health Inspector Ralph VanReinhold explained the situation to reporters:

"It would seem that these four students had not consumed any food containing Vitamin C in the last 6 months. Apparently, they had never read *Treasure Island.*"

VanReinhold added that an investigation of the Totem Cafeteria was underway, and that results of the investigation will be announced shortly.

Totem Residence Life Manager, Jane Phalles, was "shocked" at the events which have take n place, and assured *The 432* reporters that actions would be taken.

"We have already taken a number of steps to correct this unfortunate problem. Real fruit will be available to students as early as next week, and we've decided to replace the Tang with real orange juice."

Phalles added that she has been in contact with the Ministry of Health, and that they are considering a number of 'emergency plans,' should the situation get out of control.

"Basically," said Phalles, "We will hold a giant beer garden. All of the beer will be absolutely free, and each bottle will contain several hundred milligrams of Vitamin C."

> "Whaddaya mean, there's no Vitamin C in beer?
>
> —*Scurvy Victim*"

Ministry of Health representatives have said that similar plans have been effective, siting the cheap-wine Vitamin E program initiated on Skid Row this summer.

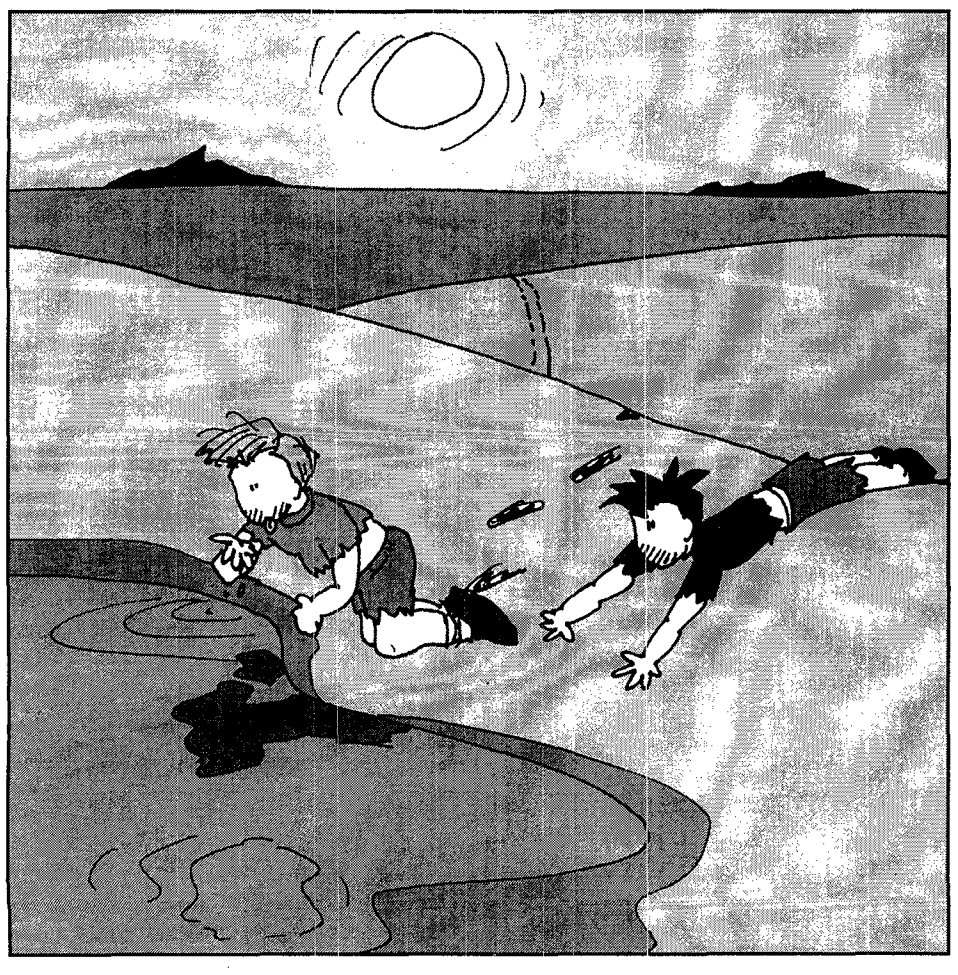
University Student Health announced this morning that a campus-wide emergency treatment plan will be initiated as soon as Thursday. Head Nurse Wilma Gregson outlined the plan:

"Several 'vaccination' centers will be set up around the campus. Each student will be required to eat one whole lemon, and drink one ten ounce glass of freshly-squeezed orange juice," explained Gregson. "This will serve to prevent any further outbreaks of scurvy, for the time being."

In the meantime, emotions in Totem Park are tense, as residents wonder whether they may be the next victims of this unforgiving dietary ailment. Many students have secluded themselves in their rooms, with the sounds of orange peels hitting the carpets reverberating through the gloomy halls.

Surprisingly, no cases of scurvy arose from either Haida or Kwak Houses. Doctors are currently searching for a reason for this inconsistency, believing that it may provide some insight into the epidemic itself. Early investigation has led doctors to believe that the students in these houses may have been supplementing their diets with Lemon Pledge, and other household cleaners.

In related news, several students form Haida house were hospitalized yesterday, as a result of severe pine-oil poisoning. Doctors are also on the lookout for symptoms of Beri-Beri, Rickets, and Pelagra.



"Yuck! This stuff isn't even filtered!"

ACF Sold Out!

William Robert Braxton
Shit-disturbing Correspondant

On Friday, March 28th, at approximately 1:30 pm, the SUB Box Office officially announced that all twelve thousand tickets for this year's Arts County Fair have been sold. This is the first time in the six year history of the Fair that the event has sold out.

"I just don't understand it," said Arts President Jason Murray, "We haven't done anything different from last year. I suppose we should copy Science more often."

The value of Arts County tickets is expected to double in the next four days and to be worth roughly 85 dollars per ticket by the time of the fair. Indeed, it has been reported by several sources that great numbers of tickets have been purchased by scalpers—people who buy and sell large numbers of tickets for profit. SUB Box Office manager Ted Reynolds was quick to deny this allegation.

"Sure," he said, "Some people did buy one or two hundred tickets, but they assured us that they were all for their friends.".

Arts officials told reporters that there will be no more tickets released, as Arts has already sold two thousand more tickets than the capacity of Thunderbird Stadium allows. Arts has put in an order for an additional fifteen kegs of beer to ensure that the tradition of blind drunkenness will be maintained. When asked if the massive numbers of this year's sales would bring more portapotties, Jack LaKreuchef, president of Port-a-Potty International, Inc. said "Why bother bringing in more toilets, when everyone just pees on the fence, anyways?"

The news has brought reaction from local merchants. Local pubs are preparing to open at 8.30 am on the day of the fair. While some nearby corner stores and electronics retailers will be boarding up their stores expecting a post-Fair riot, others will be stocking their shelves, expecting extra business.

"Doritos," says 7-11 manager Burdeep Singh. "Doritos are the key."

The local RCMP detachment will be bringing in the Musical Ride Division to not only perform, but trample in the case that the crowd gets out of control.

The 432.

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No baby seals were clubbed during production of *The 432*, Volume 10. Countless numbers of mink, however, were imprisoned against their wills inside dirty little Scooby Doo lunchboxes. Although we think that they enjoyed looking at Shaggy from the *other* side.

The 432 is the official newspaper of the Science Undergraduate Society, published twice monthly from our offices in the basement of the Chemistry B-Block.

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Editorial.

Jeremy **Thorp**

It's appropriate, I think, that my first issue as editor should be a complete and utter farce. After years of admiring the work of Ryan McCuaig, Blair McDonald, and yes, even John Hallett, I finally get the chance to take the helm. Not that it's much of a helm, truth be told. As far as I can tell, most of the so called glory involves working long hours of the night in a dimly lit office, correcting the typing mistakes of a troupe of poorly-trained monkeys. The only advantage I can see so far is that I get to sit in a dusty old blue chair with 'Editor' scrawled in jiffy marker across the back.

Now we get down to the part of the editorial where I promise a whole lot of things which probably will never happen. I've already promised John that I will attempt to be the first Editor in *432* history to publish a completely error-free issue. He, of course, laughed in my face. Nevertheless, I was able to make a wager. For every error-free issue I print, I get one (1) pitcher of Shaftebury.

If I complete three (3) consecutive error-free issues, I get a free keg of Russell Cream Ale. On the other hand, for every issue I publish which contains an error, I have to purchase John one (1) pitcher of Shaftebury. John and I have argued long and hard about what qualifies as an error, but I think we have finally reached a consensus. An error, then, will be defined as any mistake, or inaccuracy, which is under control of the editor-in-chief.

Now, this makes life interesting. I hereby offer, to anyone who is willing to come in next year, and help me proofread, edit, and generally scrutinize the paper, a share of the booty. Depending on how many people agree to help, this could result in one heck of a party right around the beginning of October.

That's enough about beer. To give you an idea of the direction in which *The 432* will be going next year, I'll give you one word: satire. I'd like to concentrate some of our inane ramblings and navel-gazing towards a more pointed commentary of federal, provincial, and university politics. I know this seems like a crock of crap, but when you get right down to it, politicians are some of the funniest people around.

Don't get me wrong; we'll still run all of the regular features - Rex Morgan will be back for his sophomore year, and you'll still be able to keep up with the comings and goings of the Science Undergraduate Society.

Who knows. Maybe someone will actually read the President's Report. Stranger things have happened.

Old Guy Editorial.

John **Hallett**

At long last, my term as editor is coming to a close. It's been a long and hard year filled with controversy, satire and even the occasional word left out of a cover story (eh, Jer?).

Overall, I'd have to say that it was a good year, better now that it's over.

Apparently, the last issue offended a few of our friends over at the Arts Undergrad Society. Namely a certain President-elect, who decided at the last minute to pull advertising for this year's Arts County Fair from this issue.

I find a few things about this entire concept rather funny. First off, this would have a dramatic impact on *The 432* if we were depending on that money, which we weren't. Second, this president seemed to be under the impression that they were doing **us** a favour by advertising in our paper.

In reality, we were offering ad space at a price well below cost in the interest of promoting our fellow undergrad society's fair. Translated, we were doing **them** the favour.

Oh well, if the AUS isn't interested in dirt cheap advertising, then that's up to them.

On another topic, I'd like to rant against the Liquor Control Board and their recent shutting down of *The Campus Times'* Belch Bowl '97.

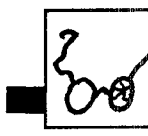
I had been selected as a beer connaisseure. One of the few fermentation experts who had been called up from the ranks to come forth and dip my whiskers in some frothy malt.

The whole concept, as explained to me by Colin, *The Campus Times'* Chief Editor and Acting Deity, was that a keg from each of the local microbrewers had been purchased. Each judge would receive an ounce or two from each of said kegs, and then proclaim their favorite.

Once all this ranking was completed, the remaining beer (some 49.5 litres out of 50 litres per keg) would be consumed in a rapid and probably illegal fashion.

At least, that was the plan. Until the Christian-backed BC Liquor Control Board stepped in and shut the whole event down (see the last *Campus Times* for details). Curses to the lot of them.

Oh well, that's my last scathing editorial. I'll see you all next year when I'm once again just a lowly columnist.



Blair **McDonald**

I'm going to jump into John's editorial as well. I've don't really have anything funny enough to write my very own article this year, but I'd still like to offer a few comments with regards to John, Jeremy and *The 432*.

First of all, I figured John was an utter moron when he first took over this paper. I hated him with a white-hot passion, but over the last year, that fiery anger faded to reluctant tolerance, and now, three years after I met him, I've come to realize that John's a really nice guy, who, amazingly enough, proved to be entirely capable of putting together a kick-ass paper every two weeks. Despite the occasional misspelling of titles, and a paragraph or two dropped off the end of a story. Damn fine work, John.

As for Jeremy, I hope everyone will take the time next year to chip in comics and articles. Jeremy's one of those rare breeds—an amazing guy who showed up one day in SUS, but it immediately felt like he'd been there all along. Jer's presence made *The 432* seem like the halcyon days of Ryan McCuaig, Rog Watts and Graeme Kennedy, and for that, I'm grateful.

Right now, Jeremy's clinging to unrealistic hope that he'll be able to have a life and still get *The 432* out on time. Get real, Jer. But I know John's still going to pitch in from time to time, and save your bacon as many times as I've saved his.

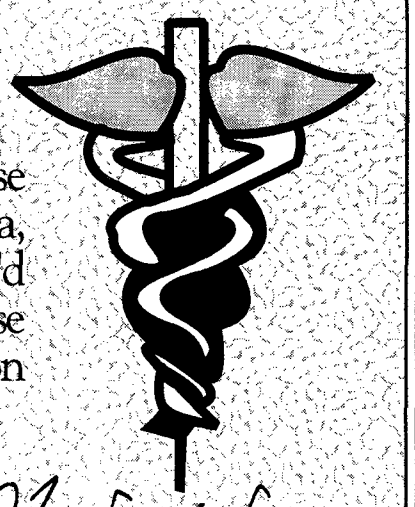
To the rest of SUS (and there's been far too many people over the years to list), my sincere gratitude. Even though the faces have changed, the spirit has remained. For me—God help my soul—SUS has always been a safe place to go, a chance to escape all that school-related crap, and a place that's made five years at UBC a treat instead of a trial.

I guess that's everything,

Blair

Dear Students,

Steven Hayward is a UBC grad student of Japanese and Caucasian ancestry. He suffers from Leukemia, and needs a bone-marrow transport to survive. We'd like to encourage all interested people - especially those of Asian ancestry, to attend an information clinic on the Unrelated Bone Marrow Registry.



Information Clinic: call 879-6001 for info...

Procrastination.

Matt
Wiggin

As I sit at the computer terminal in SUS, typing my article, the editor paces behind me, making comments about my ancestry, referring to a deadline which expired days ago, and telling me which of my organs he'll remove first if my story isn't done within the next half hour. I, on the other hand, have wasted the past hour trying to explain to him that until now, the time hasn't been right for my article. I need stress. I need pressure. Besides, I may have spent the last two weeks avoiding writing my article, but I certainly haven't been procrastinating.

The dictionary defines procrastination as "the act of delaying a task (repeatedly)." I feel this definition needs revision. Just putting the job off isn't enough. According to Matt's Dictionary, procrastination is defined as "avoiding one task by performing another, which is equally distasteful, yet utterly unproductive." Procrastination is avoidance in its purest form. It isn't about what you're doing; it's about what you're not doing. For example if you have a cover letter to finish, and you aren't working on it because you're off in India taking tea with the Dalai Lama, you're having an adventure. If, on the other hand, you can't finish the letter because you're rearranging your spice rack, you're procrastinating. Other activities that qualify as procrastinating include: cleaning your room, desk, fridge, closet, or anything else (except your liquor cabinet,) computer solitaire, solving physical chemistry problems and not getting paid for them, inhaling solvents of any sort, building religious monuments out of toothpicks, reading up on earthquake safety (as if you'll remember it when the big one hits,) digging holes in your front yard, and assigning possible neuroses to your instructors. Testing whether anyone would notice if you did your grocery shopping in the nude is not procrastination. That's exhibitionism.

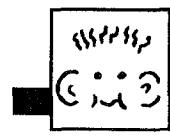
But if procrastinating is no more interesting than what we should be doing, then why do it? There are a number of theories on this one, two of which I find compelling. The first is the theory that procrastinating came about as a result of natural selection. Consider Thag and Selma, a couple of average primates, just trying to make it in the Neolithic period. Thag and Selma bagged a mammoth a couple weeks back, and they're still dining on leftover mammoth steaks. Now, this fine afternoon, Thag and Selma have a choice: they can either be keeners, and hunt for more food before they need it, or they can laze around the cave. By staying around the cave, they reduce their chances of being eaten by saber-toothed tigers. Granted, they'll have to go out hunting next week, but taken over a thirty year life span, this adds up to 62.3 trips that could be avoided (on average.) Procrastination was selected for, since the lazy are less likely to get eaten. An even better theory is that procrastinators are thrill seekers. They intentionally leave themselves fifteen hours to do a job requiring 48, just to see if they can pull it.

Regardless of which is the true cause, I think it's time the world cured itself of procrastination. No, I'm not talking about a peaceful, happy world where everyone is assigned a job to suit their aptitudes and pleasures. Somebody will always have to work at Starbucks. I'm talking about a world where, rather than making up some lame excuse about how long it's been since they wrote their MP's, people will tell you straight up that they didn't feel like cutting the grass this afternoon, so they went for beers instead. If I'm going to waste an afternoon, I at least want to offset the guilt by enjoying the present a little. I therefore present you the alternative to procrastinating: the official Matt's List of Fun Things to Do Instead of Getting Work Done. Some items on this list include: cleaning out your liquor cabinet, writing insulting letters to your favorite dictator, having sex, sending Internet porn to Queen Elizabeth II's email account, any activity involving power tools and/or heavy machinery (unless that's what your job entails,) eating junk food until you feel nauseated, doing Elvis impersonations on the bus until you get kicked off, faking your own death (fun only if it involves Jell-O), and becoming the next emperor of Rome. This is only an excerpt. The rest of the list is available for only $19.95 through your SUS sales rep.

I know we'll never be perfect. I'll never sit down to write up a Chem lab unless it's due tomorrow. Having accepted that, I'm off to drink some bzzr. Exams don't start for another two weeks.

If there's anyone that knows about putting things off as long as possible, it would be Matt Wiggin. Matt came in the night that this paper was due at the printers, waving a disk and saying: "Hi, guys. Can you use this?" Bastard.
-ed.

Keener.



Jay
Garcia

Being a post-secondary student can, at times, be one of the most uplifting experiences in the world. For a brief moment, you exist free from the strangling juvenile behavior of high school, and are not yet burdened by the mind-numbing responsibility of making a living in a society which would as soon be as happy to cheer you on as you claw your way up the economic ladder as it would to give you a helpful and no doubt swift kick in the rear as soon as you reach the top.

This statement was uttered by one of my closer acquaintances whom I had gone out and met for lunch one fine spring day. These words were soon followed by the inevitable phrase "Man, I wish I was back in school." Incredulous, I searched her face for any sign of insincerity, for any indication that what she had just said was done in order to take advantage of my naïveté and enormous gullibility. It was with some degree of horror that I realized that she wasn't kidding.

Don't get me wrong. I enjoy school a lot; I happen to *like* spending umpteen hours a day in a cramped lab room, happily inoculating dish after Petri dish with various strains of bacteria. It's just that I happen to believe that anyone spending more than a year away from school to work inevitably suffers some extreme and selective form of mental degradation which causes them to believe that their school years were the most fun of their lives.

Hello? Excuse me? Oh, *yeah*, school can be fun. From long experience as I student I can say, with some degree of confidence (what little remains, the rest having been viciously beaten out of me) that I particularly enjoy having to write three finals in one day, followed by an eight-thirty and a ten-thirty exam the following day. I find that I delight in spending all of my evenings hunched in front of my textbooks, trying to decipher the notes my prof had deigned to hand out. It's just a blast, discovering that you have a lab exam in vertebrate anatomy, and that the cat you've been carefully dissecting for the past few weeks is quietly decomposing into an inchoate yellow muck in the storage fridge. I guess that, on the whole, a day at school can is spent in a tired, bleary haze, wandering from class to class and wondering "What the hell am I doing here?" Where's the fun in that?

However, my friend's words got me thinking (a rare and somewhat startling condition, which I fervently hope doesn't happen again anytime soon). I suppose she wasn't talking about missing the late-night, day-before-the-exam cram sessions, where you suffer hours of intense and head-pounding pain stuffing facts into your overheated cranium, fueled only by caffeine and the intense, powerful fear of failure. Nor was she talking about the stomach-churning, weeks-long vigil as you wait for the results from that exam to be posted, just to see how well you didn't do. I think that she was talking about missing the activities, the camaraderie, the excitement that arises from cramming together some thirty-thousand odd late-teens and twenty-somethings into somewhat close proximity.

So on second thought, I'd have to agree that being a student can be fun. I mean, stuff like student politics is fun, if you can dodge all the unpleasant stuff being thrown at you. Storm the Wall is fun, if you don't mind the Wall-scars and the hideous blow to the spirit that results when you find out that, not only have you come in dead last, you've come in dead last of all time. Bzzr Gardens are fun, provided you can find your way out of the basement of the locked Biology building that you've managed to wake up in. Being chased around campus by the engineers is fun, that goes without saying.

Comparatively, what've you got to look forward to at work? A bunch of washed-out, dried-up, bitter, middle-management types micromanaging the hell out of you, riding your ass all day and taking credit for your work so that they can look good on the next company evaluation. Sure, work, unlike school, usually has a nice, clean delineation — you don't get much homework, unless you make it a habit of going home to spend hours on end working on the Johnson report; and if you do, you're a bootlicker who deserves what you're getting. After work, most people would rather collapse on the couch and enjoy the sensation of having their brains devolve into protoplasmic sludge while watching Home Improvement. Most students, with a bravado borne of years of habit and experience, would probably chuck what work they do have due on the mess on their desks and go out and have a beer, (or two, or three) leaving the mess behind to be finished within hours of deadline in the true University tradition.

Heck, put that way, forget about ever getting a real job. I'm staying in school forever.

SPORT REBATE DEADLINE

Applications for SUS Sport Rebates are due

FRIDAY APRIL 11 • 4:32PM

John's Guide to Cleaning.

John **Hallett**

There are only a few things in life that you can avoid: The Clap if you're careful, taxes if you're clever, death if you're supernatural and poverty if you're rich; to name a few. The remaining bulk of life, however, can't be avoided. It can only be procrastinated, which is still pretty good.

One of these things is cleaning. You can only put if off for so long. You know what I mean, if you leave it long enough not only does the mold in the fridge become sentient, it also wants the right to vote. The grime in the bathtub becomes so slippery that you have to wear shoes for showers, and the silverfish set up barbed wire borders to protect their new sovereign state from invasion.

The best and easiest way to fix these problems is to simply move to a new apartment. However, moving every three months just isn't feasible, not for economic reasons, but because your friends only fall for "let's go watch the game at my place" so many times.

The next option is to hire professional cleaners. The main problem here is cash. Thirty dollars a week spent on a professional cleaner is thirty dollars a week *not* spent on food, and while having a nice, clean apartment is a good thing, dying of starvation on the floor of said apartment isn't particularly desirable, except for tax reasons (see first paragraph).

Okay, so let's say that you space out the cleanings a bit. A new problem arises when you realize that you only have enough cash flow to afford a professional cleaning job once every four months By then, the best people for the job are the HazMat Clean-Up Crew, and they don't make frequent house calls.

Nope, none of this works. Let's face it gang, we're going to have to do this ourselves.

The first thing that we're going to need is some sort of liquid solvent, like that bleach stuff I keep hearing so much about, only stronger. The stains that we're going to fight are industrial strength, and we're cleaning on a budget. The best (and cheapest!) solvent available is good old 92 octane unleaded.

A few litres of this stuff'll remove even the toughest stains. Let's see Javex claim that! And if it doesn't scrub right out in a few strokes, it'll burn off eventually.

Now we need something to scrub with, most cleaning professionals use a soft sponge. I have a few problems with that. First, sponges easily tear into two smaller sponges and, while it's nice to have a spare, we sure aren't going to use two at once. Second, sponges cost money, something most of us college types don't have much of. Third, most sponges melt like butter in a frying pan when you dip them in gasoline.

My solution? Get an old T-shirt, rip it into two halves and use one for 'wax on,' and the other for 'wax off.' There, see how much money we've saved so far?

Now we're ready for some actual cleaning. Go to your bathtub and pour about two 'glops' of gas in there, no, better make it two 'glops' and a 'glug' to be sure. Now scrub! Don't worry, the coloured water running down the drain is from the porcelain, the tub'll bleed back to its original shade in a few days.

Feel that burning in your hands and eyes? That's cleaning power in action! Your hands will be the cleanest they've ever been! Just make sure to cover any tattoos with duct tape before starting the cleaning process, as they'll blur something awful.

An important safety note when doing this is **make sure that you have good ventilation at all times.** I can't stress this enough. I found out exactly how important good ventilation is last year in my quad in Gage. I had the sliding door on the tub closed when I started cleaning... the hallucinations weren't so bad until the little dwarves went for my throat. Apparently my quadmates found me naked on the balcony righteously professing the evil ways of our vacuum cleaner to the world. (At least that's what the police report said.)

That takes care of all porcelain or metal surfaces. Now what about rugs? You simply can't throw some gas on the rug and push it around with a mop for a while (believe me, I know). Rugs require a more thought out approach.

While the conventional vacuum works in most situations, it will probably *worsen* the problem here. At least a steam cleaner will be required to remove those two month old beer stains, but that costs money! How can we do this? Simple: enter the lowly ant.

Ants, as it turns out, are relatively stupid animals. With an intelligence just below that of a spider and above that of a varsity rugby player, you should be able to effectively command a small cleaning army to do your bidding.

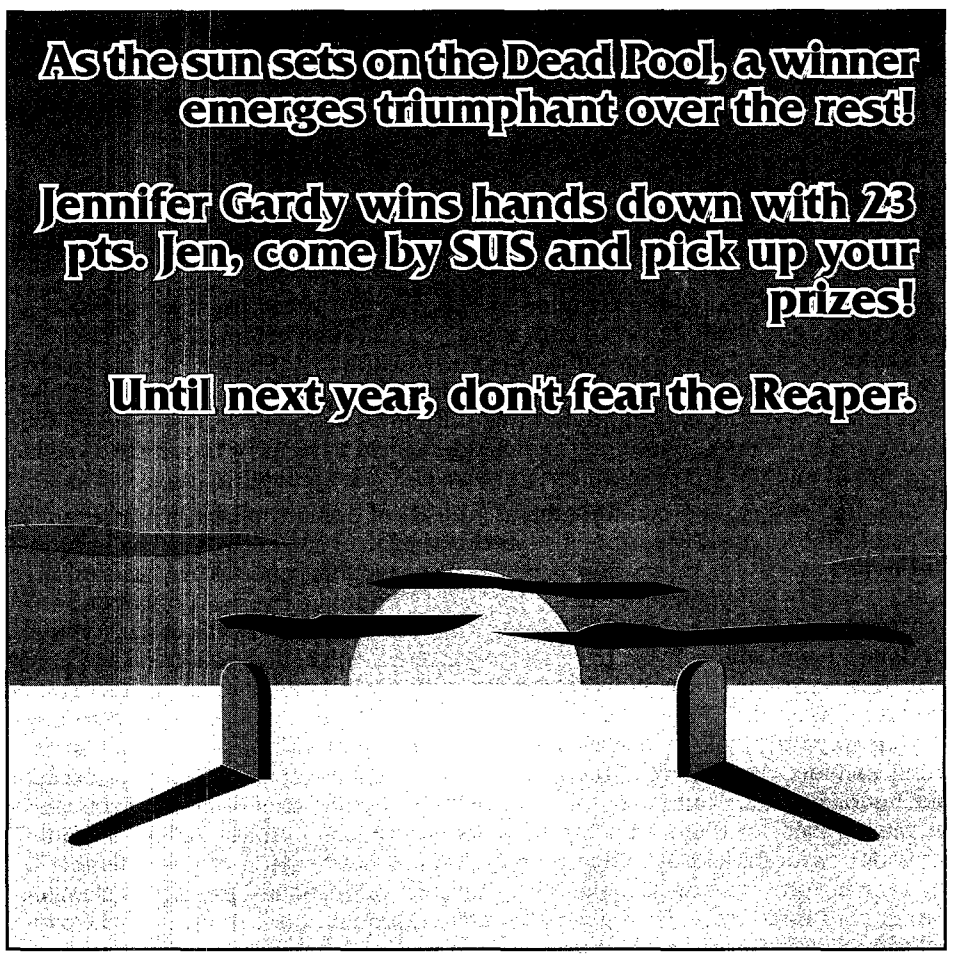
The idea here is to let a few hundred ants enter your apartment and discover the vast resources of old food that lies hidden in the sublayers of your carpet. They will pick clean even the smallest speck of grime and carry it back to their nest. Not too shabby, eh?

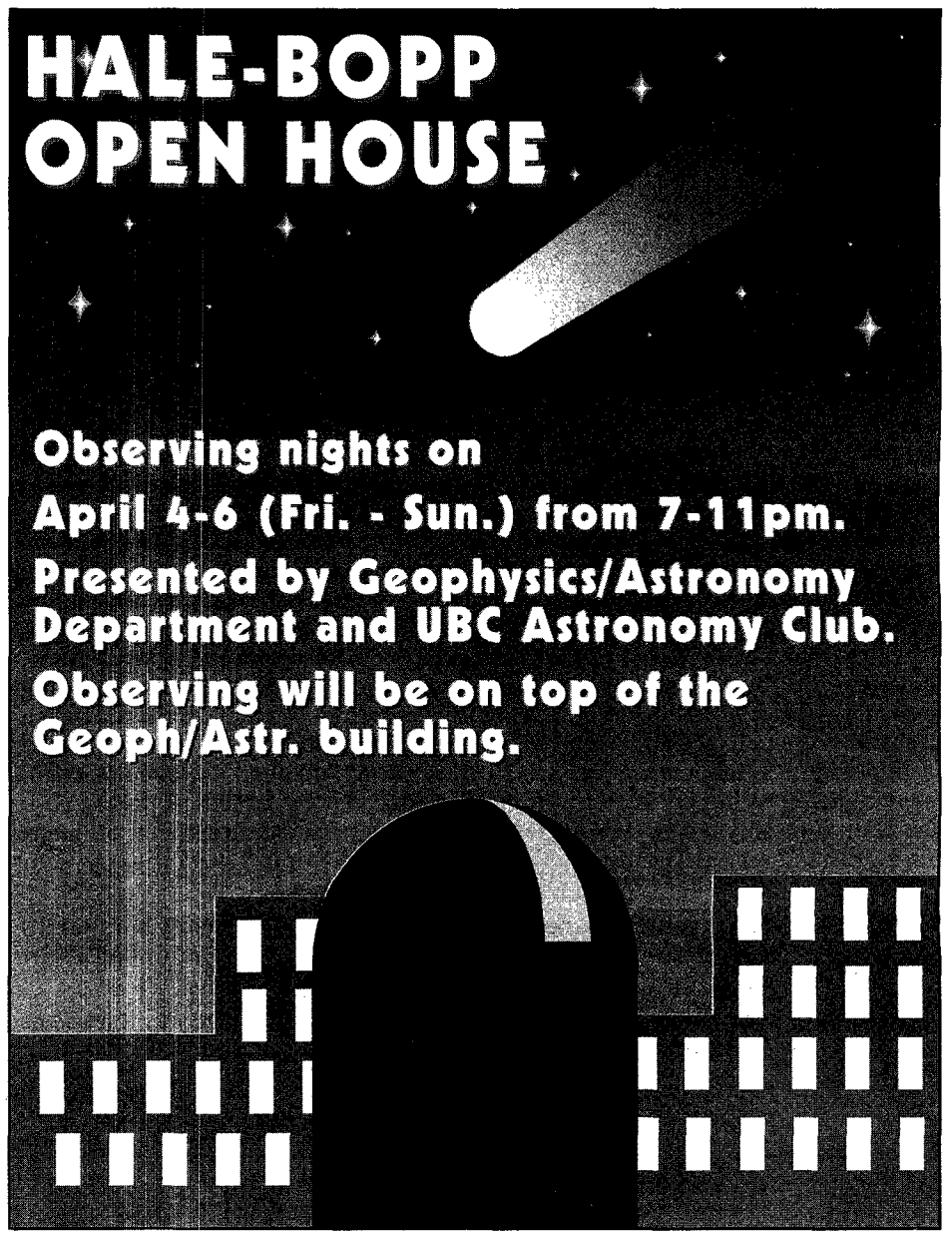
Just don't let the ants stick around too long. You'll know that there's no food left when they start lounging around in their tiny ant boxers and watching *Melrose Place*.

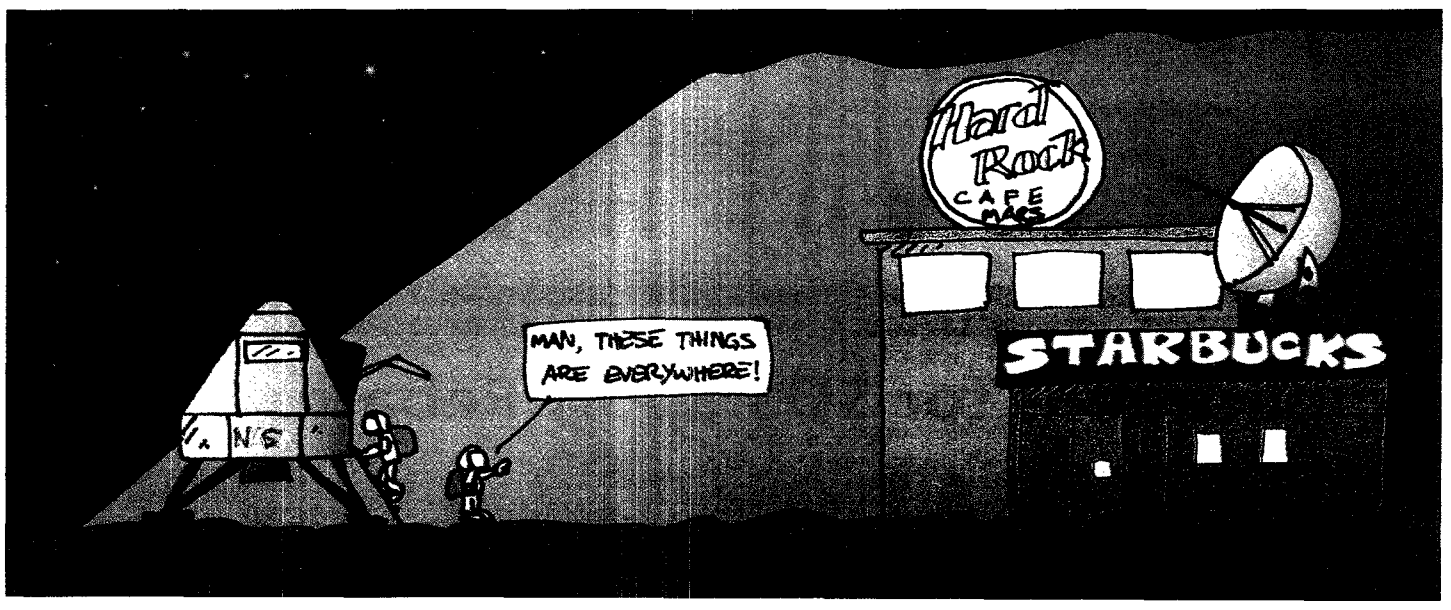
You can get rid of the ants simply by starting to step on them. They get the hint surprisingly quick.

Alright, there you have it! Your apartment should now be either relatively clean or completely engulfed in flames, and all for mere pennies! What a deal!

Well, that wraps up yet another year in the life of John. Until the season turns ugly yet again, keep those bathrooms shining!







Further evidence that Mars once harboured life.

The Unofficial ACF Theme Page.

Ah, spring. Birds are singing, flowers are blooming, the sky is blue, and the songs of drunken university students can be heard in the distance.

What was that last one? Drunken university students? Yes, it was. You see, the sixth annual Arts County Fair is almost upon us. On 11 April 1997, UBC students from around the lower mainland will converge on Thunderbird Stadium to listen to great bands, dance and, most of all, drink themselves silly.

We at *The 432* know how the entirety of campus looks forward to this annual event, and have undertaken a major research project to help make it more enjoyable and affordable for UBC students.

You see, while most people happily look forward to the event itself, not many look forward to the high cost of tickets and beer.

To circumvent the ticket price, you could try to sneak in. There are many weak spots outlined on our "clip and save" T-Bird Stadium map below, but these points must be used wisely. A two man team from Intrepid Security patrols the parameter in the botanical gardens, making sure that no one scales the fence when they aren't looking.

Here's your advantage: there are only two of them, and there are 15,000 of you. They can only be at one place at one time, so each point on the fence is visited once every ten minutes or so.

So now you've managed to rush the fence when the outside guards aren't looking. Think you're safe? Not yet. The observation post on the top of the stadium has binoculars ready to dispatch troops to pick you up once you're in.

But they only have a small number of guards on the inside, so if you co-ordinate yourself with your friends and climb the fence simultaneously and in several different spots, at least a few of you will get through. Guaranteed.

Those of you who do get caught, just peacefully go along with the guards as they escort you out, then regroup and try again! It's that easy.

So now you're inside the fair and you'd like a drink, but wait, the beer is at least two bucks each! Absurd! Don't you wish that you had hidden a stash somewhere inside beforehand?

The most popular method of booze and drug caching is burying it somewhere inside the stadium grounds a few days before the fair. Remember to do this at least four days before, as security arrives to guard the site at night after that.

Good places to bury stuff are on the hills or by posts, as the odds of having a beer tent set up over your cache is very minimal (hey, it happens, last year there was a large group of frat guys sobbing at the side of the cider tent!). Now keep in mind that the observation post will be able to see you digging up your goods, so try and bury it out of their line of sight, behind a post or tent.

Don't feel like scaling the barbed wire fence at two o'clock in the morning? Well, you could always just hand your booze to a girl when she goes through. The guards are notorious for frisking guys until it hurts and not really touching the girls.

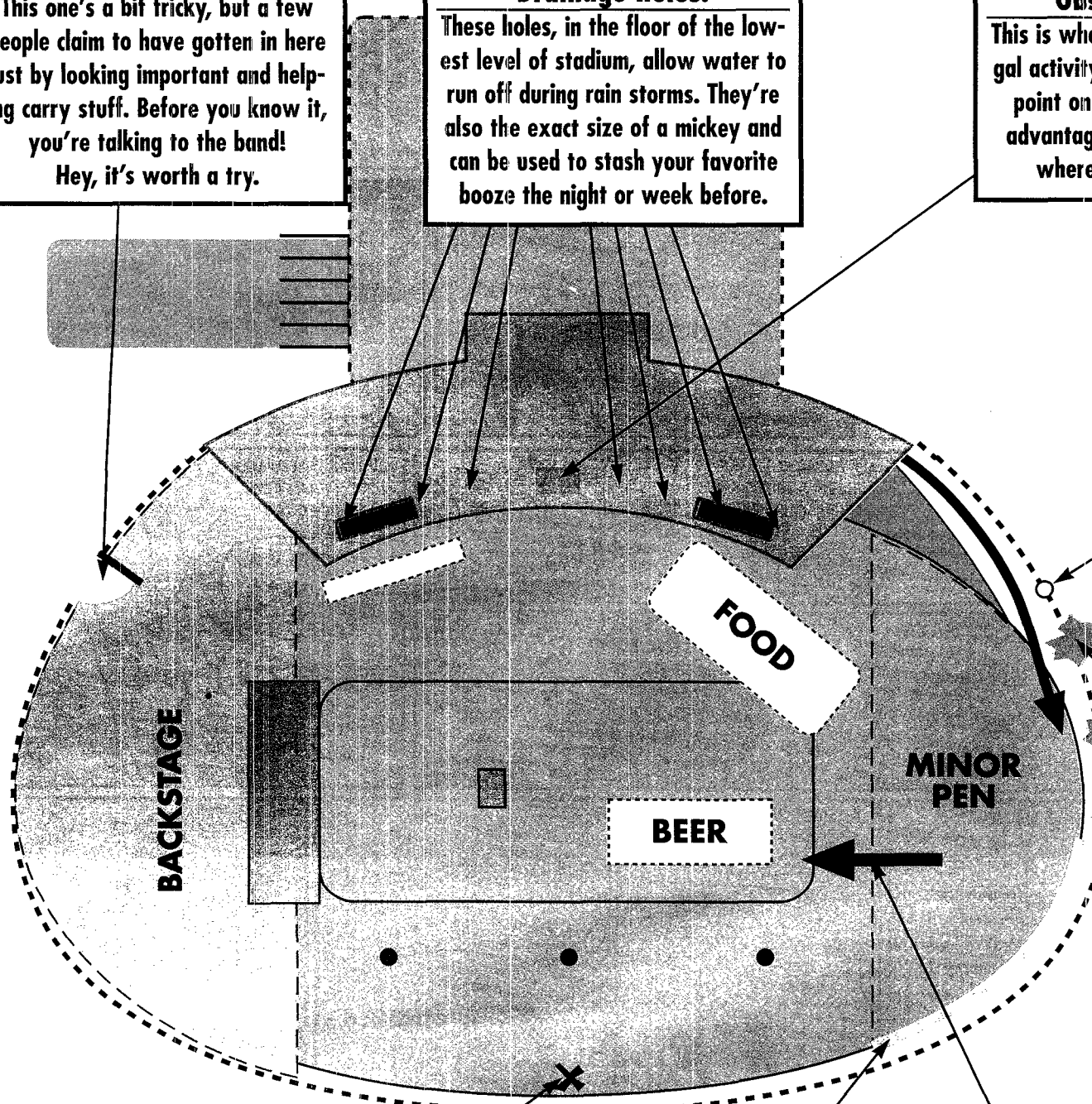
It should also be noted that when the guards do frisk you, they're looking for hard glass bottles and definitely not, say, soft zip lock bags filled with vodka.

There you have it, a guide to making the most of this year's fair for the least. There are a lot more tricks that we could show you, but some things have to be learned through experience (like how rolling down the hill is only fun at the *start* of the fair).

As a final reminder, *The 432* would like to stress safety. Put your coat over the barbed wire before climbing and wear boots near the urine fence.

Note: *The Arts Undergraduate Society does not condone excessive drinking. It is often helpful to intersperse drinking with heavy drug use.*

Thunderbird Stadium.



Backstage Door.
This one's a bit tricky, but a few people claim to have gotten in here just by looking important and helping carry stuff. Before you know it, you're talking to the band! Hey, it's worth a try.

Drainage Holes.
These holes, in the floor of the lowest level of stadium, allow water to run off during rain storms. They're also the exact size of a mickey and can be used to stash your favorite booze the night or week before.

Observation Post.
This is where the AUS monitors illegal activity at the fair. The vantage point on top of the roof is very advantageous, so look for places where you can't see them.

Hole in the fence.
Look carefully, it's down low. A little work and you could fit a person (or a keg) through it.

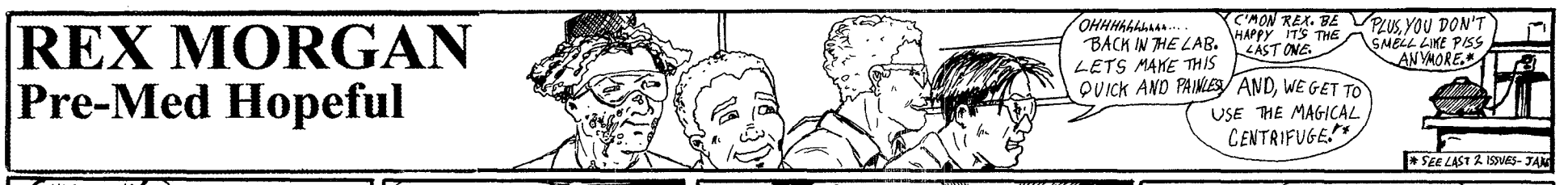
Trees.
These trees are relatively stable and can easily be climbed. It should be noted that the barbed wire at the top of the fence is noticeably absent at this point.

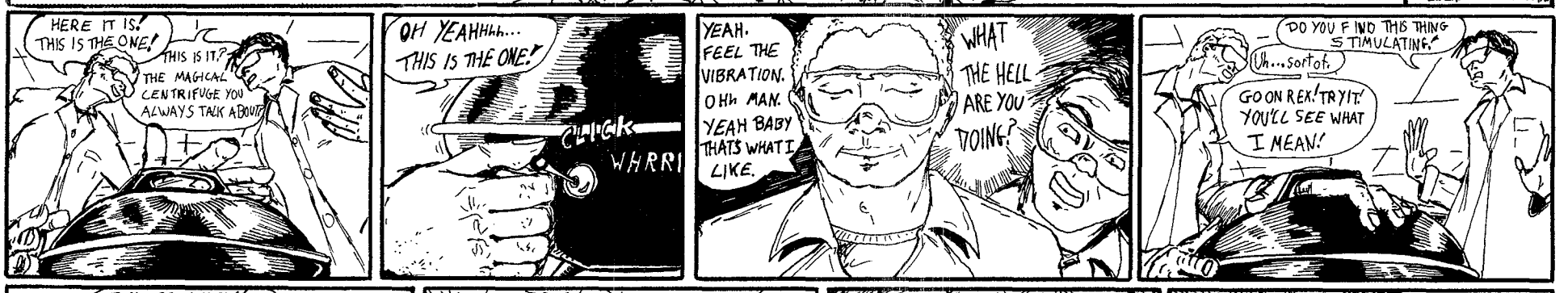
Keg Shrine.
At last year's fair, some crafty Science students buried a keg at this location. Come pay your respects to the still visible hole in the ground and dream of what can be done.

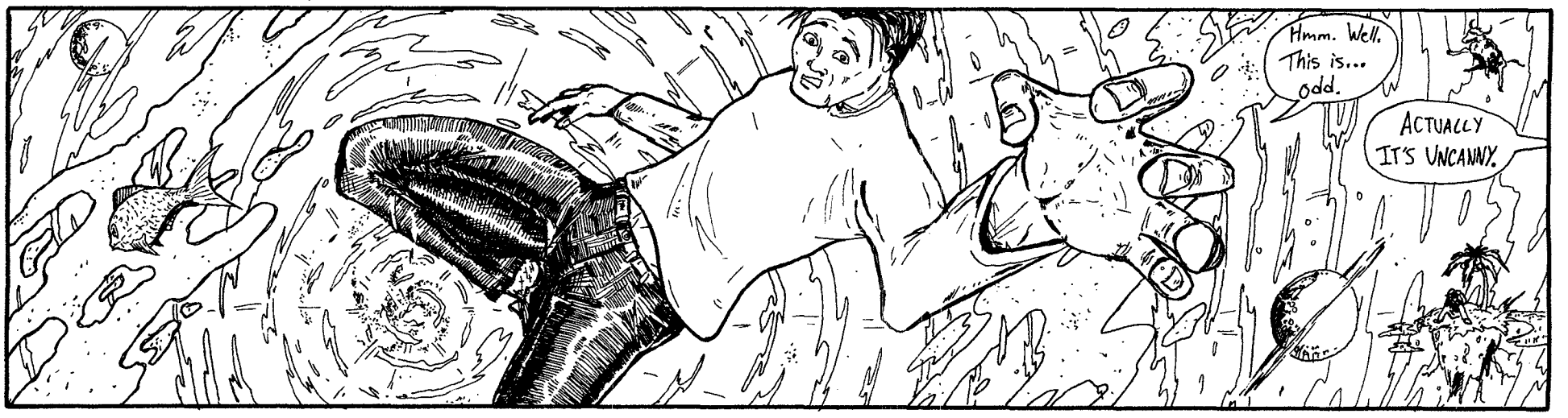
Urine Wall.
As the fair progresses, the demand for bathrooms outranks the supply. It's a good idea to keep this in mind when staking out a good spot for your blanket.

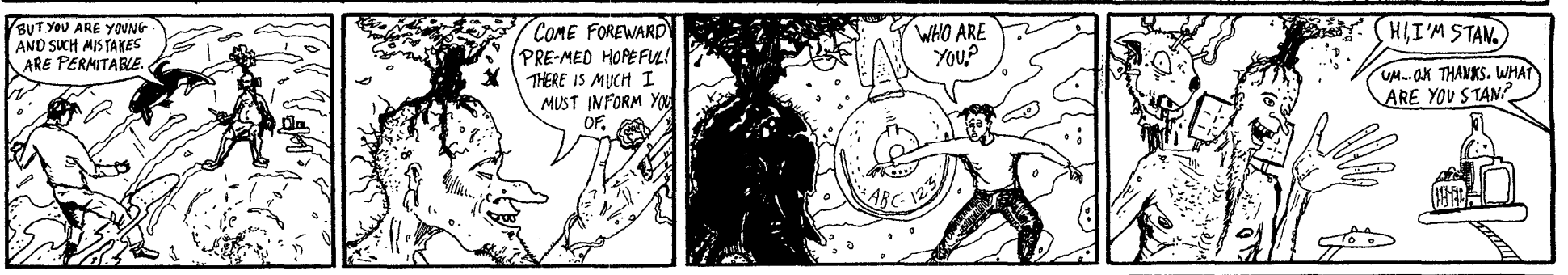
Beer Garden Entrance.
It has been reported that pressing your "of age" stamp on a minor's hand works to get them through. Also, a few cases have been documented of minors getting by the guards simply by looking important.

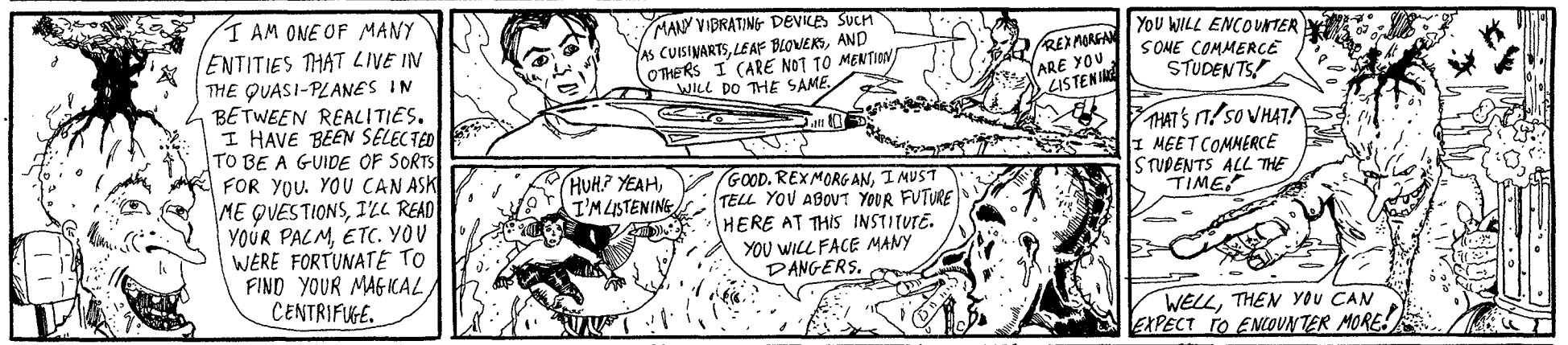
REX MORGAN
Pre-Med Hopeful

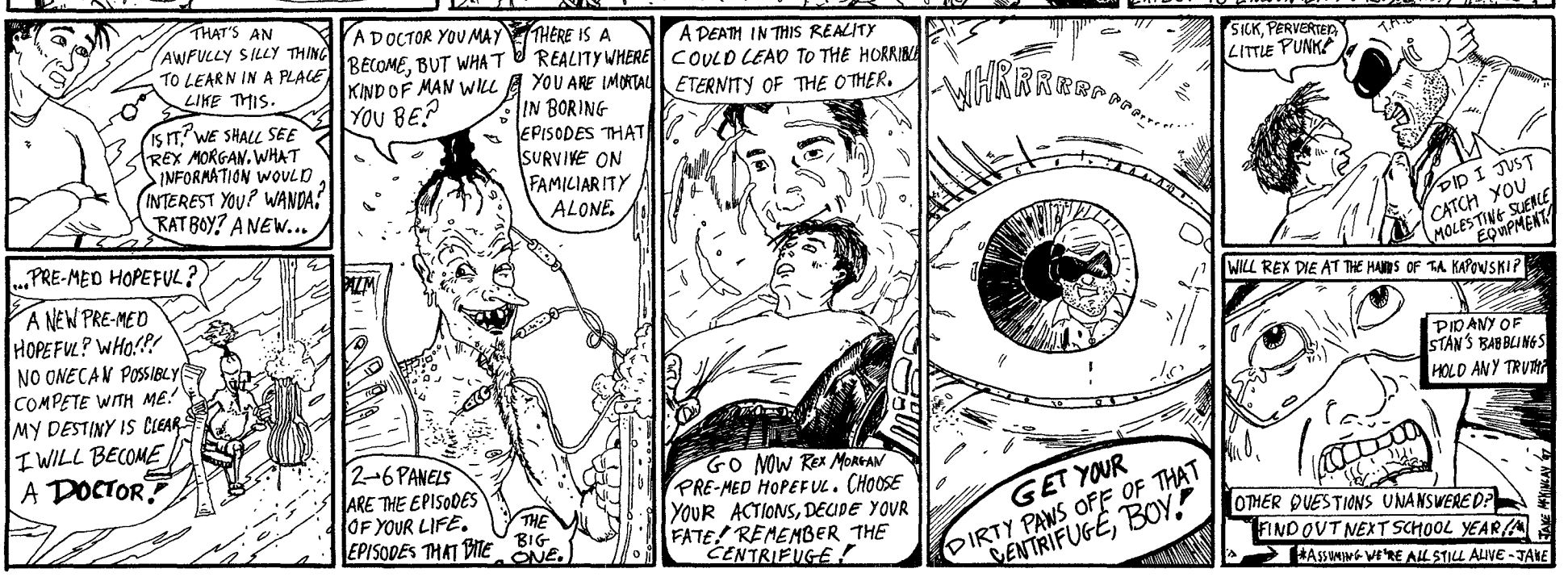












DUMB-ASSED EASY CONTEST

This contest is so easy, you can do it when you're drunk. Just bring in a copy of this paper to Chem B160. The first two people who do so will recieve fabulous prizes.

1st Prize: A pair of Arts County Fair tickets
Two free Science mugs

2nd Prize: A free 432 t-shirt
One free Science mug

Contest is not open to SUS Hacks, SUS Executive, or anyone who smells worse than a goat with a personal hygeine problem.

DEAN OF SCIENCE STUDENT ADVISING NEW OFFICE HOURS

We listened to your comments and are now open during lunch hour.

MON - THU
9am - 4pm

FRIDAY
9am - 1pm

Hours effective:
May 1, 1997

Call 822-3820

http://www.science.ubc.ca/advising

HOCKEY POOL STANDINGS

1. Rice Paddy Boyz	994
2. Revenge in '98	939
3. Bone Crushers	936
4. What the hell, Elmo?	931
56. Misc. Stakes	627
57. Lazer Boy (LAST)	611

POOL ENDS APRIL 13th

God and me.

Jake Grey, Archangel

A new religion

Two words: *Winter Ale*. This substance should be illegal. Thank God it isn't.

The Friday before last I saw God. Several of my friends also saw God in what can only be described as group hallucination. I must say now that the events I will be disclosing are the result of careful reconstruction from many, many accounts from multiple witnesses. I personally have no recollection of the events in question, as I'm sure I was possessed by the demon Thral from dimension 67x82. The only thing I know for sure was that I woke up Saturday morning with a sore chin, sore right arm, and sore right hand. My first thought was "Oh my God, I beat up Alan Alda!" which quickly changed to thought "wait a second, I fell down the stairs."

At this point, being terribly disillusioned and somewhat dizzy, I decided it would be a good time to go home. I wouldn't discover the true events of the previous evening for several days.

Friday started out like any other, going to class, daydreaming, waking up with a nice puddle of drool over my heavy scrawl of notes. I came into SUS around 1pm and was roped into going to help set up a wonderful event that we like to call a beer garden. Move some kegs around, set up some tables, throw a few chairs around, nothing out of the ordinary. People started showing up and things were going quite smoothly. I had a beer. Correction, I had a large mug of *Winter Ale*. Several people around me also had a large mug of *Winter Ale*. This was when things started to go awry.

I should have known something was wrong when the guy with wings cut in front of me in the beer line-up. I don't take kindly to people butting in line.

"What the hell are you doing?" I said.

The winged guy replied, "Look man, back off. Sodom and Gomorrah, rain of burning sulfur—that was me."

"So you think you're a tough guy, eh?" I said. "Look, you little holy shit, and I do mean holy, I don't care what cities you've burned to the ground with divine vengeance, the end of the line is over *there*."

Funny, I don't seem to remember much after that point. From what I can piece together, I left my body and had a very deep and meaningful conversation with God. In my absence, the demon Thral occupied my body, getting it amazingly drunk, and allowing it to fall down some stairs. I was quite surprised to find several of the people from the beer garden and I sitting around a camp fire somewhere past Squamish pounding beer and Southern Comfort shots with the Almighty. Little hint, don't play quarters with God. He gets it in non-stop.

Apparently, one of God's minions, St. Bill (one of the lesser known angels), was currently on a bender of biblical proportions. He had been drunk since 320 B.C. (sometime around St. Patrick's Day). God just didn't know what to do because, after that whole Satan issue, he didn't want to go banishing any more angels. And it wasn't the drinking that was upsetting God, it was the coming back to heaven smelling of cheap perfume.

St. Bill had just been a bad example for all the young up and coming angels. God had gathered us all together to ask us for information about how our parents had tried to deal with us.

I was the only one who seemed a wee bit offended at this. I couldn't be too offended seeing as it was God and all, but was God trying to tell me that I was an alcoholic? I mean here he was downing bottle after bottle of Sow Cow around a camp fire when he could be off saving souls, or damning souls, or doing something else of galactic significance. At least when I drink I don't have something really important I should be doing. I suggested that maybe St. Bill just needed his own space to grow up and learn responsibility. Teenage rebelling and all. God said he would take that into consideration just before he started to puke into the ice cream bucket.

So the next morning the four of us woke up in varying states of delirium, as would be expected after a visit from any god. The only thing we could really think of to explain the four of us ending up in loincloths around a fire with God (Erm. I'd forgotten 'bout the loincloths), was the fact we were all drinking copious amounts of *Winter Ale*. We're going to have to get that for beer gardens more often.

MATH CLUB EXAM SALES

The Math Club is once again selling booklets of old exams for the following courses:

Math 100	Math 220
Math 101/121/154	Math 221
Math 140	Math 255/215
Math 141	Math 257
Math 152	Math 307
Math 200	Math 317/254

The cost is $4 per booklet ($3 for 307) and will be available from the Math Club, Math Annex 1119, during the last week of classes.

Glowing Burning Crimson Shame, That's Why.

Jen Babiak

Sober Correspondant

Spring approaches, heralded by the early morning songs of the robin, the chickadee, and the yellow bellied bulldozer. With it comes flowers, gentle weather, bone-munching-vein-chewing-student-eating-EEEEEEVIL final exams, and the Arts County Fair.

Ah! The Arts County Fair; one can almost hear the warm spring breezes softly whispering to us as they rustle through the nodding cherry blossoms, "PRACTICE A LITTLE MODERATION THIS TIME YOU DRUNKEN DWEEB-CURDS!" Yes kiddies, just a quick reminder that getting so hammered that you barf on friends, strangers and yourself is not in any way cool, suave, or hip.

Possibly it's not my place to offer such advice to others; I no longer drink alcohol, and admittedly that decision makes me seem a bit of a prude to those who do. There are plenty of reasons not to drink; I have my own of course, which I will guard unto death, but I offer the following...er, purely hypothetical scenario involving a woman somewhat younger than I am now by the name of...um, Jan. Yeah, that's a good name; Jan. And this scenario serves to illustrate what sort of events might lead up to a person deciding to give up alcohol.

Jan's friend Lisa lived approximately seven blocks from a bar. When they wanted to drink they would go there and then walk back to Lisa's place, where Jan would crash on the couch for the night rather than drive home. Now, with some people, alcohol goes straight to their heads, but with Jan it always seemed to go straight to her bladder. She had literally been known to have to go to the bathroom three times over the course of one beer. One evening Jan and Lisa were headed back from this bar in a somewhat intoxicated state. Jan, knowing her shortcomings, had dutifully gone to the bathroom before they left the bar, but nevertheless found she urgently needed to go again about halfway home.

"Lisa! I have to go."

"Yeah, what else is new; we're almost there."

"No! I have to go NOW."

"Can't it wait? I mean, there's no where to go. It's two in the morning and we're on a residential street."

"Right NOW! Listen, wait here. I'll duck into that back alley and be right back."

Jan scuttled away into the darkness while her friend sighed exasperatedly. As she picked her way carefully down the alley, looking for somewhere dark and secluded to drop her trousers and do her business, a large dog suddenly slammed its paws up against the fence directly beside Jan, and began barking at her at full volume. Jan was startled, but at this point her bladder was driving her body with urgent and single-minded determination, so she continued along the alley, fuming at the dog for drawing attention to her when all she wanted was a discreet moment alone behind a tool shed somewhere. The dog followed along behind the fence, continuing to bark as if it had just spotted Elvis in bermuda shorts outside its yard. It wouldn't leave her alone. It wouldn't shut up. It was annoying. There were two garbage cans beside the fence, one empty and one full.

Cosmic particles sleet through the universe, around us, past us, through us, almost never interacting with the matter of our bodies. It may be that some of these particles, let's call them "inspirons" do occasionally interact with the grey matter of our brains, producing grand ideas, sudden flashes of insight and brilliant deductions. Other particles no doubt also exist which only interact with our brains when we're drunk; let's call them "morons". And they tend to produce those really stuuuuu-pid ideas we only get when we're sauced up; you know, the ones that seem like such a great plan at the time?

Jan's brain was suddenly struck by a moron; she grabbed the garbage can that was empty and turned it upside down, then climbed up on top of it. She dropped her pants and carefully wriggled her rear end over the edge of the fence, chortling evilly. The dog of course was directly underneath her, snapping and barking madly. And then Jan did what she had come to do.

The term "dumb animal" is usually a misleading one; you won't catch a so-called dumb animal doing some of the mind- numbingly idiotic things we creatures possessed of higher intelligence have been known to do, such as peeing over a fence at two in the morning with sharp teeth snapping an inch from your bare heinie. All the same, this dog was pretty stupid. It did get as far as thinking "hey, someone's widdling on me, I should get out of the way", but not quite as far as "and I should STAY out of the way until they're finished." It kept trying to tear a chunk out of Jan's butt and only succeeded in getting fairly wet. Jan was for the most part laughing hysterically at this point. Suddenly the porch light of the house comes on. And a guy WITH A BASEBALL BAT comes storming out of the back door and yells "What the is going on?" Of course, what does he see glowing palely in the porchlight but Jan's pasty white butt, mooning him and peeing on his dog. He was not, apparently, the sort of fellow who finds the humour in such a situation.

Have you ever tried to leap, pull up your pants and flee, all at the same time, in the dark, while you're drunk? (any of you who were ever caught by your high school sweetheart's parents can probably answer yes to that) It's a HARD thing to do. Jan certainly didn't succeed. She managed to fall off the empty garbage can, into the full one, which then tipped over, dumping her exposed heinie onto the gravel of the back alley, and then covering her with garbage.

"What's going on?" gasped Lisa as she whirled around to see Jan thundering out of the back alley, eyes wide, pants clutched about her waist, shedding bits of garbage the way a comet sheds gases with a big, mean dog and its bigger, meaner owner in hot pursuit somewhere behind her.

"RUN!!" screamed Jan, and so they did. They managed to lose the dog and its owner in a nearby trailer park and then made it back to Lisa's place, where Jan was forced to explain what had happened and then make Lisa swear an oath of secrecy on the matter, an oath that was broken by the next morning when Jan awoke to find her friend on the phone telling everyone she knew about the previous night's events. Needless to say, Jan never lived it down.

As I said kiddies, there are darn good reasons for not drinking.

Never again, I tell you. Never EVER again.

As far as we can tell, this story is actually true. After careful consideration, we've decided that a sober *columnist can actually be a good thing. -ed.*

The Drawers of SUS.

Doug Beleznay

Peanut Counter

Well, John seems to think that since it's the end of the year I'm supposed to write something like a year end report detailing how the money was spent over the course of the year, and how much we will have left for next year. There's only one small problem with this theory. All the up to date financial records were on the computer that got damaged by the vandals a couple weeks ago. (Yeah, I know you are supposed to keep copies, unfortuantley that backup was about two weeks out of date... which means half the Science week stuff wasn't in there yet.)

The good news is that the AMS keeps track of money for us, so here are the figures according to them. These figures are most likley two weeks out of date, but they give you a rough indicatoin of where we are headed, and how much we we will have at the end of the year.

The major thing to note on here is that we are expecting about $13,000 more from the AMS from student fees. And that we haven't got the results from the last beer garden on here where we lost $75. Aside from that, I think that's all that I can say right now. Expect a final report either in September, or in the summer mailout.

Mikey Boetzkes

Drunken So-Co

Well this is my farewell report to all of you loyal readers. Well, sniff sniff, bye. I guess you won't be able to read about the vast amounts of money that I have lost until next year.

Yeah well tough. You would get news on more lost money but that last event with the Malchicks didn't really lose much money. That one put us back about $75 and so by any standards that is pretty darn reasonable. I should that Russell Breweries for without their help and donations this wouldn't have been possible.

As for the next event watch out for an all you can drink party happening in SUS. It should be fun and cheap. So I hope that lots of you will show up and help me lose the last money that I can this year. So until next year, good luck on your exams, and so long.

Kathryn Murray

Red-headed PRO

The year is almost done and it's been a very eventful one. We had a great Christmas party with a very festive looking Santa Clause. Science Week was a blast and the Charity events being very successful. The bzzr keg rolling event was one of the most popular events. All in all we managed to raise $168 for Children's Hospital that was spent to buy books for the sick kids. ~~Farts County Air~~ Arts County Fairs coming soon and we're all looking forward to our "house" band playing on campus again. This year has been a lot of fun. I wouldn't have believed that there was so much to do. PRO is usually the job that you're told that there's nothing to do, so as a result you get dragged into everybody else's projects. I've really enjoyed it and I've got a lot of good memories.

Congrats to my succesor Edrick. I think that he'll do a great job. Just remember that first years are your friend, but when it comes time to do Class Act phoning people tend to disappear. Best of luck, enjoy the cider and try not to let anyone in RED convince you to take some free swimming lessons!

Warrick Yu

Director of Sports

Hi, here comes the report of the ~~coxiest~~ guy in SUS. This year's sport participation is good; although it is not as good as two years ago, it is better than last year! (Ha...Ha...Ha...) We were on the 6th place in the point total standings in the first term, but we have proven that we are not quitter, and we are now at the 4th place and ready to move higher up. Many thanks to ~~my own "Storm the Wall" idea (making a big wall outside CHEM 160)~~, despite the fact that Mikey's posters got sacrificed by camouflage...(I'm terribly sorry.) All I knew was ~~that Storm the Wall registration forms ran out incredibly quickly~~ (about 4 forms per day, and at its peak, 14 forms ran out on a single day!!!!!!) I hope the number of forms taken reflects the number of teams actually registered, rather than the number of forms taken for writing lecture notes, folding paper planes, blowing noses, wiping the anterior, etc. etc. etc.

As a tradition, the Sport Social (formerly called the Sport Banquet) is on, which was cancelled last year. All medals winners were invited to this free pizza and pop party, and sport awards were given out. Finally before I leave, ~~I would like to tell one person one thing: you think that I'm scared of hockey players, but listen to me son, I am hired to be the Assistant Director of the Todd Ice Hockey league for 1997-98 year, and I will prove that I'm better able to deal with hockey players on campus and I'm tougher than you, and that's the bottom line because the Heartbreak Dragon said so~~!

CENSORED FOR POOR TASTE AND STUPIDITY

And a Bottle of Rum.

Phil
Ledwith

Okay. It's nearly over. Final exams now loom with the inevitability of a forty ton semi-trailer bearing down on a startled rabbit desperately trying to outstare the headlights. And for a good portion of you out there, these could well be the last exams you ever sit. I don't know if you've ever considered the prospect of actually graduating and leaving this place before, but stop for a second and consider it now. *What the hell are ya gonna do?*

(Although I'm planning to graduate this year, these aren't the last exams I ever plan to sit, because I'm an idiot. I'm going to come back and spend another three years living on Kraft dinner and engaging in sleep deprivation experiments not unlike the one I'm involved in right now. But more of that later.)

Don't worry. We at *The 432* have been doing extensive career testing for several weeks.... er.... well, for several days, anyway... I mean.... for..... for a long time now, and we've come up with the perfect job. There is no better way to get the very most out of your UBC degree.

Become a pirate.

In this modern age of self starters and small privately owned businesses it's the ultimate fashion statement and fast-track in-style career option. What don't you have as a pirate? You've got sex slaves, you've got great clothes, you never have to clean your room because you just board some other poor bastard's ship and get a better room. You want a bigger TV? Someone out there has a bigger TV on their yacht. Go sic' em. It would be great. Just great.

If you're wondering about where your ship comes from, by the way, there are quite a few decommissioned military vessels lying unused off most major ports in Antigua, including a Russian military submarine. I'll go into more advanced methods of fund generation shortly; for now, just take it as read that getting hold of a kick ass vessel of destruction is not going to be a problem.

Think of the untapped potential! At least two thirds of the planet is water. And some of that two thirds is tropical warm Cayman islands water. Have you any idea how many ships just go missing in the South Pacific? I'm not the first person to come up with this idea. In fact, there are so many pirates right now in the South Pacific that the military has been called in to deal with the problem. But long range radar is expensive, it's fairly easy to make ships reasonably radar proof or at least very fast, and anyway it's hard to follow someone very well when you're high on smack so chances are they'll never even see your vessel.

It's not all fun and roses however. One of the most important parts about being a pirate is getting the name right. The possibility for disaster here is apparent; getting your name wrong can end your career on the high seas before it even begins.

Consider the scenario. Here you are, sipping pina coladas on the deck of your Russian military juggernaught with armour plating and extra harpoon guns on the fore and aft decks. Suddenly, your first mate spots an oversized Tom Wu special drifting on the edge of the horizon, complete with film crew and several acres of female flesh heaving beneath undersized bikinis. So you rev up the old boiler, get your eye patch in place, and blow the film crew into handy piranha sized chunks. Pretty soon you'll be standing on the deck next to a small fat guy who really truly isn't more frightened of you than you are of him.

"Hi, er.... Give me your money! Now, please..."

"You don't deserve my money! You don't deserve to be on this boat! You will never be rich like me! Who are you!?"

"er.... I'm the Grim Pirate..... Phil...."

At this point Tom Wu laughs, a sound not reproducible in print. "I buy your pirate ship! I buy your home and ship and crew! You are so poor and stupid, not like Tom Wu!!!!" At this point, just as your despair peaks, David Hasslehoff appears riding a motor powered surfboard with a great white shark dangling from one of his nipples. He grabs you and two of your men and throws you overboard, where you stub your toe on a piece of coral and contract a horrible flesh wasting disease from which you die in agony many long years later, at which time you'll be pretty grim alright.

This is why getting the name right is so damn important, which in turn is why your apprentice career is essential. And if you really want to get a lot of money so you can fly to Antigua and steal your decommissioned military hardware, If you want to be able to pay for sonar equipment and harpoon guns and all of the really cool toys that modern pirates need, and most importantly of all if you want to have the respect and admiration of your crew and get a really cool name besides the only way to do it is to begin your career by starting out as a pro wrestler.

Come on, give it a try. You were willing to be a pirate. It's not much more of a stretch to be a pro wrestler, is it? It's not for very long. It's not as if you'll be spending the rest of your life there, and it's still less degrading than MacDicks. Just. A few quick tips; if you find yourself wrestling the Elvis impersonator guy, throw a few fried banana sandwiches in his path. While he's distracted, hit him over the head a few times with a drainpipe. Repeat as necessary. For the cop guy, you can substitute the fried banana sandwiches for donuts, and various similar strategies can be adopted for other opponents.

Now this time, when the *Baywatch* birnbo comes riding triumphant out of the surf you can just stick him in a headlock and drag him down to the hold. Indeed, the only thing that could possibly stand in your way now is Flipper. Good luck, and while you're down there, send me a postcard up here in oh-so-sunny Vancouver. *sigh.*

So long. Good luck on your exams.

There are many things about Phil that I have yet to understand, but I am certain of one thing: he'd make a kickass pirate.

-ed.

Drawers, continued.

Tracy MacKinnon

President/Accountant Extraordinaire

I can't believe it - this will be my last *The 432* report ever! Well, perhaps. The past couple of years as President have been very exciting (and sometimes frustrating). I'd like to thank all of this year's and last year's executives for enduring my nagging during my "two year reign of terror." We started out this year by giving the office a thorough cleaning (not that it stayed clean for long), and then John worked diligentlly to get *The Guide* (our summer publication) out—this task was made much harder by the fact that our hard drive was stolen and John had to labour day and night to recreate much of the work he'd already done. More woes regarding our computers were to haunt John throughout the year.

Our social events this year featured many local bands, including 54•40 and speedbump, and much quality beer flowed at our beer gardens. Doug managed to get a record number of clubs applying for SUS grants this year, and he spent the majority of this year colour-tabbing his finance records. Kat managed to find Santa Claus for our Holiday Party, and candy canes were had by all. Phil managed to keep his sanity (although not his hair) during Science Week, and we had an incredible week. Orin managed to be on time (with our agenda) to at least a couple of SUS meetings, and he completely updated the constitution. Henry took charge of Council Elections, Teaching Excellence Awards, and our Annual General Meeting where a good time was had by us all (I got a stein). Blair loves SUS so much he ran Executive Elections, and helped out on *The 432*. And he always keeps us aprised of his opinions, which I appreciate. Warrick is bringing the Sports Social back from the dead in early March (get those rebate forms in).

What else can I say? Actually quite a bit. This is the part of my last report where I get to ramble about my feelings, and people I care about. SUS has been a major part of my life since first year when I cautiously approached the office to see if I could "get involved." Things didn't work out as well as I might have hoped at that first attempt, but only a few weeks later I fanangled my way onto SUS council as a first year rep. I was appointed just a few minutes before Superanna!, who was to be a good friend and co-conspirator for the next four years. The following September, she brought in her sister Bella (the incoming President), and years of confusion about which sister was Anna and which was Bella ensued. FWoS ruled the office (Shawn being the only male member of FWoS) and the Cardigan Clan was born. Much giggling, and drinking of caffeinated beverages. Thanks to those of you who tolerated ABBA (until the 8 track was sacrificed), especially Doug and Shawn. Miss you Jesse, Diana, Nareeta. I'll might miss some of the late night activities in freezing weather undertaken by the lot of us. Thanks to Ari, who told me the history of SUS, and all the gossip from the last decade. I don't think SUS has changed much. Congratulations to Anna, med student, and Orin, future law student. So many of us are becoming professionals, I think the tried and true rule that people in SUS have a GPA inversely proportional to their involvement. Orin, Blair, Anna and Shawn: thanks for keeping me sane. It was touch and go there for a while. :) The great thing about SUS was all the massages. And all the laughs, although I think quite a few of them were directed at me. To H.B.: thanks for everything over the last few years. I'm extremely glad that we became friends, and it has enriched my life. I'm sure that Bella will enjoy her presidency as much as I did, since she's got a great executive and will do a great job. Signing off...

Sigh. We'll miss you, Tracy. Well, more accurately, we'll miss the peach cider, and the hangovers that come with it.

-ed.

	BUDGET	TO-DATE
Fees	61004.00	47572.00
Misc. Rev.	0.00	56.00
Photocopier Rev.	1000.00	545.30
Pop Rev.	2500.00	2308.70
Instabeer	300.00	19.50
REVENUE TOTAL	**64844.00**	**50501.50**
Telephone	1200.00	740.68
Office supplies	840.00	875.93
Postage	60.00	54.91
Misc. Exp.	1000.00	1049.01
Photocopying	100.00	547.13
Travel	150.00	33.22
Copier Exp.	5000.00	3047.97
Computing	500.00	220.76
Public Relations	350.00	50.00
Elections Exp.	800.00	432.00
Club Grants	7200.00	7300.00
Special Projects	11000.00	7450.13
Pop Exp.	2300.00	1914.31
Academic	500.00	519.87
Academic Enter.	900.00	450.00
Social Net	5000.00	6401.52
Sci. Week Net	4500.00	7052.89
First Year Net	1000.00	549.68
Sports	10000.00	5010.11
Publications	9000.00	9000.00
The Guide	5000.00	7041.49
Advertising	500.00	0.00
Bursary	500.00	0.00
Exec. Exp.	1200.00	228.00
Council Exp.	1200.00	1038.28
Instabeer	500.00	140.80
Photoarchives	100.00	63.66
TOTAL EXPENSES	**70400.00**	**61242.35**
PRIOR FISCAL	**11432.00**	**10760.06**
NET SURPLUS	**5876.00**	**10740.85**

Blair McDonald

Free! Free at last!

There's actually a fair number of things to discuss, in this, my last report as Senator. Gloria Lau, the Senator-elect will be at the April Senate meeting. I'm also going to wrap up several other topics.

1. Child Study Centre

This occupied the vast majority of the last meeting. Essentially, the Dean of Education shut down the CSC over the protests of the staff and parents of the kids at the Centre. The Dean was able to take this action without Senate approval because the Centre is not considered an academic unit. This, despite the fact the Centre receives academic money, has faculty assigned to it, and is listed as an academic unit on the Education WWW site. But Senate didn't rubberstamp the right piece of paper a few years ago, and voilá, the Centre is gone. If it looks, sounds, and walks like a duck, it's probably a duck, I say.

2. Student Discipline

A new section was added to *The Calendar,* stating bulletin boards can not be used for commercial uses. Of course, this section was written by the University's lawyer, and therefore makes no sense. Does that mean students can't advertise themselves as tutors? What about all the local bars that pay students to poster campus? Or the ubiquitous CollegePro Painters? What about student groups advertising paid events? The new section doesn't answer any of those problems, but the Registrar assures me this new policy will enforced only at the higher levels of the University (i. e. only if there's a obvious problem), and that the Cowboys won't be given a mission to hunt down and kill anyone who posts notices.

3. Welcoming Day

Dr. Neil Guppy made a presentation on the proposed Welcoming Day for new students. Classes would be canceled for the first day of September for first year students, and number of events scheduled to welcome them to the campus community. On paper, it sounds like a great idea, and there's a number of enthusiastic people with lots of superb ideas. But, logistics and timing might prove to be a problem. For example, if 5000 first years attend, with an average sized group of 20, this program will require an additional 250 upper-class students to skip their first day of classes to lead the frosh through the day. Getting 250 people could be quite difficult, as this program is still in its initial stages of planning. What are they going to do, call every upper-class student over the summer to find the 250 warm bodies? This is one of the best initiatives of the University (and the AMS) in years, but the planning for September 97 should have started in September 96, not March 97. This might prove to be a problem.

4. *The Yardstick*

Presumably, will be out sometime this month. This is *The Guide*-wanna-be published by the AMS, and although it's a massive technical leap forward from last year—a pointed *stick* would also be a technical leap forward—the scope of the document hasn't increased in the slightest. *The Yardstick* will contain 1st term Science courses, Commerce, and a smattering of Arts. No long term prospects for *The Yardstick* can be given for two reasons. First, this is the second year *The Yardstick* has been funded from what was supposed to be a New Initiative Fund (1 year funding only), and I doubt Council is comatose enough to fund *The Yardstick* from that source for a third year. Second, the University is frozen like a deer in the headlights over interpreting the Privacy and Freedom of Information Act. In this case, the Act counters itself—do teaching evaluation fall under the Privacy of the professors, or the students Freedom of Information?

5. *The Guide*

Although this isn't properly my responsibility, let me tell you that *The 1997 Guide* will be mailed to all Science students in about the middle of the summer, and will contain both 1st and 2nd term Science teaching evaluations. 1996 copies are still available for viewing in the SUS Office (CHEM B160).

6. The Canucks...

Stink like three-month old dead salmon. Suck like a wind tunnel. Are as useless as 500 art history majors. You get the idea. Shoot 'em all.

7. SUS Elections

I'm not a Math major, obviously, having made two different addition errors in reporting the results of the recent SUS Election. First (and luckily, I caught this before the results were printed last issue) I shouldn't have counted the Hebb Theatre results twice. One vote per person, right? Second, the number of spoils for the Director of Sports race should have read "20" not "16." I gave the results to John to print, and he mistyped the number ("16" was the correct number of spoils for the Secretary race.) When John spotted the error and asked me about, I was ignoring him, and in my arrogance assured him that everything was perfectly correct. My mistake, and my apologies to everyone. But everything's better now, and I can say with certainty that John didn't vote eight times like he did in another, unnamed election.

Good luck in the real world, Blair. And if you come back, we'll kill you.

-ed.

Item 67: $11.75 For a Better Life.

To me, the tabling of the provincial budget is always somewhat of a disappointment. I mean, sure, the Finance Minister will go on and on about what advantages the budget will have for British Columbia, how it will lower our deficit, and why we should vote NDP in the next election.

Truth be told, however, I didn't vote in the last election, and I probably won't vote in the next. And, quite frankly, I don't give a rat's ass about the Provincial deficit. The eighteen thousand four hundred and fifty six dollars which I owe to the Province's creditors sits on my priority list somewhere well below the five dollars I owe to John Hallett. I am in debt to the phone company to the order of five hundred dollars. If I don't pay them soon, they'll send the hired goons to remove my spleen (which, apparently is actually worth seven hundred dollars on the black market. Go figure.)

What is the government going to do? Raise my taxes? Ooooh. I'm scared. The year that I actually make more than six-thousand four hundred and fifty-six dollars in a year, I may start to care, but don't hold your breath. Indeed, the Provincial deficit has about as much tangibility as the square root of negative one.

Perhaps, what the government needs is to take a hint from their brothers and sisters at the phone company. Head down to The Turf, in Surrey, and hire some goons. Apparently, goons aren't actually that hard to find in this particular establishment (I wouldn't know.)

I know that I, for one, would certainly take the Government more seriously if they threatened to break my leg. Come to think of it, this tactic could be used for a variety of functions — collecting unpaid parking fines, 'encouraging' voter turn-out, and disciplining Members of the Legislative Assembly. This would mean a boost in economy — if not a serious increase in public respect for their elected officials.

Mind you, I suppose it's inevitable that the goons would eventually let the power go to what's left of their heads. The time would come when the big brutes would attempt to take over the entire shabang.

Politicians, the little sniveling wimps they are, wouldn't put up much of a fight, and we'd all be slaves to a group of mutant testosterone monkeys with a combined IQ of four.

The Legislative Assembly would be nothing more than a glorified biker bar, and we'd all be beaten up several times a week. On the whole, not too much different from the way things are right now.

The budget tends to have a lot of items like this:

ITEM 468: $45,689.97 for re-upholstering toilet seats in Premier's residence.

What I really want to see on the budget is something like this:

ITEM 469: $6000 to ensure that university student Jer Thorp does not have to eat Kraft Dinner four nights in a week.

or perhaps, ITEM 470: $12000 to ensure that University student Jer Thorp has enough alcohol to make his miserable life a bit more bearable.

Glen Clark claims he will find jobs for six thousand students in the Province of British Columbia. Yeah, right. And, just out of coincidence, I'll be one of the 300,000 who have to find a job themselves. Indeed, I put about as much faith in Glen Clark's job-finding ability as I put in most Western religions. If Mr. Clark insists on helping students, he can send me what I always ask for Christmas: cold hard cash, and lots of it. If you ask me, youth employment programs pretty much pale when compared to a cheque for several thousand dollars.

I spent a great deal of last summer sitting on my ass. Not that this was too much of a trial, seeing that my house was all of twenty metres from the beach. Nevertheless, there is only so much lazing around on the beach one can do before one actually has the urge to do something productive.

Don't get me wrong — in my case, it took about a month and a half before I had the strange desire to clean my room, and another three weeks elapsed before the motivation built up to actually seriously look for a job.

This, of course, as a bit unsettling, and it took a few more days of beach sitting to regain my nerves. Another week was spent drafting a plan, plus a half-day to present the proposal to myself.

The first item in my plan was to walk up the hill, and buy a paper. The second item was to find the classified section. The third was to find a job.The classified ads are an interesting thing. Generally, there are a whole bunch of jobs. Great gobs of employment opportunities. Enough work, you might say, to choke a buffalo. The unfortunate thing is that all of them suck rocks.

WANTED: Busboy for promising seaweed-based restaurant. Must supply paper towels, rubber gloves, and industrial cleaner.

Yeah, right. I'd rather drink an entire glass of cheese sweat, after a long night of tequila and whisk shots.

What we all really want to see is this:

WANTED: Lazy bastard. No work experience necessary. Must be willing to take entire weeks off. Includes share option.

Unfortunately, most of us don't live in a dream world, and, as a result, this kind of opportunity just doesn't come that often. The secret is to find a job somewhere in the middle of the road — good pay, but not all that much actual work. No working weekends, no physical labour, and no need to be polite to customers. If you're of a larger build, you may consider a career as a hired goon (see above.) The rest of us will just have to take what we can get.

Of course, it doesn't really matter how much money you make over the summer. Once you get back to school, you will inevitably spend half of it in the first month. It's no use resisting. You'll know you're rich, and be a bit more lax with the old wallet when you get to the bar. More importantly, all of your friends will know that you're rich, and they'll all expect you to buy them drinks. Three weeks later, you'll be staring at your bank balance like it's conclusive evidence of life on Mars. Six months later, you'll be looking for another job. It's the cycle of life — unstoppable, annoying, and utterly confusing. And it only gets worse.

Jer. What can I say about Jer?
He lives on his own plane of reality...

the Guide

NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION

CONTAINS THE COMPLETE 1997 FACULTY OF SCIENCE TEACHING REVIEW AND THE SUMMER 432

MAILED TO YOU JUNE 1997

SO LONG AND THANKS FOR ALL THE FISH...

Summer is almost upon us and yes, this is the last issue of the year. We know you're feeling crushed, maybe even a little disheveled. But dismay not! We will be back next year, bigger and better than ever! Well, actually it'll the same size and somewhat mediocre but we will be back.

The 432.

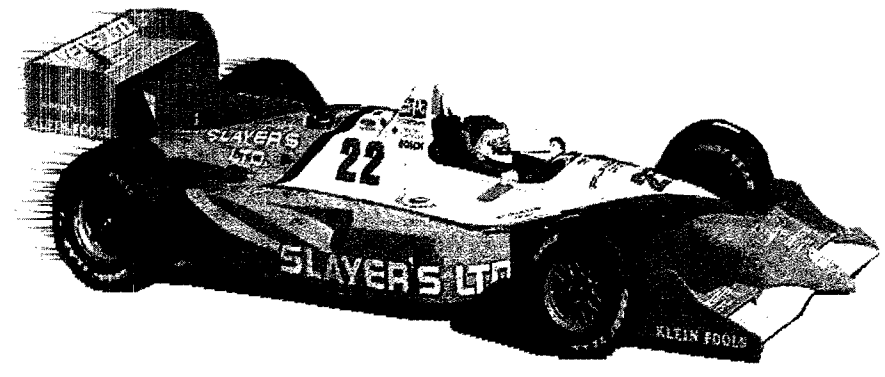
FLAVOUR TO DIE FOR.

- No Filter
- 98% Nicotine
- First carton free for minors!

Introducing the New Slayer's Fat™

Because You Don't Have to be Cool to Smoke.

And remember.
If you don't smoke
Slayers™, we're moving
the Indy to Phoenix.



Health Canada advises that smoking will result in death.

FREE

VOLUME 4 • NUMBER 32 • APRIL 1, 1997

UBC'S BLACK PLAGUE YEARLY

The Bob Dole Story

After losing a presidential election, Bob Dole pursues a career as a performance artist. Why Bob? Why?

Glen Clark

Promises to provide jobs for thousands of students. Big Mac, anyone?

Penis Health

We actually managed to say penis on the cover. Go figure.

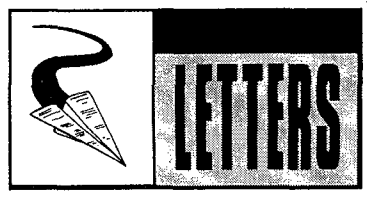
THE DAMNED straight

Trouble in the Pots

Student protestors have occupied the office of UBC's President. Is this the beginning of the end for one of Canada's most respected schools?

BULLSHIT • CRAP • UTTER LIES

UP FRONT



It's time student protestors join the real world. Constant whining about tuition fees makes all students look like self-centered children. Take the protestors holed up UBC President David Strangway's office. The People in The Office don't want any fee increases whatsoever—in fact, some of them hold to the notion that tuition should be zero, and a student should be able to stay in school as long as they please. Where does it say education should be free? And do we really need any more graduates in Germanic Studies or Art History? The University offers a compromise—a referendum on the ancillary fee increases—but The People in The Office remain. It's time they come out of The Office into Real Life.

Robert Williams
Rich Successful Businessman

Get rid of the filthy-spewing, one passenger automobile! Tax the hell outta 'em, and slap huge parking fees to subsidize my bus pass. Since I can't afford to own and operate an automobile, I think it's utterly unfair that other students are allowed to. Instead, why don't we all ride BC Transit, eat granola, and wear Birkenstocks?

Macy Greenwich
Student Acting Against Automobiles

The recent rash of Arts County Fair posters is a waste of student money, and a campus eyesore. Is it really necessary to stick a poster-on-a-stick every 15 paces? And all of this to promote an event based on binge drinking and drug use. Supposedly, all revenue generated goes to charity—but obviously, a significant portion is spent on garish posters that accomplish little in terms of advertising.

Billy Stewart
UBC student

What is with those anti-God journalists in the UBC student press? *The Campus Times*, blames the cancellation of a drinking festival on organized religion, instead of on those upright citizens in the Liqour Distribution Branch. I'm a "blue-haired fifty-seven year old" and I find *The Campus Times*'s generalizations an insult. May God strike you all down.

Ruth Mannigan
3451 57th Ave
Victoria BC

Please make *The 432* stop picking on us. They re-ran their ad for 54•40, and crossed out Science and wrote Arts instead. The Arts County Fair is the most important event of the year, and we do everyone a favour by placing ads and posters everywhere. Why can't everyone just get along?

Jason Murray
AUS President

CONTENTS

Main Library, UBC. I. M Incognito photo

3 Cover Student protests at UBC have changed campus into a three-ring media circus. We visit protestors and find out exactly which drugs they're on.

4 Drink UBC provides a veritable smorgasbord of drinking options. Unfortunately, as our critic found out, none of them are any good.

4 Health Can it be true? Can the oggling of women's breasts extend a man's lifespan? Researchers say yes. We say it's worth a try.

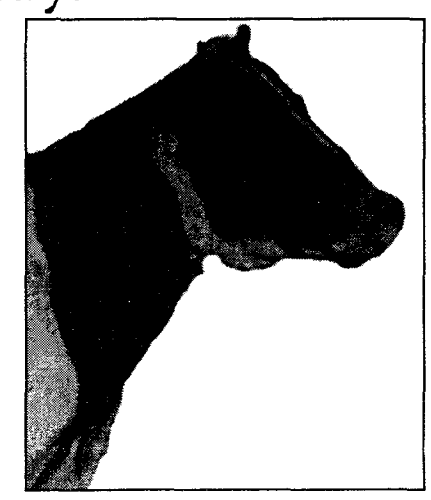
5 Lunacy Volume ten, issue twelve of the funniest damned paper on campus. This time, we direct our guns at the Arts County Fair. Prepare for triage.

KNOWLEDGE THAT FILLS YOUR BRAIN

Don't take our word for it... here's what our "students" say.

Hank Raney, G.E.D.
ASS Artificial Insemination
"I got to work on real cows, none of them there blow up ones."

Ralph Klein, Premier of Alberta
ASS Cattle Excrement Processing
"I've always had fun with ASS and I'd like all the kids out there to get as much ASS as they can."



Betsy, 4-H '93
ASS Cattle Farmer Relations
"I was just tired of being milked for everything I was worth. ASS has given me the skills to move right up to line supervisor."

The Alberta School of Scientology is one of Canada's leading institutes of advanced cattlry. ASS offers training in a wide range of subject areas from cow farming to cow farming.

ALBERTA SCHOOL OF SCIENTOLOGY

THE DAMNED straight

The Imminent Collapse of UBC: Trouble on the Point

BY FRED P. FIBBLE

I have to admit that I was kind of reluctant to take the assignment interviewing student protesters. I didn't quite know what to expect, but images of sit-ins during the Vietnam War popped into my mind. Long haired bandanna-ed hippies sitting cross-legged on the floor chanting "Give peace a chance." I really wasn't that far off.

As I made my way past UBC President David Strangway's secretary into his office, I slowly became aware of a scent that I was sure wasn't incense. One of them stood up and walked towards me with her arm outstretched.

"Hi, man. I'm Misty Blue Waters and this is our protest," she said, somewhat labored.

Misty and a group of die-hard activists have been occupying the office since last Thursday, sleeping under rough blankets and eating only what supplies had been brought to them by supporters.

"Yeah, it's been rough, " commented Waters, "especially that first night. No one knew what to do."

Late in the first night of the sit-in, Graduate Student Society President and sit-in leader Kevin Dwyer effectively stepped down from command after he and organizer Michael Hughes discovered the key to Dr. Strangway's liquor cabinet taped to the underside of a desk.

"They were a complete mess. Man, I've never seen that much vomit come out of one guy before," reflects Waters. "You should have seen the number of bottles of aged single malt whiskey in there. Now we know why they call him Diamond Dave!"

Also to fall victim to the influence of the bottomless liquor cabinet was student activist Edgar Bentley. "Edgar likes his whiskey like he likes his women. Fourteen years old and mixed up with coke," said Waters.

So what's this whole deal about? The main objection these protesters have is that the University Administration voted in favor of increasing international graduate student fees by a shocking 250%.

"That would put higher education beyond most international students' reach," commented Waters, "that's what our cardboard tent city outside represents—the future of graduate student housing. Although the real version would probably involve a cardboard bar somewhere in there."

The University Administration was very quick to defend its actions. "UBC has traditionally led the way in international student policy," says administrator Raymond Smith, "When our tuition was less than half that of other universities, we attracted international grad students like flies.

"Now it's time for some other university to lead the way. In fact, we wanted to jack the fees 25 **hundred** percent, but our economists thought that would discourage further enrollment. Our problem isn't with the students in general, it's only with the **cheap** ones.

"And as for that tuition freeze thing, it applies to all tuition *except* international graduate tuition. If we were allowed to increased other student's tuition, you'd certainly know about it!"

So far, all I could make of this conundrum was that the two groups were strictly looking there own needs, with no thought of anyone else. 'They couldn't be that selfish,' I thought 'they must have thought this through before setting up a tent city!'

So I asked Ms. Waters "If tuition were to remain stable, how do you propose that the university recover the $1.6 million slashed from their budget? Surely you have some suggestions."

"Um... but the government promised! They said no tuition hikes! They could cut something else! Not us! They could cut their salaries! Yeah, they get paid too much!" said Waters.

'Hmmm,' I thought, 'not particularly well thought out. The University Administration will surely have researched alternatives.'

So I ask Mr. Smith "Won't this tuition increase put unfair financial strain on students that are already below the poverty line as is?"

"But the government promised! They said we could hike tuition! Besides, for every poor, smart international graduate student living off of scholarships, there's three or four rich, dumb ones waiting in the wings! The only people who would notice the monetary difference will be gone, anyway. So I don't see a problem at all."

The most interesting fact in this entire story, however, revolves around the main character. UBC President "Diamond" Dave Strangway is coincidentally currently out of town for a week on business. I managed to reach him by telephone and he agreed to give me an interview as soon as he "finished this delicious tube-steak."

"The students are welcome to stay in my office as long as they feel that they have a point to make," said Strangway of the protest, "I don't feel that it is my place as UBC President to involve myself in this protest what-so-ever. This is obviously an external matter."

I replied "I don't see how you can feel that this is an external matter, Dr. Strangway. It entirely involves UBC students protesting UBC fee hikes. What's external about that?"

"Um, I didn't say external, I said eternal. You see, these students can stay in my office for as long as they like. They won't change a thing, and I'm sure that they'll soon realize that they aren't attracting any attention at all."

No attention at all. Hmmm, funny Dr. Strangway should use those exact terms, seeing as the second I mentioned that his liquor cabinet had been breached he retorted "What!?! God damn hippies! Call in the RCMP! Get those socialist pig dogs out of my office! Ooooo, I can almost smell them! Call in the National Guard! The Army! Anything! How can we just stand by while these hooligans break into any place they feel like?!"

In contrast to Dr. Strangway's panicked demeanor, his secretary seemed quite subdued. I asked her if the students who were occupying the office had presented any problems to her, or to any other member of the staff.

"No," she said, with a grin, "actually, it's been quite a fun time. Yesterday, we played an entire game of Monopoly. Of course, we didn't use money, since that would be against the philosophies of some of the students, but it was quite a good time, nonetheless."

The janitorial staff in the building were hesitant to comment, apparently worried that they would attract unwanted attention from immigration officials. They did tell me, however, that the students were quite a bit cleaner than the President.

Back in the office, the hours were starting to show on the student's faces. Twister was starting to lose its initial novelty, although there was the odd game played every couple of hours.

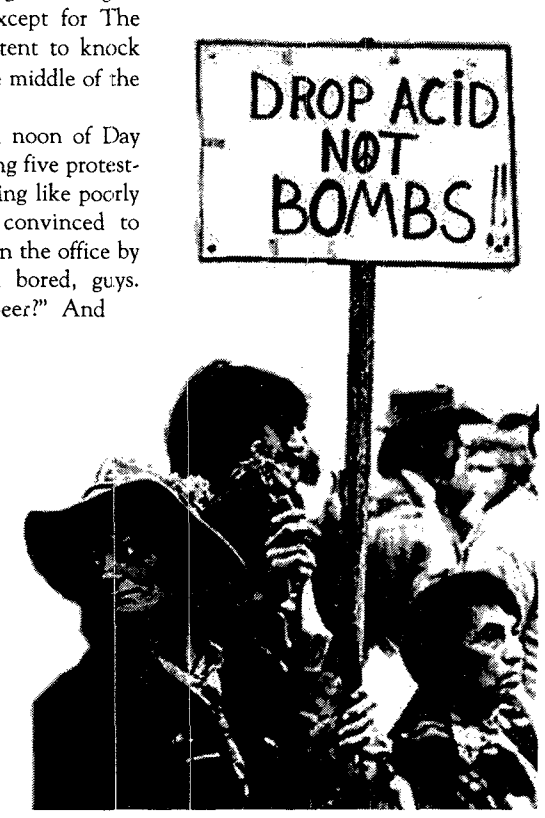
It's Day Five now and the protest is beginning to lose steam. The number of protesters has fallen from 20 to 8, and their "philosophical smoking sessions" have become fewer and farther in-between. I think that the end of the protest is getting near.

President Strangway has extended his business trip, claiming "airline difficulties" were keeping him away from UBC. It seems that Diamond Dave's request for the RCMP to come "kick in some skulls" never went through and he's dutifully avoiding the situation.

It's evident that the public appeal of the protest is dwindling. The local media is no longer visiting us on a daily basis, except for The 432, who seem content to knock over our tents in the middle of the night.

The protest ended noon of Day Seven. The remaining five protesters, bored and smelling like poorly bathed yaks, were convinced to abandon their grip on the office by one sentence: "I'm bored, guys. Wanna go get a beer?" And they did.

What began as a mass of marching students ended with a shrug and a sigh. Once again apathy caught up with the student population of UBC. Oh well, time for a brewsky.

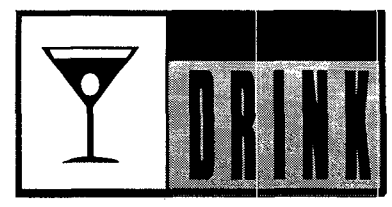


FOOD

Where Greasy Tastings Meet Horrible Wastings

BY CHRIS BURRIDGE

Pubs are like vintage wines: judged not only by their taste, but also by their ability to get you drunk. I write this as I ride the bus onto the campus in the early afternoon, setting out to review the pubs of UBC. My editor had certainly questioned my intentions: Why would I want to review sleazy college pick-up joints, when I could dine at the city's finest resteraunts, free of cost?



I begin to wonder this myself, as I stride into the Pit Pub, the first of my stops on my review. My ears are barraged by the thumping drone of computer-generated dance music (not a good start, to be sure,) as I make my way to a table. I won't bore you with the details of my meal, in case you are planning to dine in the near future. Let's just say that the kitchen could do with a bit less lard: about 40 pounds less. The only good point I manage to dredge up during my short visit was that the beer was exceedingly cheap.

My next stop is across campus, at Koerner's Pub. I must say, I sighed in relief as I walked down the stairs into this delightful establishment. As I sit at the table, sipping my Russell Cream ale, a smile lites my face. Perhaps this trip is a better idea than I have given myself credit for; or perhaps it's the alcohol starting to speak to me. I stay at Koerners for three beautiful pints, and head on my way.

The next stop on my circuit was upstairs in the SUB, to the Gallery Lounge. I'm starting to wonder at this point why I planned the route this way. Oh well. The Gallery looks like a nice place for a drink. Unfortunately, this bar doesn't have the same alcohol selectionn that the last bar had. Oh well... I can hardly taste it by now anywayss. The waitress seems vaery nice, and she keeps on bringin me more and more dirinks. I like the paintings on the wall of the bar. Very surreaelaalistic.

As I glance at the bottom of my bar map, I see a barr that I'm sure wasn't there before. Oh well, the nice gentlemann in the red jacket whose been keeping me company assures me that it does in faact exist. I guess we'll just hed over theerre and see whatt it's like..

Wow! Thios place is great! Its called the cheeze ans theere;s so much beer heree, and it's all reely good and reely cheap. And all of these men in the red coatts seem to reallly want to bee my frienndd.

I see my friend and we're drinkin and then this guy says Hey yer a reporter and I say yahh what's it to you, and he says nuthing man, and I say lets go right now and he says noway man. whhata wimp...Apparently, theses guys want to thank me for insulting therr friend but I say it's not nessessary but they insist. I'm starting to sober up and i'm wondering if they have some other meening for thanking. oh well, i guess i'll find out...

HEALTH

Good news for Baywatch.

What do you know? Experts have concluded that breasts are good for you. Not just for women, either. Apparently, in a study conducted in the United States, researchers found evidence that supports the theory that staring at large, naked, breasts can actually extend your life.

Yes! We did just say that! It seems that the increased heartbeat and blood pressure induced in males after exposure to naked women's breasts is roughly equivalent to that caused by 30 minutes of mild aerobic exercise.

Male doctors world-wide are hailing this as a major medical advancement and have already started to organize free clinics to spread the word.

So watch out guys, one might be opening in your neighborhood.

In the "Gee, really? You don't say?" department.

Get this: After years of secrecy and denial, the Liggett Group released internal documents showing that not only did the company know about the addictiveness of nicotine many years in the past, but that they had actively targeted minors with their ads.

As if we didn't notice this when cigarette companies started creating cute, cuddly cartoon characters to hock their goods on us. And that whole *Care Bears Visit Du Marier* movie was a plain give-away.

Maybe if we keep our ears peeled, the next scientific break through might just be that the sun is "really, really hot."

Argh. Ye Scurvy Lads!

Four residents of Totem Park, at UBC, were recently hospitalized after showing symptoms of scurvy. It seems that the Cafeteria didn't tell residents that the oranges, lemons, and limes which they were serving were not actually fruit. Representatives from UBC food services told our reporters that they had been serving I Can't Believe It's Not a Citrus Fruit ™ products for five years, without complaint. The Totem Park cafeteria has agreed to replace these products with real fruit, and has also announced that it will stop serving Malk™ in favour of the real, dairy-based product.

Storm This!

Obviously, Storming The Wall can be dangerous for more than the participants. Over the last week, three pedestrians have been run over, either by speeding bicycles, or determined runners. Also, two security guards—all student volunteers with Intramural Sports—were accosted by drunken Engineers in the middle of the night just before the event began. The guards, overpowered by the alcohol and vomit fumes exuding from the inebriated Engineers, fainted. When they woke, they found the rascally 'Geers gone, broken beer bottles scattered everywhere, and the Wall painted red. Charges are being considered against participants in the ill-thought prank.

Wow! You don't say...

The Canadian Medical Association spent three days developing the following policy statement: dying is now considered hazardous to your health.

THE DAMNED straight

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The Damned Straight is only ever published once by an unnamed mink named Bill. Thus you will never see it again in your life. Copies are distributed free for this one issue everywhere you may care to look at UBC, in the SUB, Chemistry, Hennings, Buchanon, Hebb, Math, Computer Science, Angus, Biology, Koerner's Library, Koerner's Bar, Totem Park Residences, Gage Tower Residences, CISCR, and yes, even The Cheeze.

The entire editorial staff would like to take this space and inform all of our loyal readers that not only does *The Damned Straight* newspaper not exist, it never did. In fact, you aren't reading anything at this current moment and you most certainly aren't holding anything in your hands.
So while you contemplate the non-existence of this fictional rag, take some time to write a cheque to our non-existent staff so that we can go to the non-existent bar and not get very drunk at all.

Stan LAVISH — Lavish Love

This week's theme: You and your penis.

Hey, Breeder: I've spent considerable time looking for my penis. I've searched everywhere for it. Someone said that they saw one at the bar. I thought that it might be mine. So I went down to look for it. It wasn't there. I'm concerned that I might have lost it forever. Can you help? Do you have it?

Concerned About Nothing

Hey, CAN: Generally, the biggest single reason for being unable to locate your penis is: You don't have one! Yes, not everyone has a dong. In fact, over half of the population is dick-less. They're called women. If you want to know if you're a woman, just go to your doctor and ask. (Don't be shy, doctors get this kind of question all the time.)

If your doctor says that you are, indeed, a man. Then here's a few hints on finding your penis. 1) It's usually in your pants. No, not the ones on the floor, the ones you're wearing. And if you're wearing a skirt, check out the last paragraph. 2) If it's not in your pants, you might have lost it. Have you dated anyone named Lorena recently?

Hey, Breeder: I was in the bar the other night at UBC and I was talking to a couple of girls. They seemed to dig me, and we were having fun, so I decided to show them my penis. They freaked! I don't believe it! Is there anyway of telling if a girl is so prudish that she'll scream at the sight of my penis?

Swinging in the Breeze

Hey, S in B: The one thing that I've found consistent in all the girls that I've dated is that they usually don't want to see your penis only a few minutes after first meeting you. However, if this approach seems to work for you, more power to you. Just try and confirm that the lady that you're talking to isn't a cop., or you might be in for a bit of a surprise.

Hey, Breeder: My girlfriend has been complaining constantly that my penis isn't very clean. She says that most guys she's dated don't have dirt caked on the sides of their schlong, and that filth is a bit of a turn-off during fellatio. How can I keep my penis clean in the future?

Dirty

Hey, D: Bleach.

Hey, Breeder: I'm still confused about this whole sex concept. The last time I wrote in (*Hole's Too Small*, December 19) you said that I should purchase some lubricant from my local sex store. Well, I did just that, and while I managed to get penetration this time, all I felt was a huge electric shock! What am I doing wrong?

All Charged Up.

Hey, ACU: I think that I see your problem here. Last time, when I suggested that you purchase some lubricant, I was assuming that your penetration problem stemmed from a sexual partner unaccustomed to your girth. Now I see that the real problem is voltage problems. You're trying to penetrate a 110V socket, these are small, and are often located in out-of-the-way places. What you should do is find the larger 220V sockets. These can be located behind your fridge and stove.

Hey, Breeder: I've heard more than a few stories from my friends about how their boyfriends dig vibrators. Since I'm a little too shy to actually go into the local sex shop, I thought that I might build one from power tools in my garage.

All I could find was an old pneumatic hammer, a power sander and an electric drill. While I think that it works perfectly, my boyfriend is afraid to let it anywhere near his penis?

How can I convince him that it's perfectly safe?

Mechanically Minded

Hey, MM: While there are a lot of sex toys available out there that will turn on almost any guy, very few of them require pull-starts.

If you are convinced that your concoction is perfectly safe and enjoyable, try demonstrating it on the family cat or neighbourhood dog.

If that doesn't work, send it to me, I'm kind of curious about exactly what you've managed to come up with. It'd be neat to swap stories at sex conventions and answer "what kind of batteries does your's take?" with "high octane unleaded."

Hey, Breeder: I hate to revive an old topic, but I've been hearing lots of contradictory opinions lately.

Does size matter? All my friends keep telling me "the bigger, the better," while all my girlfriends reassure me that "it's not how big the tool is, it's how you use it." Then they all proceed to snicker when they first see me nude!

What's the deal here? Should I be happy with the three inches that I've got or should I look into getting implants?

Missing {in} Action

Hey, MIA: Your friends are right on both counts. Size both does and doesn't matter. If you're much below four inches or so, a little help from science might be in order.

If you measure in at eight or more, science might help you go the other way. Too big can be painful.

If you can't afford the expensive surgery, try hooking weights in your foreskin and jumping up and down a lot.

If that doesn't work, try tying one end of a string to your penis and the other to the knob of a near-by door. When someone opens it, surprise, longer schlong. Or was that the trick with teeth? Nah...

Hey Breeder: What's the best way to pick up a woman?

Totally Confused

Hey Totally: Well, that entirely depends on the woman. If she's less than 100 lbs, you should be able to pick her up yourself without any problems. Lift with your knees, not your back. If she's of average weight, make sure you're wearing a kidney belt, or ask your best friend for assistance. But, just in case you're trying to pick up someone who spends most evenings scarfing down deep fried cheese, I suggest you look into renting a forklift from your local rental service.

Send your letters to Lavish Love, the Damned Straight, 4th Econoline Van, Burrard St. Br. Vancouver, B. C. V7Y 8K5.

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