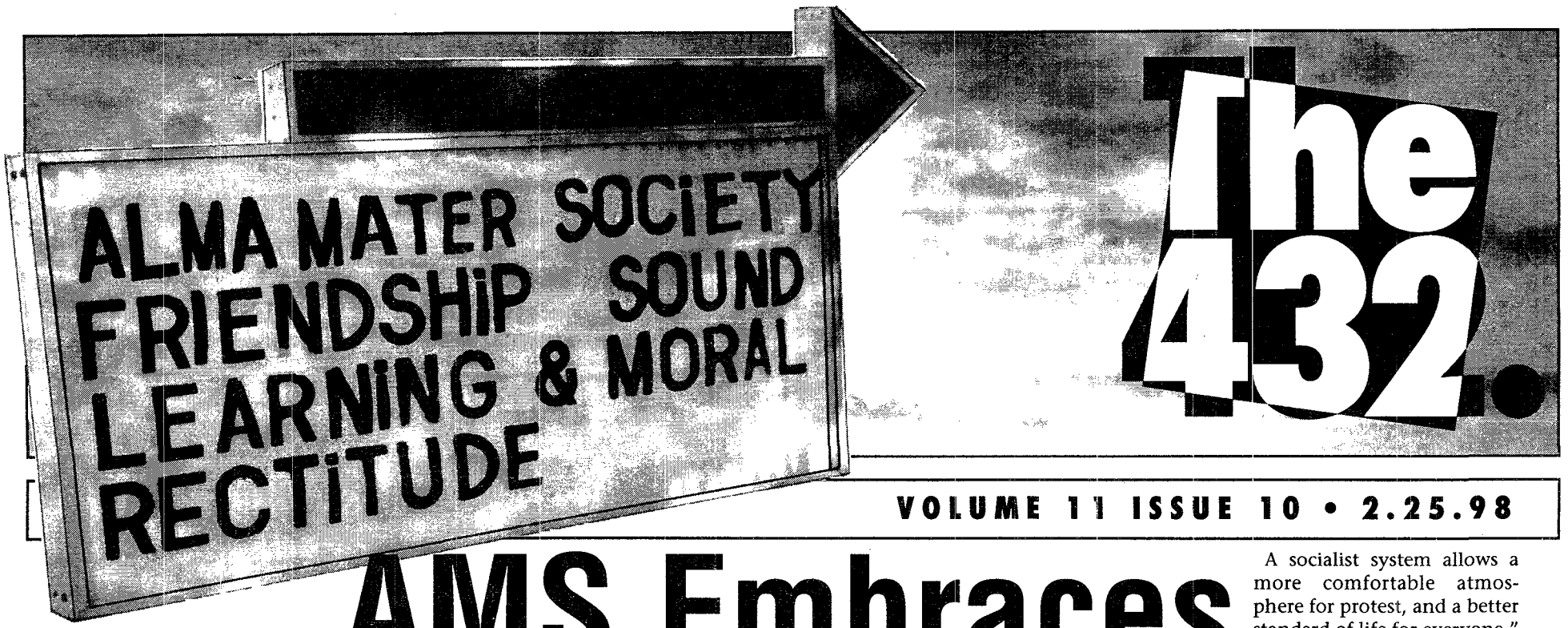

The 432

VOLUME 11 ISSUE 10 • 2.25.98

AMS Embraces Communism

Monday, February 23rd
UBC SUB Building

Newly elected AMS executive commented this morning on their plans to dissolve the AMS council, in favour of a socialist system in which all decisions will be made by public referenda.

"It just makes sense," said AMS President Vivian Hoffman. "All of the important decisions in the last four years which council has made have gone to referendum. By taking these steps, we're not fooling ourselves anymore."

The change to the new system will happen gradually over the next year. The AMS executive will keep their positions and salaries until April, and will concentrate their efforts to make sure the transition is a smooth one. AMS council will meet for the rest of the school year, however, no major decisions will be made during this time.

Hoffman assured reporters that there would be no layoffs as a result of the change, and that all appointed AMS officials will maintain their duties until the end of their term.

"I'm very confident that we can maintain all of our current staff,"explained a smiling Hoffman, "Indeed, I hope this new change will actually free up a great of money from the existing budget."

AMS Council member and Arts President Jason Murray did not seem as sure that the planned transition would be beneficial to students.

"This is communism, plain and simple," said Murray, angrily. "My Grandfather didn't fight in Korea just to see his country fall apart. Capitalism works, and as a result, the only answer is democracy."

Many students on AMS council, however, seem to have lost their faith in representative democracy. Recently, Council saw it's decision on the Thunderbird Shop overturned by a referendum. Although the referendum did not initially appear to make quorum, it was discovered that the student body had decreased by 734 students since September; enough that the referendum did, in fact, meet quorum.

Director of Administration Scott Morishita, who ran a campaign to overturn AMS Council's decision on the Thunderbird shop, seemed somewhat shocked.

"When I ran a pro-Thunderbird campaign, I had no idea that this would happen," said Morishita. "I didn't think the Thunderbird Shop would cost me my job. If I had known, I certainly wouldn't have ran the kind of silly, uninformed campaign that I did." Morishita now has only two months to serve as Director of Administration, during which time he plans to concentrate his efforts on making the T-Bird Shop owners' life "a living hell."

"I didn't think the Thunderbird Shop would cost me my job."
-scott morishita

Reaction across campus to this change has been mixed. While the Engineering, Science, and Arts Undergraduate Societies have both announced their opposition to plan, the Graduate Students Society has spoken strongly in support.

"This is just what we have been working towards over the last five years," said President Ken Dwyer. "We've always said that there is no place for democracy on a University campus.

A socialist system allows a more comfortable atmosphere for protest, and a better standard of life for everyone."

University President Martha Piper seemed surprised at the AMS' actions.

"I come from Alberta, where the Reform party is in power," explained Piper. "If I was even to say the word 'communism,' I'd be lynched quicker than you can say Preston Manning.

"Nevertheless, if this is what the students want, we have no place to interfere. As far as the University is concerned, we support communism within the student body."

AMS Policy Analyst Desmond Rodenber has spent the last several days searching the AMS records for any code which may serve to smooth some of the more complex parts of the transition.

"Believe it or not, this isn't the first time that the AMS has planned to abandon democracy. Just five years ago, then AMS President Bill Dobie attempted to establish a dictatorship, in which the President held the only vote on Council. The motion required two thirds, and failed by only three votes."

Students are invited to attend an information session on Wednesday the 25th, at 6:00pm in the SUB Council chambers. Refreshments and sandwiches will be provided. Attendance is limited to approximately two hundred students.

And you think *we're* weird? #1

One day, a student asked the master whether he resented being crippled.
"Why no, what would I resent? If the process continues, perhaps in time he'll transform my left arm into a rooster. In that case I'll keep watch at night. Or perhaps in time he'll transform my right arm into a crossbow pellet and I'll shoot down an owl for roasting. Or perhaps in time he'll transform my buttocks into cartwheels. Then, with my spirit for a horse, I'll climb up and go for a ride. What need will I ever have for a carriage again?"

-Chuang Tzu

Anthrax Stores Discovered at UBC

Monday, February 23rd
Vancouver, B.C.

During routine inspection of the UBC steam tunnels, Plant Operations workers discovered a clandestine microbiology laboratory attempting to produce a strain of Anthrax capable of being used in biological weapons. The Wesbrook and Woodward Library buildings were promptly evacuated.

"It was crazy, man," said Plant Ops worker Bob Davidson, "one minute I'm checking a pipe for rust, the next I'm down at Tim Horton's having a donut and a coffee, but what were we talking about? Oh yeah, the Anthrax, that was pretty cool, except for the fire hose cleaning."

Hazmat groups have been working around the clock in an attempt to render the affected area safe to students.

"We figure we should get the place as least as sanitary as Totem Park," said Ken Nehaichy "so tomorrow were starting to ship in the offals from the Maple Leaf slaughter house."

Barry Mcbride, ex-dean of science and current Vice President of Academic Affairs and Provost, was shocked when it was revealed that current microbiology student Dean Morrow was implicated as the cheif of the researchers arrested when found in the steam tunnels.

The group "Terrorists for Terrorists", long suspected of underground activities, has been positively linked to the newly discovered hidden lab.

"I don't know what you're talking about, and quit breathing heavy on my answering machine." said President elect Vivian Hoffman when confronted with the similarity between "Terrorists for Terrorists" and her slate "Students for Students".

The 432

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John Hallett
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Andrew Martin
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Edrick Yu

Strain 2B (or not 2B)
Chuang Tzu

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Writers and cartoonists from all faculties are encouraged to submit material to *The 432*.

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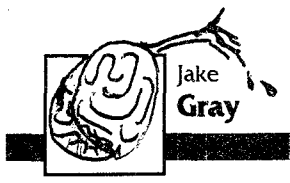
If My Head Was Veal, How Much Would it Weigh?



Jake **Gray**

I'd like to cut your head off and weigh it. What do ya say? . . . 5 pounds . . . 6 pounds . . . 7 pounds? ? ? Would you like to snort some spray glue? I know, I'll just crawl onto this log and row across english bay. Let's go Bum Hunting!

So anyway, I was up at whistler for the last three days spending my hard earned money on basically anything anyone was trying to sell me, except albanian midget pornography. Why yes I'd love a double mocha, half caf, cinnamon flavoured, algerian style, low fat, triple calorie crapachino, and can I get that to go? Ahhh, coffee, that wonderful black goo, giver of energy, forcer of urine, cramper of stomachs. How I miss the sleepless nights staring at the ceiling searching for the cracks lovingly. How I long for the sweet sweet taste of steaming black java.

As I sit here gently caressing the words from my keyboard, I can't help pondering the reasoning behind some folks actions. Just the other day, while riding the chairlift at Whistler, I happened to spy a young tyke hiking up a little hill underneath the chair so he could get to a little closed off area. His path went directly underneath the chair at a place were the chair comes quite close to the ground. Pow! This poor little bastard gets clipped on the back of the head by a high speed quad. He's lying on the snow face down, possibly with brain damage, when a simultaneous Nelsonesque Ha Ha issues forth from all the people on chairs in view. I felt very sorry for the guy, that is until he sat up, gave the finger and yelled "Bite Me!", then proceeded to stand up and get smacked by another chair. I hope the twenty five feet of snow was worth it. He went through all of this pain and humiliation just for a moment of nice snow.

Two weeks ago, I was talking to a friend of mine going to school in Nova Scotia. What a wonderful idea New Scotland is. The old one is little worn down. What kind of shape would you expect your house to be in after drunk scots had been living there for three thousand years. I've been living in my place for less than six months, and its got some serious odor problems. I don't really know where this smell has come from because I clean continuously, shower on a semi-regular basis, and I've only cooked haggis there once. I'm pretty lucky my landlady lost her sense of smell back in the big war. Its a tragic tale of lost childhood innocence in the face of the tragedy of war. There are lot of problems with war. I'm glad I haven't been alive during a major war. They ration alcohol during war. Its a pretty good idea that scots are drunk. Not to mention the whole burning, killing, maiming, bombing, shooting, raping, stealing, raping, but there wouldn't be any wars if it wasn't for the positive aspects. What a problem the world would have had if they'd have all been sober between 0-1000 A.D. The Scots would have been the biggest scourge mankind's ever known. Right on par with the mongols and the huns. I tell you it was military genius for the English to send cases of whiskey to the major centres of Scottish culture there by allowing the army to walk in unmolested. Take that any way you wasn't to. But Back to St. Johns where the current weather is producing fifteen foot waves crashing unto the highly rocky coast line. Out goes gord with his surfboard to have a minute rush before being dashed on the rocks by the ice cold surf. He's in the hospital right now. I would not want to be in his situation considering the state of health care in Nova Scotia. Health care all over is in serious need of help. Even in B.C. we're starting to get some serious line-ups. I'm not looking forward to the three hour wait for the stomach pump later tonight.

Ah sweet sweet drunk talk. . . .

Cheers to that! -ed

The Kamloops Blazers vs. Team Sweden

Jeremy **Thorp**

Well, the Olympics are over, and Canada has won more medals than we ever have at an Olympic games. Time for celebration? I think not.

There used to be two things which we, as Canadians, could take for granted:

1) We have the best hockey players in the world.

2) We have really good cheddar cheese.

I guess our cheese will have to get a whole lot better.

Things have changed, now that the Olympics allow professional players to take part. Before, we wouldn't get down on our athletes if they lost a game. Why? Because they were amateur athletes; just kids, really, who always gave it their best.

Instead, we get a bunch of NHL superstars who are payed to win. I know what you're saying; they don't make any money from the Olympics.

Don't they? They get a two week break from playing in the regular season, right? They still get their salary, don't they?

Exactly.

Because they get paid, I'll allow myself to criticize their play a little bit. Here we have the 'best' players in the world. Gretzky. Shannahan. Yzerman. Bourque. We can all read the names on the back of the jerseys; maybe we should have printed them in the inside of their visors. The players themselves surely didn't seem to realize what they were capable of.

My suggestion? Let's get back to the way the things used to be. We'll send the country's best Junior team to play against the world. Who cares if the other countries don't play along? I'd much rather see the Oshawa Generals lose to Khazikstan, than see the hundred million dollar team lose to the Dominik Hasek show.

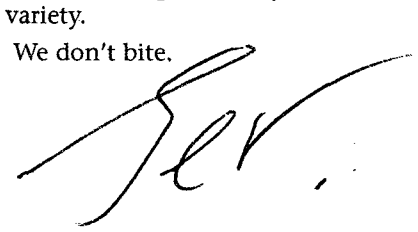
.....

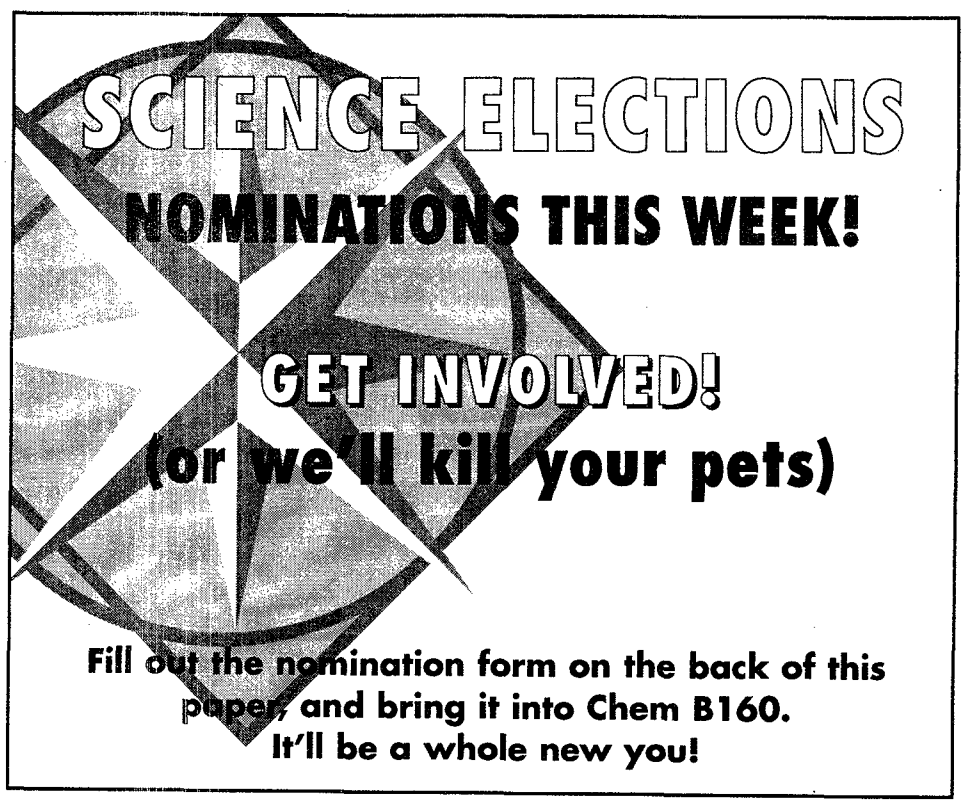
Oh yeah. I almost forgot. The paper has a drastically new look. The front page has been remodeled, and a lot of the fonts and layout have been changed throughout the paper. Change is good, that's what I say.

If you have any comments about the new duds, send us an e-mail, or hurl a brick through my window. Though I'm sure there are a few traditionalists wincing out there, I think most people will be amiable to the switch.

Once again, we're always looking for submissions; particularly of the cartoon variety.

We don't bite.





Frat Fiasco

Frenchy Maftei

Cheese-eating frog

Frat Houses to be Replaced by Parking Lot!According to the university's 'Paving the Road to the Future' plan, the lots left vacant by the relocation of the fraternity houses will be turned into parking lots. The move has sparked widespread protests, especially from students and from local environmental groups.

Next year, the fraternity houses are due to be relocated from their current location along Wesbrook Mall and Western Parkway to a spot across from the RCMP headquarters for what Maria Klawe, VP-Student and Academic Services, said were "purely aesthetic reasons. We thought that to have a large building near the RCMP offices would restore some balance to that end of campus." Privately, Dr. Klawe is rumored to want to "pave those damn frats out of existence." The director of the UBC Trek Transportation program, Gordon Lovegrove, has expressed great enthusiasm at turning frat row into one big parking lot. "It's exactly what this campus needs; we'll build a big parking lot, and then jack the prices up to something like, say, 25 cents for every 3 minutes. The university will make loads of cash!"

Members of the frats were too drunk to comment, but some members of the AMS were furious at the idea of another parking lot on campus. "This is just another attempt by the university to corporatize UBC," said Director of Administration Scott Morishita. "Soon, they'll want to pave the SUB over, and that means that we'll be forced to kick the Thunderbird Shop out. Students don't want that, even if they don't care at all." Perpetual protester James Pond immediately began a sit-in, this time at the headquarters of Impark, the Lower Mainland's biggest privately-owned parking company. "I'm planning to stay here until the corporate promotion of vehicle-use has ended. I plan to impede Impark's ability to conduct business as usual by duct-taping a sheep to the front of every one of their tow-trucks. That'll show them!"

Animal-rights activists have expressed concern over the well-being of the sheep. Matilda Gustaffson, the president of UBC's Free Willy Club, said that "my biggest concern is over the reaction of the tow-truck drivers when they find these helpless sheep on the hoods of their trucks. You know, many of those drivers are of Scottish descent, and, well, they're easily confused."

In an effort to address the concerns of environmentalists who deplore the destruction of greenery on campus, Gordon Lovegrove has promised to use APEC-Alert's left-over 'protest material' and paint the lines on the pavement green.

Sic 'em, Buddy!

Mandy Seymour

Whitebread Correspondent.

It seems that the public has been hearing too much about the dear American president's private life lately. With the shocking rumours about the Monica Lewinsky's imaginary semen stained dress the guy has been on the cover of every tabloid for months. With all the false evidence stories running around the internet, its hard to keep your attention on the real issue at hand: Paula Jones' sexual harassment suit. Prosecutor Kenneth Starr is having a field day by pursuing a personal agenda of destroying the all ready tarnished reputation of Bill baby. Then again Clinton's popularity is at an all-time high. He's almost up to President Bush's popularity record, while Abe Lincoln is a close second. Point being, I just can't say I feel sorry for Bill, even if he didn't have an affair with the intern.

When it really comes down to it, who you've got to feel sorry for is little Miss Chelsea "off-at-Stanford" Clinton. It must be really annoying going to parties and not being able to drink "because you're not 21." That and no one else underage can drink - the secret service agents are just bored enough to bust you for drinking. Worst of all, hearing the same old Clinton jokes that Leno has been telling for months. "Hey Chelsea - have you heard the new Monica joke?" But then again, she can just set her secret service agents on them.

What must really suck about having the president for your father would be the darn secret service agents. Those guys follow you literally everywhere. I can just picture the scene in the women's washroom when Chelsea needs to take a shit. "Excuse me people, please clear the washroom - Chelsea needs to do a number two." The one cool thing is if you ran out of toilet paper you could just ask your servants, er, secret service agents, to pass a roll.

Chances are all the chicks on her floor have had to pass serious security screenings and there are secret service men living next door to her in the all girls dorm. Hmmm....I wonder why there is a middle aged man in a dark suit in a female only dorm. No, he couldn't possibly be a secret service agent. "So Joe, what is your major?"

"Uh...bye.... I mean...biology...yah...that's it."

I'll bet Chelsea never gets a date. Even when she was just dancing with a boy during her summer trip to Italy, the tabloids had all the pix and were starting rumours of potential engagement. If you think about it most guys would be far too intimidated to ask Chelsea out. You'd have to get approval from her agents and when you came over to pick her up and meet her family - ohh...the wrath of papa Clinton. As you left for the date you'd hear Bill screaming out "Don't do anything I would."

You gotta have an itching suspicion that poor Chelsea never gets laid. And if she does she probably has that "nervous that the secret service men might walk in and tell my father" syndrome going on. I mean, her family is Southern Baptist, so you know they're into the abstinence before marriage scene. What's the deal with that? And, it would look really bad if Chelsea got pregnant out of wedlock while Bill was in office. I can see it now, "President's Daughter Confirms Genetic Basis of Sex Drive!" Oh well.

If she was smart she would get plastic surgery, lose the accent and move to Vancouver to attend university. No one would ever guess. Next time your taking a Poli Sci course, take a real good look at the girl sitting next to you. The six men in black suits sitting around her might not be there because of her cute pouty lips, pert breasts, and firm buttocks.

Then again, maybe they are.

Mandy is a lesbian.

No, I'm kidding.

She's a transvestite.

-ed

Fun With a Little C4.

Andrew Martin

Convicted Safecracker

I'm sitting here in this sorry excuse for a 'Conversation Pit' thing and while looking at the crap-assed mural depicting lots of people who are doing a whole lot of what people normally do when they're next to a big black tube that goes over mountains with a misty city on the other side, and something occurs to me. We should really be interested in the beautification of our campus. I'm not talking simple "let's-put-flowers-everywhere" or "let's-have-less-lifeboats-to-open-up-space" techniques that just piss the hell out of everybody and waste our already wasted student fees. The first step in my New Plan of Beautification is of course, demolition of ugly stuff. So let's begin.

First, we rip that goddam mural off the wall. It doesn't serve a purpose, it's just ugly and distracting and most of all, I don't like it. In fact, take out the entire wall and replace it with a jumbotron showing psychedelic screen-saver-like patterns and other computer graphics all day long. This would make the SUB much cooler. During a major sporting event or celebrity criminal trial, we can all watch together and have beer sold to us by the highest bidder between the Pit and Gallery. Nothing brings people together like beer and TV. It's a much better atmosphere than a bunch of soiled purple nylon couches under an ugly mural and listening to whatever the staff at PieR Squared staff wants to listen to. Beer profits will pay for the screen in the first year and the rest (post-embezzlement) will go to further beautification projects.

This'll improve the inside, but what about the outside. The statue of the "Goddess" of Democracy has been turned from a minor blasphemous false idol to a major eyesore by the same people who actually care that

it's even there. So we hold a statue toppling riot and charge $2 a piece for the fun of taking a sledgehammer to the statue. We take the money and use it to finance a statue of Stan, Kyle, Cartman, Kenny and Chef.

One thing's for sure, we'll have fewer protests 'cuz people won't be able to decide on a symbolic meeting place. Just think, you'll never have to hear another "Hey-Hey, Ho-Ho [something, something] has got to go!" chant during lunch hour again. And all that paint on the plaza will look even stupider if its surrounding a scene depicting a little parka-wearing boy falling into a vat of acid.

Moving on, the parking outside of the Bookstore. I can never find a space when I need it, and I've almost been run over a few times by you little pricks who can afford the rates, so take a heavy-duty chain saw to the meters and fill in the area to make a level concrete field. We'll get back to it later, in Phase II. This will free up some labour, as this is about the only place Campus Cowboys ever seem to work. Don't worry guys, Phase II has a plan for you too.

Continuing Southward, we come to the Cairn. What an ugly piece of shit that thing is. Its only purpose seems to be to sit there, look ugly, get covered by a new layer of paint each week and get set on fire once every month. Its a pain to look at and the paint scrapings around it are probably leaking toxic chemicals into the soil. So, to remedy this, one night we'll jump on top of the Cairn, drill several holes in it, fill them with C4 and then...boom.

Shock waves will be felt all the way to Surrey. And as an added bonus, the entire engineering portion of the campus will become a smoldering crater. It's a win-win situation and gives us a big portion of the campus to work with in Phase II. We may or may not have enough money to put a blast shield around MacMillan, and we'll be sure to remove all the beer from the Cheeze (absolutely no alcohol will be harmed during The New Plan, the 'Geers themselves however...).

We will turn around now and move North. Not that Totem could use a bit of remodeling, but we'll leave that, along with Buchanon, for next year's budget, as our grant from Anarchy Inc. is almost used up.

The last couple of hundred should be spent on the Chan center, or as I call it: 'Satan's Beer Can'. I hear it looks great inside, but it does looks like hell on the outside. So, we'll share the beauty by making it an outdoor stadium with just a few well-placed explosives. Again, as an added bonus, the Rose Garden will probably be obliterated, taking out the useless garden and giving us a clean, steep slope and some masonry to work with in Phase II. Don't worry, we'll keep the parking for those of you who want to spend twelve bucks a day when the B-Lots are 2 bucks.

We'll just get rid of the garden, we only ever see flowers in April anyways, the rest of the year we just see decapitated thorny bushes. It would be much better used by the plan I've got for it in Phase II.

Phase I is now complete, the campus is in chaos (maybe next time I'll let people know in advance I'm planning to do), engineering has been eliminated and we have several large (though burning) clearings with which to work with, all in a couple of days and for a couple of thousand dollars (Canadian). Hey, I never said there wouldn't be a transitional phase. But never fear, Phase II is right around the corner.

Andy has this strange fascination with destruction. Last week, he walked into the office, and smashed a TV, a computer, and a phone.

Don't believe me? I have the video. If you want to see it, come by the office. $25, while supplies last.

-ed

Jay's Inner Child

Jay **Garcia**

This is my third year at this institution (or fourth, I forget), and a couple of facts are becoming inescapably obvious. One: I have an intense dislike of the Real World. I don't want to get out of here and find some nine-to-five, go-home-afterwards-and-get-wasted-watching-the-telly job. And two: I like campus life. I was in Boston not too long ago, and I spent some time rooming with an old friend. One of the things she said was that, come September, the place would be crawling with around 30,000 new freshmen — largely due to the number of colleges and universities in the Boston/Cambridge area. Well, actually, what she really said was "It's the fucking fountain of youth... every year, there's always new meat wandering around with that cherub-clean 'fresh-out-of-high-school' look. You can trade in your last-year's model freshman for this years better, shinier, cuter and more buff model". Scarily enough, I found myself agreeing with her. All of which leads me to an inescapable conclusion: I am never going to be able to leave the university life.

There are better ways of never leaving, however, than by failing just enough classes to keep you registered and thereby extending your completion-of-degree time by one to four years (or, in some rare cases, up to eight additional years). Do too much of this, or do it poorly, and you're going to be facing the business end of a politely-but-firmly worded letter strongly advocating that you relocate to someplace less challenging for a while. This method, then, is akin to tightrope walking on barbed wire over a pit of dirty needles and broken glass while onlookers in the peanut gallery (usually your friends) throw bottle caps and half-eaten SUB food at you.

However, there is a better way of never leaving the campus life-style and all its accouterments. It's called Grad School and Beyond. This path has all the benefits of an eight-to-twelve year completion of an undergraduate degree without all the messy cynicism, bitterness, and burnout associated with being cooped up with a bunch of wankers barely out of their adolescence who're shooting through their four years without raising a single measly finger.

If you examine it closely, it's not too hard to see that pursuing a high-level degree in Science is a good way to avoid growing up. I mean, being in grad school is like being back in seventh grade — you are the Kings and Queens of the elementary school, and you get to lord it over the little pricks in the grades beneath you (the undergrads). In return, even the lowliest high schoolers (people with their PhD's and professors) get to kick the living shit out of you, and you learn to like it.

And then there's the world of scientific research to consider. If this isn't some weird reversion to childhood all dollied up with cool high tech accessories, then I don't know what is. If you really think about it, any high level scientist is just some kid with a hammer looking for something to smash. Case in point: particle physics. Physicists use a huge-ass magnetic gun to throw atoms and subatomic particles at each other at speeds approaching that of light, and then examine the energetic debris of the collision. Or take genetics, for example (a subject near and dear to my heart). Genetic analysis in organisms is comprised of taking that organism and mutating it by exposing it to all number of chemicals, rays, or weird experimental breeding procedures until the gene you want to study breaks and the organism turns purple, or grows legs where its antennae should be, and so on. These approaches to science are just a more advanced version of a kid taking apart the family VCR to find out how the pictures are being made (although, speaking from personal experience, this is probably more physics than genetics — genetics seems to have its roots in kids burning ants with a magnifying glass, or in yanking the wings off flies and then watching them craw around).

Further, all the best scientists seem to have never lost their child-like behaviour in some way, shape or form. Francis Crick always looked like needed his mother did all his clothes shopping for him. Albert Einstein seemed to have the mournfully surprised expression of kid being constantly reminded to pick his toys up after him. And Richard Feynman had the same manic glint in his eyes as that of a three year old child who has just discovered that many things in the world around him are flammable.

Put this way, it's a wonder that anybody in his right mind would want to find a nine-to-five, go-home-afterwards-and-get-wasted-watching-the-telly job when the exciting and legally-sanctioned world of destruction for the sake of science offers such possibilities.

Jay Garcia is one of the rookies in the University longetivity league. He's an early challenger to Johann Thornton's record of 12 years.

My money is still on Phil Ledwith; depending, of course, on whether the immigration officials catch him first.

-ed

ORDER YOUR REX-WEAR™ NOW!!

Hey, at least we didn't make fun of your Grandmother.

Ask Dr. Temple

Dr. Temple

Rectologist and Sometime Vetrinarian

Well, reading break is over and therefore so is the nine days of drunken debauchery. Starting now is the two month period of drunken debauchery before Art's County Fair. A word to the wise however, there has been an increase in the usage of the so-called "date rape" drug, rohypnol. Everyone is aware of the tragic cases of women being assaulted with the help of rohypnol, but there has been a recent increase in a different abuse of this drug. The victims in this case are, surprisingly, almost exclusively male. UBC Hospital's emergency room statistics have shown seventeen cases of people being savagely beaten while under the influence of the drug. Apparently, the victim's drink is spiked with rohypnol. Then, when the drug has taken affect, the victim is "given the works." The victim comes to several hours later, bleeding from several orifices, and without the slightest clue as to what happened. Yung here is a tragic example of the affects of this new crime, as he does not even know that it is happening to him.

Dear Dr. Temple,

I have a strange question for you. Is there such a surgery available where the patient's tongue is augmented? This may seem like a strange request, but it's nothing weird or sexual. What happened is that I have only half a tongue now, and as such have a great deal of trouble speaking and eating. So you can see that I have a valid reason for getting this operation. Here is what happened: About two weeks ago I was hanging around in the FilmSoc clubroom, watching TV and drinking a Coke. After Zena was over I got up, said goodbye to everybody and left for the bus loop. That was the last thing I remember before waking up in the intensive care unit at the hospital. I had been beaten with what was apparently several small cacti or porcupines (the lab work has yet to come back from forensics). Along with seven fractured ribs, a broken nose, sprained neck, and a torn colon, I was suffering from a severed tongue. Supposedly I had bitten it off, but the doctors say that the bite marks indicate it being bitten off by someone else. Later that day I had found out that two of my friends were responsible for saving my life. They had been in the hospital briefly to get stitched up, because they had taken a few of the Irish beats that were being dealt out to me, in order to stop the brutality. At least I have them to thank for rescuing me, there's always a silver lining I suppose. So, if you could respond with the answer to my reply, that would be greatly appreciated.

Yung Hsi

Well Yung, I'm afraid that you've been a victim to more than a savage assault and battery. I'm sure that your so called "friends" were not responsible for your saving, but rather it was they who had beaten you. I'm willing to bet that while you weren't looking, they had slipped some rohypnol into your Coke. It had taken a few minutes to take affect, and when you were walking towards the bus loop you had probably collapsed. At which point they had beaten you with what I'm pretty sure to be porcupines not cacti. Without knowing the results I'm sure that it was porcupines because, cacti are very brittle, and would break apart after only a few swings. A mangled porcupine, however, has just the right amount of elasticity to stand up to a good beating. Your "friends" then gave each other a few blows to seem more believable when they told their story. I suggest that you speak to the authorities about this. As for your tongue, there is a surgery where your tongue can be extended. You can go to any doctor who specializes in rib-removal, as they will also be practiced tongue extenders.

Unfortunately the increased use of the drug has made an unattended beverage a threat to us all. So, next time you see a half empty pop can, let out a blood curdling cry and race to empty it as soon as possible. If we all do our part, this campus will be safer for us all, including the poor porcupines.

Poor porcupines? Obviously, you've never been bitten in the ass by one. -ed

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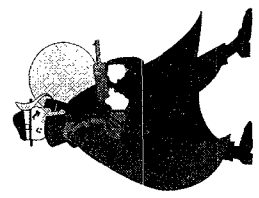
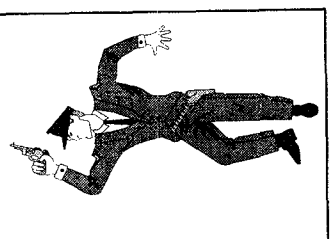


FREE INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY SEMINARS

Representatives of the Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS) and local legal experts will present an overview of the physical protection of sensitive corporate and research information. Learn how international spooks steal Canadian know-how. Also local legal experts explain the legal steps for maintaining trade secrets in the corporate world.



THURSDAY FEB. 26
6:30-9:30PM
WOOD 3

REAL REAL REAL REAL

Jenn's Article

Miss Jenn

Practitioner of Olde Tyme Medicine

Camping licks. There is nothing I dislike more than Camping. Camping instills in me a Yucky Feeling. Kinda like the Yucky Feeling you get when you get pulled over at the border and the Customs Inspector snaps on the

Little Rubber Glove. Why do I not like Camping so much? I wonder if it could be...

When I was in Grade 10 our school introduced Fitness Class. Instead of taking Gym, you could take Fitness and do fun stuff like goof around in the weight room or go for a walk outside. This was an absolute godsend for me and you can probably figure out why if you read my article last week. If you didn't, shame on you.Anyway, part of your mark in Fitness was participating in at least a few of the field trip things. One day I went

along to play Ultimate Frisbee in the park. On the first shot my Ultimate Frisbee landed in The Ultimate Water Hazard. I spent the rest of the afternoon with an Ultimate Stick trying to get the frikkin' Frisbee out so I wouldn't be charged for the cost of it. One day I went along to help out with the Mini Triathalon. We lost 3 contestants disturbingly close to a well-used train track on that trip. The last trip of the year was the optional camping excursion. Despite the fact that Bad Bad Stuff happened every time I went on a Fitness trip, I thought it would be fun. Let me

interject here with a Miss Jenn Life Lesson - NEVER IGNORE HISTORY. Let's

say there's a nice spot in the woods you like to picnic in, but every time you spread out your blanket and set out the food an alien ship beams you up and you get anal probed. One day you want to go for a picnic and you wonder where to go. Unless anal probing is your bag, DON'T IGNORE HISTORY and don't go to that spot in the woods. Anyway, this was before the picnic-probing incident and I hadn't quite learned that lesson yet, so I ignored the Bad Bad Stuff that happened on old Fitness trips and signed up to go camping.

The trip was a canoeing-camping trip up Indian Arm to Twin Islands. On the appointed day we met at the dock mid-morning in the pouring rain. We moved the canoes from the van to the dock using the highly sophisticated "You hold one end, I'll hold the other, and we'll both fall down the hill into the mud at the same time" method. After sorting out who was in what boat, we donned our life jackets. I've finally figured out how a School District 43-issue life jacket works.

It's not stuffed with foam, as youmight think. It is actually stuffed with an extremely large yet light culture of mildew which keeps you afloat. OK, maybe not, but at least that explains the smell. I guess I should have figured out something was amiss when I noticed that instead of having "School District 43" stenciled onto the side of my canoe, it said "Express Canoe to HELL" Here's another Miss Jenn Life Lesson - NEVER GET ON ANYTHING THAT SAYS IT'S GOING TO HELL BECAUSE IT PROBABLY IS. Even if it is a Yucky Cold Wet Day and a Nice Warm Express Number 99 pulls up to your stop, if it says HELL in the destination window, DON'T GET ON. So we set off in the rain , paddling Satan's Canoe. There were 2 people

to a canoe, and scrawny me was paired with Karen, our Olympic-Swimmer-In-Training. You may think that this would mean I could sit back and do nothing, but when only one person paddles on one side of the canoe, you go in a circle. We had to paddle against the tide, so not only were we going in circles (I was paddling, but I am so weak my contribution was pretty much negligible) but we were going backwards too.

Miraculously, after awhile we got to our destination. It was probably only an hour and a half of paddling, but it seemed like years. Relativistic time dilation says that time effectively slows down the closer to the speed of light you travel. If that's true, we must have paddled like an Angry Ferret on PCP. But as the canoes pulled into the islands, we realized there was a problem. One of the islands had a nice campground, a dock and a fire pit, the other one had no clearings and an outhouse.

Nobody knew which island was which. "Look for the one with the Dock" you say. Keep in mind, we were being led by 2 Gym teachers. We were lucky to have even made it in the right direction in the first place. We had to make a snap decision and guess which island was which. Would we end up sleeping on flat ground around a roaring fire or would we end up being able to visit the bathroom? Stay tuned for the next issue, when the To Sleep or To Poop question will be answered, and our heroine faces Exploding Barbecues, a Stick in the Calf, and an Axe-Wielding Ferret on PCP.

To be continued... (we hope)
Same Jenn Time, Same Jenn Place!
I think.
-ed

Science Elections Theme Page™

Science elections are just around the corner; the deadline for nominations is Friday, February 28th. If you're one of those odd people who would like to get involved, this is the chance for you. All you have to do is fill out the nomination form (placed conveniently at the back of this issue), and hand it in to SUS (Chem B160). Simple, huh?

But wait! You don't have any friends? Can't find enough signatures for your form? No problem! Take it to one of your lectures, and pass it around the class. Tell your classmates it's a petition to save the Thunderbird Shop! Voila!

President

The big cheese. El Presidenté. The head honcho.

Pretty cool, huh? Well, not really. What does the President actually do? A lot of time is spent as a liason between the University, other undergraduate societies, the AMS, and SUS. The President also gets to use a big gavel at council meetings, call meetings to order, and pronounce complicated words like 'quorum ' and 'whereas'.

Though this position is open to everyone, a good candidate will generally have a great deal of experience with student politics, and with the workings of a student society. In a pinch, though, a really cool sounding name and a cute picture will work just as well.

VP, external

Two simple words.

Science Week. Sounds pretty easy, huh? It's not. Consider, first the logistics of Science Week. Six Thousand science students; twenty science clubs, seven days, twenty five kegs of beer, and no room for mistakes.

Sound like fun? Throw in a seat on AMS Council and responsibility for SUS bookings, and you have a pretty good time, indeed.

Want to run for Internal VP? Fill out the form, and mark off January '99 as busy. It's going to be one hell of a ride.

VP, Internal

What happens if the president dies? Millions die, and the internal Vice President takes over the job. So, other than being glorified life insurance, what does the VP Internal do?

Well, they run these elections, for one. Add to that the Annual General meeting, the First Year Committee, and the fabulous Wine and Cheese, and you get a pretty good idea. Yum.

want to run in the science elections? we know you want it... give in...

1. fill out the nomination form

2. hand it in to chem b160

3. win. Easy, huh?

Sports

I want a refund! That's what a couple of hundred science students say every year. Who gets to coordinate all of these refunds, and to ensure that everyone is happy?

The Director of Sports, of course. Also included in the portfolio are the organization of SUS teams, and the planning of the annual sports banquet.

If you're into sports, and you want to get involve, this may just be the position for you.

Secretary

Now I know what you're thinking.

Secretaries fetch coffee, take phone messages, and sleep with the boss, right? Not quite. The secretary is the record-keeper of the Science Undergraduate Society, keeping minutes, and updates the constitution when needed. When you have both an executive meeting and a general council meeting to transcribe, time can get a wee bit scarce.

Of course, the secretary is also responsible for keeping the office chock-full of office supplies.

Public Relations Officer

Remember Watergate? Neither do I.

You've probably heard of it, though. Believe it or not, someone was left to clean up the mess.

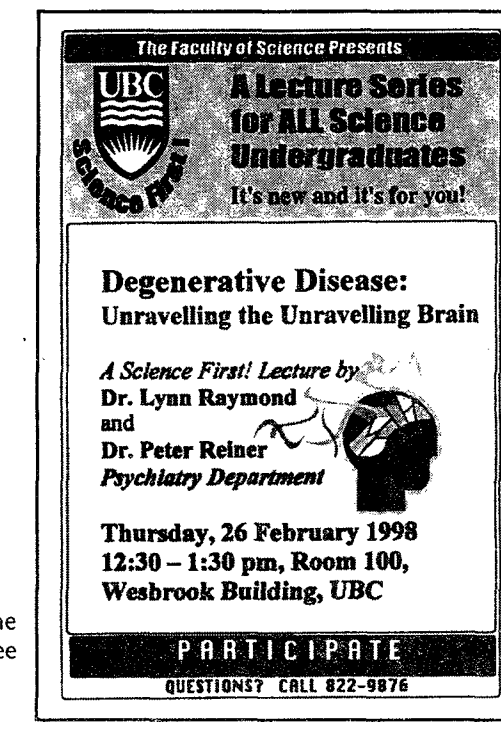
In the event that the SUS president was to be caught in bed with the Premier, the PRO would probably be left to explain. In the meantime, however, the PRO plans charity events, both during the year, and in Science Week. Other than that, it's pretty much a free ride.

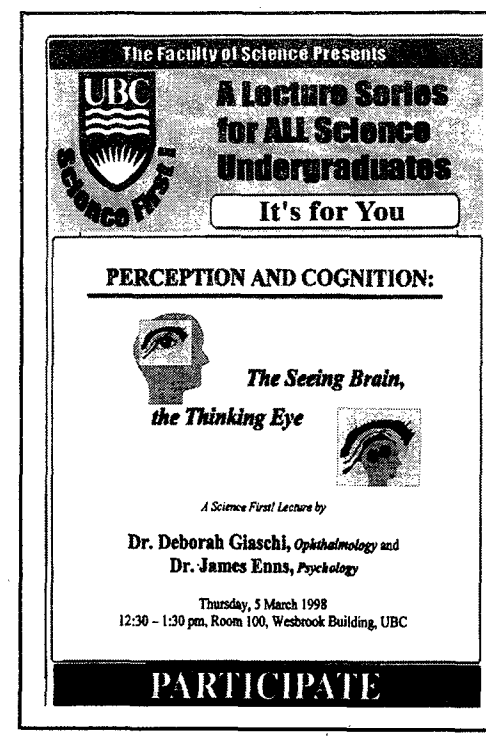
Director of Publications

Are you a total moron?
Do you enjoy self-mutilation?

If the answer to any of the above questions was 'yes', you may be in luck. The Director of Publications is in charge of *The 432*. This usually means that he or she is stuck with the dubious title of Editor. If you've ever tried to herd a group of cats, you probably already have an idea of just how fun this job is.Mind you, if you have a fondness for late nights, a thirst for fame, and a penchant for layout and graphic design, this may be the place for you. In the past, the DoP has usually been a former columnist, or assistant editor of this paper. Of course, things can always change.

the elections NOMINATION FORM is right on the BACK PAGE of this paper.





Las Gavetas De SUS.

Bella Carvalho

President

It appears that in the last issue of the paper, there was a small uprising within the SUS. A certain director of finance took it upon himself to displace your president in her role. I'm happy to say that the coup has been dealt with, and that all involved have been summarily punished. I am once again your supreme dictator (er...democratically appointed facilitator). The public will has spoken.

On to more pressing matters, the SUS elections are fast approaching. By the time this paper comes out, you will have 3 days to get your nomination in to elections commissioner Doug Beleznay (hey...wait a minute...I see a connection here). After that, no whining allowed about who the candidates are. This is your chance to get involved and make SUS what you want it to be. Details about elections dates, all candidates meeting and other nit-picky stuff can be found in Doug's article, or by hunting him down.

If you are unsatisfied with student-level restructuring, feel free to try to change the whole University! Dr. Piper, along with other lofty members of the administration, are currently working on a "UBC Vision", a document that would spell out what the University hopes to accomplish in the next century, and steps it must take to do so. Any ideas you have can be sent directly to the presidents office, faxed, or e-mailed. Or you can pick up a copy of a list of questions this document hopes to focus on from me, or the AMS business offices.

Grad Class...if you are in 4th year (or, in some cases, later years), you are considered a member of the 1998 Grad Class. As such, you have a say as to the gift that we (for I too plan to graduate) will be giving the University this year. Gifts will be voted on in early March, but for now, you can submit your ideas on what you think would be a great gift. There is a $3000 maximum per gift, and it should be visible, durable and universal. Submit your idea, along with a 100 word description, cost estimate and a brief description of the allocation of funds in to Grad Class Council by Feb 27th. (You can drop these off in my box in SUS, or Ruta Fluxgold's office the the SUB.)

Also, grads, keep your eyes peeled for Grad Dinner-Dance tickets. For the first year ever, SUS will be holding it's own Grad event. So, if you and all your friends are scattered across many departments, and you all want to go to the same Grad, this is for you. Ticket prices are still to be finalized at the time my article is due, but will be very reasonable. The event itself will be held at the Hotel Vancouver, on March 28th. If you are interested, come find me or another exec that's been here for too many years (Doug, Jer, Phil or Aarne) and we'll be able to sell you tickets, or give you more info.

And, for this week, that is all folks. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a trike to go polish.

Mikey Boetzkes

Social Coordinator

Well now that I have spent a little bit more of my budget than I was originally allowed to all the remaining events this year are going to have to be done really really cheaply. I'm thinking something along the lines of everyone going to the liquor store buying lots of alcohol and then bringing it to some yet to be disclosed location and drink.

As I see it this will reduce the number of people who complain because for some reason don't have the exact same taste in beer as me. This also allows the cider drinkers to have the largest selection possible. I think that it will also be a lot cheaper for SUS.

If anyone thinks that they have a better idea than this feel free to tell me. Just come into SUS and as soon as I get out of the hospital I get right onto it.

Thanks everyone bye now.

Mikey was abducted by aliens last Wednesday. They implanted a computer chip which allows him to actually stay under budget. As a result, we'll be able to have another event this year.

Yay! -ed

Edrick Yu

Public Relations Officer

Edrick here again. Well folks, it's time once again to empty your pockets for this university. But this time it's for a good cause. Kathryn Murray has organized Science's promotion of Class Act. Class Act is an organization which collects donations from graduating students to leave a lasting contribution to UBC. This year we'll be contacting students and asking for a $20 donation. Proceeds will go towards fixing the Astronomy telescope which is in desperate need of repair. Please help us out by giving back to UBC Science. The University is going to match the student contributions. Also, the faculty which raises the most money will have their overall contribution (including the University's match) doubled by the University. If you have questions or would like to contribute, please contact Kathryn Murray in the Science Undergraduate office in Chem B160. Thanks for your contributions.

Doug Beleznay

Science Executive Elections Commissioner

Hello. I've just been appointed by Science Council to be the Science Executive Elections Commissioner. If you have any questions about the election you can contact me at SUS in Chem B160 or call SUS at 822-4235. Bye.

Troy Loss

Director of Sales

It's cardigan time again folks. We hope to order in a whole new batch of Science cardigan so sign up soon. We're also still selling 22 oz. Science Bzzr Mug and hopefully we'll order more Science fleeces. There is also a limited supply of Science Week shirts, featuring the artwork of our own Jake McKinlay. Get 'em while they're hot. Also, I found some old Science logo patches in the bowels of the SUS office. There's some numbers and letters too, so you can spell "69" or "Jo average" on your cardigan, fleece, back-pack, or whatever. Keep your eyes peeled for future ads involving Jenn Gardy wearing only a Science cardigan (if that doesn't make you want to buy a cardigan, I don't know what will. Anyway, gotta go.

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Dominik

Cement Wall

Box 0000

Hi single ladies. My name is Dominik and I'm looking for a special companion to 'do the butterfly' with, if you know what I mean! I like petite ladies who are in to whips and chains. I prefer women who have multiple nipple piercings and who 'love' curved hockey sticks. I want a girl who'll allow shots between her legs, because I won't!

Martha

Office Work

Box 1197

Hi there. My name is Martha and I want to find a special someone for discreet meetings late at night. You are the perfect male for me if you are 18-30, you are tall and slim, you have long wavy hair, and you love to 'camp out'. I will reply to everyone and I think that the *432*'s Photo-Personals is a great idea. Think about it!

Saddam

Overlord

Box 0666

Hi. You may recognize from the nightly news, and you may think that I'm a genocidal maniac. But I'm not, in the inside. I like to snuggle and feel loved. I'm looking for that special somebody who'll inspect my biological weapon! If you're not afraid of Americans and if you like to live on the edge, then you're welcome to come tap my oil well...

Ktr'kit & 'Rk'tkhy

Employed

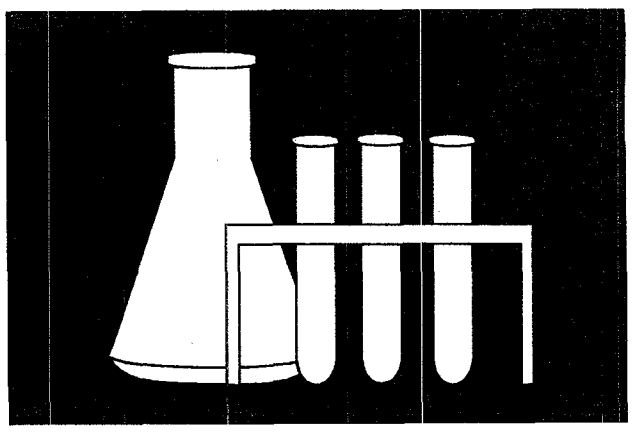
Box 6969

Good day, everybody. We are a bi-curious couple who are into smoking large pipes and a bit of S&M once in a while. We are financially secure, and our herd of goat exceeds 100. We enjoy long walks to the local watering hole: you never know who or what you'll meet along the way! If you want to explore sexual karma the pygmy way, give us a ring.

Chemistry Forum '98 is coming!!!

Thursday, March 5th

First Nations House of Learning
10:00am to 3:00pm (lunch included)
Register at the Chem Club at Chem D222



Industry ↔ **Academia** ↔ **Government**

Time Travel Sucks.

John **Hallett**

We've all thought about time travel before. It's a common dream for young men all around the country (strangely, women don't share this particular want. Much like hockey and beer, I suppose). Let's face it, aside from a naked and bound Cindy Crawford lathered in whip cream, a time machine has got to be the number one all-time requested Christmas present for teenage boys.

So say next December 25 rolls around and you wake up in the morning. You wonder what that unhealthily obese red imp left you under the tree last night. You wander downstairs and find not that red sleigh you asked for, but Cindy, bound and begging for you to call Interpool.

Next December 25, just two days after you had grown tired of your old present, you go downstairs to find, yes, a time machine! Your dreams have come true!

Now comes the problem. Everyone desperately wants a time machine, much like Cindy. But unlike Cindy, not everyone immediately would know what to do with one should they actually get it.

"What! What do you mean I wouldn't know what to do with it?!?" you exclaim, "It's painstakingly obvious! I'd change history for good! I'd make millions on the stock exchange! I'd knock off Hitler when he was seven!"

That's a very common answer. You see, when I say that most people wouldn't know what to do with a time machine, I mean that most people wouldn't know how to use it. Think about it. If you went back and knocked off Hitler, you might change the course of history so much that your parents might never have met, thereby creating a Grandfather Paradox. For those of you who don't know what a Grandfather Paradox is (read: those of you in Arts), quit reading now and go back to staring at Van Goghs and occasionally saying 'Brilliant.' Anyway, I digress, if you create said paradox, your magnificent historical and selfless change doesn't happen and you cease to exist. Not exactly efficient use of a miracle machine, now is this? The same thing goes for making millions on the stock exchange or pushing the Queen Mother off of a cliff. (She is the root of all modern evil, you know. You wouldn't suspect it, but she knocked off Lady Di. The bitch.)

So you have this revolutionary machine sitting in your living room and you have no use for it except to make idle conversation. "So what's that thing over there?" "What? Oh that, it's a Ming Dynasty vase. My dad brought it back from China, isn't it nice?" "No, the thing it's sitting on." "Oh that. It's just a time machine, not much use for it. So how's your Uncle Albert?"

Wrong. You can still use the thing, but you have to use it wisely and conservatively. Like traveling back to open the door of your apartment when you locked yourself out last Tuesday. Or warning yourself not to chug that giant drink at the beer garden last Friday. Or using the summer holidays to study for your April exams.

Myself, I'd pull historical practical jokes. For instance I'd put a whoopee cushion on Jesus' seat right before the last supper. The drama and suspense certainly couldn't hold up when Jesus lets one rip as he sits down at the table. Of course, there is the distinct possibility that traveling back to 30 AD may reveal that Jesus was a three foot six inch tall bald dwarf with a major flatulence problem and that historians portrayed him as a skinny, bearded hippie to raise the sympathy vote.

Just think about the true facts that have been changed to make history sound better. For instance, Joan of Arc was actually Jean d'Arch, a 5 foot 2 inch tall flaming French queen with a foot fetish and a penchant for high heels. He reportedly drove the majority of the English out of France by slapping them and calling them "skanky whores." See, real history just isn't as interesting as the stuff you get in History 135.

Another example is the crusades. They weren't exactly groups of thousands of brave Catholic knights bent on freeing the holy land from the infidel so much as they were six guys from Sussex shipping bad Islamic pornography from Jerusalem on order of the king. (Believe me, if anyone can make really bad pornography, it has got to be the Muslims.)

Then there's Noah. I don't know where to start with Noah. The bible reports that Noah built this very large boat, stuffed it full of pairs of rare and exotic animals, and floated away during the "Great Flood" so that he and these animals could populate the world when the water dried up. This story only has one thing in common with the truth: sex, lots of sex. In reality, Noah ran a floating amusement park called "Big Gay Noah's Big Gay Boat Ride" in which paying zoophilic customers could have sex with exotic animals of their choice. Pretty good service for 3000 BC.

How can you know that I'm not just making this stuff up? Well, truth be told, I am, but that doesn't change anything. You see, this stuff could have happened and you wouldn't know it because some guy 2500 years ago decided that fiction was more interesting than fact. We should thank this mystery man because, let's face it, Noah never would have made the first cut in the bible's editing process otherwise.

The moral of the story? Time travel ain't all it's cut up to be. Jules Verne made it up to be this dramatic and exciting fun-filled adventure. Mostly it just involves crouching behind a hedge watching famous people in robes doing boring stuff in a language you can't understand. Not exactly thrilling.

So forget about it. Time travel is boring. People are boring. History is boring. Julius Caesar died at 64 from a heart attack. The Three Musketeers were traveling insurance salesmen. And don't get me started on the dinosaurs...

John is currently building a time machine, based on the plans he found in the back of an old comic book. Anyone have a Batman decoder ring? -ed

Nomination form for the Science Undergraduate Society
1998 Executive Elections

Name of Candidate _____ Department _____

Year _____ Address _____

Telephone _____ Student Number _____

I am aware of my nomination and am willing to run for the position of: _____

DATE: _____ SIGNED: _____

We, the undersigned, 15 bona-fide members of the Science Undergraduate Society, nominate the above for the position of _____

NAME (PRINT)	SIGNATURE	STUNUM
1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		
7		
8		
9		
10		
11		
12		
13		
14		
15		
16		
17		
18		

Deadline for nominations is Feb.27. Drop off your nomination form in CHEM B160. A manditory attendance all-candidates meeting will be held at 4:32pm in Chem B150 on Feb.27th. Questions? Contact the elections commissioner Doug Beleznay @ SUS at 822-4235.