The 432.

VOL 9 • Nº 7
10 JANUARY 1996

Student Gov't Crippled by Budget Crisis!

"But what about my beer and nacho fix!?!" cries an worried student.

Kilgore Trout and Gord Olundsky
Roving Correspondents

VANCOUVER (Reuters)

The Alma Mater Society of UBC shut down all but its essential services this week after an "clerical error" caused the multimillion dollar student society to run heavily into debt.

According to informed sources, the root of the problem lies in the amount of money transferred from the AMS to its subsidiary groups.

"They forgot they already carried the one," the source claimed, "and what should have been a mere $100,000 ended up being nearly $200 thou'."

Normally, simple mathematical errors like this are corrected by reclaiming the money from the subsidiary organizations. However, most of the money has already been spent.

Of the estimated $73,000 unaccounted for, nearly $70,000 appears to have been transferred to the Science Undergraduate Society through a series of false accounts and questionable "expenditures."

According to memos obtained by *The 432*, the cash is being spent on a "kick-ass party that no student will want to miss" sometime during the week of January 15.

Until the money can be reclaimed from the Science Undergrad Society, the AMS will shut all but the most essential services. This is due to the refusal of AMS Council to approve a deficit budget sponsored by the AMS President, deemed "essential to maintaining the quality of life of the students of UBC."

Until a resolution to the impasse can be reached, the Society will be unable to maintain its student payroll.

Essential services such as BlueChip Cookies and The Gallery will be open during limited hours. Workers are being required to work for half pay, although full back pay has been promised once the budget crisis has been resolved.

In an interview where he asked to remain nameless, one of the Gallery staff expressed anger at the AMS for failing to come to an agreement.

"I understand that the students on campus need us," he said, "but it's wrong to make us work without paying us. Why should we have to suffer just because they can't agree on a stupid budget?"

The impasse is expected to last at least another week, with neither the President nor Council showing any sign of softening in their positions.

AMS officials appear determined to regain the money by "any means necessary."

SUS Executive were unable to comment on the possibility of returning the unauthorized transfer, citing a possible upcoming court case as the reason for their silence. In the meantime, loyal SUS members are being asked to donate money and/or weaponry to a SUS Defense Fund.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Sanity is but a one trick pony.

– *The Tick*

UPCOMING

Science Week 1996
Jan. 15–19
SUS Council Meeting
Thursdays, 1:30, SUB 206

INGREDIENTS

1 editor, worn out
3 absent ass't editors, beaten to a pulp
1.5 cubic feet of unbleached paper pulp
45 gal of black ink
A press the size of a large automobile

Elvis and Nixon declare their candidacy for the UBC Board of Governors in what may be one of the most remarkable political comebacks in history.

Alien Brain Abduction!

Van Gordolundsky
Columnist

VICTORIA (CP)

An explanation has finally for Mike Harcourt's irrational behaviour as Premier of British Columbia during the last year.

Doctors at Victoria Mercy General held a press conference today to reveal Mike Harcourt was the first recipient of a simian brain.

In a procedure on the cutting edge of medical science, a brain was removed from a male chimpanzee and transplanted into Mr. Harcourt's cranial cavity.

Harcourt became eligible for the experimental procedure after his brain was stolen by aliens.

When questioned on what appeared to be a spurious claim, Harcourt angrily replied, "Dammit, it's true! Banana! Aliens came down from outer space and stole my brain! Banana! I think they needed a specimen of *Homo sapiens* for their genetic library or something. Banana!"

Leader of the Opposition Gordon Campbell was quick to point out Harcourt's explanation as plausible, given the disastrous handling of the NDP bingo scandal.

Doctors were optimistic for Harcourt's long term health and overall intellect.

"We're expecting about 95% recovery of intelligence with the new simian brain," said Dr. Joseph Sadeller of Victoria Mercy, "based IQ tests taken by Mr. Harcourt before the operation."

It's better than the one Jason found.

1996 SCIENCE FLEECE

Dark blue, thick polar fleece embroidered with SCIENCE UBC
Costs approx. $65
Sign-up before Dec. 1 at SUS
$2 DUE NOW required.

SCIENCE UBC
SALES

SCIENCE REFERENDUM
January 22–26, 1996

During Science Week, the Science Undergraduate Society will hold a referendum to increase the SUS fee from $10 to $12. This fee increase will enable the SUS to continue:
50% Sports Rebates
The 432
Grants to Science Clubs
Science Week
Bzzr Gardens
as well as many other services
If you have any questions, drop by SUS in CHEM B160 or call 822-4235

Editorial Ramblings.

Blair MCDONALD

You know that old adage, "be careful what you wish for? Good, 'cause that's exactly what's been happening to me since last I sat here with twelve minutes 'till deadline.

First, last term I was stressed. Term projects, finals, lab reports, you name, it's due and due now!

And when I'm stressed, I get cranky. Sorry. All I was thinking was "please pleeesease let this hell end so I can collapse until 1996..."

The time finally rolled by, and I got to collapse.

Christmas was approaching, and my parents (loving that they are) asked me what I wanted for Christmas.

"A new tuner for my stereo," I said, "a Yamaha mid-range with remote, available only in black and you can find that at A&B Sound, if you're so inclined."

Lo, and behold, guess what I found under the tree? They must have been taking notes or something.

But Christmas passed, my parents went on vacation and I went home. And I was bored.

I griped long and hard about not having anything to do. I suppose I might have been a tad intolerable to anyone in the same room, so I'm sorry for that too.

All I wanted was to have a project or two to play with. Nothing due anytime soon, but just something I could work on so the day didn't feel like a complete waste of time.

So I went to SUS during the break (yes, I'm aware I don't have a thrilling life) and I updated my font archive, redesigned the paper, cleaned out the hard drive and generally did all the little DTP things I'd been meaning to get around to since last Christmas.

But that only took a day or two and I found myself wishing for something to do that didn't involve falling to my death or spending a zillion tons of cash.

School seemed to fit that bill nicely: somewhere to go, lots of nice easy things (at least at first) to do, and people to see.

School started again, and wham! I had way to much to do.

This paper, for one. Science Week posters, two t-shirts, a mega ton of homework. And some election thingie, too.

So now I'm stressed again, with no end in sight. And it's all because I was bored and wanted something to do. When will I ever learn?

•

The person you are is influenced greatly by what you see, hear and read.

For me, I'm reading my way through the collected essays of Stephen Jay Gould. I prefer his early stuff when he actually sticks to paleotology, rather than his latest where half of the stuff seems to be on religion or his annual vacation.

So my writing style is becoming more and more prosaic, while saying less and less of relevance.

And I really enjoy a good episode of Home Improvement. Tim Allen is a comic god, or at least Tim Taylor is. I can really identify with this guy: he tries so hard to do something really cool, only to have it blow up in his face 'cause he couldn't resist adding more power! Arrr arr arr! And of course, he gets caught every time.

Poor guy.

Tim's taught me two things: work damn hard on what's important, and have fun while doing it. Nothing else really matters in the long run.

So what does the New Year hold for me? To be frank, I really don't know. There's some sort of election going on, and God only knows how that will pan out. There's summer jobs awaiting, preferably something related to my degree.

But for now, there's The 432. Speaking of getting what I wished for, are there any cartoonists out there anywhere?

The 432.
Volume 9 Number 7
10 Jan 1996

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Jay Garcia
John Hallett
Matt Wiggin

Columnists
Nicola Jones, Dave Khan, Tracy MacKinnon, Jeremy Thorp

Etcetera
The 432 is published by the Science Undergraduate Society of UBC, from our luxurious offices in the basement of the Chemistry Building.

All opinions expressed herein are those of the individual writers, not the Science Undergrad, Faculty of Science or the University admin types.

Contributions are welcome from all UBC students.

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Violaters will be strapped to an anthill and smeared with honey.

UBC 1996.

Jeremy THORP

In the past few years, our rating as a university has been falling — it may not be long until we find ourselves squeezed somewhere between Capalino College and Jim-Bob's Comprehensive School of R.V. Repair. So, being the conscientious and responsible member of the student body that I am, I've come up with a few simple proposals to improve the quality of education at our beloved university. So, sharpen your pencil, Strangway, and get ready to take some notes...

1. Establish a bzzr price to GPA ratio system. Here's how it would work: for every percent above fifty percent you earn in your courses, you would receive the same percentage in discount off of bzzr at all campus pubs. So, if you work real hard, get a multi-coloured pen, and perhaps even laugh at your professors' jokes, you could end up with 30, 40, even 50 percent off a helluva night at the Pit. This also provides something of a buffering system, maintaining grade equality, since the better the grade you get, the more bzzr you drink. And, well, the more bzzr you drink...

2. It seems to me that attendance is a serious problem here at UBC. Who wants to go to class when you can stay home, sprawl on the couch and watch some embarrassingly obese man with a drinking problem insult his mother on Ricky Lake? My solution to this plague of lethargy is simple: assign each professor and teaching assistant with a non-academic partner, from the entertainment world. Clowns, talk show hosts and exotic dancers are all possibilities. Red Green could help with Forestry classes, a woman with a tiger would certainly make Anatomy 392 more interesting, and I'm sure Carnie would certainly have a bigger audience in Psychology 100 than she currently does.

3. Advertising. Enough of this sitting around and letting the students come to you. Try magazine ads with kids in their underwear. Change the name of the university to UBC 96 and convince everyone that it is completely different from and infinitely better than last year's university. Put up a website with cool graphics and pictures of the faculty, perhaps also in their underwear. Pass out smarties, release a soundtrack, blow something up — anything to make the sale. After all, information isn't a right, it's a commodity. Right?

Well, there you go. Seems easy enough, doesn't it? A couple of years of cut-throat economics and blatantly offensive advertising should put this University right where it belongs — at the top. And, at the very least, we'll have cheap bzzr, celebrities, and scantily dressed adolescents. Who could ask for more?

THE 432 SPEAKS WITH INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST, CARLOS THE JACKAL, ABOUT SCIENCE WEEK 1996

by Gord van McOlundsky

Mr. Jackal, thanks for taking time out of your busy schedule to see us.

It's not like I'm going anywhere, now is it? <gestures to leg irons>

But you'll be able to attend the festivities at Science Week 1996, won't you? The Trike Race just won't be the same without you leading the pack.

No problem. I'll be out of here just as soon as I can bribe a few prison officials. Then a quick plane ride to Canada, with its wonderfully lax immigration policies.

Good, good. We'll save you a fish for the famous Gyotaku t-shirt printing, and a spot in the line for the Blood Donor Clinic.

Fair enough. I'll even bring a few of my colleagues, and we'll all give a couple of pints of O positive.

And we'll trade those pints for a pint at the Science Week Dance. Or you can enjoy one of the many Science Week bzzr gardens.

Sounds great. But there's one event I especially want to attend.

Which one? The CompSci Car Rally?

No, the Chemistry Magic Show. I've heard it's quite a blast.

SCIENCE WEEK 1996

January 15 – 19, 1996

SCIENCE UBC

The Science Undergraduate Society of UBC

CHEM B160 • 822-4235

"The Truth of Student Politics" Crossword.

Are you politically aware? Or are you one of those Woodward Library ghosts who never see the light of day? Try this handy-dandy crossword puzzle and find out!

ACROSS

4. A good reason for Pre-Med keeners to get involved (2 wrds).

12. Longest running slate in UBC history; notorious for making incredibly stupid promises. So far, this slate has not won a single seat (3 wrds).

15. There's "big benefits" to being an AMS Executive (2 wrds).

17. Politicans always make _____ (2 wrds).

18. A way of posing a question, usually of interest to only a few people to the entire campus (1 wrd).

DOWN

1. Palindrome expressing most students' level of interest in student politics (1 wrd).

2. Student politics is: dodging the _____ (2 wrds.)

3. A slate currently running for election on a platform of change.

5. These are always going up (2 wrds).

6. A slate currently running, primarily made up of old bitter hacks who refuse to give up and face reality (3 wrds).

7. A person can either run a joke campaign or run _____ (1 wrd).

8. Why don't you just _____? A common attitude to politicans and door to door salesmen. (2 wrds).

9. Student politics is: circumventing the _____ (2 wrds).

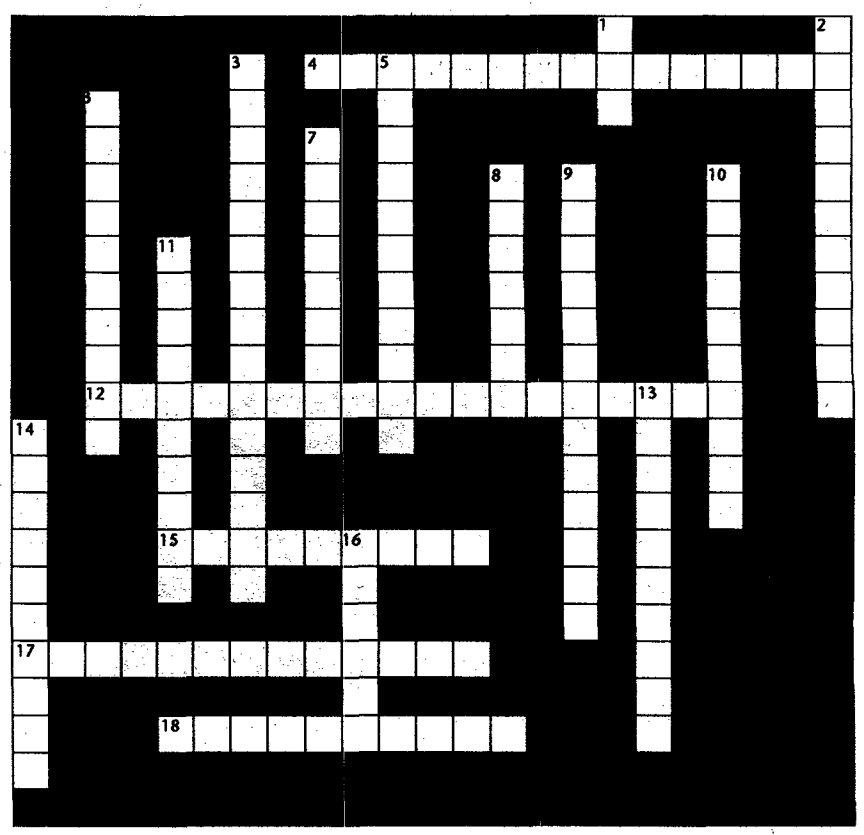
10. Governing body of the universe (2 wrds).

11. It's all _____ (2 wrds, you smoke the first word).

13. Opposite of relevant.

14. During the summer, student politicans can be found _____ (3 wrds).

16. To the _____ ! (1 wrd).



The Return of Dik Miller, Private Eye.

My name is Dik Miller, Private Eye. Actually, I hadn't been a private eye for quite a long time now, since a chance encounter at the SUB led to my hiring as bass player for the Grateful Circumcised more than two years ago.

Those who knew me when I was a fixture at UBC have likely forgotten—which is probably for the best. Those who are new here since then never knew me — which is definitely for the best.

I spent much of 1994 and 1995 touring the world with the Circ, as we liked to be known. Alas, our long-planned triumphant Bosnian megatour was cancelled because our pontoon bridge into the country sank. We returned to North America disconsolate but determined to keep touring.

Somehow a small number of fans of some other more anonymous band became confused and began following us around as we crisscrossed the continent.

Perhaps it was because our fans also called themselves Deadheads (for some reason I never quite understood) that these other Deadheads, tie-dyed and glassy-eyed, began showing up at our shows in greater and greater numbers.

Eventually they over- whelmed our own fans, and as the tour wore on I became so disgusted with requests for songs like "Dark Star" and "Truckin'" that I finally quit. I had too much artistic integrity to play other people's music. Our own songs, such as the majestic "Barf Bag Polka," meant too much to me.

I drifted my way to Hollywood, where one day, while I was walking along the street and trying to avoid the discarded hypodermic needles, a passing man tripped over my Dik Miller™ umbrella/projection TV/Spam grinder. I helped him up.

"Say, isn't that a Dik Miller™ umbrella/projection TV/Spam grinder?" he asked, brushing the front of his coat.

"Why yes," I said.

"Where did you get it?"

"Well, I am Dik Miller." I beamed smugly.

"Really?"

"Really."

"No way."

"Way."

"Get outta here."

"No really, I am."

"Get real."

This went on for a nauseatingly long time before I finally convinced the man, whom I discovered was really Kevin Costner, that I was actually me. It turned out that he wanted to film my life story.

"I'm touched," I said.

"Really?" he replied.

"Really."

"No way."

I slapped him hard across the cheek.

Over the next few months we worked on a concept, did a lot of lunch, and eventually decided on Pierce Brosnan as the ideal leading man for our new film. (For some bizarre reason Kevin insisted on making my character half fish and calling the movie Millerworld.)

Needless to say we were disappointed to discover that Pierce had been stolen out from under our noses for the much less glamorous role of James Bond.

Then things began to fall apart. Kevin and I bickered about Dik Miller's new-found half-fishyness. Then we nearly came to blows when he demanded that he be allowed to take the part. I refused and countered that Bob Hoskins or Phil Collins might be a better fit.

When neither were available I found Ernie Coombs (a.k.a. Mr. Dressup) willing to audition, but Kevin huffed something about him being "too macho" and stormed out. We haven't spoken since, even after calls begging for the role from Bill Nye the Science Guy.

Finally I gave up and made my way back to UBC. I didn't know what I should do. I had held nearly every job at the University that didn't require any kind of peer review. I had scammed my way into a lot of positions, but figured that trying to convince an appointment committee that I should be hired as a fully tenured professor was a bit much.

I decided I had only one option: to return to Parking & Security Services and my old job as Dik Miller, Campus Cowboy.

So one day I found myself walking along Northwest Marine Drive toward the old HQ when I noticed a black-garbed figure darting from the bushes and running across the road.

Things looked suspicious, so I did what any self-respecting P.I. would do.

From one of my voluminous trenchcoat pockets I produced my Dik Miller™ boomerang/ salad fork/candle stick holder and cast it at the fleeing person, who fell immediately to the ground.

I ran up and discovered, to my horror, that the woman held in her teeth what my keen P.I. training told me must be a lethal cyanide capsule.

"You'll never take me alive!" she barked.

"Um..." I said.

"Ha! Don't try to distract me with feigned stupidity! I recognize you, Mr. Private Eye. The secret of the GoldenRye is going with me to my grave. You can't drag it out of me!"

"Er..." I said, "the GoldenRye?"

"Never!" she shrieked, biting down hard on the capsule. "You cannot stop us from using the GoldenRye ...agh...thpth..."

She was dead.

I had no ideas what this GoldenRye was, but it sure sounded nasty. The job application would have to wait. Surely something dastardly was going on, and I had to put a stop to it.

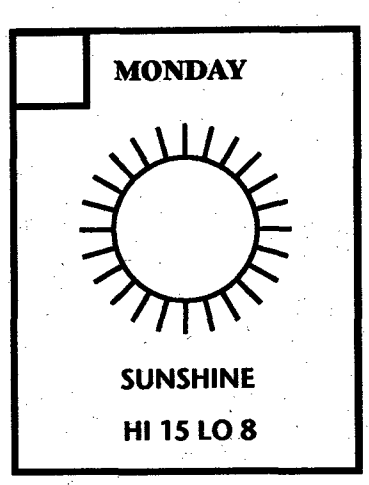
How did our intrepid hero survive the bus crash that conveniently snuffed him out late last year? Was it his amazing Dik Miller™ spatula/mechanical pencil/ personal force shield? Or was it just the miracle of the Canadian medical system, keeping Dik alive until new body parts could be grown in the Top Secret Body Part Regenerating Vat o' Goo™?

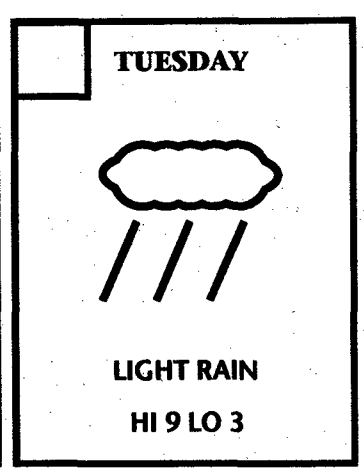
But now, new challenges await our master detective! Can Dik MIller discover the secret of the mysterious GoldenRye? Will he gain a sexy, foreign love interest as we continue to blatantly rip off Hollywood's finest movies?

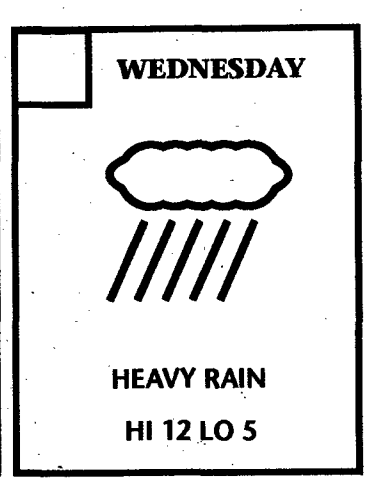
Or will Dik fail miserably and be relegated to the menial role of Campus Cowboy?

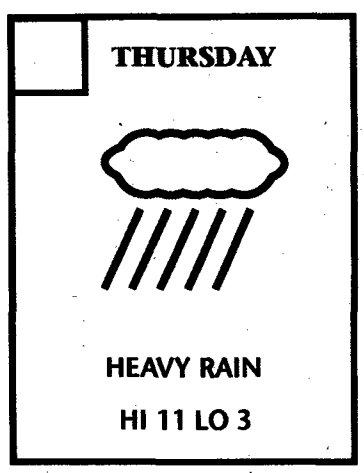
Join us for the ongoing adventures of Dik Miller, Private Eye!

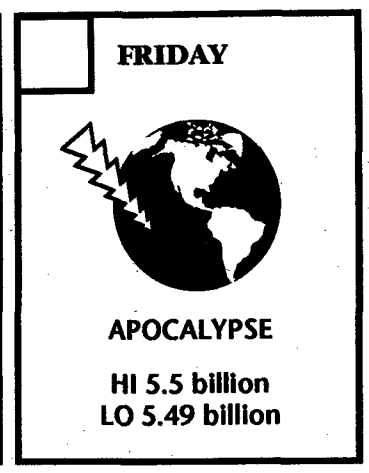
A Five Day Forecast by Nostradamus.











Just insert appropriate dates!

Stocking the Reserves.

Nicola **JONES**

Money is a curse. Money makes the world go round. All I ask is a chance to prove that money can't make me happy. Money can't buy you love but can buy you chocolate, which according to my friends is pretty damn close. Actually, money is paper with pretty designs and pretty worthless metals squashed into round bits you can flick well with your thumb. It's a way to remember the most important people in our heritage - like the queen - and proudly display our favorite pets. On the whole (or even when torn into little bits), money is silly and even tastes bad, and I hate that I still alternately love and fear the stuff.

For me, money is really a kind of security - the good kind that even money can't buy, or more precisely that money not buying anything becomes. I love that I own my own platoon of little green and purple men, and that they sit somewhere in little boxes in little rooms staying warm in case I might need them; polishing their boots and cleaning their guns, ready for action and primed for duty.

Like a division truly Canadian in nature, for self-serving reasons they only go out when it's really necessary, and even then only in little row-boats of five or six. But I try not to be a loonie-pincher (we allow loonies in our army now, though pinching is actually strictly discouraged). I only recently sent some divisions off on long-term, highly interesting honeymoons, where they'll hopefully have some fun and come back multiplied in numbers. But the whole concept of regulated procreation seems odd - money making money? Can they do that? I'm always surprised when the numbers go up, and a little afraid to let them go down. It gets to be laughable - to the point where friends have had to dare and bet me to recklessly let lose some troops and pick up a few toys.

Well, it worked. Just this morning I let go quite a few hundred to pick up a stereo - my last one played one tape, badly, if you picked open the compartment with your fingernail; it didn't know what a CD was and had a somewhat schizophrenic personality in picking up multiple bands on the same station. So I deserved something new - I've been a good girl, Santa even said so. But still I hear a faint murmur or two from the little green men I sacrificed, crying out injustice. Ah well, the stereo drowns them out.

Besides, it's not all departures with toes tags - there's always the spritely summer recruitment, which tends to improve moral and send a lot of troops AWOL, leaving bike parts, novels and fleece stuffed under their covers to hide their escape and mark their departure. I expect they'll even start using CDs soon.

I figure when I have enough to blow up the world three times over then I'll be truly set. Being a Libra, I tend to have this thorough a grasp on the nature of balance - of power and of scales, which should both be just about right when there's enough gold piled on to tip them in my favour. And when the little green men haunt my sleep with screams of "why me?!", I can just crank up the stereo. From bed. Did I mention it came with a remote?

The 432.
NEXT DEADLINE
JAN 12
4:30PM
CHEM B160

Yeah, but Why?

Matt **WIGGIN**

There are times when I'm not so sure that people around here realize what this place is really for. One of the most wonderful things about universities is that they exist in order to satisfy curiosity. Fire was probably one of the first ever PhD theses ever done, where the question "what would happen if I banged these two rocks together?" was answered. Since then, deeper and more abstract questions have been probed, such as "why is the sky blue?" "where do babies come from?" (embryology or sex, take your pick,) and "yeah, but can you drink it?" have been answered. The whole point of university as an institution is to ask (and occasionally answer) questions. Furthermore, it's allowed to ask whatever the hell you want. Just because the question looks pointless, that doesn't mean that it is.

A perfect example of something everyone thought was useless was the laser. When first invented, lasers were viewed as little more than a curiosity with no real world applications. 'Nuff said. Over the years, however, people have studied some pretty weird stuff. I remember once reading about a tenured professor who studies vomiting. He looked at how food poisoning works, nausea called by motion sickness, and even sympathy sickness: why we feel the need to throw up when we see someone else do it... maybe this is getting a little vulgar, so I think I'll move on now. I also read, printed in the *Globe and Mail* of all places, about a physicist who actually proved that when you drop it, toast has to fall buttered side down from the fundamental laws of physics. I won't go into the details of the explanation, since it's actually kind of complicated, but I will point out that some university in England feels it was worth their time to pay this guy to study toast falling. Frivolous, yes, but every society needs a good ivory tower. What is the use of all this? Beats me. I do however, believe that curiosity is an important quality of character. Knowing what questions to ask is half of making important scientific discoveries. Furthermore, just because a person's research is trivial right now, that doesn't mean that it always is. These two, for example, may have done immensely applicable things, such as inventing Gravol, or whatever.

With all this in mind, I would appreciate it if people would take my queries a little more seriously. Following extensive discussion with one of the columnists who wished to remain nameless (it was Nicola,) I've ascertained that if you tell someone "it's just light bouncing" at an early enough age, they lose their ability to question how reflection works. Yeah, it's light bouncing. I already know that. My question is how do you get light, being energy, to bounce off of matter without absorption occurring? (My apologies for sounding like a nerd here.) Still, no matter how hard I tried to explain myself, the answer was always the same: it's still light bouncing. Eventually the discussion degenerated to a "But how?" "It just does." followed by the concluding "look, this is silly. Just go ask someone else, okay?" So, here I am, at one of most respected and innovative institutions of higher learning in the entire world, and nobody will tell me how reflection works. Now I'm not arguing that knowing how reflection works would be even remotely useful to me, nor can I think of any applications for such information. I do however feel that in the interests of personal development, I should be attempting to gather as much information as... okay there isn't even a reason why I want to know. I just do.

If there's anyone out there who can help me, drop me a line at the paper. I've been losing a lot of sleep over this lately. Even if I never figure this one out, however, I promise I won't be discouraged. Funding cutbacks to pure research won't phase me. One day, I will be able to tell the world "I discovered this, and it has absolutely no use." You know, this whole article is starting to sound remarkably like the sniveling of a post grad. My apologies. I promise it won't happen again.

O.J .Simpson confesses!
Aliens steal Strangway's brain!
Cold fusion discovered!
Totem Park condemned!
and much more in the
SCIENCE WEEK SPECIAL EDITION
MONDAY, JANUARY 22, 1996

Playing God.

John **HALLETT**

Recently discovered Dead Sea Scrolls have revealed that God isn't an immortal, almighty being as previously thought. These scrolls state that God actually serves a 2000 year term. At the end of this term, He must face any challengers in an open election. Research reveals that the current Incumbent's latest term started in 4 BC, making 1996 AD the year of the prophesied election.

In this light, I will now officially announce my candidacy for the position of supreme being.

So why invest your beliefs in me as opposed to the other popular candidates? What does John offer? Good questions. Both will be answered in this article.

But I'd like to start with some good old fashioned political mud slinging against the Incumbent:

God never listens to you. God only listens to those fanatic religious special interest groups. When was the last time He helped you pass math? Never! When was the last time God filled your mug for free? Not for nearly two thousand years!

CENSORED

[redacted]

CENSORED

God's word isn't! Did you know that the first five chapters of the Bible (as well as several key portions after that) are blatantly plagiarized from other sources? Try and hand in plagiarized work for school and see what happens!

God claims to be a compassionate being yet condemns souls to eternal damnation for questioning His word! Does that sound like compassion? Or does it sound more like the Thought Police from *1984*?

God breaks his own rules! Jesus was supposedly the son of God, yet Mary had a betrothed! What do we call that?

God supports incest. Just how did we descent from just two people? Think about it!

So, in summary, God is a [redacted]

Now what can I offer you as a your new God?

First, you won't suffer in eternity for not believing in me.

Second, the term "House of God" will be extending to cover liquor stores, pubs, and sports arenas.

Third, I shall change the laws of physics to accomplish several things:

- Hangovers will be a thing of the past.
- It will be impossible to fail first year courses.
- The average ten year old will be able to construct a faster than light spacecraft from spare kitchen utensils.
- Personal gravity will be suspended on request.
- Bzzr will never go flat.
- All math will be carried out solely with integers.

Fourth, I promise to end world hunger, war, poverty, disease, and natural disasters. Unlike some one we know.

Fifth, I will make miracles a daily event. This way, you will never "lose touch" with me.

Sixth, every century I will hold a "God for a Day" contest.

Seventh, I will create a modernized movie version of the bible starring Rodney Dangerfield as Jesus Christ to spread God's word to the masses.

Eighth, I will award Air Miles™ for prayers and confessions.

Ninth, in order to keep in touch with the people of earth, I will establish an email address for myself at God@heavens.domain.net. I also plan to establish a World Wide Web home page with on-line confessionals.

Tenth, I vow to make the first 100 years of my term the most productive first 100 years on record. Now, I realize that the first 100 years of the first term ever were **very** productive. The first six days alone saw massive public works efforts which I plan to at least double in my first six hours alone. Then I'll rest for an hour.

So, when you think divine, think John. (And not that Hugh Grant ninnie.)

All comments, suggestions, complaints and death threats can be sent to me c/o SUS.

For faster processing, please address envelopes to one of: [redacted] John For God, or Heathen Scum of the Earth.

Somehow, when John first bounced this idea off me, it seemed really funny. Then John went off and wrote this article...

But it's late, and there's lots of funny things hidden amongst the insanity.

Consider yourself lucky. I've censored the part about God being a murderer, and deleted the logo that was reminiscent of the Nazi propaganda used in World War II.

My apologies in advance to any religious groups that find this offensive, and I promise to have John neutered.

Maybe a shortage of testosterone will bring John's mental equilibrium back in line.

This year's Science Week Car Rally is going to be

H U G E

That means HUGE prizes, like tickets to see the Canucks at GM Place, gift certificates for cool shops like Eddie Bauer and more!

It also means a tougher and longer list of items to collect, places to find, and people to meet.

And of course it means HUGE quantities of bzzr and syder toconsume after the Rally starts!!

Rules and sign-up forms can be picked up at either the SUS office(Chem B160) or the CSSS office (CSCI 121B in the back of Rick's Lab)

SUB Partyroom • Wednesday, January 24th, 6PM
BZZR GARDEN STARTS AT 6:30PM
and is open to everyone, not just
Car Rally participants!

FIRST YEAR COMMITTEE

Bake Sale

Thursday, January 11
8:30am – 10:30am

Outside CHEM B250
Coffee + muffin/donut
for $1

When you think Divine, think John.

Qualifications

- Has an entire book of the Bible named after him
- Hasn't sold his soul since 1982
- He's a mammal
- He knows if you've been bad or good (oops, wrong job!)

John For God
"Better than the other guy"

Paid for by the John For God in '96 campaign.

The drawers of SUS.

Tracy MacKinnon
President

Happy New Year! Isn't it great to be back at UBC and starting a brand new term in which we all vow to do much better? Personally, I'm afraid to call up Telereg and find out my first term grades. Luckily I don't have to feel guilty about this since I hear the system has been down for a couple of days anyway. Normally right about now I'd be promising myself that this time I will study before the day of the exam, that I will do the assignments and problem sets and will pay attention in class. Hell, I'll even go to class. But this year I'm a little wiser and a little more cynical. No point lying to myself. I'm going to slack off this term, just as any other. And I'm going to have lots of fun doing it. What does this have to do with SUS? More than most people would realize but that's a long story and I'm supposed to have short reports.

Stuff in SUS. Well, Science Week is coming up but I'm sure Bella will tell you all about it. So I'll talk about the referendum. During Science Week, the SUS will be having a referendum to increase the science undergraduate fee from $10 to $12. This is important if SUS is to continue to give 50% sports rebates, publish *The 432* (which you are now enjoying), give the Science clubs (like Biosoc, Physsoc etc.) grants to help them put on events which interest you, hold bzzr gardens and put on Science Week. As well, we have a free phone and Ethernet connection so people can check their e-mail, cheap photocopies, a pop machines and computers that can be used by Science students if they're not being used for official SUS business. So when you come across a polling station during Science Week, you should vote yes if any of the above things benefit you. And if they don't, why on earth not? It's definitely time for you to enjoy your undergraduate years so hope to see you in the future.

Dave Khan
Senator

Well, there's not much to report on Senate. The last meeting was filled with rubber stamping and red tape. Student initiatives have been put on hiatus as well pending another Student Senate Caucus meeting. The Safety report presented to Senate last December by VP Daniel Birch is worth looking into though. For my part, I will be compiling a list of what the other major universities do in terms of exam schedule publishing – perhaps we can revamp the system here at UBC.

Who the f#@k knows where the other exec reports are.

TOP TEN USES FOR AN ARTS DEGREE BY THE YEAR 2000

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.

SOURCE: STATSCAN 1996

UBC ROADMAP TO COMPUTING

An Introduction to Networked Computing Facilities

FREE Lectures and Hands-On Tutorials

A **FREE** lecture and tutorial series has been created to help familiarize faculty, staff and students with the computing facilities at UBC. A companion document to the lecture series, entitled *UBC Roadmap to Computing*, is for sale at the UBC Bookstore. All lectures will take place in the Instructional Resource Center (in the same building as the Woodward library) in the rooms noted below. For more information about the lecture series, please call 822-0557, or send e-mail to *roadmap@cs.ubc.ca.*

Introduction to Electronic Mail: January 15, 5:00 - 6:00, Room 6
Using Netinfo and Interchange: January 16, 1:30 - 2:30, Room 2
Introduction to UBCLIB: Jan 17, 5:00 - 6:00, Room 6
Introduction to the UNIX Operating System: January 18, 5:00 - 6:00, Room 6
Introduction to the C Programming Environment: January 19, 5:00 - 6:00, Room 6
The World Wide Web and Usenet News: January 22, 5:00 - 6:00, Room 6
Introduction to UNIX File Editors: January 23, 1:30 - 2:30, Room 2
Introduction to LaTeX: January 24, 5:00 - 6:00, Room 6
Introduction to X Windows: January 25, 5:00 - 6:00, Room 6

We are also offering **FREE** hands-on tutorials: Introduction to UNIX, and Introduction to C programming. Each tutorial is 2 hours in length, and you will work on an X Windows (graphical) terminal running UNIX. As space is limited, please phone 822-0557, or send e-mail to *roadmap@cs.ubc.ca* , in order to reserve a space.

This program was made possible through the support of The Teaching and Learning Enhancement Fund and The Department of Computer Science.

TONIGHT

WHO'S WALKING WITH YOU?

TO YOUR CAR
TO YOUR CLASS
TO RESIDENCE
TO THE LIBRARY
TO THE BUS LOOP

FROM ANYWHERE TO ANYWHERE ON CAMPUS FOR STUDENTS, STAFF AND FACULTY

DON'T WALK ALONE

CALL SAFEWALK • 822-5355

HOURS OF OPERATION
Mon – Sat 5pm – 1am
Sunday 5pm – 11pm

A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE 432

SCIENCE WEEK

JOHN TRAVOLTA MOVIE NITE 4:30 – 12:00 · SUB BALLROOM CHEMISTRY MAGIC SHOW 12:30 – 1:30 · CHEM 150	MON 22	RECEPTION WITH CHRIS CARTER, EXEC PROD OF THE X-FILES AND HONOURARY KING OF SCIENCE WEEK 2:30 – 4:30 · SUB PARTYROOM
PHYSSOC PAPER AIRPLANE CONTEST HEBB THEATRE · 12:30 – 1:30	TUE 23	PRE-MED GURNEY RACE MAIN MALL OUTSIDE CHEM 11:30 – 12:30
BEYOND FIRST YEAR SCIENCE SUB BALLROOM 12:00 – 2:30	WED 24	COMPSCI CAR RALLY SUB PARTYRM · 6:00 – 12:00 BIOSOC GYOTAKU SUB 207/209 · 12:30 – 5:30
SUS TRIKE RACE SUB SOUTH PLAZA 1:30 – 2:30	THU 25	EGG DROP CONTEST HEBB THEATRE · 12:30 – 1:30 BIOSOC GYOTAKU SUB 207/209 · 11:30 – 5:30
BIOSOC GYOTAKU · 11:30 – 5:30 TWISTER · SUB 205 · 12:30 – 2:30 MICRO HOMEBREW CONTEST WESBROOK 4:30 – 6:30	FRI 26	SCIENCE WEEK DANCE WITH RAINBOW BUTT MONKEYS 7:00 – 12:00 SUB BALLROOM TIX AT TICKETMASTER
SUS OPEN HOUSE CHEM B160 (MOVIES, FOOD & FUN!) 9:00 – 5:00	ALL WEEK	DEPARTMENTAL CONCOURSE DISPLAYS SUB CONCOURSE 10:30 – 4:30

JAN 22 – 26