ORGY!

(Made you look.)

The 4-2-2

The Newspaper for Dupes of the Secular Humanist Conspiracy

Vol 6 No 10 – 11 Feb '93

SCANDAL!

SUS Director of Finance declares "I'm also *in love..."*

Kevin Phillips Bong

Roving Correspondent

CHEM 160 — The Single World was shocked today as the SUS Director Of Finance announced that he was no longer available. In a brief press conference, Patrick Lum issued the following statement: "Due to the fact that I have fallen madly in love with a fish, I must announce that I have eyes for no one but him."

The statement followed a four-minute and thirty-two-second love affair. Lum felt that after that long, he could no longer contain his affection. "I'm absolutely taken by him. There is no one else for me. He is the most wondeful thing to ever have happened to me."

Later, under heavy questioning, Lum admitted that he was attracted to his body. "While I admit that he's very handsome and I'm turned on by every move he makes, the truth is, this isn't a physically-based relationship... well, okay, maybe a little, but I love him for his mind." The fish, having recently finished his six-and-a-halfth year of General Science, is rumored to have the sexiest beer gut on campus.

It was this morning that Patrick Lum and the unnamed fish began seeing each other. The union took the entire SUS by surprise. Many predicted that the two were not suited for each other, and that they would quickly swim their separate ways. The fish, a halibut, being wooed by the top spawning farms in the world, and Lum, a second-rate microbi student with a violent allergy to salmon.

Somehow, the two stuck together. Lum thinks it was because of the fish's patience. He slowly changed me. He got me eating herring, breathing underwater, and that's not all. My swimming habits are better, I drink like a... well, a fish, and I'm losing weight. He is without a doubt the loveliest ichthyoid ever to come into my life."

Lum went on to describe their first date. "I cooked him supper. It was teriyaki krill on a bed of kelp. He loved it - I couldn't believe it. After that, we went downstream and caught a few of his friends." After talking in Pet World, Lum continued, the two took a swim to the Vancouver Aquarium, where, as he recounted, "I was suddenly swept off my fins. He looked so beautiful in the moonlight that reflected off the pond that I knew I was hooked - for ever and ever."

"Oh , marriage isn't on the agenda - not yet. He doesn't even want to consider it until he's at least thirty. Besides, his career is very important to him, and so it's important to me."

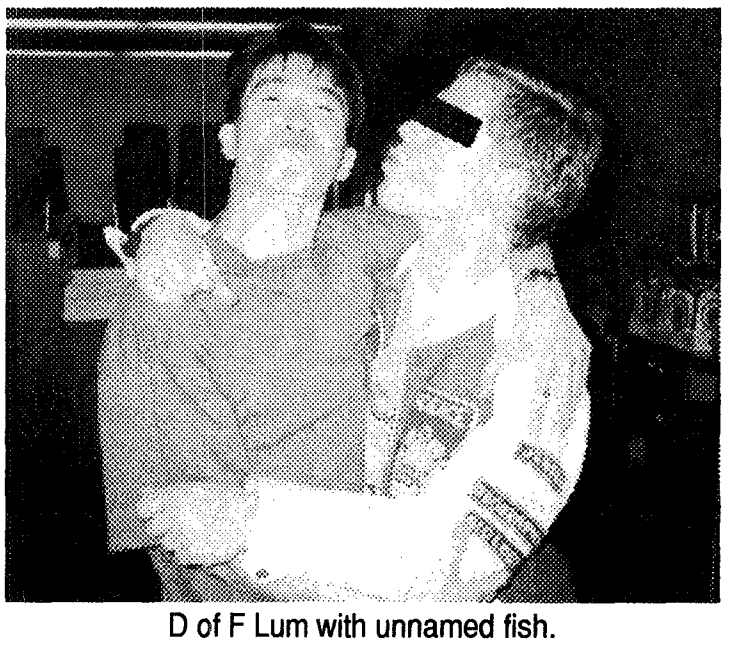
The fish plans to pursue a Masters, then a doctorate in aquaculture, eventually heading up his own school (yuk yuk yuk). Lum, on the other hand, sees his future as being more flexible. "I suppose I'll follow him wherever he goes. I want to write - I can do that anywhere, be it Lake Ontario, or the States, or wherever. I'll be happy just being with him. I love him."

The fish, unaware of Lum's announcement, could not be caught for comment.

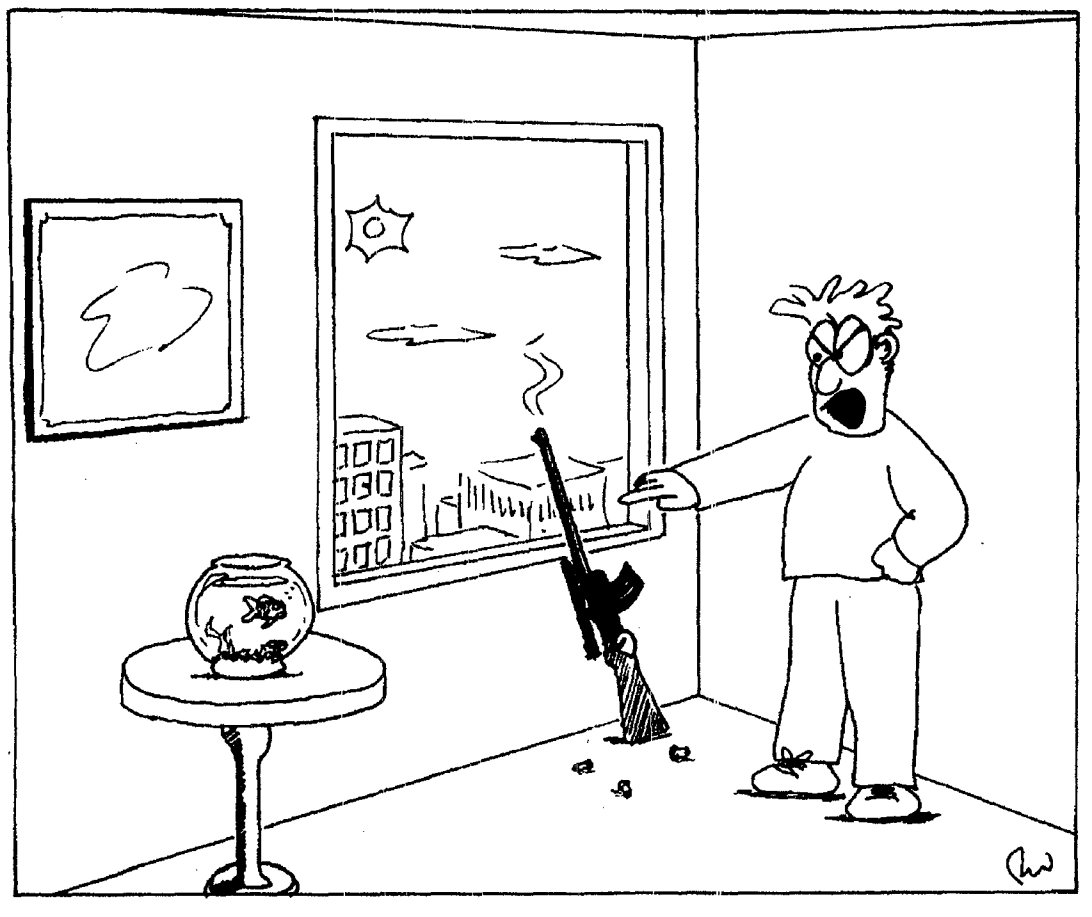
Although many experts had been predicting the announcement, it was still no less a shock to even Lum's closest friends. Ryan McCuaig, SUS Director Of Publications, expressed his surprise: "We knew they cared for each other, but I never thought Patrick would get his feet wet."

SUS Sex Guru and Internal Vice-President Jeff Chen said that he was very happy for the fish. "He's a wonderful person. I mean, he's a card-carrying lionfish."

In council chambers last week, the SUS Council voted unanimously to make Patrick Lum and his fish the SUS Official Snuggle Groupers.



D of F Lum with unnamed fish.



"Bad fish! *Baaaaaad* fish!"

KEEP OUT OF REACH OF SMALL CHILDREN.

INGREDIENTS:

OVER 95% OF CONTENTS CONSIST OF SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE, GRAPHITE, POLYMERIZED HYDROCARBONS, AND ~~HEMP~~ TREES. LESS THAN 5% CONSIST OF V-DAY SAPPINESS (PAGES 2-3), THE EROTIC HAIKU CONTEST (PAGE 4), EXEC BLURBS (PAGE 5), DIK MILLER — LIBRARY ENFORCER (PAGE 6), THE DRAWERS OF SUS, ALAN PROVES HE NEEDS TO GET OUT MORE (PAGE 7), THE MORRIS METHODS, A MINUTE IN SUS (PAGE 8).

"DO YOU *KNOW* JASON SAUNDERSON? BECAUSE FOR CRISSAKE *EVERYONE* CALLS HERE LOOKING FOR HIM, AND I WANT TO KNOW WHO THE HELL THIS LITTLE ASSHOLE IS."
J SAUNDERSON, SURREY.

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68030 95820

The Flowered Knoll Theory

Roger WATTS

(ed: Roger is taking over my usual spot this ish because now that I have an AMS Council seat, I'm far too important to be worrying about such mundane things as editorials. Besides, I have a busy weekend planned, what with those eighteen hours I've blocked off on Sunday for crying in my beer... alone. All together now: " awwwwww.")

First of all, I have to make my own special contribution to the Haiku contest. Here goes:

"See Dick, see Dick run."
Penicillin will fix that...
Oh! Sorry... wrong Dick.

Yes, I know, it's crass and vile and disgusting and evil and probably speaks volumes for just the kind of depraved ill-mannered perverse flea-bitten no-good filthy beast I am.

Well, hey, nobody's *perfect*...

Anyway, enough of that... because this time of year is no time for such ugliness. Sunday is St. Valentine's Day. The day of *love*. The day of *romance*. The day that Hallmark Cards designated the Greeting-Card-Sales-Bonanza-Day Of The Month for February.

It's true. The Valentines' Day celebration, as lore has it, had its origins as a modest little Roman fertility ritual involving that favorite of pre-Christian culture, animal sacrifice. Now don't get me wrong; I enjoy reinforcing my virility with freshly spilled goat blood just as much as the next Joe, but I can see how the guys down in Hallmark's marketing division, eager to capitalize on the occasion, would have a little problem pushing this kind of thing on the would-be Nineties lover:

"So, Johnson, what have you got for us for a February promo? Something to push up those fourth-quarter earnings?"

"Uh... yeah, J.B., sir. Sort of..."

"Well, go ahead."

"Um... well, it's a time-honored tradition, sir. The old-fashioned way of saying, 'I love you.' Very chic."

"Yes?"

"Well, you cut up a chicken, sir, and..."

"What? A *barbecue* in February?"

"No... a *live* chicken, sir..."

(uneasy pause)

"... and you rub it all over yourself, and then make mad passionate love, the blood of the animal strengthening the bond between you and your mate, sir."

"Oh. Well, thanks, Johnson. Don't forget to turn in your washroom key on the way out, will you..."

And so forth. Suffice it to say that the modern man would probably take a splash of *Eternity for Men* over *Eau de Rhode Island Red.*

I hate to sound like Oliver Stone here, but the whole thing is a conspiracy. I think the boys from Hallmark, notwithstanding Mr. Johnson's input, decided that maybe a nice card would prove a suitable and less messy alternative, and one that would be more acceptable to animal rights activists. Besides which, live animals are very difficult to mail, and even harder to fax.

But at the same time that Hallmark was conjuring up ways to monopolize the romance trade, a similar scheme was being hatched over at FTD. *Aha*, you say, *that's right, the flower guys. I knew dey had somethin' ta do wid dis racket.* So Hallmark gets wind of this, see? They get together with FTD and decide that cards don't smell all that wonderful, and that it's a real bitch trying to write on daisies, *et voilà*, they divide the holiday down the middle. Even steven.

(What they weren't counting on was that jerk from the chocolate company. *He* didn't play by the rules. He just bought himself a truckload of heart-shaped boxes and muscled his way onto the scene. Capitalism at its finest.)

So there you have it. The world's annual celebration of love and affection, through the advancement of civilisation, culture and economic theory, has evolved from a crude, ruthless pagan ritual to a crude, ruthless trade war. Yuck.

But hey, it's not such a bad holiday; I mean, you go out and buy some nice sweets for your beloved, take them out to dinner and/or some other little romantic interlude... it's nice.

The only problem with it is the distribution of said affection over time, or lack thereof. The way this thing is set up implicitly suggests that you can only be a sweet guy on just the one day, as though to say, "If you send her a ton of flowers on Valentines' Day, you're an impetuous, romantic heapaheapaburnin'love. Do it on any other day, and you're just whipped."

This is a damn shame. We should try to spread all that love out a little more. Just give a little bit of that every day and remind your *chéri(e)* that you care. Far better for your relationship in the end. (And Sarah, I know I oughta practice what I preach a little more. Thanks for being such a sweetheart. *Joyeux Valentin, ma jolie.*)

Of course, the bright side of the present setup is that you know the two of you are going to get along perfectly on at least one day of the year, come hell or high water. On Valentines' Day, you are going to be the model lover, kind and considerate, partly to show that underneath all the bickering, you really do care, but primarily out of fear of ruining the other's Valentines' Day by being a "rotten self-absorbed crab" and thus earning their undying contempt for months on end.

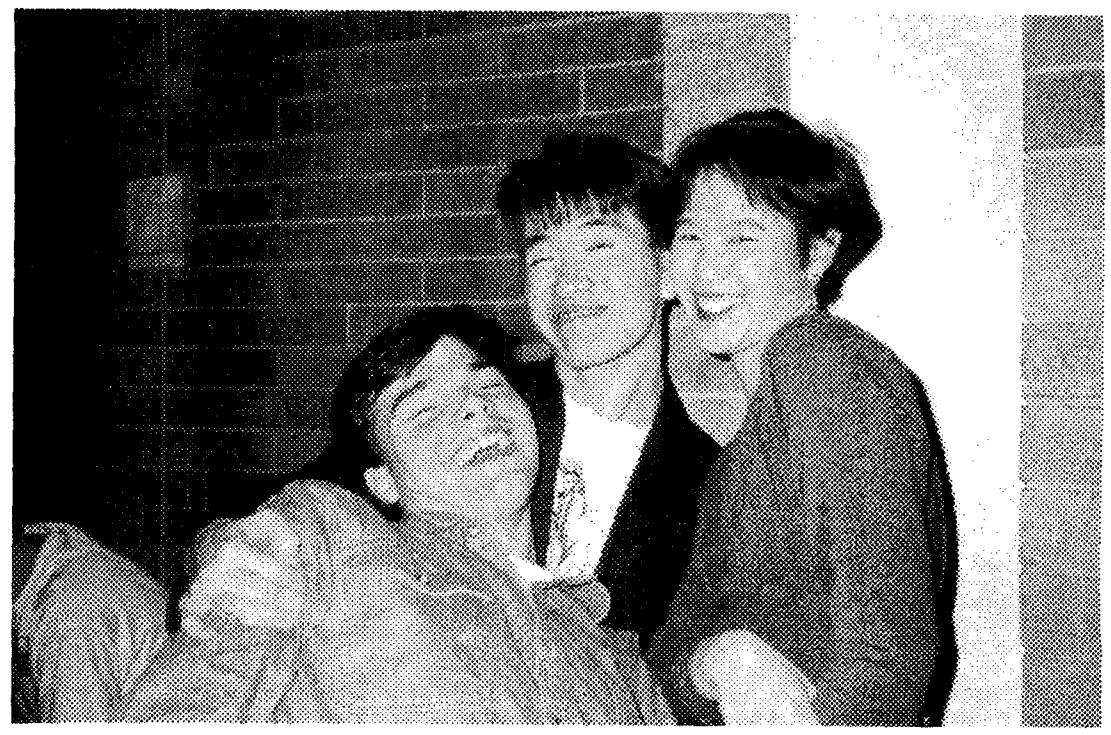
Ain't love grand?

2nd Annual BPP Pizza & Pop Mixer

12:00 to 2:00 in IRC Mall
Friday, Feb 12th

	Pizza	Pop
Members	$0.50	$0.25
Non Members	$1.00	$0.50

One free pop for all members.



Another gratuitous photo of Patrick in the SAC.

822-5355

AMS Walk Home Program

The AMS Walk Home Program was created two years ago to help improve nighttime safety on campus. When you call 822-5355 during its hours of operation (Hours: M, T, Th, Su 7:00-11:00 pm / W, F, Sa 7:00 pm-1:00 am), two volunteers (a man and a woman) will pick you up and walk with you to your campus destination. Another volunteer stays to staff the desk which is located on the main concourse of SUB. The program is run from the Walk Home Desk, and could always use more volunteers. For more information, call the Walk Home Desk during its hours of operation, or call the Director of Administration at 822-3961. To volunteer, fill out the form below and return it to SUB 238.

AMS Walk Home Volunteer Form

Name: _____
Address: _____
_____
Phone: _____ **Faculty:** _____
Birthdate: _____ **Male/Female**

Please circle the best night(s) for you to work

MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT SUN

Need Weekend (Fri/Sat Night) Volunteers DESPERATELY!

Valentine's Day
(The saga continues)

Leona
ADAMS

Well, it's about that time again, that time of year when tensions are high, and young people across the country are often seen staring off into space, their thoughts a million miles away. Not midterm time, silly, Valentine's weekend/week/month (depending on how much you buy into the commercial exploitation). I don't know about you, but this occasion (I'm sorry, but I refuse to call it a holiday. Holidays involve days away from school or work, unless you have an irritating summer job, in which case they may not mean anything) brings back not-entirely fond memories of elementary school. You know, all that fun stuff like filling out cards the night before, trying to figure out how to write cards to people you don't really like without sounding actually mean. Once in a while, I'd get a phone call from one of my friends. "Leona", she'd say. "How can I write this card so that Billy will ask me out?"

I was unfortunately one of those late social bloomers (Oh, who am I trying to kid — I have yet to bloom) who couldn't figure out why you couldn't just come out and say stuff honestly. I know, I can hardly stand the idea myself. I'm so glad I finally grew up and learned to play mind games like everyone else. Anyway, on with our story. When we last left our heroine, she was a stupid fifth-grader talking on the phone with an even-more-stupid fifth-grader. So I would answer something along the lines of, "Well, why don't you try something like 'Corey, you're nice. Please be my Valentine.'"

"Have you gone completely mental, Leona? I can't say that!"

"Why not? It's true, isn't it?"

"(brief pause)...Well,... yeah, but I can't just come out say it like that."

"Why not?"

"Because then he'd know that I like him."

"I thought that was the point."

"Well, duh, but I don't want him to find out that I like him before I find out whether or not he likes me."

"Why?" (I know what you guys are thinking: my vocabulary hasn't changed a lot in the past ten years, but that's not true. It's just my approach to things that confuse me that hasn't changed.)

"I don't *know*." (This is something which I can't possibly hope to reproduce on paper. I don't know if it's a special hormone thing or what, but the accent that a ten-year-old manages to put on the *know* part of "I don't *know*" is something which just has to be experienced first-hand.)

Anyhow, the conversations would degenerate into a cheerful round of "Why? I don't KNOW" and get tied up pretty fast. Things haven't changed much since then, except now I get guys coming to me for advice. It's interesting when they ask what women are looking for in guys, since I'm not always sure myself. So I use the one useful skill which I've acquired over the course of my university career: when faced with a seemingly unanswerable question, stall for time.

"Do you mean what do I think, or what do women in general think?"

"Well, women in general, I guess, cause you're kind of an unusual case."

Now there's a veiled compliment if I've ever heard one. I have yet to get up the nerve to ask one of these normally sweet guys why exactly this is, but I have this unpleasant feeling that they will be honest, and that I will thereby end up spending Friday night with a box of Oreos.

"Well, what do men in general want?'

"That's hard to say. I mean, it varies from person to person."

"And so women are this entirely separate breed who know exactly what they want and how to get it?"

"I guess not. Thanks anyway, Leona."

Little do they know this is all part of our master plan. I managed yet again to escape without revealing any of our secrets. My superiors will be so pleased. Maybe I'll be due for a promotion.

Aaron and Steve-o, sitting in a...

Angry
DUCK

I will always associate Valentine's Day with grade five. Our mothers would buy the Valentine's Day cards that came three-hundred-for-a-nickel, which we were supposed to give to each person in the class.

Everybody gave Valentine's Cards to everyone. This was because our smouldering grade five sexuality was so collectively absent that the purpose of Valentine's Day was lost. Grade Five was the time when boys started to notice strange things happening Down Below, but no one was quite sure what.

Consequently, we all stumbled about, with quizzical looks on our faces, torn between whether or not girls were a neat novel thing or just carried infectious Cooties.

We would tape envelopes with our names on them to our desks and everyone would drop the Valentine's cards in.

I never got any cards. I think it had less to do with the fact that I was the Designated Smart Kid than it had to do with the fact that my desk was so messy that you couldn't find the envelope. My desk was hopelessly messy. I don't know how I ever did it, but I think it was a talent that should have been encouraged, which could have led to a future in the civil service. You could place me in an empty room with a paper clip, and I would find a way to clutter up the room.

That was my desk. Every now and then, someone would see the face of Elvis in a stack of paper. There I would be, searching through last week's lunch, trying to find the cap to the Elmer's Glue (usually it was in my mouth), and the National Enquirer would swoop in, take pictures and run a story.

I'm stretching it a bit here, I know, but when I get hold of a joke, I like to run it deep into the ground.

With all that mess, no one could find the envelope (least of all me) and I never got Valentine's Day cards. Even Ritchie Van Horlick, the Designated Fat Kid Whose Underwear Always Poked Out Of His Pants would get more cards than me.

Everyone gave cards, but the funny part was that the boys would give the majority of their cards to other boys. I find that refreshing. I think we should do it today. I think that the House of Commons should make a rule that every MP must put a little envelope on the back of their chair, and everyone would give Valentine's Day cards to everyone else. All except John Crosbie. I have a feeling his desk is too messy.

But I never got cards. Jeff Rankin got cards, even though he was the Designated Kid With Glasses You Could Play Keepaway With. As a matter of fact, Ritchie and Jeff got the most cards in the room, because all the guys wanted to get near enough to Jeff to steal his glasses, or else get near enough to Ritchie to pin his janitor butt down and give him a gonch pull. But what did they want to get near me for? To ask me a math question?

I was very shy about giving out my cards to girls. That was a tough one, except for Trish Doyle. We hated each other. I would scratch out the "be my Valentine" part, and write in "slip on a fish, buttplug" for her.

I tried to give a card to Cindy Shaw, on whom I had the world's biggest crush. I was so scared anyone would find out that it was me who gave her the card, that I snuck in at 8 in the morning to do it.

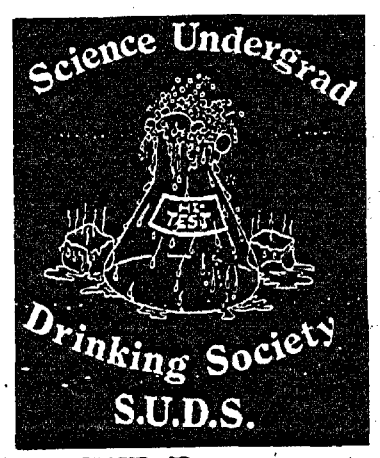
I was caught doing it, not by Cindy, which would have been mortifying, but nowhere near as mortifying as being caught by Steve Patterson, who was an anomaly we feared and revered. Steve Patterson was in grade five, yet he had chest hair. He would come to school with a five o'clock shadow. Good God, he was the last person I wanted to find out that I liked Cindy Shaw. Steve Patterson! I lunged for Cindy Shaw's envelope, pulled out my card, and ripped it into a hundred thousand pieces, so I never got to profess my love to Cindy Shaw, and it was STEVE! STEVE! who ended up going out with her, walking around at recess, holding her hand, smooching on the swings and it could have been ME! ME! and eventually she moved away to Nelson with me never having a chance to profess my love, very much like Cyrano de Bergerac, an equally romantic tragedy, that...

Actually, if you went four years back, you'd find another of my 432 articles remarkably similar to this one, but I'm banking on the assumption that you stopped reading well before this.

SUS Annual General Meeting
March 4, 1993
12:30 PM in SUB Party Room.

FORGET VALENTINE'S DAY— — WEDNESDAY FEB. 17th IS

THE NO CLASS BASH



4:32pm-8:30pm in SUB Partyroom

Admission: FREE

BZZR: $1.25
CEADER: $1.50
KARAOKE!!
BRING THY VOICE!!

The 432

Ryan McCuaig
Editor, Secure in his Niche

Roger Watts
Assistant Editor, Sleeping his way to the Top

✗

EDITORIAL
Contributing Writers A Buncha Would-Be Poets, A Buncha Would-Be Politicians, Leona Adams, Michael Chow, Al Douglas, Aaron Drake, Carmen McKnight, Derek Miller, Jamie Morris, Some People with No Lives to Speak Of, Sarah Thornton, and with me as always is Rog. Party on, Rog.

✗

ART AND DESIGN
Layout Ryan McCuaig, Jamie Morris, Roger Watts
Contributing Artists Melanie Stapleton, Roger Watts

✗

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11 February 1993, Vol 6, No 10
The 432 does not (My sister was bitten by a meese once) print subliminal messages here. (Why not trei a holiday in Sweden this year?)

The Valentine's Day *Erotic Haiku Contest*

Male to Female

Miss Lawler. Can I
Be a "candidate" for your
Valentine's Day love?
Anonymous

I know that you're an
eighty percent blonde, but one
hundred percent cute.
Anonymous

Miss Courage: We've known
Each other for years now, you
Are my sweetest friend.
Anonymous

Women are so sweet,
I would like them so much more,
If they would shut up.
Jason Saunderson

She said, "I look gross
at two in the morning." Do
not care, won't be here.
Jason Saunderson

Blind, I cannot see.
Ask: "Don't you wish you saw?" No.
I taste her beauty.
Stuart Boylan

Empty eyes, savage
With clawed words you rake, hurt me.
Yes, I love you still.
Stuart Boylan

Straight blonde hair. Hmmm.
Tall, muscular body. Hmmm.
Full, large, pink lips. Hmmm.
Stuart Boylan

People told me that
I speak no Good English, eh?
But say I French Well.
Phil Stringer

No winner declared in this category.

Most Likely to Make the Editors Toss Their Cookies

This is my dog spot
Wuf, wuf, wuf, wuf, wuf, wuf
My spot is in heat.
MR & CJ

It's so comforting
When you hold me in your arms
Please love don't let go.
Anonymous

Sweating and toiling.
Bucking, scratching, pulling, groaning.
Who gets the wet spot?
Aaron Drake

and the winner is:
Necrophilia
Necrophilia and ham
Necrophilia
MR & CJ

Miscellaneous Land Animal to Male/Female

All I can see from
Down here is wet dripping hair,
Soft under my tongue.
Jason Saunderson.

Male/Female to Miscellaneous Land Animal

I see you standing
in the field. Your long legs taught.
Your lamb wool sublime.
Phil Stringer

Things have changed since I
was a pup. You can't just sniff
and mate anymore.
Phil Stringer/Jason Saunderson

Meet my twisted friends:
Mike likes little fat plumbers.
Dave likes leprechauns.
Phil Stringer/Jason Saunderson

Something's happening.
How do I stop this feeling.
Oh God! Here I come.
Phil Stringer/Jason Saunderson

and the winner is:
Oh beautiful sheep
My Scots Magdalene woman
Scotsmen wear kilts. Flip!
Stuart Boylan

Special Choirboy Prize

Your finger lightly
Traces down over my warm thigh.
I knee you real hard.
Aaron Drake

Female To Male

Although it's over
I will always cherish you
In me forever
Fendi

and the winner is Melody Wong with:
The Meeting
Tingling awareness —
Sidelong glances of desire
Meet to burst aflame.
The Hunt
She looks away though,
Tempting the hunter to chase
A fleeing nymphette.
The Capture
Turning her face back
Towards him, his fingers touch
Her captured red mouth.
The Kiss
Caress the softness -
Absorb her breath before plunging
Into dark wetness.

Sucking sensation —
Battle his rough silky tongue
For soul possession.
The Loving
He bends to worship
Her lips, her breasts, her stomach,
And licks the rose.
Little Deaths
Hot damp pleasures coil
And wrack the shuddering flesh,
Till tight bodies break

Sudden triumphant
Cries, convulsions drowning
The naked spirit.

Best Misunderstanding of the Concept of a Haiku

They said I couldn't but this'll show 'em
'Cause this is for you, it's a Valentine poem.
I told all my friends about your sweet smile
But they laughed and they scoffed; they're all infantile.
They made jokes and rude comments about how I feel,
Not understanding why I have to conceal
My all-powerful passion and lustful desires
That could ignite our bodies with biological fires.
I was up late last night, thinking of you
When I concocted this poem just out of the blue
That's gonna try to convey my bewildered emotions
For you, the receptacle of my godly devotions.
I watch you each day in physics one-twenty
And admire god's gift of pink flesh a-plenty.
I sit there and stare at the back of your head
Dreaming of nights, handcuffed in bed
Where you'll whip me and bite me and make me squeal
And I'll drip wax in your navel and let it congeal.
I want so badly to feel your touch
but I don't know your name, so it's prob'ly too much.
I just wanna be able to walk up and say
Hi! How are you? What's the homework today?
But I freeze up and can't talk. I don't now why!
Or maybe I do... I guess I'm just shy
Whatever's the problem, I know there's no cure
And you and me, well.... p-shaw, "I'm sure"
So just close your eyes for a moment's reflection
and acknowledge a bit of my wanted affection.
And I'll be content just to sit there and stare
As my Valentine-lover plays with her hair.
Jeff Haas

Last minute addition:
"To Paddy, I'm holding your tail like Dumbo. Brody"

3 Lines Free

To the softspoken redhead
In Relg 202 (10:30 T Th)
Happy St Valentine's Day.

Mr Microchip — I'm an acid
You're a base. Let's make salt
sometime soon. — Love M.

The Prospective Exec Plead for Votes...

Well, the SUS Executive Elections are upon us once again. We've got a pretty good selection of precision-crafted prospective exec to choose from this year. And, gosh darn it, it's important that you do get out and vote on Feb 22-24. (Actually, I don't care — I'm unopposed). Briefly, the candidates are: President – Sarah Thornton (unopposed); Internal Vice Prez: Chris George, Laurie Yee; External Vice Prez: Stephen Coleman, Glen David, Terence Fan, Larissa Puls; Secretary: Morie Chen, David Skogstad; Director of Finance: Jason Holmes (unopposed); Director of Publications: *Moi* (also unopposed); Director of Sports: Bryan Tepper, Delwin Yung; Public Relations Officer: Keith Bannerjee, Graeme Kennedy, Farheen Rawji, and Social Coordinator: Matt Brear (unopposed). So, without further ado, you can hear firsthand what these people sound like with a deadline barrrelling down.

PRESIDENT

SARAH THORNTON

Sarah is the latest in the line of highly efficient and deadly Prezinators, made by Blondyne Systems, Inc. Deceptively attractive in appearance, these purveyors of mass destruction will rule you out of order before you can blink twice. The first of the series, the B-600 Rankelbots, had *very thick* rubber skin and were relatively easy to see coming.

A breakthrough came in the form of the B-800 Carmenator, which featured a new CPU that allowed the acquisition of several targets at once, and improved alcohol assimilation circuitry.

Sarah is the prototype of the B-1000 series, a highly advanced piece of machinery that is able to assume the executive position of any person it touches, making it by far the most lethally effective exec candidite that SUS has yet seen.

(ed: See what happens when you don't submit on time?)

INTERNAL VICE PREZ

CHRIS GEORGE

I'm running for your vote. How? By pleading, whining, bribing (if it were allowed), and generally doing whatever I can to get it. I've got a firm grasp (from hours of bzzr practice), on what I need to do to make it a FUN year for all. If I get your vote, gosh, darn, gee I'll WORK for you!

"It's begging Jim, but not as we know it"

— a quote from an out-of-this-world type of guy.

LAURIE YEE

My name is Laurie Yee, and I'm running for SUS Internal Veep. I've been involved in the SUS for the past year and I would like to continue making SUS an active undergraduate society (ie. pizza and BEvERages at poster parties). If you want to see SUS become more active next year, vote for me! (Oh yeah...I almost forgot. One of my goals for next year is to learn how to chug BEvERages.)

EXTERNAL VICE PREZ

STEPHEN COLEMAN

Stephen Coleman, currently 3rd year rep, is runing for Ex-VP. What most qualifies a successful ExVP is a rapier-like wit, refined social abilities, a biting sense of sarcasm and a hardened liver. I will be responsible for being the voice of the SUS to other faculties and to the AMS.

Remember: a vote for Steve is a vote for me.

GLEN DAVID

Hi there!! I am presently a third year representative on the SUS council. I was also the second year rep during the 91 - 92 school year. Leadership positions I have been elected to in the past are hight school president and captain of sports teams.

I feel I can bring a strong representation to the AMS and EUS councils, as well as leadership and fun to the SUS.

TERENCE FAN

Energy, enterprise and enthusiasm are 3 most obvious traits of mine during my past 4 months as a 1st year rep. As Academics Committee coordinator, and Budget Committee member, I have approved numerous dance budgets and have at the same time directed SUS' attention to our non-drinking members.

LARISSA PULS

Hi! I'm Larissa Puls. I'm running for external vice president. Vote for me or I will have wasted a lot of campaigning money. Besides, I'm a really nice person and I think I could do a great job.

DIRECTOR OF SPORTS

BRYAN TEPPER

I've blown my knees out more times than I can count. If that doesn't qualify me, then the fact that I can't count to four has to. I'm running so that people, like myself, can actually get on a science sports team. Go Canucks.

DELWIN YUNG

Why? Because I'm a nice guy.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

MORIE CHEN

i don't sweep floors...
i don't hang coats...
i don't clean boards...
but, i do take notes!

DAVID SKOGSTAD

I'm a 3rd year Biology (Ecology) major who has decided to get up off his ass and actually get involved. I'm using this ad to try and win over the 3% of you who are actually going to take 2 minutes out of your day to vote. I'd like to see the SUS Executive run smoothly in the upcoming year in order to effectively better serve the students who we represent. So get out and VOTE!

PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER

KEITH BANERJEE

What intrigues me most about the position of Pub Rep is its involvement with the various charities on campus. Working to coordinate the efforts of thesse charities within the Faculty would be both helpful and rewarding. In addition, I look forward to being a liason with the AMS, which is kind of scary, but I don't think Bill will bite. This year, I'm one of those second year representatives to SUS Council, Social Coordinator for BioSoc, and studying honours botany.

GRAEME KENEDY

A 2nd year Biochemistry student with public relations in his blood. No, really, doctor said so. Mixed 50/50 with alcohol.

FARHEEN RAWJI

My name is Farheen Rawji and I'm running for the position of Public Relation Officer. If I'm voted in, I'll make sure my good pal "Slick Willie" Clinton will donate half of the budget of the US to the SUS in the interest of Our goodwill. And the case of Granville Island Pale Ale that we're not sending to Chelsea. Next I'm arranging the succession of the SUS from B.C. and declare ourselves a "Free Beer" zone. Next we'll invite back Duke's Cookies. Failing the above I'll just be the best P.R.O. the SUS has ever had. I PROMISE to the BEST of all time. So a vote for me is a vote for the future. Ask not what your Country... WHATEVER! JUST VOTE

Experience:
-Helped establish SUS Science Students' Employment Service.
-First SUS Employment Officer
-BioChem Rep 92/93
-Always has a note from his mom.

DIRECTOR OF FINANCE

JASON S. HOLMES

Jason S Holmes, current First Year Rep. has run uncontested for the position of Director Of Finance. He would really like everyone to vote 'Yes' so that he can call himself "DoF". So vote in this year's election, vote for the only person who can do the job!

LIGHTEN UP

SOCIAL COORDINATOR

MATT BREAR

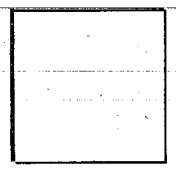
Brear brings bigger badder better beer.

DIRECTOR OF PUBLICATIONS

RYAN McCUAIG

(See *The 432*, Vol 5, No 8, pp. 1-8, and Vol 6, No 1-10, pp. 1-8. 'Nuff said.)

Dik Miller, Library Enforcer



Derek K. **MILLER**

Dik Miller, Library Enforcer

I was alone in my office, way down in the deepest, dankest, smelliest, most roach-infested, greyest, dreariest, dumpiest, most boring, nastiest, darkest, most inaccessible bowels of Main Library, still resenting the new Assistant Librarian Sven Svørdbergsson, the Icelandic import who had taken over my fourth floor view office the previous week.

"Damnod Svørdborgsoon," I griped to myself.

"Shhhh!" said someone out in the stacks nearby.

Then something struck me. As I smacked at my cheek, I discovered it to be a small fly. Then a thought struck me. I'm not sure which one hurt more.

I scrambled for the nearby copy of *Icelandic Culture* by Sigurour Nordal, translated by Vilhjalmur T. Bjarnar. (I was rapidly discovering that it was awfully handy to work in a library when I needed obscure books like this one.)

Flipping it open, I scanned through the pages.

"Aha!" I cried upon confirming my suspicions.

"Shhhh!" someone said.

"Shut up," I responded.

"Shhhh!"

"Grmblbrmbl..." I grumbled.

"SHHHH!"

I walked away, still reading the book.

What I had noticed was that not a single Icelandic name in the book had a slashy O in it, as Svørdbergsson's did. Every place there would have been a slashy O, there was an umlaut instead.

Svørdbergsson should have been spelled Svördbergsson.

He was an imposter!

The Head Librarian would have to find out about this!

Minutes later, I was in the Head Librarian's office.

"Yes, Miller?" she said, looking up from her desk.

I was a bit out of breath after running headlong up the multiple flights of stairs to her floor.

"Svørdbergsson...Svördbergsson...not...Icelandic...ugh..." I sputtered. I hadn't had much exercise recently.

"What?"

"Sven Svørdbergsson isn't one. His name should be Svördbergsson."

She looked blank. Then I realized that the two spellings are pronounced identically. I tried the Dik Miller™ charade method.

"Svørdbergsson," I said, making diagonal slashy motions with my right hand. "That's not the Icelandic way to spell it. It should be Svördbergsson." I used two fingers of my right hand to make pointy motions.

"I see," she said. "So?"

"So, he's not Icelandic! He's probably Danish or Swedish or something!"

"Danish, actually."

I was getting a bit agitated. "You know?! Why didn't you say something?"

"I didn't think it was very important. Denmark, Iceland, what's the difference, as long as he's a good librarian?"

"What's the difference? Denmark is a peninsular country in northern Europe of 5.1 million people. It's a constitutional monarchy, with 391,895 elementary school students."

I was on a roll now. "Iceland, on the other hand, is an island country in the North Atlantic, with a population of only 300,000. It's a republic, and has 25,420 elementary school students. I'd say that's a difference!"

"How do you know all that?"

I smiled. "I do a lot of reading in my spare time."

"Very interesting, but quite irrelevant. What would you like me to do about it?"

"Uh..." I hadn't thought of that. "Since he misrepresented himself to you as Icelandic and not Danish, shouldn't he be fired?"

"No."

"Demoted?"

"No."

"Moved to a scummier office somewhere in the deepest, dankest, smelliest, most roach-infested, greyest, dreariest, dumpiest, most boring, nastiest, darkest, most inaccessible bowels of Main Library?"

"No."

"Oh." I had pretty well run out of ideas. "Could I just beat him up?"

"No." The Head Librarian was looking steamed. "Look, Miller, you have work to do. Get out of my office and get to it, okay?"

"Very well." I turned on my heel and left.

On my way out, I passed Svørdbergsson in the hallway. I turned to him.

"I know who you are," I hissed.

"Sorry?" he asked.

"I know who you are and...what you are."

"I'm afraid I do not understand, Mr. Library Monitor."

I made the slashy hand gestures. "Svørdbergsson. That's not Icelandic."

His eyes went wide and his voice dropped to a hoarse whisper. "If you tell anyone that, I will have to kill you."

Whoa, I thought. Sensitive guy. I puffed up to my best macho-tough-guy girth. "I'd like to see you try."

"I am versed in all the most difficult Icelandic martial arts."

I laughed. "Ah yes, Tåi Kwøn Dö and Küng Fü, I assume. What a crock."

When I regained consciousness, I was back in my office. A copy of *Icelandic Culture* by Sigurour Nordal, translated by Vilhjalmur T. Bjarnar was lying on my chest.

I guess that's another enemy made and another case closed for Dik Miller, Library Enforcer.

The V-Day Curmudgeon Redux

Graeme Kennedy

Fellow Scot

Valentine's Day sucks. There, it's out. I don't have to justify my opinions, but in this case, I think it's only fair to supply an explanation. Mainly because "Valentines Day sucks" isn't really enough to fill an entire column. So read on if you dare, and especially if you believe V-Day is only a lovely warm pinkish-happy kinda day. You have much to learn, Grasshopper.

If you hadn't guessed, I'm in one of the low-swings on the pendulumn of love. This has been the case since...oh, 1986. My problem is that love hits me very much like a lighning bolt: it's blinding, unexpected, unstoppable, and does about as much damage. And just like that guy in the Ozarks, I keep getting nailed. This is how the routine begins, and it continues thusly: fumbling introduction, first date, second date, deleriously happy, not so happy, mongoose vs. cobra, ritual returning of the goods, biterness, anger, repeat.

Inevetably, a Valentine's Day falls somewhere in the pattern. If it falls in any part but the deleriously happy phase, a gift is not required. This is usually a bone for contention, ushering in the mongoose vs. cobra stage. If, indeed the exchange of gifts is performed (you fool) the gift is either of such a private nature that it's really a gift for one self (go directly to bitterness) or worse, you break up and wonder who else gets to see the gift. (ie who's the next victim)

This V-Day, a mixed blessing: I'm freed from all the stages for the first time in years, and I'm glad...really. It's better than spending a week and a week's earnings shopping at La Vie En Rose for someone and something which will be enjoyed by someone else in no time anyways. Frankly, it's better this way, really. I'd rather roll naked across a floor of Legos than dive into one of those emotional roller-coasters. Stupid, lousy holiday. Unless you're in love. Then it's OK. But, at least I'm not bitter.

Vote Feb 22-24!

DON'T PANIC!
AMS WORD PROCESSzing
will do it for you!
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Room 60, Student Union Building • 822-5640
Mon-Thu: 9am – 6pm Friday: 9am – 5pm

BPP
Bzzr
Garden
Come one;
Come all.

Amber Nectar just $1.00
Gratuitous Munchies
And of course: Music,
Fun, and one free bzzr
for each member

Wednesday Feb. 17th
4:45 to 7:30
IRC #5

the drawers of sus

Sales Slips

Michael Chow

I've said it before, and I'll say it again: our Science merchandise is so irresistible, people have been literally breaking down our doors to get their hands on the most attractive clothing on campus. Hey, no need to get violent; just drop by our office in CHEM 160, and we'll be happy to help you out.

If you participated in Science Week 1993 on the third week of January (or you just want a high-quality T-shirt for a great price), we are selling Science Week 1993 T-shirts below cost for only $5.00 each! The elections for the 1993-94 Executive positions for the Science Undergraduate Society are taking place right after midterm break. Best of luck to all the candidates from Science Sales. Unfortunately, some people will not win the contested positions. Do not despair: if you would still like to help out the Science Undergraduate Society (or if you'd like to help SUS but want to avoid the politics), the position for the 1993-94 Sales Manager is still open. Feel free to drop by our office to learn more about this position.

- NEW ITEMS: Science baseball shirts, baseball caps, shorts, T-shirts, sweatshirts, sweatpants, cardigans, leather-melton jackets, teddy bears, roll-up T-shirts.
- BELOW COST: 100%-cotton embroidered sweaters only $15! Available in navy, royal or white. We have crew-necks and V-necks. Hurry, they're selling fast!
- Have you seen the coolest looking jackets on campus? Science jackets: Navy blue melton, with navy and white leather split-sleeves, all for only $150 (plus cresting). Last chance to order one this school year, deadline: February 17, 1993.
- Last chance to order a navy Science cardigan for this school year. Only $35 (plus cresting), deadline: February 17, 1993.
- Computer Science leather-melton jackets! You don't even need to be majoring in Computer Science, but if you want a black leather-melton jacket for only $150 (plus cresting), place your order before February 17, 1993. You can also contact Michael Chow, the Sales Manager, using e-mail at <n7a192@rick.cs.ubc.ca>.
- Is your team or club looking for clothing or uniforms? We deal directly with the manufacturers and wholesalers to get you the best prices around. Most orders require one week. Compare our prices: 1 dozen, 100% cotton Fruit of the Loom standard-weight T-shirts, with a full-front 2-colour logo, and 2-digit 8-inch numbers, all for only $13.50 each (all taxes included!)
- We sell the new Entertainment '93 Coupon Books. The books are packed with half-price coupons for restaurants, theatres, sports, attractions, and much more. The Entertainment book also offers 50% off on many hotels throughout the world. A great way to sample Vancouver's attractions on a student's budget. All this for only $42.80 (taxes included).
- We also sell the new Gold C Savings Spree coupon books: $12. Use the coupons to save on merchandise, recreation, movie rentals, and fast food.
- Our Annual Paper Sale is still on! We sell 200 sheets of looseleaf for only $0.75. That's half the price you'll pay at the Bookstore, plus all proceeds will be donated to charity.

Feel free to drop by and check out our UBC Science clothing display. We are in the Chemistry building, room 160.

McKnighties

Carmen McKnight

Executive elections are now in full swing. Look out for our candidates in your lectures and on posters. A lot of positions are contested, including: Internal VP, External VP, Sectetary, Director Of Sports, and Public Relations Officer. After the elections are over, I'm sure there will be some empty Year and Department Rep seats, so it's not too late to get involved. Inquire at the SUS office if you are interested.

Next Wednesday, the 'No Class Bash' (bzzr garden with Karaoke machine and cheap BEvERages) will be going on. You'll have an opportunity to meet all of the candidates for the executive election at that time.

Teaching Excellence Nominations ended on Wednesday, February 10th. They were early this term, because the AGM is taking place on March 4th and we need to know by then who the winner is. Speaking of the AGM, all Science students are welcome. Teaching Excellence Awards, Executive Awards and Science Week Awards will be presented at the meeting. The newly elected Executive will also be introduced. You'll have an opportunity to enjoy a free lunch at that time. The new execs take office on April 1.

Two of this year's exec were elected to AMS Exec. Congratulations to Roger Watts and Janice Boyle. They leave behind two empty seats: External VP and AMS Rep. The people who take these positions will hold the position for the remainder of the term. Replacements will be appointed on Thursday, February 11. Also, starting on February 17 SUS will have a fourth AMS seat. Ryan McCuaig will be occupying the seat.

Read about the candidates for the Executive Elections in this paper. Voting will take place on Feb 22, 23 and 24th. Don't forget to bring your student card to vote.

VOTE!

Let Your Fingers Do The Laughing

Alan Douglas

Someone we don't hear from enough, gosh darn it!

Did you know that the Yellow Pages can be the source of countless hours of amusement and hilarity? Well, it can (though it helps if you don't have a social life). To demonstrate this fact (as well as the bit about not having a social life), I give you The Funniest Actual Category Headings In The Yellow Pages starting with:

Abattoirs
The first entry, which is handy for those awkward occasions when you suddenly find that you've got eleven hundred pigs that need to be slaughtered.

Accumulators
These are hard things to get rid of.

Air Balancers
It's probably a lot trickier than it sounds.

Badges
We don't need no stinking badges!

Baseball/Hockey/Soccer Clubs
Appropriately there is no listing in Vancouver for a football club.

Bee Keeper's Supplies
Sure, but what if you keep other letters?

Blue Printers
Cool! The one I've got is beige.

Bottles — Used
Can this really be a thriving business?

Bowling Apparel
Ironically, this comes right after Boutiques.

Buildings — Air Supported
Did these people actually pass their civil engineering exams?

City and Town Planners
Own a city? Is your downtown core in need of serious planning? Then let your fingers do the walking!

Concrete Vibrators
Ouch.

Crushing and Pulverizing Service
For when a nasty letter isn't enough.

Dust Collecting Systems
My system works fine, thank you.

Engravers — Bank Notes
Does this seem suspicious to you?

Factors
Quality is the key here. Always hire a prime factor.

Guniting (see Shotcreting Hdgs.)
Well that certainly clears that up. This is the English edition, isn't it?

Hair Removing
You can start with my shower drain.

Hog Fuel
Cheaper than natural gas, but you need much wider pipelines.

Inventors
This is for those who want to make their fortune by inventing something spectacular, but lack the intelligence and creativity to do it.

Invisible Mending
For when you want people to think it's still broken.

Ozone
Holesalers. (Sorry)

Paper Converters
Into what? Pirate hats?

Parachute Jumping Instruction
Probably a good idea.

Places of Interest
Get this: there is only ONE place of interest listed for Vancouver! You'll never guess what it is.

Planetariums
Why is this plural?

Radios — Rental
For all those people who don't own a radio, don't know anyone they could borrow one from, and who wouldn't actually risk buying a radio because the whole thing might just be a passing fad.

Rags
From the same geniuses who brought you used bottles.

Regalia
Thera are only two listings and they don't sound like they belong together: "Marks of Distinction" and "Young and Naughty Ltd."

Sausages
Uncomfortably close to Sawdust and Shavings.

Shot Peening
Somebody has to be making these up.

Sprockets
Ask for Dieter.

Stevedoring Contractors
Aren't stevedores those idiot Spanish guys who dance around prodding angry bulls with tiny little spears?

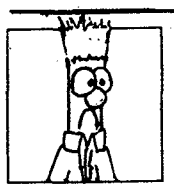
Terrazzos
Alright, what's a zzo and why do people need so many of them? You'd think a megazzo would be enough.

Testing — Non-destructive
Unlike final exams.

Water Blasting
Now rock blasting I can understand, but this seems futile.

Zoos
The final entry. Funny how the Yellow Pages starts with mass animal execution and ends with mass animal imprisonment. (Oooh, poignant social commentary).

The Morris Methods



Jamie **MORRIS**

Yes, even the most hardcore of scientific experimentalists and theorists must take a break from the wondrous beauty of study, and take note of the passing holidays — Valentine's Day for instance. So, instead of my usual "hard science" experiment, I will tell the story of my close friend, and accomplished "bio-hacker" (recombinant DNA prankster) Slerpderloopdoop, and his first experience with that thing called love.

Last year, about this time, Slurpderloopdoop had broken up with his first and only love, Grechuhilda. This happened a week before Valentine's Day. The break-up occurred because the two had gotten into a squabble over which prejudices, religions, and personalities they were to program into their first child (yes, they were thinking of marriage and children). Slerpderloopdoop felt terrible after a couple of days of being alone, and so decided to make up with Grechuhilda — and what not a better day to do so than Valentine's Day?

When the big day, Feb 14th, 1992, rolled around, Slerpderloopdoop was ready. He had spent hundreds of dollars on all the little things one could buy for Valentine's Day. And soon, the only thing that was missing was Grechuhilda herself. Slerpderloopdoop then took a quick wander around the UBC campus and found her. She was talking on a pay phone in the SUB, her back towards him.
Slerpderloopdoop took the opportunity to sneak quietly up and stand behind her. He stood there, and watched her beautiful hair move up and down as she talked, and waited for her to put down the phone. When she hung up Slerpderloopdoop softly said to her back, "Grechuhilda... Grechuhilda... Grechuhilda...," the beautiful name flowing out his mouth like mercury through a platinum funnel. Grechuhilda turned around; however, Slerpderloopdoop felt a bitter wrench of fear in his gut, and could not meet her gaze. He stared at the ground instead. He had forgotten all about the cards, the chocolates, and the other gifts he had for her. It didn't matter to him anyway, they were trivial compared to his love, and what he had to say.

"Grechuhilda," he continued, watching his feet skitter nervously back and forth, "how I have missed you Grechuhilda. I miss our meanderings through 'Ed's Seafood and Tattoo Parlour'. I miss rowing the boat out on the lake, in the rain, while you shout at me from the shore. I miss dancing to our favourite song, 'Crepitating Bowel Erosion' in the chilly dampness of your cellar. Please, please, please, Grechuhilda, come back to me. Let me hold you in my arms once more. Please, forgive me..., and be my Valentine."

He paused for an answer, but no answer came. Perplexed, Slerpderloopdoop raised his head to gaze upon the face of the woman he loved — *only to find out it wasn't Grechuhilda at all*! This person had the same height, the same hair, and the same general appearance of Grechuhilda, but was definitely not his beloved.

"Fuck off you little science geek," the woman said, "Get your conforming, alcoholic, out of shape, and putrid body out of my presence before I puke all over your cheap shoes, and ram pencils up your snot encrusted nose. And besides, I know who you are! You're Slerpderloopdoop! You're the one my friend Grechuhilda 'got in good with' in order to steal your recombinant DNA files on putting the regeneration capabilities of *Thyrone Briareus* into humans. She's gonna make billions, and you'll wind up crushed like the maggot you are. Ha, Ha, Ha," and with that said, she walked away, cackling with glee.

"I knew it," Slerpderloopdoop said, "Gosh darn it, I knew something as good as Grechuhilda couldn't happen to me." He threw away all his Valentine cards and presents and walked home. Slerpderloopdoop knew who the foul-mouthed woman was. She was Grechuhilda's friend, Heidi Anderson, who formerly wrote articles for *The 432* on how to discourage the attention of UBC Engineers.
Apparently, she had expanded her concepts to include males in science as well.

Slerpderloopdoop didn't worry that Grechuhilda had stolen his files. He had lied to her about that — trying to impress her. Grechuhilda had really just stolen his notes on how to make a human smell like a sea cucumber. He had done experiments on this because he had noticed all the attention sea cucumbers got, and remembered the saying: "cool as a sea cucumber." He hoped he could learn the secret of the sea cucumber, and finally meet the true "Grechuhilda" of his life.

And so you know the story of Slerpderloopdoop. The moral is: never go out with someone who's first name starts with Grech-, and whose favourite song is "Excoriating Abdominal Emanation". My own advice for this Valentine's Day is: "don't be afraid to go out on a limb — that's where all the chipmunks are."

"Damn! Missed Again"

A Minute in SUS...

February 4,1993.
A Minute in SUS

CALL TO ORDER: 1:39 pm
APPROVAL OF MINUTES: SUS Council Minutes dated January 28, 1992.
UNFINISHED BUSINESS: none
NEW BUSINESS:
1. Moved *Farheen Rawji* , Seconded *Jason Holmes*,
"That council approve spending up to $1770.42 on a colour scanner."
Carried.
2. Moved *Tim Lam*, Seconded *Terence Fan*,
"That council accept the resignation of Roger Watts on February 17, 1993."
Defeated; recounted: **Carried.**
note: Chris Sing and Chris Woods opposed.
3. Moved *Jason Holmes*, Seconded *Terence Fan*,
"That council accept the resignation of Janice Boyle on February *17, 1993.*"
Carried.
note: Chris Sing and Chris Woods opposed.
4. Moved *Steve Coleman*, Seconded *Delwin Young*,
"That nominations be opened for the position of External VP; the position to be held for the remainder of the year."
Carried.
5. Moved *Keith Banerjee*, Seconded *Tim Lam*,
"That nominations be opened for the position of AMS Rep.; the position to be held for the remainder of the year."
Carried.
6. Moved *Keith Banerjee*, Seconded *Matt Brear*,
"Whereas the success of the 92-93 Academics Committee is due to widespread participation of SUS Council under the co-co-ordinatorship of Terence Fan, and
Whereas, as a First Year, Terence Fan has shown that his personal contribution to both SUS Council and the Academics Committee has been outstanding,
Be it moved that the Academics Committee for the 92-93 Academic year be re-named the Terence Fan Club."
Proposed Amendment: Moved *Roger Watts*, Seconded *Janice Boyle*,
add to the existing motion:
"...and the entire remaining Academics budget be committed to going out and buying Terence a good biting sense of sarcasm."
Amendment ruled out of order.
Original motion carried.
7. Moved *Lica Chui*, Seconded *Janice Boyle*,
"That the Trike Race trikes be donated to the Kiwassa Neighbourhood House Association."
Carried.

REPORTS:
Academics: Mtg Thurs, Feb 11, in SUS; nominations for TEA close on 10th; Anita disappointed she's now co-coord of Terence Fan Club.
AMS: No mtg this week; exec take office on 17th.
Publications: 432 half distibuted, rest this pm.; EROTIC haiku: 3 lines with 5, 7 then, 5 syllables. deadline: Monday; next paper out the 11th.
Finance: Statement "Almost in hole!" "No Mistakes"; why so bad? Whyne and Cheese, 1st yrs open house not in last year's spending; SciWk. not on this statement; Attn all clubs: all departmental clubs get $4 per graduating student, get appl. from Pat.
Social: Only $165 left! No Class Bash?; Bookings Line-up: Mon 8th, let Rog know if you need space.
Sports: n/r
Senate: Chris Woods new senator, Apr. 1.
Sales: Someone broke in, damaged jacket, stole E's.
Employment: Periodical from major companies in Graeme's box Friday.

CLUB REPORTS:
Astronomy Club: 15 people to Washington, look at stars, then Seattle
BPP: Pizza/pop mixer IRC Fri 12th; bzzr garden right before No Class Bash
BioSoc: Seminar; pool party Feb 12th, SUB Arcade
CSC: n/r
CS^3 : n/r
Dawson: n/r
Geography Club: ski trip — Big White weekend
Math Club: n/r
Micro Club: Orders for t-shirts
Pre-Dent: talk Thurs
Pre-Med: n/r
PSA: Romance on the 19th, and Mass Murders on the 26th. (Those are content lectures)
Physsoc: Voluntary donation of couches, Math to Physsoc; movie night- Wed 5pm - Holy Grail.

OTHER BUSINESS:
1. Moved *Patrick Lum*, Seconded *Laurie Yee*,
"That the SUS accept the BPP budget as presented."
Carried.
2. Moved *Patrick Lum*, Seconded *Terence Fan*,
"That the SUS accept the BioSoc budget as presented."
Note: SUS maximum contribution $750-850.
Carried.

NOTICE OF MOTIONS:
"That Ryan McCuaig be given the fourth Science AMS seat (which we get on February 17, 1993) for the remainder of the year."

ADJOURNMENT: 2:25 pm