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Federal Budget Fraud!

Monday, March 9th

UBC SUB Building

Just weeks after announcing the first balanced federal budget in recent history, information has surfaced which may prove the budget to be a fraud.

Through analysis of the budget, and through granted access to the government's financial data, UBC Economists Dave Fredericks and Wilma Hunt have uncovered information which they say proves that federal Finance Minister Paul Martin has been "fudging the books."

"Our numbers show quite clearly that the budget is not balanced," said Hunt. "In fact, as you'll see from column four, the budget is over 1.5 billion dollars in the red."

The report released by the economist indicates that the Government was in fact cutting large sums of money from education, in order to alleviate the debts accumulated from social programs. This shortcoming, in turn, was accounted for by cutting Provincial transfer funds to Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Quebec.

Finance Minister Paul Martin was quick to respond to the charges.

"That's ridiculous," said Martin, at a press conference this morning. "This budget is as balanced as my diet. And believe me, I'm a very regular man.

"These charges are slanderous, and have absolutely no founding. This is simply another ploy by the Reform Party to blacken the name of the Federal Liberal Party. We simply won't stand for this."

In the meantime, Provincial Politicians in Quebec were up-in-arms, and immediately demanded that Ottawa compensate the province for lost transfer funds.

"This is absolutely non-acceptable," said Marcel Deveau, an MLA from Eastern Quebec. "Are the english-speaking Liberals trying to keep us from separating by reducing our province to poverty? It is a total embarrassment!"

Prime Minister Jean Chretien spoke to the House of Commons today, denying the accusations from Quebec, and standing behind his Minister of Finance. A lively debate in the House continued throughout the morning, with all three major parties pointing fingers in all directions.

"This is just like the Liberals," said Reform Party leader Preston Manning. "Steal from the poor frenchmen, and give to themselves. I'll tell you what we should do: we should execute each and every one of them. And then, when we're done, we'll get the Liberals, too."

"We should execute Every single one of them"

-preston manning

Lucien Bouchard was quick to respond to Manning's remark.

"Ahh, I see. Stealing from the poor frenchmen. Those are big words, coming from a farmboy from Alberta. I'll have you know, Mr. Manning, that we received four million dollars less from Alberta this year. And let me assure you, we're doing just fine"

Although the Speaker of the House eventually called debate to a halt, several Reform Party MPs, two members of the Bloc Quebecois, and four reporters were all escorted from the House of Commons, after exchanging inflammatory remarks. *432* reporters were not able, at the time of printing, to confirm whether or not Mr. Bouchard does, as one of the combatants claimed, enjoy carnal knowledge of farm animals. We were able to determine, however, that it was unlikely that Mr. Manning would ever be able to engage in sexual activities with himself.

Although the charges about the validity of the budget have yet to be confirmed, the Canadian dollar fell four tenths of a cent yesterday, as investors questioned the country's stability. The effects of this drop were felt immediately across the country.

"There is no reason to panic," said British Columbia's Premier Glen Clarke. "We're as strong as ever in B.C. Sure, some of the weaker provinces may be having some trouble, but we're doing just fine. And I'm not just ringing my own bell."

The two UBC economists were not so sure. "Don't even get us started on B.C.," said Fredericks. "They've been fudging their budget since Bill Bennett was in power. Sure, they say the forestry industry is fuelling the province, but let's get real. Have you actually seen how few trees there are left in this province? Forty five. Sure, the tourism ads show endless cedar forest, but that's all done with computers. Forty five trees, I tell you. And only sixteen salmon! It's an absolute farce."

432 reporters put the number of trees in the UBC endowment lands at forty-four, lending some credibility to Fredericks' numbers.

SCIENCE ELECTIONS

THIS WEEK ONLY! MARCH 11 TO 13TH

Poll locations: Chemistry, Wesbrook, and various other Science buildings throughout the week. Bring your student card to vote. Bring your friend Ed as well, since he's always entertaining.

UBC Implicated in Anthrax Coverup

Monday, March 9th

Vancouver, B.C.

An investigation is pending following an alleged cover-up of a biological weapons operation here at UBC. *432* Reporters broke the story two weeks ago, when a large supply of the Anthrax virus was discovered in a section of the UBC steam tunnel system.

When Law enforcement officials attempted to inspect the area only three days later, the entire tunnel system was empty. Officials initially questioned the validity of our reporter's information, but a series of interviews with our staff, as well as a great deal of photographic evidence, persuaded authorities that our reporters were, in fact, in the right.

A representative from University administration said yesterday that the University denies any knowledge of the existence of the operation.

"There is not now, nor has there ever been a biological weapons factory here at UBC," said Byron Henville, assistant to the President. "The Place Vanier Cafeteria was officially cleared of that status years ago."

The group which originally claimed responsibility for the incident, Terrorists for Terrorists, has since been cleared of all charges.

"They don't have the expertise to chew out of a shoebox," said RCMP Constable Mike Henries, "let alone set up a high-tech biological weapons factory."

The RCMP is currently searching for leads in this case, and has set up a hotline to deal with tips from University students. The hotline can be reached at 822-4235.

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

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Not Supported by the NRA.

Jake **Gray**

Sometimes when life throws you an inside curveball, you just have to lean in, get beaned and take your base. I hope that baseball allusion some how fits into what I'm going to wright today.

I was at the gun range yesterday. Its amazing how relaxing it can be to squeeze off two hundred and twenty rounds of hollow point fragmenting .45 ACP rounds into the side of an aging 200 gallon oil barrel. Guns are great.

I'd like to peremptorily apologize for any, aw screw it I don't want to apologize for anything. If you're sensibilities are offended by my love for fire arms, piss off. No body who has blasted the hell out of a metallic container with screaming hot lead can possibly complain about my being to go down to the range to blow off a little steam.

I realize that guns do have the potential to be harmful, if not deadly weapons, but that all depends on the person using tion to the problem of guns being used to perform homicides. A learner's license.

Under my new plan, when one is sixteen, he would go down to the local DFA, Department of Fire Arms, and apply for his learner's. At this point the applicant would have to pass several tests including a written test on gun safety and proper use of fire arms. The second test would consist of a practical session where the applicant would go "out back" and shoot the hell out of some inanimate object, preferably something that has a lot of glass. This would demonstrate to the applicant not only the destructive capabilities of modern fire arms, but also how much fun it is to shoot things which are already dead, thus preventing attacks against live targets.

After one has passed the preliminary tests, he will enter the third stage. This would consist of a thorough thrashing with wet reeds. This would prevent to many guns being released into the general public. Nothing like a well armed populace to keep politicians inline.

At this point the aforementioned application would be sent to the local RCMP for a Firearms Acquisition Certificate. At this point Bob the mailman or Oprah the cosmetician would not be able to buy guns. They would however be able to buy crossbows, and accompany gun owners to the range. After about say five years, one would receive his gun license proper. I figure if the individual was going to kill any body they would have done by this time with the crossbow. So those that have killed someone don't get a license, but those that pass can buy anything. Fully Auto, sure, Heat guided surface to air missiles, why not?, Bazookas, imagine the fun.

And hey, what ever happened to going down to the local Army & Navy and picking up a few pounds of TNT? There's no bounds to the possibilities of fun when one has an unlimited supply of high explosive. Granted in the wrong hands you end up with something like that little fiasco down in Atlanta, but what about all of us "responsible" folk who have legitimate need for explosives? We're relegated to using the homemade diesel and fertilizer crap which never works right and if by chance it does go off, never lives to expectations. I say by limiting the availability of good, well creating an unnecessary risk by forcing us to manufacture our own unstable, untested, illegal explosives.

Just the other day I was talking to My friend Quentin who incidentally was the man who taught me how to build potato guns. He was going on about how the cops were constantly driving by his house three or four time a day. So I'm over there on his back porch shooting at starlings with his 12 gauge Defender shotgun, and after three or four big poufs of gray feathers, Quent went back inside for a few more cans of Bud and a few shots of hooch. He comes walking out with the most heinous contraptions I'd ever seen. He proceeded to line up a stray cat and blow it to the other side with a lovely Rawlings fast ball. His contraption used a mixture of Sugar and Sodium Chlorate to hurl baseballs at over 925 feet per second.

Hey what to you know, baseballs.

Jake's first article involved his friend Gord, defecation, and a urinal. You really didn't want to read it, so I made him write another one. Now, unfortunately, I'm too tired to read it.

-ed.

Jenn vs. Nature (Part II)

Miss Jenn
nature girl

And now for Part 2 in the continuing adventures of Miss Jenn vs. Nature, in which our principal players are a Small Small Stick, Fire, and The Evil That Is The Great Outdoors. You will recall that last week we left off with myself stuck in the dire predicament of being under the charge of 2 gym teachers who had to choose between the Island With The Dock and Campground or The Island With The Outhouse. You can probably see where this is going. We unloaded our gear and bedded down next to, you guessed it, The Outhouse.

The Island With The Outhouse was also the The Island With Way Too Many Natural Fjords. There was nary a square inch of flat terrain to be found, so we found the most hospitable area we could. In my life I have slept in many strange places, including a freakishly large number of bathtubs. And now for another Miss Jenn Life Lesson: if you are ever given a choice between sleeping in a bathtub and sleeping on a geological formation only marginally less craggy than Keith Richards' face SLEEP IN THE BATHTUB. In a pathetic attempt to cushion the thousands of rocky projections beneath our tender selves, we pitched the tent atop a layer of tarps, and erected a separate shelter under which everyone placed all their earthly possessions. The two islands we were marooned on were connected by a little land bridge that was crossable at low tide. When low tide came, we all trekked across to the unknown wilderness on the other side expecting to find Lions and Tigers and Bears. Instead we found a Campground and a Dock. Oh My. Being reasonably apathetic people, it was decided we should stay on Craggy Outhouse Island and be miserably uncomfortable rather than move to The Promised Land.

To amuse ourselves before nighttime, we decided that a game of "Hide The Small Small Stick On This Big Big Island and Try To Find It Before 2004" would be a good idea. Competition was quite heated and very nearly idea. Competition was quite heated and very nearly descended into "Lodge The Small Small Stick Into the Opponent's Chest Cavity". It all got too Lord of The Flies for our teachers, who called us back to Bog Island for dinner. It was at this point that things went VERY VERY VERY WRONG INDEED.

First came the rains. Torrents of water rushed over our encampment, washing people down muddy slopes into the churning pools of water below. OK, maybe not, but it was pretty frikkin' wet. So wet that the tent soaked through from the bottom up. So wet that all our stuff got soaked in one of those collapsing-shelter moments you only see on TV. Another Miss Jenn Life Lesson: if you're doing your own thing when suddenly you hear a really bad voiceover from the sky that sounds like Bob Saget GET OUT OF THE WAY BECAUSE SOMETHING BAD WILL HAPPEN.

We were trying desperately to make the best of the situation, and it was agreed by all that we should discuss our options over dinner. Someone had brought a wee barbecue sort of thing, and it was erected upon a plank of wood sitting on a vaguely flat boulder. Only someone had forgot to put the legs on the barbecue, which had a hole cut in the bottom for ventilation. As dinner was happily cooking away, we noticed that the plank upon which our Gas Barbecue rested was flaming, to say the least. Gas + Flame = Lots Of Explaining To Do At The Emergency Room. In order to heroically save us innocent schoolchildren from imminent immolation, our brave leader grabbed a pair of oven mitts which I highly doubt were CSA approved for Bomb Disposal Activities, and herded us towards the beach as she picked up the barbecue, now dangerously close to detonation, and hurled it into the sea with such ferocity that one would think it contained some sort of nuclear device. It actually contained some raw vegetables which I guess could have been pretty dangerous too.

We were now safe from the dangers of the Flaming Barbecue Of Death, but much greater peril lay up ahead. Namely, we had to eat raw food. Having been ahead. Namely, we had to eat raw food. Having been food buddies with the class vegetarian, dinner for me consisted of raw veggie hot dogs, minus the bun, and very big chunks of raw vegetable. Dessert for me consisted of the most severe gastrointestinal pains I have ever experienced in my life.

Stay tuned next week for what is hopefully the last part of the story of the Worst Damn Camping Trip Ever, in which Miss Jenn is caught in a painfully un-stylish moment, masquerading as a Bag Lady at the side of the Barnet Highway. Until then, I leave you with these words of wisdom. For Christ's sake, stay indoors.

I like camping.

There's vinyl, and propane, and marshmallows. Kinda like last night, eh Jenn?

EXTENSION
ATTENTION: GRAD CLASS

Suggestions for gifts to be offered by this year's graudating class to the university are now being accepted. Gift reccomendations must be delivered to Grad Class Council by Wednesday March 18th. 1998 To be considered the following criteria should be considered for the gifts:

- universality
- longevity (min of 10 years)
- permanebility & the ability to be visibly displayed
- cost may not exceed $3000.00

All suggestions will be voted on by the Grad Council at the Annual General meeting.

Applications must include:

- name of the group requesting funds
- name of the project
- funding required (to a max of $3000.00)
- a 100 word description of the proposed project including a summary
- allocating the funds

Please submit applications to Rita Hugold, President, c/o AUS (Buch 207) or Bella Carvalho Gifts Coordinator c/o SUS (Chem B1o) March 18, 1998.

Grad Class Council

Burn This Article.

Breeonne Baxter

Reading week. Fun times, no doubt; but did anyone read anything? Nope, not many. But, did you know that two weeks ago was "Freedom To Read" week? Freedom to read, you ask? Doesn't everyone have the freedom to read? For that answer, we head on down to Surrey. This enlightened place not only has the rodeo, Newton, and a very bizarre transit schedule, but the school board is in the process of banning three books!

What? you exclaim, full of indignation. Yes, the Surrey school board, in its infinite wisdom, is trying to remove three elementary books from the reach of the innocent kiddies. What is in these books? you ask. Violence? No. Drug use? No. Religion? Nope. The one thing these three books have SAME SEX PARENTS!!! The pro-banners have said, "but these books show an unnatural lifestyle!" Heck, in my view, any two people living together for any extended period of time is unnatural, no matter their sex. Look at Jean Chretien. He's been married for years! Does he look natural?

Returning to my main rant, I have read two of the three books, because, well, I like reading kids books. No big words. Now, hold onto your sensible hats. These books show... KIDS! Oh my gosh! A kids book about a kid? Heaven forbid! And a kid in a loving home? Even worse! Welcome to Surrey, home of the very tolerant (that was sarcasm, by the way folks) and the very fanatical.

But Surrey has a very long history of scholarly intolerance. A few years back, the school board (the same school board as are in power now), decided that a book was offensive because it portrayed the religion of Wiccan. The theme of the book was a young girl, who was sent to live with her aunt. Her aunt was z very nice person, who happened to be a practicing wiccan. The religion was not a very big part of the book: The school board thought differently. Because of the religious content, the book was challenged. Heather Stilwell, one of the main instigators of the challenge, said that the religious content had no place in schools. To this comment, I ask "What about the Little House On the Prairie books?" Those books show christianity in a favorable light. The Anne of Green Gables series portrayed Prince Edward Islanders as morally upstanding, God fearing Christians. In fact, all of Lucy Maud Montgomery's books contain similar christian comments. Yet, Heather Stilwell did not complain about these books. I could draw the obvious conclusions here, about the obvious religious content, but I will allow you, my intelligent reader, to figure it out.

I could go on for days, but my rant might lose coherence, so I shall leap back into my topic of the day. Freedom to read! The Bookstore had a display up, with many books that have been challenged, banned or burned. Whilst there, I took delight in noticing that every book I had to read in grades 11 and 12, for IB English, has been expressly banned! What horrid, offending books did I read? Well, we had to read Hamlet, and Huckleberry Finn, and The Sun Also Rises. Very good books, and just the subject matter to interest high scholars: war, sex and drugs. You've never read any of these? Head on out to your local library.

On my way out of the Bookstore, I picked up a list of books featured in the display. And here for you, my literate reader, I shall list a few of these books that you SHOULDN'T READ, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES!!

The Wizard of Oz, written by Frank Baum. This was challenged in Tennessee. Why would anyone challenge this wonderful book? Such beautiful Technicolor... no, wait, that was the movie. And then there is The Bible. Oh, god! Can't have anyone reading that! (Banned in USSR in '26, and in Ethiopia in '78) There's all that superior-being stuff, and, Heaven forbid, the news that Jesus loves you!

Most, if not all, the religious books of the world have been banned in one place or another. For example, the Koran, the Torah, the Book of Mormon, the Talmud, the Elder Eddas, and just about any book ever written on any religious topic. Why? you ask. Why not? If you are preaching your own special religion, and some other religious text contradicts what you are saying, will you not say, "This book is wrong! It is BAD!"? If you can make your point by banning someone else's ideas, will you not do so? Only, of course, if you are a religious leader. If not, then never mind.

Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, by Dee Brown, was banned in Wisconsin schools in 1974. A district administrator said, "If there is a possibility that something might be controversial, then why not eliminate it?", proving once again why cousins in Wisconsin shouldn't marry.

Even Alice in Wonderland! It was banned in China in 1930 on the grounds that animals shouldn't be put on the same level with humans. Personally, I would have picked the blatant allusions to illicit drug use and the excessive violence, but who's counting? After all, a good trip is fine. Has anyone heard the song, "White Rabbit", by Jefferson Airplane? If the White Knight is talking Backwards, and the Red Queen is "OFF with her HEAD!", will you remember what the Rabbit said? FEED YOUR HEAD! Drugs, animals possessed by talking spirits, and a tripping girl; What else can one want?Heck, I would read the book.

In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1982, someone challenged The Crucible, a play by Arthur Miller. (For all you "visual" people out there, the play was made into a movie last year. I think Winona Ryder gets naked in it.) Someone stated that the play contained "sick words from the mouths of demon-possessed people. It should be wiped out of the schools or the school board should use them to fuel the fires of Hell." I believe this statement implies one of two things: either the school board is on a non-stop expressway to Hell, they have the contract to provide furnace fuel for Old Scratch. Either way, some people have far too much free time on their hands. And since idle hands are the Devil's playground...

The "Just How Stupid Can They Be?" category, involves a city in New Mexico. Carlsbad, NM, in 1982. The Merriam-Webster Collegiate dictionary was banned because the dictionary defines "obscene" words. Just pause for a few seconds and ponder this. They banned the dictionary for defining WORDS. Did you know the word "obscene" means "disgusting to the senses?" Geeze. This is a clear case of the right hand ignoring what the left nostril is doing.

So, to recapitulate, here is what you have to do. Go out, find this list of books. Head on over Koerner and check them out. If you cannot find the list, please, come to SUS, in room B160 of Chemistry. I will be happy to assist you on your quest for anarchy.

And remember: Big Brother is watching. Smile.

Campus Renovations Continued

Andy Martin

Now, thanks to Phase I, sponsored in part by Anarchy Inc., Chaos Puppies International, and the twenty I found in my old jacket, we have large smoking craters at both ends of the campus, a much cooler SUB building and a level concrete lot in front of the bookstore. Now if I was the usual UBC construction crew, I would leave it like that for about 6 months and not start construction until September and continue on until December, ending right at the end of exams, but I'm not. We are going to start construction in May and be done in a month, just because we know it'll be more conveinent to everybody this way.

Here is your super exclusive preview of Phase II:

Starting with the new lot in front of the bookstore, we'll build some boards around it and put in some goals for a street hockey arena. The perfect noon-hour pastime. In fact, why don't we eliminate all of those middle-of-the-road, half grass patch, half mud hole things down Main Mall and make the entire street a set of street hockey rinks. It's not like anything important ever drives down those streets anyways, they just seem to take up space. We'll put the rinks in and divide the sidewalk bike/walking, as to reduce the number of idiots walking right into my path while I'm on my bike, and almost running me over when I'm not.

Of course, the Rose Garden's remains are left. We have a sloped area about 40 meters across and a whole bunch of cut stones. We can work those stones into half-circles and construct waterslides extending from the plaza up there, over Chancellor, and ending in a pool that used to be the old Anthropology building (oh, didn't I mention, we got that one too).

We desperately need a waterslide, there isn't one in miles and it's a lot more fun than looking at stupid flowers, and it makes money too!

The bottom levels of Koerner. God they're sterile. The one thing I can say about the old Sedgewick, it had nice comfy benches that were perfect for napping on. Now they're gone and the desks are not comfy soft. The solution is to clear out the bottom levels and put a super-cheap, by the hour motel on the bottom two floors. We get places to sleep and have sex for just pennies a second.

Across the way is the Main Library. Now I like the stacks, but have you actually ever looked at the books they keep in there? I've wandered around there a few times and there are fifty year old books nobody has ever touched, and half of them are in Russian. Who the hell gives a damn about the records for the records of the Bank of Philadelphia in 1933 (I am not making this up, it is an actual book). So I propose to charge at least the bottom two levels into a paintball/lazertag/gladiator arena. Again, it's something we need that we don't have for miles and anyways, I think Intramural sports could use more gun and sword-related sports anyways, don't you?

While were at the libraries, we have to do something about those fucking bells. I am sick of hearing "A Thousand Monkeys at a Thousand Bells" in D-minor for 20 minutes every hour. So we make a hole through the tower, train the monkeys to run the waterslides, hotel and referee the paintball and street hockey, and we build a bridge across from the roof of the main library, through the tower, and to the roof of Koerner. It doesn't seem to do too much does it (except look cool)? But what if I add in a bungee cord with a few extra monkeys to make sure that the cord isn't too long.

Now, we need a place to put these books, so we divide Engineering Crater into two parts, one is used for a new library to store all these books, the other,much larger, part will be turned into a tourist attraction of my choice. I think the PNE will be interested if we threw in the B-Lots (half the campus want to get rid of them anyways), and cleared out West Mall (honestly, is there anything there we actually need?) We'll also widen NW Marine Drive to accompany the Indy. Hell, the PNE won't even have to hire pimple-faced high school kids anymore, it doesn't take long to train monkeys to make cotton candy or fix a game of ring-toss. We'll charge 'em just $5 an hour for each monkey.

And the Campus Cowboys, I haven't forgotten about you. You will still have the steady employment that you enjoyed before, but now you get a real feeling of accomplishing something. I mean, those monkeys aren't going to feed themselves and clean their own cages. (Unless of course, we trained them to do that) And don't worry, we've got lots of monkeys to deal with all the homicides and to ticket every car at UBC. I promise a monkey at every street corner.

So let's review, we get money from beer sales, motel rates, waterslide admission, paintball/lazertag admission, PNE and Indy rental and profits, and the money the monkeys'll earn running these things. Hell, let's save ourselves another $300,000 a year and train the monkeys to take over the AMS. No one will notice the difference, and we save a bundle. And if any animal rights or union group tries to protest our use of the monkeys, we'll just train the monkeys to attack them. What are they gonna do about it?

With all these plans, the campus will be the envy of all other world universities. We could jack up our fees to $40,000, but we won't need to because all of this stuff will pay for itself and more. With all the money, fees will plummet and we'll be able to finance the remodeling of Buchanan into a pot house by next year and fund my special light-speed shoes project. And if there isn't enough

How I learned to love the box.

Jay Garcia

So there I was, on an otherwise far-too-bright and sunny Saturday morning, sitting in one of those Bark-O-Loungers so paradoxically both over- and understuffed that you were in danger of being swallowed whole by the padding and the fabric, attending to the needs and wants of a silly girl in a leg cast who was hobbling about her apartment on crutches — all because of a bet that she couldn't get down Burnaby Mountain on a skateboard in one piece. Were this any other Saturday morning, I'd still be at home and sleeping. Of course, this being both a Saturday and a morning, then aside from waiting hand and foot over a self-made invalid, there was little to do but watch TV. After an excruciating ten minutes, I turned the damn thing off and remembered why I stopped watching Saturday morning cartoons.

It didn't used to be like this. Saturday mornings used to mean more than an extra four hours to sleep off the hangover incurred on Friday night. At some time nearly a whole decade (and then some) in my past I'd spent these mornings responding to some deeply-ingrained Pavlovian instinct geared entirely towards bolting to the living room at the crack of dawn to ensconce myself in the safety of the easy chair and the warm, sheltering glow of the television. Most days of the week you couldn't have gotten me out of bed without dousing me with water or rattling some rocks about in a garbage can, but Saturdays were special. From six in the morning till noon was an explosive blast of barely-comprehensible eye candy with individual scenes shorter than the attention span of a tumbleweed meant to entertain kids aged three to thirteen.

And what shows we used to have while we were kids. Robotech. Thundarr the Barbarian. Astro Boy. Battle of the Planets. Spider Man. He-Man (and She-Ra, to be perfectly PC — though what kind of a name is She-Ra? at least He-Man is a real, albeit silly word). G.I. Joe, the Transformers, the Thunder Cats and others of similar ilk. Fun, character-building shows. Wonderfully violent shows. Shows with plot (albeit somewhat strained and far-fetched, but plot nonetheless). I mean, where else was a kid going to get his education in the world? Your parents were uncommunicative and your teachers ineffectual in terms of expressing the sheer joy of rapid, whole-sale destruction. Of course, there were the down-sides. No one really died in these shows. Take G.I. Joe for example. These professionally trained soldiers always managed to blow up tanks, assault copters, gunships and aircraft, and yet no single member of Cobra ever bit the dust. Even in the ultra-violent world of the shape-changing warplanes in Robotech, the pilots and soldiers on both sides died in neat little flashes of light as their ships got shot out from under them. With these shows around, you could be glued to the tube, slumped down so far that your chin was resting on your chest, your eyes watery from not having blinked in so long for three hours or more at a stretch. The only time you ever got up to take a piss or scarf down a bowl filled with Frosted Sugar Bomb-O's swimming in chocolate milk was when My Little Pony or the Care Bears came on. For a very long time, that was the best way to spend a Saturday morning.

As I got older, though, I started waking up later and later, and I found I wasn't missing much. Thinking back on it, I figure I stopped watching Saturday morning cartoons altogether when the various animation studios had to abide by the "educational content" standard being pushed by American legislators at the time. That kind of weak-minded thinking lead directly to execrable shows like All Dogs go to Heaven (which was a second-rate movie in the first place), Kitty Cats, and Keroppi. And even the so-called "action" shows are really just bad renditions or re-workings of the original series. Case in point, the Power Rangers and Sailor Moon. In their original Japanese forms, they were both campy and violent, and therefore loads of fun. In the North American version, there seem to have to be some moral message attached to kicking one another's heads off, (though in Sailor Moon there is something disturbing in having your teenaged heroines dressed in the youth-fetishist's number one all-time fave costume: the sailor suit).

The only saving grace for the early-morning time slots seem to be the Disney productions, which were always squeaky-clean to begin with, but were at least well-animated. In fact, the only shows on Saturday mornings that are any good these days are those which are geared towards an older audience. Beasties and the post ABC-ReBoot lead the pack in their combination of good stories and wholesale violence. The Animaniacs, and their spin-off Pinky and the Brain are a postmodern Looney-Toons, with their biting humor and innuendo not meant for children ("Pinky, are you thinking what I'm thinking?" — "I guess so, Brain, but burlap chafes me so.") And then there is the mighty blue tide of justice that is The Tick.

In the end, if you think about it carefully, I'd be willing to bet that the decline of the Saturday morning cartoon would match the increase in real-life teen and pre-teen violence. So if you know and care for the welfare of any children, then for the safety of our youth and the future of our nation, it's upon you to expose them to some quality Saturday morning cartoon violence.

Jay is currently writing a script of a cartoon based on his life. The working title is 'Jay and the Fatman,' although it may be a bit redundant. Instead, I suggest 'Jay the Porn King and his adventures with his imaginary girlfriend.'

-ed

ORDER YOUR REX-WEAR™ NOW!!

Ask Dr. Temple

Of all the unsung parts of the human anatomy, none has it quite so bad as the uvula. For those of you who don't have a diploma from the Los Angeles School of Up-stairs Medicine and Pizza Factory, the uvula is the often misnamed "hangy-ball" in the back of your throat. The uvula has many functions; it helps to seal off the mouth from the rest of the digestive tract. This is good, particularly when there's bad stuff in your mouth that you don't want going down, and when there's bad stuff in your throat that you don't want coming up. Not only does it serve to regulate traffic flow through the Oral Intersection, but it also provides the essential vitamins and nutrients that make up a healthy breakfast. The best use of a uvula is of course that which only a small percentage of people can do. I am referring of course to people who can purr. Prrrrrrrrrrrr. Ask any guy who can purr if he had to choose from loosing his uvula or a pinkie finger, and he would definitely go for the tetra-digital lifestyle, rather than one where he cannot make the most erotic sound a human body can make. Well, second most erotic anyway. Few people know that roughly half the people on Earth have two uvulae. Fewer know that the other half have no less than three. Everybody has a second uvula in their brain. Apparently it is a near exact replica of the oral uvula, but nestled deep within our reservoirs of grey-matter. This uvula actually has no function whatsoever, but it's just one of those things that natural selection decided was an improvement. The third uvula belongs only to women; sorry guys, it'll take $2300 in cosmetic surgery for you to be able to tell your friends that you have three uvulae. This one's functionality is rarely fully developed. However, as a public service, Dr. Temple will be giving free seminars for women, preferably ages 18 to 26, to more fully develop the potential of all their uvulae. I was witness to a tragic example of the uvula's diminishing popularity today as I was talking with a medical student. As with most of my conversations, the subject of uvulae came up. I had mentioned that there were three different uvulae in the female human body. The medical student, let's call her Anna to protect her privacy, was adamant that, since she had thoroughlv studied the body both in and out and found only one case of a uvula, that I was indeed wrong. I think that it is a sad state of affairs when medical schools no longer deem the uvula worthy of more than a mere cursory study. At any rate, one person that could use a lot of time alone with his thoughts on his favorite uvula is Tyler. He sent this letter to be by drtemple@unixg.ubc.ca

Dear Dr. Temple,

Hi, I've always been a huge fan of your column, and I think that the advice you give is indispensible. I never thought that I'd have to write in to you though. I have had a problem with my throat lately; the back of my throat has been really sore for about three weeks. I live in Vanier, and as a prerequisite of that, I have my own U-Brew setup. I and my floormates have gotten a pretty good recipe now. It doesn't quite compare to beer you can buy at the liquor store, but none of us has the time to sit out in front of the liquor store in the freezing cold and try to boot a case. AS I said, we've gotten a pretty good brew down pat, but a few weeks ago we decided to change around the recipe a bit. One of the guys on my floor thought it would be a good idea if we were to put apple juice into the mix, and have kind of a cider drink. It tasted pretty good, but the next day I had the worst case of pasties I've ever had in my life. My mouth felt like I had eaten a bowl of sand before going to bed. I spent about twenty minutes in the bathrooms gargling with water to try to rehydrate my mouth. Ever since that morning the back of my mouth, back where it meets my throat, has had a terrible scratchiness to it. That little hangy-ball thing feels like it's swollen and hurts whenever I swallow. If you know of any quick cures that I can try, I would be very appreciative. As it is now, I think that I'll play it safe and just stick to beer that I don't have to worry about. Yep, for me it's strictly the tried and true recipe for my home brew. Thanks in advance for your help.

Tyler Underwood

Tyler, I think that you may be suffering from one of the lesser known afflictions. Recently there have been a startling number of illness attributed to bad apple juice. After witnessing the example of the "Mad Cow Disease" fiasco, the apple industry is very wary of falling into the same pits as the dairy and beef industries did. At the mere mention of "Bad Seed Disease," as the few who know about it are calling the affliction, apple industry big-wigs become very frosty. Mandy Seymour was doing some investigative reporting into this, but we haven't heard from her in a week and a half. Some effects of the virus that you can expect are: dry throat, itchy eyes, jaundice, and impotence. As of yet, there is no cure for Bad Seeds, but scientists are working around the clock in a lab full of chimps. Scientists are also trying to find the cure, as well as the legal battles between government lawyers and the Apple Prolitariate. So keep hope alive and, oh, I forgot to mention, watch out for missing fingers. Apparently quite a few cases of Bad Seed have resulted in leprosy. Don't worry if all else fails, we can enlist the aid of Microsoft to help us in our struggle against the Apple Prolitariate.

In Your Dreams, Merchant-Ivory

Mandy Seymour
corset fan

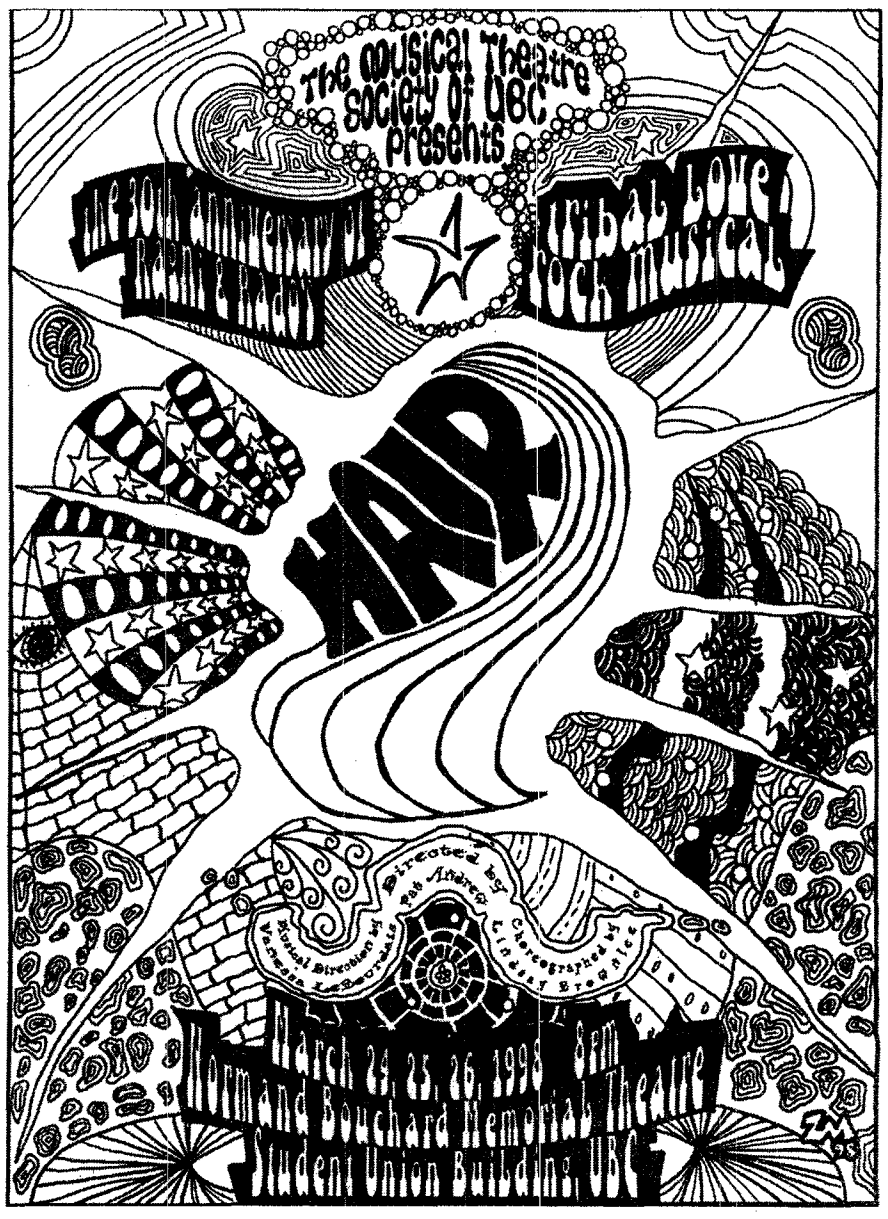
I'd like to live in Jane Austen's fictional world. Truth is, like many girls, I'm a huge "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," and ""Emma" fan. If you're a male you're probably wondering what the heck I'm talking about. Well, it's talking about the 1700's world of Jane Austen, immortalized in her "chick-flick" novels.

And who wouldn't want to live in this world. A world where servants take care of the housework, where you wear really low cut dresses, corsets and hoop skirts, where you spend all day singing and picnicking and gossipping and-don't forget-flirting with potential suitors. And best of all: every day is a Shakespearean-like comedy that ends with a happy ending and a double wedding. (Note: Have you ever actually heard of a double wedding in real life. I think not.)

There are some low points of this lifestyle though. Women couldn't work (oh no, I mean that's tough), people didn't necessarily marry for love (ch-ching), and all wives did was have children continually. Truth is 1700's couples were rabbits. Maybe John's time machine can send me back. Only I'd need a dowry. Oh well, it's a nice dream.

It seems though that men did not have a problem making a commitment in those day. Men proposed on the third date without even getting a kiss, such less sex. Sex was *purely* for reproduction and "not for pleasure." But I don't believe a word of that - why else would the males be in such a rush to get married.

There was a great quote on Red Dwarf as they ventured back to Jane Austen's world. As the women from "Pride and Prejudice" ensembled around Lister, Rimmer, Cat and Kryten, someone commented "Man, these women are hot to trot." Well, they had to be if had no dowry and did not want to be spinsters. Wouldn't life be different if we were in the same situation. Women would wear really tight leather and latex suits and minicule skirts all the time. Velcro sheets would sell out. Self help books like, "How to Make a Man Commit in 30 seconds" would be on the best sellers list. Perhaps this explains the low cut dresses in the 1700's. That and why they giggled flirtatiously at anything breathing.



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for tickets call 280-4444 for more information call 822-2975

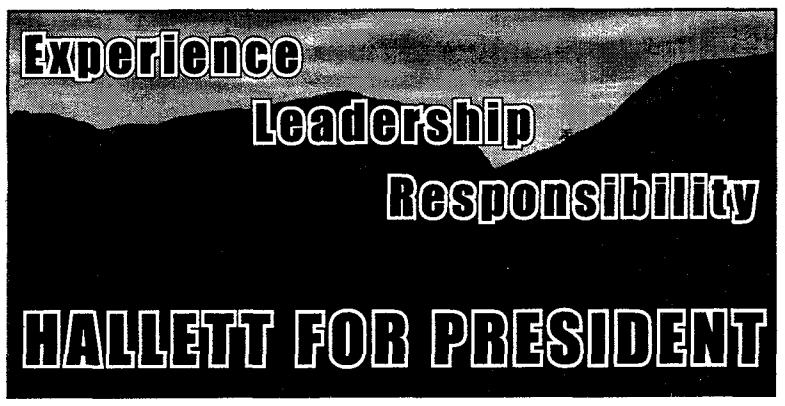
Shhhhh...

Don't tell everyone, we've put a small red flag with the 432 on it somewhere on campus. Be the first to bring it into Chem B160 and you will win tons of cool stuff, like Japanese anime porn!

And Now, the Candidates.

for the science undergraduate society executive elections...

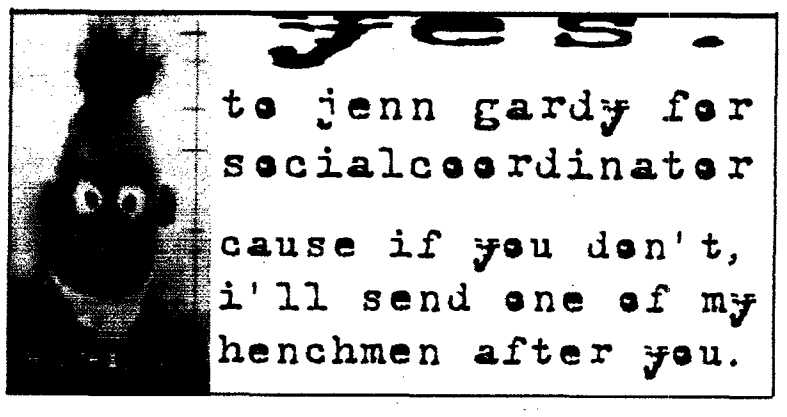
For President:



Vote
John Fournier
for President of the Science Undergrad Society
... is the current Internal Vice President
... General Officer and AMS Rep last year
... 3rd Year Microbiology Student

I said I wanted to have have 54-40 in the sub Ballroom for ScienceWeek 97.
And I did it.
I said I wanted to have a crowded house for two ScienceWeek dances in a row.
And I did it.
In fact, I've made a point of keeping all my campaign promises, from effectively representing science to the AMS as chair of student hiring committees to organising two brilliant ScienceWeeks to saving books in the library.
Vote for the only candidate with two full years experience chairing meetings and representing your needs.
Vote for proven leadership.
Vote for Phil.

For SoCo (Acclaimed)



For Public Relations Officer

My name is Edrick Yu. As your PRO this year, I have tried my best to perform my duties. I've experienced both successes and failures, but if you continue to show your support by voting me again, I promise to correct my mistakes, and I'll continue to represent you properly and to serve you at my finest possible ability. I'll continue to be uncorrupted, classy, non-racist, and non-radical, because I do believe that image is important. At this election, you're voting me for confidence, class, and commitment. Let's fight together, and let's prove our critics wrong. Let's win!!!

For Sports (Acclaimed)

Hello, I'm **Aarne Hamalainen**, running for SUS Dir. of Sports once again. I've got a year of experience under my belt now so I will try to improve on things next year.

I've done plenty of things this year, some have worked better than others. But, hey what else can I do? One thing I would like to happen next year is to get more input from fellow students. If you have any ideas of what should be done or not done I'm always open to any suggestions you may have. So get out and vote!

For Internal Vice President

Hi. My name is **Amanda Seymour**. You might know me as Mandy from the 432 or from Totem Residence. I'm running for Internal Vice President of Science. This year I was Chair of the First Year Committee and sat on Science Council as a General Officer. As Internal VP, I would establish stronger links between students and faculty through Academic Committee and various other student and faculty events. Also, I would like to promote SUS and First Year Committee to first years through orientations at the 1998 Imagine UBC. Come get involved in YOUR Science Undergrad Society!

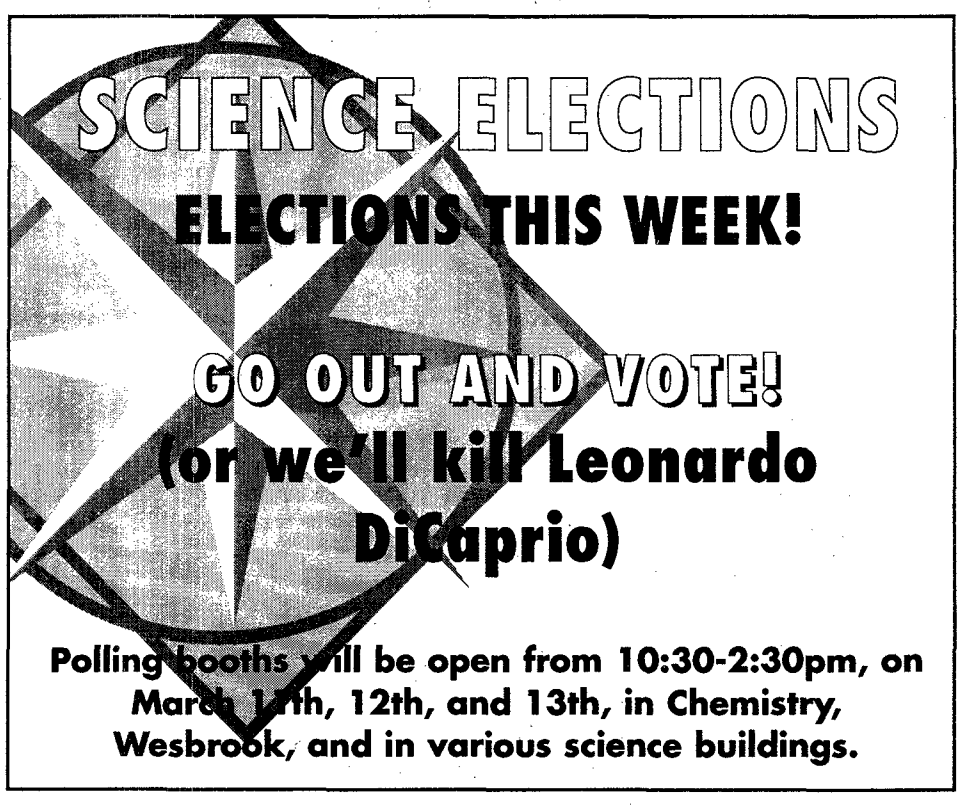
For Director of Finance

Hi I'm **Mike Boetzkes**. I'm a second year Physics major and have served on the SUS executive for two years as Social Coordinator. In January of 97 I packed almost a thousand people into the Ballroom for 54-40. A couple of months later I put on the most successful beer gardens in SUS history when 200 people squeezed into the Partyroom to hear the Malchiks. For as many of these events as possible I had UBC bands play including this year's Cold Fusion where we had only student bands. Help me help students, vote Mike Boetzkes Director of Finance.

Hi there! Many of you know me...for those of you who don't, my name is **Alex Varju**. I'm in 3rd year Computer Science or, as my friends so affectionately refer to me, I'm a CompSci Geek.

Anyways, I'm running for Director of Finance — I hope you will vote for me. I really will do a great job if elected, and I promise, no scandals.

Experience, you ask? Of course I have experience...currently I am the External VP of the CSSS, and I have held many other positions, including treasurer, secretary, and others.



VOTE EARLY, VOTE OFTEN

The Drawers of SUS™

President — Bella Carvalho

Grads: tickets are now on sale for the Science Grad Dinner Dance. They go for $35 a piece for the first 100, $40 after that. The event is at the Hotel Vancouver Pacific Ballroom on Mar 28th, and you can get tickets from myself, Aarne, Jer, Doug or Phil in SUS (Chem B160). This is the ideal event if you and your friends are all graduating in different departments and can't decide which grad to go to.

Also in Grad land: Grad Class Council is still searching for ideas for the Grad Class Gift. The deadline for submission has been extended to March 18th, so get your ideas into either myself in SUS or Ruta at AUS. A 100 word description of the gift, along with your name, and a brief description of how the funds will be spent is all that we need. To be considered, suggestions should be universal, have a long life span (NO computers), and have room for a plaque to commemorate the Grad Class of '98. Maximum funding is $3000. All ideas which are deemed to fit the criteria set out by GCC will be voted on at an AGM to be held March 25th. Come and vote on your favourite gift ideas (all fourth years - whether you're graduating or nor - are eligible to vote). There'll be food, prizes and beverages provided.

As you may know, AMS passed a motion last week to bring to referendum the proposal to increase fees by CPI for Athletics. If you want information on this, please come talk to anyone in SUS (either the AMS reps or myself). It is important that this referendum reach quorum, so please vote. (SUS council had voted to support the YES vote on this referendum.)

Class Act is still under way. If you haven't yet received a call from one of the reps, you will soon. They are asking for donations to the University from graduating students. Any money donated by science students will be put towards a Heliostat for the Astronomy department. This is a lens that focuses images onto a larger surface (like in the movie Addicted to Love). In this case it won't be used to spy on ex-es, but to bring a picture of the stars onto the floor so that many people can look at it without the need for lining up for a telescope. Money will be put towards restoration and installation of this, most likely either in the Astronomy building or in Hennings.

Elections are underway. Vote vote vote!

VP, Internal — John Fournier

The Science Undergraduate Society Annual General Meeting is coming up on Thursday, March 19th at 1:30pm. It will be in room 214/216 in the SUB. We will be presenting Teaching Excellence Awards, introducing the new executive and meeting some of the people from the department of science. Everyone is welcome! See you there!!

What's happening in science?

The Drawers of SUS....

your source for science events

and science news!!

Keep your eyes on this page

Sports — Aarne Hamalainen

All Right Everyone Move Out! Move Out! There's a 12 foot wall you must get over, grab a few friends and register for Storm the Wall! This runs from Sunday, March 29th to Friday, April 3rd. A Storm the Wall team consists of 5 people who do several events. One person swims 275 yards, one does a 450m sprint, another cycles 2.8km, the 4th does a 1.5km run and finally the 5th person helps the others over the 12 foot wall. This is one of the largest events of its kind, so make sure you don't miss out. In other news, Sports Rebate Forms are available in Chem B160, make sure you get your paperwork in (this includes receipt and copy of registration form). Deadline is on the final day of classes.

Here are the top 10 people to the SUS Hockey Pool

1. Game Misconduct 607, 2. The Mystery Machine 605, 3. Vipers 604, 4. Power Play 601, 5. Kiwi's 600, 6. The Moose 598, 7. The Urinal Pucks 598, 8. Hell's Angels 596, 9. Ironmen 593, 10. Team Olymbos.

A Baseball Pool is in the works, keep an eye out for news (if you have any interest in Baseball).

If you have any questions pls. contact me<aarne@unixg.ubc.ca>.

Social Coordinator — Mikey Boetzkes

Ahhh elections again. It is once against that time when you must choose the people to pretend to led you and make sure that the university listens to your opinions. Well I have decided not to run for SoCo again so you can't vote me in again. Unless everyone votes no for Jenn, she will be the new SoCo. I just want to encourage everyone to come out and vote. If you don't you can't complain about anything that we here at the office do. It is one of your only chances to have a really big say in what happens here. I guess that's because not very many people vote. So vote.

VP, external — Phil Ledwith

Well, it's been another great week for science, but what's new? The Science week figures are not entirely finished yet (I decided to give the clubs one last chance to claim anything - anything at all - that they might want from the budget) but it's almost certain at this point that I spent less money than I was given and came in under budget. Thanks to everyone who took part in the most kick-ass event of the year.

In other news, in case you didn't know by now, it's bye bye to the Thunderbird shop. Despite three of the four science reps supporting the results of the student referendum and voting to keep the thunderbird shop, AMS council voted heavily in favour of allowing the lease to expire. I'm really sorry about the decision, and I want to thank Bob Gray and all the Thunderbird staff for everything that they have done for us over the last twenty five years. good luck guys.

JOBS JOBS JOBS JOBS JOBS JOBS JOBS

The AMS isn't all bad; positions are open now for a host of summer jobs that provide students with the opportunity to gain real experience and still meet those rent and tuition payments. I'm the chair of both committees that appoint paid student positions, so if you are interested in any of the commissions, student directorships, or anything else come by chem 160 and ask for the bald scottish guy. I'm hard to miss but easy to approach, promise.

Slainte.

Public Relations Officer — Edrick Yu

I'm still getting pissed off by a lot of people who don't deserve a damn respect from me, and I have already begun to plan what to do with them, after sensing that the eternal hell is near.

Class Act is into its final stretch, and at the moment, the Faculty of Science as a whole has been doing much better than all the other executives and Council members think, and it has to do with hard work and determination from yours truly. That's the first blow to them. I mean, I spend three hours per night trying to reach all the very nice graduates, and even though I am not always being successful, I am still succeeding at a 12% rate (much more than the 5% other people expect).

The second blow, of course, is their evil attempt to shave my head. I never made the promise to shave my head, but somehow, evil Henry successfully persuaded the entire executive team to believe that it's true. Then came the recent Council meeting, when evil Henry was at it again, trying to make me bald. Fortunately for me, that motion was defeated. The bottom line is you try to shave my damn head again and I am going to beat the living hell out of you.

More referenda are coming your way regarding fee increase soon. Please come out and vote so that history will not repeat itself again. The referenda will be about increasing AMS fee (I believe) for a bursary fund for the needy ones, as well as the Athletics Fee, which you may or may not have heard about, depending on how involved you are. No opinions on these ones, because I am not persuading anybody to vote on one side.

That's it for now. I'll keep my hair growing, growing, and growing... and I am proud to have hair (which is probably quite contrary to Phil).

-Edrick is on crack. I'm sure of it. -ed

I'd Like a Pizza at 24 Sussex...

John Hallett

We need a new Prime Minister. Jean Crétien just isn't cutting it. Granted, his popularity was at an all time high when he choked that protester who got a little too close, but he's been on a general downhill slide ever since then. What we need is a prime minister who the people can rally around, a prime minister that the people can believe in.

Just think about our past PMs: John A. MacDonald was a alcoholic, pot-smoking, tie-died-shirt-wearing, left-wing, proto-hippie: there was no one around to like or hate him. Brian Mulroney was a conservative money-spending, airline-swindling, quiet-talking backbencher: people hated him. Jean Crétien is a beatnik-choking, side-of-mouth-talking, deficit-cutting invalid: people kinda like him. Kim Campbell: who? John Deifenbaker was a loud-mouth, prairie-blowhard, wheat-chewing, redneck: people really liked him. Pierre Trudeau was a silk-leisure-suit-wearing, skirt-chasing, over-sized-carnation-wearing, flamboyant, nouveau-Québecois lounge singer: people loved him.

What does this tell us? The more loony the Prime Minister, the better we love them. Diefenbaker and Trudeau were in serious need of medication. I mean, Diefenbaker could give a sixty minute speech in which the entire audience was convinced that he was recounting his last LSD flashback instead of his most recent trip to Cuba. Trudeau dated Barbara Streisand.

Yup, we definitely need a border-line psychotic whose daily rages occasionally show up in public.

Think about it: the Right Honorable Prime Minister Sir John Hallett, elected representative of the People of Canada to Her Royal Highness Queen Elizabeth II, is out on a jog with his CSIS agents. He comes across a small, yappy dog, one of those Chihuahua things. It yaps its way up to his legs for a Prime Ministerial blessing and is promptly kicked in the teeth. Why? I hate small dogs. I picked up the @#$*& thing up and chuck it back at its owner, jump the fence and take a few rounds out of the son of a bitch who can't keep his bitch on a leash. Then I pick up my sunglasses and resume my jog.

Wouldn't your interest in National politics just spike after seeing that on the evening news? Isn't this the kind of go-getter you want representing Canada at world trade summits? The next clip you see is our PM talking to the President of Mexico about trade tariffs.

Canadian PM: "I said that the Canadian people want that tariff no higher than 7%, Señor Sanchez."

Mexican Prez: "I'm afraid that my country will suffer grievously if that tariff is below 10%."

CPM: "Maybe you didn't hear me, Speedy. 5% is the tops."

MP: "But you just said 7%!"

CPM: "That's it! (throws drink in face) You're going down, you syphilitic son of a bitch! (jumps over table and straddles MP's shoulders, starts pummeling the Presidential face) How's that? Is that 'no less than 10%' enough for you? Huh? Ever since I've been the Prime Minister..."

Of course, the meeting is now cut short as CSIS pulls our PM off of the now-bleeding diplomat. That would be perfect, our Prime Minister needing an entourage of bodyguards to protect other people from him, not vice verse.

Don't take me wrong. I'm not advocating breaking the first eligible psychopath out of the local pen-up and decorating him with robes of state, not by any means. I'm just trying to spruce up public office. What we need is a PM with more flare. Some one who knows not only how to deal in diplomatic issues, manage the country, but also has the gusto to appear in front of the United Nations in drag, then complain loudly about the absence of spittoons.

The economy would flourish, foreign countries would concede to 5% tariffs, and the last thing Quebec would complain about is not being treated fairly in confederation. They'll be counting themselves lucky not to have been urinated on in the last visit by the PM.

Anyway, that's my two cents worth, I'll take apart my soapbox and get right back at promoting Rocky as the next leader of the Liberal party.

-Ahem. Last issue, you heard me rant and rave about Jay Garcia. This week, Jay sent me in an article, so I really can't say anything about him. So, instead, I'll talk about John. John showed up today at about 5:00, to 'work on the paper.' Seven hours later, when he had left, this is what he had to show for himself:

1. A half-assed, 600 word article, most of which in incoherent.

2. A picture of a scotsman and a sheep. I have to admit this was pretty funny.

3. An empty keg of beer.

4. An empty pizza box.

It's important to note that items 3 and 4 were both funded by publications.

I have an inkling that this is all part of a revenge plan against me. As some of you may recall, John Hallett was the editor of this paper last year. And, I do have to admit that there were a couple of occasions in which I left John high and dry on production nite. But, we're grown-ups, right? We're mature, right?

Oh yeah. I was talking about John.

This space that I am writing in actually was filled by John when I first saw it. There was a big, grey circle. Inside the circle were the following words:

"Why do dogs spend so much time licking their crotches? Because, if you could put your tongue in your groin, you'd do it too."

I'm not joking.

Ahh. That feels better, more so since I didn't actually get an editorial in this issue. I'll say what I have to say in the small space left:

1. Thanks for submissions, folks. Though some didn't make it to print, they were all good

2. More changes. Cool, huh?

-ed

Science Grad Dinner Dance
Saturday, March 28th
Hotel Vancouver

Join your fellow Science grads for an evening of fine dining, cocktails, and dancing at one of Vancouver's finest hotels.

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$35

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