

"I'm Un-tankable." - Science President Bella Carvalho

# UBC Cancels AMS Lease on SUB

*Thunderbird Shop Welcomed Back*

**Earle Warren**

*Financial Correspondent*

In a surprise move yesterday, UBC President Dr. Martha Piper announced her intentions to serve the Alma Mater Society of UBC one year's notice on the cancellation of their lease of the AMS Student Union Building.

"We have given the AMS one year's notice to vacate the premises," explained Piper. "After which point we will take over the SUB building."

The AMS currently leases the building from UBC, paying an annual fee of \$1. This agreement was originally struck when the students of UBC agreed to build a student union building, if the University would provide the land on which to build it.

Now, the University has decided to kick the long time tenants out of the Student Union Building, and plans to occupy the building with a UBC-run organization.

"We plan to open our own student society," said University business manager Peter Bernie. "Although the AMS has been very profitable as an organization, and although students seem to support this society, we feel that we can do the same thing...only better."

The AMS expressed their severe disappointment at the University's decision.

"I can't believe this," said AMS President Ryan Davies. "We've been great tenants since the moment we built this building. The University is just trying to make a profit out of someone else's misfortune. This is an outrage."

The UBC Board of Governors, which consists of a group of students and university representatives, will meet on Tuesday to discuss the University plan

Board of Governors student representative Davis Goring expressed his hope that the Board will not let this plan go through.

"I have a lot of friends who use the Alma Mater Society regularly, and I think that they are doing a good job," said Goring. "More importantly, we have to think about what kind of message this will send to potential investors. Not to mention the fact that this decision has apparently already been made, without the Board's approval. That's not the way the system works."

President Piper, however, stood by her actions.

"This move definitely isn't a money-grab. We realize that the AMS is in a position to make lots of money off of the student body, but that has never been our intent."

"The new student society will be bigger, better, and more able to better serve the student population. This University is in the unique position of being able to become the pre-eminent learning environment of the west coast."

"All they seem to do well is bicker, whine and protest."

-Martha Piper on the AMS.

"We will close the Art Gallery to expand the UBC Bookstore, shut-down the Gallery Lounge and Pit Pub for more Bookstore storage, and kick the Bank of Montreal

out to expand the lucrative Bookstore Fashion Department. The arcade and Blue Chip Coffee can stay."

Throughout the press conference, Piper made it clear that the University will no longer recognize the AMS as the official student society.

"The AMS has made a mess out of everything they've ever touched. All they seem to do well is bicker, whine, and protest."

The AMS has started a vigilant student awareness campaign in response to the university's move.

"UBC has the highest level of student apathy of any university in Canada," said Davies. "So we've had to pull out all the stops of the AMS lobbying Juggernaut. We put a sign on the SUB concourse with the number of days until we're booted out to protest this injustice. Next we've decided to bicker to the Ubysey and whine to the Campus Times. It's only a matter of days before the University will come around. I expect positive student feedback."

"Huh?" was the most common response from 100 random students questioned about the lease cancellation by *The 432*.

"I dunno. I thought those numbers in the SUB were the number of days until summer. I thought the Alma Mater Society was a graduate student thing, anyway" said education student Scott Barret. "Why do you press-types always want us to care about everything, anyway? I'd like to just live my own life, get up, go to school and such, and not have to worry about every little issue you guys want to put on your front cover!"



## UBC Village Burns Down (Again)

*US President Clinton "very upset."*

**Ronald M. Fibble**

*Pyromaniac Correspondent*

UBC (Reuters)

Early this morning a three alarm fire consumed most of the newly constructed UBC Village commercial plaza. Destroyed were the McDonald's, food plaza, and Benny's Bagels. While the fire doesn't appear suspicious, the RCMP is not ruling out arson.

"The investigation is still ongoing," stated UBC RCMP Staff Sergeant Ron Peterson. "We are investigating two very promising leads. First, a witness reporting spotting a man behaving suspiciously around two in the morning. According to the witness, the suspect was repeatedly throwing molotov cocktails through the front window of

Benny's Bagels.

"We feel this incident *may* be related to the fire, but we're not sure. Secondly, I've heard a rumour that Chinese leader Jiang Xamim might have ordered the destruction of the local McDonald's to cheeze off US President Bill Clinton. We're taking this lead very seriously."

Representatives for the US President stated that Clinton is "very upset about this incident. The President was explicit in his request that the location chosen for APEC had a McDonald's within jogging distance. Luckily, we have our own McDonalds installed on Air Force One."

Ironically, the Village Plaza as it appears today was constructed to replace the original UBC Village, which burnt to the ground early in 1992.

# The 432.

The 432™  
 Volume 11 Issue 6  
 19 November 1997  
 © 1997 The Science Undergraduate Society of UBC.  
 All rights reserved.

**Dictator**

Jeremy Thorp:  
 jerthorp@unixg.ubc.ca

**Mayor of Vancouver**

John Hallett

**Snipers**

Breeonne Baxter  
 Jay Garcia  
 Jenn Gardy  
 Jake Gray  
 John Hallett  
 Blake Hinton  
 'Frenchy' Maffei  
 Andrew Martin  
 Mandy Seymour  
 Craig Temple

**Cartoonists**

Jake McKinlay  
 Jeremy Thorp

**Printers**

College Printers, Inc.  
 Vancouver, BC

**Distribution**

RCMP Anti-terrorist Unit

**Contact Info**

Attn. Editor, *The 432*  
 c/o The Dean of Science  
 The University of British Columbia  
 6270 University Blvd.  
 Vancouver, B.C.  
 V6T 1Z4  
 (604) 822 4235  
 Fax: (604) 822 5558

The 432 would like to formally apologize for organizing the APBC conference in the first place. We really didn't realize that all of those dictators were so bad.

We'd also like to apologize to the sniper on top of the Chan Centre. We didn't mean to take you out.

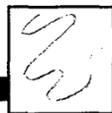
*The 432* is the official newspaper of the Science Undergraduate Society, published twice monthly from our offices in low orbit.

All opinions expressed herein are strictly those of the individual writers and not those of *The 432* or the Science Undergrad Society.

Writers and cartoonists from all faculties are encouraged to submit material to *The 432*. All submissions must meet the strict deadline requirements and should not exceed 1000 words.

*The 432* is copyrighted by The Science Undergraduate Society of UBC and may not be reproduced in whole or in part without express written consent.

# Act Dumb. Dress Smart.



Jake Gray

Johnny Versace was not a genius. In fact I'm willing to place money that his intellect was substantially sub-par, before he had his blown off I mean. I'm basing this, not on any sort of personal contact with the man or anyone who ever met him, but on my contact with completely different people.

Since coming to University, I've had the opportunity to meet a large variety of individuals. I assume, that since this is an institution of higher learning, most people I meet here are going to be of above average intellectual capabilities. Strangely enough, a good proportion of the university population is fashion challenged. It seems to be that the smarter the person, the more problems they have mixing colours. Think about it for minute. When was the last time you met a really sharply dressed physicist? Or for that matter, next time you're in your token arts class way over in the depths of Chaucer Hell, take a look at the people who actually answer the boring questions put forward by the profs. How many models wear leopard print stirrup bottomed leotards, have their

ears pierced from lobe to eyebrow, drool do to the tongue piercing, have almost shaved hair badly dyed an off shade of cyan, and have a neon orange tube top surgically sewn to their thorax? Do I even have to mention the Engineers? Lets face the fact that red cardigans went out with bathtub gin and the chareleston, yet in order to join this bunch of freaks you have to get an 85 % high school average just to get an application form. Not that it is really too difficult to obtain an Eighty five percent average in high school, but it does indicate some form of social deviance.

I think the reason that smart people have no sense of fashion is because they dress with logic. The rules of logic do not apply to fashion. How do you explain that girls who look like anorexic crack whores are the super models of civilization? People who know how to dress have a hard time explaining the rules of dress to the fashionably retarded. These people have strange trains of thought when they get dressed in the morning.

"I'll wear sweat socks with my suit cause they're more comfortable."

"These IBM t-shirts are cool."

"If I wear plastic bags over my socks, my feet won't get wet."

"If all my clothes are blue, everything

will match with everything else."

"If I wear crotchless panties, I won't have to take them off to have sex."

I don't care how you accessorize, there really isn't anything that goes with crotchless panties. Really, you shouldn't wear anything else with crotchless panties. The only problem I have with the old c.p.'s is the whole lack of support thing. Well, that and the air flow caused a small problem with shrinkage, but that aided the whole lack of support problem.

I'd like to interject at this point to say that for sheer comfort in the winter months, saran wrap can't be beat. Not only is it waterproof, but it is also quite insulating, form fitting, and supportive.

Anyway my theory goes that the smarter a person gets, the worse their fashion sense, and as such Versace, who had probably the best personal style of any man in the modern world, was probably the dumbest man with 46 chromosomes ever born. Dumber than a sack of hammers, not the sharpest knife in the drawer, about as bright as a two watt light bulb, quick as a three toed sloth after a turkey dinner. Of course by this theory, I'm a bloody genius. Long live the lizard king.

- I am the lizard king. -ed

# Jer's Innefectual Editorial.



Jeremy Thorp

I really don't know why I ever decided to get involved in student politics. Truth be told, it was never really a decision; just an innocent submission to the 432.

Here I am, two years later, with a schedule which makes President Clinton look like an easy-going contract plumber. As if the paper isn't bad enough, I also work part-time, play in a band, and have recently volunteered to co-host a live, web-based music show. Oh yeah. I also have an action-packed 30 credits of genetic fun.

Feel sorry for me?

I didn't think so. Still, it's nice to whine every once in a while, even if no one is listening.

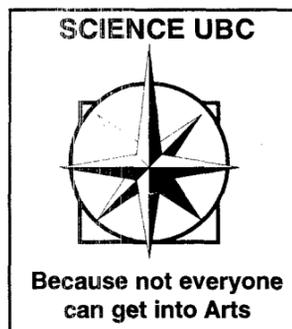
It's 9:22 on Saturday night. Currently, I'm dressed in a plastic bag, a paper hat, and a sign that says 'I am the Lizard King.' Of course, you think I'm lying. But, unfortunately, I'm not. I also have two Glad freezer bags on my hands as gloves, four disposable plates as makeshift armour, and two beer cans, strapped to my head with duct tape. Jake has his legs covered with saran wrap. Frenchy is wearing a spatula on his head. Craig, decked out in orange rubber gloves, an ice-cream bucket helmet, and a yardstick sword, it perhaps the most normal of us all.

This is what editing the 432 will do for you.

We're in the middle of our second bottle of Sambuca, and Jake is talking about

heading over to the Gallery, in full regalia. I'm sure it will probably happen.

*The Underground*, in all of its glory, ran an ad on their cover, which looked something like this:



I propose a few alternate captions:  
 Science UBC: Because some people are smarter than you.

Science UBC: Because not everyone can work in the fast food industry.

or  
 Science UBC: Hey, we've got the 432.

Which brings me to another point. Everyone arch-villain in comics, movies, and TV shows is a mad scientist. Not once have I seen a movie in which the bad guy is an Evil Artsy, or a Mad Philosopher (actually, I did see a movie, made in the early seventies, in which Plato terrorized a small mid-western town).

Electronics can be used to make some pretty cool weapons. Philosophies, on the other hand, can't.

For me, this is the number one reason to be in Science. My plan to take over the world by the Fall of 1997 like any great construction project (or software release), has hit a few setbacks. Nevertheless, I still intend to rule the earth, and hold supreme command over all of you. Until then, though, we can still be friends.

-Jer.

**Next Deadline:**  
 January 1st  
 4:32pm  
 Submissions to:  
 jerthorp@unixg.ubc.ca

# Ask Dr. Temple.

**Dr. Temple**

*Official Physician of the Undead*

Well, with APEC right around the corner there is bound to be an increase of gunshot wounds due to RCMP/SS snipers. Although confrontations between well-intentioned protesters and high-powered rifle-wielding snipers are inevitable, there are some suggestions that may keep you alive long enough to be rushed to the Leavenworth infirmary. One key point is to wear red; this confuses the laser sighting of the guns, and will limit the number of snipers that hit you to four of five. Another suggestion is that, if you absolutely have to venture within a kilometre of the safety bubble around the Museum of Anthropology, have an IV needle prepped and ready for the blood infusion. Following these safety precautions just might help you make it through to your finals. The following letter I received illustrates the tragic consequences that not following safety precautions can cause.

*Dear Dr. Temple,*

I've recently admitted to myself that I have a problem; I'm going bald. My hair has been slowly falling out for about five weeks now. I didn't really pay it any heed at first, but now I look like Homer Simpson except, where he has hair around the sides of his head, I have only fish-belly white skin. I once had blond hair down to my waist, but now there are only a few clumps of matted yellow hair. I've racked my brains trying to find the cause of my sudden baldness, but to no avail. I haven't been going anywhere that has Haz-mat teams scurrying about, I haven't been up on the roof of the Chem building in a while, nor have I gone to any Film Soc screenings of movies in the SUB theatre. The only thing that could have possibly caused my hair loss was that I dyed my hair blue for a rave I went to, but I washed that

out right after with a recipe I got off of the Internet: cod-liver oil and Ex-Lax. I then started researching my family tree for any other cases of balding, but the only person in my family tree that went bald was Uncle Pete, and that was because his still exploded when he was trying for the mythical 195 proof White Lightning. If you have any suggestions or any ideas of where I can get any good wigs please respond.

*Sally McCueball*

Sally, I'm afraid that you didn't listen to proper safety precautions when you tried that "recipe" you found. On the bottle of Ex-Lax it clearly says "For internal use only." Apparently there was extensive testing done by Le Pluspoo Corp. in France, and it was found that their Ex-Lax cause baldness when rubbed on the head. As of yet I have not heard if they have developed a method to reverse this, but contacting them would be recommended. I don't know of any wigs that look natural, but if you completely shave your head and buy a "Womyn Power!" pin, you will at least fit into the Feminazi group.

We can all learn a lesson from Sally; Ex-Lax should only be used to incite explosive diarrhea, not for any other purposes. Next week we'll hear Jake explain why he and his friends were walking around the Gallery while wearing plastic bags, paper hats, and paper plate-body armour.

*Craig Temple has been practising medicine since 1983 out of a small clinic in lower Estonia. While few of his clients suffered from baldness, his cure for hoof and mouth is legendary.*

-ed.

## COMEDY MOVIE NITE NOV. 19 8:32PM IN CHEM B160

FREE PIZZA FOR ALL 1ST YEARS SCIENCE STUDENTS!!!!

PRESENTED BY THE SUS FIRST YEAR COMMITTEE!

1ST YEAR MOVIE NIGHT!

Groovy  
Baby!  
Shasadelic!



## Puppet Profs.

**Jenn Gardy**

*Puppeteer*

It is generally agreed upon that university professors have several advantages over their students. They get paid to be here, we pay to be here. They get free parking, we get a parking spot only once we agree to turn over our firstborn to University Parking Services Enforcer Training School. They get an office and lab, we get a, well we don't get anything. We do have a slight advantage though. Us students are the only people on this entire campus who can work the audio-visual equipment.

I challenge all 432 readers to recall a time when a well-meaning professor has tried to show a movie, filmstrip, slide show, or even a crayon drawing on posterboard and actually succeeded. Man, they'll probably be able to clone people and grow animals without heads before a prof can figure out the a/v. OK, maybe that wasn't the best example. Either way, a/v + prof = electrocutions and several small fires. On a good day. Sure, "SpaceMoose Explains Fourier Transforms And How They Can Bring YOU Fun And Profit" is significantly less exciting than a driver training film, but it's a break from lectures and I want to see it, dammit. Even if it means the professor has to call in 4 T.A.'s, the Rogers Cable guy, and the building janitor to figure out if it's safe to push the big red button marked "POWER" (Want to see them squirm? Just as they're about to push that POWER button, stand up and scream "NOT THAT ONE YOU FOOL! YOU'LL KILL US ALL!" Heh heh heh...)

Martha Piper ought to Think About It for a minute and realize that \$500,000 for a lecture theatre with wireless mikes and an IMAX film screen that are in the care of professors who WERE BORN BEFORE TELEVISION WAS INVENTED might not be the best way to spend money. Instead, may I propose a much more affordable, cost-effective, and exciting method of presenting extracurricular material which I'm sure would be a lot less hard on the profs...Puppet shows.

Every prof would be issued with a box of puppets and a rudimentary cardboard box "theatre". Puppets would be faculty-specific - a little Einstein, a finger puppet for every chemical element, and maybe even an NMR spectrometer puppet made out of a sock and an old coffee can. All important concepts would be required to have an appropriate puppet drama, improvised by the prof, and there would be puppet drama serials for more advanced concepts. Got a problem with heterotrophic metabolism? No problem - follow the continuing adventures of Billy, the Talking Sock Puppet Bacteria. At the end of every term, the best puppet shows would be performed for the entire campus and the winner would be staged by Theatre UBC. Memorable puppets would be bronzed and immortalized in their lecture halls, and scholarships would be named in honour of them. 20 years from now your children might be subsidizing their tuition with their \$50,000 Hammy the Physics Hamster scholarship.

Join with me in the quest to end those awkward silences while the prof fumbles with a 40 year old film projector - drop of your old socks in care of the "Think About It Puppet Show Fund" c/o SUS. Googly eyes and other puppet accessories also appreciated.

*Darwin Puppet: And that's why there is no God.*

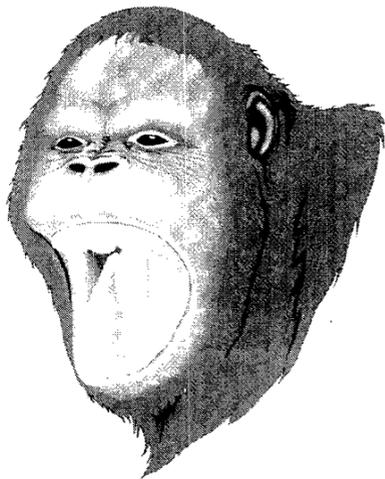
*God Puppet: I'll show you 'no God', you crazy british bastard! I'm gonna get creationist on your ass!*

*Darwin Puppet: That's why it's called survival of the fittest, and not survival of the fittest! Take this, you wig-wearing, pathetic excuse for a deity.*

<ooh!><ouch!><ARGH!><THUD>

-ed

Don't  
Make  
The  
Monkey  
Mad.



LOOK TO THE FUTURE.

**BIOSOC Bzzr Garden**

**Fri, Nov. 21**

**4:32pm BIO 2449**

**\$1 Bzzr, cheap Cyder, club 2 points!**

# Natural Selection.



Some of my friends do it. I've tried it once or twice. Pass by the park on a sunny day, and you'll even see some families doing it together. As much as our fine police force may try to stop it, it's popularity grows by the day. Social epidemic, cultural destruction, harmless fad... call it what you'd like.

I'm talking, of course, about feeding squirrels. It's thoroughly illegal, punishable by a substantial fine, and can be dangerous to your physical and mental health.

It is also, by the way, accelerating the natural processes of selection. Darwin was a pretty clever cat, in his own little way, and some of the ideas he came up were not only neat, but also practical. Take that whole survival of the fittest

thing. It seems fairly obvious now, but at the time, it was fairly revolutionary. In fact, when you look at it, a lot of the things we do today stem directly from this idea. Take dieting, for instance. Now that we know that immensely obese folks don't tend to fair as well as muscle-bound Starship Trooper types. Ever wondered why all the Kings of England looked like bloated versions of Dom DeLouise? Because they didn't know better.

Back to the squirrels. In Stanley Park, evolution is happening at an accelerated pace. Here's how it works:

Everyone feeds the squirrels. Which squirrels do they feed? The cute ones. What has Uncle Walt taught us that cute means? Fat. Fuzzy, bright-eyed, shiny coated fat little squirrel bastards. That's who's getting the selective advantage.

Of course, they're not the ones who need the extra food. There is also quite an extensive population of mangy, flea-ridden, skinny squirrels who forage

unsuccessfully for nuts and berries. These are the squirrels who should be getting the hand-outs. If there was such a thing as squirrel social assistance, they'd be first in line.

Instead, the Jenny Craig squirrels out-compete the poor bits o' fluff. It's a sad, sad world we live in, and a tough one too. I decided to do something about it.

Safeway has both of the required ingredients: peanuts and rat poison. Sure, I get a few strange looks from the cashier, but it's no worse than the time I bought a plantain banana, duct tape, a box of condoms, and a roll of film.

It's a few weeks in to my culling program, and I'm already seeing a noticeable decrease in the population of overweight rodents. Some of the squirrels are starting to get a little suspicious, but it's pretty hard to resist an innocent-looking peanut on a cold november morning. Next, I'm going to work on the irritating tourists.

## REX MORGANN

### Pre-Med Hopeful

JAKE MCKINLAY '97



# 432 News

## UN Security Council condemns Iraq.

New York

For the fifth time in as many days, the UN Security Council has threatened Iraq with retaliations if Saddam Hussein does not cooperate with UN weapons inspections. Instead, Iraq has promised to shoot down U.S. spy planes which regularly fly over Iraq. Speaking at the UN General Assembly, Iraqi foreign minister Tarek Aziz accused the U.S. of dropping revolutionary propaganda onto the "peaceful people of Iraq. We have been unjustly targeted by the rogue American president. It is simply a ploy to take over the world. The U.S. has already successfully waged its war of propaganda on Canada, and now they're moving onto us. We will never give in. It will be the mother of all battles!" U.S. secretary of state Madeleine Albright was quick to respond: "We would never drop pamphlets urging the Iraqi people to revolt against the Hussein regime. We did drop pieces of paper, but they were completely blank." When asked what the purpose of dropping one hundred and fifty tons of Xerox paper on innocent Iraqis was, she refused to comment. Sources indicate that the paper may in fact have been infused with LSD. "That's ludicrous", replied an angry Madeleine Albright, "if we wanted to drug the population we'd put PCP in the water supply. Who do you think we are, amateurs?"

## Fire still burns out of control in Indonesia.

Jakarta

A government endorsed program to clear land through controlled burning is still raging out of control on the island of Borneo. Through clearing of virgin jungle, the Indonesian government was planning to relieve crowding on the overpopulated island of Java. Control was promptly lost causing untold environmental damage as well as burning up entire towns. Damage has been estimated in the billions. Smoke and ash coats the country in blanketing fog while the fire burns on unaverted. The government was quick to blame external sources for the disaster. "It was China" said Minister of Natural Resources Surya Bukharta. "They've been on our case for years. You saran wrap a few toilets and people just go nuts."

## Satanic priest dies.

San Francisco

The founder of the Church of Satan, Anton LaVey, died at the age of 67. As an active member of the community, LaVey could often be seen walking down the street, bald head gleaming, cape behind him streaming, and twirling a preserved human gall bladder while whistling the tune to Waltzing Matilda. "I'm actually going to miss the creepy organ music," said neighbor and friend Bob Cardiff. A small memorial was held on Monday. Family and friends were touched by the sacrifice of 4 cows, six goats, an elk, and a virgin named Sue.

# Mandy on Urinals.

**Mandy Seymour**

*Whiter than White*

Recently I've been informed by male friends that males have a kind of "urinal etiquette." This concept is entirely foreign to me so I have gone undercover to discover the truth behind this mystery of males. You may have seen me sneaking into the men's washrooms in Buchanan during various arts bzzr gardens.

Urinal Etiquette Rule #1: Do some quick math to position yourself as far as possible from the other people using the urinals. See, your math teacher was right; math can be a life skill. This could explain why males often achieve higher math scores (or this could be a big male math conspiracy.) This even distribution of guys in the bathroom is essential because you wouldn't want to be caught with your pants down next to another guy. This isn't such a big problem with women, but this is probably due to the fact that stalls have walls.

Urinal Etiquette #2: Whatever you don't look to the side or down at another guy or they will think you are some kind of pervert. Unless of course you are a female who drunkenly stumbled into the men's washroom by mistake. Men say that if there's actual little walls on the urinal than you can strike up a conversation with a guy in the bathroom but otherwise look straight ahead and say nothing.

Urinal Etiquette Rule #3: Always, always, always wash your hands after using the toilet. Otherwise people will stare at you like you are really weird. Also this could avoid some social embarrassment in that no one will want to shake hands with you. This seems pretty common sense, but you'd be surprised. This step is especially necessary if you plan to eat afterwards. Otherwise you may end up with a great big case of food poisoning from the mysterious fecal chloroform microbes (otherwise called rear entry bacteria).

Urinal Etiquette Rule #4: No hockey with the urinal pucks. Enough said. Urinal Etiquette Rule #5: This is not really a rule but as a child you must start at one end and finish at the end of the row of urinals. This could be considered a control exercise. Some males give it the label, "putting out a fire."

On a related note, I've noticed that the men's bathrooms are way bigger than the women's. In the Chemistry building the guys washroom has 5 urinals and 6 stalls while the women's has only 3 stalls. This just goes to show how many more women are well educated at university due to the women's liberation movement and how outdated this university's faculties are. Now if only we could pee standing up. I'm sure science will find a way.

- Why Mandy knows so much about urinals, I'll never know. She is, however, the only girl I know who can write her name in the snow. -ed

# The SantaFiles.

**Breeonne Baxter**

*Yes, that is how you spell Breeonne*

Thirty-five shopping days until Christmas. Ooh, do I look excited? What fun! The pressure of the last second shopping, for those chintzy house plants for mom and the odd stuffed frog for my brother. I mean, why do we bother with presents? I say that no one buys any presents for other people. Save the money, and buy yourself a new stereo. Or a warm jacket for the new year. Or fly to Mexico for a week. But come on. It's your money. Pamper yourself.

But you now say, "It's Christmas! The giving of gifts is supposed to symbolize the wise men giving the baby Jesus the gold, myrrh and frankenstein!" The key word in that argument is "supposed". Last time I read that chapter in the bible, nowhere did it say, "go into debt to give Uncle Charlie a new beer hat". If you aren't buying the new messiah some funky incense, screw it. 'Tis'nt the season to spend your money...

And I am sure that Santa wasn't what those apostles had in mind when they decided to seek fame and fortune through scripture. A big fat guy who gives away his presents for free. With the aid of many Northern elves and eight tiny reindeer. This entire thing sounds a bit wacky to me. Let us review: Santa Claus wears a red suit: He's a communist. Has a beard and long hair, must be a pacifist. And what's in that pipe he's smoking? It's all in the FBI files I found on the X-Files set.

No, I'm serious. On December 25th, 1957, over the skies of Area 52, New Mexico, a unidentified flying object was seen crashing into a mountain. FBI officers, bored with watching the aliens play hop-scotch in the Area 51, were at the scene within minutes. They discovered eight tiny deer-like animals, a red sledge and a fat guy dressed all in red. After determining that it was not J. Edgar Hoover, the illustrious agents took the dazed fat-man into custody. After extensive interrogation, the FBI offices in Washington was telephoned.

"Umm, guys? We gotta man here claiming to be Kris Kringle"

"So? Everyone knows Kris Kringle drives a taxi in New York. Lock 'em up!"

Forthwith, Santa was incarcerated. After Mrs. Santa lodged a missing persons report with the North West Territories RCMP, Santa's second-in-command, a thin tall elf named Bubba, took over the reins. He's the one who leaves you the socks, clothes, school supplies... You know, all those things you unwrap and toss behind the couch. Stuff your grandma wouldn't give you. It is not Santa's fault. Blame it all on Bubba.

At least we get a few days off school. A few days of holiday football. Big turkey dinner. Or ham, if you lean that way. My only warning is: Stay away from that fruit cake. They unearthed some 2000 year old fruit cake in the caves with the Dead Sea scrolls. Still good!

My overall point in this rather disjointed article is thus: Everything you know is wrong. Pay homage to your 432. Your 432 is right. Your 432 is always right. Your 432 will never lead you astray. Believe in your 432.

- Ahh... all of that brain-washing is starting to pay off. -ed

# Treadmills and Beer Goggles

Jay Garcia

Every year should have its milestones—those moments or events which make the year memorable or noteworthy—marking it as different from those other years where nothing exceptional happens, where the best that can be said about them is that the time passed quickly without leaving too much lingering embarrassment. Milestones can be good or bad—it doesn't really matter, although on the whole, having a pleasant memory of, say, a first kiss, is far more favourable than an unpleasant one, such as being caught in bed with the recipient of said first kiss by her parents.

Birthdays are milestones too; most people can't forget their sixteenth and all the fun legalities and illegalities associated with being allowed permission to operate a motor vehicle (usually dubbed by its user as one of a couple of things; either it's a stereo on wheels, the closest thing to an F-1 they'll ever get to drive, or the ever-popular "back-seat special"). On a similar note, who remembers their fifteenth, seventeenth, or twenty-second birthdays? Rather few people, I would think, as these ages have little or nothing with which to distinguish them. Your eighteenth birthday lets you vote in federal elections or die for your country. Your nineteenth allows you to legally drink yourself into a coma (probably because the policy-makers figured you'd need to do this after having spend a year

either voting or dying for your country). Your twentieth wouldn't be so remarkable if it wasn't for the fact that it meant you were out of your teens, and your twenty-first is a rehash of your nineteenth, except south of the border.

Since I'll be turning a nice palindromic age sometime in the week that you get this paper (and yes, I am a seventies child, figure it out yourself), and seeing as there is nothing absolutely remarkable about this age, I figured I'd try and make the event memorable. I figured it was high time to start working out again.

The last time I'd tried this routine, I'd been in the eleventh grade. After an exceptional year of physical fitness and a record number of consecutive months of not having fallen asleep in class, I thought I had the "working-out" thing licked. And then came the summer, when, like all previous summers, I promptly forgot everything I'd learned in the preceding year.

These days, the process of physical fitness seems a lot more complicated than I remember it. First off, there's a bewildering array of liquids and solids that you have to ingest. I'm thinking of multivitamins the size of Staedtler erasers and protein shakes of which, the less said, the better, because you have to worry when "1.0 g of minerals and ash" makes up part of the ingredients of a shake. Last I checked, the only food-type product with lots of ash in it was dog food.

Anyway, then there comes the fitness club part of the equation. It is both frightening and amusing to note how

peppy and chipper fitness club employees can be. This attitude, combined with an equal amount of cut-throat mentality and a quest for a monthly new-members sign-in quota, can be somewhat off-putting to a prospective member. And then there are the machines themselves, which look like a Ned Flanders-ian version of the kind of equipment the old Marquis de Sade would have been proud of. Sure they've got lots of little lights and LED's and neat displays on their consoles.

But all that does is disguise the fact that they're still precision machines designed to melt away unsightly fat and reduce the user to a state of breathless, endorphin-aided bliss. And the following day, damn if you're muscles and joints aren't screaming out for localized anesthetic, or at least something to dull the pain.

Hmm. The last time I was breathless, high, and woozy, surrounded by a bunch of other breathless, high, and woozy people only to wake up the

following morning in tremendous pain was on my twenty-first birthday, in a cheap motel adjoining a little bar in Redmond, Washington.

Well then. Here's to milestones and physical fitness. Cheers. <clink>

-One of the most frightening things I've ever been forced to consider in Jay Garcia in spandex -ed

Science Wear  
Now Available!

With 75%  
less fabric!\*

SCIENCE T-SHIRTS,  
SCIENCE POLAR  
FLEECES, SCIENCE  
HATS, SCIENCE MUGS,  
AND SCIENCE  
NEUTRON BOMBS  
ARE AVAILABLE FROM  
TROY IN CHEM  
B160. PRICES VARY  
FROM 10\$ TO 120  
MILLION\$

\*Science wear does not include Bikinis.  
Actual Fabric content may vary.



# Utter Lies. (Straight From Your Prof.)

Andrew Martin

Compulsive Lier

Through my 2 1/4 years at UBC I've noticed some pretty noticeable patterns in the behaviour of my profs. Most notably in first week, they give you a lot of advice. Let me set the record straight: THEY LIE!

Advice for frosh (take advantage of it, cause its all yer getting from me you little know nothing know-it-alls) follows in big creamery lumps that will let you decipher what the hell they are really saying. For easy reference, I recommend cutting out this list and taping it to your notebook.

Lie 1: "There is no such thing as a stupid question."

**#1: There are no stupid questions...**

Truth: This one is the most obvious. Put a student from Arts One into a biochem class, and you'll find that there sure as hell is. For this one the possibilities are limited only by the imagination. There is always one person in each class who will ask the stupidest question, make the most dumb-assed comments, and generally annoy the \$#!%out of the entire class while trying to carry on a dialogue with the teacher in an attempt to supplement their pathetic social life. So don't take this too far or soon you'll find yourself dressing up especially for your anatomy lecture.

My own favorite (and the classic) way to expose the teacher's little lie is to raise my hand and ask why hot dogs come in packs of 12 and hot dog buns come in packs of 8. But be original. Warning: ask-

ing one of these stupid questions in an artsie course could turn into an hour long debate on whether Bert and Ernie are 'just friends'.

Lie 2: "You will need to know this for the exam."

**#2: You'll need to know this for the exam...**

Truth: "I want you little buggers to sweat your eyeballs out studying this while I design essay questions about the most irrelevant details of the course" Every major concept of the year is never on the test. Questions on finals seem to be more concerned with the belly-but-ton lint of the course rather than the major subjects.

Lie 3: "You need to know how to apply this."

Truth: You need to know this fact for three months, then you can just outright forget about it. Talk to any university graduate and 95% of them will tell you that they apply diddly squat of what they learned in their 7 years here. What can you apply from ecology to a job at McDonald's anyhow? (If I don't drop as many burgers on the floor, the roach population will...?)

Lie 3b: "You shouldn't need to memorize this"

**#3b: You shouldn't need to memorize**

Truth: How the else are you ever going to know it

for the exam? Teachers seem to think that we can pull facts and equations out of thin air or something. Straight memorization is the only way to remember anything.

Lie 4: "The exam will be comprehensive."

Truth: Comprehensive for me means that I can actually comprehend the freaking questions. I'm not sure what constitutes "comprehensive" to the faculty, but it sure isn't what I think is. There is a reason that the teachers who pride themselves on 'comprehensive' exam are often the ones who get the lowest marks on their teacher evaluations.

Lie 5: "I must say I'm a little disappointed."

**#5: I must say, I'm a little disapointed.**

Truth: Okay, maybe you haven't come up against this one yet. It is the programmed reaction from a prof after the chem midterm he/she gave came back with a 30% average mark. They are not disapointed, they are scared that they're going to be fired for giving an exam that they knew was too hard, so they're going to try to crush your self esteem so that you don't complain.

Lie 6: Don't depend on scaling

**#6: Don't Depend on scaling...**

Truth: Looking at last year, 9 of ten of my marks are on the borderline to the next letter grade. A lot of 5's and 0's were all over my marks, sometimes on the same line too.

Lie 7: "I am God."

**#7: I am God.**

Truth: You prof is not God, no matter what he/she says or does. The same goes for Satan, Elvis, or Snap, Crackle and Pop. Do not, under any circumstances sign any form or petition that your prof gives you, no matter how enticing their version of the afterlife sounds.

You see Teachers are a lot like politicians, they lie and um, um, ummmmmmmmm...

No, actually teachers ar like a pen, they give marks and um, ummmmmmmmm...

Crap, forget it.  
So now you know,  
And knowing is half the battle!  
(the other half is cool gory fighting)

-Wow. I think I've heard all of these things from my Prof. But, tell me Andrew, what does 'Jer, you'd benefit from a little special tutoring' mean?

-ed.

the CHEM club presents...

**Wine & Cheese**

Thursday, Nov. 20th  
5:30pm-8:00pm  
Chem425 (Grad Lounge)

**LIVE ENTERTAINMENT!**

Lots o' wine and cheese!  
Meet Your Profs!  
Be There!

**BC FERRIES**  
**Public Announcement**

As you may have heard, we will once more be increasing our fares for service between Vancouver Island and the Lower Mainland. We would like to take some time to explain the reasoning behind this action to you.

First, our marketing department has just released a study showing that people still need to travel across Georgia Strait and that the only other option available to travellers is light aircraft. The last time we checked, a Cessna couldn't carry a tractor trailer.

Secondly, efforts by other ferry corporations to offer competition to our services proved to be ineffective once we ran over all their calamarians.

So basically, we've got a monopoly and can charge whatever we want, and you'll still line up to pay it! But it's not all profit. Heck, we pay \$.05 on the dollar for fuel and crew wages. And this might go up to \$.10 if they get that union their after, but we've been making the union reps walk the plank, so it's pretty unlikely.

So stop your whining. I mean, we could jack passenger fares to \$20, so be happy that we're only charging \$9 in the summer (which will be \$10 by the time June rolls around. I can't believe you people keep falling for this split fare trick.)

**"Because what are you going to do? Swim?"™**

**BC FERRIES**

# The Drawers of John.

## Edrick Yu

### Public Relations Officer

As the final exams are approaching (or perhaps a few midterms too), it means that Christmas is coming as well. As you may have noticed already when you come into the Chem building, there are posters about a Can Food Contest. Yes, this contest is up and running all the way until November 28th, and all you have to do is to bring in a can of food (of more) and show it to me. After that I will enter your name into a draw, and every week, a number of contestants will receive some wonderful prizes. At 4:32 p.m. on November 28th (supposedly the last day of school), a grand prize winner will be determined. So if you want to win something nice before you write your final exams, enter the contest now. The earlier and the more cans you bring, the better your chance of winning. Meanwhile, I will continue to replace missing posters (thanks to Dan the Tutor and company) with new ones. The poster war is on, and that is the bottom line.

As far as the AMS is concerned, I have to apologize to a lot of people for missing the past three AMS meetings due to academic problems. Right now, after somehow managing to settle down and already looking forward to the finals, I will finally make it back to the meetings. Speaking of the meetings, I have noticed that as the APEC comes closer, *The*

*Ulysses* and other anti-APEC groups are slamming harder and harder to the AMS executives as well as AMS Council members. Well, for those who don't know, here is the definition of "civil disobedience" according to *Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary*: "refusal to obey governmental demands or commands esp. as a nonviolent and usually collective means of forcing concessions from the government". I guess you can be the judge in deciding whether the AMS should support that or not. However, I do want to say that I am actually quite disturbed by the people who paint on the campus ground. I feel equally offended by the protestors who paint stuff on the statue outside SUB. I do not know whether it is called respect or not...

One final thing to say: If you have any questions regarding the contest, you should come down to the SUS office and ask for me. I should be available most of the time, and will be glad to answer your questions. My personal goal for this can food drive: 30 cans (which may be too low for a big faculty like Science). So I am expecting each and every single one of you not to let me down by bringing cans in. Feed the hungry ones this holiday season and you will be rewarded with nice stuff.

## Mikey Boetzkes

### Social Coordinator

OK, so I lied, I'm back and it's not January. But I ask you how bad can it be. After all it only means that I have been spending more money and everyone tells me that that is one of the things that I do best.

Well this time to fulfill our room booking in the SUB we joined forces with 4 of our clubs, namely Pre-Med, BPP, CSSS, and PSA and joined up with the Ski Club as well as ACF to put on a wicked bzzr garden in the SUB Partyroom and Ballroom last Friday. Why you ask did we join up with those other clubs, well it's because for the second year in a row I've already gone through my budget for the year by October. Well I mean what are ya gonna do? This way we lose less per bzzr garden than any other way. In

fact this one looks to cost us only about \$300.

I would just like to leave you all now with a little piece of important advise. Anytime that you are planning an event, project or anything else where other people are involved talk to them more than a week in advance. If you don't you'll run into a couple of problems along the way with no time to fix them. Ah but it is so much fun. Anyway many thanx to all the clubs that helped out and to Nick for letting us store our bzzr in his fridge for the day and of course to Russell breweries who make up so much of each event.

-Yay Mikey!

Only \$300!

-ed.

## John Fournier

### Internal Vice President

So I was hallucinating on a combination of crack and psilocybin the other day when who walks up to me but Edna Fitzgerald. She may 120 years old and dead, but she certainly knows how to please a man.

What does this have to do with my executive office, you might ask? Nothing as far as I figure, but I'm too drunk to actually see the keyboard, so some greater meaning might become apparent once they hose me off in the drunk tank.

Speaking of drunk tanks, have you ever been in one after a Friday night? They don't just throw Drunk Guy A in with Drunk Guy B, they actually figure out how much they (don't) like you and put you in the tank that will splash an appropriate amount of vomit on you.

Not much aesthetically pleasing can be committed about vomit, but it sure does

keep you warm.

Anyway, the best time of year to stumble upon a patch of magic mushrooms is now. Late October and early November are the best times of year for getting wacked out of your tree out in the middle of f\*cking nowhere. Take it from an expert mushroom head, bring your load back home before eating four or five dozen.

And when the little purple dragon is chasing you around your house threatening to charbroil your spleen, hide in a nice hot bath. The water will calm you and protect you from the little pyromaniacal bastard. Until the serpent starts nipping your genitals.

## Aarne Hamalainen

### Director of Sports

League playoffs are here! I hope we can come away with a few league championships. Some teams which did well during the regular season are: Net Force(Volleyball)6-0, Hypnotized(Vb)3-0, Atoms(Ice Hockey)6-1, Sub Ducks(IH)5-0-2, Chiefs(IH)4-0-3, Typhoons(IH)5-0-2, Tecktites(Ultimate)7-0. The SUS teams have done fairly well this year. The Math Juggernaut finished at 3-2 and the Bandicoots are currently 3-2.

Registration for term 2 teams is under way, so make sure you get your teams in fast before the league fills up. Set your sights on joining a **STORM THE WALL**

team, as it should be *generously* subsidized again this year.

To get a Sports Rebate for Term 1 you must hand in a copy of the registration form + receipt before Nov.28th. The team has to be registered as a SUS team and cannot default out of the league.

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

As for the Unit Point standings Science is currently in 2nd place behind Totem. EUS and AUS are 6th and 7th respectively. Hah! Hah!

In the SUS Hockey Pool, Matsumur and Jokerz are 1-2.

## Bella Carvalho

### President

I've sent a challenge to the Engineers. I've told them that I am untankable. And I am.

There is no way that those drunken idiots will ever lay their greasy red palms on this bod. Not a chance.

Now, don't get me wrong. It's not like I hate being tanked or anything. I mean, getting stripped naked and tossed in a vat of cold water by a bunch of pencil-necked geeks can be a big turn-on in mid-November.

It's just the principle of the thing. As the intrepid and aloof President of the Science Undergraduate Society, I must maintain a certain image of power and prestige. The best way to do this is to not get tanked. And get very, very drunk.

Maybe if I were drunk I might have a better chance of outrunning those engineering fools. Or perhaps outwitting them, they aren't that bright as well as not being overly aesthetically pleasing.

But on to more relevant business. Our profitable Social Coordinator Mikey has

lost even more money on yet another wicked bzzr garden. Not saying it was a waste of time, far from it. I got really drunk, stripped down and dance with The Malchiks in my underwear. Or so I was told. After that I don't remember much, except for waking up somewhere in Surrey without my pants. What a night!

On a sad note, the SUS office was broken into yet again. Missing this time was my entire collection of X-files related pornography. Some of this stuff is irreplaceable, so if anyone has seen a picture of David Duchovny, naked with a sheep, please let me know. There is a reward (wink, wink, nudge, nudge).

Luv ya!

-I have the pictures, Bel. Well, truthfully, I had the pictures. I sold them yesterday to a guy at the comic shop.

Sorry.

-ed.

## UBC Microbiology Club Beer Brewing Contest!

Wonder why beer costs so much? Think you can make the perfect beer?

Well, stop thinking, keep drinking, and...

### START BREWING!!

For more info, contact  
Winston Cheung at  
[winsonc@unixg.ubc.ca](mailto:winsonc@unixg.ubc.ca)  
Contest finishes  
Science Week '98

FABULOUS  
PRIZES!!

FAME &  
GLORY!



# How to Become King in Five Easy Steps.



John Hallett

"It's good to be king, if just for a while. To be there in velvet; yeah, to give'em a smile."

-Tom Petty

**T**ired of those useless how-to manuals from Sears? Ever wonder why they don't make how-to manuals for something useful like making PCP in your bathroom, clear-cutting national parks without getting caught, or taking over the country and declaring yourself king.

Everyone has had dreams of power and success. Ranging from high school prom queen to Absolute Ruler of the Universe, we've all dreamt of being the guy on top. So why not make it happen? Becoming king (or queen) is an easy project that will fill the activity gap left in your life after you stopped collecting stamps.

Here's what you need to do:

#### Step One: Amass legions.

Every good king needs someone to rule over, the more the better. A good number would be 1-2 million people, with anything over 5 million being a bonus. Any decent do-it-yourselfer has the trust of those who work with him or her. Smile at everyone lots and don't let on that you will lead many of them to their deaths in step three.

So you will need a massive following. Obviously, you aren't going to raise this kind of manpower overnight with a petition. So start a religion.

Think about it: most major religions have membership in the hundreds of millions, if not billions. Even The Moonies (a famed 1970s Oregon hippy cult lead by the (in)famous Reverend Moon) reached over 1 million enrolled in only three years.

So get a divine cause. The more dramatic, the better. Go for flair and style. Wear white, flowing robes and a fake beard. Go around smiting people. Say 'thou' a lot.

People will flock to your banner. Sign the up. Get credit card numbers (this is important for step two).

#### Step Two: Arm your masses.

In order to have any power as king, you will need to overthrow the government. This means rebellion. Rebellion means that you will need weapons.

While history dictates that the main weapons in most peasant uprisings are pitch forks and big, pointy, sticks, the development of the modern armour column has put an end to farmtools' effectiveness on the battlefield.

And don't start scavenging around your workshop, either. You may recall many horror movies using chainsaws and other woodworking tools as weapons. While these tools certainly scare the bejeezus out of scantily clad teenagers, they don't work so well against marines or tanks.

You are going to need guns, lots of guns. But rifles, cannons, bazookas, light armour, fighters, bombers, submarines, a destroyer, and—if possible—a nuclear warhead or two. These items can be purchased at any Pentagon back-door arms

sales (usually held in the Middle East or Central America). Just say Lt. Juan of the Contras sent you. Yes, they take Visa (see Step One).

#### Step Three: Rebel.

This is the simplest step to describe, yet the hardest to accomplish. Don't get careless, rebellion is very dangerous. Many would-be monarchies fail here. Pay attention and wear safety goggles.

You will be fighting a professional army of highly-trained soldiers. The key to victory is to catch them off-guard. Start the rebellion on Christmas Sunday. The majority of soldiers will be at home with their families. They will feel reluctant to go to work until after New Year's Eve.

An added bonus is that the heavy Christmas snowfall will create harsh warring conditions. Buy your army white winter coats at Eaton's (look for good sales after Thanksgiving). Train your army for winter combat. Don't overlook the tactical effectiveness of a good old-fashioned facewash.

#### Step Four: Create a socio-political vacuum.

So you've conquered the nation. Now what? You declare yourself king and merrily go about ruling with divine power, right? Wrong.

The country you now control used to be a democracy. People like democracies. They will not submit to you as monarch as long as they can remember "the good old days." A socio-political vacuum (aka lack of government) will create years of anarchy and economic downfall, making the people want a government, any government. Enjoy the chaos for a

while, make some extra spending cash by selling any left-over armaments from step three. Just remember to keep the nukes for yourself.

After a few years of constant war a few isolated city-states will pop up, when this happens the country is ready to be controlled. Step in and fill the void.

#### Step Five: Declare yourself king.

Have a big coronation ceremony. Wear lots of velvet. Broadcast it nationwide. Tell people that their "New Age of Enlightenment" is upon them. But remember: rule as a fair and just king. Unhappy subjects are apt to take the words of "How to become Prime Minister in Five Easy Steps" to heart.

Remember to keep your royal family reigned in tight. People hate it when Princess So-and-so keeps running off with movie stars, or Prince What's-his-name's ears are way too big compared to the rest of his royal head, or the Queen keeps out of the public spotlight.

Re-invent the chastity belt, force Chucky to have corrective surgery, and keep making public appearances.

So there you have it: the second quickest way to become a monarch (the quickest is to be born into a royal family). So easy almost anyone could do it. Certainly easier than building a porch according to Sears.

*-John Hallett was formerly the King of a small European country, tucked just under Latvia. He was overthrown in '87 by a group of anarchists known collectively as 'Ted.' -ed*

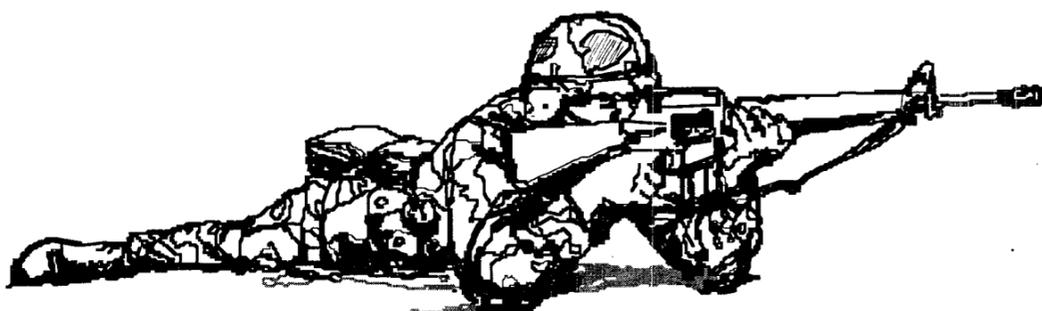
and now...

## A Public Safety Announcement from the UBC RCMP



During the upcoming APEC Conference, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police will be placing sniper squads on strategic rooftops around campus.

Quite likely, these squads will have you in their sights at one point or another during this week, so we'd like to present you with a list of useful hints that will hopefully help you avoid getting shot.



- Act normal. We're not sure quite what normal is yet, but you'd better be it by APEC, because every non-normal person will be shot.
- Don't put your hands in your pockets for any reason. We don't care how cold it gets during the week. If you get a chill, go inside, but try to not look suspicious while doing it.
- Try not to move too fast. Running people will be very suspect. If you're late for a class, skip it.
- Don't drive anywhere. We spent a lot of time closing down roads and don't need you screwing it up. While this isn't a big security threat, we have authorization to kill and some of the guys have been a bit edgy since that whole Somalia thing.
- Do not, we repeat, do not protest. If you carry a placard, we'll dot your 'I's for you. Mr. Bill doesn't like a lot of public attention and has told us to neutralize any protesters.
- Don't wear a backpack. You never know what's in those things.
- Don't wear baggy clothes. You'd be surprised how easily and often those skater punks have shotguns in their pants.
- Don't stay home. You might be building bombs. We know where you live.
- In fact, you might as well just stand there. It would be helpful if you didn't breath.