The 432.

VOL 9 • N° 10

28 FEBRUARY 1996

NDP Approves 'geer Relocation!

Engineers to be reintroduced to the Montana wild in an effort to supplement the flagging local redneck population.

Earl Warren
Roving Correspondent

In a surprise press conference, The NDP Minister of the Environment today introduced legislation which will allow the controversial Engineer re-location program to begin on the UBC campus and in the surrounding areas.

Designed to reduce the ever-growing population of engineers on campus, the new legislation will allow ministry officials to tranquilize, capture, and relocate engineers to areas where they are perceived as 'less of an environmental threat'.

The passing of this bill is largely due to lobbying from local fast-food industry executives, who are concerned with the recent decline in the UBC Arts student population. This decline, they explain, is directly related to the increase in the number of engineers on campus. Bob Peterson, the regional vice-president of McDonald's Canada explains:

"Our business here on the campus relies heavily on the artsie... er... Arts student population. However, in the short time we've been here, we've seen a large decrease in the available population. Our human resources department has been working overtime getting employees from other sources, but in the end, it just wasn't economically viable. We felt that our only option was to reduce the predator population."

Although the complete details of the operation have not been released, ministry officials are confident that the operation will go smoothly. When asked whether the ministry employees who capture the Engineers will be in any danger, Environment Minister Moe Sihota replied:

"The Engineers are very similar to wolves, in that they follow a pack-based social structure. There are several packs on campus, each led by a dominant male, or in some cases, a female. The rest of the 'geers in the packs are subservient — they follow the orders of the pack leader. Our trappers will first separate the individual 'geers from the rest of the pack using some sort of bait — usually a six-pack of beer. Once separated from the pack, the Engineers pose no threat whatsoever, and will be easily tranquilized."

Captured Engineers will be airlifted to areas where there is a smaller population density. Proposed sites include the nearby SFU, UNBC, as well as several universities in northern Montana. Once they arrive in the re-location sites, they will be tagged and released, and their progress will be monitored by local officials.

The new re-location program has been well received by the residents of the areas surrounding campus. Local resident Cleetus Hanson is pleased with the legislation:

"I'm damn tired of those 'geers roaming 'round the neighbourhood, howlin', and gettin' into my garbage. I can't even let my young uns play outside unattended — just last week I caught one of dem varmints offerin' my 6 year old a beer. And one of my neighbours down the street left his dog tied out in back — I don't even wanna get into that..."

Prominent environmentalist Jane Forsyth, on the other hand, is outraged, claiming that the program upsets the natural balance between the Arts students and Engineers:

"Without the Engineers to keep the Arts population in check, the number of Artsies on campus will skyrocket. What we're seeing right now is a natural fluctuation in population levels — it's nothing to get upset about. The 'geers serve an important purpose — they prey on the lazy, weak, and just plain stupid members of the Arts population. Without them, we'd have an entire faculty of lazier, stupider students...er... not that we're lazy or stupid now, it's just that...um ...yeah. It's bad."

Reform Party critics were quick to oppose the bill, pointing back to the failed Forester hunt of '87 and the disastrous Science re-location effort in the early 70's.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

News is anything that someone, somewhere wants to suppress. Everything else is advertising.

– unknown

UPCOMING

SUS Elections
March 4–6, 1996
Polls in most Science Buildings

INGREDIENTS

Scandals, scandals, scandals!

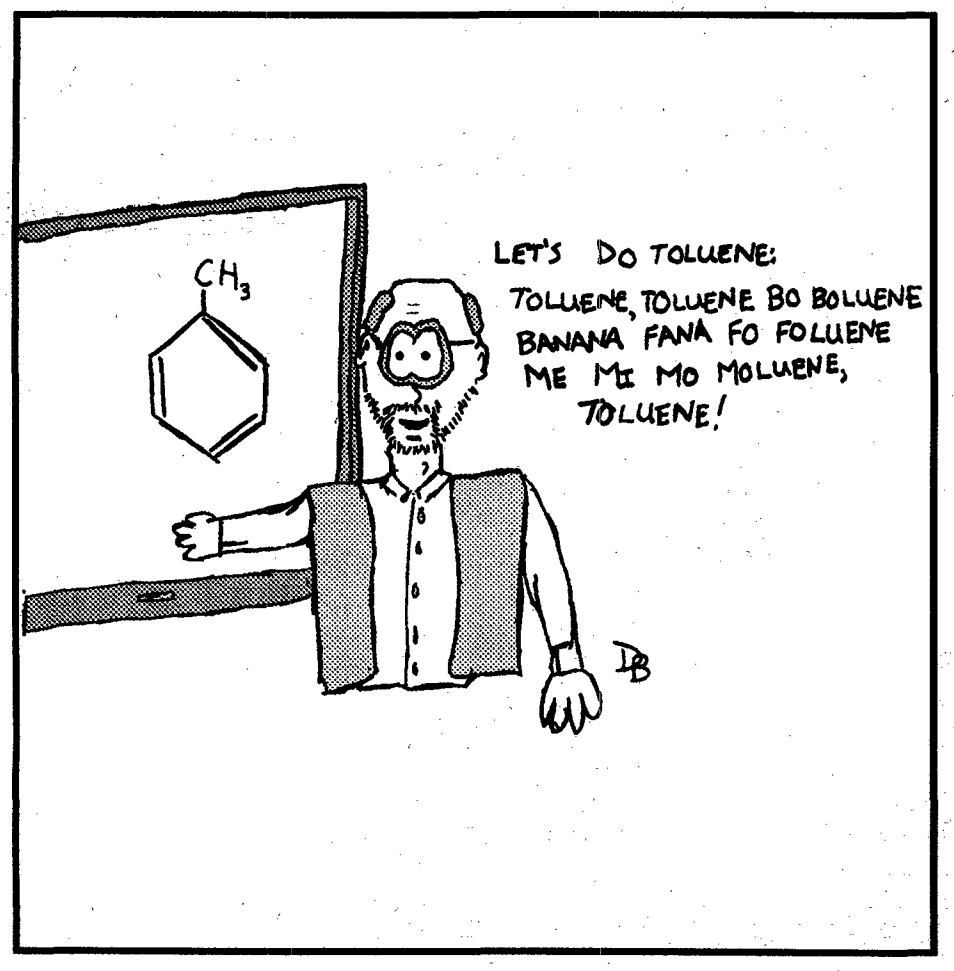
Cartoons by Doug.

Sucks for Votes™

Easy ways to deface legal tender.

And a wasted week.

Plus much more!



The real reason IUPAC naming conventions were adopted.

Illegal Investing!

Earl Warren and Gord McVanOlundsky
Financially challenged correspondents

Under the auspices of the Freedom of Information Act, it has been discovered that employees of the AMS have been participating in a secret offshore investment program guaranteed to yield a 5000% return on initial investment capital.

With a minimum $200 per investor going to the Laotian Student Defense Fund, a $100,000 return is guaranteed once the Laotian students overthrow their government and invite large multinational corporations to establish factories to exploit their citizens.

Coca-Cola is reported to be contributing heavily to the L.S.D. Fund.

When confronted about the failure to offer this choice investment to all students, Jacob Reeves, chair of the AMS Illegal Investing Committee replied,

"There's absolutely nothing illegal about this! I mean, yes, the committee's name might lead you to doubt me, but hey, are the Democrats *really* democratic?"

Newly elected AMS President angrily denied any knowledge of the off-shore investors plan, despite being Coordinator of External Affairs the year before. Borins, attempting to look more decisive than his predecessor, took immediate action and fired the chair of the committee. Further firings may be forthcoming.

Spiralling wildly out of control.

Ever feel like you're a twin engine light commuter plane, with one engine fallen off? Shoddy maintenance by unionized mechanics, no doubt. But you're ok, since you can just make it to the landing field on your remaining engine. At least, you *thought* you could, until you glanced at the fuel gauge and noticed the little red bar quivering at the "E".

That's how I've been feeling lately – no control over any aspect of my life. A great deal of this is probably due to the fact that I'm completing my fourth year, but it's not my last. I've still got one more, or at least part of one more.

But I've discovered an innate streak of conservatism in me. It's like I've got three little voices speaking to me: the little angel, the little devil and a little bastard that sits on my shoulder asking "What if something goes wrong?" I've learned to ignore both the devil and the angel, but the bastard's voice is just too persistent.

The little bastard makes me feel uncomfortable not knowing what I'll be doing a year from now. You see, last year, I had a very clear idea what I was going to do: edit this paper, hang out at SUS, do Orientations and generally do a repeat of the year before.

But I'm not going to be editing this paper much longer, I'm not reapplying for my old Orientation job, and by this time next year I'll be fighting to get into a grad school or looking for gainful employment.

There's a million things that could go wrong. I could fail enough courses to force a sixth year, and in doing so, write off any hope of getting into a quality grad school. I'll end up pursuing my Master's at Bob's House of Tools, that quality post-secondary institution.

I suppose a great deal of the problem lies in the fact that I've been defining myself by the positions I hold. I should be comfortable in the person I am, not the work I do, but I can't seem to break away from this vicious spiral. I only hope I can break out of it before the altimeter spins to 000000.

People tell me it's unreasonable to expect to know where and what I'll be a year from now. Fair enough. But I certainly can try to predict the future.

Maybe the best thing to do is to put all my possible career choices in a hat, and pick one out at random.

1. Be a construction worker.

I'll work on my beer belly, and buy my jeans three sizes too small to develop that all essential butt crack. I'll grow a really ugly beard and worship Bob Vila.

And I'll talk about studs all day long.

2. Grad school, famous scientist, blah, blah, blah.

3. Columnist for the Vancouver Sun

You think my columns make little or no sense – try reading any of the "human interest" crap generated by the Sun. Talk about soapboxes.

4. Assassinate Steven Paige and take his place as lead singer of the Barenaked Ladies.

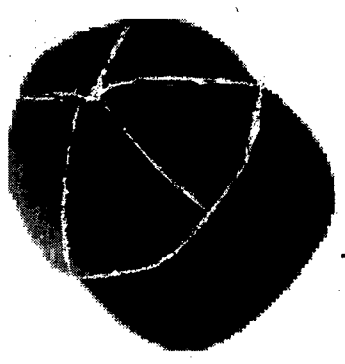
I'm pissed off at these guys as it is. Last August, they stood up on the stage and promised a new album by early fall. But the only thing released is the name of the new LP. No release date as of yet.

Besides, I've always wanted to be a Canadian pop icon. I think people might notice if I knocked off Bryan Adams. But I can sing along to all the Barenaked songs, whereas I couldn't hum a Bryan Adams tune to save my life.

I'm not going to let my complete lack of musical ability stand in the way of my dreams.

Nor this little bastard sitting on my shoulder.

SCIENCE SALES



Wool baseball cap

$12

Three different styles to choose from

Barbarian rugby shirts
Blue and white with science logo

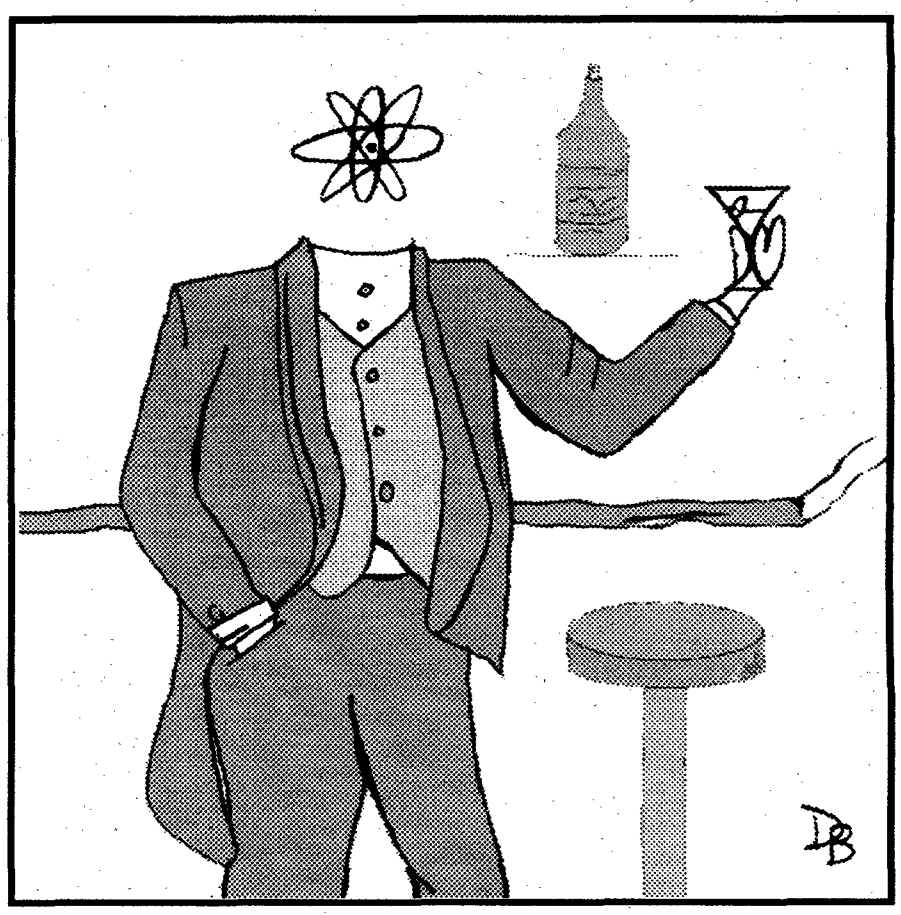
...$40

Science polar fleece

...$67

Science Week t-shirts

...$10



"My name is Bond. Ionic Bond."

The 432

Volume 9 Number 10
28 Feb 1996

Somewhat Benevolent Dictator
Blair McDonald *(blairmcd@unixg)*

Secret Police
Jay Garcia
John Hallett
Matt Wiggin (absent, he dies)

Chief Ink Monkey & Paid Informant
Hiro "Will someone please tank me?" Izumi

Terrorized Citizens
Doug Beleznay, Anna Carvalho, Bella Carvalho, Fahreen Dossa, Nicola Jones, Tracy MacKinnon, Frenchy Maftei, Derek K. Miller, and Jeremy Thorp

Our manifesto
The 432 is registered to the Science UndergradSociety. Electronic versions of this paper are available at http://www.xmission.com/~seer/SUS/432

For a copy of our picks for the Republican Presidential Nomination, next Premier of BC, largest land mammal, most obscure hair style or # of times John's been photographed naked, call us at 822-4235.

Enemies of the state will be purged with the ruthlessness of Stalin.

Breadmaker.

Breadmakers are neat. You put in some flour, yeast, a couple eggs and some milk, press some buttons, and close the lid. It makes some hummy and some beepy sounds, and four hours later, you have a loaf of bread. Yeah, great, you say. So what. What the heck are you going to do with an /entire/ loaf of bread? Can you make Kraft Dinner with it? No. Can it do your homework? Of course not. Can it answer your phone, make your bed and paint valuable Impressionist-style oil paintings? Well, maybe, but that's not going to do you a whole heckuva lot of good.

Why, you ask, am I talking about something as fundamentally yuppy as a breadmaker? No, I'm not drunk. But, drinking is somewhat relevant (isn't it always?) You see, I was in the midst of one of life's worst crises. I was completely, utterly, and most offensively out of beer. I checked in the fridge, under the couch, and behind the microwave for beer. I searched my bed, the toilet tank and the showerhead for beer. I scoured the bookshelf, the garbage can, and even the breadmaker, looking for beer. Stop right there. Yes, there was no beer in the breadmaker. But, there was yeast in it. And, there's yeast in beer. So, I looked in the cupboards for beer. I looked in the drawers and on the shelves for beer. I was halfway through my collection of empties, draining the dregs into an almost clean yoghurt container, when my brain finally made the connection. Yeast in beer. Yeast in breadmaker. Beer in breadmaker.

I went back to the cupboard, searching for beer-making supplies. I had yeast. I had water. No barley though, and I was pretty sure that none of the green things in my fridge were hop plants. This was a problem. The door-to-door hops salesman had just been by yesterday, and as hard as I tried, I couldn't convince the friendly folks at Varsity Grill to deliver me any barley at all. The Shampoo Pork, however, was quite good, and right before the MSG-induced hallucinations began, I had an idea.

The next day, I found myself perusing radio-shack for the necessary modifications. A small length of hose, some copper wire, a couple of AA batteries, and a roll of duct tape later, I was on my way. After stopping into a local produce store for the required hops and barley, I was on my way home.

Several hours and several non-existent beers later, I was almost ready. Connecting the 'necessary modifications' to the air vents of the breadmaker using some wood glue and the outer ring of a two dollar coin, I was ready to add the ingredients.

Deciding to skip the necessary malting and fermenting stages in favour of the who-gives-a-&*%$-just-go-for-it mentality, I added what looked like appropriate amounts of each of the ingredients into the top of the machine, closed the lid, and pressed the little red button labeled 'start.'

Burp. Gurgle. Fizz. Churn. Repeat.

My long wait was over. Inside the strange-smelling contraption that was once a breadmaker, now hopefully resided a large quantity of somewhat warm liquid, which would hopefully be somewhat like something which may have once resembled beer.

And it was. Or at least, it looked like it. And smelled like it.

But, the question was — did it taste like beer? This, it would seem, would be the deciding factor — beer, or not beer; fun or no fun; good or not good. I was in a cold sweat, my hands were trembling, and I was just plain scared. Nevertheless, I was determined to find out if my plans had succeeded. Raising a newly-filled glass to my trembling lips, I prayed, and drank.

Was the liquid in my pseudo-breadmaker beer? Was it good? To tell you the truth, I don't remember, and I don't think I ever will. My bread/beermaker is so gummed up, it won't even make toast. I have a few bruised on my legs, and hazy memories of steam tunnels and karaoke. I've seen Indiana Jones, and I know when to leave things alone — Pandora's box, Jer's Breadmaker... just be careful. Who knows the evils unleashed when mortals take the making of beer into their own hands. For now, I'll just use the Liquor Store.

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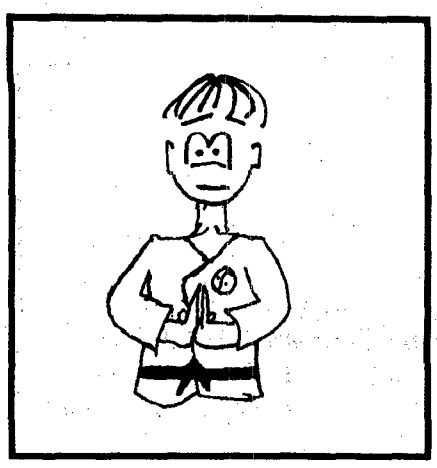
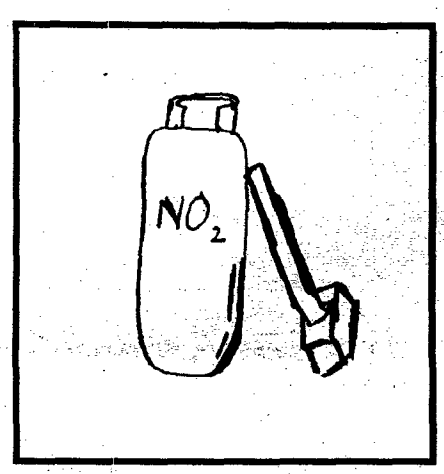
The future of journalism
The 432, issue 11
Wednesday, March 13
Deadline is Wednesday, March 6

This is a patented Blair McDonald...
Waste of Space™
We don't believe in big-ass font pages.

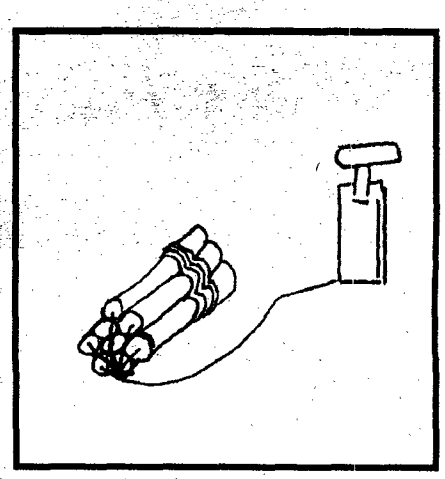
Four easy ways to break the new $2 coin.



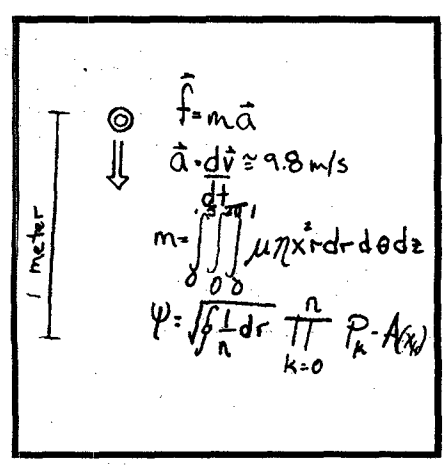
A Shaolin monk...



liquid nitrogen...

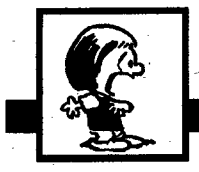


dynamite...



or a one meter drop.

Lacking Tan Lines.



Nicola **JONES**

Anyone who does a lot of writing can't be that good at keeping secrets. Anything that splats itself down on the paper, be it true or imagined, is bound to well up a flood of the author's personality, ink splashing out the little details of their life. And if you're going to bare your soul to a group of completely anonymous strangers, close friends are bound to have been exposed to a lot more. The emotional playground of my heart has a sign reading "clothing optional beyond this point" - welcome to Wreck.

The only "problem" with this way of life is the amount of visitors I get roaming around my playground bundled up in enough protective outerwear to withstand a cold spell in Atlantis. I'm sitting around naked as a cracked snail and at the other end of the teeter-totter friend A's inadvertently shown up in a parka and doesn't quite know how to teeter. I push up, let loose a secret, fly high into the air, and the next thing I know I'm sailing back towards the sand pit at a rather uncomfortable pace. Usually there's another push on his behalf, but it comes with a three second delay that puts me off-balance and leaves me feeling none too safe at the end of my totter. At times I've actually gotten off and wandered over to the swings before he realizes it's his turn, and so he ends up hopping uselessly at the other end of the park.

There are just some things about friend A's life that are beyond my grasp of comprehension - often because he forgot to tell me about them until weeks after the pivotal point. And it's not deliberate. The secrets are inadvertent. But It's weird having friends that come with so many built-in layers. By the time the parka comes off and you think things are set, you realize there's a wet suit and six shirts yet to get through.

By the time anything exciting happens in my own little world, there are at least 3 people who knew about it yesterday, and countless others who are privileged enough to find out about it 3 seconds after the fact. At times I fear that I'm so horrid at the art of conversation that I'm forced to simply narrate everything that happens in my life - often twice. And I just can't keep anything as a surprise. I'm sure everyone (including you now) knows I'm on my way to Mexico, and have probably heard all the details six times over.

But at times I grow jealous of friends who seem to have their own little worlds off behind the monkey bars - secret club houses I didn't even know existed and certainly aren't allowed to visit. So over by the swings I tugged a sweatshirt over my head and pulled on the boxers... I got my hair chopped without telling a soul - that knocked friend A right off his see-saw - and I've been learning to keep a few secrets. Just to try it out, see how the clothes fit.

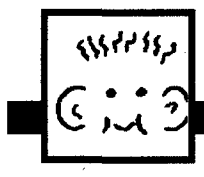
On the other hand, it's soon to be spring, and who wants to be hanging around in sweats? Friends B and C are over in the sand pit in their undies, so maybe things aren't so secretive around here after all. I'll get back to you after the Mexico trip, and we'll see if I have any tan lines.

WANTED

Poll Clerks

To work Science Election Poll Booths in Wesbrook, Hennings, SUB, Hebb Theatre, and Comp.Sci.
$6.50 an hour
Come down to Chem B 160 and speak to Jay for details.

The 2 year reunion.



Jay **GARCIA™**

When I was younger and more idealistic and nearing the end of my four years at Eric Hamber secondary, I found myself looking forward to the time when I would finally be free of the confines of high school. I savoured the thought of escape from the shackles of four years of pop quizzes, surprise dissections, and the sheer fatiguing boredom of having to run ten laps around the school in the freezing rain, while your best friend, who's wheezing along with you, keeps muttering "Some weather we're having, eh?"

I figured that university would be a massive change from the never-ending drabness of high school. I really thought that being able to choose your courses and plan your own schedule was cool beyond belief. I was looking forward to the four month summers, and, by inference, the shorter school year. In short, I was looking forward to experiencing the most enjoyable years of my academic life.

Boy, was I ever misguided.

It's been one year, five months, three weeks, two days and eleven-odd hours since I graduated from high school. In that period, I have spent many a night guzzling coffee and sweating caffeine out through my pores, cramming for exams that fell first thing in the morning. I have cursed most vociferously and with remarkably creative invective each and every time my hard drive has crashed, taking with it weeks of notes, copious original and revised outlines, complete bibliographies, and, on occasion, entire essays. I have fallen asleep in almost every class in almost every time period imaginable, from the eight a.m. Physics class to the ten p.m. night Math section, and in the process, managed to delight my professors with my vast repertoire of snores and sleep techniques.

Outside of class, I have been chased by big, burly Engineers, screaming for my blood at the top of their lungs, throughout most of the buildings on campus. I have been thrown bodily into a heated swimming pool, a freezing pond, and an extremely solid snow drift. I have witnessed good friends return from the northern territories of the campus, wet and bedraggled, with spray-paint liberally coating their chests. I have ridden herd over nearly one thousand clamouring frosh. Twice.

Said in this manner, I have come to the rather sickening realization that, with the exception of the clamouring frosh thing, university life is awfully similar to high school life, at least on the more superficial level. Actually, it quite resembled high school, except that the university experience was a bigger, more magnified version. The only real changes have come from the fact that I'm now having to learn more material in less time, in classrooms where the class size is ten times larger than your average high school's and that I actually have to pay for this privilege.

So when I went back to my old high school in order to borrow a video camera with which I would record Saturday's excursion into folly (wherein I will hurl myself off a thousand-foot bridge towards an icy river with nothing more than a glorified elastic band securing my ankles to said bridge), and I was asked by one of my old teachers to give the class my impressions on university life, my reaction must have no doubt been one of great puzzlement to him.

I laughed uproariously, shook my head, and, before walking out the door, said the five words that I wish someone had said to me when I was in high school.

"Enjoy it while you can."

When picking a computer information service, CompuServe urges you to choose wisely.

CompuServe is the most politically correct server on the Internet. Because a German judge ordered pornographic material out of his jurisdiction, CompuServe has taken the initiative to ban all newsgroups containing the word "sex", or containing any reference to male or female parts. This ban includes medical newsgroups: after all, you never know who's reading them.

Similarly, a Tadzhik wise man once said that the Earth is flat. Therefore, to protect the freedom of thought of all our customers, all newsgroups pertaining to scientific discoveries and technological advances having occurred after 432 A.D. are banned.

However, newsgroups concerning disco on 8 track are allowed.

CompuServe®

Dedicated to providing the most open minded and non-offensive computer information service in the world.

Dik Miller, Private Eye.

When we last left our hero – me, for those of you who haven't gotten used tothe self-promoting first-person narrative of these stories yet – I was standing over a dead body.

The recently deceased woman had just chomped down enthusiastically on a cyanide capsule held between her teeth, shouting something like:

"The secret of the GoldenRye is going with me to my grave. You can't drag it out of me!"

Whatever that meant, it was now quite true.

"Hey, buddy," someone said behind me. I whirled around to see one of my ex-co-workers from Parking & Security Services.

"Hi," I said as nonchalantly as one can while standing over a dead body.

"What's that there?" he asked, pointing to the dead body over which I was standing.

I cleared my throat. "That would be a dead body."

"And what are you doing with it?"

"Standing over it."

"I see." His expression indicated he had an idea. "Did you kill her?"

"Not directly," I said. I'm not one to lie.

"Indirectly, then?"

"That depends on what you mean by 'indirectly'," I said, making little quote marks in the air with my index fingers.

"Perhaps I should approach this from another direction," he mused. "How did she die?"

"Cyanide," I replied snidely.

"Yours or hers?"

"Hers. A capsule between her teeth."

"You didn't make her use this cyanide, then?"

"Well, she did seem rather concerned that I would discover something about the...er... GoldenRye, I believe she called it."

His eyes widened. "The secret GoldenRye destined for Ottawa?" he asked nervously.

"I have no idea. Is that what it is?"

"Oh!" he barked. "Um, no, I actually, uh, don't know anything about it. By the way, is that a London Fog coat she's wearing?" He pointed at the body.

"I don't know," I said, turning. "I'll just have to check."

I bent down to look at the coat. But, reflected in the bezel of my Dik Miller™ wristwatch/pasta maker/hair dryer, I saw the Campus Cowboy raising his billy club high above his head, obviously in a silly attempt to knock me unconscious.

My retort was blindingly fast: a roundhouse Dik Miller™ *Leaping Llama* kick aimed at his groin. It missed him entirely, of course, but catapulted me several feet up. The billy club sliced only air.

I rolled into a Dik Miller™ *Benificent Buffalo* somersault, intent on landing a swift Haggling Hushpuppy stomach punch. I missed again, but turned to deliver the coup-de-grace: a blizzard of *Full-Fledged Floundering Flatfish. Flip-Fxxted Fve-Freezing Fisticuffs.*

But I spent so much time trying to remember the name of my final move that I was distracted. The club came down.

When I regained consciousness, I was tied up quite securely with what must have been several boxes of dental floss. It chafed my wrists and ankles annoyingly.

"What dastardly villain has tied me up in dental floss?" I shouted to the darkness in frustration. "At least you could have the decency to use waxed!"

No response.

"Hello? Anyone home?"

Nada. Only an echoey darkness smelling vaguely of yeast.

The lights clicked on with the deep, throaty "chunk" sound only heard in dungeons. (My attempts to make my bathroom light at home to make that sound have always been fruitless, at least.)

"Ah, Mr. Dik Miller, Private Eye," said a man, who emerged from behind a rack of rising bread loaves. "You have discovered our secret."

If I had, I must have let it slip my mind somehow. But I went along with it.

"Yes, I certainly have," I declared. "And, hoo boy, you're in big trouble now."

The man laughed in the way only evil masterminds can (you know, that "Mouahahahaha..." sound). "Before I eliminate you, Miller, I must, according to evil mastermind custom, describe to you in intricate detail my entire plan for world domination."

"Of course," I agreed.

"I do this so that, in the unlikely event you escape the trap I am about to place you into, you will be able to track me down without any effort whatsoever for a big, explosion-wracked finale."

I nodded. "Par for the course."

"Given my druthers, though, I'd probably just shoot you in the head right now and be done with it."

"Damn those rules, eh?" I snickered. "Sorry. Just following the action hero custom of being a snarky bastard when in peril."

"Anyway, on with the description. Just a moment, though." He turned to one of his henchmen. "Prepare the tub of dough."

"Tub of dough?" I asked.

"Once you know my plan, Mr. Miller, I'll have my pals here dump you into a vat of dough, and you will be part of the next batch of GoldenRye destined for Ottawa."

Well, at least I knew it was bread now.

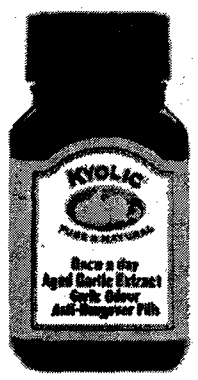
NEW

AH, THE WONDERS OF MODERN SCIENCE.

Finally, you can get rid of those pesky hangovers!

Modern Science has at long last cracked the mystery of one of the mystery of one of the most annoying problems known to man.

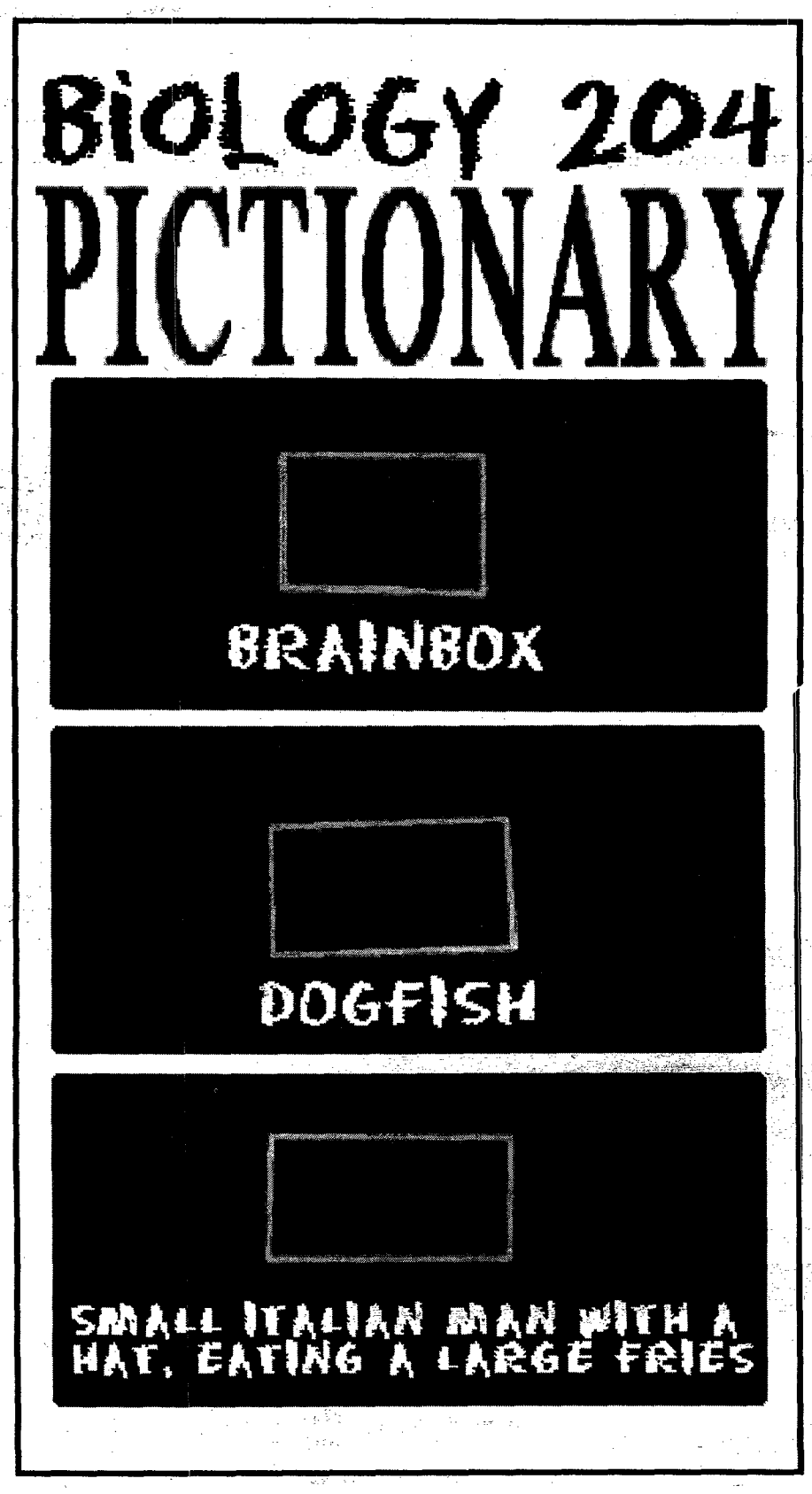
With these garlic pills, you'll be able to get rid of all your hangover symptoms and make your breath smell like natural and wholesome GARLIC.



from QUEST!

We take drinking sherioushly.

New in Drug Stores



The Annual Suck for Votes.

for President

RE-ELECT TRACY MACKINNON FOR PRESIDENT

Hi there! Some of you may realize I'm already SUS President and that I'm running for re-election. This past year I instituted the SUS referendum to increase the science fee so SUS could continue to have the 432, 50% sports rebates, science club grants & bzzr gardens etc. However, more things need to be revitalized in SUS. So get out there and vote! I think the poll clerks even give you a cookie!

My name is Bella Carvalho and I'm running for the position of President. My qualifications include 3 years of service to SUS, and holding 2 executive positions: Dir. Sports and External VP. I have served on AMS council, Intramural's sports council, 1st year committee, Sports Committee (chair) and Science Week Committee (member and chair). As External I was in charge of Science Week '96 and was the SUS representative to a number of different organizations. What this adds up to is experience dealing with people and councils, both important aspects for the job. As president, I would hope to any time if you want to ask me questions...you'll find me there almost any given day!
Other reasons you should vote for me? Well...I'm just so darned CUTE!

for Public Relations Officer

Andrew Lim

Greetings fellow science types (as well as you poor saps who are in arts or engineering but recognize a good paper when you see one). I'm Andrew Lim and I want to be your Public Relations Officer. I'm gonna keep this simple. Voting for me is good, voting for anyone else is bad — get it? Me = Good, Other Person = Bad. Anyhow, if you're planning on voting for me, may you live long and prosper (and show up on voting day). Otherwise, may you be tanked a thousand times over.

Also running for Public Relations Officer...
Kathryn Murray

for Executive Secretary

RE-ELECT ORIN FOR EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

I'm Taro, your best choice for Exec Sec. You're probably asking, "Why should I vote for this geek?" Well, here are a few good reasons. First, I'll put a classic Dilbert cartoon in on every SUS council agenda. Second, as SUS rep to the AMS, I'll responsibly make the details of the Coke deal public. Third, I've had all too much experience working with both my undergraduate society and the big bureaucratic mess that is the AMS, as AUS Treasurer. Also, I'm very punctual. Oh yeah, my Evil Twin Brother is running for the Senate. Don't vote for him.

also running for Science Senator

Anita Lau and Kam Brar

for Science Senator

I am a man of strange tastes. For example, I have a passion for compost, jigsaw puzzles, colouring books, and scrap paper models. As a result, nothing printed on coloured paper or thrown in the recycling box is a secret from me. Anyway...I offer to make UBC less stressful. We should leave UBC with a sense of what we can create together. I promise to make education accessible to anyone who really wants it. All those prerequisites and restricted courses don't let us experience what we'd like to. I want more interdisciplinary courses. I want self-expression, instead of copying and repetition. I want your feedback to instructors on how you want to learn.
I trust you to tell me what UBC should be. Your vote will make the difference.
Muktak Aklujkar

Hey!
My name is Carmel Chan and I am running for Science Senator. I am the Department Representative of Physiology this year and the guy who sells **you** the tickets at the Bzzr Garden.
Other than giving **you** the ticket to happiness, I would like to represent **you** as the Science Senator to the Senate Caucus. I am interested in *all academic issues* related to Science students and I am willing to work hard for you.
So, come one now and **VOTE** for me on Mar 4–6!
Remember to choose C.C. (Carmel Chan) for S.S. (Science Senator).

Jake Gray: Well, I'm the best. I'm smarter, I'm faster, I'm better looking, and I have a higer alcohol tolerance. The other candidates are morally corrupt, financially corrupt and downright gross. Vote for me cause I'll get you good shit. I won't burn anything and I've never been convicted of a major felony. I will endeavour to reach the high academic standards that this position entails. I've only had three tickets since last month and I successfully fought two of them. I like large hairy rhinos who drink Spring pale ale. I'm glad I'm not Internal V.P. because it involves too much work. Vote for me and I guarantee large amounts of cheap bzzr. Kudos to Jeremy for the #'s of beer he can consume in a short amount of time. Vote I like subliminal for messages because me they vote invoke a message for whithout me people noticing vote for me it.

I'm Taro, sucking up for votes for Senator. Why would I do a good job. Well, I was a Representative to the Faculty of Arts for two years, and a member of the Faculty Computing Committee. I've also worked in research adminstration for two years, which provides me with an interesting perspective of academia. As funding is cut to post secondary education, it is important that there be people with the knowledge and experience to make informed and reasoned decisions for the future. Oh, I almost forgot - my Evil Twin Brother is running for Exec. Sec. Don't vote for him.

Fellow Science Students, Hi!
My name is Parisa Mehrkhodavandi, and I have the dubious pleasure of running for Science Senator. It sounds like a very "distinguised" position and perhaps it is. My real reason for wanting to be senator is that I have a few ideas that I would like to bring to the attention of the Big Wigs and I think being on senate might just do it. (Oh, yeah, and the prestige!) If you have anything you would like to bring to anyone's attention, PLEASE let me know.
Feel free to come out and vote,. I strongly urge you to do so.
Enjoy!

Experience.

BLAIR MCDONALD FOR SCIENCE SENATOR

ELECTIONS RUN MARCH 4–6 • BRING YOUR STUDENT CARD AND VOTE!

The un-read drawers o' SUS.

Tracy MacKinnon
President

Welcome back from Spring Break! Isn't it great to be back and inundated with midterms and term papers? That was, of course, a rhetorical question. Anyways, executive elections are on March 4-6, so be sure to go vote (hint: they'll give you a cookie when you cast your ballot so it's a great way to get a snack between classes).

I served on the committee for the Reappointment of the Dean of the Faculty of Science and we made our recommendation to President Strangway (unfortunately our recommendation is confidential). One committee done with for the present. Hurrah!

I'm also (along with Jay Garcia our Internal VP) on the Faculty Teaching Awards committee, which recognizes excellence in teaching. This basically means that Jay and I (and the profs on the committee) go to lectures in subjects we may or may not understand and evaluate how effective that particular prof is. Damn, you shouldn't end a sentence like that but I can't think of how to rearrange the sentence so it will have to stay. Anyways, we're still meeting and talking over which profs will be shortlisted and this should be finishing up in March.

This month we'll be bringing some constitutional amendments to council for approval. These amendments will allow Pre-Med, Pre-Dent, Pre-Opt and Science One Survivors to vote at council (presently they are ex-officio council members and cannot vote). It will also change the way clubs receive money from SUS. Currently the amount of their grant is based on the number of students registered in the department, but if these constitutional amendments pass, the club grant will instead be based on the number of people in the club who are science students. In addition, the aforementioned clubs do not at this time receive funding from SUS and if these amendments pass, they'll receive funding just like any other science club. Pretty exciting stuff for SUS. Some of you may think I'm being sarcastic, but actually this is a big thing for SUS and science clubs.

As always, if you have any questions or concerns, drop by the office (Chem 160)!

for Director of Finance

Jay says that even though nobody is running against me, I still have to write a 100 word suck for votes for DofF. So here you go: Vote for me.. please.

Also running for Director of Finance...
Doug Beleznay

for Director of Publications

Vote for Jer! - *John*
Vote for John! - *Jer*

for Director of Sports (uncontested)

Here am I! I am Warrick Yu, also known as "The Great Wall #88". I am running for SUS Director of Sports, because I am an athletic individual, especially when I play acrobatically as a goalie of the SUS ball hockey team.

uncontested

Mike Boetzkes (Social Coordinator)
Phil Ledwith (External Vice Pres)
Henry Wong (Internal Vice Pres)

Anna Carvalho
Public Elations Officer

I told you so. I say that rather bittersweetly. You see, in the last issue of *The 432*, there was a contest to prove that at least one person does read these columns at the back. All you had to do was come in to SUS and tell me that you had read it. Did anyone come? No. The only people to even try was my boyfriend, who's already won one of my contests *(can we spell "conflict of interest?")* and my lackey, neither of which counts because they have to read my report anyways.

So I give up. From here on in, I'm just going to give a perfunctory report, and I don't care how dry and boring it is.

1. Instabeer: accounts still available. If you want one, talk to me.

2. United Way: apparently hiding from me the way I was hiding from them.

3. Bork! Bork! Bork!: It happens. Not that you care. But you don't have to, because there are listeners that don't even go to UBC that listen and phone in. So there. (Interesting side note: since we can't say "beer" on the air, we've been trying to pronounce "Instabzzr'... one off campus caller thought it was "Instabrassiere"...oh, the comments that flew about the size of the jugs...)

4. My cape: I'm still going to get one. And when I do, all of you who have ignored me will be mighty sorry when superanna™ is a big deal and I'm going to ignore you the way you ignore me now. Phlbbbbt!

Frank the Lumberjack
SoCo

<personal rambling deleted>

Well, folks - another bzzr garden down and only two more to go! In fact, I was chatting with one of my right hand personages the other day - a young blot by the name of Carmel. Being the kind, always ready-to-help sweet soul that he is, he worked through the night (along with several other kind souls...). He commented afterwards that the No Class was most definitely a "step up" from November. I could only agree. Karaoke was a hit....again. (But this time with more...extended participation - ie: extended to the likes of those actually NOT affiliated with SUS..sort of). And the sales sold on...

So now that you've all seen what a wild time SUS has, I'm sure you'll all be perking up those ears for the SUS PENULTIMATE and the SUS ULTMATE..... coming soon to a chemistry bldg. near you. Stay tuned!

Jay Garcia®
Internal Court Jester

It had to happen eventually. The year's almost over, and my turn at bat nearing it's end. Woohoo! No more Internal VP for me! This was a cool job while it lasted, but I'm looking forward to moving on to bigger and better things. Why, just yesterday, I received a job offer as an Experimental Candidate for Parietal Lobe Reversal. And to think that I wouldn't even have been considered had it not been for my activities in SUS.

You're probably wondering "What in all nine hells is he meandering on about this time?" Upcoming elections, natch. A chance for all the non-sluggish members of the student body politic to make your voice heard! Your roaring cries will make your will known to the world! Well, maybe not "Roaring cries". "Nasal whine" then? Whatever.

In any case, there's a brace of people who'll be running for various important positions in the Society, and it will be the actions of next year's executive which will determine the amount of fun available to you next year. (Yes, fun is now a quantizable element).

So on March 4, 5, and 6, in the various Science buildings on campus, we'll have poll booths stationed, so come out and vote.

Bella Carvalho
External Vices

Well, there's not really too much going on right now as far as my position goes. Actually, that pretty much holds true for much of my personal life as well, unfortunately. But that's another article entirely.

AMS just had its AGM and turnover on the 14th. I couldn't make it (genetics midterm) but I hear there were no fist fights (darn). Other constituencies are fairly quiet now, too -- Arts and Engineering will be holding executive elections soon (make sure you get out and vote).

The no-class bash went well. We all got to sing our little drunken hearts out at the karaoke machine. But a word to the wise: if you're going to be running all around campus looking for your jacket (which walked away during a bzzr garden) because it has all your ID in it and all your friends are at the Pit and then you want to spend the rest of the night dancing... don't wear new heels!

Happy leap year, everybody!

ELECTIONS RUN MARCH 4–6 • BRING YOUR STUDENT CARD AND VOTE!

Memories.

John HALLETT

What a refreshing break. I got to spend seven fun filled days looking out the window at the down pouring rain. All of which reminded me of my rambunctious and often alcohol blurred youth.

I was spontaneously swept on a mystic journey to relive my youth. I don't know what spawned this instant flashback, perhaps it was the all the heady memories flooding back to me, or perhaps it was all the LSD my brother slipped in my beer. The cause still remains a mystery that will never be solved.

The particular previously forgotten memory that was surfacing was one from my extreme childhood.

It was 1984, I was 11 and George Orwell's predictions had proven disappointingly hollow. Big Brother *was* watching, but Big Brother was watching The Dukes of Hazard reruns.

I had just acquired my very first aquatic vessel, a 14 ft. lake jumper designed to use up to a 30 hp outboard engine. My first action was to acquire a 60 hp Yamaha and outfit it to produce 75 hp. *<insert Tim Allen-like grunt here>*

Now the wonderful thing about 14 ft lake jumper-type vessels is that they aren't meant to venture onto lakes much larger than, say, a glorified goldfish pond. And they are most certainly not meant to venture onto The Straight of Georgia with 2.5 times their horsepower limit attached to their fannies.

So, on one particularly fateful day in the month of June, a few friends and I decided to venture forth to the blue beyond in search of the culture of ancient pirates. Aside from plundering any unfortunate gold galleons we came across, we would participate in the age-old sea chanty "Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum!" Actually, it turned out to be more of "Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum and coke!" But hey, who regulates this kind of thing, anyway?

So we ventured forth in the chilly post dawn morning air, drinking ourselves silly and shouting "Prepare to board her!" every time we came within a hundred yards of any other ships.

Sadly, we never came across any treasure laden galleons, but we did decide to follow a few of the funny lines on our map, most of which were wiggling back and forth for some unknown reason.

So soon we found ourselves floating in the middle of the ocean, completely out of gas. After a little triangulation and other related position finding efforts, we determined that we were located just inside the forth box from the left on our navigation chart. This also happened to be the only box on the map that contained the bold capital letters "ACTIVE DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE TORPEDO TESTING RANGE, DO NOT ENTER!"

So we panicked.

Now, there's only so much panicking you can do on a 14 ft boat. So after running around for a few minutes screaming like girls, we all calmed down and started a think tank to come up with a solution to our problems. After a few minutes of this, we decided the ultimate conclusion was that we were going to die, and the only logical action was to panic.

So we screamed like Jeremy again for a few more minutes.

Maybe I should explain how the Canadian and US navies test torpedoes. They launch a torpedo from a submerged sub at a remote buoy suspended some depth beneath the surface of the water. This torpedo is then tracked by a helicopter to it's destination where it blows up the target buoy, causing general distress for all nearby fish in the area. The reason they don't want private vessels leisurely floating in the area is that torpedoes are not particularly intelligent and tend to mix up boats and buoys on a fairly regular basis.

Our first problem was when the onboard sonar tracked out the perfect shape of a submarine about 200 ft below us. This in itself wasn't so bad, but when combined with the fact that 15 minutes later a helicopter started flying directly towards us. Needless to say, we were mildly stressed at this point.

The most logical action at this point was to climb to the highest point on the boat and curl up and bravely sob like infants. The problem with this plan was that anti-carrier torpedoes tend to affect you even when you're a whole five feet off the water.

A short while later, the torpedo was visible whisking towards us only a few feet beneath the surface. I've written a lot in the past on embarrassment, but nothing can compare to what my good friend Matt did at this point. I'll just say that he needed a change of panties shortly there-after.

All our panic turned out to be for naught, as the torpedo approached rapidly, zipped under us and detonated on the target buoy fifty feet behind us.

The navy, who were kind enough to board our now leaking vessel and point several automatic weapons at our faces, gave us all a tow back to port and even promised not to press charges.

I came to in front of a rain drenched window satisfied that my vacation had not been a total bust. Memories are worth the effort, folks. Then again, so is beer.

<serious mode on>

John, I hope everything works out for the best.

– Blair

<serious mode off>

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10:30AM – 2:30PM

MONDAY, MARCH 4 – WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6

BRING YOUR VALID STUDENT CARD TO VOTE

SUS ELECTIONS 1996

POSITIONS

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INTERNAL VICE
EXTERNAL VICE
PUBLIC RELATIONS
EXEC. SECRETARY
FINANCE
SPORTS
PUBLICATIONS
SENATE
SOCIAL COORDINATOR

Or maybe you could just get a free cookie at the poll booth.