The 432.

Potential Epidemic in Engineering!

How Now Mad Cow?

VOL 9 • Nº 12
27 MARCH 1996

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Never trust a friend if you can see a pole-axe over his shoulder.

– Medieval Saying

UPCOMING

Penultimate Class Bash!
March 29 - 4:32pm.
$5 - All you can drink.
Chem B160. Cool.

INGREDIENTS

More writers than ever.
Longer stories than ever.
More work than ever.
All that and about 3 dozen stress reduction pills.
Oh yeah, and Prozac, lots of Prozac.
"The world is a lovely place, the sun is shining and we love you all, UBC!"

Eric P. Fibble
Roving Correspondent

LONDON (AP) — A third British dairy farmer has died of the human form of a virulent cattle disease, raising concern about a possible connection to the "mad cow" malady that has swept British herds.

But scientists say they have no proof that the farmer contracted Creutzfeld-Jakob Disease (CJD), the human form of the cattle disease, from farm animals.

The 54-year-old man worked on a farm where three cows died of mad cow disease, according to a letter published in this week's edition of The Lancet, a medical journal.

"I think that it's obviously a matter of concern if there is a third case in a farmer," said Dr. Robert Will, a neuroscientist at Western General Hospital in Edinburgh.

The other two farmers died within the past five days.

Will contributed to a second letter in The Lancet that reported the incidence of Creutzfeld-Jakob disease in Britain is similar to other countries that have not suffered the cattle disease.

"It isn't particularly worrying," said Dr. John Collinge, an expert on Creutzfeld-Jakob Disease and professor of neurogenetics at St. Mary's Hospital.

"We do know these diseases can jump species, so [catching the disease from cows] remains a small theoretical risk, but I don't really see how 11 million infected bovines can pose any significant threat" Collinge said.

The mad cow disease epidemic, which peaked last week, sparked fears that those who ate beef or worked closely with cattle could catch a fatal brain disease.

British beef sales have plummeted nearly 40 percent and some schools stopped serving hamburgers.

Since last Friday, fears have waned and Britons are, once again, buying just as much beef as they did before the scare, according to the Meat and Livestock Commission, an industry-funded agency.

Both the human and cow diseases are called spongiform encephalopathies because they cause sponge-like holes in the brain.

Afflicted cows stagger and drool. Humans suffer mental deterioration, slurred speech and difficulty walking that gets progressively worse until they die.

Strong evidence exists that a recent UBC Mechanical Engineering field trip to Sutton, England, may have resulted in infection of the engineers in question. It has been over seven days since their return, and the symptoms have spread like wild fire through the entire Faculty of Engineering.

Authorities high up in UBC Administration have contacted Viral Control Officials in Britain and have reportedly been advised to put down all 1500 reported cases of infected engineers.

"It's a matter that we're taking very seriously," said Dr. Ron Spieglemen, recently appointed Head of UBC Infectious Disease Prevention.

"You can't simply go out and terminate fully half of a faculty. That's the kind of thing people tend to notice. Hard questions will be asked, and I'm afraid we're going to have to give hard answers."

Action to prevent the further spread of CJD has already been taken. Infected individuals and those suspected of being infected have been quarantined in a barbed wire enclosure on the south side of campus.

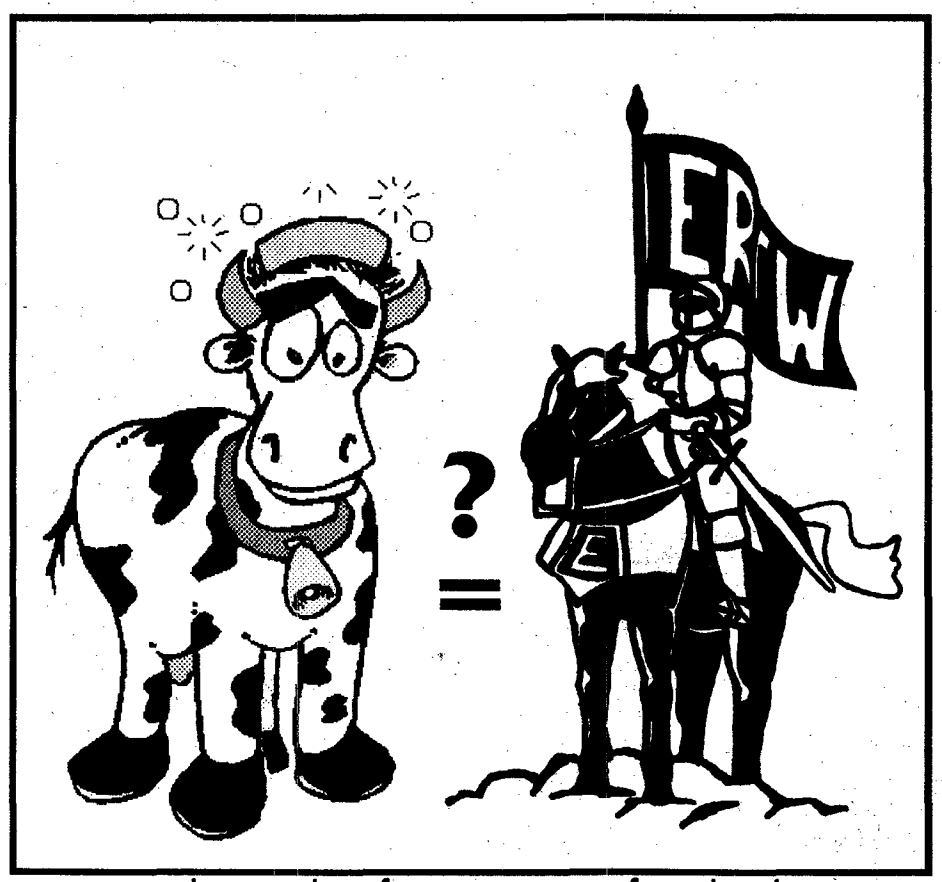
Former pig farmer Clide Dunn has been hired to supervise the penned-up 'geers.

"Yeah, theys a feisty bunch. Always rowdy and constantly refusing to eat from the trough. I hafta hit 'em with the cattle prod every half hour or so just to keep 'em docile.

"Although they did gobble their groul right up when I poured a six pack of Molsons in with it."

When asked if extermination is a option under consideration, Spieglemen replied "I'd rather not comment on that. However, we are currently hiring individuals skilled in firearm operations for, um, special duties."

So far, the Department of UBC Infectious Disease Prevention has been flooded with applications.



Is the Faculty of Engineering infected with Mad Cow disease? Even the experts can't agree.
Technical diagram curtesy of UBC Infectious Disease Prevention, from their report on the potential epidemic.

McCheap!

Jonny Madrona
Slick McCorrespondant

BURNABY (CP) - McDonald's Canada announced earlier this week that their customers can soon expect lowered prices on all current menu items containing beef.

This slackening of prices will affect popular snacks such as the Big Mac, Quarter Pounder, Cheeseburger, and, for some strange reason, the McFries.

Menu prices are expected to dip as low as $0.20 for items such as McDonald's Hamburger.

The reasoning behind this phenomenal price reduction became clear at a press conference in Burnaby, BC, Tuesday.

"Simply put, we have secured a contract to purchase all our beef from a single supplier for the next five years" said McDonald's spokesperson Lyona Fraser.

"Our supplier, who wishes to remain anonymous, simply has far too much beef on their hands and they want to dispose of it as quickly and cheaply as possible.

"We [at McDonald's] have agreed to transport the cattle in question from Eng... er... this anonymous place to Canada and process it in local slaughterhouses.

"So, not only is this deal bringing quality food to Canadians at unheardof prices, but we will also be stimulating the local economy at the same time by providing valuable jobs."

It was revealed later in the press conference that McDonald's customers will have to sign a release before purchasing any of the new menu items.

"It's just for legal reasons," stated Fraser, "You know, people see cheap beef and eat *so* much, they're prone to do just about anything. Like rob liquor stores, for instance, or catch Mad Cow Disease.

"We just want to make sure that we're not liable, that's all."

Consumers can expect the cheap meat on the market by May.

General Confusion.

Sir Jake the Nauseous
Interdimensional Correspondent

Things are kind of odd in my life right now. Every member of my household and my immediate family, which I don't live with (so all sorts of people whom I'm related to) are at Silverstar for the week. I'm living in a big house which is normally very noisy and bustling from 5 in the morning to 12 at night, and now the house is now silent. I'm scared.

You know something is wrong when you go home and actually study. Things are so quiet and boring that I have had to make my own noise. Last night I entered my house running and screaming, tripped on the top step, fell into the door, knocked myself out, and woke up four hours later with a splitting headache and made myself dinner. Being the experienced bachelor I am, I ate Kraft Dinner and potato chips. I tried to watch TV but without my cousin there switching the channels I just couldn't pay attention. So I, please children avert your eyes, opened my text books. As a last resort against boredom, well I hadn't done laundry yet, I studied. And it wasn't the day before an exam.

This forced me to check my dimension-o-meter and found to my dismay that, in fact, I had been zapped into a different dimension where I actually studied and lived a student's life dedicated to learning and the pursuit of knowledge. I screamed and then passed out, came to, realized that I'd just passed out and hadn't actually come up with a solution to my problem. Then I passed out again. I came to a couple minutes later and decided I'd have to do something to remedy the situation. As I realized that things had actually changed, it meant I still had some links to my previous existence of drinking and carousing with school on the side. So I immediately set out to drink myself into a drunken stupor.

I set out back to campus to find the beer disposal crew and get myself exceedingly liquored. I couldn't find them. I searched high and low and couldn't find them anywhere. Being the new studious Jake I thought logically and eliminated all the places I'd searched already and came to the conclusion that the only building left was Main Library. I found the Crew in a corner looking surprisingly like a STUDY GROUP!!! I passed out. I woke up being fanned by somebody who looked mildly familiar except for the tape around the glasses. When I explained my situation to the gals they all agreed this was a highly possible situation using super string theory and transdimensional electron propulsion. We decided that the only way to get me home was to get me so drunk I couldn't tell the difference between my chair and a large Siberian Tiger. So I set out to Arts and surprisingly enough I only drank one beer and passed out. This was very confusing because Hiro Half-beer Izumi was up to about twenty pints.

Thank god it worked and I'm now back in the "Normal" dimension. Unfortunately during the inter dimensional transfer I ended up in the basement of the biology building. I wonder what the Jake from the other dimension was doing there?

From the simply odd to the outstandingly bizarre, Jake never fails to encorporate drinking and all of its rich culture into his stories.

Here's hoping you never sober up, Jake.

-ed.

My Very Second Editorial.

John **HALLETT**

Well, the year's winding down now. The days are getting longer, and the average student is no longer very concerned with staying awake until the end of Chemistry.

But you have to stay conscious and listen to your prof's annoying and sleep inducing voice. Why? Cuz you'll fail if you don't.

So, in order to make class worth while, we've provided you with tons of new and interesting reading material in this, the last issue of *The 432*.

Don't panic. We'll be back in September. And all you science students out there will be receiving *The Summer Edition* of *The 432* sometime in the next four months.

"What makes this issue so damned interesting," you might ask. Well, it's the fact that it's just chock full of interesting articles and comics. And some of them might be genuinely funny.

You see, for some bizarre reason, I received a record number of submissions for this issue.

Some were hilarious, I lost those. Some were boring, I burnt those. Some were stupid, I sent those to *The Underground*. Everything else, I put in.

Speaking of *The Underground* and all things Arts related, *The Arts County Fair* is coming up shortly.

Admittedly we were hard on Arts all year round for having a laughably light course load and trying to sell beer for $2.00. But we must praise them for having the guts to throw the biggest party on campus each and every year for the past five years.

So, on page 6 you will find our Unofficial Arts County Fair Theme Page. It features a contest that gives you the chance to win tickets to the fair. For free! What a deal.

Well, I see my space is running out. So, to sum up: school over, last issue, funny, Fair Tickets, and have a fun summer.

Oh yeah, one last thing, watch out for the old SUS hacks rambling on about The Good Ol Days on pages 10 and 11.

So long and thanks for all the beer.

Chem 122: The chemistry of narcotics.

Conscience is the inner voice that warns us somebody is looking

— *H. L. Mencken*

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Getting meaner by the minute
John Hallett *(fibble@unixg.ubc.ca)*

Permanently on Prozac
Jay Garcia
Jeremy Thorp

Guinea pig for hire
Hiro "Life Sciences I can understand, but *library?*" Izumi

Crooked Pharmacists
Doug Beleznay, Mike Boetzkes, Anna Carvalho, Bella Carvalho, Fahreen Dossa, Steve Fukuda, Jake Gray, Nicola Jones, Phil Ledwith, Tracy MacKinnon, Frenchy Maftei, Kathryn Murray, Donald Rhee, Some Wiggin guy.

Our manifest
The 432 is registered to the Science Undergraduate Society of UBC. Electronic versions of the paper are available at http://www.xmission.com/~seer/SUS/432

For detailed instructions for making Prozac in your kitchen, sneaking bzzr into the Arts County Fair, or smuggling nearly anything over the border, call us at 822-4235.

We are not responsible for the side effects of home made psycho therapy drug.

Man, Woman, and Drink.

Matt **WIGGIN**

In the last century, the western world has seen women's rights move from being unappreciated bench warmers to star players in the political and social arena. And while we still have a ways to go, we are certainly moving towards a society where men and women are considered equals.

Equals. Not the same.

There are those who would deny the fact that men and women are physiologically different. I believe that we cannot ever hope to solve the problems of equality if we go on denying something so obvious as the body. One needs look no further than the parts we play in reproduction for proof. While women are designed to bear children, men, with the possible exception of Arnold Schwarznegger, can't. This difference probably affects how we react to long term relationships, but that's a whole other kettle of worms. For now, let's just keep to the idea that women and men do, at times, have different roles. Nowhere does the difference say that one is superior to the other. Women still need men to have children.

Our different sexual roles extend into the bar scene as well, and while they are more subtle here, they are nonetheless every bit as significant. With the women's movement putting women on the same social level as men, many men feel that they should receive some of the advantages that have traditionally gone to women. Among these advantages is the ritual of buying women drinks at bars. It seems only fair that, in the interests of equality, women should now buy drinks for men as well, but for a woman to buy a man a drink is a very rare occurrence. Why? In this case, the interests of our difference require that women not buy drinks for men.

The argument can be made that the reasons are psychological, but psychological arguments involve a lot of arm waving, and are seldom conclusive. To simplify things, let's just consider a situation where one party buys the other one or two drinks rather than trying to get them fall down drunk. Further, let's assume that giving drinks is the first stage in a courting ritual where the male attempts to find a female with whom to go home, and vice versa. This is standard enough practice to make the assumption valid. If the female accepts the drink, and the rest of the evening goes well, then the two will go home together and mate. We must bear the ultimate purpose of the giving of drinks in mind when we consider reversing the roles.

First of all, people in bars generally have a couple of drinks at the beginning of the night to start things off, often before meeting anyone of the opposite sex. By the time the first drink is given, then both parties have usually already got a mild buzz going. Now let's assume that the female buys drinks for the male. This will bring the count to at least five or six by the time they get home. This poses a bit of a problem. I hate to tell you this, guys, but I have it on good authority that our... performance decreases markedly with alcohol consumed. Women, on the other hand, are not nearly so adversely affected by alcohol. Certainly, their dexterity is slightly decreased by a few drinks, but if both parties have been drinking, nobody will notice, and everything will work, no problem.

For the male, low levels of alcohol are exactly what's needed. Two or three beers act as a mild tranquilizer, ensuring that men have adequate stamina, i.e., we'll see the job through to completion. Between four and five drinks, performance will be substandard, but there is little risk of a complete failure. Anything much higher than that, and it is quite possible that the aforementioned sex will never occur, leaving the male scarred for life, and female extraordinarily frustrated, wondering why she isn't a lesbian.

Most women would buy men drinks if they could, but for now, it is in the best interests of everyone if they refrain. Perhaps we will see the day when men can go to bars and not buy themselves any drinks, just so that women could return the favour without endangering the goal of the evening. Not likely.

Despite what his article says, Matt has been relatively successful at getting women to buy him drinks.

Maybe they aren't women afterall. Something to think about, eh Matt?

-ed.

TIRED OF SPENDING SUMMER ASKING PEOPLE IF THEY WANT FRIES WITH THAT?

SCIENCE UBC

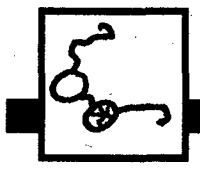
TRY COMING DOWN TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE BRAND NEW SUS JOB BOARD.

ITS LOADED WITH GREAT CAREER OPPURTUNITIES.

YA NEVER KNOW. JAMAICA JUST MIGHT BE HIRING A MINISTER FOR SUPERVISION OF RUM PRODUCTION.

THE SUS JOB BOARD.
(ONE OF THOSE THINGS WE DO WHEN WE ARENT DRINKING BEER.)

Hail to the busdriver, busdriver, busdriver... hail to the busdriver... Busdriver Man!



Blair **MCDONALD**

I stepped up to the bus, $1.35 in nickels jingling in my hand. After all, those 15 cents could make the difference between me being a millionaire or simply someone with $999, 999.85 in the bank one day. The doors slid open and I climbed aboard with my eyes firmly locked on a fascinating gum splotch on the rubberized floor.

"Hi! I'm Frank, and I'll be your _busdriver_ today!"

Startled, I glanced up into the grinning face of Frank, who was obviously going to be my busdriver today.

"How are you today, my friend?"

Normally, you don't expect any words from the mouth of busdrivers. After all, would you be happy if you spent the day driving back and forth along the same route? It appeared that Frank was going to be the exception to the rule.

"Uh, fine, I guess," I stammered as I made my way to the safety of the back.

"Great! Glad to have you aboard!" he shouted at my quickly receding back.

I found an empty seat, grateful for the relative anonymity of the crowded bus. Frank, for his part, shut up and put the bus in motion.

At the next stop, a number of people were waiting, and Frank put on his act.

"Hi there, howya doin', wanna transfer, glad ta see ya, how ya doin'?"

People were amazed to hear friendly words instead of the customary growl, and a huge grin instead of a scowl. It appeared Frank loved his job. Or he overdosed on something earlier that morning.

Eventually, one passenger took him up on his offer, and started a conversation. The woman, grandmotherly and greying, asked:

"Mr. Busdriver, are you going to Granville? I'd like to be dropped off at the Yarnbarn on Fir."

"Just call me Frank, ma'am. And yes I'll be going to Granville. And our stop near Fir is only 35 steps from the front door of the Yarnbarn. I believe they're having a special on navy blue goat's hair today."

The grandmother and Frank then entered into a conversation as to which was more difficult, tatting or knitting, and whether or not a cross stitch was appropriate for fine needlework, say a small pink rose on a beige background.

The grandmother got off at Fir, and a businessman carrying a leather briefcase hopped on.

"Hi there, how are you today," hollered Frank.

The businessman, a salesman accustomed to public speaking, promptly replied,

"Doing great. And yourself?"

That was Frank's cue.

"I'm doing fine. But I must admit, I'm a bit worried about the conflicting economic predictors. Housing starts are up, retail sales are down, and inflation is holding pat. I can't decide whether to put my money in a mutual fund or trying investing in land. Any opinions?"

"Well," replied the businessman, "I do like the look of some of those new mutual..."

I tuned out the noise, but it certainly appeared the busdriver was getting sound financial advice as he maneuvered through the traffic.

Finally, my stop was there. I climbed off the bus, and cast a last look at Frank the Busdriver. He was going strong, greeting new passengers, answering questions. You gotta love it.

Blair has really cheered up since dumping the work load on me.

And I have become progressively nastier to be around.

Coincidence? I think not.

-ed.

The Secret of Testosterone.

Kevin Murray
Imaginary Correspondent

My sister believes in fairies. She and her friends believe that they are "itsy-bitsy, teeny-weeny, cutesey" barbie-type girls with shiny wings and long curly hair that smelly "yummy" like fruit and tinkle like bells. According to Kat, they go around doing good deeds, helping others, being pint sized keeners and occasionally playing tricks. Poor confused Kat just doesn't understand that what she calls "fairies" are really "faeries" and are no more than wussy little tinkerbells (with all due respect to Tink).

Faeries are real. I've seen them and so have my friends. I know some of them well and talk to them quite often. No, I wasn't drunk at the time, and what I saw were not hallucinations caused by mixing my prescription medicine with some non-prescription drugs. Honest.

Faeries are small people usually. They're mainly male, wellish built, with sleek aerodynamic wings and clean, rugged good looks. Very few faeries are girls but those that are, are gorgeous: lean, well toned, strong, curvy and delicious! (not that I'd know of course but from what I've heard....) Kat was right on one account; Faeries generally do help us guys out and try to make us look good. But she's wrong with the why and the wherefore.

It all comes down to simple science, Biology in particular. Guys sweat and our sweat can have a strong "fragrance" associated with it. In the sweat are pheromones, some of which are derived from testosterone. Now every guy knows that other guys sweat and we accept the fact that we can be, well, smelly. Faeries, mostly being males, don't mind this smell and are in fact attracted to it, kinda like sharks are attracted to the smell of blood.

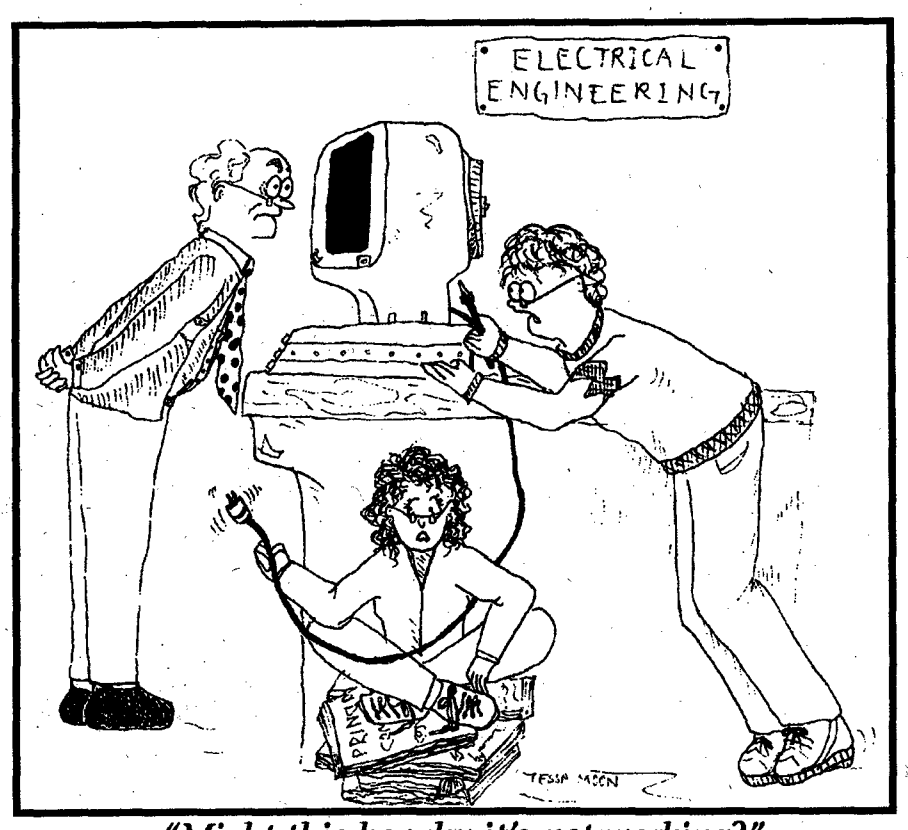
This has several very good benefits when one considers the physical properties of Faeries. They are small, really strong, get drunk really easily so they can't drink all your beer, can make themselves invisible and, understandably enough, like to help us look good in front of other people, especially girls. They also don't seem to mind chipping in to get the household chores done.

This is why we guys can appear so strong. Like last week, my girlfriend was getting a new couch and had to move the other out but she and three of her friends could barely lift it up, let alone try to get it down two flights of stairs. So she called me and one of my buddies to do it. We picked up the couch easily between the two of us and got it down the stairs without much difficulty. What they didn't see were a half dozen Faery buddies of ours underneath the couch helping us lift it up by using their wings so we could go around the corners. Neat, eh?

Now the kind of help that you get from the Faery folk depends on who you meet and how you treat 'em. You do have to be polite and give them a couple of gulps of beer at the beer gardens to keep them happy. The sporty Faeries will help you out with things like Storm-the -Wall so that you appear to fly throughout the running and biking parts of the course and soar over the wall. Mechanical Faeries help you out with fixing appliances or cars (it's amazing where and what their little hands can do. Handy Faeries help you out with chores. But all Faeries will help you get out of women trouble. It's a guy thing. Kat just doesn't understand...

We're all rather concerned for Kevin's overall mental well being and health. In fact, we just bought him a permanent room at Riverview. No view, tho. Strange.

-ed.



"Might this be why it's not working?"

Of School and Sheep.

John **HALLETT**

I think I'll just give up on school and farm sheep for a living. It's not that farming sheep is particularly all that difficult. Indeed, the mere fact that farming sheep can be tediously, mind-numbingly boring is what comprises most of it's appeal.

You see, I'm fed up with the cycle of work, study, test, and fail that seems to predominate my university career. A little farm in the country where the most stressful activity is the odd bleat would be idealistic and far more relaxing.

"Why sheep?" you ask. Well, the thing is, and I mean this with the best possible intentions, sheep are dumb as posts. Scratch that, it's an insult to posts. Most sheep are perfectly content to spend their entire lives standing in a group, being led around by dogs, shaven once in a while, and eventually turned into an attractive entree in a light cream sauce.

The most interesting part of the average sheep's day comes when it suddenly and rather unexpectedly encounters another sheep. The two sheep simply stare at each other for quite a time and try to figure out what, exactly, is this weird white thing in front of them. Sooner or later, the sheep is distracted by a particularly fascinating lump of clay or oddly coloured blade of grass and it wanders off, usually to encounter yet another sheep a few steps away.

Occasionally, the whole shock of discovering a wool laden mammal in their path is simply too much for the sheep and it just has to sit down and have a nice nap. This is the primary reason why sheep tend to stay in flocks and generally, as a rule, not move around too terribly much.

We are all familiar with the scene of a flock of sheep blocking a road in Ireland while the impatient American tourist honks their horn to no avail.

Sheep aren't bothered by little stresses in life and, in fact, are almost oblivious to any eminent danger they may be in.

Take the above example, for instance, angering and just generally annoying irate American motorists isn't the best life move. Especially when we consider that most Americans seem to show little respect for life forms that they consider inferior to themselves. You know: amphibians, cows, sheep, Canadians, and basically anything non-American. (Although, surprisingly, this group doesn't include the almighty Bald Eagle <insert flag waving and America The Beautiful here>) And also especially when you consider that most Americans seem to believe in their "God-given right" to have a personal arsenal large enough to safely conquer most of Upper Damascus in a single afternoon and still have time to catch the Disney matinee followed by 4:00 tea.

That is, if Americans drank tea.

For some strange reason, most Americans seem to like drinking excessive quantities beer, which compounds the reasons for not angering them and their collective weapons lockers. It'd all be okay if they drank good beer, but they seem to be stuck on that crappy 4% American stuff. (Why? Cuz it's American! That's why!)

But I digress, back to sheep. I can add the fact that farming sheep is un-American by definition to my list of reasons to do it. Sheep farming is a wholesome old-world lifestyle and has almost nothing to do with country music and/or guns.

In order to make my sheep farming go a little easier, I will need a farm. Preferably one with lots of green, rolling hills and maybe the odd stream and grove of trees. *<sigh>* Idyllic, isn't it?

What's missing? We've got the rolling hills, stream, trees, and maybe a simple cottage by a pond and a corral to put the sheep in. Oh yeah, we need sheep, don't we? Come to think of it, sheep would most likely be an unnecessary hassle. Unless this is the kind of sheep farming where you plant lambs 2 meters apart in spring and water them every second day for a few seasons.

(Pinky and the Brain flashback: "Brain, when you farm humble pigs, how far apart do you have to plant them?")

So maybe all I want is a sheepless sheep farm. Sadly, the last time me and my real estate broker conversed, there were absolute no listings for sheepless sheep farms. *<sigh>*

I could buy a normal sheep farm and eat lamb for a while. Mutton roasts every Friday and lots of time to knit more than a few comfy sweaters.

There's a problem with this. Sheep, as dumb as they are (although they aren't nearly as stupid as cows, who are content to stare straight ahead for the best part of their lives), tend to notice when you start knocking off one of their pals every night around dinner.

This makes for nervous sheep, which makes for stringy mutton.

I guess I'll have to let the sheep farm idea slip.

Maybe it's just as well. After all, there's a batch of finals around the corner just waiting for me to flunk them.

Dik Miller, Private Eye.

Derek K. **MILLER**

The story so far:
Former bass player Dik Miller is found over a dead body. Knocked unconscious after repeating the woman's dying word, "GoldenRye," he wakes up bound with dental floss in the underground bakery of an evil mastermind. According to bad-guy custom, the mastermind is about to reveal his plan for world domination before baking Miller into an enormous GoldenRye loaf. Makes a lot of sense, doesn't it? Now on with our tale.

"Okay," I said, woozy from the yeast fumes, "I understand that the GoldenRye is bread, and that for some reason it's going to Ottawa."

"Very good," said the evil mastermind.

I nodded. "The first thing I want to know is your name. Referring to you as 'the evil mastermind' in this story is pretty monotonous."

"My name..." He paused dramatically. "...is..."

Pause.

"... Doctor Baguette."

Pause.

I blinked.

Pause.

He looked at me for a moment.

"Mouahahahahaha," he added, somewhat half-heartedly.

"Doctor Baguette?" I asked.

"Yes. Mouahahahaha. Ha."

Pause.

"Seriously?"

"Indeed."

"That has got to be the stupidest name for an evil mastermind I've ever heard. Dr. No - yes, good. Darth Vader, wonderful. Even Cruella de Vil from 101 Dalmations, great!" I chuckled. "But 'Doctor Baguette'? You really don't want to know the mental image that gives me."

Baguette's face was red, his brow furrowed. A vein pulsed at his temple. He ground his teeth and drummed his fingers on a nearby railing. His cheek bounced from a nervous tic. Sweat dripped from his beaky nose. Small growling noises came from his throat, and I could see from the way his shoes moved that he was scrunching his toes spasmodically. I had the impression that he might be a tad angry.

"Er, but it does make me hungry," I added. "Mmm, mmm, takes me back to my student days in Paris-"

"Shut up!" Baguette bellowed. "I should dump you into the dough and be done with it!"

"Nuh, uh, uh, uh," I tisked, wagging my finger at him from my side, where it was unpinned by floss. "Remember the rules."

"Okay! Okay! The plan! Sheesh!" He mopped his brow with a cloth and began. "My organization is an underground group of renegade bakers. All of us had contracts with the federal government. Pastries for state dinners, rolls for Parliamentary lunches, erotic cakes for wild election-night parties, you know.

"Last year's federal budget had a little-known cost-cutting clause. They sacked all of us and contracted out to cheap-labour bakery cartels in the Far East and Latin America.

"We studied the new product coming from overseas and found it to be woefully substandard." He eyed me ominously. "You don't even want to know what their cream fillings are made from."

I winced at the mere thought.

Baguette was building up steam. "We tried to blow the whistle, but were the media interested? No! Plied with doughnuts and sandwiches and cinnamon twists by the politicians, they wouldn't even talk to us. Even Noam Chomsky wouldn't listen when I called him. And Ralph Nader was snarfing down a Costa Rican croissant as we spoke!"

While he railed, I was using my pinky to flip open my Dik Miller locket ring/tape demagnetizer/buzz saw.

"So we took matters into our own hands. I devised a recipe - the GoldenRye - which contains secret mind-altering chemicals and an ingestible radio receiver. Genetically engineered amino-acid strains implant themselves in the brains of those who eat it, enabling us to send subliminal coded messages so those people will do our bidding! And, incidentally, it tastes scrump-diddly-umptious."

I shook my head. "Astounding."

Baguette went on. "Initially the GoldenRye was very expensive, so we sent care packages only to the most important politicians: Preston Manning, Jacques Parizeau, Jean Chretien. Over the radio we played tapes encouraging them to say and do stupid things."

"Like proposing a return to corporal punishment, slagging ethnic voters, and grabbing some schnook at a Flag Day rally?"

"Yes!" he said. "Well, actually, Jean grabbed the guy on his own. But we could have told him to do that! Anyway, now we've managed to find a cheap way to make GoldenRye, and soon everyone will be under our control."

"And what will you make us do?" I asked.

"Simple. Eat bread, lots of bread - our bread. Not steak or beans, vegetables or cheese. Just bread, bread, bread! Mouahahahahaha!"

That inane laugh was getting to be too much. Time to act.

I activated my ring. After unintentionally demagnetizing the dental floss, I cut through it, bounding up from the bench. Before the stunned Baguette and his henchmen had time to react, I swung from a conveniently-placed overhead lamp and kicked two of the thugs into the bubbling dough below. I contemplated a Dik Miller Walloping Wombat roundhouse kick for the other pair, but decided that simply knocking their heads together a là Batman was more efficient. That left me and Baguette.

"So, time for the inevitable good-guy-bad-guy showdown," I said. He looked at me. Then he turned and ran, flailing his arms in the air and squealing like a five year old. It was so unexpected I froze until the access door slammed behind him.

"Way to go, Miller," I said to myself.

I knew he would be long gone if I tried to go after him, and besides, there's no room left in this story for a chase scene, so I lobbed a Dik Miller potato masher/semaphore translator/grenade into the dough and made a run for it myself. As the bakery went up in flames behind me, I knew that Baguette was now my new arch-enemy, and that we would, of course meet again. If only he didn't have such a stupid name. Oh well. Another "case closed" for Dik Miller, Private Eye.

Will Baguette be back meaner and tougher? Or will his psychotherapy bills prove to be too much for the super villain. Only time can tell.

Stay tuned for the next adventure from Dik Miller, Private Eye. Coming next fall to a newsstand near you.

-ed.

"Suddenly, Mona realized that she had fed her files and shredded the baby."

The next issue of *The 432* isn't coming soon...

The 432.

See y'all in September!

Unofficial Arts County Fair Theme Page.

The 432 Presents:
The Great Art s County Give-away!

Here's the deal:

Whoever answers the following questions best (note: best, not necessarily *right*) will receive an attractive Arts County Fair giftpack. This giftpack includes everything you need to make your day at the fair a memorable one:

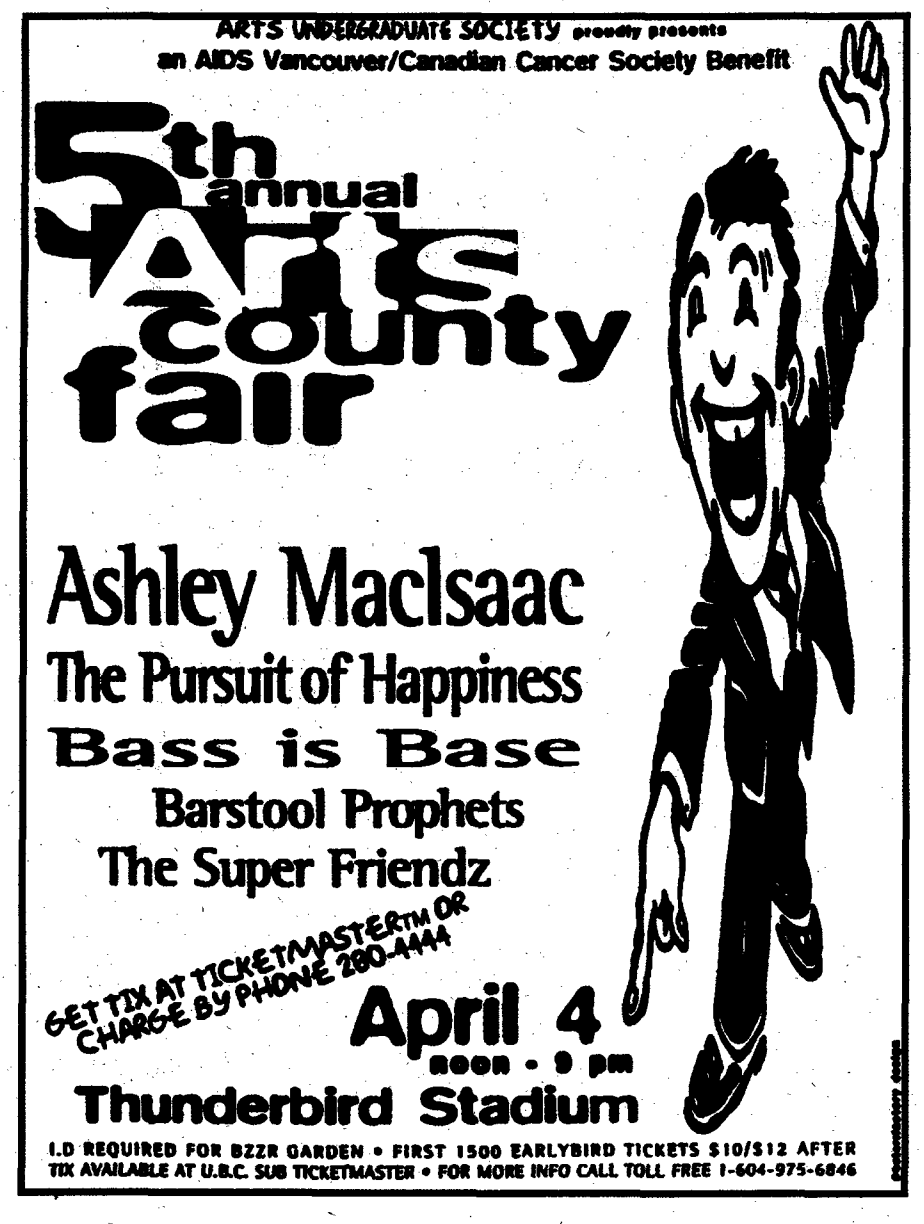
- **Two Arts County Fair tickets!**
- **Two Arts County Fair T-shirts!**
- **Two Arts County Fair Bzzr Mugs!**

All you have to do is answer four of the following questions to the best of your ability and return your answers to the **Science Undergraduate Society (CHEM B160)** by March 30th. Please include your name and phone number on your submission. The winner will be notified before April 1st.

The prize winner will be determined entirely on humorous merit of their submission. Everyone is eligible, so what do you have to lose?

The Questions.

1. Why?
2. Prove Fermat's Last Theorem in 300 words or less. Numbers may not be used.
3. If a horse is a horse, of course, of course. Then how does a bull fit into the picture?
4. Explain how the origin of the universe can be explained solely with the use of hand puppets.
5. What is the meaning of life? Be concise. Spelling counts.
6. How does a mommy and a daddy make a baby? (Please try and avoid terms that would cause a seven year old to say *"ewwwwww."*)
7. Explain your very own conspiracy theory. Explain all references to aliens from Rigel IV and JFK, where necessary. If required, include drawings and technical diagrams.



When your drinking at the fair, it's often hard to tell exactly how much you've had, and whether or not you're acting like a complete boob.

Almost certainly, all *really* embarrassing events can be traced back to the point in the night when you were offered one beer to many and thought "What the hell?"

When you're drunk, it's often difficult to determine when the next beer is the one that will convince you to strip naked and sing Irish drinking songs on the roof of Chemistry.

Wouldn't it be great if you had some sort of guide in your pocket that helped you to make these difficult decisions?

We at *The 432* have spent considerable effort researching the visual cues of drunkenness and have devised the following scale designed specifically for easy use.

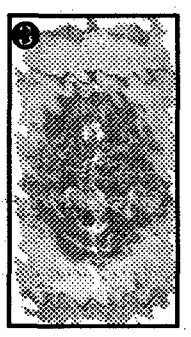
Instructions for use:

- Cut the following scale out and carry it with you to the fair.
- Examine your beer and/or cider container and compare what you see to the numbered pictures below.
- Read the corresponding text. This text will provide you with a summary of how you're feeling and, when required, instruct you on further alcohol related actions.

Remember: *Party responsibly and always keep in mind that throwing up in your friends lap is definitely* **not** *cool.*

❶ This is how your beer should look at the beginning. Everything is going fine, you have beer, and the sun is smiling success upon you.

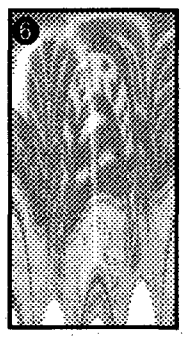
❷ After a few beer your can may start to look like this. This effect is known to the layman as "Beer Goggles." Don't be afraid, this is a perfectly natural response to a few beer. There are benefits, just check out the closest member of the opposite sex.



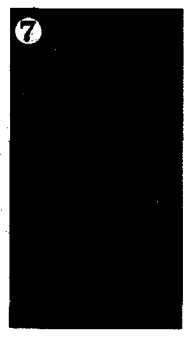
❸ You are well on your way to a legendary bender. You should be feeling pleasant all over and have a mild pain tolerence. Test this theory by trying to ignite your right forearm. If it burns without discomfort, a short drinking break is in order.

❹ The world is a great place to be. Start singing "It's a small world" and hug the nearest person to you. The object at this point is to keep in this stage of impairment. Don't go to far and don't lay off for too long.

❺ Now you've done it. You are too drunk. In fact, it's highly unlikely that you're even reading this yourself. So, to your kind friend: leave Mr./Ms. Irresponsible Drinker alone on the field unless you feel like mopping up puke.



❻ Um, you should really check the label on your "beer." You're probably not drinking beer at all; it's most likely that you have ingested some sort of LSD mixture. Oh well. Enjoy it while you can.



❼ You probably can't read this anymore, so forget it. You're going to come to without your wallet, shirt, pants, novelty beer hat, and you'll most likely be in a locked Biology building.

Power Tools and Bathroom Etiquette.

Jay GARCIA™

Well, it's the end of the year, and that brings with it it's own special set of circumstances. For instance, for the hard-core stimulant abusers among us, end-of-the-year time also means that, painful though it may be, it's time to get off the coffee habit in order for our later, finals-induced caffeine binges to actually take effect. After all, isn't it depressing when you go through nearly four bags of chocolate-covered coffee beans and find that your pulse doesn't even start racing like it used to. When this occurs, you know that the only recourse left in your effort to achieve chemical stimulation is to buy a single packet of instant coffee, add as much sugar as there is coffee powder directly to the opened packet, and toss the entire mess into your mouth, followed closely by a swig of (preferably hot) water. The taste alone should wake you up, to say nothing of the coffee content.

The end of the year is also a time for memories. Especially those extremely useful ones, such as the memory of your Christmas exams. Or the memory of all the long hours spent trying to get on to Telereg after Christmas break. Or the memory of the long hours spent pleading with a Prof. for admittance into their class, even though you may not have exactly passed a prerequisite or two, but you promise that you'll work really, really hard this term, and they won't regret letting you into their already packed classes, and boy, isn't that a lovely tie/dress that they've got on? These memories are such wonderful incentive for studying for your final exams. After all, there's no disciplinarian more inspiring (or demanding) than panic-drenched fear.

Of course, when you're not sweating out your addictions, locked inside your own bedroom with nothing but Al Jareau and Esquivel records to keep you company while your friends patrol your door, telling you all the while that "It's For Your Own Good" (as you rant and scream with extremely creative invective at them, calling into doubt their intelligence, physical attributes, or parentage), or if you've got a lull between fear-soaked studying and panic-stricken dreaming, then there's quite a few things that an over stimulated mind pushed to the edge of sanity can end up pondering. *(Congratulations, Jay, you've just invented the 100 word sentence. - ed.)*

Like, for instance, this entire "battle" between the sexes. I use the word "battle" loosely here, largely as one cannot accurately describe as a "battle" that which is more precisely a "rout". The entire battle concept is rather silly and frivolous, really, as both sides can neither gain, nor lose ground (at least not any more). Over the years, the ammunition of choice has moved from the heavy ordinance munitions such as Male Wilderness Retreats, The Glass Ceiling and Woman's Suffrage, to the relatively low-caliber but still damaging small arms such as Power Tools, Pantyhose and Bathroom Etiquette.

Bathroom etiquette. <brrr> Why is it that, whenever men are outnumbered at least two to one by women, the discussion invariably turns to this rather straightforward subject? What is there to discuss? When you Need to Go, you go. You (in the words of an over-used shoe commercial) just do it. But alas, all is not so simple as it might seem. There are other, "greater" considerations at stake here. Should the loose side of a roll of toilet paper be facing forwards, or backwards? Toothpaste cap on, or off? Toilet seat up, or down? It's this last one that's the sticking point, really. I can see why girls would be a bit testy if a midnight potty visitation ends up in an unintentional swimming session. But then, what about the hassle for the guys who have to put the seat up, each and every time? It takes no more effort for a girl to put down the seat as it does for a guy to put it up, but, for some obscure reason, the onus (and blame) is always on us.

Then again, to be fair, if there are twice as many guys as there are girls, the conversation does, at some point, devolve into power tools. Tools are, after all, one of our species' greatest accomplishments. Early man created tools to muck around with his environment. Power tools are simply a civilized way of causing even greater havoc to the local area.

And then there's the subject of pantyhose. Don't even get me started on pantyhose (and if I hear any of you making jokes about that statement, I'll handcuff you to a chair, glue your eyelids open and force you to watch hours of Jerry Lewis movies). The one overwhelming statement that I hear from girls who moan about the stuff is that "If they can send a man to the moon, why can't they develop a pantyhose that won't run?" This is often closely followed by the statement that "If men were forced to wear pantyhose for one day, just one day, then the next day we'd have runless pantyhose." Well, hey, if government and industry were willing to spend the same amount of money as they spent on the Apollo program, then yes, runless pantyhose would be a distinct possibility. Unfortunately, I doubt that even economies of scale could justify an umpteen-million dollar program whose end result is not the fabrication of extremely pure compounds, nor the placement of communications satellites in low earth orbit, but simply the peace-of-mind brought about by allaying the sensibilities of women everywhere.

Then again, if it gets them off our backs when it comes to power tools, then I'm all for it. Heck, I wouldn't mind petitioning the government for a ten-billion dollar program to develop runless pantyhose if it allows me to use my Black and Decker cordless reciprocating saw with fifteen-in-one drill bit attachments and handy-dandy Snakelight built into the grip.

PENULTIMATE
$5
YES! ONLY FIVE BUCKS FOR ALL YOU CAN DRINK. CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?
SUS (CHEM B160)
MARCH 29TH
4:32 - 8:00
GLASS BASH

Elvii.

Phil Ledwith

Strange but stable.

I've been watching too much late night television again. Watching too much late night television is bad for your synapses. There are only so many times you can see the home shopping network before your brain starts to lose content faster than an episode of Baywatch.

Late night television is sometimes referred to as graveyard television, because at 4am practically everything turns monotone grey. Like the matter that used to be stuck firmly between your ears. I know that somewhere out there is an individual every bit as sad as I am, who knows I am not making this up. They, too, have seen the psychic network, and they may even have dialed the 1-800 numbers. Sadly, however, clairvoyants and horoscope readers rarely know anything about partial differential equations.

It's weird how obsessed people can become with such little details as happiness, success and personal destiny. Take psychic fairs. Even better, take your girlfriend to psychic fairs. I did, once ago in the dawn of my youth that no one remembers now. You have the usual run-of-the-mill horoscope guys, a few tarot card readers, and a palmist or two.

Notice that the future is only ever contained in socially acceptable body parts. You don't see too many foot sole-ists, and no one's ever going to ask you if you ever had your kneecaps read. I could go on, and I'm really tempted too, but John keeps reminding me that this is not that sort of paper. Anyway, there's all those guys who know how your life will unfold by counting the hairs in your left nostril and cross referencing against the weight of your earlobe wax. And then there's the numerologists.

On average, there are two babies born every second in the western world. On Elvis Presley's birthday, therefore, we could expect 172,800 babies to be born, of which one in two thousand will have the Presley surname. that's 86.4 potential Elvis Presley's, born on the same day as Elvis, every year, or roughly 5200 Elvii in the last sixty years. The government should keep tabs on these people. There should be an X file on them. Just think, numerological theory predicts that these people will lead the same life as Elvis. How many of them currently work in seven eleven stores? Or as fridge repairmen? How many of the Elvii have been spotted by Ms. Perivale of Albuquerque on her fridge? People need to know these things.

I could go on at great length about Ion showers, and "Scientifically evaluated personal projection auras", but I think you get the point. (Incidentally, my beloved editor just pointed out that there are 172,800 candidates for the reincarnated soul of Elvis, as this is also the number of babies born the day he died. Someone alert the press.) To cut a long story off at the knees, my girlfriend and I wandered around one of these testaments to human inventiveness for over three hours, at the end of which all we really learned was that she got really stoned and giggly when exposed to krishna incense sticks. This would actually have made it worthwhile in my view, but the eternal happiness predicted to us by eight or nine independent experts lasted about another three weeks.

We're all obsessed by the future. It doesn't matter if you have a team of fifty Harvard Ph.D.s all using carefully hand-crafted programs on their Cray two's to forge a detailed projection of the next fifty years stock reports. It could just as easily be all the meteorologists in southern California giving precise estimates of the weather patterns for the next five weeks. Or just some guy that spins a carrot out in his back garden as soon as he recovers from last night's hangover *(huh? -ed.)*. The principle is the same. We love to know what's coming, in fact we love it so much that we barely have any time for what's going on right now.

Watching society at work is a bit like watching some poor paralytic idiot carefully concentrating on the bathroom door as he smashes into the coffee table. Or occasionally like watching a stone cold sober friend walk backwards into a bus stop as he watches his drunken friends careen about the sidewalk. Except of course that society doesn't have legs, to speak of, or drunken friends. And society never needs to use the bathroom.

Come to think of it, they are almost completely unalike. I think it all has to do with not being too fond of the present. With all the wars and earthquakes and oil slicks happening right now, it's understandable that we should want to focus on something a little less present, such as whether or not Atlantis is ever going to rise again. Global warming is obviously far too immediate a problem for the French, who are busy seeing what the future looks like with a nuclear winter in it. On the more immediate front, we have midterms and finals and soaring poverty. We have another week of Kraft Dinner and term papers written from notes that were obviously the product of some other individual of questionable sanity. Still, I'm sure they will make a lot of sense after I've seen a few more episodes of Night Court and Baywatch. Maybe a couple of Letterman re-runs, and an hour or six of Jerry Springer. And if they don't I can always phone up Madame Futura, and ask her if she knows the questions on the final. Anything but actually go to sleep.

We're convinced that Phil is escaped from a mental institute of some sort. It scares us.

-ed.

X-Don.

Donald Rhee

Columnist.

There has been a lot of UFO activity in the skies above as of late and I cannot help but think that it would be cool to be an X-Files agent. I also think that somewhere up there "they" are laughing at us pathetic humans for all our follies and maybe also reading the latest copy of the Ubyssey and laughing harder than ever. Perhaps there is intelligent life out there after all.

Investigating freaks and phantoms, aliens and phenomena, serial killers and magical trinkets together with an super-intelligent red-haired gun-wielding doctor-coroner agent named Scully... where do you sign up?

However it appears that it is not written in the stars for me to be a cannon-toting investigative agent as I get really queasy at the first sight of blood and probably couldn't even shoot a chipmunk on a fake pink flamingo if my life depended on it.

That is not to say that I could not be an investigatee instead of investigator. Some problems quickly come to mind though.

1. I cannot and it appears never will be able to control time and space. "No duh" you say but for ten minutes last week I really really believed that I could. Had some cosmic force intervened to align with my thoughts and transport myself into the future and coincidentally somewhere beside my soon to be completed term paper then perhaps there would be some cause for public concern. Time travel is a funny thing though because if I don't write my paper now then how will I be able to pick it up at some later date? This leads to the second observation that...

2. I am not omnipotent in any way shape or form. It seems I cannot make a term paper appear out of midair and place itself on my desk instantaneously at the slightest of whims. Closing my eyes did not help nor did the fact that I had not even picked a topic for the paper yet.

3. I am not even capable of simple mind reading or mind shifting. And believe me it's not for a lack of trying. I do harbour the suspicion that my professor was actively blocking my attempts using his own mind-reading powers and thus my attempt at changing the due date for my paper was foiled. Clearly I have not developed this power enough since no one on the bus home from school seems to respond to my mental requests for psychic conversation. Closing my eyes while chanting in order to reach a meditative state also did not help.

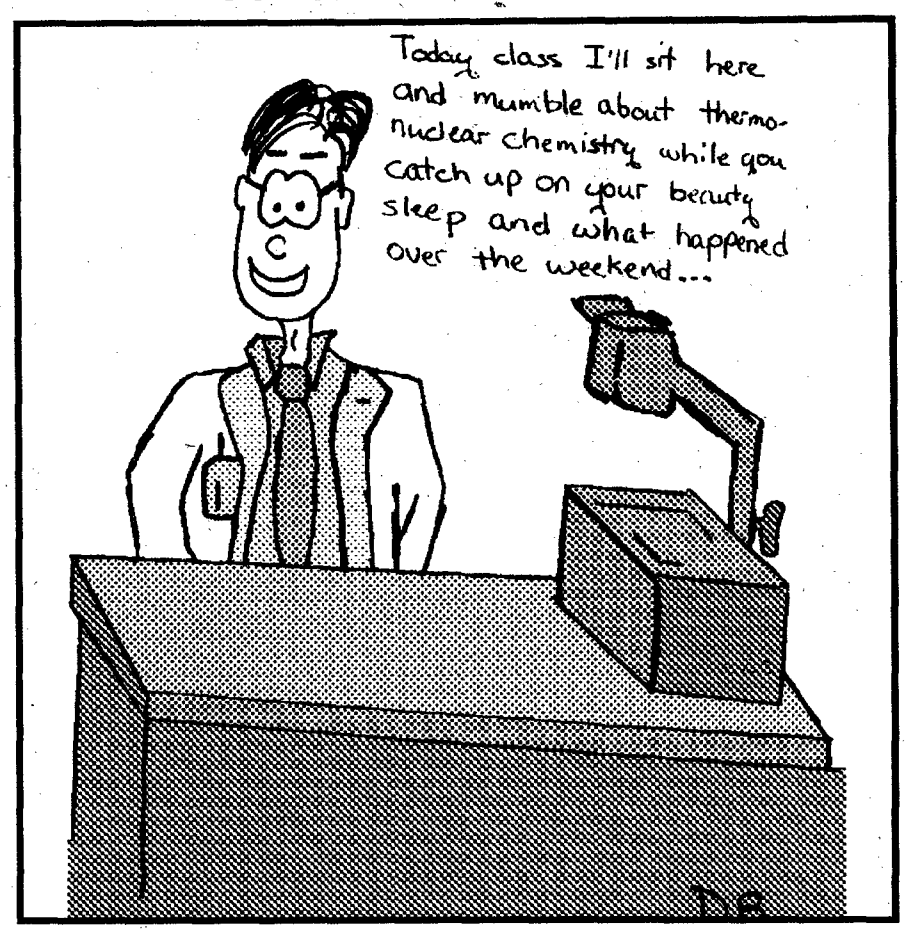
It appears that I was not exposed to enough radiation as a kid for my molecular structure to be altered. Although our twenty-two year old Zenith color TV that I have been looking at for the past twenty years has been known to glow in the dark.

And increasingly it appears that I am just a normal student in a normal university in a normal city with slightly abnormal parents and friends. But then who doesn't live in a normal city.

Just your average guy with term paper due tomorrow hopefully wishing that his future self beams in from the future ASAP with term paper in hand. But knowing the inherent difficulties of time travel my future self will probably pop in sometime next week during an important phone call and knowing me he will probably leave it on his desk and forget to bring it.

Don is one of those guys that manages to get no reaction by dropping his disk off wrapped in a six-pack holder. We just expect it from him.

-ed.



Truth in lecturing.

Messing with Reality.

Steve Fukada
Columnist.

For a minuscule, two-dimensional slice of time, I was a happy camper. When that pathetically microscopic moment was smashed into a fine powder by reality, I ceased to be a happy camper. The campground has since been wiped off the face of the earth, along with every disgustingly contented, vapid-eyed creature that had ever lived there.

Wouldn't it be great if you got stuck in a perfectly constructed dream world? Haven't you ever had one of those dreams where everything was working as you had always envisioned it - COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO! COCK-A-DOODLE DOO! "Noooo!" (That's me waking up at 6:00 A.M. to the sound of my Kellogg's Corn Flakes Special Offer Alarm Clock.)

There's been talk of a new tennis centre (the indoor variety, if I heard correctly) at or near the Thunderbird courts. Yesterday I was there. I was actually inside the brand new Thunderbird Indoor Tennis Centre, practicing my backhand passing shots with Pete Sampras.

Actually, I couldn't do a backhand passing shot no matter what the motivating factor, and the tennis centre (reported in September to be in its advanced planning stages, and to be in operation in late January 1996) doesn't exist. If I had never woken up, I could probably have led the Canadian Davis Cup team to victory, won every Grand Slam tournament, and made millions by now. But thanks to a noisy chunk of plastic and metal, I will never get a chance to be the best tennis player in the world. Reality really sucks!

I'd like to lose touch with reality more often, quite frankly. I'm working on it, and the practice seems to be paying off very nicely. Here's the basic technique for making the wild leap off the Sanity Bridge and plunging into the shallow waters of Insanity. (Gee, there are lots and lots of jagged rocks down there!)

First, take a long walk. The Engineering cairn to Buchanan works very well for me. Now don't talk to anyone! Don't wave to people, and don't look at anything for more than two seconds unless you can do so without thinking about it. If none of this is making sense to you, then I'm succeeding wonderfully. You, however, are thinking that I'm quite nuts.

Start separating yourself from where you are. Imagine that you are anywhere other than where you really are. (Remember, I'm trying to explain how you can enter R.E.M. sleep while walking from the cairn to Buchanan without crashing into anybody, so keep in mind that this isn't easy to demonstrate.) Next, talk to yourself, but don't do it out loud. Otherwise, you might as well be crashing into people. Talk to yourself in your head and SEE the other people talking to you. Use your mind's voice to emulate the voices of the people you are talking to. (ie: you're supposed to see and hear other people who aren't really there, but you're actually talking to yourself.) The illusion ought to be reaching the point of realism where it feels like you're in a Star Trek holodeck.

You are now ready to enter the final stage. I have never actually reached this state of, ahem, alternate reality, but I have theorized its existence for a while. The final stage is reached when you see inanimate objects and can physically manipulate them. This can be reached easily during actual sleep, but due to social constraints, you can't reach out into thin air and start gesturing like a mime. This would be akin to moving your lips while talking to yourself.

And that's all there is to it. Only two people in history have ever made it to the third stage, and only one of these two has actually lived his entire life in the final stage. To know about the first person, I highly recommend the movie entitled 'Brazil'. The other one of course, is Calvin, of the Calvin and Hobbes comic strip. If you have problems entering stage one, try following birds on the ground, while imagining that you're flying above them, or walk past people quickly, making car noises as you pass them, until you see the checkered flag. Keep checking the rearview mirror in case someone is gaining on you.

Steve is one of those columnists that I've never met for any length of time.

Much like the mystery with Jeremy earlier this year, I just sorta find his disks in the submissions drawer when deadlines role around.

-ed.

A Bed of Crocuses.

Nicola **JONES**

I think that its purely a scientific fact: women's bodies are more beautiful than mens. In all honesty, don't you think so? I mean, we're talking voluptuous curves versus sharp angles, soft smooth bits versus rough and scarred ones. Women's bodies are just plain better proportioned, with half the interesting bits up and half of them down. And really, who wants to see some completely strange and obviously ego-filled guy prancing around a strip bar naked - well, some people I guess, but not too many. Not nearly as many as would ogle at a female in the nude. So it's definitely an established fact.

So why, begs the question, am I attracted to men? Why do I have boyfriends? Why would I just plain never want to kiss a girl?

I'll apologize now for bringing something up that not everyone would want to read about - but spring is in the air. The sun is warm and the music loud in the concrete heat trap outside the sub. Daylight is gracing the Earth for more than 12 hours in a stretch, and even the crocuses are sitting up to take notice. Landscapers are out in full force, knocking on nature's door and asking her to come out and play. Even the rain feels fresh now instead of just plain wet. And couples are everywhere - walking, talking, holding hands, quickly running home when the, wonderfulness of it all gets to be too much.

I love to see a little bit of affection now and then - a little cuddle, a hug, a kiss. My roommate often sees a 50ish couple walking around campus holding hands on sunny days. That's just plain nice. The moaning and groaning in the crocuses behind the landscaping crew is something I don't particularly think adds a lot of happiness to my day, but a little affection gives my heart a little smile.

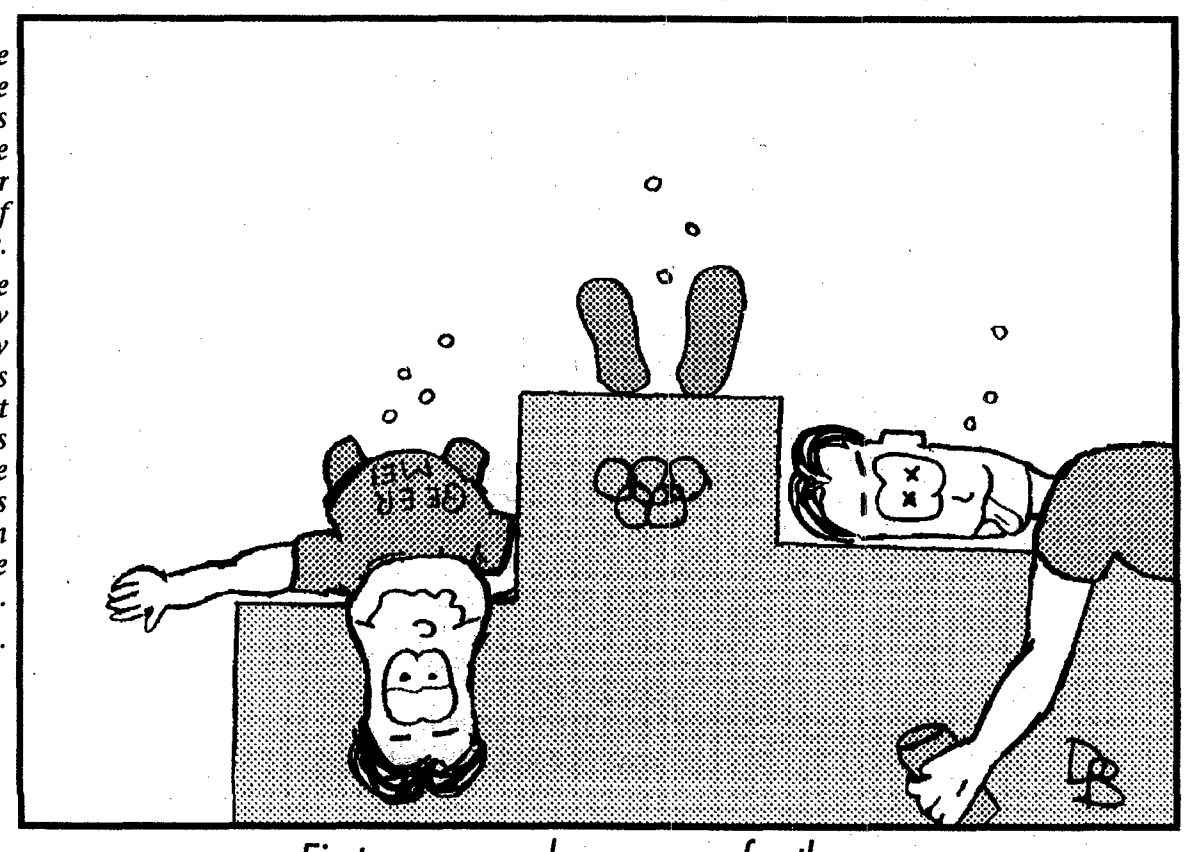
So it's nice to see that with all the layers of winter clothes getting shoved back in the cupboards, there's no room left for secrets and things are coming out of those closets left, right and center.

I've always known that there must be gay couples (and singles for that matter) on campus. At times I've seen people holding hands or giggling and wondered. But in all honesty I've never actually seen the firm proof till this Monday - that warm sunny Monday when spring was in the air - when I actually saw two girls cuddling. Cuddling. That's cute. And I'll say that for the first time seeing this, I handled it remarkably well. I saw, quickly and pointedly looked away, told myself it was silly to look away and looked back, got dizzy from all the looking and relooking, ran into a bed of crocuses and fell flat on my face.

So I got up, ignoring the noises coming from further back in the flower bed, shamefully kept walking with my head down, told myself not to be silly, looked up and smiled at the couple, picked a crocus out of my hair and ran home.

Fairly well done, I thought.

So in honour of spring, and in honour of all the singles and couples out there who have noticed the warming weather, I'd like to announce that I'm quite definitely attracted to men. Let that make me what it will, I'm not ashamed to admit it. And if anyone finds the watch I somehow lost in a crocus patch, could they return it to SUS?



First ever awards ceremony for the new Olympic sport of boat racing.

The hacks ramble on...

-Tracy MacKinnon

Penticton Peach

The last issue of the 432 for the 95-96 school year - and I've made all the deadlines! Hurrah! A couple of interesting things are coming up. Firstly, the constitutional amendments regarding which clubs can vote, which clubs receive funding and how they receive funding will have gone to council by the time you read this article (those wonderful few of you who actually read the Drawers of SUS).

(Later: I just thought I'd let you know that it passed so Pre-Med, Pre-Dent, Pre-Opt, SOS can now vote and receive funding from SUS - Tracy)

At our last council meeting of the year on 28 Mar 96, we'll have turnover and the incoming executive will take over. We'll also have goodies like apple turnovers (get it? Turnovers for the turnover meeting). Hee Hee. Look I've been drinking, give me a break. At that meeting we'll also be appointing some ex-officio postions such as Lounge Manager and assistants, Sales Manager, Sales Bookkeeper, Sales Marketing Coordinator, Sales Special Orders and Bzzr Buyer (which consists of going to the liquor store and buying beer). *(Make that almighty bearer of the bzzr - ed.)* We will also be appointing one General Officer which is a voting council position. If you're interested in any of these positions please let me know as soon as possible - you can find me in Chem 160 for those silly people who aren't sure where to find me.

On Mar 96 we'll be having our **Penultimate Class Bash** in the office from 4:32-8 pm in SUS. It costs $5 for all you can drink or its free if you're not drinking. I expect not to remember much of it so it should be a blast!

Looks like that's the end of my 432 contributions this year. I can't do my memories of SUS as I'm sure Anna is doing, since I'll still be around for another year so I think I've run out of pertinent things to say. Enjoy your summer (and graduation if you've been here for 4-7 years). See you next year!

Tracy is the one constant on any production run. I come in at 4:32pm, Wednesday to find her article at the only one on the computer. <Sigh> It makes an old editor smile.

-ed.

Fahreen Dossa

SoCo, not SoHo, CoHo or YoYo

Ah the sorrow. It's that time of year again. Stocking up on the ol' coffee (or whatever other stimulant does it for you), digging up those ol' notes from last term you'd shoved deep into the recesses of your desk/closet/shelf (or under your bed in certain cases), and preparing for the long, sleepless nights of cramming that traditionally mark the start of final exams.

Well, this year we at SUS thought we'd cut you a deal. Freshen up your mind a bit before those exams hit. If you're wanting to work hard but play harder, SUS is where it's at. The solution to exam-stress is called simply the **Penultimate Class Bash**. Friday night, SUS lounge, $5 - all you can drink; be there.

Short and sweet - that could pretty much end this report. But it won't.

This is my last official report as soco (insert hurrahs and sincere sighs of relief from yours truly). Not that it's been such a terrible job - quite the contrary to be honest. From Oktoberfest and the X-mas party to the Science Week Dance and the No Class - well, it's been a blast. But it'll be kinda nice to hand over some of the responsibility for promoting the drunkenness of UBC to a fresh and eager successor...Enjoy Mikey!!

Two final thoughts-to-share come to mind as I nostalgically prepare to lay down this soco-exec-report-writing-pen for good. The first, well, Sweden beckons (btw, the Swedes have an, er...interesting...vocabulary. Did you know the word for "after-party" is "sexa" while the word for "soco" is "sexmastare"? I tell ya, me an' my right hand gang had quite the chuckle over that one...).

So anyway, I guess I won't be seeing y'all around next year, which may be all for the best since my second piece of news is this: John, there was an accident the other night at the sawmill, and well, to put it bluntly, Frank the Lumberjack is dead. Now I realize this inconveniences the both of us - me for my articles and you for your biweekly free bzzr, but feel free to attend the funeral at the mill. He's being buried in sawdust (upon explicit request - go figure). Personally, I was thinking of sending some flowers to remember all the good times...from Sweden.

Frank will be sadly missed.

-ed.

Jay Garcia

Bitter Vice President

"This is the end, this is the end, my friend, the end." Jim Morisson. American Poet. Pretty much the approximation of the cessation of a period of time of which the less said, the better. My term as Internal Vice is over, and I'm handing the Party Whip job over to my energetic heir apparent, the inimitable Henry Wong.

It's been an interesting eight months. More in the Chinese sense of the word, really, but what a time it's been. Student government is highly over-rated, but it's an experience that shouldn't be missed. If at all possible, run for some kind of student government position. It'll be the most enlightening, infuriating and entertaining time of your life. Personally, I wouldn't do it twice, but that's just me. But other people are doing it again next year (look at our Prez and our Exec Sec), so it must be a fun job. Then again, maybe it's just SUS. We're probably the most easy-going Undergrad Society on the campus, (we're not as political as Arts or as fanatical as Engineering). Anyway, as I'm not coming back next year in any function whatsoever, (except maybe as a columnist for this beloved rag, if I can be convinced to hang out in the Science Undergrad Society room, which, for scholastic reasons, I'm going to avoid like the plague) so I figured that I'd take the Roman Gladiator option. We who are about to die will take as many of you kicking and screaming with us as we can.

But I'll be nice... more or less.

First off, thanks to all you guys who came out to Beyond First Year. This event gets even better with every year. Congratulate yourself, folks, for participating in an event which helps, in its own minuscule ways, to contribute to school spirit on campus.

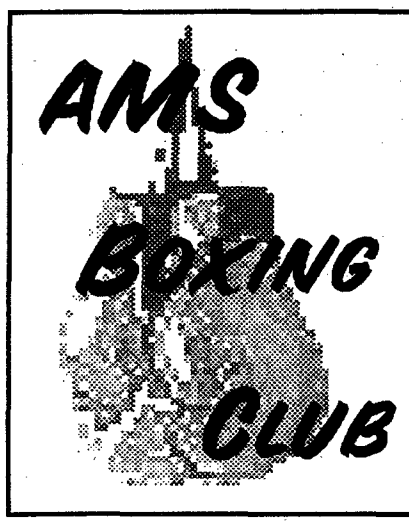
A hearty raspberry for those of you who didn't care enough to vote in the Science election. Only 230 students voted, and out of a 4,500 member faculty, having less than a 5% showing is inexcusable.

And then there's the other exec, without whom everything would have different. Muchos kudos to superanna!™ for really being a sweetie and helping out a poor befuddled me in my moments of crises (and believe me, there were many).

Good luck to all of the new exec, and I hope you guys have fun. Personally, I thank all my guardian archons that I'm not going to be around to miss the fracas, but I'm saying that's because it's the end of the year and I've seen far too much fracas.

And to you students out there who are balancing on the fence of non-involvement, get off yer bloody duffs! Life's too bloody short, and it's terribly unentertaining if you don't get involved in your environment.

Anyway, I've been rambling for too long. In the words of the ever-wise Ramones, Adios Amigos!



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Ricki (LIKE) FASHION REPORT

LIKE, THOSE CLOTHES YOU RE WEARING ARE, LIKE, SO FIVE-MINUTES-AGO! LIKE, YOU BELONG ON A DONAHUE FASHION DEFICIENCY SHOW. LIKE, EW.

YOU NEED, LIKE, SCIENCE WEAR. LIKE, CHECK THIS OUT:

LIKE, POLAR FLEECE	**$67.00**
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LIKE, BASEBALL CAP	**$12.00**
LIKE, SUS SHIRT	**$10.00**

WHAT ARE YOU, LIKE, WAITING FOR? GERALDO TO MAKE, LIKE, A COMEBACK? LIKE, GET DOWN TO SUS, CHEMB160.

and on and on...

Bella Carvalho

External Vice

Well, here it is, folks. My last ever report as the External Vice-President. *<sniff>*

Back in first year, when I first got sucked into SUS, a whole, full week into school, I never thought I'd do this much. I just filled out a little first year rep ballot and went on my merry way. Then I met John and Jesse. It was kinda neat knowing there were people out there weirder than me, so I stayed. I learned a lot in first year, not the least of which was don't play Twister with really big guys, and don't hold a dance on Pit night.

This last year in SUS has probably been the best, though. Not that I didn't enjoy being Sports Chick, but right from back in April when I took over the position of External VP, things started to get interesting. I knew what kind of year was in store for me from the moment at the turnover when I had bzzr spilt all over me and cake smeared across my face. *(Funny, we seem to have pictures of Bella in all sorts of poses, but not this one. -ed.)*

It set the tone for the year. Since then, there have been bzzr gardens that I remember, and pictures that I don't. It was the year I was first tanked, and also the first time I was tanked by proxy...the second is much preferable (thanks Hiro!). I was kicked off AMS council, asked to guard a large piece of plastic overnight, and I attempted a few coups over the course of the year, but none were successful, unfortunately.

What I consider to have been the most important part of this year, though, was Science Week. After months of planning and hard work from my committee, I come in to school to find snow everywhere. A few of the events were canceled because of it, but most were able to go on. Also, Chris Carter, who had agreed to be the honourary president for the week, was called away to Las Vegas, leaving us president-less. But, despite the many barriers in the way, Science Week was a success, having started out with some strange, unknown force filling the Engineering Tanking pond with gravel. It was an act of kindness, I'm sure, as the Engineers really did need to fix up that old parking lot behind the Cheeze. The following two weeks during which the SUS exec were on tanking warning had a few of us swimming in warm chlorinated aquatic centre water, or gently laid down in the soft pillowy snow. Needless to say, none of the engineering clubs won the keg which was offered to the club to tank the most of us.

Science Week also brought us Instabzzr™, one of the greatest inventions of mankind (unfortunately invented by an engineer, but we'll just ignore that). Unfortunately, said invention seems to have corrupted a few of our more innocent SUS fellows, but such are the chances we take when procuring new goodies for the office.

Over the last couple of years, I have really enjoyed myself here. Time has taught me a few things that I would like to share with you all. Studying does not necessarily mean passing, and not studying does not mean failing. Steam tunnels are cool, but roofs are cooler. Maelstrom can be considered a study aid. Don't spill an engineer's beer. Libraries can be completely avoided, even when writing a research paper. Term papers can be written in under 2 hours. It is never too late to show up to class. It is never too early to leave class. It's easier to ask for forgiveness than to ask for permission. Don't drink the chem water... it kills fish. The Pit really lives up to it's name. It's OK to drink beer before 10 in the morning. Don't send e-mail if you've had too much caffeine and sugar. Never skip class without a good reason. Anything is a good reason to skip class. No matter what you're intentions, you wont just drink tea at a house party. Any deadline can be extended. Chocolate-covered coffee beans are not an appropriate lunch. And, of course, the most important thing you can possibly learn in University: Science Holds the Power!

Like I said, this is my last article. I hope at least a few people out there took the time to read the ramblings of an old SUS hack. I just wanted to take this opportunity to thank a few special people. Jess-even though she's not here this year, was one of the reasons I got so involved in SUS in the first place...thanks. All the exam crowd over the last 3 years - we may not have gotten much studying done, but the information we learned was overwhelming! And of course, all the SUS exec this year...it was fun working with you guys, you were great.

Which is worse: Ignorance or Apathy?

Who knows? Who cares?

Anna Carvalho

Now setting the record for longest 432 article in history

I'm not sure what to say. Ordinarily, I would just jot down whatever is going on in the world of Public Relations, and, barring that, I would tell you about my pathetic little life. But this report is not as easy, you see, because it is my last one. Ever.

The road since I was elected PRO last March has at times been a touch rocky. That whole inadvertent graduation thing really threw me for a loop, and I kinda-sorta-maybe resigned. But the SUS was nice enough to welcome me back and I have tremendously enjoyed being able to fulfill my term in office.

There are a couple of highlights that I'd like to reflect on (yes, let the old lady of SUS bore you with her memories...I suppose there is a reason they call me grandma). The first is the SUS United Way Campaign. Although we fell just a *touch* short of our goal, we still succeeded in raising more than 7 times our previous total. Once again, thanks to the many who helped sell tickets and to all who contributed to the campaign.

Another highlight has been "Bork! Bork! Bork!" You just can't beat getting to yak on the radio, every week, about whatever you want. I've noticed a trend over the year in increased listenership: at first, I couldn't even buy a listener. Now, every once in a while, I hear a group of guys "borking", and people out there (and not only the ones that I coerce into listening) have actually heard of the show. I believe this is right on track of the SUS mandate to make the activities of the society known to the membership and the campus at large. So I done good while fluffing my own ego on air.

By far the most noticeable change that's come to SUS has been the Instabeer™ machine. It's not as if we had a problem with people not hanging out in the office enough. Now they've got a *reason* to stay. Some of the non-drunkards around here are still debating whether or not to count this amongst the successes. But hey, we all need a legacy to leave, and if mine be drunken debauchery of the Science Undergrad Office, then so be it.

I'm still not quite in retirement mode. Even though turnover is a mere week away, I'm still trying to finish off a couple of projects. At deadline time the SUS mailing list is still in the works, but it should be up and running in no time. If you'd like to be a part of it, keep an eye on the ubc.sus newsgroup or email me directly (annacarv@unixg.ubc.ca).

As summer approaches, the scramble for that elusive pays-well-but-still-gives-me-time-to-go-to-the-beach job intensifies. If you're looking for something remotely science-related, come into Chem 160 and have a look at our job board. New postings should be arriving approximately every week, so do keep checking back.

And, well, that's about it in the world of Public Relations. It's been a blast, and it was a great end to what's been an incredible three years.

Nowhere else on earth would I have learned the arts of extortion, breaking and entering, lying, theft, spontaneous midnight "redecorating" of the Cheeze, embezzlement, and all while learning to appreciate the subtleties between beers.

SUS has, quite literally, been home to me. I'm going to miss all the baby hacks who've shown up to carry on the tradition of just hanging out in the office all day (alas, I've trained you well...). I'll miss being superanna!™ (although I'll not miss my cape, seeing as I still haven't found one yet). I'm going to miss FWoS (I *still* can't believe that caught on). I'll miss the buds I've made clear across campus, all those Artsies and Geers (I've no delusions that any of you will care one whit about me once I'm no longer in power...<sniff>). I'll miss Instabeer™.

Aw, geeze, I'm getting all misty-eyed just thinking back on all the great times I've had and how much I'm going to miss being the resident hack around here. Nobody likes a teary retrospective... let me just take a minute to compose myself.

...

OK, I'm back. I've now got a half-empty (man, I'm such a pessimist.

Continued on page 12. Who'da thought she had this much breath?

Mikey Boetzkes

Not an alcoholic. Really.

Hi, my name is Mike and I'm an alcoholic. Yeah, I think that's why I got nominated for the position of SoCo, and since everyone else feared my unending wrath no one else ran against me. This means that now I have to sit down and write all these reports that no one ever reads, yeah that means YOU! Well since taking over the position of SoCo I have done .... well... nothing really, but I guess that's mainly because I haven't taken over yet, but oh well. When I do, or possibly sooner, I plan on getting a couple of keg pumps for SUS to help us all in our never ending quest for more bzzr.

But until then the only temporary resting place for our quest would be in SUS (Chem B160) on Fri. March 29 for Penultimate Class Bash, where for a mere $5 you can drink all you want.

See you there.

Now Showing in Chem...

Jeremy THORP

Each and every student at this fine institution we call 'university' pays approximately six dollars for every class they do or do not attend. In other words, we pay about the admission price for a cheap movie every time we go to class. A somewhat crappy movie, with no popcorn, wooden seats and a very small chance of a car chase, but a movie nonetheless.

In my mind, university classes can be fairly accurately compared to foreign films — society tells us they are good, all your friends tell you they are good, but in reality they suck. Classes are exactly the same. There are no big name actors, no understandable plot, and no trailers. To make matters worse, it's a rarity in higher education to find a lecture with subtitles. The university, however, has a captive audience. We don't understand the classes, we don't usually like the classes, but we have no other choice. It doesn't matter how inconvenient the show times are, It doesn't matter how many times we've seen the show — we're still going go. And, even if we don't go, they still get the money. When was the last time you decided not to go to a movie, and still had to pay? It's called a monopoly, folks, and you've just landed on luxury tax.

This whole movie thing is not necessarily a bad thing, however. The university just has to accept the fact that they are a corporation, and go from there. Concession stands outside classes would be a start. They could sell popcorn in unrealistically-depicted containers, accompanied by watered-down cola products, and I'd be the first one reaching for my wallet. Throw in some action scenes, install comfy theatre chairs and surround-sound speakers — we're talking a high tech, multimedia educational experience. Hire some big name actors to make cameos, throw in some morphing, and add a smattering of frontal nudity, and I'll bet beers vs. beans that attendance would skyrocket.

Of course, we'd still have the problem of class sizes. Lectures halls with capacities in triple digits should be outlawed. Blame it on fire regulations, poor air circulation, or mob-induced violence, I don't care — big classes are about as conducive to student interaction as genital warts. In my opinion, this problem stems back to our junior high school years. In junior high, the only time we ever congregated in groups larger than thirty students was during assembly. We'd all be herded the gymnasium/auditorium by our teachers, arranged in neat groups, and promptly instructed to shut up. Students who chose to speak during assembly were 'asked' to leave, and those who actually had the nerve to ask a question were severely chastised. This brings us back to our current academic situation.

Crowding into a large auditorium results in somewhat of a flashback — we're taken back to our tortured days of youth, and no matter how much we try, we cannot interact. The teacher can ask the easiest question in the world — they could ask us our name, and we'd be too petrified to answer. Deep down in our minds, you see, we're all back in junior high, crowded into the gym, with the principle staring directly at us. We know the answer. We /want/ to answer the question — but we can't. If we do, we'll have garbage duty, and all of the other kids will laugh at us.

So here we all are, stuck in some sort of a depraved hybrid between Il Postino and an assembly with a motivational speaker. And, to make matters worse, we're paying for it. What can we do? Nothing. We have no choice. We have to play this game, and there's no way to win. Pretty depressing, really. University is, however, like a movie, and like any picture show there will be an ending. The credits will roll, and we'll circulation will eventually return to your buttocks. You just have to make sure that you're the closest one to the door when the lights come back on.

Jer is one of those people that continues to baffle the entire department of Psychology.

They just have to learn that Jer is... well, Jer. And that's about it.

-ed.

Anna Carvalho

Still rambling on from page 11

Let's call it half-full) can of Spring Pale Ale beside me (courtesy of the aforementioned Instabeer™ <plug, plug>), and I'm waiting for the liquid cheer to kick in.

A lot has happened in the past three years. Many things I can't write about, simply because, quite frankly, I enjoy staying dry. A lot of things hold special memories, but would mean nothing to any of you out there, so I'll spare you. Out of those memories, though, do come some very useful little life lessons and guidelines: you can type 8 weeks worth of council minutes over lunchtime; dodging the United Way is trickier than you would think; sending raunchy email while on a caffeine high is a bad idea; gossip is a form of learning; studying for finals in SUS is less than the GPA-booster you'd hope it would be; coffins are incredibly comfy for napping in; Science Hugs™ with Patented Butterfly Pats can solve any problem; 22 can be very old; blue is the most beautiful colour in the world; vending machines are one of the basic food groups; obelisks aren't as portable as you'd think; losing at volleyball can be more fun than winning; fast-setting cement really does; a locked building isn't; the Pit can play a role in some of your fondest memories; Alf-cards are still apparently of use to some people; black hands needn't necessarily be black nor hands; you can trademark just about anything; never date an Engineer; a 50/50 draw doesn't; painting can be too much fun; there will always be someone more bizarre; there *is* a gravel industry at four in the morning; fluttering your eyelashes can get you anything you want; you can buy popularity with the title of BeerGoddess; bandicoots do have antlers; and no matter what anyone tells you, university isn't about grades or degrees or being the best—it's about having the time of your life and learning the things that a textbook won't teach you.

It's four days past the deadline and I'm trying to sneak this in as late as possible...I'm stalling because I want to express how much being a part of SUS has meant to me. I guess what it all comes down to is that I'd like to thank all the folks that have made my university career the simply *fab* time that it was. I'm forever indebted to the people who dragged me in and made it feel like home. I'd like to think that I've passed that favour on (Bel, sorry for having completely destroyed your academic career in the process, but ya gotta admit, it's been fun.). And Tracy, we were voted on Council within minutes of each other—it just wouldn't have been the same without you.

I'll not forget any of it.

Hugs,

-a.

I am a Fish.

Sigh. What a lovely sentiment. From all of us,who can't escape yet, to you, Anna:

We'll miss ya, babe.

-ed.

The 432.

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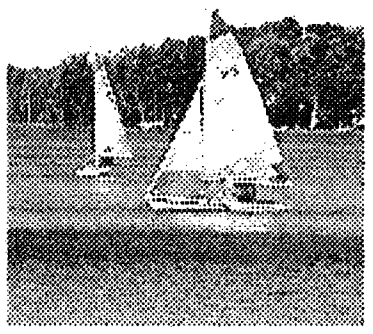

"You can't fight evil with a macaroni duck!"

-Arthur from The Tick