

The 432

Volume 4, Number 3 The Newspaper for Science Students Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1990

Catching a Genetic Cold

-by David W. New-

A new breed of medical treatments has arrived, curing what was once thought incurable, striking straight to the genes, abolishing illness by infecting the sick.

Anyone who rode Vancouver buses ten years ago remembers Julia — the girl in the Canadian Cystic Fibrosis Foundation ads who was 12 years old and had "just reached middle age." Donate, the ads asked, towards a cure or treatment for this horrible genetic disease. And a decade later, inherited diseases like CF, muscular dystrophy, haemophilia, or glaucoma, diabetes, Parkinson's or psoriasis, seem well on their way to being cured.

Item: Some years ago, researchers across the world began work on mapping the human genetic code. At first this appeared a trivial exercise to onlookers — attempting to determine genes for

curly hair, left-handedness, blue eyes — or a scary venture into sci-fi genetic engineering and eugenics.

But fourteen months ago, a team at the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children, led by Dr. Lap-Chee Tsui, identified the gene which causes cystic fibrosis. Once thought to be an extremely complex syndrome, because of its multiplicity of symptoms, CF was suddenly catapulted into the vanguard of potentially curable genetic diseases. A single defect in a single gene was intuitively that much more treatable than a profusion of such defects.

The main problems confronting researchers were isolation and permanence. Healthy genes are in abundance — only one person in 10 000 has the disease; one person in 50 carries it — but not in isolation. By itself, one gene looks much loike any other; without an entire

chromosome on which to mark its place, the afflicted body would find the newly identified gene quite useless.

And even a heart-lung transplant, currently the most effective treatment for CF, doesn't necessarily take; or, if it does, might not train the body to produce healthy genes — might instead be trained itself, to get sick.

Item: On February 15, 1990, Dr. Peter Law at the University of Tennessee pioneered the concept of cell therapy, in which healthy cells are injected into the patient, in an effort to let the foreign genes do what the resident ones cannot. A boy with muscular dystrophy became its first recipient; all three teams which have tried the technique so far have reported positive results.

Still, it's not as perfect a treatment as it could be. Cell therapy donates thousands of genes where one or two would do; the invasive cells are ultimately rejected by the body, and injections must continue for life.

Item: On September 14, 1990, Dr. W. French Anderson pioneered gene therapy, a level down from cell therapy. Here, only the necessary genes are inserted; whether or not they will graft permanently is unknown. But the very mechanism which allows the genes to attach in the right places is the same one which makes them spread: a virus.

Genetically engineered viruses have been the subject of innumerable bad movies and bureaucratic nightmares, but now that the technology exists, scientists are discovering that nature is a better engineer than they: bacteria and viruses breed and evolve so quickly that each species is already the most harmful it

could be. Genetic manipulation, as a rule, can only weaken such organisms — or give them beneficial side effects.

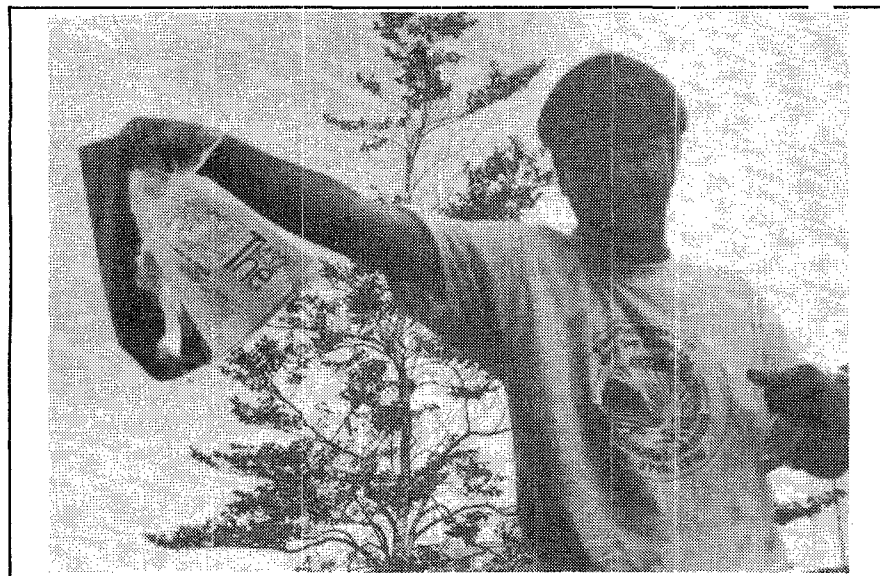
In this case, the benign virus' beneficial side effect is that it carries with it a healthy gene, and enough information to attack human cells in just the right place — so the gene is affixed atop its unhealthy counterpart. The virus then moves on, and infects more cells with its peculiar brand of health.

Ironically, this is exactly the same method by which the HIV virus, AIDS, functions: invading a cell and replacing healthy genes with unhealthy ones it carries. This leads to the hope that gene therapy will prove effective as a cure for AIDS and other acquired gene-related problems.

Further hope on that frontier lies with the first use of gene therapy, Anderson's patient. A four-year-old girl with an inborn immunodeficiency, she was injected with a billion of her own cells, which had been carefully infected with the engineered retrovirus. Gene therapy is a one-time treatment: the cells she received are her own; her body cannot reject them any more than it can reject her own blood. The new cells will eventually dominate, and replicate, and keep her healthy for life.

It cannot, however, cure her children. Medicine doesn't yet know how to engineer changes in the egg and sperm cells, and it isn't looking. That way lies Übermenschen and species manipulation, and few scientists want to think about the ethical implications of such "germ line" genetics research.

Continued on page 5...



Faced with a superior enemy, a Ubysey staffer shows typical reflex behaviour.

Hahn, Thornton Win Election

Some Positions Still Unfilled

Linlea Hahn and Sarah Thornton became Science Council's new first-year reps in Friday's election, defeating Philip Ledwith and Tim Mak. 81 votes were cast for the four candidates, some 4% of eligible voters; all remaining seats were filled by acclamation.

New year rep additions to Science Council are first-years Hahn and Thornton; Don Hitchen, Patrick Lum, and Christopher Sung in second year; Emily Fong and Kenneth Fung in third year; and fourth-years Erik Jensen and Sandra Mah. One seat remains open in each of third and fourth years.

Incoming departmental representatives are Physiology's Jacqueline Hui, Biochemistry's Tien-Fu Wen, Douglas

Liu in Pharmacology, and Psychology's Kevin Chung.

A byelection will be held to fill the remaining vacancies, both in the third- and fourth-year rep spots and in the eleven unfilled departmental positions — Biology, Chemistry, Geography, Geology, Geophysics/Astronomy, Mathematics, Microbiology, Oceanography, Physics, Statistics, and General Science. [Details, page 3.]

"I was generally disappointed with the voter turnout and the apathy," said SUS Internal Vice President Caireen Hanert, "but I'm hoping that the situation will change in the upcoming byelection."

"I encourage everyone to exercise their vote," she said.

An Apology

Last issue, *The 432* ran an article on politics by AMS President Kurt Preinsperg. The article had been solicited, written and submitted to *The 432* in the first week of September; its publication was delayed to the second issue because I thought more people would read it there. Kurt sent me a brief note asking me to withhold its publication again, until it no longer sounded like he was attacking AMS Council ... but I didn't see the note. Kurt — my apologies. I hope the article didn't hurt your reputation unnecessarily, through bad timing alone.

-David W. New, Editor

In This Issue...

Editorial.....	2
Contest Results.....	2
That's Trivial!.....	3
Studying Naked.....	3
Light Bulbs.....	4
Dik Miller.....	6
New Contest.....	6
Cheap Thrills.....	7
Bungy Jumping.....	8

Please Recycle
This Paper!

Editorial: Just Kidding

by David W. New

Once upon a time, there was a club called the Victoria Invasion. It puttered along until its existence had expired, and, its usefulness still alive and vibrant, continued to putter along, uneventfully, unnoticed.

Then one day, an Audit happened by. It fastened on the Victoria Invasion with alarm, and found to its dismay that it had uncovered an Embezzlement. The ensuing scandal made it into the Sun, the Province, and the CBC. One AMS executive resigned in shame; moves were taken towards impeaching a second.

No charges were laid. The budget became accountable. A new executive took office. Honesty seemed to have taken over student politics. Everyone settled back, prepared to live happily ever after.

But one additional factor had changed. Like France after the Revolution, like the U.S. after Watergate, UBC had discovered that the populace possessed more powers than the right to vote. What they had put in office, they could also take away. And so began the greatest, most welcome abandonment of student apathy since the Great Trek itself.

Why, since the current school year began, at least four campaigns to impeach executives have begun — not all in the AMS proper, and not even all public. The two most prominent, and the only two I can discuss here, are of

course the infamous petitions against Messrs. Preinsperg and Lipscomb of the AMS. The former gives no reasons: it's assumed that an average student will know full well why Mr. Preinsperg deserves to be booted out. The latter cites mismanagement and insufferability.

They call for referenda, these two, for votes of confidence among the student body. They cry out for the full rights of a democracy, for full accountability to the electorate for one's actions, one's policies, one's very attitude — all items of paramount importance in the elected leaders of a society.

Oh, some have scoffed, calling the mania gripping UBC students a witch hunt, a scapegoating session, a corruption-by-power of the masses who wield it. But how can this be true? We have here nothing less than a re-enactment of the glory days of modern democracy!

A brief recap of the glory days of modern democracy, of course, starts with the French philosophers of the 18th century, skims over the American revolutionaries of 1776, who settled on the French model after the King of Spain declined to take them on as a new province, and culminates in the French Revolution of the 1790's, when tyrant after irredoubtably genuine tyrant was overthrown by a democracy-loving, liberty-equality-fraternity-minded public.

And here at UBC we have the same thing — not perhaps in scale, but in principle: a people shaken to their core,

fed up with their own apathy, and brimming with the noble desire for a fair government, a decent government, a government elected by the people, bearing both in mind and at heart the people's true interests! What could be grander?

Looking back, we can see that the rumblings were there. The rallies of Students Opposed to Tuition Fee Hikes, marching on the Faculty Club ... the unstoppable wave of opinions about RecFac ... the irate letters in *The Ubyyssey* whenever a new scandal threatened to appear ... why, UBC's been a veritable hotbed of student unrest for years now! It's only just and right that that unrest should manifest in a desire for honesty, for morality, for respectability.

Let's just look briefly at a couple of cases. Kurt Preinsperg, first — accused of nothing, yet mistrusted by many. His crimes, so clear to every UBC student that they need not be listed, are easily enumerated: Spreading misogynist ideals under the Alma Mater Society's name. Abusing the position of AMS President. Chairing a farce of a General Meeting in which first-years and Sikhs could not vote, yet SFU students could and did.

All, all horrible behaviour. Surely this petition, written by Co-ordinator of External Affairs Jason Brett, must be signed by all self-respecting students — for surely none would go to this trouble were he not guilty!

And John Lipscomb, successor to the infamous Karl Kottmeier — what are his crimes? Gross mismanagement, it seems, and gross incompetence, and gross failure to fulfill a mandate, and general difficulty to work with. Well! Not a team player, is he? Then certainly he'd better be thrown out of office, the more so if

he's a bumbling incompetent.

Ah, but we're careful. We don't sign a petition just because someone says so. We look at the Facts. How do we know he's incompetent? Why, because Jason Brett wrote this petition too, and Vice-President Johanna Wickie is circulating it! Surely they'd be in a position to know, wouldn't they? Then sign it, for he's surely guilty as Fawkes. Well, isn't he?

After all, Brett and Wickie are certainly going to know who's doing their job and who isn't. The rumour that Brett organized that whole farcical general meeting can't have anything to do with his judgment, now can it? The two are separate, and the judgment of a leader is, well, unimpeachable!

Isn't it? Isn't that the whole idea of a democracy — you elect people if you support their views, and trust their opinions and judgment while they're in office? Well, until someone comes along and shows them up for bumbling incompetents, anyway. Then, of course, they're yours to lynch. Aren't they?

I mean, if there's a lynch mob out to get someone, then there's got to be a reason for it, doesn't there? Nobody would be so mean as to just attack an elected official without reason, would they? I mean, especially not another elected official. There must be reasons.

Just as there must be reasons for all the other campaigns going on. And hurray for them! Farewell, student apathy, gone forever, gone for good! Sing hallelujah to the new era of responsibility, of accountability, of honesty or else!

I wonder when we'll get an executive that survives its term.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

Aaron Drake's article, "Tenants' Rights: Nine Questions and Answers" that appeared in the September 19th edition of *The 432* was a good start in the process of making students aware of the problems facing tenants in our city. But it's only a start.

While it is important for students to inform themselves about their own rights it is equally, if not more important, for them to consider the broader political issue of affordable rental housing in Vancouver, and to turn that awareness into action.

As anyone looking for rental accommodation is acutely aware, the rents in Vancouver are unbelievably high. Over the past two years rents have skyrocketed out of all proportion with the cost of living. Two years ago, the average rent for a one bedroom apartment was about \$500. Today the same size apartment could cost you &700 and it is students, single parents, seniors and people on fixed incomes who are the hardest hit by rising rents.

The high rents are a direct result of municipal and provincial government policies that put the interests of land speculators and developers ahead of the needs of tenants.

Over the past year Mayor Campbell and his NPA council have done nothing to stop the closure and demolition of over 1300 rental units in Vancouver. As the number of rental units decreases the rents of the remaining suites

continue to rise. Despite continued protests from numerous community groups the destruction of affordable rental accommodation continues. With no provincial rent controls to protect them tenants have been reporting rent increases anywhere from 20 to 125%.

As students concerned about our own immediate situations as tenants in Vancouver there are ways to inform ourselves about our rights. As citizens however we have a larger responsibility to our city and our province.

On November 17th the people of Vancouver will have the opportunity to elect a city council that will put the needs of citizens ahead of the greed of developers.

If you have been a resident of Vancouver for 3 months prior to the election date you are eligible to vote. But you might not be on the voters' list.

If you're not sure whether you are on the list you can call Voter List Information at 873-7681 to find out. If you're not on the list you can register by calling The Registrar of Voters at 660-6848.

If you are currently having problems with your tenancy you can get help by calling the Tenant Hotline at 255-0546.

But if you are truly concerned about the rental crisis in Vancouver make sure your name is on the voters list and get out and vote on November 17th for a new progressive city council.

Roneen Marcoux
Geography Dept.

T.A.'s Run for Cover as Insane Students Bake Labs

A lab report of unusual form: this was the challenge to readers of *The 432*'s second issue, and Rob Deary of Phys/Math 3 met it admirably. His entry, its text reproduced below, he describes as "A Physics 309 lab written in Cow Latin with a Staedtler 'Lumo-Color' non-permanent purple pen (made in Germany, recap after use) on 4.2 homemade salt-free sugar-free preservative-free tasteless vegetarian bagels." Tasteless, at least, they were.

Deary's Physics 309 T.A., Gail Meagher, when informed of his culinary masterpiece, appeared to pale slightly as she said, "Now wait. I thought the deal was that he would make two lab reports, one for you and one for me." Deary wins a Science V-Neck sweater for his efforts.

Second place in the contest goes to Winston Yeung, for a Chemistry lab writeup in nine limericks, reprinted on page five of this issue. Yeung wins a pair of Science boxer shorts.

Finally, Michael Chow (Science 3) wins the remaining prize, a Science T-shirt, for a discussion of whether or not cats always land on their feet.

Deary's winning entry:

(First bagel: text written spiralling outward)
LOPERATIONAY RAMP-
LIFEAY: YBAYBROAY YDEARAY:
403A 8LAY: 4162/deway TAB-
STRACAY NIAY STHIAY TEX-

PERIMENTEWAY DAMEASURE AY
ETHAY NGAINAY FOAY GIN-
VERTINAY RAMPLIFIEAY SAY AY
NFUNCTIONOAY FOAY YFREQUEN-
CAY. TIAY SWAY DFOUNAY THAY
ETHAY NGAIN SFALAY FOFAY
TEXPONENTIALAY RAFTBAY AY
LCRITICAY ETEMPERATURAY

(Second bagel, text accompanying a circuit diagram)

TCIRCUIAY RCOMPUTEAY
YFREQUENCAY GLOAY
ESCALAY NGAINAY
PRAMAY NFUNCTIONOAY
TSENAY OTAY NFUNCTIONAY
RGENERATOAY

(Third bagel, text once more spiralling outward)

eThaY dSPECiFieAY TLAY-
OUT SWAY DeXAMINEAY NIAY
OTWAY SPASDEAY. TFIRSAY,
ETHAY TOUPUAY TAY SWAY TPO-
INAY ITAY EVHILAY ETHAY
YFREQUENCAY SWAY DRAMPEAY
RBUVAY ETRAY ERANGAY ZIKAY
OTAY ZIMHAY

(Fourth bagel: a sine wave plotted around the perimeter, and several graphs on top)

RAPHGAY EONAY: LIP-
INGCAY FOAY NOVA DRIVEOAY
POAY PAMAY

This week's 432 contest is announced on page 6.

That's Trivial! Elections Again!

-by Tanya Rose-

Hi! This week's topic is First Names. Each question is the first name of someone famous — just give their *last* name! (Answers are on page 6.)

1-10 Easy (1 point each)

1. Oprah
2. Linus (from Peanuts)
3. Galileo
4. Geraldo
5. Groucho
6. Knowlton
7. Moon Unit
8. Napoleon
9. Roseanne
10. Ringo

11-15 Medium (2 points each)

11. Alice (in Wonderland)
12. Prince
13. Rembrandt
14. Tycho
15. Prince Charles

16-20 Hard (3 points each)

16. Billy (the Kid)
17. Cher
18. Dante
19. Wendy (of the restaurant chain)
20. Michaelangelo

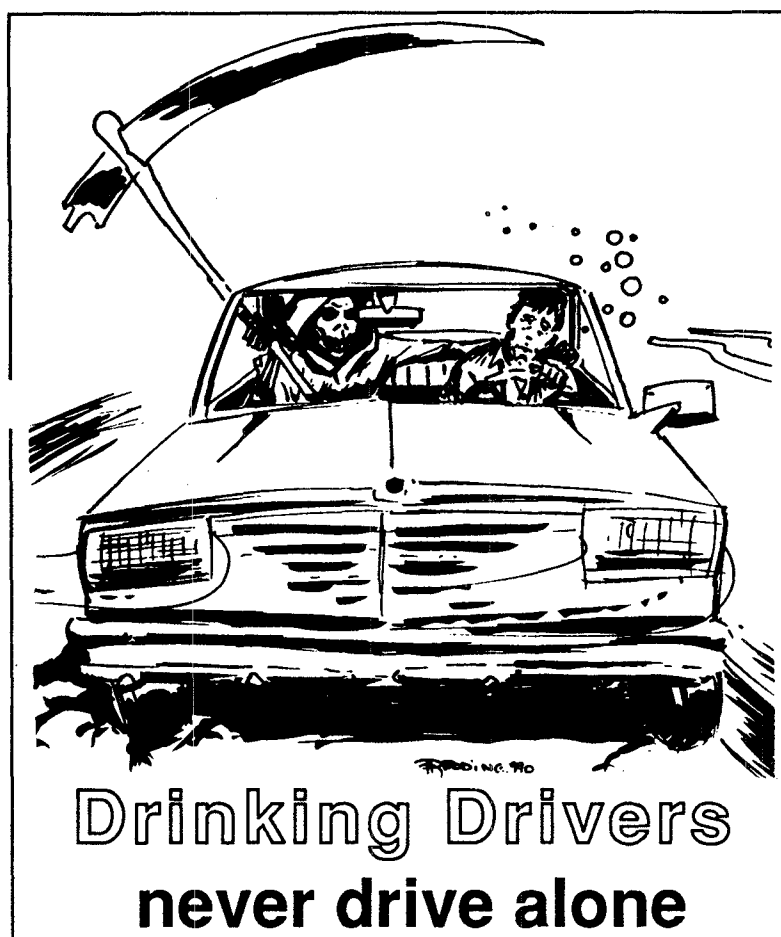
Yes, those fabulous SUS elections are back once again by popular demand. We're looking for Science students to represent the following constituencies—

- Third Year!
- Fourth Year!
- Biology!
- Chemistry!
- Geography!
- Geology!
- Geophysics/Astronomy!
- Mathematics!
- Microbiology!
- Oceanography!
- Physics!
- Statistics!
- General B.Sc.!

Just fill out the nomination form over on page eight, and hand it in at the SUS office by Wednesday, October 10th — come to the all-candidates' meeting at noon on the 11th — fill your meaningless life with campaigning from the 12th to the 18th — and you too can be an exciting and integral part of the SUS family!

Bonus Question (5 points): What was Pope John Paul II's name when he was a cardinal?

Elections are Friday, October 19th, from 10:30 to 2:30.



The Art of Studying Naked



"Study, and, in general, the pursuit of truth and beauty, is a sphere of activity in which we are permitted to remain children all our lives."

-Albert Einstein

A very strange thing happened to me a few days back, and I've got to tell you about it. It's one of those things I've heard about but never believed before: for instance, we've all heard that Fine Arts graduates get jobs, but nobody really *believes* it.

My Political Science 361 class runs from seven till ten. At eight-thirty we take a ten-minute break. That's when It Happened. I was reading Newsweek, being very insignificant, when the professor came over and *struck up a conversation*. I had to look around to see if he was talking, perhaps, to a grad student behind me, but no, he was actually Interested In Me As A Human Being. Go figure.

See, I was always under the impression that professors considered us "human." I always thought that they considered us just a few rungs lower on the food chain. But Dr. Wallace was talking to me. Yes, talking—I actually burped out a few replies. Now, ordinarily I would wave this incident off as a result of Quantum Mechanics (Physics students will appreciate the subtle physics humour of "wave off." If not, they're geeks), in that there is a definite chance that a professor will talk to his students in a friendly manner, no matter how remote the possibility. But it hap-

pened in another class! Dr. Holsti struck up a conversation with me before class started. So why all of a sudden are professors recognizing my human characteristics when they haven't for the last five years?

It dawned on me last night as I was tossing and turning in bed about it. (Yes, I'm kidding. As if I would be such a dweeb that I would lose sleep over whether or not a prof was going to speak to me. I was tossing and turning over whether or not Petr Nedved would be signed by the Canucks.) *It was because I was sitting in the front row.* For the past five years, I had sat in the back row — primarily because less people notice you sleeping.

Get this: you earn the professor's respect when you sit in the front row. Weird. All these years, I was afraid to sit in the front row because I was sure the professor would spit on me and order me to the back row.

In the front row, the professor treats you so much different from the people in the back row. Now that I think about it, the reason is obvious. You sit in the front row only when you are a Serious Student. You can't fold paper airplanes in the front row, without attracting the lecturer's attention. You can't doze off, you can't draw doodles, you have to (shudder) Pay Attention and Take Careful Notes. So here is my first advice to you froshes out there:

Never sit in the front row.

Here's another piece of advice:

Most will recommend that you get a good night's sleep before your exam, but I tend to buck tradition on that. An all-nighter is an integral part of university. Use it, enjoy it, and realize that you'll never retain anything you learn at three in the morning. Therefore, pull all-nighters

in large groups so that you'll have something to do at 3am. Some of my fondest memories come from the nights before the finals cooped up in the Physics Building, stoned on caffeine. Which brings me to my next point: don't drink too much coffee. It is very hard to take coherent notes with a hand that keeps chattering on the table.

Caffeine does have its uses though, and here I'll get back to my 3am story. Picture this: the night before my Physics four hundred-and-something-or-other final. It's the night before my friend, Morgan, has his Physics four hundred-and-something-else final. We had just bought chocolate covered coffee beans — a tool of Satan, by the way — and we had been chewing on them all night. As far as I know, four or five beans equals one cup of coffee. Each bag has about forty beans.

We, not knowing our elbows from a hole in the ground, had each eaten a bag and a half.

Morgan is wired. I am wired. I've been seeing giant purple spiders running across my notes for the past ten minutes. Morgan looks up at me, and he's shaking at about 60 MHz.

"Hey Aaron I can't study," he says, in one short second.

"Neither can I what do you want to do?" I ask.

"...I bet I can run around the building faster than you can."

That was the birth of the Phys Soc Exam Olympics. The halls of the third floor of the Hennings building are shaped like a racetrack, and are almost exactly a sixth of a kilometre in circumference. For weeks, at three in the morning, we would race up there trying to break Jamie's record of 23 seconds. Jamie was one of about two dozen competitors.

I know that it doesn't sound very interesting, but remember that we were all full of coffee beans, which we still hadn't got the hang of yet. Escalation followed. Eventually, we held the one-kilometre race, the run-around-backwards race, the run-around-blindfolded race (That was a great one, boy. Drop by some time, I'll show you my scar) and the walk-like-a-university-professor race. Pat held the record on that one with his Dr. Carolan stroll (two minutes, seven seconds).

Eventually, we held the run-around-as-fast-as-you-can-because-you're-naked race. I won't say who ran it, but I will say that it's darned uncomfortable to run at top speed naked when you're a man because of a Certain Thing That Men Have flapping all over the place. But you run fast, encouraged by the nagging suspicion that you don't trust the people you left your clothes with and they are at this moment stuffing them into the mail slot of the Physics Department Office. *This* is truly the stuff that memories are really made of.

Don't get fool ideas into your head. This is *nostalgia*. We won't be doing this again, I don't think. I imagine that I'll be getting a few queer looks from certain physics professors. I certainly expect it from Dr. Carolan, who will probably stroll about the halls of Hennings wondering exactly how Pat thinks he strolls.

It's a moot point, because Dr. Carolan broke his leg last year, and now we have to come up with an entirely new walk to imitate him.

Aaron Drake studies frequently, as is evidenced by the inordinate number of books next to his gym shoes. Naturally, he believes coursework is irrelevant.

The 432

Volume 4, Number 3
October 3, 1990

Editor: David W. New
Writers: Richard Bae

Aaron C. Drake
Rachel Farrall
Trent Hammer
Orvin Lau
Derek K. Miller
David W. New
Tanya Rose
Antonia Rozario
Winston Yeung

Typists: Aaron C. Drake
Trent Hammer
Derek K. Miller
Orvin Lau
David W. New
Artists: Cesare Battista
Mike Jackson
Patrick Redding

Photography: Aaron C. Drake
Distribution: Mark Hönig
Suzanne Saatchi
Peter Siempelkamp

Printed at College Printers.

Area: $9.652 \times 10^{-1} \text{ m}^2$.
Multiplicity: 4000.
Frequency: $8.267 \times 10^{-7} \text{ Hz}$.
Average printing speed:
 $3.192 \times 10^{-3} \text{ m}^2/\text{s}$

The 432 is published by the UBC Science Undergraduate Society. All contents are © 1990 by the authors, or by the Society if no name is given. So there, you can't have them.

Deadline for submissions:
Wednesday, October 10

Next issue: October 17

- The Eerily Great Semi-Annual Midterm Squeeze (EGSAMS)!
- Whatever turns up in the junk drawer!
- Our Regular Features™!

The 432 holds staff meetings every Tuesday at 12:30 in room CHEM 160. If you're interested in helping out, show up — or else write an article, take a photo, draw a cartoon, and give it to us. Scribble about something, anything, or nothing! Or your favourite flavour of ice cream! Whatever!

Light Humour...

How many Engineers does it take to change a light bulb?

Six — one to hold the light bulb, five to drink until the room starts spinning.

How many Artsies does it take to change a light bulb?

Only one, but he gets three units for it.

How many first-year Artsies does it take to change a light bulb?

None — that's a third-year course.

How many Fine Arts students does it take to change a light bulb?

Only one — she holds the bulb and the world revolves around her.

How many acting students does it take to change a light bulb?

Thirty — one to change the light bulb, and twenty-nine to say, "I could have done that!"

How many method actors does it take to change a light bulb?

Only one, but within him lies a multitude.

How many computer programmers does it take to change a light bulb?

That's a hardware problem!

How many mathematicians does it take to change a light bulb?

First, we must prove the existence of a light bulb...

How many quantum physicists does it take to change a light bulb?

That depends...

How many theorists does it take to change a light bulb?

According to our calculations, it should be approximately 1.2.

How many experimentalists does it take to change a light bulb?

Let's try it and see...

How many Physical Plant workers does it take to change a light bulb?

No one has ever found out.

How many Torontonians does it take to change a light bulb?

Two — one to change the light bulb, one to fax New York and say they've done it.

How many Oregonians does it take to change a light bulb?

Six — one to change the light bulb, five to write up the environmental impact study.

How many Californians does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Californians screw in hot tubs!

How many generic [racial/sexual/occupational] stereotypes does it take to change a light bulb?

N+1 — one to change the light bulb, N to act in a demeaning manner appropriate to the particular [racial/sexual/occupational] stereotype.

How many surrealists does it take to change the light bulb?

Two — one to lead the camels, one to drain the bathwater.

How many dadaists does it take to change a light bulb?

To get to the other side.

How many Zen roshis does it take to change a light bulb?

Two — one to change the light bulb, one not to change the light bulb.

How many real men does it take to change a light bulb?

Real men aren't afraid of the dark!

How many psychiatrists does it take to change a light bulb?

Only one, but the light bulb has to really want to change.

How many social workers does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Two — one to screw in the light bulb, one to make sure it's screwed up good.

How many civil servants does it take to change a light bulb?

Two — one to assure the public that everything possible is being done to change the light bulb, and one to screw it into the faucet.

How many mice does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Two.

How many thought police does it take to change a light bulb?

What light bulb?

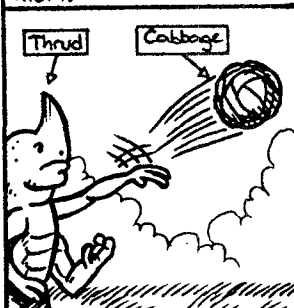


L'Incroyable Thrud

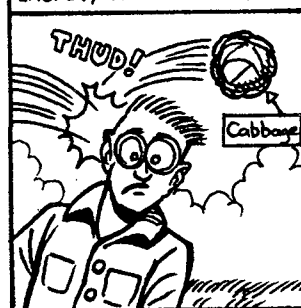
A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO KINETIC ENERGY

KINETIC ENERGY IS ONE OF THE MOST BASIC SCIENTIFIC CONCEPTS, AND IS ALSO ONE OF THOSE MOST OFTEN ABUSED BY TV AND POPULAR CULTURE. MOST KINETIC ENERGY IS CALLED HEAT, AND IS FOISTED OFF ON UNSUSPECTING THERMOMETERS. THE REST IS USED FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES:

BIOLOGISTS USE SOME OF IT TO DISTINGUISH PLANTS FROM ANIMALS: ANIMALS USE KINETIC ENERGY, PLANTS HAVE IT USED ON THEM.



PHYSICISTS USE IT AS A MEASUREMENT OF DANGER; FOR INSTANCE, IF ONE IS ATTACKED BY A CABBAGE WITH A LOT OF POTENTIAL ENERGY, IT WON'T HURT.



SNOKEY THE BEAR USES THE REST TO STAMP OUT THOSE DARNED FOREST FIRES, ANOTHER PESKY RESULT OF THAT PROLIFERATION OF HEAT WE MENTIONED EARLIER.



WANTED:

Second- or Higher-Year
Chemistry Undergraduates

by the Chairman of the
Faculty-Undergrad Liaison
Committee for Chemistry.

All interested parties
should contact Kristen
Orions at 228-6571.

The UBC Physics Society Presents...

Dr. Brian Turrell

Head of the UBC Physics Department
on

- The structure of the Physics Department, the research interests of the faculty members and the opportunities for Physics students.
- His own research program: the development of a new cryogenic detector which is being developed to search for dark matter (the cosmological "missing mass") and other applications.

Free Doughnuts and Coffee afterward!

Thursday, Oct 4 12:30 Hebb 12

More of This Gene Therapy Stuff...

Continued from page 1...

Most of the public still seems extremely mistrustful of applied genetics. Even to try gene therapy for the first time, researchers had to wait over three years for permission from the U.S. government. But as with any other scientific development — the internal combustion engine, vaccines, atomic power — the potential for damage, and for increased social stratification, are enormous. No scientist wants to have their name be-

come synonymous with Frankenstein, but neither do they desire to sacrifice the potential for curing diseases.

These debates all came to a head on September 14th. But in Bethesda, Maryland, there's a girl in a bed whose name no one knows, who will probably always be grateful for the technology.

•Item: Less than a week later, on September 20th, 1990, the first steps towards a gene therapeutic cure for cystic fibrosis were taken. Healthy genes were spliced into a similar retrovirus, and suc-

cessfully infected diseased cells. CF works by preventing the release of chloride ions in the lungs; if as few as 10% of the appropriate genes are functional, no symptoms exist: the disease is cured.

Although the test was done on human cells, it was nevertheless in a test tube, under extremely controlled conditions. It could be years before an actual cure is found — not least because it will be months before anyone knows if gene therapy truly is effective. But until three weeks ago, "years" was guaranteed. That

a cure might arrive in mere months is the news thousands of sufferers have awaited all their lives.

The irony is truly delightful, that diseases of the gene should be cured simply by catching the right cold ... and maybe one day soon, we'll know how to cure colds.

David W. New made a project of contracting every cold he could find while researching this article; he concluded finally that he does not have haemophilia.

Science Sales!

Science Varsity Jackets Now Available!

We're now taking orders for leather and melton jackets. Just look what you get for only \$150.00—

- White leather sleeves!
- SCIENCE UBC letters on back!
- Name bar(s) of your choice!
- Royal Blue melton body!
- Science crest on front!
- Quilted lining!
- Hours of fun and enjoyment!

But remember — Science Varsity Jackets are *only* available at the SUS office, in CHEM 160! Ask for yours today — the sooner you order, the sooner you'll receive this fine piece of quality apparel! And as a special added bonus, if you order now, you'll save 7% on G.S.T.!

New for the 90's Clothing!

Sweaters! We got sweaters! Have we got sweaters! We got 100% cotton Fletcher sweaters with genuine UBC shield! We got Royal Blue sweaters! We got Navy Blue sweaters! We got White sweaters! And we got 'em in both V-Neck and Crewneck, for your wearing convenience!

V-Necks..... \$31.50

Crewnecks..... \$38.00

Slightly Older for the 90's Clothing!

And even that's not all we've got to offer you here at Science Sales — oh no indeedy. Why, we have a fantastically wide selection of Science gear for all occasions. Just look:

- Science Shorts — this delightful item makes a great gift!
- Science T-Shirts — with five different styles to serve you!
- Science Sweatshirts — ideal for those high-stress midterms!
- Science Sweatpants — perfect for those higher-stress finals!
- Science Nylon Jackets — cheap, beautiful, and functional too!
- Entertainment '91 and Saving Spree books!
- And much, much more!

But wait! If you act now, then *everything you buy* can be yours in time for Thanksgiving! This once-in-a-year holiday happens Monday, so celebrate it soon!

Chemistry 160

A Limerickal Lab Report

—by Winston Yeung—

My Chem T.A. said to the class,
"The lab is a hard one, alas.
The objective here
Is not all so clear,
But give me ten bucks and you'll pass."

I did not know where to begin;
The T.A. had left with a grin.
I moped for a while,
Then thought with a smile,
I might as well hand something in.

There was something I had in mind,
But not the lab that was assigned.
I looked around me
But no one could see
The thing that I was to design.

Procedure was not hard at all.
I needed some conc ethanol.
Thus I did see
And grabbed it with glee;
I'm sure the prof would be appalled.

Some sodium nitrate was there,
And most I had managed to snare.
I also had found
An unknown compound
That said on the label, "BEWARE!"

I dumped it all into a flask,
I almost had finished my task.
Some hydrogen gas
Put into the glass
Completed the mixture at last.

I looked at the stuff with a squint
It had the fresh odour of mint.
I then held my breath
While expecting death,
And threw into it a lit splint.

There really is no need to say,
My lab put on quite a display.
This entertainment
Is great to invent,
But not so good for resumés.

My time of conclusion is here
So endeth my chem 'stry career.
If you want to fail
And go into jail,
Just do what I did with a sneer!

Winston Yeung came in second with this piece of handwritten doggerel. His future prospects in Science this piece of defiance leaves almost as bleak as the mist. Or as my poetry career. Yeesh.

Dik Miller, Private Eye

Our hero is currently on board a hovercraft somewhere off the shore off south-western B.C., being interrogated by parties unknown regarding the alleged disappearance of one Angela Crisco, of whom he knows nothing except that she was trying to shoot him and that she wears nothing but a fur coat on hot summer days. Dave (the editor) wondered when the hell something was actually going to happen in this story. Here goes.

"Dammit, you creep," I finally blurted out. "I am sick and tired of being constantly threatened, having guns pointed at me, and being taken hostage for reasons I don't even understand! I don't know who Angela Crisco is, I don't know who you are, and for once I don't even care! All I want to do is go home and watch *A Current Affair*!"

"You watch that show?" asked the man pointing the gun at me. "What a piece of trash."

"Well I like it!" I shouted. "So screw you!"

"That's not a very good attitude from someone I could kill about six different ways right now," he replied calmly.

Time to go for broke. "I'll have you know," I seethed, "that if I really wanted to, I could probably dispatch everyone on this vessel before you even knew what was happening."

"No you couldn't. You don't even have any of your Dik Miller™ gadgets with you. I know. I checked."

"You forgot one."

His eyebrows arched. "And what is that?"

"My Dik Miller™ nose ring, potato peeler, electronic thesaurus and emergency self destruct nuclear device."

"You're telling me that you have a potato peeler — and an atomic bomb — in your nose?"

"Yes. Why else would I be wearing this stupid thing?"

He nodded. "That does explain the gross fashion *faux pas* of wearing a gold nose ring with a grey trenchcoat."

He reached down toward me. "I'll remove that now."

"I wouldn't try," I said. "It's rigged to go off if it's tampered with."

He stopped. "You're bluffing."

"I'm willing to have my bluff called. Do it and you'll be a cloud of mutagenic dust within seconds."

He paused, unsure of what to do. Obviously he had never before been faced with a situation where if he mishandled someone's nose he would be reduced to atoms.

I continued. "All I have to do is touch my nose with my upper lip and the timer is set. Then you'll have thirty seconds before it goes off. That's not enough time to dump me in the ocean and get away. It's not even enough time to try and defuse it." I looked at him meaningfully. "All you can do is let me go."

"I guess you're right," he said, then nodded to someone behind me whom I could not see. I felt a sharp pain on the right side of my head.

When I regained consciousness, it was very hot and humid. I was in some sort of wooden shack where sunlight streamed through the cracks in the wall planks. I was sweating profusely and really wanted a drink. My nose felt funny; I couldn't breathe through it. With some effort I stood up and stumbled to the door. It was unlocked, and I was soon outside.

Tropical rainforest. Huge, dripping deciduous trees reaching skyward, vines intertwined in their branches, a cacophony of animal noises saturating the air.

"Good afternoon, Dik Miller, Private Eye. Welcome to Brazil."

I turned to see the man whom I last remembered to be nodding. "How long was I out?"

"A week," he said. "We kept you sedated so that we could get you here and keep you from ... er ... getting us into trouble."

It was then that I noticed the strange constricted feeling around my head. I felt my face and determined that this man had placed some sort of strap around my skull

which held on a small plastic cup covering my nose.

"We couldn't defuse your nose bomb, so we decided merely to prevent you from activating it. I assure you that trying to remove the restraining device will be extremely painful."

Clever, I thought. "But why am I here?"

"We always need extra help." He indicated two burly and intimidating-looking mestizo men, who grabbed me and forced me to march along a trail. A few minutes later we were in a clearing — a huge clearing, where the remains of burnt forest still smoldered. Off in the distance I could see a massive factory, its smokestacks belching filth of all colours into the air.

I recognized the look of some of the structures, and my worst fears seemed realized. I was in a stronghold of the Death to Humanity by Slow Environmental Degradation Coalition (D.H.S.E.D.C.), and they were burning

rainforest trees to power a CFC factory in the middle of the Amazon Basin, doubtless with the full permission of the Brazilian government. Not only that, but the CFC's were being released into the air without even being used. The D.H.S.E.D.C. was making substantial contributions to both the greenhouse effect and ozone thinning.

But where did they get the money? Shut up, Miller, I thought. No one ever asks those sorts of questions in cheap spy thrillers like this one. But why was I being shown this? That's better.

"Get to work," said one of the mestizos, laughing. I was being put on an environmental destruction chain gang, and not even my nose bomb could help me now.

Next issue — believe it or not — watch for the exciting, thrilling, on-the-edge-of-your-seat-with-anticipation conclusion to this by-now-quite-boring Dik Miller™ tale of intrigue and adventure!

That's Trivial! Answers

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Oprah Winfrey | 12. Prince Nelson |
| 2. Linus van Pelt | 13. Rembrandt van Rijn |
| 3. Galileo Galilei | 14. Tycho Brahe |
| 4. Geraldo Rivera | 15. Charles Windsor-Mountbatten |
| 5. Groucho Marx | 16. William Bonney |
| 6. Knowlton Nash | 17. Cher Sarkisian |
| 7. Moon Unit Zappa | 18. Dante Alighieri |
| 8. Napoleon Buonaparte | 19. Wendy Thomas |
| 9. Roseanne Barr | 20. Michaelangelo Buonarroti |
| 10. Ringo Starr | |
| 11. Alice Liddell | |

Bonus Question: Karól Wojtyła

Senate Shorts

-by Orvin Lau-

There's a Senate meeting coming up soon, and I'd tell you about what's on its agenda, but I don't know yet — I don't receive my agenda package until the very same day as this paper is printed. So I'll never be able to tell you about everything coming up: I can only talk about what's happened, in the article after the meeting.

One thing I can tell you is that

Student Senate Caucus, a meeting of all the student senators put together, is coming up. The motion we'll be debating is to establish an *ad hoc* committee to review the administration of teaching evaluations. It has the support of the AMS Student Council, and some of the AMS executive will be attending the meeting to show their support. It's an open meeting — if you want, you can come as well; and since the motion is at the beginning of the meeting, you don't have to stay around for all the boring stuff. I encourage you to come, to show your support, and get a taste of what it is like to be a senator — perhaps it could entice you to run for Senate yourself.

So where and when is this meeting? It's on Wednesday, October 10, 1990, in Room 102 of the Law Building. The time — 8:00 pm sharp, but you should come a little bit earlier for seats. Our meetings have a time limit of 10:30 pm, unlike AMS Council's; in fact, Senate politics is quite different than AMS Council politics in general. See for yourself.

PS to those of you who took down my E-mail address a month ago: It's no longer valid. I can no longer accept E-mail. Sorry.

Next issue: The fallout from the Senate meeting.

Orvin Lau, despite numerous encouragements, has yet to exclaim, "Booga booga booga!" at a department head, but one day we might indoctrinate him anyway.

Attention Physsocians

Physsoc Presents

General Meeting

October 11th, 12:30pm

Room to be decided

(drop by Hennings 307 and see if we've got a clue yet)

Some of the issues to be discussed or voted upon:

-Election of year reps, non-physics reps, sports rep, etc.

-The "New" Pop Machine

-Sanctions against Iraq (refer to The 432, September 19th)

-Sports

The 432 Contest #3!

First Prize: Graphic Materials
from the UBC Bookstore

Second and Third Prizes: Science T-shirts

Once they said you couldn't go faster than the speed of sound. Once they said you couldn't isolate genes. Once they said if you sailed around the world, you'd fall off.

Now they tell us you can't travel faster than light, you can't engineer a three-hundred-metre-high ant, you can't make cold fusion in a test tube. Well, *The 432* doesn't believe Them, and this is your chance to prove Them all wet. Until Friday, October 12th, bring in your designs for perpetual motion machines, your schematics for turning a human into a wolf, your algorithms for trisecting the angle, or anything else that Big Science scoffs, to CHEM 160. We'll print the best, and award prizes to the top three.

And always remember: Science is created by the nutcases — it's only codified by the intellectuals.

GET BOOKED NOW AND SAVE ALL YEAR

Only \$4000



SAVE 50% ON DINING, MOVIES, SPORTS, TRAVEL AND MORE.

Don't get left out. This limited edition of the year's best seller is going quickly. There are hundreds of 2-for-1 and 50% offers to enjoy for a full year of food, fun and travel.

entertainment

Available now at Science Sales, room Chem 160!

Cheap Thrills

-by Antonia Rozario-

By now most students are accustomed to the boring humdrum activities of University living. Lineups for everything from cafeteria food to toilets have become commonplace, and euphoric joy will come from finding a parking space. As finals approach us, more and more people will be forced to learn the meaning of an all-nighter.

However, students cannot live by academic endeavours alone. At some point in our life, we will have to do something more exciting than buying a cookie or reading a vile *Ulysses*. There are many outlets for youthful exuberance, and here are a few of the best.

The Pit

Every Wednesday night, UBC holds its infamous Pit Night. Students from all walks of life douse on gallons of cheap cologne and prepare for an evening of dancing and social intercourse. Be warned, though; people have been known to stand in line for over three hours just to enter the premises. During this time, it's best to contemplate your chances of remaining in university. Mentally prepare for your next day's lab and try to be oblivious of the people around you.

Also, try and stay away from the balding middle-aged men wearing lots of

jewelry, and the underaged bubbleheads who will try getting in with their sister's ID.

Benny's Bagels

Located at the corner of Larch and West Broadway, this is a popular social scene with a lot of the older UBC students. Everyone in here looks like they're in Arts or on drugs. One of the best features about Benny's is that it is open 24 hours for your convenience. That way you can lose sleep, gain weight and waste time, all at once, throughout the whole day.

Sedgewick's "Aloha Deck"

This is by far the largest and most interesting social culture on campus. Red-eyed individuals with cinnamon breath and coffee-stained sweatshirts try hitting on members of the opposite sex here. Beware of strewn garbage and splashes of barf left on vacant tables, though, as these have been known to wreck clothes, destroy textbooks, and wreak havoc among the weak of heart.

Sleep

There is absolutely no social activity that can match the gratification obtained from a good night's sleep. Look for opportune times to take a nap, such as on long bus rides, during computer science classes, or while studying for finals. Avoid, however, taking naps while studying for MCAT's, driving a car, crossing a street, or during organic chemistry labs.

AMS Briefs

-by Trent Hammer-

Here's a point-by-point run-down of the September 19th AMS meeting.

- The Commerce Student Society, Student Environment Centre, and First Year Student Program's Constitutions were accepted.

- Council decided to open the AMS Used Bookstore in January to provide a greater service to the students of UBC.

- Council appointed a new AMS representative to the UBC Community Recycling Group.

- Council sent the results of the Barbeque General Meeting to Student Court to decide their validity.

- Council sent John Lipscomb to Student Court over a possible conflict of interest concerning the founding of the Global Development Centre.

- Council opened nominations for positions on the Recreation Facility Fee Committee. This committee was struck to ensure that the University's new \$40 optional athletic recreation fee levy is allocated in the interests of students.

- Council approved a poster design for the October 9-12 referendum to increase AMS fees by \$5.

- Council unanimously endorsed a motion in Student Senate Caucus to establish an *ad hoc* Senate Committee on administering teaching evaluations, and requested the AMS President to write a letter of support to Senate.

- Council supported CiTR's music policy. This motion stems from complaints that CiTR has played the song "Welcome to the Terrordome" by the rap group Public Enemy. This song is deemed anti-semitic by some organizations. CiTR's music policy is to play music to inform and educate its audience by informing them of the content and meaning

of songs before they play them, and by using the songs as a platform to build awareness of the bigotry, homophobia, anti-semitism, sexism and overall screwed-up views of some of the musicians in our society. The policy allows the playing of some "offensive" music but should in no way imply that CiTR is fostering the ideas expressed by the "artists" in the music they play.

- Council passed a motion to publish a quarter-page ad in *The Ulysses* informing UBC students of the Ulysses editors' decision to pull a paid ad by UBC Awards & Financial Aid announcing the availability of the Rhodes Scholarship. The ad was pulled because the editors decided the scholarship was racist — being in honour of the racist industrialist Cecil Rhodes. I am incapable of forming a true opinion on this issue because I have been given little information on Rhodes' actions or on the scholarship bearing his name. Little has been said in *The Ulysses* of this issue because the "Student Newspaper" won't print it. If you want more information about Rhodes, call the Ulysses office at 228-2301. For more information about the scholarship call Awards & Financial Aid at 228-5111.

There's an upcoming referendum, and it is on two very important issues. The first is about implementing an optional extended health plan for UBC students. Through Mutual Life of Canada, the plan would pay the following:

- 80% coverage of prescription drugs, including oral contraceptives;
- Medical costs associated with sickness or injury, including, for example, physiotherapy, speech therapy, or ambulance service;
- Medical appliances; and

- Out of province coverage.

The cost of the plan is \$37.08 a year, and will be renegotiated on an annual basis by the AMS. For more info contact me here at SUS or Johanna Wickie at 228-3092.

The second referendum issue is a \$5 increase in your AMS fees. This is to allow for inflation because AMS fees have not been increased for a few years. Currently the AMS has little leeway in its budget for new initiatives or even old ones, and the AMS budget committee is hacking at everybody's budgets to stay afloat when the costs are increasing. If you have any disagreement on the need for money, talk to any of the executive and they can show you the need.

Remember to vote October 9-12. Consult *The Ulysses* for polling stations and times.

Trent Hammer believes that Yahtzee is an invention of Martian demon spawn. He has frequent nightmares about dice games taking over the world.

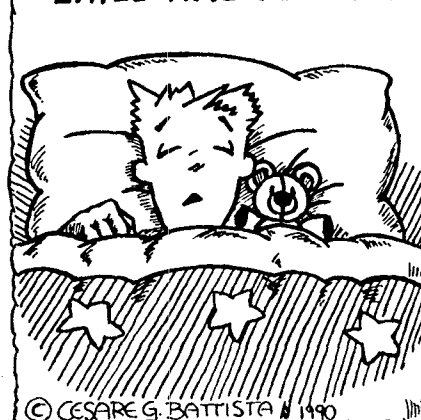
Wreck Beach

This is a popular "hang-out" area for students during the warmer seasons. Individuals have been known to skip classes or call in sick to work just to enjoy the scenery here. You must take some special precautions when coming here, though, as there are some risks involved. For instance, never sit by anyone wearing a leather vest, never get a massage from a naked stranger, and most importantly, *never come here alone!*

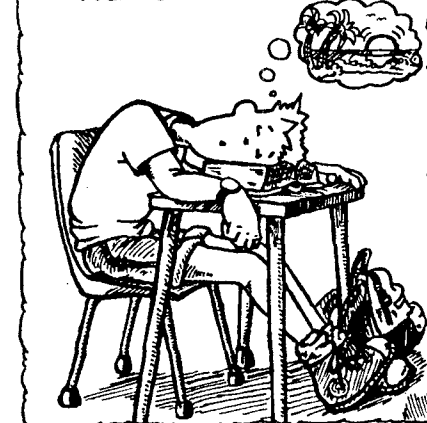
UBC can be a wonderful place to get an education as long as you allot time for socializing. If you don't give yourself a chance to enjoy extracurricular activities, you will eventually burn out or go into Graduate Studies and you will be of no use to anyone.

Antonia Rozario rarely follows her own advice. Why, her idea of a perfect evening is eating Benny's honeywheat bagels in a Pit lineup, discussing Sedgewick social mores with naked strangers.

A STUDENT HAS ONLY LITTLE TIME TO SLEEP.



MOST OF THE TIME HE STUDIES!!!



The Physics of Bungy Jumping

-by Richard Bae-

Ever contemplated suicide and wondered what it would be like to jump off a building from the 15th floor, but were too chicken to try it? Now, you can have the opportunity and the same thrill but without the mess.

This summer, I had the chance to do something few people have the nerve or stupidity to do. Ten minutes south of the Nanaimo ferry terminal, along the Island highway, is North America's only legal bungy jumping zone. To the naïve few out there who don't know what that is, bungy jumping began in New Zealand and basically consists of jumping off a bridge with your ankles tied to a big elastic rope called a bungy.

Earlier in the summer, I had read an article about this "sport," telling stories of people bungy jumping out of hot air balloons and off of 300-foot bridges in Colorado holding onto 50-pound sandbags, letting them go when they smacked into the river, and then flinging all the way back up over the bridge by a good fifteen feet. I said to myself, "Hey, that looks like fun."

So when my brother came to me and said, "We're leaving in five minutes to go bungy jumping on the Island, wanna come?" I packed up and left (even though I should have been studying for the MCAT). In all, five of us were going, with four jumping. The fifth in our group brought a camcorder along to record this historic event for all posterity to see, or for the 11 o'clock news should one of us end up as fish food.

When we got to the Horseshoe Bay ferry terminal, we saw we weren't going to make it by the size of the lineup. So we abandoned our car and ran onto the ferry. Once there, we bummed a ride off a guy who gladly offered us one in ex-

change for some smokes. He was moving from Calgary to Victoria in a beat-up red van with one of those tacky little heart-shaped windows on the side.

An hour and a half later, we were at Nanaimo and we all crammed into our ride. Our host graciously offered us some C.C. and turned up some classic Aerosmith fifty decibels above the pain threshold. We rode off the ferry and I had butterflies in my stomach as the anticipation built (or was it the C.C.?). Soon, a freshly-painted sign showed us the way to our destination and we turned off the highway.

We drove up the new gravel driveway and got out at the Bungy Zone. It had been open for just seven days but business was brisk. I climbed out just in time to see a really fat guy jump off the bridge and disappear into the Nanaimo River gorge, only to spring back up moments later dripping wet. I thought to myself that if the cord hadn't broken for him, I would be fine.

We thanked our ride for the lift and walked up to the trailer to get our jump tickets. We all had to sign waivers disclaiming any responsibility for injury on their part should we smack into the bridge on the way back up or something. We forked over \$95 each and got our tickets—that's right, 95 bucks. We were electronically weighed and had our weights written on our hands.

We walked up the steep stairs to the top of the bridge, which had been specially made for throwing people off it. There were two jumping platforms in the middle which looked more like gangplanks. I looked over the railing and 140 feet down into the gorge to the river below. It didn't look all that high.

The next person to jump was a guy from Seattle. He stood at the edge, we all

gave him a countdown, and ... he stood there some more. In all, he stood there for 15 minutes and eventually chickened out. I was going to be the 582nd person to try this, and on my jump ticket it said, "ABSOLUTELY NO REFUNDS." Too bad, bud. A girl from Calgary was up there just watching but we managed to convince her to try it (wasn't that awfully nice of us?). My friends did their jumps first and then it was my turn.

I sat down and the operator wrapped a towel around my ankles. Then he wrapped a nylon loop around them. That was it. No fancy rigging or nothing. He looked at my weight and measured off a length of bungy rope with a micrometer. He attached the end to the nylon loop with a steel ring and I was ready. I had to do a little penguin shuffle to get on the platform. Then I looked down. All of a sudden it looked *really* high and I felt like I was going to lose a load of bricks. I vaguely listened to the operator as he told me how to jump.

"And, by the way," he said, "don't point your toes upward." Har har. Then it was time. All the people on the bridge gave me a countdown and I jumped.

The first few seconds were sheer terror as my mind and stomach rebelled at my stupidity. But after that, it was great as the wind rushed past and the river got closer. At the bottom, I hit the water and then was flung violently back up towards

the bridge. But I didn't hit it, and for the next minute proceeded to be a human yo-yo, until finally I stopped bouncing around and was lowered to a raft waiting below.

That's it. I bought an official jumper T-shirt for \$20 and wore it proudly. (Besides, my other clothing was soaking wet.) I was now part of the exclusive jump club. Physically, besides the adrenaline buzz I got, I was half an inch taller for about 10 hours.

If you want my advice, wait until it becomes cheaper before you jump. This article should probably be retitled "The Economics of Bungy Jumping," because these guys have one hell of a gig going (and I don't know a whole lot about Physics). If you want more info, you can phone the Bungy Hotline at (604)-755-6728.

The video my friend took of us was great. The footage of the party afterwards is far more entertaining, but that's another story. Personally, I've become addicted to freefall and the adrenaline rush. My mom was *not* pleased when she found out I had jumped. Wait until she discovers I've joined the UBC Skydiving Club.

The jolt of Richard Bae's jump damaged several key points in his cranium, most notably his long-term memory and pleasure/pain centre. To this day, he honestly believes he enjoyed the experience.

NOMINATION FORM FOR THE SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY

NAME OF CANDIDATE: _____

YEAR: _____ DEPARTMENT: _____ STUDENT NO.: _____

ADDRESS: _____

TELEPHONE NO. _____

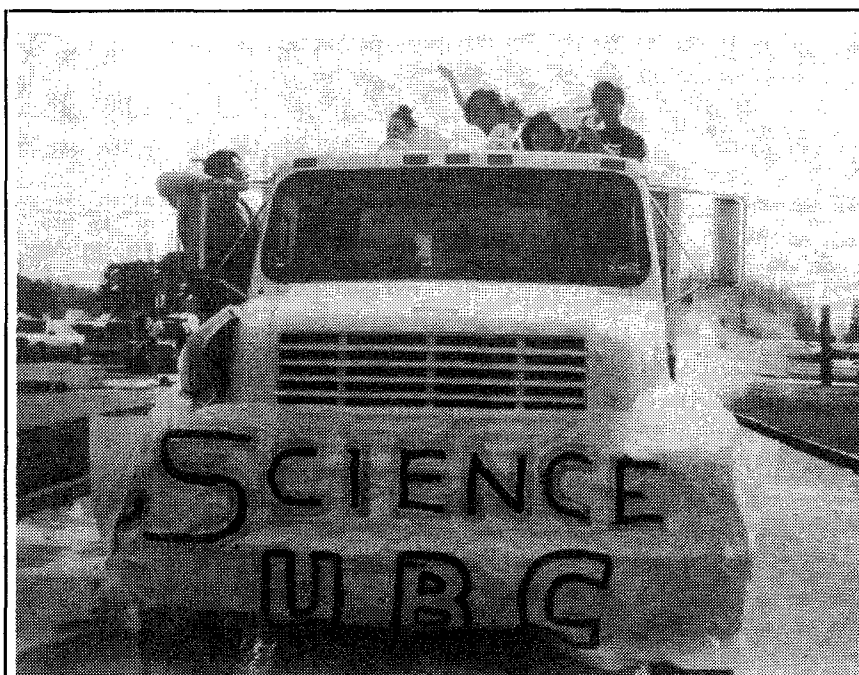
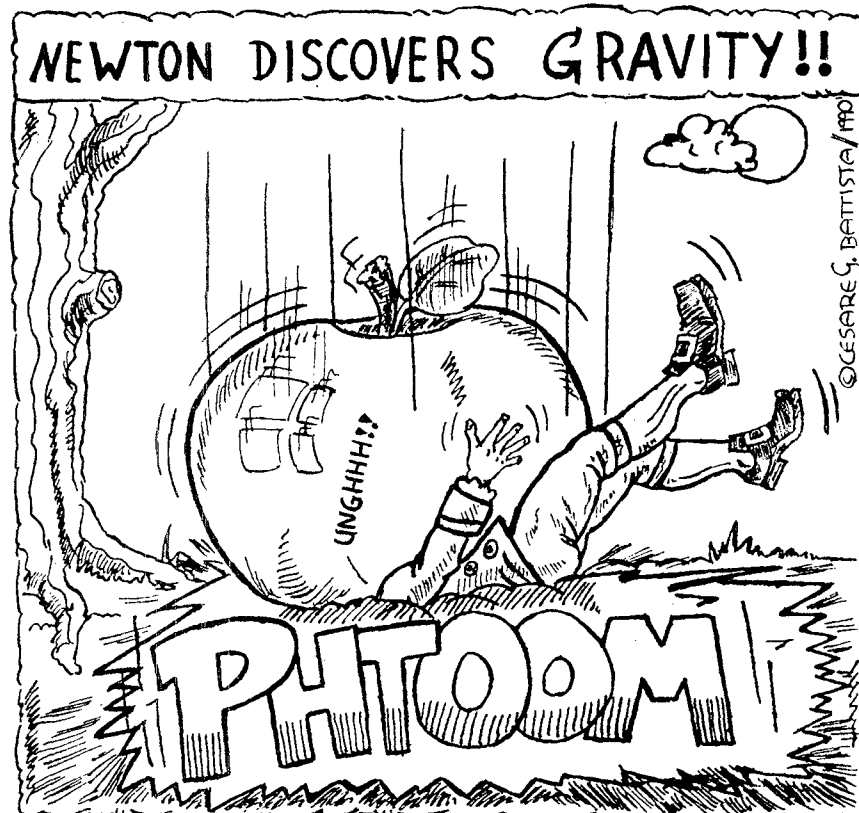
I am aware of my nomination and willing to run for election for the position of _____

DATE: _____ SIGNED: _____



We, the undersigned, bona fide members of the Science Undergraduate Society, nominate _____ for the position of _____

date	signature	name	student number
1			
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
7			
8			
9			
10			
11			
12			
13			
14			
15			
16			
17			
18			



SUS Council hijacks truck; photographer mowed down. Story at 11.