the four thirty-two

cdxxxxii

"All the News That's Fit Too Tight"

The 432: The Newspaper For Science Students Version 5.01 September 23, 1991

COUP ATTEMPT FAILS

3 killed; SUS President held for 24 hours

(VANCOUVER) Members of an extremist group within the Science Undergraduate Society led a brief and bloody revolt within that organization's highest council. A number of executive officers of the SUS Council, affiliated with the Radical Beer Faction siezed power, detaining the elected president, Gio Vassone, and declaring an emergency session. The provisional leader, Erik Jensen, cited the president's "failing health" as the reason for thecontrol shift. The Physsoc-linked cell held the SUS reigns for a full day before forces loyal to Vassone stormed the presidential citadel, and arrested some two-dozen SUS representatives on treason charges.

Two SUS security police officials were killed while attempting to defend the UBC citadel from loyalist special forces, and one of the conspirators was apparently shot dead while trying to escape arrest. The complete list of all of the councilmembers involved in the coup plot has not been released to the Press Bureau, but it has been widely reported that Jensen and PhyssocPresident Mark Hoenig evaded capture and are still at large. Special forces troops combed the campus in the hours following Gio Vassone's triumphant return to her office, storming well-known drinking establishments in an effort to find Jensen and Hoenig.

In the aftermath of this upset, the loyalty of several executives in good standing is now being called into question. Internal Vice President Sandra Mah said: "Let there be no mistake; this will mean a purge at the highest levels. One that will be remembered for its ruthlessness as well as its thoroughness." Information Minister, Patrick Redding, was placed under house arrest and reportedly deprived of cable television, perhaps a hint of the crackdown to come.

News of the coup attempt was met with mixed reaction from the world community. US president George Bush, when asked by reporters for his views on the situation, said only "Vancouver? The one in Canada? Well, as I'm sure you're aware, the space program is in Vice President Quayle's capable hands, so any questions concerning other planets will have to be directed to him." Ministers from the European Community expressed unanimous hope for a peaceful resolution to the crisis, although the French trade minister offered a sale of military hardware to "whichever sideemerged victorious." Mikhail Gorbachev, at the time beginning his new duties as television game show host, suggested that the SUS should "change its name to some other acronym for a while" as one possible solution.

Blindfolded and shackled; one of the unidentified conspirators on display before the emergency SUS council session in the wake of the failed attempt to overthrow Presidente Vassone and several of her cabinet ministers;

Postcoup Purge Sweeps Council Clean; Elections Called

(UBC) The short-lived coup shook the SUS to the foundations of its power. Now, in its wake, Presidente Vassone's bloody purge has left the SUS Council largely vacant, its constituents deprived of representation, and beginning to panic. It seems clear to all obervors that if Gio Vassone wishes to survive this crisis politically, she must follow up her brutal house-cleaning with an equally-expedient filling of the ranks. Internal Vice President Sandra Mah has formally opened nominations for the positions of Year and Departmental Representatives. She appealed to the "patriotism" of her fellow Scientisits in calling for their participation in the nominations, which are scheduled to close on September 30th.

Mah said "Those Council members who serve faithfully will have nothing to fear from the executive, even in light of this recent debacle. Your loyalty will never be doubted, so long as you do not indirectly assist those villains who would undermine everything we've worked so hard to achieve in these last few months. I implore you to take part in the process of rebuilding the Council into a united body capable of contending with any future such challenges."

Patriots wishing to participate in the new democratic process should report immediately to room 160 of the Chemistry Building, to receive their nomination forms.

The duties of the SUS Year Reps include:

Attending Council meetings every Thursday at 1:30; promoting Science events through announcements, leaflets and grafitti; attending Academics Committee meetings every other week; attending Faculty meetings as Year Reps; participating on at least one other committee (like Publications or Social); maintaining at least one office hour per week.

The duties of the SUS Departmental Reps include:

Attending Council meetings (as above); acting as liason between SUS and the departments; attending Faculty meetings as a Departmental Rep; attending Academics Committee meetings every other week; promoting SUS functions; participating on at least one other committee; and maintaining at least one office hour per week.

Nomination requires a mere fifteen signatures, of registered SUS partymembers. All candidates will be required to attend a general pre-election meeting at the SUS office on October 1 at 5:30 PM. Kevlar vests are optional.

Hail the All-Sustaining Technarchy, the Devourer of Worlds! Hail!

Presidential gavel to be replaced by Mickey of JD; .44 Colt Python

Recently restored SUS President, Giovanna Vassone, today extoled the virtues of the American-made seven-shot hand-cannon:

"It's a weapon ideally suited for the rigors of our weekly council and executive meetings. It affords me really one bullet for every member of the executive 'cept myself, of course."

When asked if the decision to arm the presiding councilperson was a response to the recent coup, Presidente Vassone scoffed, insisting "Oh not at all. Admittedly, the timing of the ruling couldn't have been better, but I'd say that in general, discipline is pretty good."

The medium-sized bottle of whisky is designated as "available for medicinal uses only." Vassone confided, however, that "an empty bottle of JD is just as useful as a full one, since the shattering is more efficient."

The Presidente has apperently taken steps toward putting the recent crisis behind her, and is already look forward to her next challenge: "There are plans for an annual 'Coup-Day.' We'll be televising the executions, and I'll spend the day indoors."

Disclaimer: *the 432* will not be held responsible for any death, injury or duress resulting from the improper use of its contents, or the faulty survival instincts of its readership.

Danny Atomic's GEEWHIZ

Hey Fellas! Oh yeah, and I guess you GALS, too...Are you ready to learn some keen science? Oh, I know what you're thinking..."*Science?! Fat chance, daddy-o! Not when I can be out tossing around a pigskin, or polishing down my new 'Bird. You gotta have rocks in your head.*" ...but I'm not talking about that snore-city scene from your lame-o lectures. This is the REAL THING, the atomic-powered know-how that lets our Navy subs patrol under the ice-cap and will someday send Americans to Mars!

Sound like a hoot? Well first, let me show you some fantabulous examples of REAL SCIENCE At Work, that I picked up while serving my hitch with the Indiana National Guard!

MAKE TEAR-GAS AT HOME!!

Remember guys: Safety First!

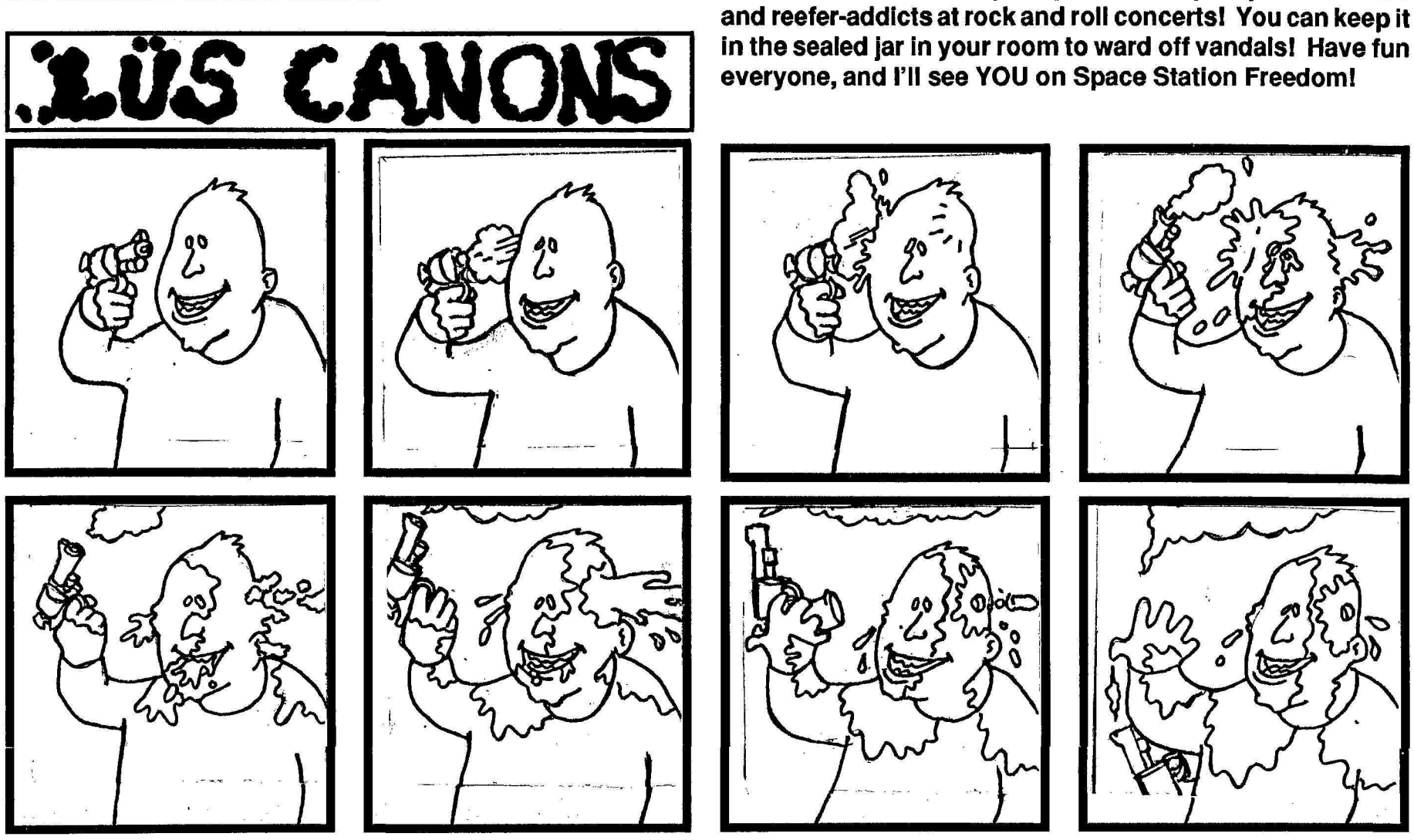
All you need is some rubber tubing, and some glass jars, which you can get from your Mom! It would be a good idea to get permission to make your tear-gas in the garage or basement. Ready? Here goes!

Mix ten parts glycerine with two parts sodium bisulfate in a jar, and heat over a flame until it begins to froth...

Okey-Dokey! Now you should be able to see little bubbles of gas forming from the mixture in your jar. See it? Now as soon as no more gas is forming, or the mixture begins turning brown, remove the heat!

Now take your jar outside, and quickly dump out the liquid gunk. That's called a residue! Stopper up the jar...

Guess what you're left with? That's right! Tear-gas! Just like the kind used by riot police to help disperse rowdies and reefer-addicts at rock and roll concerts! You can keep it in the sealed jar in your room to ward off vandals! Have fun everyone, and I'll see YOU on Space Station Freedom!



I can't take it anymore.... I got the idea from reading the 432. Good Bye.

REMEMBER KIDS, SOCIAL DARWINISM WORKS!!

Science Undergraduate Society Year and Department Representative Elections

Nominations Open **September 16.**
We need:

Year Representatives:
2 First Year Representatives
3 Second Year Representives
3 Third Year Representatives
3 Fourth Year Representatives

Department Representatives:
Biochemistry
Biology
Chemistry
Computer Science
General Science
Geography (Science)
Geology
Geophysics and Astronomy
Mathematics
Microbiology
Oceanography
Pharmacology
Physics
Physiology
Psychology (Science)

Nominations close **September 30.**

FOR MORE INFORMATION COME TO CHEM 160

FAC OFF AND DIE

12. Recreation Facility Contribution

The Board of Governors has authorized the collection of a contribution of $40 per year per full-time student for a five-year period beginning with the 1991-92 session:

Undergraduate students registered for 18 or more credits	$40
Undergraduate students registered for fewer than 18 credits	$2.25 per credit
Graduate students	$40
Part time graduate students on Payment Schedule B	$20

Contributions will be matched by government funds and used to construct athletic facilities on campus which will be owned and managed by the University.

Charitable receipts are available on written request. Submit your request, which must include your full name and student number, to the Development Office, 6253 NW Marine Drive, Vancouver V6T 2A7, by December 31, 1991.

Students who wish may apply in person to the Department of Athletics and Sports Services, War Memorial Gymnasium, for a refund, before the end of the fifth week of classes.

You have no fucking idea how many of you didn't know about how, in a spectacular act of chutzpah, the Board of Governors volunteered your donations toward the construction of the proposed Recreation Facility. Oh, certainly, They have provided all of the informaton required for you to retrieve your $40. It is carefully--no make that *discreetly*--placed in roughly the middle of the 1991-92 UBC Calendar. I have seen fit to reproduce it above. Note how the entire section '12' is devoted to explaining the charging policy for various classes of students, and the nature of external funding for Rec Fuc. Oh, right at the bottom of this entry, is a short paragraph informing the students that they may obtain a refund of their 'donation' by applying in person '*before the end of the fifth week of classes.*'

This kind of deceptive bullshit is as unconscionable as it is predictable, given the Administration's ethical track record. We can't even really blame the Board of Governors, since it wasn't their decision to conceal the refunding information from the student body. I would like to point out that I personally support, in principle, the idea of a recreational facility for intramurals and general students' use. But I cannot abide by the continuing efforts of the Rec Fuc lobby to steamroll the project beyond the influence of the students it affects. More to the point, I cannot understand why They added unsolicited charges to our already inflated fees, when every decision making body at this University ruled that the donations for Rec Fuc were to be just that, donations. It is also just a little suspicious that this is the year that none of us received our fee statements, which should give a breakdown of all of our charges. So conveniently, the vast bulk of UBC students won't even realize they've been had. Don't take this one bent over, kids. Take back the forty.

STUDENTS CAN'T VOTE IN B.C....

...unless they are registered with a current address *within 10 days of an election being called.*

The Bourgeois Patriarchy, in a brutal attempt to subjugate the masses, has arbitrarily removed your innate right to register on election day, therby striving to disenfranchise students and perpetuate their barely legitimate rule for a *further five years.*

While the establishment system is not on our side, the law is; look for the voter registration booth in SUB to register, to check your recorded address, or to change it. You may also try calling 660-6848 to confirm your registration. United, we can stop this travesty and cast our votes in the glory of democracy.

This has been a non-partisan announcement from the Science Undergrad Society.

The low-down on this here rag.

What you hold in your rapidly blackening hands is the latest incarnation of a publishing effort that's hell-bent on becoming a tradition. In years past, the 432 has been chiefly: An information newsletter; a lay-person's science paper; a humor journal and now, likely, the chief exhibit at the Editor's mental competancy hearing. I have been lucky to have most of the past editors around to nag for advice, and equally lucky to have found them generous with their time and professional wisdom.

The 432 is published every two weeks, with our best hopes on putting it out every other Monday consistently. All production, short of actual printing, is done using SUS in-house facilities, located in Rm 160 of the Chemistry Bldg (That's the wing of Chem joined to the Chem-Phys Bldg. Our office is in the basement, and the windows look out into that little patio area where the racoons shit.)

Printing is courtesy of College Printers Ltd., Terminal Ave.

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The432™

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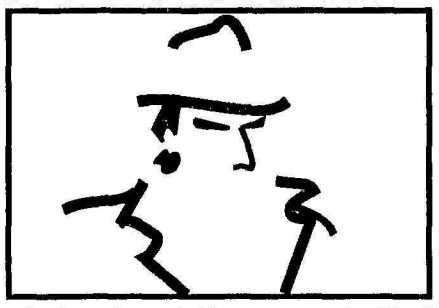
"Science Made Easy"
© David Sovka 1990

Dik Miller, UIC Tanning Team



So there I was, jobless once again. Fired from Traffic and Security. Fired from Physical Plant. A failure as a private eye. Fired from Food Services. Punched out by my alter-ego at the Board of Governors. I had spent the summer whiling away the time on Kits Beach. The tan lines from my trenchcoat and hat were quite embarrassing. There was only one thing left to try.

I walked into the Buchanan building, heading for the Faculty Advisor's office. "Skills upgrading" is not a term that normally enters my vocabulary, and since I figured that my greatest skill was at not getting a job I could keep, enrolling in the Faculty of Arts seemed like a natural idea. I knocked on the door.

"Come in," said a voice from behind it.

I turned the doorknob, but it went nowhere and the door remained shut.

"I said come in," repeated the voice.

Still no luck. The knob was being...well...rather knobbish.

"I'm afraid the door won't open," I said.

"Oh, sometimes it sticks. Just give it a good shove."

I did. Nothing. I backed up and prepared to take a running leap at it.

You know, I thought to myself as I accelerated across the linoleum floor, *if this were a cheap B-movie comedy or a Bugs Bunny cartoon, she would open the door just as I got to it and I would go hurtling into the far wall of the office.*

She opened the door just as I got to it and I hurtled not into the far wall, but into the full bookshelf that prevented the far wall from being hurtled into.

When I regained consciousness, I cursed my existence as a cheap B-column newspaper character and said weakly, "I meant to do that."

The Advisor helped me up. "Now," she said, "what can I do for you, Mister...?"

"Miller. Dik Miller."

"Mr. Miller! I'm so glad to meet you at last." She shook my hand, which seemed rather silly since she was still holding it after having helped me up.

Still a bit fuzzy-headed, I could only mutter, "I guess my reputation precedes me then."

"Indeed it does, Mr. Miller. Come this way. I'll show you your new office."

New office? I thought. *I think I might like being in Arts more than I thought.*

She led me to the next door down from hers and handed me a key. "Since this was a bit rushed, and we're really backed up, you'll be starting right away. I'm sure it will be no problem, considering your qualifications." She showed me my desk, my filing cabinet, my computer terminal, and my bookshelf, said good luck, and left.

I had meant to tell her that I was just coming for advice and had not even registered yet, but she had work to do, so I figured I would talk to her later. I sat down at the desk and looked around. No windows, but overall a pretty nice office for a first year Arts student with no major or courses. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," I said.

Click, click.

"I said come in."

"The door's stuck."

"Try giving it a shove," I suggested.

Click, click.

Obviously it wasn't working. I stood up and walked over to open the door. As I did, a T-shirt-and-shorts-attired guy hurtled by me and into my bookshelf. He bounced off, stunned but conscious.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi," he said. "I meant to do that."

"I know," I said.

"Anyway, I need some help," he continued.

"Uh...okay. What with?"

"Well, I'm a triple major in Canadian Studies, Archaeology, and Hindi, and I want to know whether I can take Electrical Engineering 472 and still graduate."

"I don't have a clue," I replied.

"What?! You have to!"

"Oh no I don't. Why should I?"

"Because you're a faculty advisor, that's why!"

"What?"

"That's what it says on your door."

I marched out and looked at the lettering on my door:

D. MILLER
ARTS FACULTY ADVISOR

Oooh, I thought. This could be tricky. What should I do now?

There was a brief argument in my mind. Wing it.

"Sit down," I said calmly. "Let's take a look at your position."

Dik Miller, Faculty Advisor. I like the sound of that.

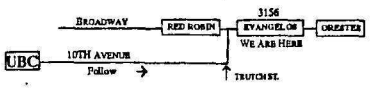
Derek Miller has been involved with the 432 in one way or another since *before the fall of Communism.* No shit.

BIOLOGY GRADS

Composite
PHOTOGRAPHS
NOW BEING TAKEN AT
EVANGELOS.

EVANGELOS
PHOTOGRAPHY

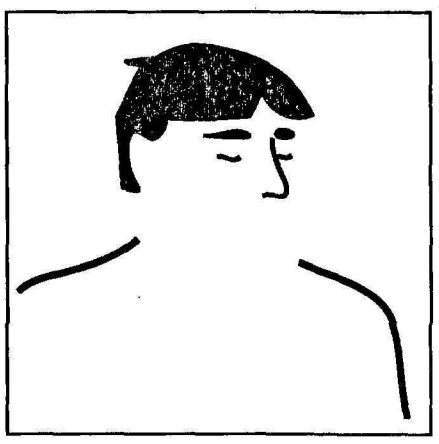
3156 West Broadway,
Telephone: 732-3023 / 731-8314
Five Minutes From The UBC Gates
(Rain or Shine)



BIOSOC

Bear & Cedar Garden
Sept 27, 1991
Room Biol 2449
4:30 - 9:30
Members get their first bzzr free
(membership is 2 bucks so you figure it out)

CIRCVS SCIENTIFICVS



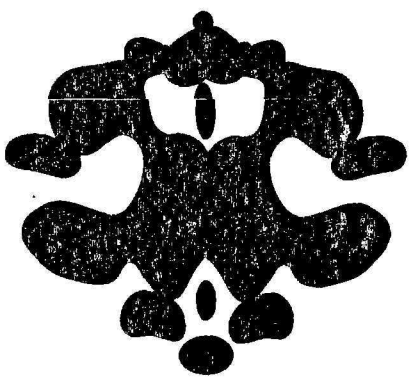
Here it is, the first of many sports reports from the Science Sports Rep: Jaret Clay.

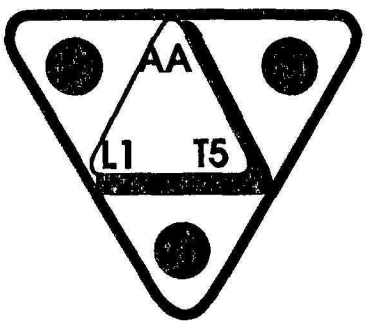
Well hello! I'm most glad to be telling you of incredible things to come.

Firstly, registration is closing fast for Intramurals '91. The 20th of September was the deadline for soccer, ball hockey and ice hockey; while the 27th ends basketball, volleyball and field hockey.

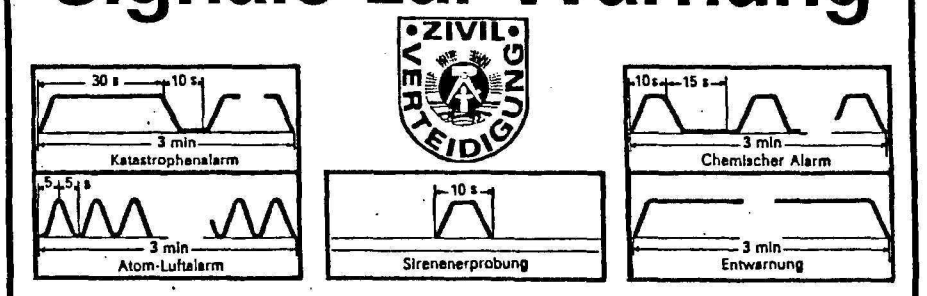
Intramurals has come up with an "ultimate" frisbee league. This growing sport will see its 1st Intramurals season this year and promises to be very exciting!

As well, don't forget about the Arts 20 relay coming up Sept 29th (Sunday). This year Intramurals is trying to break its old record of 216 teams so put together eight people and make your way from VGH to UBC that Sunday morning at 8:30 AM (meet on top of Sedgewick Library. Remember that this isn't just a relay race; it's a celebration of the Great Trek of 1922 in which 2,000 students marched from VGH to UBC to ask the government for a new university for British Columbians. Arts 20 relay follows the same path from VGH as that of the Great Trek). The day will include a magnificent pancake breakfast for over 1500 people as well as live entertainment and lots of prizes! Keep your eyes open for an original Great Trekker or two. They're in their nineties and this race means more to them than you could ever imagine. Deadline for registration is Friday, September 27th. Don't miss out and don't forget to get your 50% rebate for putting in a science team!



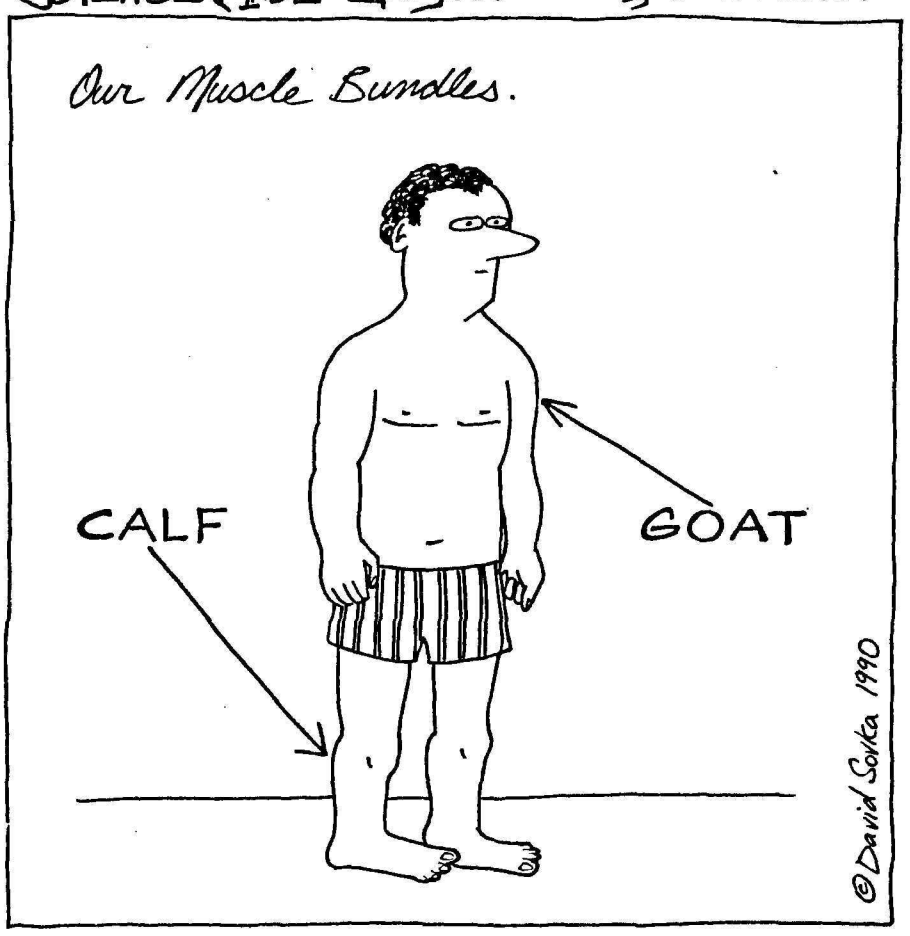


Signale zur Warnung



Science Made Easy...

by David Sovka



SCIENCE: A RATHER INCOMPLETE PRIMMER IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER

By Charlie Cho

Sex, flies and newspaper print: This is what intrigues a 432 reader. Recent surveys suggest that you enjoy reading funny papers and that you're as horny as a fruit fly. But underneath the masthead, its suggests that you are also a "Science Student." If you are not one of these, DROP WHAT YOU ARE HOLDING IMMEDIATELY. You cannot escape. The Campus Authorities will come to arrest you, and they know where you live.

Good. Now, if you're still reading this, you must consider yourself scientificially inclined (and you aren't particularly gullible). By definition, you spend a good deal of your days learning how to systematically study "the nature and behaviour of the physical universe, based on observation, experiment and measurement" (The Collins Paperback English Dictionary, 2nd ed.). This tends to baffle many Artsies and the considerable fraction of Engineering students who are just here for the money.

What, then, is Science? Read on, MacDuff...

Atmospheric Science: There are scientists who never stopped lying on their backs in grassy fields, trying to see animal shapes in the clouds. At the end of every academic year, they get together for their big MuchMusic Video Rain Dance.

Biochemistry (hunchbacked lab assistants, tooth drillers and mad doctors): Having watched every episode of St. Elsewhere and Trapper John MD, some naive keeners get the idea that if they pursue biochemistry at age thirteen, they'll end up just like Doogie Howser. Well forget it. You're not going to get laid.

Chemistry (closet pyromaniacs and future drug kingpins): They think that they're the Masters of Matter, but deep down they just want to blow up model airplanes and turn your cookies pink.

Computer Science: A revolution led by near-sighted caffeine junkies, burrowed into locked rooms, with ever-evolving CPUs, megabyte hard drives and kilobaud modems. After deleting your transcript, they like to unwind in the SUB Arcade by playing Blockout. The hacker's life ambition: To own several blue suits.

Geophysics and Astronomy (the movers, the shakers and the stargazers): An astronomer is basically a microbiologist looking the wrong way through the microscope. After that, it's all statistics. Geophysicists are the ones that tell us when to stand in doorframes, but of course in the event of a real quake, they'll be buried under several hundred tons of cinderblock building.

Mathematics: Those who manage to stay awake during their 8:30s become mathematicians. Playing with Greek letters in their sleep, they horrify all non-believers with Fermat's Last Theorem and bore the rest of us with the Manifold of the Week.

Microbioloby (sex, flies and genotype): Believe it or not, it is possible to get rich patenting bacteria. Or by become an industrial spy for a major brewery. This is the field for people unsatisfied with contracting naturally-occuring virsuses.

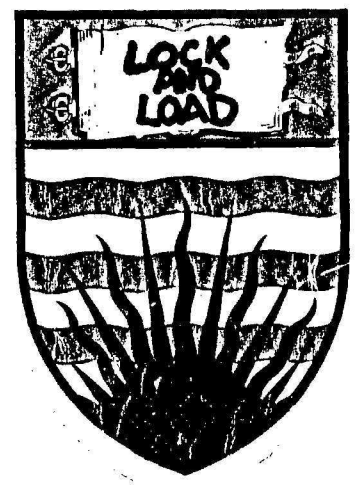
Physics: In a bold marketting move, this field boosted its overall impressiveness by abandoning such archaic concepts as "ether" and "absolutism" in favor of much sexier phrases like "critical phenomena," and "quantum electrodynamics." Irradiating one's self with x-rays has given way to such grandiose laboratory projects as UBC's own The Really Immense U-shaped Macaroni Factory.

Psychology (*Is* this a science?): Some one wearing sandals with socks, who probably went into this profession for very worrysome reasons, calmly attributes all of your behavior patterns to deviant sexual proclivities and prescribes Redolin for your kids. *You* be the judge.

Does this clear up things for you?

FORCED ENTRIES

by Justin Fellenz



Dear Mom and Sir:

Here I am back in Vancouver. I got a job at a gunshop like I'd hoped and a real nice place--you'd like it, mom. It's right on a main road, with good access and a clear shot at all surrounding areas. No trees and such for false cover. I'm getting it set up, slowly, so that even our Teams would have a hard time with an assault--any subversives that try will be staying behind for tea, if you know what I mean. No Communist in the world's gonna get me.

I've plated the wall with half-inch steel to head level, and there is a 300 Weatherbee Magnum and 600 rounds in 25-clips by each window. The glass is double layer: three-quarter bulletproof outside, one-eighth safety inside, with steel reinforced mounting flanges painted to match the house. The 50 caliber that Ray-Bill brought back from his last tour with the SEALS is mounted on a rolling lockable tripod with 5000 rounds ready to go. It lives upstairs with my Lee Harvey Oswald poster collection, where I have a clear line of fire on anything that moves within about 170 degrees of the front or back of my house. The doors are under rain guards, and I built break away plating which will stop bullets coming up but which allow for downward firing and can be released if a spray is what is required. I have 5000 rounds in sand for the Weatherbees, and 5000 extra for the cannon upstairs in sand. Of course my trusty old Ruger hand cannon never leaves my side, and that shorty shotgun that I got that bear with last June is always by my bed. I haven't reinforced the floors yet, but that will come, though I think I might not spend too much money on that, as most of these people around here aren't good enough to know the right way to shoot someone through a ceiling. Besides, as you know, it won't be long before I'm back home. Nothing like reinforced concrete to make a guy feel safe in his bed.

Speaking of ceilings, I almost forgot. Sir, you'll be proud of me for building this one. The upstairs is right under the roof, so I cut holes between the rafters and installed trap doors, so that when Brother John gets home from Guatemala with those mortars he "found" I won't even have to leave the comfort of my own bedroom to do a little high-explosive turkey shootin', should the need arise.

I've got triple-redundant gensets downstairs, with enough fuel for four weeks' running. I butchered the bear and that big moose, plus a couple of sturgeon I got out of a local river,. I've got a supply of veggies growing out back, and of course a couple of weeks of C-rations just in case. If the breakdown happens when I'm here and I can't get out because they have their guns on me, I'll eat my worm and maggot farms to stay alive another day and shorten just one more heathen's life--hey, it kept Gunter and Albrecht alive in Venezuela--it'll keep me alive here too by God. You just never know how far you might have to go.

So I'm set. None of the God-damn pinko swine that they have roaming around up here are gonna get me. You can't trust anyboody, that's what Jesus says, and by God I believe it. That Zen Stuff Seth was showing us really works—all I have to do is meditate and let my mind go blank, and there isn't a subversive alive I can't pick out. The little buggers are everywhere!

Look, hey, gotta go. Give my dogs a kiss for me—Just the female ones of course, and don't forget to mail me my medicine this time, plearse. I'm just about out.

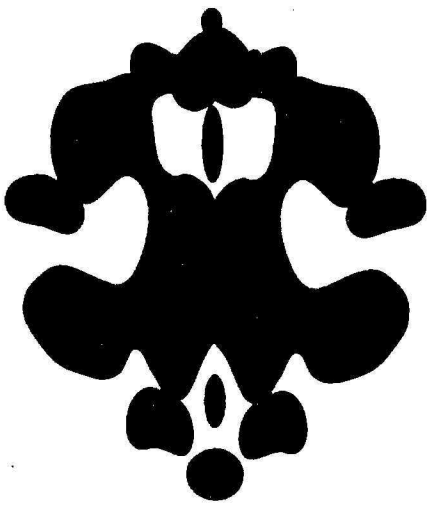
Your loving son.

DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW.
Aleister Crowley

FLICKS

Tra La La, Tra La La,
Tra La La, Tra La La,
Rum Tum Tiddle Um Tum
Tiddle Iddle, Tiddle Iddle,
Tiddle Iddle, Tiddle Iddle,
Rum Tum Tiddle Um Tum

AA Milne, EP Dalton and Co. Pub., New York, 1926. p 22.



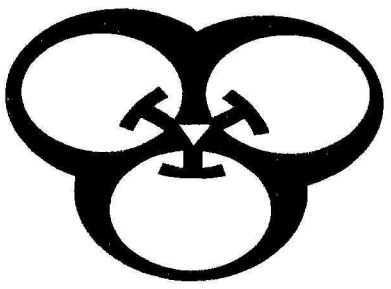
The drastic inflation of ticket prices at virtually all major movie theatres has forced many of us to make a dubious choice. Certainly video rental and/or cable is the way to go from purely economic considerations. If you have one those massive television screens, the kind that used to be found only in the background sets of TV news studios, then you might even consider investing in a laser-disc player. If you can afford it, it can afford you a cinema-quality picture with cinema-quality stereo sound. Of course if you can afford it, the odds that you're actually reading this newspaper are only slightly better than those for a Siamese in a microwave. This is the brutal truth: If you are a student, and a movie-buff, you face the dilemma of paying eight bucks a pop to watch Kevin Costner squint.

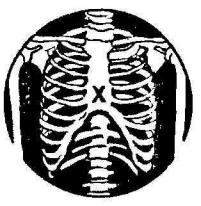
This being the case, it seems sensible to either go on Tuesdays (which only works for some theatres, and means camping out in front of box office the night before), or make damn sure that whatever it is you're paying full price to see has shitloads of explosions, blood and gratuitious sex (not necessarily at the same time) to make it all worth your while. So it is almost criminal that people going to the flicks for the purpose of mindless, sedintary gratification should be forced to watch their (expensive) pablum on a screen that looks, from the middle of the auditorium, roughly as large as the display this article is being typed on. Well folksies, in Vancouver, soon , this is all that will be left. Start saving up your pennies toward the purchase of a 40" screen monitor, but enjoy the crash 'n' bang while its still worth seeing.

One recommended feature: Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man. I will be the first to confess to liking shlocky movies for their own sake. That's why the B-Fest is an event I eagerly await every year. But in the interim, I have to be satisfied with the senseless garbage being churned out periodically by Hollywood. Harley is one such film, and I use the word "film" in the sense of that stuff that builds up on your teeth when you don't brush regularly.

It concerns the impropbable exploits of a Zen biker (guess which one that is) played by Mickey Rourke, master of palpable sleeze; and his partner in whatever-the-hell-outlaws-do-in-1996, an ex-rodeo cowpoke played by Don Johnson. None of the performances in this picture really grab you by the short-and-curlies and swing you around the room. Likewise, the script is basically a comfortably strung together collection of quips and cliches from other actioners. But in some weird way, this experiment in vehicular pandemonium succeeds where others fail by breaking various stylistic rules in a consistent way, so that by the end of the last fire-fight, you walk away feeling like everything somehow turned out okay.

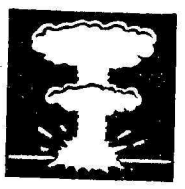
The plot, such as it is, involves the two buddies' efforts to steal enough money for their oldest friend to make the lease on his landmark restuarant, which sits on the edge of an airport the size of Burbank. The heroes and their ill-fated companions run afoul of a monolithic bank which is running designer drugs, as well as cash. You may have detected that all the elements are here for the perfect male liberation film of the 90s. We have two classic masculine heroes, neither of whom holds down a desk job, both of whom had strong relationships with their respective father figures, at least one of which who respects and loves the woman in his life (who happens to be an LAPD motorcycle cop), fighting against a faceless, corporate villain who peddles drugs to kids. Gosh. Even Rourke's character, who handly subdues some gas-station robbers at the beginning of the film, turns out to be a quasi-pacifist, who in his words "never wanted to hurt nobody..." Harley can't shoot too well either. In the movie's most memorable scene, while the Marlboro Man is shooting the belt buckles off of one security guard (really!), Harley resorts to throwing his shotgun at another to knock him over. The constant pokes that Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man take at the tradition of outlaw heroes and macho adventure movies are what allow it to get away with being corny in some places. This picture gets the girl, and rides off into the sunset, tongue planted firmly in cheek.





WIN

1ST PRIZE	*2ND PRIZE*	*3RD PRIZE*
RESUMÉ PACKAGE	**RESUMÉ PACKAGE**	**200 SHEET PACKAGE**
* 50 COPIES	* 15 COPIES	* 20 LB BOND PAPER
* CONSULTATION	* CONSULTATION	
* LASER TEXT	* LASER TEXT	
* CHOICE OF QUALITY BOND PAPER	* CHOICE OF QUALITY BOND PAPER	



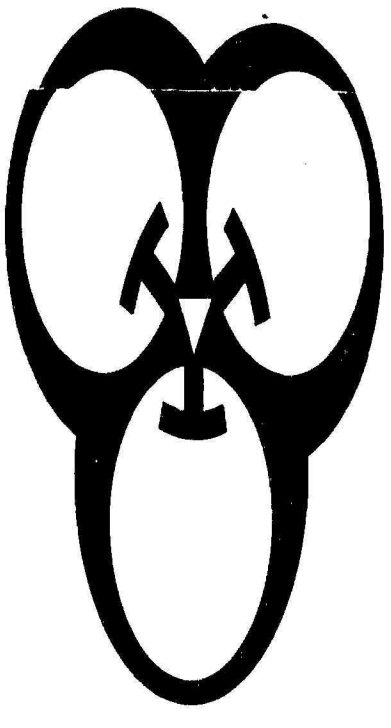
ACT NOW!!! CONTEST ENDS ON OCTOBER 4, 1991.

BALLOT BOXES AND ENTRY SLIPS CAN BE FOUND AT:

* UBC STUDENT SUPPORT
  SUB BLDG. MAIN CONCOURSE
  (ACROSS FROM BLUE CHIP COOKIES)
* AIESEC OFFICE
  RM 249G
  SUB BLDG. (2ND FLOOR)
* HENRY ANGUS BLDG.
  MAIN LOBBY (BY FRONT DOORS)
* COLIN GOURLAY LOUNGE
  (3RD FLOOR) IN THE HENRY ANGUS BLDG.

TO ENTER: JUST FILL OUT AN ENTRY SLIP WITH YOUR "MOST CREATIVE" ANSWER. WINNERS WILL BE NOTIFIED BY PHONE. GOOD LUCK!!!

from AIESEC UBC



Senate

A common student concern is (lack of) teaching quality at U.B.C. On 11 September 1991, Senate passed a listof several recommendations intendedto improve the quality of undergraduate teaching. The recommendations, included in an extensive report, were presented by Senate's Ad Hoc Committee on U.B.C. Teaching Evaluations. The report summarizes past and present procedures of all faculties, and surveys a sample of 2308 U.B.C. students.

CLEMENT FUNG

The more significant findings include:

1. All faculties and departments conduct teaching evaluation but there is considerable variation in evaluation formats.

2. Department heads claim to use these results for decisions on appointment, promotion, and tenure of professors. However, few mention using these results for improvement of teaching; there is a problem of inadequate action on what teaching evaluation reveals.

3. The majority of students feel that teaching evaluations are not used to rectify the problems of poor teaching.

C. FUNG

The key recommendations include:

1. Deans, Directors, and Department Heads should take action in response to results which show less than satisfactory teaching performance. Instructors whose evaluation results are less than satisfactory are strongly urged to avail themselves to teaching improvement programs.

2. To make students aware that the Teaching Evaluations are to be done and well used, the following statement should be inserted in the General Academic Regulations section of the calendar:

"The University recognizes the importance of high quality teaching for the academic preparation of its students and accordingly requires that instructors be annually evaluated by procedures which include provision for assessments by students."

(Actions based on these recommendations begin in January 1992.)

Senate supports the improvement of teaching quality. Teaching Evaluation is an important toolfor carrying out such improvements. Please take time to fill out such evaluations in order to tell the departments what you really think of your professors, good or bad.

BOG

The vegetarian burgers in the Subway cafeteria outsell meat burgers. 8245 students applied for 4200 spaces in student residence at UBC this year. Laurence Bongie, the longest-serving head of a department at the University, retired this summer after 26 years as head of French. UBC has $2.1 million operating deficit this year. Last year's cold winter cost UBC $625,000 extra in utilities. Half of all high school students expressing an interest in taking Engineering at UBC were female.

These are just a few of things I found out this summer. And it's all your fault. You, the students of UBC, elected me and Wendy King as student representatives to the University Board of Governors. That makes us two of some fifteen Official Head Honchos of the University. (You thought Dave Strangway was in control? Well, yeah, he is, but we're allowed to disagree with him every once in a while.) So why am I writing this? So you can take responsibility for your actions in electing us. So you will know what the BoG did this summer. So you can get mad and tell me to tell the UBC Administration where to go, if you like. Here's the scoop:

Perhaps the main thing you'd like to know is where all of that money you spent to come here is going. I can't give you the whole breakdown--that takes a book 662 pages long, which you can have a look at if you like--but I can tell you the basics. The UBC operating budget is about 300 million dollars a years. 78.4% of that comes from the provincial government and 15.3% from credit tution fees. The rest comes from non-credit fees, investments, and the like. 72.4% of that money goes to faculties and schools to do research, buy equipment, run programs, and feed your profs' kids; 7.3% buys obscure books for the Library and pays the people who fine you for late ones; 5.4% is for administration (the Registrar's Office, Strangway's car, muffins for the Board); 3% is used for student services; and 9.6% runs the Physical Plant (power, water, lights, leaf blowing, etc.).

The provincial operating grant increased 4.5% this year, and you tuition fees went up 10%. Of that 10%, 1 percent was allocated to increased student aid, and 1.5% to a new Teaching and Learning Fund.

Bored by the numbers yet? There are more. Deep breath...

MUNDANE DUMPSTER

The committee which was set up to figure out to do with the Teaching and Learning Enhancement Fund (about $675,000 this year) consisted of four teaching prize winners, Catherine Rankel (student senator), and me. (Yes, I've been co-opted into this process.) We decided which proposals, of a huge slew from faculties, schools, and departments across campus, deserved the cash we could give them. In the end, it worked out like this: Agriculture got $5,000; Nursing $22,250; Engineering $5,000; Arts $191,000; Commerce $68,700; Dentistry $30,000; Education $11,225; Forestry $5,000; Graduate Studies $62,000; Law $26,600; Medicine and Health Sciences $63,805; Science $73,032; the Library $32,600; and general campus stuff (TA training etc.) $51,800; for a grand total of $648,356, with about $26,000 in reserve. There will be another committee next year to decide what to do with next year's fund, and you--yes you--can get together with other students, profs, whoever, to come up with proposals. If you want a copy of the guidelines, or want to see what the money actually went to, come see me or Wendy in the student BoG office (SUB 262, phone 822-6101)--check for office hours on the door--or call me at home (439-9465). Do that even if you don't want a copy of the guidelines, in fact.

In future I'll be writing more stuff on the next Board meeting (September 23), student housing, Food Services, the new UBC smoking policy, and employment equity. Welcome back to UBC, dudes and dudettes. Derek Miller

G-Strings
A Presidential Report

by Gio Vassone
[Annotated by Derek K. ("won't keep his nose out of things") Miller]

Welcome back. *[She's only saying this because she can't think of any other way to start the article. Besides, that's how everybody does it.]* I'm Gio, your SUS President. *[Notice how she makes a point of her powerful position right away, in the hopes that you'll pay attention, lest she do anything nasty.]* I'm here to tell you about what the SUS did during the summer. *[Once again, it's because she couldn't think of anything more interesting to talk about.]*

First of all, we bought a laser printer. *[Whoa, major bucks. They did it in the summer when no one was around, too.]* If you need to do laser prints, they're really cheap. *[The price isn't mentioned. That's because they haven't figured it out yet.]* And we got a coffee maker for the SUS lounge in Chem 160. *[What do you want to bet that the coffee is really vile?]* We'll also be buying some new couches for the lounge. *[Well, 'new' is a bit of an overstatement.]* Look for a replacement dartboard in the near future as well. *[It's about bloody time. I think the budget was allocated for that two years ago.]*

The big news for this term is year and departmental rep elections. *[In a world of Gulf Wars, global warming, and the collapse of Eastern Europe, this is big news? Sheesh.]* Nominations close September 30. and elections are October 9, 10, 11. *[Notice how close this is to the original October Revolution in Russia? Is this just a coincidence? I don't think so.]* It's a great way to start getting involved in the SUS. *[Yeah, but coming to lots of beer gardens is a better one.]* I ran for Biology rep, and now look where I am! *[That's supposed to be incentive?]* So fill out a nomination form that you can get at the SUS office, Chem 160. *[A little hole in the wall office that's as hard to find as possible, so the current tyrranical dictatorship has the best chance of clinging to power.]* And have a good year! *[Well, at least that's better than telling you to 'piss off.']*

AMS Briefs by Michael Hamilton

The AMS, or Alma Mater Society, meets fortnightly on Wednesdays at 6:30. We discuss motions of grave importance to students. In Fact, if it weren't for us, you might just disappear altogether. Ha!

Last week, we passed a motion to express our collective disdain for the three percent levy on student lons; the motion was carried unanimously. There is a petition against this tax circulating; you can come and sign it at SUS in Chemistry 160 or Physsoc in Hennings 309. If you like the tax, drop by and we'll straighten you out.

The AMS walk home program is in full swing. If you are at one place on campus and would like to be walked to another, call 822-5355; two friendly people (one male, one female) will meet you and walk with you. The hours of operation are 7:30pm to 11:30 pm except on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, when it is open from 7:30pm to 1:30am. To volunteer, call 822-3971.

Remember UBC's motto: comeo ergo sum.

NOMINATION FORM FOR THE
SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY
COUNCIL POSITIONS

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:_____

this form must be returned by 630 pm September 30, 1991 to Chem 160

We**, the undersigned, bona fide members of the Science Undergraduate Society, nominate_____ for the position of_____

	date	signature	name	student number
1				
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** 15 is the minimum number of signers required

S.U.S. SALES

Science Undergraduate Society Sales specializes in team T-shirts (including hockey jerseys), sweatshirts, sweatpants, boxer shorts, sweaters, windbreakers, jackets, caps, mugs, and almost any item imaginable.

Science Sales exists as a service to students, not as a profit-making venture. Plus, we deal directly with the manufacturer, so our prices are as low as possible.

If you don't have a logo, no problem!
We'll help you design one.
We welcome all teams, clubs, faculties, departments.

Feel free to visit us in the Chemistry building, room 160, or phone us at 822-4235, and ask for our Sales Manager, Tim, or Michael, Special Orders