

The 432

The Newspaper For Science Students — Vol 6 No 6 X 23 Nov '92

Binary Declared Obscene

Task force cites "suggestive images" in controversial resolution

Kevin Phillips Bong
Roving Correspondent

In a startling move earlier today, the Special Task Force On Appropriate Use Of Information Technology declared that binary code is "obscene in nature", and would be banned from use on the UBCnet computer network.

The task force, which was created to deal with the growing problem of pornographic material being distributed on university circuits, made the statement earlier today. A spokesman for the group, Dr. Earvin Beezlebub, described the action as "a necessary step in curbing the amount of obscene and suggestive material flowing through the system. The binary code, we have determined, is one of the primary sources of suggestive images on the network."

Dr. Beezlebub went on to explain the nature of the problem. "After careful examination of the specimens at hand, the task force found the

number '1' to represent a very phallic image... one that we found unacceptable to have circulating on the UBCnet system," he said.

"Furthermore, the number '0' was also found to be obscene in nature, as it could be construed to represent a number of vulgar anatomical features, particularly when coupled with a number '1', as is wont to happen with binary code."

Removal of binary code files and transmissions will begin pending the implementation of suitable replacement symbols. Suggestions have included 'A' and 'B' from the UBC ABBA Fan Club, '†' and '‡' from the Vancouver School Of Theology, and '♣' and '♥' from an unidentified source on the network, identified only as "Naughty Girls, Inc. - for a good time, call j8x092@gambier.rick.cs.ubc.ca".

Along these lines, the *Ubyssy* has plans to put together a biweekly 12-page special issue (finances permit-

ing), dealing with the problems of pornography on campus, entitled *BANG*. Said *BANG*'s creator and editor-in-chief, Mr. John Depressedcupboardcheesecake, "We feel that the new paper will open students' eyes to some important issues. People on this campus need a *BANG* every now and then. We feel it's time that they started taking this seriously. It's not fair, and if something's not done, then we're just going to take our toys and go home."

Former AMS President Kurt Preinsperg was unavailable for comment.

Electrical Engineering Beer Demi-God Johan Thornton and SUS Room Manager Erik Jensen had just been bailed out by Johan's little sister Sarah at press time. Unfortunately, they immediately retreated to Jensen's posh White Rock estate, in order to barricade the house in preparation for an RCMP raid. Consequently, none of the three were available for comment.

Dinkleheimer Found

KATMANDU, Nepal (Reuters) - Customs and Excise officials in this busy Nepalese city got quite a surprise yesterday, when a suspicious undeclared crate at the airport was found to be carrying a rather unusual cargo.

The crate, which was sent from Vancouver with no return address, was brought to their attention when a baggage handler reported hearing strange sounds coming from within the crate. Suspecting a bomb, a special team was called in to neutralize the supposed threat.

What they found, however, was not a bomb, but former SUS Director of Sports Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith, who had been missing since the 6th of November. Witnesses say that he was found packed into the crate, along with two Sasamat pepperoni pizzas, two bottles of mineral water and three Depends undergarments. As a result, Smith was somewhat dazed and shaken upon his arrival, but otherwise unhurt.

Immediately after being extricated from the crate, he immediately requested a beer, which "seemed to help calm his apprehensions," said worker Li Ka-Shing. "Then he

asked where he was, and that's kinda when the trouble started..."

Efforts to find the culprits behind Smith's harrowing journey have proved fruitless. SUS Room Manager Erik "The Fish" Jensen had little to say, other than "How the hell did he surv— I mean, end up in Nepal? Uh... I heard he owed a few people some money. That's all I know."

Other SUS personnel deny any knowledge of the incident, saying only that they last saw him during the dance bearing his name. When social coordinator Roger Watts was questioned, concerning an eyewitness account of him entering the Air Canada freight terminal with a large crate the day after the dance, he replied, "Um... oh yeah, that's right. I'm glad you asked that.

Gooooo question. In fact, I was... sending my mother a... mm, pair of mittens I knit. Yeah, that was it. Sorry I couldn't be of more help."

The investigation continues. Meanwhile, donations to the Bring Jon Home Fund (or, alternatively, the Keep Jon In Biscuits Until He Learns Nepalese And Gets A Job Fund) may be dropped off at SUS.



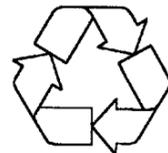
"Ron, call the police... that Skywalker kid's sittin' out in the parking lot shoplifting again..."

INGREDIENTS:

OVER 95% OF CONTENTS CONSIST OF SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE, GRAPHITE, POLYMERIZED HYDROCARBONS, AND TREES. LESS THAN 5% CONSIST OF NOTHING FROM ME, LEONA FOOTNOTES WITH MALICE AND FORTHOUGHT (PAGE 2), ANTONIA AND NOTHINGNESS, CUCUMBERS THE *UBYSSEY* DIDN'T CATCH (PAGE 3), THE DUCK WAXES NOSTALGIC, ONE VERBOSE FISH (PAGE 4), DIK MILLER GETS FISHY, RESEARCH JOBS ... WAY! (PAGE 5), THE DRAWERS OF SUS (PAGE 6), OH NO NOT ANOTHER CHAPTER, SENATE SHORTS (PAGE 7), ROG "ENSIGN TOAST" WATTS IN THE NEUTRAL ZONE (PAGE 8).

DID YOU KNOW... "ILLEGITIMUS NON CARBORUNDUM" (POW'S FORMER MOTTO) ACTUALLY TRANSLATES TO "THE BASTARD WHO IS GROUND DOWN"? SOMETHING'S GOTTA GO, ALL RIGHT. PERHAPS THEIR LATIN TUTOR...

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Nothing to report...



Ryan
McCUAIG

I'm figuring that many of you out there are probably suffering a bit of post-midterm

trauma and depression, what with abysmal marks being no longer just an unpleasant possibility. (At least, this is the case with me. Special thanks to all those that are actually doing well in Math 220, for denying me the solace to be found in the idea

of mark scaling). However, now that baseball is a noble pursuit for Canadians, I anticipate that my antidote for feelings along the lines of *my-department's-trying-to-kill-me-hey-cool-there's-a-flight-for-Bolivia-leaving-in-an-hour* could catch on.

It's quite simple, really. Take your percentage mark for the class. Remove the percent sign. Move the decimal out in front, and, if necessary, add trailing zeroes until you have three digits after the decimal. Voilà. Now you are no longer

bombing out with a 42%. You are suddenly the proud holder of a batting average of .420. 'Nuff said.

I'm pretty worded out after term paper week. So, that's about it, really. Later.



UNITED NATIONS ASSOC. WANTS YOUR OLD TEXTS

Do you have texts which are now not current and can't be sold? Do you really need these for future reference, or would you rather clear out your room and help a good cause?

Scientific texts and other publications are needed for developing countries. In conjunction with the United Nations Association Book Project, Physoc challenges all other clubs to collect more books. Sometime in February, a counting ceremony will be held and a suitable prize awarded to the winning club.

The UNA Book Project supplies institutes in developing countries with scientific books, journals and other publications. Since 1987, they have sent over 16,000 books and journals. The Book Project is located here at UBC and works in conjunction Rotary International, Maple Ridge Branch. For more information about the project, call Nigel McNabb c/o Dr. Harold Kasinsky (Zoology) at 822-2960. Regarding the Science challenge, contact David Way at 739-7859 (or SUS at 822-4235).

Me, the Muppets and Milli Vanilli



Leona
ADAMS

So I went to the Great Whistler Reprogramming, and I'm all set to get sucked into even more leadership-type activities, so I can proceed to do an increasingly worse job of the things I do already. (No, I'm not stressed. What are you talking about?!!)

It feels kind of weird doing a wrap-up of 1992 in November, since the year isn't quite over yet. On the other hand, as soon as Christmas exams are done, my life will be over, so perhaps a pre-mortem epitaph to the year is in order.

I guess the way I feel about this year can be summed up by something that happened to me over the summer. Just before school started, I went to see the Muppets exhibit at Science World. Stop laugh-

ing; I grew up on the Muppet Show and Sesame Street, and they hold a very special place in my heart. Anyhow, as I gleefully wandered through this blast from the past, I came upon an interesting display. It was a video presentation showing the prerecording of the songs to be "sung" by the Muppets. Now, I don't normally consider myself to be a particularly dense person, but it never occurred to me that the Muppets lip-synched. Not that I thought the Muppets were real (please give me some credit). The fact that they didn't sing just never crossed my mind. Thinking about this coming-of-age (if you can stand to hear that phrase one more time) sort of clinches this year for me as being the year of Wonder.¹

Wonder is a word that has come up in a lot of my sentences this year. Sentences like "I wonder if I have to read know this chapter for the

exam" or "I wonder how I will manage to finish this lab before 5:00." In fact, this year, I finally learned that sleep isn't really that important. A lot of you out there are laughing at me, I'm sure, but staying up the whole night to finish something never seemed feasible. I always worried too much about falling asleep in class. As it turns out, whether or not I do that depends less on how much sleep I had the previous night and more on the prof's level of enthusiasm.

I've discovered all sorts of neat things this year. The most useful piece of information that I've acquired is that it isn't necessary to do dishes until you run out (or, if you're lucky, until your roommates run out). Luckily for me, I don't have that many dishes, so I don't leave them long enough to allow the growth of a sink-sized colony. Well, not usually. I've never had colonies, but I think I came awfully close during the two

days when my residence had no water within an eight-floor radius.

I think the whole world discovered stuff this year, though. Americans, for example, discovered that more choices do not necessarily make for an easier decision, as proven in the race between the Good, the Bad, and the Ugly (take your pick). In Los Angeles, people learned that the best way to to beat the "justice system" is to get someone else to film you in the act. On the calmer side of the border, we learned that we would actually survive the trauma of standing up to our leaders and telling them what we thought. Hockey fans also found out that an expansion team isn't necessarily a bad team.

Some things never change, though. America still does little irritating things to Canada, they still apologize, and we still say "That's all right, just don't nuke us."

There are still people who think there is a genetic basis for racial segregation. And, unfortunately, the Canucks choke. Don't take this the wrong way. I love the Canucks dearly, and have been following their progress (I use the word loosely) since I was eight. But they choke, every single year. I'd love to be able to say, "One of the best things about this year is that the Canucks kicked the tar out of every team in NHL and everywhere else," but I can't. They choked. Oh well, there's always next year...

I'm afraid that I'm addicted now. Anyway, I bet you thought that I was going to say the year of the Strove. Well, everyone has a Strove threshold, and the last thing I want to do is beat the concept to death. Besides, I promised El Editor-Head Honcho that I'd cut out the inside jokes.

The Morris Methods

Jamie Morris

Resident Experimentalist

Experiment #1 —

Observations of the Defence Mechanism of *Thyrone briareus* (Sea cucumber).

1. Procedure

In this experiment I will test a certain aspect of the defence mechanism of our Holothuroidean friends in the ocean: the sea cucumber — particularly sea cucumbers of the species *Thyrone briareus*. For those of you unfamiliar with sea cucumbers and their defence mechanisms, take a look at the main points outlined below:

- Sea cucumbers look similar to garden cucumbers, but are rough and wrinkled.
- They have a unique defence system in which the sea cucumber self-eviscerates its respiratory trees (translation: violently expels its 'insides') when it is in danger. Once the sea cucumber has done this, it doesn't die; it simply regenerates the lost parts.
- Sea cucumbers are very difficult to obtain without raising a certain amount of suspicion.

The experiment will consist of measuring the time required for five test subjects, each exposed to five danger levels, to self-eviscerate. (Note: no duplication of experiment possible due to limitation of funds and of test subjects.)

2. Hypothesis

If members of the species *Thyrone briareus* are placed in a dangerous circumstance, the time it takes for the test subject to self-eviscerate will be directly proportional to the danger level.

3. Data and Observations

Danger Level 0

This is the control of the experiment — no danger. After all, how do we know that self-evisceration isn't just a normal function of a sea cucumber?

Danger Description: Test subject #1 sits in a simulation of his natural environment, ie. my bathtub.

Time to Self-Eviscerate: No self-evisceration observed.

Results and Observations: Test subject #1 did not self-eviscerate. This was expected. Apparently test subject #1 likes my bathtub.

Danger Level 1

Danger Description: Test subject #2 was forced to confess that it was the one that has been pasting up politically-incorrect pamphlets around campus. It was then forced to give his home address and the

following statement to the Ubysey: "If anybody has a problem with my viewpoints, you can reach me at this address — that is, if you have the spine to do so!"

Time to Self-Eviscerate: 4 hours, 27 minutes, 32 seconds.

Results and Observations: Test subject #2 held up quite well to the onslaught of politically-correct, but finally self-eviscerated just short of the four and a half hour mark when it received a particularly self-righteous letter from a sea urchin. It, in closing the letter, claimed that it had "many spines."

Danger Level 2

Danger Description: While wearing a black L.A. Raiders jacket and a Chicago Bulls hat (backwards), I infiltrated a Vancouver 7-Eleven store at 12:30 AM on a Friday night. Test subject #3 was similarly disguised. As usual at that time, a large fight between two rival gangs ensued. Test subject #3 was exposed to extreme mayhem and violence.

Time to Self-Eviscerate: 1×10^{-3} seconds

Results and Observations: I estimate the time of self-evisceration to be 0.001 seconds. However, this is probably not due to the danger of the fight, but rather my use of test subject #3 for self-defence. The sticky filaments that are expelled from a sea cucumber have quite a range, and, from the agonizing screams of one would-be attacker, are quite effective. I would recommend sea cucumbers as a substitute for mace, in that they are more environmentally friendly (non-aerosol).

Danger Level 3

Danger Description: Test subject #4 was placed, without a seatbelt, in the passenger seat of my turbo-charged K-car. I then proceeded to drink a "40-pounder" of vodka in under five minutes. I waited an additional fifteen minutes, then drove off to give test subject #4 a high-speed tour of Vancouver.

Time to Self-Eviscerate: Unknown.

Results and Observations: I must admit, I lost track of the test subject in this trial. I only remember getting into the car, and then waking up a day later in a barn in Chilliwack. My car and test subject #4 were nowhere to be found.

Danger Level 4

Danger Description: Test subject #5 was dropped off at 10:00 AM at the notorious Engineering hangout, the Cheeze Factory. To make the

situation even more dangerous, the words "Engineers Suck" were printed in large black letters on the side of the test subject.

Time to Self-Eviscerate: Unknown.

Results and Observations: Test subject #5 was never seen again, and therefore I do not know if it self-eviscerated or not. I suspect, however, that the Engineers have imprisoned it and are planning to use it for their own devious purposes. (This might be the reason behind the fishy smell coming from the Cheeze, mentioned by Dik Miller in the last 432.)

4. Conclusion

Of course, no real conclusion can be made from this chaotic mess of data, especially since the results of the last two trials are unknown. There were too many problems with the methods used (too many variables), and the fact that there was only one set of data for each danger level didn't help much. To rectify this, the experiment will have to be repeated after I have gathered enough test subjects to do the experiment correctly. Anybody who owns, or has access to sea cucumbers (*Thyrone briareus* preferred), please contact me. In the meanwhile, over Christmas, I hope to perform another experiment. Stay tuned for the results.

Life Goes On... and on... and on... and then you die.

Antonia Rozario

Amateur Existentialist

I have few pleasures in life these days. My dreams of losing weight and being physically perfect by my 25th birthday have all but faded, and I'm beginning to get grey hairs. The plethora of men I had hoped would throw themselves at me has dissipated (if not vanished), and I am more concerned about my career and finances now than I am about my social life or sexuality.

Stress is a big aspect of my life. While most of my friends are able to kill two birds with one stone, I find myself always having to use two stones to kill one bird, and I'm getting dangerously close to running out of stones.

However, it would be amiss for me to say that my life is completely devoid of excitement.

Around two years ago I joined a local fitness centre and "invested" over \$400 in their "Exclusive VIP Fat Burning Program." This gorgeous facility boasts hourly aerobics classes, a sauna, hot tub, several stairmasters, free parking, and a highly trained set of taut employees that are all very helpful and personable. Although I admit the membership costs are a bit "pricey", I have no regrets about joining. The five times I entered the premises I was very impressed.

The Aquatic Centre's hot tub is another wonderful place. However, most students avoid it because they're afraid of being afflicted with cardiovascular problems, plantar warts,

or Kurt Preinsperg. (For those of you new to the campus, Kurt is a permanent fixture in the local political and social scene. He is a "real character", a Doctor of Philosophy, and a very good friend of mine.)

As a warning to those of you who are easily embarrassed exposing your body, I should inform you that there is very little privacy in the Aquatic Centre's women's showers. At first I was a bit shy about exposing my buttocks to people I eat lunch with, but now I've accepted the fact that I'm anatomically-challenged.

I usually end my weekday mornings by visiting Blue Chip and picking up a large cup of coffee and an "extra-raw" Ranger cookie. Being an occupant of this environment, I usually try saving it by getting my beverages served in recyclable plastic coffee mugs.

While most days I'll end up with second-degree burns to the sides of my legs from scalding coffee that has seeped through the lid, sometimes I get lucky. On these "good" days when my motor functioning is especially astute, I'll only end up with six or seven harmless dark coffee stains on the inner regions of my thighs. On days like these, I get misty from the surge of elation that fills my body... In fact, I'll occasionally even feel secure enough to consider quitting school, getting a life and going on a diet.

To make a long article short, student life continues to be pretty pathetic. However, knowing that I'll be out of here in eight or nine more years gives me a reason to go on.

WIN PRIZES!!!

Science Week Logo Contest

Theme → **The Evolution Of Science**

The winning logo will become the official logo of Science Week.

Entries must be:

- A maximum of two colours
- Submitted to CHEM 168 by Nov 30, 1992

UBC Pre-Medical Club Presents

Cardiopulmonary Resuscitation! Canadian Heart & Stroke Foundation Basic Life Support — Level C

Date: Saturday, January 30, 1993

Time: 9:00 AM — 5:00 PM

Location: On campus — rooms to be determined.

Cost: \$30 for first timers, \$24 for recertification

CPR provides all the skills for basic life support, which is the backbone for all pre-hospital and hospital care. CPR (Basic Life Support — Level C) is a program requirement for almost all medical programs. This is your chance to learn and practice these skills, and increase your proficiency as a Professional Caregiver.

Register December 3, 1992 from 12:30 — 2:30 PM in the IRC Lounge. Late registration may be done in January if space permits. If you have any questions, please call Adam Lund at 325-7691.

The 432

Ryan "D-Day" McCuaig
Clinically Deceased. Hold My Calls.

X

EDITORIAL

Contributing Writers: Leona Adams, Janice Boyle, Michael Chow, Aaron Drake, Erik "The Fish" Jensen, Patrick Lum, Carmen McKnight, Derek Miller, Jamie Morris, Rod Reddekopp, Antonia Rozario, Chris Sing, Dave Way, and Rog. ("Pull the first switch, Rog!" "No, master — not yet!")

X

ART AND DESIGN

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Contributing Artists: Melanie Stapleton, Me, Rog.

X

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The 432 is published biweekly by the Science Undergraduate Society of UBC. Somewhere close to Main Mall and University Blvd. We generally make sure it's out of our mail, especially the politically correct stuff, so don't bother sending any.

So you want to do undergraduate research?

Dave Way

Ex-ex-officio

A minority of science students are not completely put off research by the labs they do each week. If you are one of those **fools** enthusiasts, NOW is the time to start your search-and-application process for jobs next summer, as deadlines loom. Research experience is invaluable when applying to another program of study (eg. grad studies, medicine, etc.) or in trying to find a job upon graduation. Particularly in today's very tight job market in the science field, a 90% average won't get you hired, but a summer of pouring plates or calibrating metres might. Trust me on this one.

Several schemes are available to sponsor undergraduates in summer research. The largest and best known are probably NSERC (federal) and Challenge 92 (provincial). But there are many other organizations. Pay generally varies from poor to criminal (approx. \$800/month for NSERC), but there are a few reasonably well-paying jobs out there, especially if you already have some experience. Many supervisors will add to the pay from their own research grant.

How to find a position:

1. Choose a prof. For most schemes, you must have a specific project proposed to apply. Since the funds are from outside sources, most profs are keen to have a cheap or free assistant for the summer when they get to focus again on their research. On the other hand, someone else may also apply to that prof. Don't delay approaching them since most profs will go with the first reasonable student who talks to them.
2. Check your department (and related ones) for possible sources of funds (eg. Chemical Institute, BC Cancer Research Foundation, Liver Foundation). You may even be able to find a position in a lab overseas. The International Association for the Exchange of Students for Technical Experience (IAESTE) operates in 59 countries,

arranging placements usually of 8-12 weeks. See UBC Placement Services, upstairs in Brock Hall (822-4011). Deadline for application and transcript of marks is Dec 4. You need a 75% average to apply.

In order to apply for NSERC, you must be sponsored by a professor who already has the NSERC research grants, so keep this in mind when selecting someone. If a B.C. Cancer Studentship is available, you might want to look for someone in that field. You can either choose a supervisor whose field interests you, or apply to someone whose specific techniques you want to learn.

The deadline for NSERC is late November in some departments (Dec 11 in Physics, and around Dec 13 in Biology), so get a move on if you're interested. If your department doesn't have NSERC forms yet, see Graduate Studies in the Administration Building. For Biology, try room 2362 in the Biosciences Building.

Challenge 92 is announced later on, in Feb-March. Use this as a last option because funding for it tends to be cut every year.

National Research Council application forms are available at UBC Placement Services (formerly Employment Centre) upstairs in Brock Hall. The deadline is the third week of November. See posters in the cases downstairs in Brock for info on Atomic Energy Canada, Pulp and Paper Research Institute, etc..

If you are financially secure and you can't find a paid position, you could offer your research services to a prof free of charge. Another option is to take a directed studies elective course during the school year. No pay, but you get academic credit.

A third possibility is to do Work Study in a lab for pay up to \$10-12/hour. You must be on student loan, and be eligible for Work Study. The deadline is past for this year but consider this in September next year.

Good Luck!



Derek K.

MILLER

Those of you just joining the story would normally now be updated on the essential plot of last issue's episode. But I can't be bothered, so you'll just have to tough it out.

I had just been called to the Cheeze Factory, headquarters of the Engineering Undergraduate Society, to deal with an extremely strong, days-old fishy smell (reminiscent of the woodiness halibut acquires when it starts to rot) which was emanating from the basement.

That is, if there had been a basement.

Which there wasn't. "I keep telling you!" yelled one nearby engineer. "There's no basement! It can't be coming from the basement because there isn't one! Okay?"

"Look," I replied coolly, "if my Dik Miller™ fish sensor says there's something down there, there's something down there, wherever 'there' is."

I rummaged around in my trenchcoat and brought out my Dik Miller™ crowbar/garlic press/potato peeler. I directed the fish sensor to the spot on the floor of a back room where the smell was strongest.

There, under a desk, was a wooden panel, nailed to the floor. Stencilled across it in faded red lettering were the words:

DANGER BEWARE OF THE STINK

"Danger, beware of the...uh..." one engineer mumbled.

Another piped up. "Stalactites?"

"No, no," said another, "beware of the stromatoliths."

"Beware of the stencil?"

"Studs?"

"Hey man, good show. Watch it every day."

"Would you shut up?!" I yelled. I drew the crowbar near. "Stand back, everyone."

With a swift motion, I wedged the crowbar under the lip of the wooden plate and heaved it open.

When I regained consciousness, I had a massive headache. An engineer was standing over me.

"I figured out what the sign said," he revealed.

I sat up and looked around.

I was back in the main lounge of the Cheeze, lying on a couch.

He went on. "Just underneath the panel was another sign, just the same but better preserved. It said BEWARE OF THE STINK."

"How did I get out here?" I asked.

"I carried you. You and everyone else. Everyone was knocked out by the smell. I closed the lid again and opened all the doors."

Sure enough, as I looked around I noticed all the doors hanging open and a distinct breeze blowing through the room. The fishy smell was still strong.

Then something hit me. "How come you weren't knocked out?"

"He's a Chemical engineer," someone else said. "Completely lost his sense of smell one afternoon when he came into the lab really hung over and fell face-first into a vat of something really caustic."

"Sounds awful," I said.

"It was," said the Chemical with no sense of smell. "Sure looked funny when I sneezed it through my nose, though."

"I'm sure." I reached into my trenchcoat and pulled out my Dik Miller™ salad spinner/laundry hamper/gas mask and donned it. "That should do some good."

I walked into the back room again, grasped the crowbar, and prepared myself. "Everyone back away!" I shouted. Engineers went scurrying everywhere — it was a rare sight.

I cracked the seam. The air shimmered like heat haze and my gas mask face plate tinted itself slightly brown. The seal held.

Looking down, I could see the sign: BEWARE OF THE STINK. It sat just above a narrow staircase which descended into the gloom. I switched on my Dik Miller™ twirling baton/flashlight and went down. Just before I got out of hearing range, I noticed some of the people hiding outside saying, "Phew! That's foul!"

I was in a dank corridor which led off vaguely eastward. The fish sensor was beeping off the end of the scale. I had no idea what I was about to face.

The corridor twisted and turned for what seemed like ages. I was sweating profusely, unable to tell anymore where I was or which way I was fac-

ing. My Dik Miller™ wrist compass/digital/analog/hourglass/atomic clock watch was completely fogged over and unreadable. The fish sensor was going into convulsions.

Finally, I came to a place where I could see the end of the corridor, where it made a sharp right. There was light streaming in from a room around the corner.

My footsteps seemed loud as cannon shots as I tiptoed up to the portal. I readied the crowbar as a weapon, perched myself on the edge, and leapt into the doorway.

I was immediately hit in the face by a stream of vomit.

I managed to think, "Now, that's gross."

Several hours later, after a really good shower (and after burning my clothes), I was sitting in my supervisor's office.

"So what's the scoop?" she asked.

"It seems," I explained, "that deep beneath the Cheeze Factory was a room, and in that room was a group of engineers trying to finish the 40 Beer tournament."

"How did they get down there?"

"Well, about thirty years ago, a new building was being constructed, and the 'geers there told the construction crew that they were almost finished the 40 Beer and couldn't leave until they were done. The crew built around them. They ended up in the foundations."

"And they've been there for thirty years?"

"Yup. Coincidentally, the last guy finished just as I arrived, and barfed all over me."

"So what made the smell?"

I showed her a chart I had in my pocket. "This spectrographic analysis shows that it's composed of stale beer, vomit, soggy pretzels, and engineer sweat — a deadly combination. It was only noticeable at the surface when the corrosive gas finally ate through the last layer of clay under the Cheeze Factory."

"I see," she said. "Did you at least get those guys out?"

"Uh, no," I replied. "They said they wanted to try for something called the Centurion next."

So that's another case closed for Dik Miller, Engineering Political Correctness Enforcer.

$\lim_{IQ \rightarrow 0} \text{B.Sc.} = \text{B.A.}$

the drawers of sus...

Sales Slips

Michael Chow

I am pleased to announce that the position of Sales Bookkeeper has been filled by Silvinia Dinkleheimer, a valuable addition to our overworked Sales team.

Okay, folks. I have received no design submissions for Science clothing/merchandise. This is very disappointing. With such a large faculty of the most creative minds on campus, many of you should take a little time to produce some cool artwork for UBC Science.

- Looking for Christmas gifts? Look no further! Science T-shirts: \$5-\$13.50, Sweatshirts: \$15-\$22, Sweatpants: \$15-\$17.50, Boxer Shorts: \$12.50. Check out our special package deals for more savings!
- BELOW COST: 100%-cotton embroidered sweaters only \$15! Available in navy, royal or white. We have crew-necks and V-necks. Hurry, they're selling fast!
- Brand new Science fleece shorts! Ash shorts, 13-1/2 ounce fleece, 2 pockets, elastic waistband, 50/50 cotton/poly, only \$13.50 (taxes included!)
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- We sell the new Entertainment '93 Coupon Books. Unlike previous years, these books are valid

Fruit of the Looms

Patrick Lum

Greetings from your resident Science beancounter!!

Just some more financial news to keep you informed as to the meaning of life, ie. where SUS blows your money. Recent news has been the flood of requests from Science clubs asking for money. For those of you who don't know, each Science club gets \$2 for each second, third, and fourth year student enrolled in that club's department. Combined Honours students are worth a loonie to each of the two clubs. So here goes: The Microbi Club

McNights

Carmen McKnight

The term is beginning to wind down as is apparent by the presence of the purple final exam schedule littering the bulletin boards about campus. It's about time that the University started publishing their exam schedule in the Calendar like most Canadian universities. It would be nice to know (before you register) what kind of exam schedule you'll have, also it would be nice to be able to book your flight home during the seat sale in May.

Anyway... now on to SUS-related news. Our Semi-Memorial dance was a blast, or at least the guest of honour seemed to think so. Several years' worth of SUS hacks reunited at the Student Leadership Conference. Ari Gilligson, Trent "Mooka" Hammer, Alan Price, Antonia Rozario, Erik Jensen, Jon Campbell-Smith, Roger

- Watts, Ryan McCuaig, Janice Boyle, Sarah Thornton and myself were all in attendance.
- Ari Gilligson had some interesting comments on the November 3 edition of the *Campus Times*, particularly the article titled: *SUS Bureaucracy Still Growing*. He said that a large council attracts a larger diversity of students. Basically, the group of people that get involved have a wide range of backgrounds which makes for wider representation and more people wanting to get involved. Aaron Drake will be happy to know that the SUS appointed a Director of Bureaucracy at the November 5 meeting to manage our growing ranks of paper-pushers.
- The big thing coming up is the Science Food Drive. Food boxes will be present in each Department so you have no excuse for not bringing in a bag of food for the needy. If you can, bring at least enough food for one meal. Christmas
- now! That's right, the sooner you buy one, the sooner you start saving. The books are packed with half-price coupons for restaurants, theatres, sports, attractions, and much more. The Entertainment book also offers 50% off on many hotels throughout the world. A great way to sample Vancouver's attractions on a student's budget. All this for only \$42.80 (taxes included).
- We also sell the new Gold C Savings Spree coupon books: \$12. Use the coupons to save on merchandise, recreation, movie rentals, and fast food.
 - Our Annual Paper Sale is still on! We sell 200 sheets of looseleaf for only \$0.75. That's half the price you'll pay at the Bookstore, plus all proceeds will be donated

got \$502; PSA got \$368; CS³ got \$395; the Astronomy Club got \$52; and CSC got \$486. Note the past tense, which means that the budgets were submitted, 'thoroughly' reviewed, Notice of Motion was given in SUS council, passed the following week, and then the money was signed over, with my illegible scrawl of a signature. Upcoming budgets are from the BPP and Physsoc. Other clubs (you know who you are) haven't been heard from, but we've already promised to give them a couple of dollars anyway (the minimum grant is \$50). There is a rumour that some renegade General Science students are trying to

kickstart a new "General Science Club" so they can: a) get their 50 bucks, and b) blow it all on some exotic beers.

- Other financial news: the Jon-Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith Semi-Memorial Dance was an huge success, especially since the bzzr taps were flowing pretty freely. Financially, it was a typical Science dance, with a generous loss (just over a thousand dollars) after all the bills were added up. Well, what did you expect with free admission and beer for a buck? Look out for our next dance, in the new year during Science Week. As usual, prices for admission and beer are likely
- Science leather-melton jackets now have a totally different look! Navy blue melton, with navy and white split-sleeves, all for only \$150 (plus creasing), taxes not included. Visit us at CHEM 160 to see what they look like.
 - Congratulations to last week's contest winners: Kerry Tedford, first place; Jason Holmes, second place; and "The great Joe", third place. This is the winning question (or something similar): "If I were to ask the other door if it leads to freedom, what would it tell me?"
 - CONTEST: Actually, our new Sales Bookkeeper is not named Silvinia Dinkleheimer. What is her real name? Hint: Ask your friendly, well-informed

is coming up soon and so is Science Week. Now is your opportunity to buy your science blue from SUS Sales.

Academics council just had their job cut in half. The Faculty of Science has decided to release the statistics of their teaching evaluation to the Science Undergraduate Society for publication. This review will not be known as the Black and Blue Review anymore... Suggestions? Drop us a note in Chem 160. The academics council is now accepting nominations for Teaching Excellence Awards (see the back page for a nomination form). If you have a prof this term who you think deserves recognition, this is your opportunity to reward his/her teaching ability.

Just Desserts has been changed to November 24th. The Science Undergraduate Society will be sending Dr. Holm, the Associate Dean in charge of student services.

Until next time...Cheers.

SUS council members (don't worry, they won't bite). This contest is not open to council members. Write her name (spelled correctly) on a slip of paper along with your name and phone number, ask a SUS council member to sign your entry and to write down the time that you submitted your entry, and to place your entry in the Sales cashbox (for safe-keeping). Winner receives 50% off any Science sweatshirt, second place receives 50% off any Science T-shirt, third place receives 50% off a pair of white Science boxer shorts.

Feel free to drop by and check out our UBC Science clothing display. We are in the Chemistry building, room 160.

AMS Briefs

Janice Boyle

Last council meeting went in camera, which means that all the juicy stuff was said out of scrutiny of the public and the press. As a council member, I am obliged to keep what I heard in that meeting a secret. If I told you what happened, I would not only be betraying my fellow council members, but I would be selling my integrity for a few cheap laughs, much like Arsenio Hall.

But what the hell!

As we all know, Ombudsperson Yuri Fulmer was [redacted] but that's not the end of it. It seems that Carole Forsythe wanted to [redacted] and we all know that she could, too, although Mike Hamilton would probably do a better job of the [redacted] part.

The point was raised that the Ombudsoffice would do a better job if it could only [redacted] in jello.

Marya McVicar, on the other hand removed all of her [redacted].

Council approved, *in principle*.

Now, it got to the meat of the situation, when Marty leapt on to [redacted] Tarzan, but ruled himself out of order.

If you thought that was outrageous you should have seen the way Cairen Hanert [redacted] Bill's shoes.

Derek Miller, who, as we all know likes to [redacted] when no one is around, offered to [redacted] but not to the point where he'd hurt himself.

Council approved. Jeff West voted against, on the grounds that John Lispcomb did it two years ago, and look where it got him.

Roger Watts, by the way, was as drunk as a bastard.

(asst ed: I was not! Just had a little [redacted] beforehand, that's all...)

And finally, all your wise SUS executive beancounters have decided to reward those of you who participate in Intramural Sports AND actually finish in the top three spots...with a 100% rebate. Of course the purpose of all this is to give "Science" bunches and bunches of sports points so we can beat the 'geers, and of course, those of you who get disqualified or don't show get nothing back....

So there you have it, SUS Finances in a nutshell, for your consumption until my next column in the new year....

"Oh, no, not again."

Chapter 4: "They're coming to take me away, hee hee..."

Rod Reddekopp
Columnist

Last time, our hero joined in the popular pastime of laughing at the Ulysses, became hungry, held up a grocery store with a screwdriver, and was clubbed by store security. And now, chapter four.

A band was playing. This, in itself, is not normally a bad thing. However, this particular band had far too many drums, was much too loud, and was playing inside the boy's head. He moaned, opened his eyes, and promptly closed them again due to the disconcerting spinning of the room. He dragged himself to his feet, blinking frequently, staggered a bit, and finally managed to slow the room down a bit by leaning into the direction of spin.

The first thing he noticed, after the bars, was that he was the only occupant.

Despite the luxury of a single room, however, he decided that this was not a place he wanted to live for any length of time. Totem Park residents can identify with this feeling. He wished he had a tin cup to rattle against the bars.

"Hey, let me out of here!" he shouted. "I'm a MINOR!!" He heard voices from down the corridor.

"Sounds like he's awake." Two close relatives of the hairy orangutan came down

the hall and opened up the cell. They each grabbed one of the boy's arms and dragged him down the hall and up a stone, spiral staircase. All he could think was that he was glad he used Dial, and he wished they would, too.

The goons dragged the boy into a large courtroom and plunked him down behind one of the desks. A door opened and some guy with a black robe and a funky white wig came out and sat down at the front. There was no "All rise" or any of that stuff like he had seen on People's Court. Either they were less strict here or it didn't matter since there was no audience. The judge stared at the boy intensely, and held up the screwdriver.

"This yours?" he asked.

The boy panicked. "Look, I can explain everything! I was hungry, and I didn't have any money 'cuz I spent it all on Silly Putty and it wouldn't have mattered anyway since I'm from another dimension 'cuz I fell through a wormhole, and it happens all the time, and I wasn't really gonna hurt anybody, and all I wanted was some Doritos and..."

"You're from another dimension."

"Uh, yeah."

"And you fell through a wormhole."

"Um, well, sort of jumped actually, but..."

"And this happens to you often..."

"Well, yeah, often I guess compared to most people, I mean..."

"I see."

The judge nodded towards someone at the back. The boy turned around and saw two men dressed in white coming at him with a piece of clothing. A straitjacket! The boy grinned in spite of himself. He hoped he'd get shock therapy.

After getting the jacket on, he squirmed a bit, and said, "Say, these things really work, huh?" The look he got made him think he might even get a padded cell. Now THAT would be neat. He just hoped they'd let him have his backpack. He was forgetting something, though. Oh, yeah! The universe! He had to save the universe!

"Oh, hey, I just remembered something. As fun as this would be and everything, I've really got to save the universe. You see, this dimension is leaking into mine, and I've really got to fix it. I'll be happy to come back when I'm done." His new friends ignored him.

"Hey, I'm serious! Let me go! Help, I'm being repressed! Child abuse! Child abuse! I'm only a MINOR!!!"

He felt a sharp sting in his arm and everything faded to black. His last thought was, "Oh well, better than getting hit in the head..."



Every biologist's nightmare.

Senate Shorts

Chris Sing

Senate met on Wednesday November 18. Caucus met last week on Thursday, and we discussed proposals to the teaching and Learning Enhancement Fund 1993/94.

The topic of the removal of supplemental exams in Science was discussed. As a general principle, now students are allowed the privilege of writing supplemental exams provided that they score over 40% in their exams. With the removal of supplementals, this privilege will be lost. Supplementals are important, and should not be removed. With numerous courses having 100% finals, eg. Physiology 300, three hours could make or break a successful university career. Students concerned about the removal of supplemental exams in Science should contact Carol Forsythe or myself, so your views on the issue can be presented before supplementals are abolished.

Student Senate Caucus also discussed the teaching environment committee. Concerns were fielded that there were only two students sitting on this ad hoc committee, whereas other committees with high student

interests had three students.

Two new senators were present at the meeting: the Arts senator, Jerry Olnyk, and senator-at-large Elise Brady. Yuri Fulmer, Ombudsperson, was also present at the meeting, bringing a new dimension to the meetings by expressing concerns of students who had come through the Ombudsoffice.

On another note, admissions committee met last Tuesday, to discuss the Education Abroad Program, which allows students to enroll in a specific program at a foreign university, but to pay UBC prices. Some of the universities that are to be added include Lancaster University in the UK, Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts in Paris France, The University of Bonn, and Grenoble Institute of Political Sciences in Grenoble France. This program will be available to a two or three students a year.

If you have any questions you've had running around your head as to how to initiate a academic procedure, or you've heard an academic rumour about the university you want answered, drop a note in my box in Chem 160, and I'll try to answer it and get back to you.

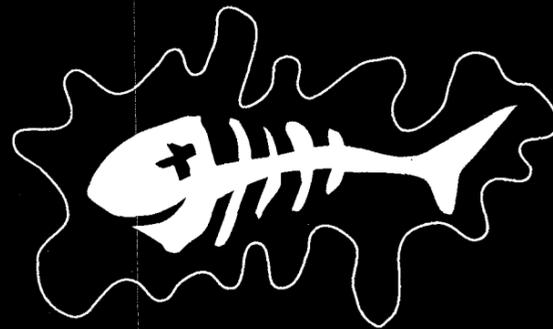
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This January, engage in the forbidden practice of *Gyotaku* (dead fish art).

For early information on a unique contest, come to the Biosoc office (SUB 241E), and ask for the Gyotaku scriptures.

Paint with fish, or stay home!

