

January 18-22
Details inside !



Please do not fold, spindle, mutilate or mimic in The Underground. Thank you.

The **432**

The Newspaper For Science Students — Vol 6 No 7 x 11 Jan '93

160LB FISH EARNS BSc

In a stunning and tender ceremony, former SUS External Vice-President and Room Manager Erik "The Fish" Jensen, in the company of family and friends, graduated from the University of British Columbia last fall, marking the end of an era in undergraduate society administration.

Jensen was granted a Bachelor of Science degree in General Science by Les Peterson, the Chancellor of the University, six and a half years after entering the institution in 1986. Listed as the very last student on the ceremonial program, he com-

memmored the happy occasion by presenting Peterson, UBC President David Strangway and Dean of Science Barry McBride each with a can of Guinness Pub Draught beer, at the presentation onstage.

According to witnesses, Dr. McBride was the only of the three to keep his award, saying later that "he'd never let a good Guinness go to waste."

The undergraduate career of The Fish was one of which legends are made. One of the most recognizable and well-known students on campus, he was liked and respected

by all who knew and worked with him. He was involved in virtually all of the workings of SUS, and was one of the founding members of the populist Radical Beer Faction political group. His list of achievements and record in representing the Faculty of Science were exemplary.

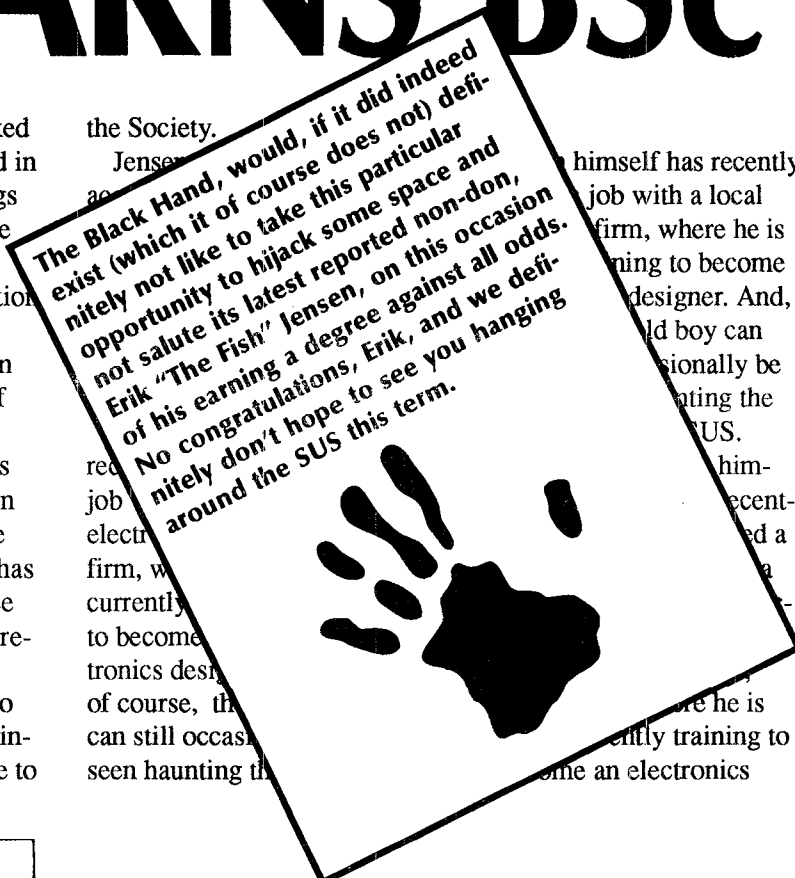
In honor of the countless hours of service that Jensen has provided SUS over the years, this year's Council has dedicated an annual service award in his name, to be presented every year at the Annual General Meeting to the SUS member who distinguishes himself in service to

the Society.

Jensen...
 exist (which it of course does not) definitely not like to take this particular opportunity to hijack some space and Erik "The Fish" Jensen, on this occasion of his earning a degree against all odds. No congratulations, Erik, and we definitely don't hope to see you hanging around the SUS this term.

himself has recently job with a local firm, where he is going to become a designer. And, old boy can occasionally be at the SUS.

him- recent- ed a a- re he is ally training to become an electronics



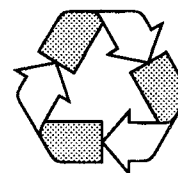
Shakespeare at home

INGREDIENTS:

OVER 95% OF CONTENTS CONSIST OF SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE, GRAPHITE, POLYMERIZED HYDROCARBONS, AND HEMP TREES. LESS THAN 5% CONSIST OF A PLEA FOR SUBMISSIONS (PAGE 2), A MERCIFULLY BRIEF EDITORIAL, THE MORRIS METHODS (PAGE 3), ANGRY DUCK (PAGE 4), DIK MILLER - CAMPUS ENFORCER (PAGE 5), OH NO NOT AGAIN PART 5 (PAGE 6), MUNDANE DUMPSTER, (PAGE 7), ROG LOSES DEPTH (PAGE 8).

"HOW THE FUCK DO YOU GET THAT MUCH SMOKE OUT OF ONE BAGEL?"
 ADAM N. CHEAL

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M	11
T	12
W	13
Th	14
F	15

Submission
Deadline
for Science
Week Issue

Production
Nite — SUS
7:00 pm

Submit Something... Please?

By this point of the year, everyone should have a pretty good idea what this here rag's about. Basically, *The 432* (remember, that's "Four Thirty-Two", not "Four-Three-Two") is precision-crafted to make those 8:30 lectures just a little more palatable.

I'm told it's supposed to be a source of information about events happening with SUS and Science in general. Ah, well, can't win 'em all...

Getting serious for possibly the first time in the five-year life of *The 432*, I'm going to say that I'm running out of steam. I can't keep *The 432* going without the help of some of you out there in Lectureland.

What kind of help, you ask? (Or I'm hoping you do, anyways...) Well, I know for a fact that there are some of you with pretty ascerbic wits out there. I don't care if you "can't" write, just *write* the damned article that you think "would look really neat in *The 432*." Trust me, as an editor, one's skills at clarifying and correcting copy get very polished.

Anyway, not to evade the point for too long, what I'm getting at is that we have a rather serious labour shortage in here. So write or draw or photograph something, and get it in to me.

However, keep in mind that I may not print what you've given me. I'm an editor. I have to figure out what's appropriate, what's too offensive, what needs work and what falls flat on its face. The reason you keep reading *The 432* is that its standards for humour are pret-

ty high. So, to those who've submitted things in the past which weren't printed, my apologies for not getting back to you about it. It's not a personal slight, and realize that for every five articles I begin, maybe one will make it into print. Try, try again...

That's about enough earnest discussion for one issue, so I'll get down to the gory details about submitting things to *The 432*.

Articles

You've most likely noticed that articles tend to be pretty free-form around here, on essentially any topic which isn't boring. Stupid is okay. The preferred length is around 500 to 700 words, and I'd advise staying at the short end until you figure out what particular brand of humour you're good at.

I prefer having articles submitted on 3.5" disk. If you don't have a machine, you can always come in and use the Macs in SUS, or submit it in legible handwriting. We use Microsoft Word for the Mac for copy editing. Most Macintosh file formats (MacWrite II, etc.) are readable, so almost any Mac text file is okay. As for you MS-DOS users out there, don't despair, as we can translate it off an MS-DOS disk. However, the file will be useless unless you save it in a special format. WordPerfect users should save it as either a generic text file (Ctrl-F5, Save Generic), or as DOS text (Ctrl-F5, DOS Text). Users of Word for Windows should save the file in RTF (Rich Text Format), or as Text Only (both

options are available in the Save As... dialog box). And, I'd appreciate it if you could put your name and phone number on the disk if you ever hope to get it back.

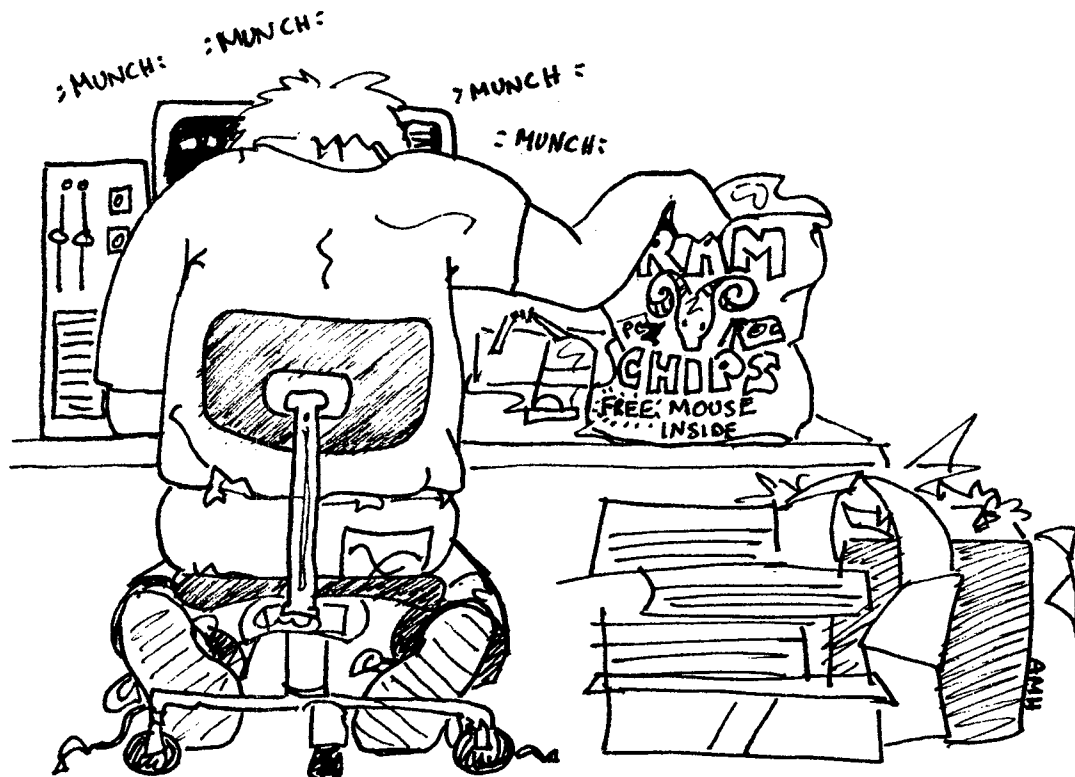
As for the article itself, it's really helpful if it's been spellchecked and proofread before it gets to me. It's not absolutely necessary, since I will do both of those as well, but it really saves me time.

Cartoons/Graphics

The only requirement here is that the ink be black. I've had articles submitted in purple, which is second only to blue for poor reproduction. I prefer that the original be anywhere from 150 to 200% of the size at which you anticipate it will be printed. A guesstimate is fine, though. Crisp lines and no more detail than is necessary are other things to shoot for.

For you avant-garde types that are doing computer art (and who presumably know the difference between draw- and paint-style graphics), look over the section on submitting articles by disk above. For draw-style graphics, you should submit an Encapsulated PostScript (Mac format) file, as well as copies of any non-standard Adobe Type 1 or TrueType fonts you may have used. Paint-style graphics should be submitted in RIFF or TIFF format.

That's about it. Next two deadlines are Tuesday, January 12, and Tuesday, January 26. Go wild, eh?



Computer Snackers.

POSTER PARTY
TUES, JAN 12
V TO VII PM
FREE PIZZA 'N
BEVERAGES TO
ALL WHO ATTEND.
BE THERE.
CHEM 160

Editor Suffers Bladder Explosion in Caffeine-Related Tragedy

"Whoooooah! Cool," says Assistant Editor



Ryan
McCUAIG

Welcome back, all. I hope everyone had a nice, non-denominational/nonchromist celebration of the Winter Solstice, and partook in the festivities marking the arbitrarily-set Gregorian calendar year-end. (I had a white Christmas in London, Ontario and Edmonton, but rest assured that I feel very guilty about the centuries of oppression that it represents.)

In case you're wondering what that was about, I picked up a wonderful book over the holidays entitled *NOT Politically Correct: A Field Guide to Surviving the PC Reign of Terror*, by Vancouverite Ric Dolphin. I highly recommend you pick up a copy at your nearest non-granola bookshoppe. I won't spoil it for you, but suffice it to say that it has a useful glossary which defines "speciesism". Those of you who were around last year might remember that my predecessor, Patrick Redding, was slapped with that label after we printed an obituary for SUS's mascot, Igor the Millipede. Anyway, the book suggests the non-PC alternative term "pest control".

As well, it contains the most sensible quote ever made about the Hitler Youth of the PC movement, by Alan Keyes: "These codes punishing verbal harassment are patronizing and paternalistic ... The 'protec-

tion' they promise is that there is some inherent genetic weakness — a black genetic weakness on my part. And that's why codes of conduct are needed to protect me. That is the most insulting, the most racist statement of all."

'Nuff said.

Once again, I'm taking advantage of editor's privilege and writing my article only hours before the print deadline. Ah, well, those who read the first issue this year are familiar with what being stuck in Edmonton does to the creative urge. Trust me — neurons fire an awful lot slower at -40°C.

Well, being the white male of Northern European descent that I am, I have decided to follow the Gregorian calendar, which means it's time for:

The Editor's New Year's Resolutions!

1. I resolve never, ever, ever again to make reference to last year's Ubysey article which epoused the virtues of masturbation with carrots.

2. I promise to — or was it cucumbers? Ah, shit! I guess I already blew it.

Well, so much for that. I have to admit... I'm at a loss for things to write about. I'm waiting for the feathers to fly come AMS Campaign week (not that I would do anything to encourage it in any way. Of course not. That would be catering to an urge to sensationalize the drama of it all. I'd never do something that petty...)

'Til next ish...

MEMO:

To: All Science students (and any other interested persons)

From: Sarah Thornton, Science Week Co-ordinator

Re: Science Week '93

It's only a week away! The most important week in the year for all you Science students here at UBC. And no, you don't have to study for it... And no, you needn't panic... It's a week of fun and excitement — it's SCIENCE WEEK!

Starting on Monday, January 18, students will have the opportunity to peruse and pursue various enlightening and entertaining activities for the course of the week.

So first thing, head on over to the SUB building for the displays in the concourse. Each club will be strutting about, showing off its events, and the joys of its parental department. Step on over to see, for instance, a scintillating superconductor at the Physsoc table, or a variety of interesting invertebrates from Biosoc, or a display of stupendous stones at the Dawson Club table.

When you've had enough of the clubs, pop on over to the Chemistry building on Monday at 12:30 for a *Magic Show*, or to SUB plaza on Thursday for the 6th annual Trike Race (hint, hint,... register now in CHEM 160). Gyoatoku, the Japanese art of fish printing, is happening Wednesday through Friday in SUB, and the CS³ is holding a car rally on Wednesday night.

If you get hungry, and start hunkering for munchies and a movie, (not over the TV withdrawal symptoms yet after the break, eh?) hop on over to SUS 11:30 - 1:30 for our open house — schmooze with the council members and glue your eyes to the medium-sized TV screen and rot your brain some more!!! And if that's not enough — come to see *The Fly* in the SUB auditorium on Tuesday night.

Make sure you eat a good breakfast and lunch one day and give the gift of life at the Red Cross blood donor clinic.

To top the whole week off, please join us at the Sci Wk dance on Friday night. The Hard Rock Miners & the Love Bugs (featuring SUS expatriate Derek "Dik" Miller) will be there. Lotsa fun. Tix are \$5 at the AMS Box Office or from SUS Council members.

See ya there!

The Morris Methods

Jamie Morris

Resident Experimentalist

Experiment #2

Observations of Grinch-like muscles vs. *Mytilus edulus*-like muscles.

1. Procedure:

This experiment was performed over the Christmas holidays in Berne, Switzerland. The reason for such a distant location is because Berne is now the city where test subject #1 lives — the famous green skinned Grinch.

I had heard rumours from colleagues that the Grinch was alive and well today (long after his starring role in *How the Grinch stole Christmas* by Dr. Seuss), but had taken up body building. This is because he found his body was proportionately too small compared to his heart (if you saw the show you will remember that it grew to two times the size after he found out Christmas wasn't just about gifts). To compensate this size imbalance, the Grinch has been taking anabolic steroids and growth hormone for some time. Rumour is the Grinch is now the strongest being on this earth.

Test subject #2 is a mutant of my own creation (for purposes here we shall call him McGriff), that was synthesized in my lab using advanced techniques of recombinant DNA (genetic engineering). McGriff is an intelligent *Mytilus edulus* (more commonly known as a sea mussel — those small black things found attached to rocks at the beach). What makes *Mytilus edulus* so interesting is its special muscle physiology which allows it to keep its muscles contracted without using ATP (ie. it doesn't require energy.) It is this attribute that allows *Mytilus edulus* to remain attached to rocks. Sea mussel McGriff is an average sized *Mytilus edulus* with a tested IQ. of 230. He is extremely proficient in mathematics, physics, and Snakes 'n Ladders.

In this experiment three tests were made to compare and contrast the strengths and weaknesses of the Grinch's muscle physiology to those of sea mussel McGriff's. In this experiment I hope to confirm which type of muscle is more useful in everyday life.

2. Data and Observations

ATTENTION

Anybody who has ever,

- descanted a syllabary
- extirpated a reticular formation
- derogated from their peers
- exsanguinated any organism of the phylum Chordata
- been decorticated
- transmogrified into an aphid
- been enraptured by the insalubrious
- exsiccated a syncarp
- transubstantiated a syce into a sycee
- exonerated all their promiscuous acquaintances
- practised coprophagy

Get in touch with Jamie Morris
(Resident Experimentalist) A.S.A.P.

Test #1

Experimental Design: Both the Grinch and sea mussel McGriff were to be placed in a rowdy bar in a shadier part of Berne. The two are then to be given instructions to start a massive bar fight.

Observations: An initial difficulty was encountered in attempting to find a remotely shady part of Berne. That hurdle passed, a massive bar fight did ensue when the Grinch told a couple of Swiss militiamen where exactly they could put their Toblerones. Not only did a fight start in the first bar, but when it was going strong both test subjects entered new bars and started fights there. From the data collected (number of chairs smashed, number of noses broken, etc. by each subject), it appears that the Grinch-like muscle physiology is superior to that of McGriff's in this type of situation. However, this might be due to sea mussel McGriff's small size rather than any other biological superiority. An honourable mention goes to McGriff for his daring, and frequent 'privates-clamp' manoeuvre performed on opponents many times larger

Test #2

Experimental Design: Ten females (all students at UBC) are asked who they would prefer to date — the muscular Grinch or the diminished sea mussel McGriff.

Evaluation: Eight expressed that they would rather date "the cute little sea mussel" than the muscular Grinch. The other two launched on tirades about the androcentricity of dating in general, and this data was discarded. When asked their reasons, they all claimed that they definitely would prefer an intelligent, sensitive Alan Alda-type male (even one lacking in a clearly-defined central nervous system and distinguishing physical characteristics) over a less intelligent and insensitive, albeit "built", handsome, green-furred, male.

Test #3

Experimental Design: The Grinch and McGriff are both placed in my basement on two chairs equidistant from the front door. They are then each handed a piece of paper which

reads:

Did you know that there is a type of tropical fish called *Labroides dimidiatus* of which all individuals are born female. These fish form populations which can be viewed in human terms as "harems". The largest and most powerful female fish changes itself into a male and dominates and rules this harem. Isn't this outright sexism? Doesn't it bother you that the innocent female is changed against her own free will into a male? Shouldn't you do something about this? If the answer is yes, do something now!!

Evaluation: The Grinch won the initial part of this test (it was a cleverly disguised muscle reflex test). The Grinch was out the door within 2.3 seconds after reading the note. Sea mussel McGriff clomped out five seconds later. The second part of the test was won by McGriff, however. It was he, and not the Grinch, who swam out to the tropics and showed *Labroides dimidiatus* the errors in its ways (It was a simple matter of inflicting human values and the correct theories of how a society should function upon *Labroides dimidiatus* — thereby rectifying the situation)

3. Conclusion

The experiment does not conclusively demonstrate the superiority of either muscle physiology. This experiment has turned out in a tie, and is very subjective anyway. Decide for yourself which one is better. (But do bear in mind the results of Test #2. There's something to be said for having a cousin that does pearls). See you next time.



Ryan McCuaig

Editor and Executive Whip-Cracker

X

EDITORIAL

Contributing Writers Janice Boyle, Michael Chow, Aaron Drake, Carmen McKnight, Orvin Lau, Derek Miller, Jamie Morris, Rod Reddekopp, Sarah Thornton, and with me as always is Rog.

Party on, Rog.

X

ART AND DESIGN

Layout Ryan McCuaig, Roger Watts
Contributing Artists Amy Hillaby and Roger Watts

X

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Distributor E-Fish-ent Distribution, Ltd.

11 January 1993, Vol 6, No 7
The 432 is published biweekly by the Science Undergraduate Society of UBC, somewhere close to Main Mall and University Blvd. We generally make cute hats out of our mail, especially the politically correct stuff, so don't bother sending any.

Aaron Claus is Coming to Town



Angry
DUCK

I'm relieved Christmas is over. Now I won't have to go in my basement for another year.

Christmas, by and large, has been a serious stumbling block on my way to getting rich (I want to become rich, by the way, in order to be able to dress very strange and be referred to as an eccentric rather than a slob, which is what I'm referred to as now).

I don't resent having to buy Christmas presents. In fact, I love doing that. In the long run, I break even, because even though I'm spending \$1.19 to buy my Good Friend Alan a carrot peeler, I know he's spending the same amount to buy me an airhorn.

What bugs me about Christmas is that Western Civilization, as a whole, grinds to a halt. One cannot do business on the week of Christmas. It is a time to become festive and merry. It is a time to sing Christmas carols. It is a time to put together the present that has Some Assembly Required, but in actual fact could not be put together by a Marine Corps of Sappers, and you end up pounding it to a bloody pulp with your Cup of Christmas Cheer.

Christmas is also a time to procrastinate in absurd ways. One of the more absurd ways that I have found has been to search for my Physics 319 lab manuals. You may think that I want to archive them for my biographer for when I get rich (I want to become rich, by the way, so that I can sponsor college scholarships for slackers,

who would compete in nationwide competitions like the What Number Am I Thinking Of written examination). I wanted to find the manuals so that I might give them to my Good Friend Martin as a Christmas present.

The problem with finding my Physics 319 Lab Manuals is that they are in the basement. If you asked me to make a list of what is in my basement, I wouldn't be able to do it. I could only make a list of things I think are in my basement. Included in that list would be:

- a) more Dead Sea Scrolls,
- b) my business partner's sense of humour (believe me, HE doesn't know where it is, either).
- c) goats, which would explain the conspicuous absence of the 319 lab manuals.

Searching for my Physics 319 lab manuals took up the better part of a week. But that was okay, because I couldn't get anything accomplished elsewhere because nobody does business around Christmas time.

Which is why I hate Christmas.

On the other hand, I like getting presents, and I even like giving presents, if only for their shock value. When I get rich (I want to become rich, by the way, so that I can buy a second-hand store and charge outrageous prices for the furniture — a couple would wander in, ask me how much the couch costs, and I would tell them, "\$300,000." I think that would be a lot of fun for the first twenty minutes) I'm going to buy some serious presents: cars, planes, jewels, fur coats. But all that comes when I have gobs of money. And I mean 'gobs,' not 'lots.' If someone

tells you they have 'gobs' of money, you know they're not the type to put those 'gobs' into RRSP's. Rather, they might just try and sponsor a Faculty of Boat Racing at UBC.

For now, I can only give stupid presents and hope people interpret them as witty. Like my Physics 319 lab manuals.

Actually, I'm giving them to Marty because he's failing the course and is in desperate need of lab writeups that he can — ahem — review. Why he wants them from me, I don't know, considering that not only did I fail Physics 319 three times, but my lab manuals are written in Ancient Sumerian, according to my Lab TA.

I'm looking forward to next Christmas, despite the fact that nothing will get accomplished that month, and it will interrupt my attempts to get rich (I want to get rich, by the way, so that I can buy my own radio station. I will call it Karaoke Radio: "Less Talk. Less Talent."). I have finally found the best present to give to my Good Friend Alan, better than even the last present I gave him (my unmatched socks).

I can see it now. It will be a small, unassuming box, wrapped primly and ornately. He will open it hesitantly, expecting perhaps the spark plugs from my last tune up.

He will pull out a document and hold it up.

"What the heck is this?" he will ask.

"It's the deed to my basement," I will say spreading my generous arms. "Merry Christmas."



It's the Annual...

S U S T R I K E R A C E

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1993

12:30 - 2:30 SUB PLAZA

Register in Chem 160

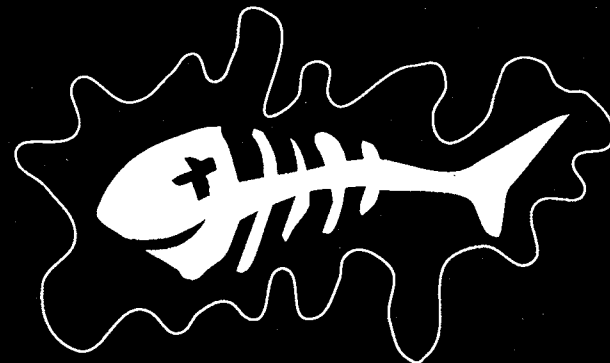
Teams of 6:

- 4 Undergrads
- 1 TA/ Grad Student
- 1 prof / lecturer / lab instructor / staff member

Registration fee \$50.00 per team
Deadline Fri. January 15th
Sign in by 12:15 pm on Race Day

You may compete with an incomplete team, but your team will not be eligible for prizes.

HyperColor™
is for losers...



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!

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.

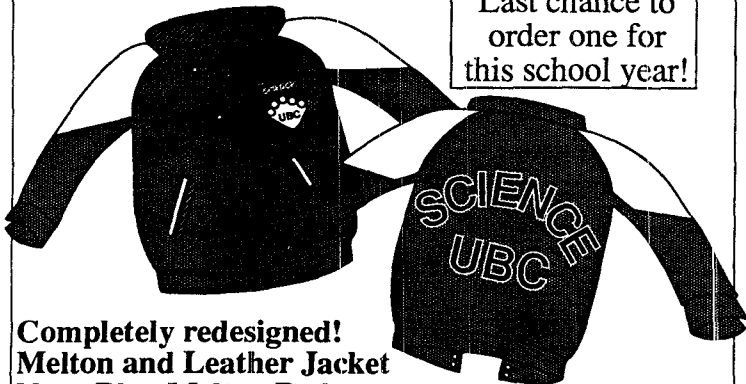
Cost: \$30 for first timers, \$24 for recertification

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.

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Dik Miller, Campus Enforcer



Derek K.
MILLER

What, you may ask, does UBC's resident Engineering Political Correctness Enforcer do during his winter holidays, what with the Engineers either in exams or out of town, and little to enforce? (You may not ask that, but I don't care, because I'm going to answer anyway.)

I walked into my supervisor's office one cold and windy winter day.

"So," she said, "how were your holidays?"

"Fine," I replied.

"Do anything interesting?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact. I took up a new hobby."

"Ah, really. What would that be?"

"Glacier watching."

"Sorry?"

"Glacier watching."

She looked puzzled. "Er, what precisely does that involve?"

"Watching glaciers," I answered, "of course."

"Um, up close or at a distance?"

"Through binoculars."

"I see. Sounds...uh...fascinating."

"Actually," I said, "it's boring as hell, but my uncle gave me a book on it and keeps asking me whether I've used it, so I had to try. Gets you into a great zen-like state of relaxation, though."

"Right."

I was getting a bit agitated. My supervisor isn't usually this cordial. I got to the point.

"Why exactly did you ask me in here?"

"Oh, just to chat," she said.

"About?"

She looked down at her desk, pursed her lips, and pushed a little ball of paper around with her index finger. "Oh, nothing."

I pressed on, my hard-as-nails private eye training taking over. "What sort of nothing would that be?"

"Not any particular kind of nothing," she said. "Just...stuff."

She was being evasive. I grabbed her desk lamp and swung it to shine into her

face. "Where were you on the night of..." I paused.

"Oh, sorry," I said. "I get carried away sometimes."

"Okay," she admitted.

"Maybe I did have something that was just a teensy, weensy bit more important to tell you."

I raised my eyebrows. "And that is?"

"Uh, you're being transferred."

"WHAT?!"

"You're being, um, transferred to the Library."

I stared for a second. "You're telling me that I'm going to be the *Library* Political Correctness Enforcer?"

"Not exactly."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll be the *Library* Rules Enforcer."

"Could you elaborate?"

"Sure."

I waited for a moment. "Could you elaborate *now*?"

"Oh, oh, sorry. Yes, you'll be responsible for making sure people don't reshelve books in the wrong place, and making sure that they don't eat in the bookstacks, and telling them to be quiet."

"No car chases?" I bleated.

"No car."

"No CAR?!" This was sounding worse all the time.

"No."

"No exciting gunplay?"

"Nope."

"You're demoting me!"

"Actually," she said, "we consider this a lateral transfer."

"So I get paid the same?"

"No, you're paid less."

"So this is a lateral transfer, but it's incredibly dull and I get paid less."

She smiled. "Now you understand."

I slapped my hand to my forehead. "Why are you doing this to me?"

"We have a new enforcer for Engineering."

"Who's that?"

"Jean-Claude Van Damme. He's on a break from making movies."

I winced. "But he's shorter than I am! And he has a stupid French accent!"

"Actually, it's Belgian."

"Whatever! How dare you do this? I've put my heart and soul into this job for the

past..."

"Look, Miller, either you accept this transfer or we fire you — and get the EUS to tank you besides."

"Can I at least wear my trenchcoat?"

"Well, to be truthful, we can't let you do that." She reached behind her chair and pulled out a large, baby blue apron with the words **LIBRARY MONITOR** stencilled on it. "You have to wear this."

"I thought you said I was an enforcer?"

"Enforcer, monitor, what's the difference?"

I was getting angry. "Monitors are little kids who tell smaller little kids to stop playing around or they'll get beaten up. Enforcers are macho dudes who flex their pecs a lot."

"Like Jean-Claude Van Damme."

"Shut up!"

"Anyway, here you go." She threw the apron at me. "Good luck."

"That's it? Good luck?"

"Yes. Now bug off, I have work to do."

I looked blank for a moment, then turned and walked out.

Shortly thereafter, I was walking forlornly along Main Mall toward Main Library, wiping away tears of depression with my Dik Miller™ hankie/chloroform cloth/coffee filter.

"Hey man," said a passing student, "what's wrong?"

"What's wrong?!" I blared. "I'll tell you what's wrong! My life, my profession, my purpose has been destroyed!"

"Whoa, chill out man."

I mumbled a curse at him and walked on. Finally I arrived at the front doors to the Library. I pulled. Nothing happened. I looked down.

PUSH, it said.

I pushed. Nothing happened.

The Library was closed. This was even more depressing.

I sat down on the steps and it began to snow.

Another case closed for Dik Miller...uh...Library Monitor.

Sigh

"Oh, no, not again."

Chapter Five — "Think Sane..."

Rod Reddekopp

Columnist

Chapter 5: "Think SANE."

Rod Reddekopp

In our last episode, the boy was tried for the crime of holding up a grocery store with a screwdriver, was carried off by men in white jackets because he said he was from another dimension, and ended up unconscious again. And now, <insert fanfare here>, chapter five.

The boy rolled over in bed. It had to be getting close to the time he had to wake up for school, so why hadn't his alarm gone? He tried to rub his eyes, but his arms didn't seem to be working. He hated it when his arms fell asleep. He forced his eyes open a crack to see what time it was. Not only was his alarm clock not there, but he wasn't in bed. The soft material he was lying on seemed to cover the entire floor, the walls, and, as he twisted his head around, even the ceiling. The bad news was that his arms weren't asleep, he was still wearing the straitjacket. The good news was that he wouldn't be going to school today and could sleep in. So he went back to sleep.

This time when he woke up, he knew where he was right away. He realized that if he was going to save the universe, he would have to get out. A plan began to develop in his mind. He would convince these people of his sanity and they would let him out. Ok, it wasn't much of a plan, but hey, it was a beginning.

The boy stood up. (If you think that sounds easy, you've never tried to stand up while wearing a straitjacket.) He walked, as sanely as possible, over to the cell door and called out. Not too loud or panic-stricken, mind you. Calm, cool, and collected. Sane. It isn't easy to project sanity while wearing a straitjacket, but the boy wasn't doing too badly.

"Hey, excuse me guys. Can I talk to you for a minute?"

The white-coated gentlemen looked at each other, blinked, and out of sheer curiosity walked over to the boy's door. The boy swallowed. He had to make this good.

"You know, this is really crazy, er, I mean ridiculous. I'm not insane. I know I'm

not from another dimension and all that stuff. I mean, I was hungry, and I didn't have any money. I just wanted something to eat, and I wasn't going to hurt anybody. In the courtroom, I made all that up because I didn't want to get in trouble. You know, kids will do that. Look at me, I'm just a kid, see? I'm sorry, ok?"

Normally, he would have threatened a lawsuit, but this time he figured he'd go for the mercy approach. They seemed to be thinking.

"Well, I guess it wouldn't hurt to give him a Rorschach," one of them said.

Raw shock? "You mean shock therapy?" the boy asked brightly.

Oh oh, that hey-you-have-celery-stalks-growing-out-of-your-head look again. He'd have to learn when to keep his mouth shut. "Just kidding," he said, smiling weakly.

"Ok, young man, what does this look like to you?"

The psychiatrist was holding up a white card with an ink blot on it. The boy had always wanted to try this.

"You really want to know what I think that looks like?"

"Yes."

"Even if it seems kind of weird?"

"Yes."

"Because it really looks like it, and it doesn't mean I'm crazy or anything, because it would look like it to anybody. I mean, the resemblance is uncanny."

"Will you just tell me what you think it looks like?!"

"All right already! Sheesh if you're this impatient with me, I'd hate to see you deal with someone who really is crazy." The boy prided himself on his ability to interpret what people are thinking by the way they look at him. This look was telling him that now would probably be a good time to share his thoughts on what the blot looked like.

"It looks like frog guts. I mean, if you like, step on a frog, completely by accident of course, that's what it looks like."

The boy thought the poor psychiatrist looked like he needed a holiday.

Being Evolved

A Visit with Charles Darwin



Friday, January 22
12:30 – 2:00 pm
SUB Auditorium
FREE!

Plus...

THE TERMINATOR

Tuesday, January 19
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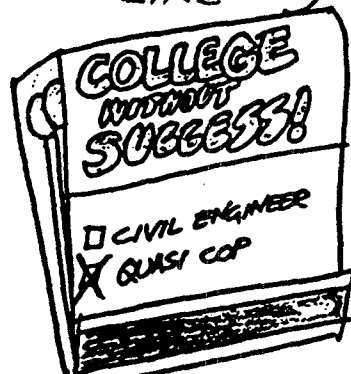
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You could become a member of Canada's elite law enforcement squad, fighting for truth, justice, and breath.

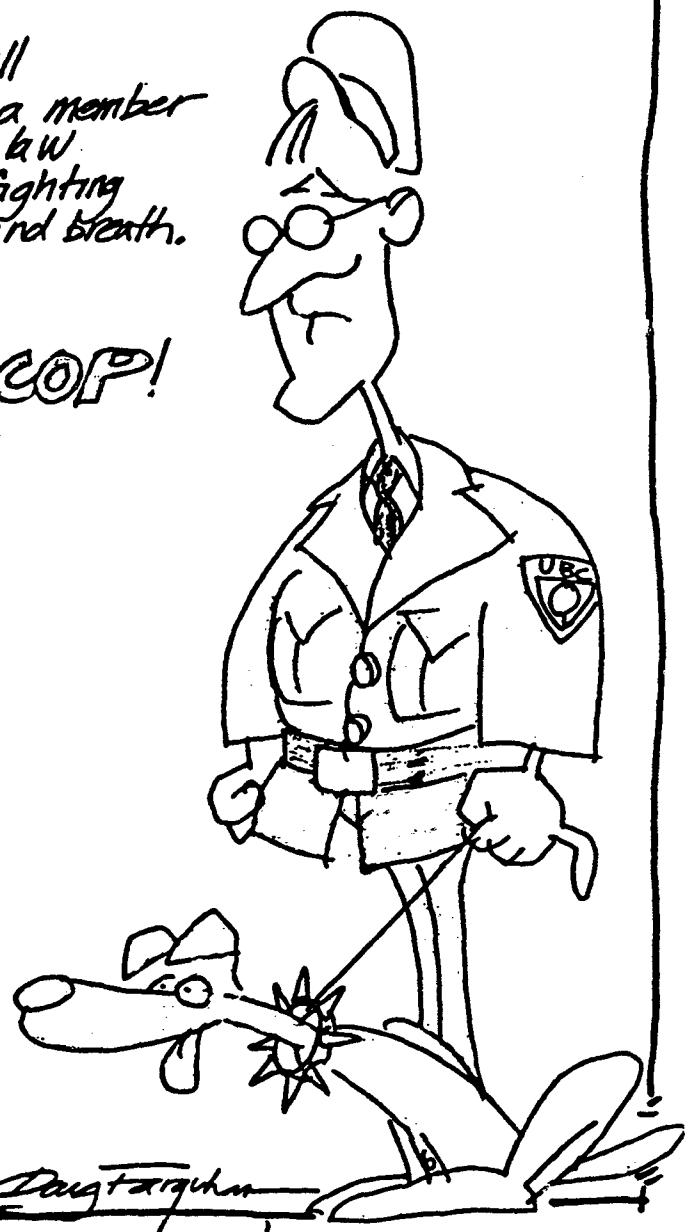
Yes, you can be a

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Doug Farquhar

the drawers of sus

Sales Slips

Michael Chow

Check it out! We have loads of new items for sale! People are literally breaking down our doors to get at our inventory. Visit our office and you'll see why: Roll-up T-shirts, jersey shorts, new sweatpants, new sweatshirts, new black T-shirts, new white T-shirts, and even Science teddy bears! All with brand-new cool-looking artwork. We also plan to bring in baseball shirts, baseball caps, and slamma-jam shorts.

- BRAND NEW Navy Sweatpants! 13-1/2 ounce fleece, 2 pockets, 50/50 cotton/poly, only \$18.50.
- BRAND NEW Ash Sweatshirts! 16 ounce fleece, 90/10 cotton/poly, only \$27.00.
- BRAND NEW Roll-up T-shirts! Ash body with black trim, preshrunk 100% cotton, only \$15.00.
- BRAND NEW White T-shirts! 2-colour left-chest and 4-colour full-back designs, only \$15.00.
- BRAND NEW Black T-shirts! Metallic silver artwork, preshrunk 100% cotton, only \$12.50.
- BRAND NEW Science Teddy Bears! 11" tall, available in white or brown, only \$15.00.
- BRAND NEW Science jersey shorts! Ash shorts, 2 pockets, elastic waistband, preshrunk 98% cotton, only \$13.50.
- 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!

- Have you seen the coolest looking jackets on campus? Science jackets: Navy blue melton, with navy and white leather split-sleeves, all for only \$150 (plus crestring). Last chance to order one this school year, deadline: February 17, 1993.
- Last chance to order a navy Science cardigan for this school year. Only \$35 (plus crestring), deadline: February 3, 1993.
- Is your team or club looking for clothing or uniforms? We deal directly with the manufacturers and wholesalers to get you the best prices around. Most orders require one week. Compare our prices: 1 dozen, 100% cotton Fruit of the Loom standard-weight T-shirts, with a full-front 2-colour logo, and 2-digit 8-inch numbers, all for only \$13.50 each (all taxes included!)
- We sell the new Entertainment '93 Coupon Books. 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 to charity.
- Congratulations to last week's contest winners: Parimal Rana, first place; Randy Romero, second place. The answer: Our Sales Bookkeeper is actually named Silvinia da Conceição, but feel free to call her 'Dinkleheimer'.
- CONTEST: One of the Sales Manager's favourite animated series is "Disney's Adventures of the Gummi Bears", which has been cancelled, unfortunately. Write down the names of six of the Gummi Bears 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 safekeeping). Winner receives 50% off any Science sweatpants, 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.

**Captain Haddock's
Famous Cream Ale
(Special Blend)
Available January 25 in SUS.**

AMS Briefs

Janice Boyle

Hi! It's your favorite neighbourhood AMS Rep back from the Edmontonian Deep Freeze (it was -40 degrees for two weeks). I hope all of your holidays were substantially warmer than mine. Since my plane landed, I've spent all of my spare time in residence in my bikini, with my beach towel and suntan lotion, soaking up those incandescent Vancouver rays. Not much is new with the AMS. The fight against the 18% tuition increase is heating up as the next Board of Governors meeting draws closer. There will be another rally held at the upcoming meeting, *AND IF YOU THINK 18% IS UNREASONABLE, SHOW UP!* The Board of Governors meeting is on January 21, and posters will be circulated to let you know what time to come. In addition, the AMS Executive elections are fast approaching, ie. you have only a week left before the University is plastered in various shades of neon. Make sure to bring your sunglasses. Voting takes place the following week. The next AMS meeting is on Wednesday, January 13, so until next week...

McNights

Carmen McKnight

Carmen McKnighties

Happy New Year! I had a really nice Christmas. I hope you did too. The snow we had was great, until Monday when I had to drive to school. It's hard enough as it is to get motivated for school; the heavy snowfall doesn't provide any extra encouragement.

SUS has a lot of stuff going on in the next little while. Science Week (third week of January) is rapidly approaching, as are SUS Executive Elections. A lot of preparation needs to be done in the next two weeks. On Tuesday evening we could use your help at our poster party. There will be pizza and BEVERages for those who help out.

Lots of exciting events have been planned for Science Week including the Trike Race (registration forms available in Chem 160), Beyond the BSc, Gytaku, Home Brew contest, Chem Magic Show, Science Week Dance, and lots of other exciting stuff. SUS Executive Elections take place on February 15, 16, and 17. If you are interested in running for an Executive position please come by Chem 160 and talk to us. Nomination forms will be available soon.

Our Sales Department has quite a selection of new stock. You may have seen some students walking around in the new jackets. Talk to Sales if you're interested in buying one. The deadline for jacket orders will be mid-February.

If you haven't been involved in the past, it's never too late to get involved. If you're in first year science, the SUS is setting up a First Year Student's Committee designed to organize events for frosh. If you or someone you know is interested in getting involved on this committee, please talk to an exec or leave us a note.

We're also looking for someone to fill the position of Executive Secretary for this term. This position involves recording the minutes of the Executive and Council meetings, being a member of Budget Committee, and being an AMS representative for Science. If you're interested in this position or if you need more information talk to Stewart Hung or myself.

We now have an Employment notice board. During Science Week we'll be hosting Beyond the BSc. This two day seminar will discuss preparing yourself for the job market (including topics such as resumes and interviews). UBC Alumni will talk about their careers. Graeme Kennedy is the Employment Rep for SUS. If you have any questions regarding employment talk to him.

I'll see you at Science Week! Cheers.

Decorative Delicates

Orvin Lau

During the week of January 18-22, if you are in one of those lucky classes, you just might be rewarded with some extra entertainment from your usual lecturer. Well, perhaps "diversion" may be a more appropriate word, but in comparison to some profs out there, the diversion will be more entertaining.

What will happen is that one or two people that you probably have never seen before will make an announcement in front of your class. The typical opening sentence will be (fill in the blanks): "Hello, my name is _____, and I'm running for _____." But then, you will probably have guessed at what he/she/they was/were going to say, especially if you noticed the numerous posters with his/her/their picture that have popped up on campus. (Even worse, it could be me).

Surprise, Surprise!! There is

(will be) an election going on!! Yes, towards the end of this month, all UBC students will get an opportunity to exercise their democratic rights. And it is a big one too, with 12 different positions up for grabs: two on the UBC Board of Governors, five on the UBC Senate and five AMS Executive positions.

Unfortunately, few students choose to vote, seeing that the turnout in past elections is about 10%. A lot of the blame lies with poor communication as most students have no idea what people do in these positions, or how it could affect their lives at UBC. So they don't bother to vote. The fact that there is no reliable media source for student news doesn't help at all. (At least the Campus Times, having just appeared on the scene this year, is attempting to fill that void.)

However, each of these positions can affect you, in one way or another. Here is a breakdown of all the positions con-

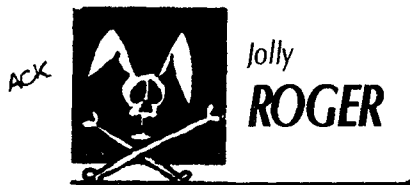
tested in the upcoming election:

- The UBC Board of Governors: a.k.a the Board or BoG. As half of the University government, this is the group that controls the operations of the University, such as tuition fees, what building get built, who gets hired, etc. It is the equivalent to the board of directors of a company. Two students are elected annually to the Board of Governors.
- The UBC Senate: Forming the other half of the UBC's government, the Senate controls all the academic functions of the UBC. It decide who graduates, what courses you have to take, etc. All those rules in the Calendar are Senate regulations. Five students are elected annually by the student body. There are 12 others, one for each of the 12 faculties, most of whom have been acclaimed (nobody ran against them).
- The AMS Executive: there are five positions, each with a

specific title. Collectively, these five are in charge of the student government at UBC. There is the President (top person), the Vice-President (is in charge of Student Council), the Director of Finance (controls money obviously), the Director of Administration (runs the SUB), and the Coordinator of External Affairs (deal with the government and outside groups).

So each and every one of these people have a minute voice in how the University is run. And especially since this election is one of the few opportunities that students have to participate (short of running themselves) in the way this university operates, I encourage you to get out and vote. Check out some of the posters that people put up. Look at The Campus Times and The Ubyssy to find out more about the candidates. Then, with your student card, go to a polling station and mark that ballot.

"Oh, Beautiful, for Rogers parked, for..."



Well, I'll be the first to admit that of all the things that I've been accused of over the years, being a good driver has never been one of them.

In fact, my reputation as a reckless menace to the roadgoing public is well entrenched among my peers. Some would even argue that my driver's licence looks suspiciously like a heavily doctored Cheerios hockey card. (Which, incidentally, presents some interesting fake ID possibilities, seeing as I could probably pass for Jaromir Jagr if I didn't cut off all my hair.)

The fact that people are afraid to step near a vehicle to which I hold the keys, naturally, disturbs me somewhat. I mean sure, I have a lead foot, a predilection for changing lanes in the middles of intersections, a vicious impatience for slow drivers, utter disregard for all things pedestrian and no use whatsoever for that pedal in the middle, but hey, does that

make me a *bad driver*?

Anyhoo, the reason I'm bringing all of this up is because I wish to send a message to all of those who look upon me as a driver in much the same light they would upon Charles Manson as a Block Parent.

And that is: thank yer lucky stars you weren't with me last Thursday morning. Woulda scared the hell outa ya.

I'll explain: The Sunday before that fateful day, I awoke in my cozy ol' bed at home, to the smell of Mum's freshly-baked bran muffins and the thought of a good day's jumping off cliffs (on skis) ahead of me, when I noticed something peculiar. (Besides the fact that I hadn't broken my nose falling off my loft at Gage, throwing a gruesome hangover into sharp relief. This was different.)

My eye hurt.

Casually, I stumbled down the stairs and asked Mum what it was. "Oh, it's nothing, dear, just a stye," she said, as mothers do. "It'll go away. Have a muffin or six."

Unfortunately, some particular gremlin inhabiting that spot decided that it'd be a cozy

little place to shack up for a spell. Maybe even settle down and raise a few million daughter cells.

And so it came to pass that I was blessed with what doctors call a Chelasian cyst. Sounds worse than it is — basically just an inflammation of the eyelid that turns into a rather unsightly little pocket of infected guck that requires minor surgery to fix. And it's not like you turn into the Elephant Man or anything; the result is more like that puffy, baggy-eyed look like Robert de Niro had in *Raging Bull* (or, for that matter, like Pierre Trudeau has on any given day). Which is good, because "It's a cyst I'm having gouged out" leaves people somewhat ill compared to "You think *this* is ugly? You should see what I did to the four bozos that gave it to me..."

So off I went, on the Thursday in question, to have this thing removed. Very simple, very easy, save two minor oversights (puns aside). One was that I'm not fond of needles as it is, let alone one that someone I had met only minutes beforehand wanted to stick in my eye. Fortunately,

the abovementioned surgeon was merciful, and before I could say *boiled egg on a toothpick*, my ocular region was feeling comfortably fuzzy.

The procedure passed without incident, save for a nervous bit when the surgeon closed up by cauterizing with silver nitrate. Now, I couldn't *feel* anything burning, but I heard a *crackle-fizz-pop* that sounded like a bloody barbecue, followed by a quick whiff of crisping flesh. Yecch.

At any rate, this brings us to the second little oversight, and the original gist of this whole blurb. Now that it was fixed, the doctor had placed a patch over the eye, which I was required to wear for the balance of the day. So, I happily sauntered out of the O/R, looking forward to all the cool attention that only a gauze eye-patch can bring, and promptly tripped over a table that I coulda sworn was five feet away at the time.

As I pitched forward towards Mother Earth, I caught a glimpse of the admitting desk, out of my one good eye, standing before me. *Oh good*, I thought, *I'll just reach out and grab the desk, and I won't be*

bellyflopping after all. Arms extended, I descended happily towards the desk...

...and landed flat on my beak, missing the desk by a good yard or so.

It was at this time that my brain was beginning to recall the importance of two eyes in terms of depth perception. You can *see* something out of one eye, but you sure as hell can't tell how far away it is.

Which brings us back to driving. For a moment, just picture the scariest driver you know. Got the image in your head?

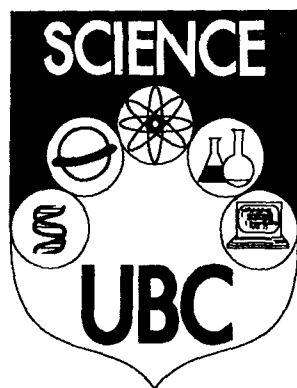
Now picture this person attempting to negotiate traffic between VGH and UBC with no sense of depth, no peripheral vision to the right, and a generally woozy feeling over most of their face. *Gulp*.

Miraculously, I made it back to UBC unscathed. But I think what really drove the point home for me was when I pulled up to the parkade card reader, and almost fell out the window of the car trying to reach the damn thing. Ended up walking over to it. Oops.

The Microbiology Club &
The Science Undergraduate Society present:

**The Annual Science Week
HOME BREW
CONTEST**

Judging: Friday, January 22, 1993
Contact the Microbi Club for more details... soon.



**First
Year
Students
Committee**

The Science Undergraduate Society invites First Year Science students to apply for the new First Year Students Committee.

Nomination forms are available in Chemistry 160, and the deadline for application is January 25, 1993.

For information, please contact Chris Sing at 822 4235 or 822 6101.

**SUS Presents
The
SCIENCE WEEK DANCE**

Featuring

HARD ROCK MINERS

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SUB BALLROOM**

Tix \$5 - AMS Box Office or SUS

BZZR \$1.25 - NO MINORS