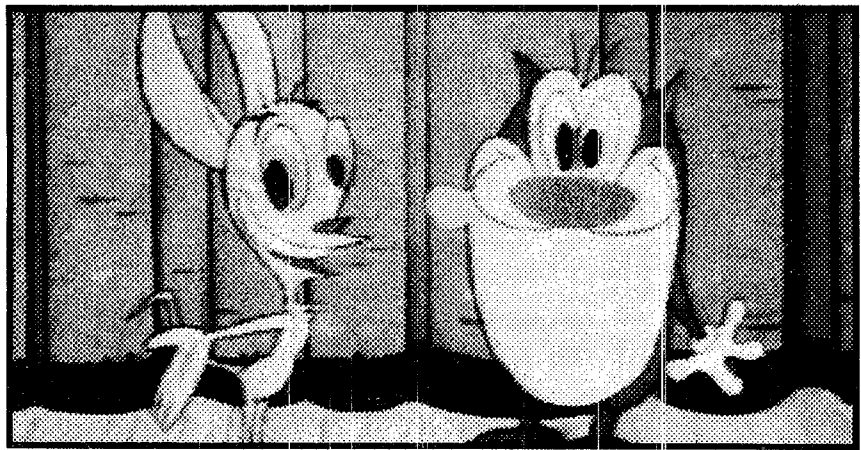


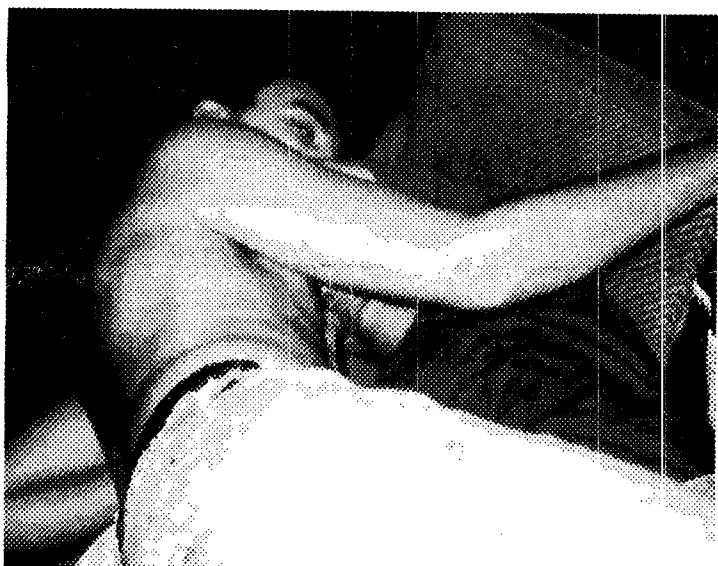
# WAKE UP! IT'S SCIENCE WEEK!



# The 432

The Newspaper For Science Students — Vol 6 No 8 × 18 Jan '93

## SAUNDERSON SEEKS POSITION WITHIN AMS



UBC Young Conservative Jason Saunderson with unidentified AMS Council member at Student Leadership Conference in Whistler.

**Kevin Phillips Bong**  
Roving Correspondent

UBC Young Conservative Jason Saunderson, the subject of recent controversy involving the Alma Mater Society, is seeking to attain a position within one of the administrative bodies of the Society.

Mr. Saunderson, who is currently taking issue with the AMS concerning libelous remarks printed in the *Ubysey*, was seen associating with an unnamed AMS official at last November's Student Leadership Conference in Whistler. According to observers, the two "have main-

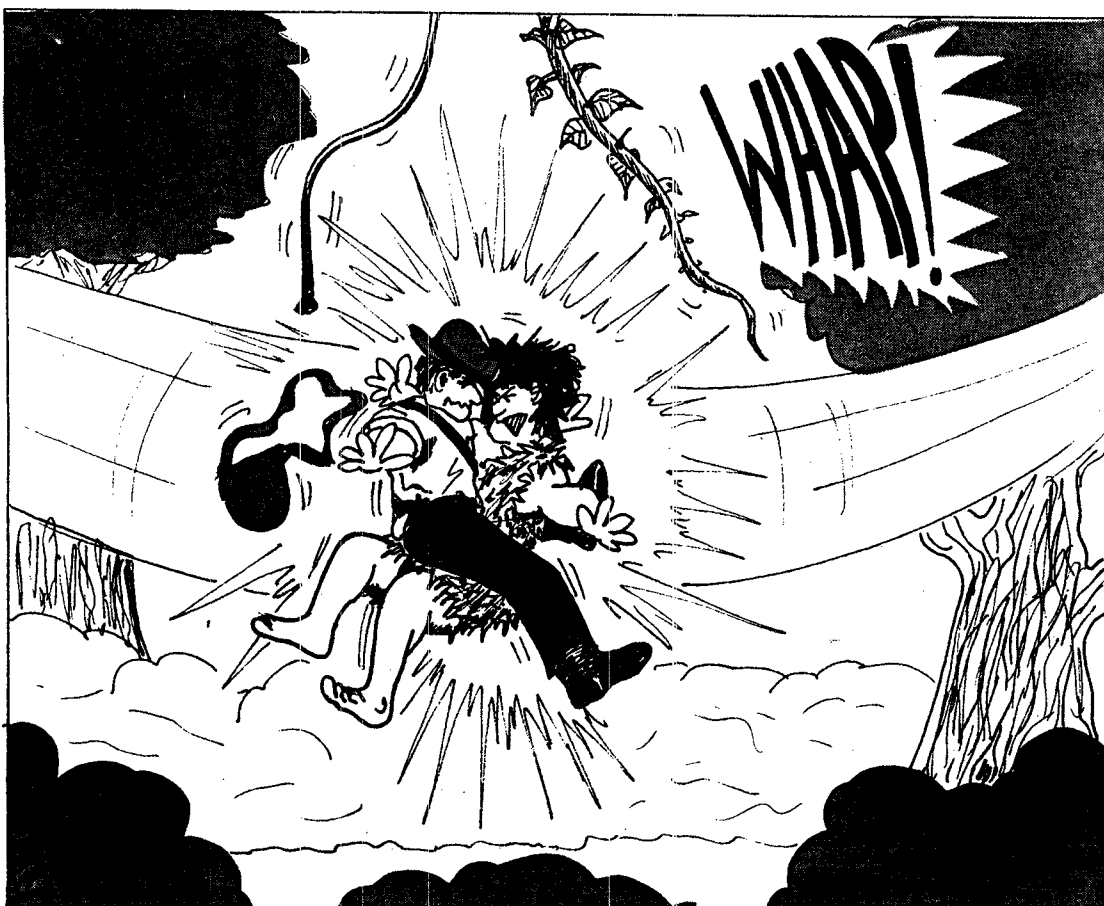
tained frequent contact" since the meeting, and rumors abound over Mr. Saunderson's possible future involvement with the AMS. Many have speculated that he may seek to fill an executive seat, perhaps even that of the President.

As a member of the UBC Young Conservatives, Mr. Saunderson is an active figure on the campus political scene. An outspoken critic of the *Ubysey*, his efforts were the driving thrust behind the petition calling for the removal of the newspaper's operations from the AMS budget.

At press time, Mr. Saunderson could not be reached for comment on the

current situation regarding either his legal battle with the *Ubysey*, or his reported drive for an AMS seat. However, some background information concerning the former was distributed to members of the AMS Student Council last week, serving to remind students that the Young Conservative would not tolerate being taken lightly as either the butt of jokes or a victim of slander.

The issue promises to be one of great interest, as candidates vie for position in the upcoming AMS Executive Elections, to be held January 25-29.



In a tragic accident, Tarzan fails to yield the right-of-way to Dr. Jones.

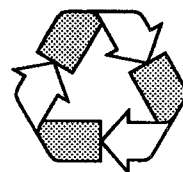
### KEEP OUT OF REACH OF SMALL CHILDREN.

#### INGREDIENTS:

OVER 95% OF CONTENTS CONSIST OF SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE, GRAPHITE, POLYMERIZED HYDROCARBONS, AND HEMP TREES. LESS THAN 5% CONSIST OF HOLMES EXPLORING HIS FRIDGE (PAGE 2), AARON WAXES EVEN MORE NOSTALGIC, THE MORRIS METHODS (PAGE 3), THE SUPER-COOL EVEN-BETTER-THAN-NUTELLA SCIENCE WEEK SPREAD (PAGES 4-5), DIK MILLER, LEONA ADAMS RETURNS! (PAGE 6), MUNDANE DUMPSTER, (PAGE 7), DON'T HIT THE SLOPES 'CUZ THEY HIT BACK (PAGE 8).

"EXCUSE ME. CAN I BORROW YOUR TOWEL?  
MY CAR JUST HIT A WATER BUFFALO."  
IRWIN M. FLETCHER

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# Of Beasties and Things that Bump Into the Bowl of Egg Salad

*Xenophobia and the Campus Fridge*

**Dr. Watson**

*Frosh, but okay anyway...*

I am now a veteran of living *in medias res*; I slop caf food with the best of them, don't do my laundry for a week, get ready for an 8:30 in ten minutes flat. But there is no way, no way in Heaven or Hell, that I'll ever get used to our floor fridge cum arboretum. I mean, who in their right mind would eat pickled herring wearing a fur coat? The sign saying "Do Not Eat, Property of \_\_\_\_\_" is rather ludicrous, Hell, I ain't going to eat something if I can't tell whether it's a vegetable or an animal anyways. I wish that people would label the stuff that they put in the fridge so at least us other blokes who try to use the damn fridge to store food and not microbiology experiments would know exactly what we're facing when we see a large philodendron-like growth inside.

"Ah, Mike, what is that in the tupper-ware container that keeps saying 'Don't touch me, I'm contagious'?"

"Well, it used to be pudding. Now it mostly consists of mold and vibrio cholerae."

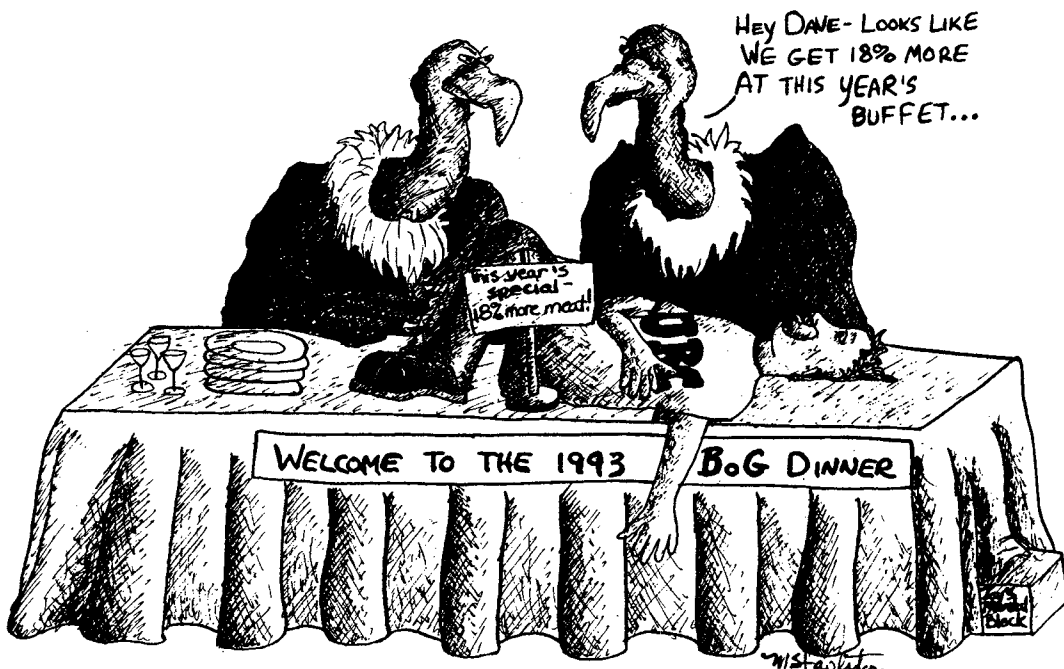
(Don't quote me on this one, I'm not into microbi!)

We get the most sinister items in our fridge: this week, it's the ominous black bag that periodically makes belching sounds and the can of whatever that tells you to put it the local nuker on High for approximately 2.5 hours before attempting to open. Sometimes the scariest things aren't even food-related: are jars of WD-40 used to clean bike chains next to the mayo and cream cheese common to anybody else's fridge? I'd like to know who eats a mayo-and-axle-grease sandwich and if it's a rare delicacy. Then again, maybe not.

Ever notice that food takes on its own persona when it gets

about 3 weeks old and in 5 weeks, it develops a rudimentary personality and intelligence similar to that of your chem prof? In 11 weeks, it has developed an advanced civilization and could probably do better than you on your next Physics 120 exam. Eleven weeks is the longest anything has been left our fridge unnoticed; in the first week of school, the pizza box with 3 pieces left in it was placed on the bottom shelf bearing the message, "Touch and Die". Ten weeks later, that message remained valid, as the little, super-intelligent creature with pepperoni fused in its rudimentary exoskeleton threatened to poison anyone in the immediate vicinity with a paralytic poison made of olives and left-over salsa sauce. Other than that, he (it?) was a funny little guy, and we enjoyed debating the meaning of life with him as we searched in that jungle we call an ice-box. Unfortunately, he was found by our janitor, one of those creatures who insist on keeping EVERYTHING sanitized (now here's a concept: a guys' res floor and an immaculate bathroom and refrigerator. Never in a million years.) and we were forced to put him out the back door in the middle of a cold, November night by order of the upper bureaucracy. The next day we found his body next to the carcasses of seven crows; we figure that he fought them off valiantly, but that he succumbed to what can only be described as "pizza disease" when his pizza sauce froze in the cold air.

This sad little story just goes to show why cleaning your fridge is so vital: not only will you not develop a lasting(!) relationship with a piece of pizza, but philodendrons just don't look good growing out of a tub of cream cheese. It keeps the janitor out of your hair, too, as well as her hair out of your leftover pizza.



## SUS Constitutional Changes... Read 'em and weep, heavily.

Proposed Constitutional Amendments:  
Areas to be changed are in italic type.

That the SUS Constitution be amended as follows:

### Article I - Executive Officers

1) The Executive officers who must be active members of the Society and fully intend to be members of the Society throughout their term of office shall consist of:

- i) President;
- ii) *Internal Vice President;*
- iii) *External Vice President;*
- iv) Director of Publications;
- v) Executive Secretary;
- vi) Director of Finance;
- vii) A.M.S. Student Council Representative;
- viii) Sports Director.

Remove: (vii).

Replace with: vii) *Public Relations Officer (P.R.O.);*

Add: ix) *Social Coordinator;*

### Article II - Executive Duties

2) Further duties of specific officers shall be:

- c) External Vice President
- i) To represent the Society to the AMS Students Council;
- ii) To have booking privileges with the AMS;
- iii) To organize, co-ordinate, and promote all social functions of the Society;
  - 1) To chair the Social Committee;
  - 2) To coordinate the sale and distribution of tickets for the Society's functions;
  - 3) To coordinate the timing and posting of all poster and banner material for all social events;
- 4) To arrange any press releases by Media;
- vi) To be a member of the Science Week Committee.
- vii) To know the AMS constitution, bylaws and policies;
- viii) To recommend people to Council for the following Ex-Officio positions and work with the officers appointed on their respective projects:
  - 1) Science Week Co-ordinator;
  - 2) Blood Drive Co-ordinator.

Remove: (ii), (iii), (vi), (vii), (viii).

Replace with:

- ii) *To know thoroughly, the AMS's constitution, codes and by-laws and have current copies of these available on file in the Science office;*
- iii) *To keep Council informed of the activities of the AMS Student Council;*
- iv) *To keep Council informed of the activities of other AMS Constituencies and clubs;*
- v) *To attend AMS Council Meetings;*
- vi) *To keep Council informed of any AMS rights or privileges to which we are entitled;*
- vii) *To keep Council informed of any AMS procedures of which we should be aware;*
- viii) *To be a liaison between the Council and the AMS;*

- ix) *To be a liaison between the Council and other Constituencies.*
- x) *To represent the views of Science Council to the AMS;*
- xi) *To keep the Science Newspaper Council informed of the activities of the AMS Student Council.*

f) Director of Publications

- i) To publish, or cause to be published, the following:
  - 1) Summer mailout;
  - 2) The 432;
  - 3) The Black and Blue Review
- ii) To assist in the production of all posters and banners;
- iii) To ensure publication of the information collected for the Black and Blue Review;
- iv) To ensure publication of items for the Society requested by the Executive;
- v) To ensure publication of items for the Society requested by Council;
- vi) To be a member of the following Standing Committees:

- 1) Budget Committee;
- 2) Science Week Committee;
- vii) To be the head editor of the Science Newspaper Council (refer to Article XII);

Add: viii) *To represent the Society to the AMS Students Council;*

- g) AMS Student Council Representative
- i) To know and uphold the Science Undergraduate Society's constitution;
- ii) To know thoroughly, the AMS's constitution, codes and by-laws and have current copies of these available on file in the Science office;
- iii) To keep Council informed of the activities of the AMS Student Council;
- iv) To keep Council informed of the activities of other AMS Constituencies and clubs;
- v) To attend AMS Council Meetings;
- vi) To keep Council informed of any AMS rights or privileges to which we are entitled;
- vii) To keep Council informed of any AMS procedures of which we should be aware;
- viii) To be a liaison between the Council and the AMS;
- ix) To represent the views of Science Council to the AMS;
- x) To keep the Science Newspaper Council informed of the activities of the AMS Student Council.

Remove: (g)

Replace With:

- g) *Public Relations Officer*
- i) *To inform Science Students of employment opportunities;*
- 1) *To be a liaison between the Society and*

*the UBC Student Placement Office, and/or any other student employment office(s);*

- 2) *To be a liaison between the Society and the Science Clubs Employment Reps;*
- 3) *To work with the Alumni Association and the Faculty of Science coordinating the Beyond the BSc. event.*
- ii) *To coordinate or appoint a coordinator for all charity events including: the Red Cross Blood Drive, the Food Drive and/or any other charities the SUS may choose to participate in;*
- iii) *To arrange any press releases by Media;*
- iv) *To be a ex-officio member of the following standing committees and sub councils:*
  - 1) *Science Week Committee;*
  - 2) *Social Committee;*
  - 3) *Academics Council.*
- v) *To know the AMS constitution, bylaws and policies;*
- vi) *To represent the Society to the AMS Student Council.*

Add:

- i) *Social Coordinator*
- i) *To have booking privileges with the AMS;*
- ii) *To organize, co-ordinate, and promote all social functions of the Society :*
  - 1) *To chair the Social Committee;*
  - 2) *To coordinate the sale and distribution of tickets for the Society's functions;*
  - 3) *To coordinate any advertising for any of the Society's social events.*
- iii) *To be a member of the Science Week Committee.*
- iv) *To coordinate all banner painting efforts of the Society.*

### Article VI - Standing Committees and Sub-Councils

- 1) Committees
- a) The Social Committee, which shall consist of the External Vice President, the Director of Finance, the Science Week Co-ordinator, and any other interested active member of the Society. This committee shall:
  - i) propose a social program for approval to Council.
  - ii) co-ordinate and promote the social programs as approved by Council.

Change a) to read:

- a) *The Social Committee, which shall consist of the Social Coordinator (who is the chair of this committee), External Vice President, the Director of Finance, and any other interested active member of the Society. This committee shall:*
  - i) *propose a social program for approval to Council.*
  - ii) *co-ordinate and promote the social*

The  
**Computer Science  
Students Society**

Would Like To Invite  
Everyone To Attend The:

**Car Rally**



**Bzzr Bash!**

When: January 20, 1993 - 6:00pm to 11:00pm

Where: Computer Science 201

Cost: Members - \$1 -- Non-members - \$5

Drink and Eat All You Want!!!

Everyone  
Welcome

## The Morris Methods

Jamie Morris

Brain Abducted by Saucer Aliens

Greetings! I'd like to first start off by informing you that this is not an experiment (but I hope you'll enjoy it anyway). You must understand that scientific preparations are long, tedious, and often difficult work (as was the case in acquiring thyrone briareus (sea cucumbers) for my first experiment). I am, however, at this moment working on a new experiment of which I plan to bring to your attention in an upcoming issue.

In this issue I give you an excerpt from my soon to be published book, "Sex, Death, Drugs, Surrealism, and Ethics in Science". It dwells on vital philosophical questions facing scientists, and perhaps even the world, today.

The wax figurines had cooled, but Tara still couldn't make sense of them. Guido, the local midget/pre-med student, obviously had. From adjacent sides of the table, Kirsten and Tara watched in horror as Guido launched himself, belly first, onto the table, and with a voracious lust, began to devour the demonic icons of wax. The sweat on his face beaded down, amplified by the blue-green tinge of his dead skin mask.

"My God!" screamed Tara. Her head shook with awful chaotic convulsions and her fingernails tore at her face. "What the hell are you doing... Stop it!..... Stop it right now!!... You're driving me insane!"

"I.....I.....I.....can't help it." croaked Guido as he slimed about the table top. "That experiment...I did.....yesterday, something...went... wrong...I.....I.....think.....I.....think....."

I think I'm turning into a squid!"

Tara stumbled away from the table, her body shaking uncontrollably while odious, wretched noises escaped her gut. "Nooooooooooooo-ooooooooooooo!" she cried, "You can't!.... Guido!... ..Think for a second... Who's gonna look after your finicky cat Fluffy?... And how will you wear your galoshes when it's slushy out?... And who'll finish your book "Genetic Manipulation: One Hundred and One Improvements on the Male Copulatory Organ"....And what about your colleagues who'll track you down, and kill you. And once you're dead they'll dissect you, and dissect you again, until you can be dissected no more....NO I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN...SO, GODDAMMIT GUIDO, DO ME A FAVOUR AND DON'T TURN INTO A STINKY, SMELLY SQUID!!!" Guido, however, being of short and stubborn stature, didn't listen.

Kirsten watched calmly from

her place at the table as the incoherent, irrational Tara screeched and sprinted about the living room. Kirsten yawned as Tara smashed her head against objects of all sorts: walls, paintings, T.V. tables, the T.V. itself, (on which, ironically, was playing the movie: It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World), against book cases, a fan, as well as an assortment of chairs and fold out couches. "...If you're a squid, then...then I'm a hammer!" she had said. After Tara had 'hammered' all the mundane objects of the room, she looked for something that presented more of a challenge. She spotted the sliding glass door to the apartments' balcony. 'Yes!' she thought, 'I shall hammer that large window over there!' With a wave of her bloody head, Tara ran a straight line towards the window. She dove, gracefully, head first, through the window, cleared the balcony, and fell sixty stories to her death. Kirsten just sat there and grunted.

Meanwhile, Guido, without the use of his arms, had taken off all his clothes, crawled into a far corner and licked his naked body. "Gotta keep moist...gotta keep moist," he muttered, "gotta.....gotta keep moist...NO!!! Don't come near me! I'm a trickier squid than I look..... Gotta keep moist.. Gotta keep clean...gotta clean my squid-like tentacles..yeah!!.... Musn't let Mom see me like this. ....she'd....she'd only laugh at my digestive system...NO! I musn't..... Gotta keep moist.... Gotta keep moist...." and so on and so forth. Once again Kirsten grunted.

Kirsten had watched the proceedings indifferently. The experimental pentapeptide drugs had not affected her nearly as much as her colleagues, and she was therefore somewhat pissed off.

'So this is it,' she thought to herself, 'so this is it....' She shook her head, 'Hell if this isn't the last time I serve 'Fish Sticks' at this table,' Kirsten concluded.

As you can see it is a very emotional work, and because it deals with so many touchy subjects, it may offend some readers. If you are interested in reading a book like this, tell me so, I am delighted to hear from people. One last thing before I go: people with access to sea cucumbers (Thyrone Briarius preferred) please get in touch with me as soon as possible. Thank you.

*ed: Mr. Morris made the cross-disciplinary leap from biology to chemistry last week, and is still learning how to use the fume hood properly. Sorry for any confusion, and we hope the little fat purple Madonnas orbiting his melon leave him alone.*

## FACEWASH!!



Angry  
DUCK

Here are my two earliest memories. I don't know which one is the earliest. I don't think anyone knows which single memory is their earliest. Anyone tells you different, ignore them. They lie.

Earliest memory number one: I was in the kitchen of our seventies-memorial home. This house smacked of the seventies (although it was built in 1969). It had shag carpeting, saloon doors into the kitchen, a bamboo hanging chair, and cedar shingling. It was 1970's all the way. It oozed disco.

My earliest memory of me, in the kitchen, revolves around my mother trying to feed me medicine. As I recall, she wanted me to swallow two pills, and I would be damned if I was going to do that. There we were, in the middle of the kitchen, on the 1970's style Linoleum floor, with the saloon doors swinging in the background, my mother in a floral polyester shirt and bell-bottom jeans, and trying to get me to swallow those two harmless pills.. I never swallowed the pills, even though she was patient and understanding throughout the whole ordeal.

I feel very guilty about that, even today.

My other earliest memory is of breaking my mother's lipstick in half, quite by accident. I admitted to doing it, got yelled at, and then sent to my room, where I was very sorry about my misdeed.

I don't feel guilty about breaking the lipstick. I did time for it. I paid my dues.

I have very many other early memories. I have noticed that, aside from a traumatic experi-

ence involved in each memory, there is a common thread running through each memory.

They all took place in the winter time.

I don't know why this is. But I have a theory why most of my memories of past semi-traumatic experiences occurred in the winter.

Winter, on the whole, is not a pleasant experience for children. As a matter of fact, it's hell on wheels.

There is something special about a child. Something hidden behind the innocence, buried in the wide-eyed wonder of a child's eyes. There is a deep, almost reverent fascination children have with finding ways to turn everyday experiences into new methods of torture for their fellow children.

Snow fits the bill perfectly as a unique torture device. And children have a knack for finding the ideal way to turn snow into an instrument of doom.

Face washes, for example. I still shudder at the way the ogres from grade five would hunt their grade three victims down after a fresh snow. I, being the Designated Smart Kid, would be the first to fall prey. It was face-washes all the way.

Actually, I got off easy. Poor Jeff Rankin was the Designated Smart Kid With Glasses, and he'd not only get a face-wash, but then they'd play Keepaway with his glasses.

When I made it to grade five (the top of the elementary school food chain), face washes had become old hat. We were ready for a new form of torture.

I invented the Icicle Gonch Pull. We practiced it to perfection on Ritchie Van Horlick, the Designated Fat Kid Whose Underwear Always Peeked Out Above His Pants.

The method was simple. Seven or eight guys would tackle Ritchie to the ground, and the leader of the horde of youngsters would stuff snow down the back of Ritchie's underwear. Then someone would yank like the dickens on Ritchie's underwear, giving Ritchie a King Kong Wedgie.

Ritchie, who up until that point was giggling half in fun and half in abject mortal terror, would scream like a stuck pig, his face would turn red, then purple, then blue, he would begin to cough fiercely, and gasp for breath - I think he had asthma or something like that. Then he would lay very still, quivering a little.

I remember the first time we ever did the Icicle Gonch Pull. Three of us tackled Ritchie to the ground. We sat on him, uncertain of what to do next, but all three of us realized that we were on the threshold of a major discovery. I took the initiative and applied the Icicle Gonch Pull, whereupon Ritchie screamed hysterically, coughed, turned red, then purple, then blue, then quivered. I'll never forget it:

ME: (Standing over Ritchie) I think he's dead.

HUEY FREEMAN: (uncertain) He's not dead, he's still moving.

BILLY LEVANS: (stammering) Dead people twitch. He could be dead.

ME: (terrified) What if he's dead? What if we killed him?

RITCHIE: (coughing) That wasn't funny you guys!!

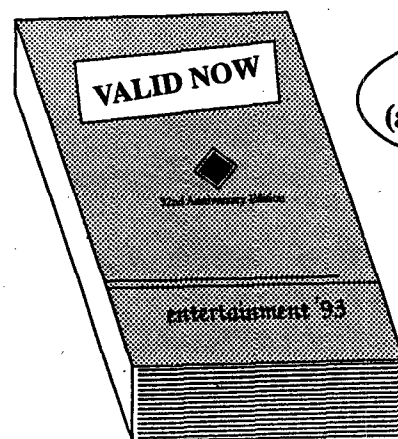
ME: Did you see how purple his face got?

HUEY: Let's do it again!

Come to think of it, the Icicle Gonch Pull has its place in modern society. I bet Gordon Wilson would love to use it for party discipline.

### Entertainment '93 Coupon Books

Jam-packed with half-price coupons!  
The skiing coupons are definitely worth using!  
Fine dining, Arts, Sports, Travel, and much more!



**\$42.80**  
(all taxes included)

Pick up your copy  
at the UBC Science  
Undergraduate  
Society office,  
Chemistry  
Building,  
Room 160

The  
432

Ryan McCuaig  
Editor and Executive Whip-Cracker

EDITORIAL

Contributing Writers Leona Adams, Janice Boyle, Michael Chow, Aaron Drake, Jason Holmes, Zain Khandwala, Carmen McKnight, Derek Miller, Jamie Morris, Sarah Thomson, Various Club People, and with me as always is Rog.  
Party on, Rog.

ART AND DESIGN

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The 432 is published bi-weekly 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.



**SUS Presents  
The**

**SCIENCE WEEK DANCE**

**Featuring**

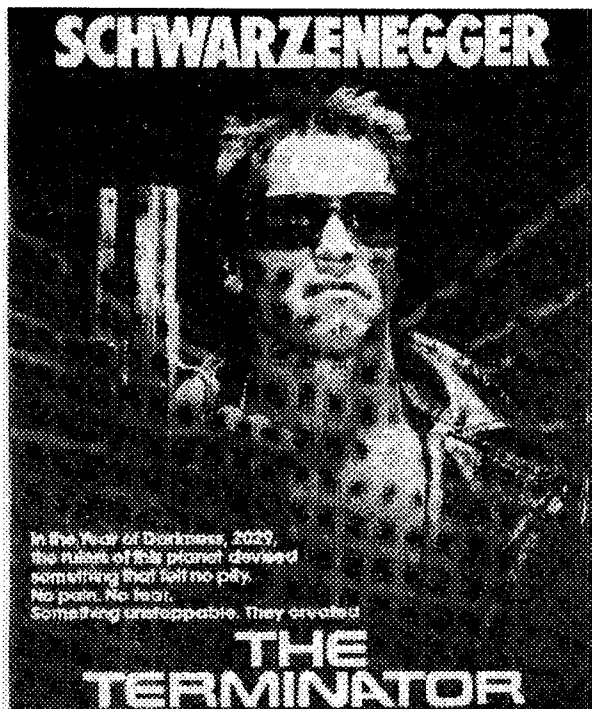
**HARD ROCK MINERS**

**with The Love Bugs**

**FRIDAY, JANUARY 22<sup>nd</sup>  
SUB BALLROOM**

**Tix \$5 - AMS Box Office or SUS**

**BZZR \$1.25 - NO MINORS**



**Tuesday January 19  
7 PM, SUB Auditorium  
\$1.00**

The Microbiology Club & The Science Undergraduate Society presents

**The Annual Science Week  
HOME BREW  
CONTEST**

Judging: Friday, January 22, 1993  
3 PM, SUB 207/209

First Prize: \$75  
Second Prize: Gift Certificates  
Third Prize: Microbi T-Shirts

Register during Science Week at the Microbiology Display Booth

Entry Fee: \$5

# How to get the most out of Science Week

**Sarah Thornton**

Science Week Coordinator

Take a break from your phytoplankton, or particle physics, or that pernicious precipitation procedure (or for that matter, your piano playing, problematic punctuation, or political-(science) posturing, if you are of those persuasions).

Come consider the wonders of science and the marvels of organisation contained in this year's Science Week. Get off your ass, skip that lab lecture, live on the wild side. Learn the facts you need to make a quick repartee when someone tells you to:

a) get a job. Soln: Beyond the BSc. will tell you all you need to know about resumés,

interview skills, and just what you can do with your undergraduate degree.

b) get lost. Soln: Enter the CS3 car rally and zoom all over Vancouver and Burnaby, finding strange articles.

c) get rich. Soln: Try your luck at gold panning at the Dawson Club display, or hope for a pearl in your oyster-on-the-half-shell from Biosoc, or learn cold fusion at the Physsoc table, or...

d) get stuffed. Soln: Come to the SUS office (CHEM 160 for those of you who still haven't used our 5¢ photocopier) for the open house to get sucked in to a vortex of student politics, and have pizza, pop, and videos, all on us!

e) get a heart. Soln: get a team of 6 together, and ride a trike for charity in the 6th annual tike race. Register at CHEM 160 before Tuesday and get a free t-shirt too!

f) get a life Soln. 1) go to the MicroBi Home Brew contest and volunteer yourself as a taste-tester; 2) go dance your Docs™ off to the Hard Rock Miners for only \$5 Friday night.

Hope to see you trying to participate - remember, it's the effort, not the success that counts!

## Monday

Chem Magic Show  
(CHEM B250)  
and  
Beyond The BSc  
Part I:  
(SUB Auditorium)

## Tuesday

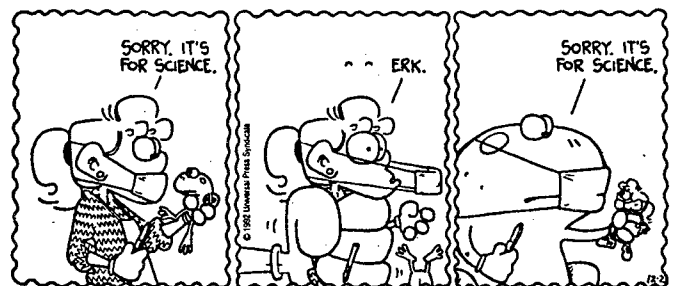
Physsoc Paper  
Airplane Contest  
(HENN 201)  
and  
Beyond The BSc  
Part II  
(SUB Auditorium)

## We

Bio  
SU

12:30-1:30

1:30-2:30



The Computer Science Students' Society  
Proudly Presents...



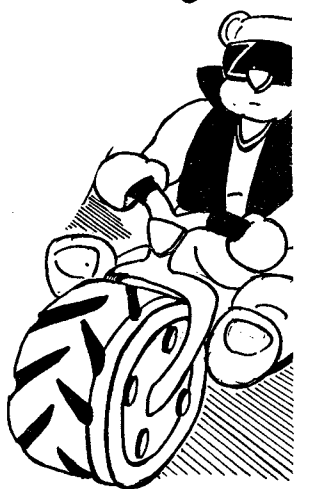
**When:** Wednesday, January 20, 1993 - 6:00pm  
**Where:** Computer Science 201  
**Registration:** \$0 (That's Right! FREE!)

Register before 12:00 noon on rally day, in CPSC 121B (The CUBE)

**Suggested Items:** Friends, Compass, Maps, Ruler, Pens, Pencils, Vehicle (it helps), Money, Flashlight, etc...

**Bzzr Garden during the rally!!!**

## 6th Annual Tricycle



**Thursday, Jan  
12:30 SU**

Each team of 6 mu  
1 TA/Grad  
1 Faculty/Staff  
Registration forms at SUS - C  
\$50 per team - All proceeds  
Free T shirt if you



## The AHI (Adams Hopelessness Index)



I am sick. I know, because the nice doctor-shaped person at the Student Health Clinic told me so. Not that I couldn't have told you that myself, but it's nice to have someone agree with me for a change. Being sick makes me do all sorts of not entirely bright things. Just yesterday, in some fever-induced frenzy, I decided to call my friend. Let's call him "Mark", well, because that's his name. "Mark" is an interesting sort of person, and I'm not quite sure why we are friends. He's what I like to call an emotional black hole. The minute he picks up the phone, he starts to radiate his own personal brand of good cheer. "Do you realize how little I want to talk to you? Let me tell you, in no uncertain terms. I would actually rather follow the storyline of "Saved by the Bell" than listen to you talking about your life. Listen carefully. I'm actually ignoring you, and laughing at something that's being said on this insignificant little show. Thanks for calling."

Well, he doesn't come right out and say it, but you'd be surprised how well impressions can be made. He reminds me of the cat we adopted when I was about eight. Tiger (okay, no originality points for an orange cat, but I was eight. Give me a break.) was also quite the independent spirit. My mother started to take offense when he decided to express his creativity by using our beanbag chair as his personal sandbox, how you say, without ze sand. Tiger became reacquainted with his friends at the SPCA pretty darned fast, let me tell you.

"Mark" also reminds me, quite eerily as a matter of fact, of this dear sweet computer at which I presently sit. (I'm trying to see if flattery will work.)

For those of you who actually missed me last issue, I did actually write something. It's just that my favourite (possessed) piece of hardware decided that in the spirit of free will, it would lose what I wrote. Wasn't that neat?

Now don't go saying I'm paranoid, because I'm not (usually). If the computer hadn't eaten my file, I wouldn't have said that it did because I am hopelessly realistic. Take this test so you can find out if you're as hopeless as I am:

1. Is a 500 ml glass containing 250 ml of water:

- half-full
- half-empty
- half a glass of water?

2. You have a cough. This means:

- you will meet your future spouse within the next five minutes.
- you have inoperable lung cancer.
- you have a cold.

3. Your submission to your favourite newspaper seems conspicuously absent from its pages. Obviously:

- the editor couldn't recognize talent if it did a polka on his flat head.
- the computer ate it.
- your eyesight must be failing.

If you answered a) more than once, call and reserve a space at Camp Serendipity, the rehabilitation centre for the chronically intellectually stunted. If you said b) more than once, you're probably going to kill yourself with worry. You c) people on the other hand, you are men and women after my own heart. You're the kind of people who look boldly into the future and say "What the heck do I do now?"

Last chance this year to order a Science cardigan!



Only \$35.00  
Navy blue, 100% cotton  
Embroidery and cresting extra

Deadline for orders: February 17, 1993

Place your order in the Science Undergraduate Society office, Chemistry building, room 160.

## Dik Miller, Library Enforcer



Derek K.  
MILLER

It was my first day at my new job. After spending my career moving between Dik Miller, Private Eye; Dik Miller, Campus Cowboy; Dik Miller, Physical Plant; Dik Miller, Eastern European Reporter; Dik Miller, Food Services; Dik Miller, Gulf War Correspondent; Dik Miller, Arts Faculty Advisor; and Dik Miller, Engineering Political Correctness Enforcer, I was now faced with the ultimate indignity: "Dik Miller, Library Enforcer."

I broke myself out of my deep, steaming funk for a moment as a student walked past with a suspicious bulge in his knapsack.

"Hold it there, bucko," I called in my best hold-it-there-bucko voice.

He turned. "Who, me?"

"Yeah, you," I answered, "bucko."

"I haven't heard the word 'bucko' since Happy Days was canceled," he said.

"Well, you're hearing it now."

"So I am," he acknowledged. "What do you want?"

"I need to look in your bag." "Why?"

"Because I think you might have something in there that's not supposed to be in there."

"And what would that be?" he asked, cocking an eyebrow.

"I won't know that until I see, now will I?" I said sarcastically.

"I don't want you to look in my bag."

"I'll have to demand that you let me."

He frowned. "Under what authority?"

Of all the impudence! "Do you know who I am?" I asked.

"Some jerk in a blue apron that says LIBRARY MONITOR on it?"

"I'm Dik Miller, Library Enforcer, and you're going to open your bag for me, punk!" I reached into my pocket and drew out my Dik Miller™ stun

gun/artichoke pitter/swizzle stick.

"What the hell is that?" the student asked, backing away from me slowly.

"This," I looked at the object in my right hand, "is...er..."

Well, actually, I had meant to draw out my Dik Miller™ stun gun/artichoke pitter/swizzle stick, but accidentally grabbed my Dik Miller™ cockroach squisher/paperweight/snowboard.

"...uh," I continued, "something you'd rather not deal with, I assure you!"

"So are you," he declared, turning on his heel and bolting off at a run through the Main Library doors.

"Come back here, you fiend!" I cried, setting off after him.

My lungs burned in the cold winter air as I ran around toward Buchanan at a dead run, my Dik Miller™ cockroach squisher/paperweight/snowboard under one arm.

I tried to demoralize him as we ran. "You can't win!" I yelled. "You wouldn't be running away if you didn't have something to hide!"

My superior private eye-campus cowboy-Physical Plant-Eastern Europe-Food Services-Gulf War-faculty advisor-Engineering enforcer-toned body allowed me to catch up to him rather quickly. That, and the fact that he was carrying about 50 pounds of books in his right hand and couldn't run very fast anyway.

I tackled him, sending the books, his knapsack, and his baseball cap flying across the pavement. I got him in a Dik Miller™ thumb-lock on the ground. Then I spotted it.

"Aha!" I bellowed. "Just as I suspected!"

The student managed a muted "What?" from between his lips, which were squashed awkwardly by the fact that his cheek was pressed against the asphalt.

I reached out with my free hand and grabbed the item which had caused the suspicious bulge in his knapsack.

"What do you say about this?" I said, holding it in front of his eyes.

"That's an SFU library

book," he muttered.

"Exactly," I sneered. "You're messing around with the competition!"

"What are you talking about? Libraries don't compete for customers."

"They don't?" I was rather surprised at this revelation. Then I saw through his subterfuge. "Oh sure, as if I would believe you - a library traitor - on the esoterics of library economics."

"Esoterics?! Libraries are free, you idiot!" he shouted. "Now let me go!"

"Not on your life." I said, wagging a finger. "I have to take you to see the Head Librarian first, and you'll have to explain yourself. You can either come along quietly or I can make you."

"Fine, fine," he said. "I'll go, but I think you'll be rather surprised at what they say."

"Hey, bucko, I know my job."

I released him from the Dik Miller™ thumb lock and he stood up, brushing ice from the front of his coat. He bent to pick up his other books, but looked up at the last second.

"Look out!" he wailed, pointing a figure skyward.

"Oh yeah," I jeered. "Like I'm gonna fall for that."

When I regained consciousness, all I could see was white and very cold. Somehow the student had played a trick on me, blinded me, or something. I tried to move, but was pinned in place.

Suddenly, light broke through, and I found myself being pulled free of a huge pile of snow. The student had obviously knocked me out with some fancy martial arts footwork and then buried me in the snow to keep me from being discovered. He was nowhere to be seen. But I must have given him a scare.

"Hey, buddy, you okay?" asked one of the Physical Plant workers who had extricated me. "When that snow fell from the roof we were pretty sure you were a goner."

I brushed him aside. I supposed that was "case closed" for Dik Miller, Library Enforcer.

The 432

is seeking: 1) a Minister of Copy (Text) and 2) a Minister of Graphics and 3) a person willing to be trained to take over the Editorship next year.

Interested parties should call Ryan McCuaig at SUS (822-4235) or 224-4003. And remember,

**NEXT DEADLINE IS TUESDAY, JANUARY 26th**

## the drawers of sus

**Sales Slips**

Michael Chow

Science Week 1993! Find us in the Student Union Building between 10:30-2:30 PM on January 18-22, and check out all our hot new merchandise. What's the latest new Science item? Science baseball caps! Keep an eye out for even more new Science wear. Anybody who is interested in the position of Sales Manager for the next academic year, now is the time to learn the position from our current Sales Manager, Michael Chow, who has had the privilege of working with two previous Sales Managers, Dean Leung and Tim Lam, as well as receiving assistance from ex-Sales Manager David Way. Please feel free to drop by our office at CHEM 160 to inquire about this position.

- **BRAND NEW:** Wool-suede baseball caps with a cool embroidered logo! Available in black or grey. Only \$12.00!
- **BRAND NEW:** 100% cotton baseball caps, also with an embroidered logo! Available in navy or purple. Only \$8.50!
- **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 17, 1993.
- **Computer Science leather-melton jackets!** You don't even need to be majoring in Computer Science, but if you want a black leather-melton jacket for only \$150 (plus crestring), place your order before February 17, 1993. You can also contact Michael Chow, the Sales Manager, using e-mail at <n7a192@rick.cs.ubc.ca>.
- **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.
- **CONTEST:** Write down the name of U.B.C.'s Dean of Science 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). SUS council members are not allowed to enter. 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.

**McNighties**

Carmen McKnight

We have tons of stuff organized for Science Week this year as many of you already know. Events for every walk of life. Social, academic, athletic, alcoholic... you name it we've got an event for you. I hope you will get out to Science Week and participate. All week Club and Departmental displays will be present on the SUB Concourse from 10:30 to 2:30 PM. A Red Cross Blood Drive will be taking place Tuesday through Friday on the SUB Concourse. At lunch hour everyday SUS will be hosting an open house (free lunch) in Chemistry 160. Pages 4 and 5 show the list of events we've got planned for this year.

We also have a lot of other stuff happening in Council right now. Stewart Hung has resigned from the position of Executive Secretary. Nominations are now open for this position. For more information come to Chemistry 160. The SUS is getting a fourth seat on AMS Council starting mid-February. Due to the additional council seat we need to amend the constitution to reflect the new position. The current plan is to give the new AMS seat to the Director of Publications, although adding it to Finance's duties is another possibility. (ed: AAAAAA!) We also want to make some amendments to the constitution in terms of the structure and the duties of the Executive. See the Proposed constitutional amendments for more specific information. If you have your own ideas we'd appreciate your input.

**AMS Briefs**

Janice Boyle

There was another mentally stimulating AMS council meeting Wednesday night. Thankfully, it was brief (2 1/2 hours), and we didn't run out of food. The agenda was fairly mundane, so here is a brief synopsis. We approved travel grants for two organizations and appointed an all new Hiring Committee (which included me, increasing my record to an all-time high of eight committees). Yeah, I know...I'm still trying to figure out whether it's brains or stupidity that motivates me, and I'm starting to lean towards the latter.

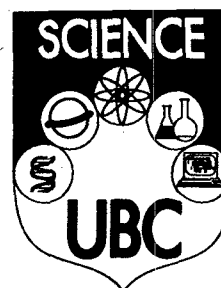
Martin Ertl, our esteemed "Little Tyrant", informed council that the AMS has hammered out an equitable deal with the University administration. Talk about surprising news. Maybe students have clout after all. I guess we'll find out more conclusively on Thursday, January 21, when the Board of Governors decides on our tuition increase.

If you haven't seen me in your classes distributing post-cards and petitions against the 18% increase, and you haven't already signed them, come to the SUS office or the AMS Executive offices to check it out. We have less than a week to go, so...

If you have forgotten your sunglasses today, my heart bleeds for you. The AMS elections are in full swing, and the neon monster has attacked campus. There are some important issues being discussed in this year's campaign, so take a critical look at who is running, and VOTE!

An emergency AMS meeting was called for Friday, January 15, so that Jason Saunderson could present his Ulysses petition to council. This means that there will probably be a referendum question asking whether or not students want to continue funding the Ulysses. This is one to think about.

I've had more than enough serious stuff for awhile, so until next issue...



## 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.

**Circvs Scientificvs**

Zain Khandwala

Well, I just got in from Singapore this morning, only to find that the born-with-less-than-half-a-brain imbecilic incompetents who handle luggage at the airport had forgotten to send my luggage with me, leaving me in sub-zero temperatures clad in only a T-shirt and jeans. Upon arriving home, I received a call informing me that my luggage was mistakenly sent to Mexico. Fair enough, I figured - after all, the international airport abbreviation "YVR" does uncannily seem to say "Mexico City." At first I experienced denial - maybe this was a common example of an airline practical joke; however, denial soon gave way to anger - "I can't believe 50 million

dollars of our tax money has just gone to bailing out this rotten @\$%ing scum-infested airline company that doesn't even serve good peanuts!!!" These feelings soon turned to jealousy - I mean, why couldn't they have sent my luggage to Vancouver and ME to Mexico City instead - I could deal with that. Anyway, I was finally at the point of acceptance of the fate of my luggage, when I received another call at about 10:00 PM this evening: "We're sorry Mr. Khandwala, but we regret to inform you that your luggage has been sent from Mexico to Iran." What??? "YVR???" "Tehran???" How the hell...?

Anyway, that's enough venting for now. The point of this whole story is that some of you now have sports rebates filled out and waiting to be

claimed in Iran. By the way, while you're there I'd appreciate it if you'd each bring back some of my clothes - especially the winter stuff and my tennis racquet. Thanks.

Actually, almost all of your first term rebates are completed and waiting to be picked up at the AMS Business office on the second floor of the SUB. To pick them up, simply tell the person at the counter that you're expecting a SUS Sports Rebate and tell them your name. You'll need to present photo ID, and then you'll receive your cash or cheque, depending on the amount of the rebate.

Right now I'm working on revising and standardizing the policy for rebate applications and disbursements for this term. There will probably be a couple significant changes for

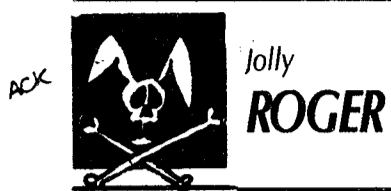
most of you, and I'll discuss them all in the next issue - probably.

Other than that, I'm more than pleased with science participation and competition numbers for the first term, which put us ahead of the pack in both Women and Men sport points competition. Keep up the good work, and don't forget about the year-end SUS Sports Banquet - date and location to be announced. You'll be able to fill in your forms to claim individual sport points as soon as I get them done and distributed, which should be sometime within the next two weeks or so.

Well I'm off to the airport to do some heavy duty whining for some sort of cash reimbursement or something so I can buy another ski jacket and a pair of shoes. Later...



# Skiing the Forest for the Trees



Ahh. The start of second term. That lovely time of year when a man's fancy turns to thoughts of how much he's really gonna turn it on this term and pull all of his marks out of the mud by April. That, and what he's gonna do this weekend, 'cuz hey, it's only January, I've got all term yet...

Famous last words. 'Tis true, however, that people traditionally spend January doing just about anything except studying. In fact, I'm almost convinced that the sixth force in the universe that physicists have been trying to discover for years is really the Procrastinatory Force. I think it might actually be associated with the concept of friction – it opposes motion of any kind, and it's absolutely inescapable. I mean, there's always plenty of time to do that lab after, for instance, a movie, or the Super Bowl, or a bike ride, right? And on those days when you've actually planned to get a little work done, something more intriguing invariably pops up. It happens to everyone. Especially when you're faced with a pile of paperwork that, deep down, you'd really rather burn for heat than actually work on, and suddenly a little voice inside your head says, *Hey, I wonder what's in this drawer?* Three hours later, you've only done one ques-

tion, but your desk is ornately decorated with several hundred paper clip sculptures, you've fashioned a wickedly bouncy little ball out of rubber cement, and you've Silly-Puttied every piece of printed material in sight. Nothing like a desk job.

Personally, my favorite form of mid-winter academic stalling is downhill skiing. Somehow, it helps me to relax and apply myself better to my work. I think this might have something to do with the fact that I always manage to subconsciously scare the liver out of myself doing it, making a nice safe session of enzyme kinetics problems sound all the more inviting.

Admittedly, skiing is a rather odd sport. There's something in the self-preservation portion of the brain that says, "Flying down a steep incline on a pair of slippery two-by-fours is not conducive to good health." (But, then again, there's something equally unnatural about knocking a little white ball around for four miles and chasing after it trying to hit a hole in the ground four inches wide, and skiing's more fun.) For those of you who don't actually partake in the sport, suffice it to say that there are a few cardinal rules to remember when out on the slopes, should you actually venture forth one of these days:

**1. Snow is your friend.** Forget everything you ever learned about snow being a useful and versatile weapon when you were a kid. The key

thing to remember here is that *the snow is by far the softest, most hospitable substance on the entire hill.*

If you're going to collide with something, do everything within your power to ensure that that something is white and fluffy. Luckily, this isn't hard, as most of the ground is usually covered in it. Under no circumstances assume that a tree / chairlift tower / big fat guy on Rossignols will prove a suitable alternative. Ren and Stimpy bounce off things rather well. You will not.

**2. Gravity is not your friend.** Gravity on a ski hill is a thing to be held in the same regard as a bottle of Jack Daniels. Used sparingly, it can be an endless source of fun and enjoyment. Let it get out of hand and you'll be all over the place in a biiiiiiig hurry.

Never use more than you can handle. Well, almost never. (About the only time you should actually *try* to use a tree for brakes is when the only alternative is any more than ten feet of sheer, undiluted and rapidly approaching gravity.)

**3. Never drink while skiing.** You might hit a bump and spill your drink. Drink on the lift instead.

**4. Rocks.** Don't ski on them. Don't ski *into* them. Try real hard not to ski *under* them. Ski *off* them. 'Nuff said.

**5. Dress appropriately.** Just because it's suntan weather

doesn't mean you won't need yer long johns. Trust me, frostbite really sucks. (And do me a personal favor – don't buy a \$1200 suit that looks like a high-speed accident involving a Pizza Hut van and the Jefferson Airplane tour bus, like some of these tourists do. They *really* look disgusting.)

**6. It's all in the rhythm.** Skiing becomes a lot of fun once you get the right rhythm going. As you *schüss* merrily down the slopes, you may find that singing a tune to yourself helps you get into the groove. Stick to something upbeat – I like Satriani for powder, Fishbone for mogul skiing. Artists to stay away from: *Little Richard* – too much screaming involved. Someone might think you're either barking mad or horribly out of control.

*James Brown* – someone will think you're barking mad. *Madonna* – hip sways, pelvic thrusts and excessively bow-legged stance will throw you off balance and into the trees.

*Ice Cube* – violent, provocative lyrics will incite you to drive your pole clean through the next butthead that cuts you off.

*Michael Bolton* – uncontrollable tears will freeze to your face. Most uncomfortable.

*Bee Gees* – well, for obvious reasons.

So the next time you feel that the weekend just isn't going to be one of those beehives of academic activity, go skiing. Who knows – you might get lucky and overuse gravity in a big way, and there's nothing that can cure the homework blues like extended medical leave. Happy plummeting!

## SUS Executive Elections Nominations Open February 1, 1993

### POSITIONS AVAILABLE:

**President:** Is the main spokesperson for the society (we're talking 1500 people here), presides over general and council meetings of the society, supervises and directs the duties of the executive and council. The president is basically the head honcho and generally gets blamed for everything that goes wrong.

**Internal Vice President:** Co-ordinates academic affairs (like the Teaching Review, and the Teaching Excellence Award), chairs the First Year Students Committee, runs the elections, and is generally one of the more organized of the execs.

**External Vice President:** Acts as a liaison between other Faculties. Acts as the chief AMS spokesperson for the SUS on AMS Council. Coordinates Science Week.

**Director of Publications:** Is in charge of ensuring that the 432, the Guide and the Teaching Evaluation get published. Although this person does not have to do all the work themselves some publications experience may be of value.

**Executive Secretary:** Keeps all the records of the society, is responsible for all correspondence of the society, prepares the minutes and agendas of SUS and also sits on AMS council.

**Director of Finance:** Handles all the money of the SUS. This job requires a grasp of accounting principles and an ability to play the heavy when it comes to requests for money. Also sits on AMS Council.

**Sports Director:** Science students are a force to be reckoned with as far as intramural sports. Sports Director is in charge of organizing the sports reps as well as the sports rebates. Sports is one of the largest SUS budget items.

### NEW THIS YEAR:

**Public Relations Officer:** Ensures that the Employment Rep, the Charity Coordinator, and the Sponsorship Coordinator positions are filled and in action. Is an AMS Rep for the SUS.

**Social Coordinator:** Takes care of organizing all of the social activities of the SUS, including the Wine and Cheese, the AGM, the Sports Banquet, the Dances and the Beer Gardens. This position also involves being the booking representative for the SUS.

Nominations Close February 8th at 6:00 pm.

Nomination Forms are available at the SUS Office and must be returned to Patrick Lum, Elections Commissioner.

## THEA'S/KOERNER'S

Thea Koerner House (grad centre), 6371 Crescent Road, 822-8954

## LIVE MUSIC LINEUP

Thurs. (7:30) and some Fridays (8 pm) in **Koerner's** (open M-F 4-12)

most Fridays (8 pm) in **Thea's** (open Fridays from 5 p.m.)

Koerner's has food from 4:30 p.m. to 8:30, daily beverage specials,

pool ladder & movie night Mon., darts night Tues., bridge Wed, &

large TV for **SUPERBOWL** & other shows. no cover, all welcome.

Jan. 22: **Great Purple Earth Band**, TBC. Jan. 21: solo act.

Jan. 28-29: **DishPig** (killer blues band, danceable), TBC.

Feb. 5: **THEA'S LIVE** showcase. Also Mar. 5, new acts.

folk 5:00 (Karin King, Colleen Eccleston, Tammy Fassaert, more), jazz 7:30 (Jazz Band & guests), blues 9:00 (DishPig & jam), rock 10:30 (No Names Mentioned & The Flu).

Feb. 11-12: **The PaperBoys** (danceable celtic rock), TBC.

Feb. 17-19: **Nessus** (progressive rock), **Koerner's**, TBC.

Feb. 22-26: jazz festival week, various acts at **Koerner's**.

Feb. 26, 7 p.m.-12: **STOATERS** & 3 oth. acts, Banquet Rm., fix avail. Feb. 1.

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