

"All the Ewes That's Fit to ..."

Have the last word! Your submission has to rhyme with "print", and be an actual word. A 432 t-shirt goes to the person who manages to pervert this sentence to the greatest degree. Enter in Chem 160.

The Newspaper For People Who Bother To Vote. Version 5.07 x 14 Feb '92

## UBC 'Geers fight extradition for crime spree

Associated Press

VANCOUVER, BC - The attorney for four UBC Engineering students accused of stealing the Rose Bowl trophy from the University of Washington Huskies has announced that his clients will appeal any attempt to have them extradited to the U.S., on the grounds that they could face possible death sentences.

Barrister Pierre Lasko of Vancouver explained: "If returned to the U.S. authorities, these four young men could quite possibly be subject to capital punishment, were they to be convicted of their crimes in the State of Washington." When asked if the U.S. passion for football was so great as to realistically rate a death sentence for the four 2nd year students, who on Feb. 4 removed the trophy from its display case, Lasko revealed some startling new details of the misadventure.

While in Seattle, just following the successful acquisition of the trophy, the quartet was stopped on the interstate highway by a King County sheriff's

car, apparently for a speeding violation. The students had become somewhat confused by the speed limit signs, which are posted in miles per hour rather than kilometers. When an officer approached their vehicle, the driver, fearing discovery of the stolen trophy, accelerated in reverse. The officer was struck and killed. One of the students sitting in the back seat quickly jumped out and recovered the sheriff's firearm, before rolling the body off an embankment. Continuing along the I-5, the group stopped in Everett, where they used the pistol to stage an early-morning robbery at a Seven-Eleven store. They then fatally shot the store clerk in the head, execution-style before fleeing the scene. The money stolen in the robbery was used to purchase crack cocaine from a local dealer. The drugs were handed out to elementary school children in Bellingham as they arrived in the morning. No motive for this drug activity has been established, although Lasko said that "all these things were conducted in the spirit of Skulk Night."

If the four Geers can be conclusively proven to have committed these acts in an American court, they would indeed be eligible to receive the maximum penalty allowed by state and federal law. By Canadian law, law enforcement authorities may elect to postpone expediting an international arrest warrant, if there is a strong possibility that the subject in question will be put to death. To date, there has been no comment on the fate of the engineering students from the Ministry of Justice. X

**INGREDIENTS:**  
OVER 95% OF CONTENTS CONSIST OF SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE, GRAPHITE, POLYMERIZED HYDROCARBONS, AND TREES. LESS THAN 5% CONSIST OF LÜS CANONS (PAGE 2), HARRY TIC, 3 LINES FREE, JFK CONSPIRACY THEORIES (PAGE 3), ANGRY DUCK, THE DISFUNCTIONALS (PAGE 4), LEONA ADAMS ON MULE PISS, RABIES (PAGE 5), SCIENCE WEEK SCHEDULE (PAGE 6-7), MORGAN BURKE ON REAL PISS (PAGE 8), DIK MILLER (PAGE 9), WATTS ON 1992, REASONS FOR PACIFIC RIM ENGINEERING SUPERIORITY (PAGE 10), MUNDANE DUMSTER (PAGE 11). PLEASE CONSULT THE UBSSEY BEFORE READING SO YOU DON'T MISS ANY ARTICLES BY DISGRUNTLED FORMER 432 WRITERS.



"My whole life is stealing fucking ladders!"

Michael J. Hamilton  
SUS AMS Rep.

## 'Little Tyrant' wins AMS Prez Election

Vertically-challenged Martin Ertl makes short list; Student's Voice slate elected with an overwhelming 3% student support.

SUS News Services

In one of the fiercest AMS elections in UBC history, Martin Ertl was handed the reins of power last week, with 45% of the popular vote in the AMS Presidential Election.

Known affectionately by SAC, of which he is head, as the "The Little Tyrant", Ertl lead the rest of his Student's Voice ("Stuvo", pronounced 'Shtu-vo) Party to total victory in the AMS Executive elections, winning all five seats.

"We feel we've entered a new era in student politics," said Florence Quinn of the UBC Students for Vertical Equality. "I think we'll finally be seeing some accessibility changes around campus ... Jason Brett just brushed us off, but then, he's 6'4". The world's built for people like him. I'm confident that Ertl will be a solid foundation for our cause."

Physoc president Mark Hoening (6'5"), grunted and declined to comment on how he felt about Ertl's victory.

The success of the Party has been attributed to Ertl's dramatic classroom campaigning style, involving impassioned rhetoric and creative lighting.

"Marty (Ertl) is the kind of guy who really fires you up, and makes you be proud to be a UBC student. Though the Student's Voice campaigned in a group, Marty really stood out as the brightest light," said Erik Jensen, SUS External Vice-President and Radical Beer Faction Vice-Presidential candidate. "When I saw Marty down there in front of the class, and heard him speak, I told myself the Radical Beer Faction would gladly throw the election for such a fine man."

The UBC Pacific Rim Club, the Jewish Students Society, and GLUBC expressed some concern that every member of the Stuvo cabinet is of heterosexual Northern European / Christian descent. Ertl denied allegations that he selected the other members of the Stuvo on the basis of genetic purity.

The Stuvo has also been

recently accused of harassing political opponents. Kirsten "Barbie" Hansen and Mark "Ken" Batho, candidates in the election, are currently facing an initiative by the Stuvo-dominated SAC to be retroactively disqualified from the election. Ertl, and cabinet members Cairen Hanert and Bill Dobie (all of SAC) defended the move. "We have rules for a reason," said Hanert. "It is in the interest of the candidates not to question that."

Surprisingly, the Stuvo has also voiced support for the problem-plagued RecFac. Explains Ertl: "Hey, we need living space for Intramurals, period. Currently, this is the best option available."

In spite of early problems, the Stuvo remains confident. With the support of just under three percent of the student body, they can afford to breathe easy for a moment. With the tough job of securing a place in the sun for UBC students, they will be needing all the strength they can muster. X

SCIENCE MADE EASY...

by: David Sovka



©DAVID SOVKA 1992

# Lüs Canons



Patrick  
**REDDING**

Friday

8:04 I stumble into the cold air of Mt. Boolabalo out of the warmth of the condo, squinting from the glare. Once again, I have forgotten to bring adequate eye protection with me—with luck, my cornea won't burst into flames just as I'm trying to avoid a tree. Under one arm swings a cheap rented snowboard, the word "MISTRAL" emblazoned in lemon yellow on its underside. It occurs to me that this is a strange place to put a brand name, since it will (hopefully) be pressed into the side of a hill. A three-day pass flaps on its string around my neck.

8:12 I reach the base of a very large ski-lift. Off to my left is the GREEN run. Here one find skiers who are too good to be allowed on the bunny slope where they tend to slice the mittened fingers off small children, but who are not in any way proficient enough to be on the intermediate runs since the sensation of speed induces them to lock onto the nearest tree and play Thread The Needle. In front of me is a humming crowd extruding itself onto the BLUE and GOLD chairs. Some of the skiers are Canadian; most of them are American and Japanese, the latter carving out serpentine formations on the way down like giant Gore-Tex™ millipedes. I see a few snowboarders. They all seem to be half my age and have discovered ancient Vedic levitation techniques.

8:15 I finally manage to lock my left foot into its binding and begin the delightful process of dragging the board up the shallow hill behind me. It feels like I've sprouted some kind of bony protrusion from my left leg. I quickly discover that boards make lousy snowshoes.

8:15:11.03 Oh well...its probably just as well that I go down the GREEN run once today anyways. The whole backwards-forwards thing isn't that important.

8:15:29 Something goes POP in my knee.

8:16 Now I'm *really* beginning to enjoy this. Really.

8:25 Moral Number One:

## LIZARD-BRAIN GOES ZEN SNOWBOARDING

Wait until you get to a Flat Part before you lock yourself into complete immobility on a frictionless surface. Now I'm threading my way along the singles line, taking advantage of the thinner crowds here.

8:33 I suddenly remember what it is I don't like about ski lifts. This applies mainly to when you are actually on skis and facing forwards, with your hips square with the demonic lift chair that seeks to scoop you into the air and then dump you from a height of fifty feet onto the densest piece of hardpack on the entire mountain. I have to say that shuffling along as fast as you can, with one foot strapped into a big bulldozer blade, is not the most ideal arrangement to precede nimbly hopping onto a six-inch wide bench before it swings full force into your lower vertebrae.

8:34 The two disgusted Swedes on either side of me finish hauling me up onto the chair as we soar over scattered, incredulous skiers who have narrowly avoided being either crushed by a 180 lb weight or decapitated by a cheap snowboard. Jon and Ingmar exchange a flurry of uncharacteristically vehement Swedish, of which I only catch the words "clumsy shithead" and "fucken snöbörden"

8:48 I watch with horrified fascination while a ski patrol snowmobile traverses a high traffic blue run at impossible speeds, pulling an injury skid into the woods over moguls and drift-covered boulders, getting air time the whole way. I shudder to think what being strapped to the injury skid under these circumstances would do for a spinal compression fracture. There are two young boarders slaloming around fallen downhillers, carving pristine powder with precise sine waves. Eventually a bitter skier hamstring the nearest boarder with her pole, forcing the victim's knees up around his ears as he begins a slow backward death-tumble that terminates somewhere below the RED chair.

8:53 I am about to be reminded that 50% of what I hate about ski lifts has to do with disembarking. The Katzenjammer Kids shuffle their skis into position, while I twist my hips awkwardly sidewise, in an attempt to keep

my board pointed in the right direction. Up ahead, the lift ramp approaches with disconcerting speed. I watch with blank-headed clarity as two novices on the chair ahead become entangled and scatter themselves across the top of the blue hill in a forest of day-glo Descente™ wear.

8:53:49 The off-loading ramp is roughly fifteen feet long. The bottom of my board hits the snow (read "ice") and veers 90° clockwise after about one metre. I haven't lost any of the lift's speed. As flexible as nylon rope is, there's just not enough slack there to prevent getting clotheslined from being painful.

8:54 There's a resort employee who doesn't think that he's paid enough to be lat-pulling a 180lb weight up a frozen incline. There's a 180lb weight that can't remember what possibly looked so good about this activity as to justify this much physical discomfort.

9:00 Once again, I am locked into my bindings; this time I'm standing at the top of the potential well, instead of bunny-hopping up from the bottom. All is unnaturally quiet, except for a faint voice off in the distance screaming in pain, bits of Japanese audible through more ski patrol sirens.

9:00:00.5 The first vestiges of physical conditioning: As I lean my body over the edge of the sharp drop before me, my shoulders naturally turn to face the direction of motion, my hands up like a boxer's.

9:00:01 Weight on the front foot, hips in a seated position. I'm trying very hard to ignore my bladder.

9:00:02 Teeter. Teeter. Shift. Shiftshhhhhhhhhhhhhiiiiiiiiit.

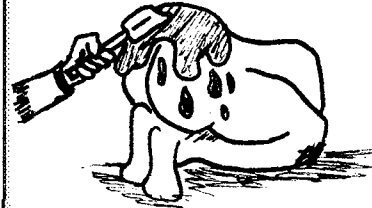
9:00:02.5 It is worth noting, at this interim, that the subtle motions involved in guiding a snowboard down and across a hill mainly concern the board's "heel" and "toe" edges. These designators refer to the fact that one stands sidewise on the board. Which foot one keeps forward is determined by the answer to a little-known Zen koan that reads:  
THUD.

From the makers of "Chia Pet":

# CHIA BUTT™

GROW YOUR OWN "HAIRY" PORCELAIN RUMP!  
FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!

1 SPREAD THE  
MAGIC CHIA  
PASTE!



2 WATER!



3 ENJOY THE LUSH  
NEW GROWTH!



3 EXCITING MODELS:

- 1) CHIA "GEORGE 'THE ANIMAL' STEELE"
- 2) CHIA "MURRAY PEZIM"
- 3) CHIA "BABY" (SEED PASTE DOESN'T SPROUT → CHIA BUTT RESEMBLES THE RESULT OF A MEAL OF STRAINED CARROTS)

## Contest d'horifique

Last issue, we invited the readers to submit their ideas for the most offensive ad to fill the above (3 1/2" X 5") space. As we explained, the winning entry was judged not merely on the basis of shock value, but on originality and presentation. We were pleasantly surprised by the response to the contest, and it was

difficult selecting a "best" ad (yeah, I know that sounds cliché, but in this case it's really true. Who'da thunk it?); but presented above is the winning "Chia Butt" advertisement, for which the 432 happily rids itself of another damn "this is your brain on arts" shirt. The winner may claim the spoils at Chem Rm 160.

## A History Lesson: The Rise of Stuvo

The Stuvo Party, consisting of Martin Ertl, student senator Carole Forsythe, Ski Club president Marya McVicar, and SAC's Caireen Hanert & Bill Dobie, arose from humble beginnings at a Ski Club bzzr garden two years ago. Increasingly fed up with the excesses of Kurt Preinsperg's administration, Hanert turned the party into an open forum for bold new ideas about student government. She found a receptive ear in Ertl, who, 9 weeks later at the famous Biosoc "Bzzr Garden Putsch", demonstrated his leadership ability and started the search for members of his Democratic Students Party, the forerunner of the Student's Voice.

Ertl installed himself in the AMS post of Director of Admin and headed up SAC during 1991-92, which brought him into contact with

the rest of his cabinet. From SAC, he recruited Hanert and newcomer Dobie. Forsythe joined the movement when she heard Ertl's impassioned rhetoric at an AMS Council meeting.

"You could tell he meant business," said Forsythe. "Marty (Ertl) has got a dream for this university, and I feel it's my duty as a student to be a part of it, and support this visionary."

McVicar, the least politically experienced member of the Stuvo cabinet, has nevertheless a long association with the Party. She was present at the Ski Club bzzr garden which marked the genesis of the Stuvo, and has admired Ertl ever since. In September 1991, she demonstrated her trademark dedication in attending a one-day seminar on student government to prepare her for running with the Stuvo.

# For Fun and Prophet

**Harry Tic**  
Columnist

If you've just tuned in, I'm exploring the idea that God gave us religion in order to keep us from realizing what a lousy job He did in creating the Universe. The prophets are God's spokesmen. Their mission: to initiate the self-perpetuating ad campaigns that we call religion.

God used two basic types of ad campaigns. The familiar "western" type sets out to describe the role and nature of God as well as what mankind has to do so as not to chees Him off. Included in this category is Christianity, Judaism, Islam, Zoroastrianism, and the religions of the Sikhs and Baha'is. These are in direct contrast with the sneaky "eastern" type in which the focus is not on God, but on how people should live and think and avoid fried foods. Examples are Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, Jainism, Confucianism and Shinto.

Of these twelve, only Shinto is without a prophet. The rest all have some form of founder with varying degrees of historical substance. Hindu's Krishna may just be a myth, while the Baha'i faith's Baha'u'llah (1817-1892) even had a birth certificate (not to mention and apostrophe fetish). These prophets were all inspired by God to bring us His glorified commercials. He would get some guy all wound up with religion, then sit back

and watch as the poor sod either made it big spouting God's word, or got his brains kicked in as a heretic.

The first guy to keep his brains intact was the Persian Zarathustra, who founded Zoroastrianism around 1500 BC (God obviously hadn't thought to use catchy names yet). He preached a faith of one God, of heaven for the good, hell for the bad, a resurrection and a judgement day. Good stuff. It became the official religion of the Persian Empire. Then in China around 600 BC God gave us Buddha who taught a philosophy of forgiveness, kindness, and of loving thy enemy. This swept like wild fire throughout East Asia.

By Christ's time, these two religions were the biggest things going. It's no surprise that then God took his two hottest ad campaigns and spliced them together to make Christianity. (Interestingly enough, at that time, Persia was ruled by the Parthians, a fairly tolerant people, who in 40 BC took Israel from the Romans. Two years later the Romans reconquered it, but had the Parthians remained in control during Christ's life then things would have really been different; Jesus would have had a heck of a time trying to get Himself crucified! He may even have had to resort to knocking off a liquor store. Failing that, He would probably have lived on, finally succumbing to natural causes. Somehow the phrase "keeling over from tuberculosis for our sins" doesn't carry the same impact, and I can't see a wheelchair or a bucket of phlegm making a better symbol than the cross.)

By five hundred AD Christianity had swept through Europe, and looked unstoppable. God didn't like that. He wanted us to be so busy fighting over different religions that we wouldn't have time to actually think about them. The Christian Church had become too popular, and the world was in danger of being over-run by hordes of eager-beaver

Christians. To stop it, God dictated the Qur'an to Mohammed, and Islam was born.

Now, the main reason behind all this "propheteering" was to stop us from looking too closely at the Universe—to bar scientific inquiry. (There were more prophets in the sixth century BC than at any other time in history. That just so happened to be the century in which the Greeks Pythagoras and Thales began the first studies in science!) Instead of experimentation or logic, religion asks that we find truth through meditation, prayer, scriptures, fortune cookies, or the infallible decrees of special religious leaders (who usually wear silly hats). Competing religions also fostered hatred and wars which further hampered our progress. It almost worked. But there was a screw up.

You see Islam, like any good religion, discouraged science; Allah and His Creation were deemed Unapproachable. But then in the ninth century AD, a religious leader named Mahmud dreamt that he saw the ghost of Aristotle (I'm not making this up) and was thus inspired to have all the teachings of the Greeks and Babylonians translated and kept in libraries. Most of that ancient knowledge had been lost in Europe during the Dark Ages, but it was thus re-discovered in the thirteenth century when the Muslims were driven out of Spain.

Thus science marched on, despite some subsequent tussles with the Pope. God even gave up fighting it in the 1860s when the Baha'i faith's prophet declared science to be a good thing. Of course, by then people had accepted the idea that the Universe was a wonderful Creation, for science was in its Golden Age, on the verge of unlocking all of God's secrets. They didn't and now here I am blowing God's cover. I wonder what He'll do about it.

Next issue: The Bible. X

# 3 LINES FREE!

PMR— Still looking for short, small-framed Oriental female for companionship.

On the 14th, visit Tammy's house and find the lightning.  
Ginger.

HELP! I have 24 hours to mate before I die! Contact May Fly, third puddle from the right after Hennings, Main Mall.

Dave,  
Sorry you lost.  
Trish.

For Sale: Slightly bruised flamingo breasts, drumsticks, and wings. \$12.00/lb. Contact Children's Zoo, Stanley Park.

Emie seeks Bert.  
222-8196 after 5:00.

Happy B-Day Dave F. from your buddies in Bi 205. Your present (37-34-35) will come by at 9pm. Have the pudding bath ready.

Balloons,  
Love Ya!  
Forever, Bubbles.

Wanted: Short small-framed Oriental female seeks PMR for companionship. Leave message at SUS.

Ramon,  
Dammit, you left it in again. Bring the salad tongs. - Giuseppe

Sparring partner wanted: involves repeated blows to the face and body. Some experience necessary. Ph. 922-4614.

Dorothy,  
Please run your sweaty appendages over my rippling chielets. - Dan, your man.

Mom,  
You're the greatest detective ...  
C., E., D.

Searching for qualified archers to help out on Feb 14. High level of skill req'd. High hourly wage. Call 694-QPID before Feb 13.

To my favourite "Hipster",  
In another life I could've been a left-handed engineer, but alas ... - Kishi xoxox.

Sal,  
"Ulysses On A Roll Of Toilet Paper" idea flopped. People just wouldn't wipe with it. Said it would be redundant. - Rob.

Dan B., Oooh, baby. It makes me wild when I see you throw those darts. Oooh.

I LOVE YOU ELISA  
From Kevin J. (Yr. 1)

Jesus saves.

Important notice to tall red-head. My dad has all his guns in working order. I have your plane ticket. - You-know-who.

John 3:16. — For Chrissake, John, you were late again. I only advertised on the fucking Super Bowl!!! Get it together, man!

Trish  
Oh you are so beautiful.

Doug,  
Fran, I'm sorry about the gerbil, OK? It won't happen again. Can I come home now? — Bob

Artsie seeks science geek for psych experiment involving large tub of hot tar and many, many feathers.

Once again, The 432 has decided to offer to you, our faithful reader, a new service. We are prepared to offer YOU, totally free, 3 printed lines, for whatever you feel the comatose masses who read this rag should know. If you've got something to sell, any impending hormonal deadlines, or *whatever*, submit it to The 432, in Chem 160. We reserve the right to edit for brevity and other stuff.

Elderly gentleman seeks horror special effects designer to help play a practical joke on old union buddies. Mr. J. Hoffa, 822-4721.

Young, potent female seeks large white aquatic invertebrate for extended personal hygenic maseuse. Ph. 1-900-876-5432.

Daniel B.  
Hubba, hubba, big guy.

Twin brothers seeking twin sisters for ménage à deux, trois, et quatre. No weirdoes, please. See Dave D.

Lefty, I'll go for the escape tomorrow at eight. Now don't forget: burn this note so no one knows, OK? — Sid.

Doug (First Year Pharmacy), I like your smile, and I'd like to get to know you better. I'll be looking for you in class. — Admirer.

Moses grabs the rebound! SCORES!!

Music student tired of same old song. Call me up, we'll make beautiful music together.

Al, HA!! You dumb shit! I told ya they'd print me! You owe me a ten-spot, sucker! — Ed

Steve,  
Sorry for the brush-off.  
L.

Computer science student seeking compatibility. You bring the software, I've got all the hardware.

Dear Elisa Chan (Micro - 200)  
You are so pretty.  
from Dr. X.

Science student seeks intelligent companion. Artsies need not apply.

Dear Tricia  
You are my sweetheart forever.

If you notice this note, you will note that this notice is notably not worth noticing...

Artsie in DESPERATE need of money. If necessary, will work for free.

Geography student tired of old terrain. Let's do some exploring together.

ψ:  
Waiting for all our imaginings to be made real — ψ\*

Philosophy student seeking meaningful relationship. Let's probe each other's mind and do some deep thought.

Debating student seeks new topic. Willing to take any position. Prepare to think hard & fast.

Chemistry student wants to try some new experiments. Maybe something solid will precipitate.

Dentistry student wants to give you a beautiful smile. Just open wide & say "aaaaaah."

Political science student, enjoys long talks. Would like to discuss favourite position with you.

My dearest Pinky,  
Happy Valentine's Day, Sweetheart!  
With love always & forever, Deng(ster)

We wouldsh likerepapo sayskuzthat wedaerbelievehin honest, impartial yessyBU reporting andpithrowthe rightsuo free speech.



Patrick Redding

Editor-in-Chief and Executive Scapegoat

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7 January 1991, Version 5.06  
The 432 is published weekly by the Science Undergraduate Society of UBC. Somewhere close to Main Mall and University Blvd. A good 80% of what you have before you was written by troubled individuals not unlike yourself, who instead of completing major term projects and Looking Over Their Lab Manuals The Night Before, sought sanctuary in the dubious pursuit known as writing (or even more dubious, art) and poured their spleens out for your edification. So we really like this whole thing rather seriously, in that most of us are bucking for a Dean's Holiday. We are particularly sensitive about people insinuating that our newspaper and the Arts Underground are actually produced both in the same offices by identical staff. We would have you know that Rob Emerson has never written for the 432, so that pretty well fires that theory right out the window, now, doesn't it?

## Religions Of The World — A Summary

**TAOISM:** Shit happens.

**CONFUCIANISM:** Confucius say, "Shit happens."

**BUDDHISM:** If shit happens, it really isn't shit.

**ZEN:** What is the sound of shit happening?

**HINDUISM:** This shit has happened before.

**ISLAM:** If shit happens, it is the will of Allah.

**PROTESTANTISM:** Let shit happen to someone else.

**CATHOLICISM:** *Pre-Vatican:* If shit happens, you must have done something to deserve it.  
*Post-Vatican:* If shit happens, it's the clergy's fault.

**PRESBYTERIANISM:** It is pre-ordained that shit will happen.

**FUNDAMENTALISM:**

Praise the Lord!!! Shit happens!!

**JUDAISM:** Why does shit always happen to us?

**NEW AGE:** If shit happens, channel it. / Visualize shit happening.

**RASTAFARIANISM:** Really great shit happens.

**METAPHYSICS:** Shit is part of the essence of all of us.

**JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES:**

If you'll just let me in, I'll tell you how shit happens.

**MORMONISM:** If shit happens... make sure you have a two-year food supply.

**RAJNEESH:** For a thousand bucks, shit can happen for you too.

**AGNOSTICISM:** We really don't know for sure if shit happens.

**ATHEISM:** Who gives a shit?

# Moving Experiences



Angry  
**DUCK**

There is a pivotal moment coming up soon in my never-ending quest to Affirm My Manhood. Of all the masculine rites of passage, this is the one that I dread the most.

What I'm talking about is the fact that the Landlord has asked us to vacate the premises by the end of April, so that his son can move in instead.

All this means that I have to move.

(chorus in the background of *Those Who Know What I'm Talking About*: "AAAI-IEEEEE!!!!")

I hate moving. There is nothing fun about wasting your day packing things into boxes for the express purpose of taking them out of the boxes somewhere else. I don't know why, when we move into a new house, we just don't cut a deal with the previous tenants. They leave all of their stuff behind, and we inherit it. Whoever moves into our old home inherits all our old stuff. That would be great.

The first time I had to move an entire household of furniture, I was 19. That was when my mother wanted to move from the top of 12th to the bottom of Jonston St. She offered me and my friend Scott a case of beer if we helped her move.

That was her first mistake. Her second mistake was that she gave us the case of beer before we began moving. So it wasn't an altogether unpleasant experience, what little of I remember. I do remember, that we found it was easier to carry freezers into the house if they were first laid on their side and slid down the basement stairs. As a matter of fact, we were so proud of that discovery that we slid it down two or three times just to make sure we were right, each time testing whether or not fruit placed at the bottom of the stairs made the process more efficient. Our conclusions were that it *probably* did, but we were too busy clutching our stomachs, rolling about the floor at the top of the stairs to make a thoroughly scientific analysis.

For those of you facing the first move of your life, I have some advice:

There is an unspoken rule to Moving: no more than two men should be present at one time. After that, it breaks down into a Penis Contest, with each male trying to assert his dominance by demonstrating his superior moving skills.

**Man #1:** Put that box over there, and we can lay the couch over top.

**Man #2:** That won't work.

You forget that natural oscillations are set up in the back of the moving van that necessitates the couch going in at forty-five degrees.

**Man #3:** Give me that box!

We'll put it here, under the anvil.

**Box:** Crunch crack tinkle.

**Man #2:** I think that works.

By the way, it makes no difference how many women are present. The more women the better, for women tend to simply

- pick up the box
- put the box in the moving van
- go pick up another box

Men, on the other hand, tend to go about it in a much more scientific way, where they

- pick up the box
- try and decide which side of the van it should go on, in order to most effectively pack the rest of the furniture
- discuss it with the rest of the movers
- drop it while trying to climb into the van.

One of the more unpleasant things about moving is the Washer (background chorus: "AAHHHHHH!!!!").

Washers are belligerent. The person who designed washers was A Very Spiteful Man, boy. He deliberately encased, in the center of every washer, a miniature black hole, designed to suck up the odd sock. That is why washers are so damned heavy.

Washers are also conspicuously devoid of handles. That means that you can move your washer in one of three ways:

- You can get two or three friends and pick it up from the bottom, but the only grips are where the metal curves inward and tapers to a razor sharpness and if you stumble, As You Inevitably Will, your fingers will be sliced off.
- You can beat it with a 8-pound sledgehammer, which, admittedly, won't get it to your new house, but after about five minutes with the sledgehammer, the point will be moot.
- You can use a dolly, which is a device that has a mind of its own when it comes near stairs, probably stemming from the fact that it is recycled metal made out of an old Bobsled.

Eventually, no moving gets done at all, as the men argue over who gets drive The Car That Has All The Plants In It. For some strange reason, if a car has All The Plants in it, it has to drive so slowly, that it usually doesn't arrive to the new house until all the furniture has been unloaded. X

# HUNGRY FOR POWER?

## SUS Executive Elections

nominations for sus executive positions

open monday february 10 1992

close 6pm monday february 24 1992

president

director of sports

internal vice-president

executive secretary

external vice-president

director of finance

director of publications

ams student council rep

Yes, it's

# CENTIPEDE RACE

Time again!

THURS. FEBRUARY 27  
12:30

7 to 11 people running, walking, hopping, etc. in one costume! Mens, Womens & corec teams. Costume material available from Science Sports (CHEM160)

Register until Feb 26

50% REBATES TO SCIENCE TEAMS!



2 GUYS on P.C.P.

PLAYING TIC-TAC-TOE

# R A B B I E S

Dear Sir:

Since *The 432* is a "science" paper, I would like to correct a small scientific error in your last edition. In her column, Leona Adams proposes that while studying for her Microbiology exam, she got to thinking about the mention, or lack thereof, of microscopic flora in the Labbatt's "La-Bzzr" television advertisement. Had she been studying a bit more intently (perhaps with the television off), she would have realized that *Saccharomyces cerevisiae*, being a yeast, is a eukaryotic organism (that is, having a nucleus, complex protein synthesis

and transport mechanisms as well as other eukaryotic goodies), and therefore could not be a bacterium, which by deduction is a prokaryote (having no nucleus, and usually having a simple genomic structure). Furthermore, since the bzzr advertised is a lager, the yeast used is probably a substrain of *S. carlsbergensis* and not *S. cerevisiae* at all. Please wish Miss Adams the best of luck on her Microbiology final.

Ari Gilligson, BSc (Microbiology), SUS (Old Hack).



Dear Harry Tic:

While I have not read your previous two articles on "nailing His supreme to the wall", I think the general idea comes across very well in your most recent column in *The 432*. As I have dealt with my reaction to your column, in terms of its appropriateness in a student paper, with your editor, I wish to address a few remarks to you on specifics about the content of your column.

First, let me commend you on your journalistic flair. You seem to have found a comfortable niche in a science newspaper. It is not, however, exempt from maintaining human rights, one of them being the freedom of belief. I will uphold another right (the freedom of speech/press), but I wish to inform you that I felt personally insulted by your use of expressions in relation to the subject of God, and I believe many others were also insulted. Your mockery of religion is outright disrespect for your fellow students and peers, to whom a belief in God may be an integral part of their lives.

That said, let me turn to a few points concerning your column. Your statement, "when I say suddenly in connection with God I mean like over thousands and millions of years", from which you go on to say that "the guy is just slow", is an example of misappropriation. Who said it took that long for the creation of the world, whether it was divine or evolutionary? I believe it is a scientific claim, rather than a religious one, although some creation-supporting people may choose this belief in trying to fuse two different views.

"God created religion": ultimately, if one believes in an omnipotent God, yes, God created religion (following the logic that God created the world, people, etc.). But from the view of immediacy, people created religion for themselves. People chose objects to worship, people chose (or self-appointed) leaders, people made up rules and formalities to follow. When discrepancies arose, within or between religions, and people could no longer explain or defend to anyone's satisfaction the big questions of WHY? and HOW?, they decided to blame the figure at the top: God. Some even turn around to scoff at a system of belief that generally promotes love and acceptance.

In response to your rhetorical question: "... isn't [sacrifice] like honouring a writer by burning one of his books?" The answer is no. Your best bet is to consult a religious counselor, but my amateur attempt to support this answer is that your comparisons are incorrect (crossed comparisons in terms of subject, while the same in terms of the verb); instead, sacrifice in your context of a book-analogy would be like worshipping the author of the book around which you construct your life, giving up prior personal habits and following the context of that book,

under the belief that it is true and meaningful.

It becomes obvious that you are too smart for God, because you have not bought into the "ad campaign" and you are openly declaring that "this place sucks and it's all God's fault!" Either you are extremely nearsighted, to not have seen the wonder of a star-studded sky, or the quiet majesty or the surrounding mountains — whether or not they have divine creation or are the result of evolution, I think they make this place quite nice, or you are extremely forgetful as to who allowed this place to reach such a point of destitution (as you seem to imply). Do you drive a car? Ever toss outside a piece of paper? Chewed gum? A cigarette butt? Laugh at a racist (sic) joke? Jeer at women, gays, or lesbians? Tried tax evasion? Fib on a student loan? Let me put it this way, all the environmental, social, economic, etc. problems we face that make life difficult are a result of *our* actions, and that includes you. Your "let's pass the buck" attitude is like that of a child. Furthermore, a sizable proportion of today's society is trying to work out some of these problems. You do not seem to care to be a part of this movement, nor do you assume any sort of responsibility for your actions.

Finally, your comment about trying to "argue a point of religious doctrine is as idiotic as fighting over whether Coke is "It" or "The Real Thing", etc.: with this, I agree because there is NO comparison between whether or not the true representative of Diet Coke is Paula Abdul or Elton John, and who the Messiah is (Jesus or Mohammed). Not too many people would respond that the decision about the balance of their existence (given they believe in one after death) is of the same importance as the decision about what to order along with a burger and fries and who influenced them to do so.

It sounds as though you have had some serious doubts about God and religion (seeing as you do not simply denounce God's existence), but instead of looking for help and support in this area that almost everyone has had to contend with at some point, you have chosen to do some God-bashing ("I'll ... continue nailing His supreme to the wall": I think this qualifies as bashing). Perhaps you really do feel this way about the topic. And now you are above and beyond the reaches of accountability. In that case, that's too bad ... you spend your time blaming someone else, being angry and resentful, and missing the flip-side to this "hell-on-earth", which is in fact not so terrible if you would take a moment to consider that there is some good left.

It isn't the "God character" who has been jerking us around. It's people like you. Leave the rest of us alone.

Science Student, 3rd Year

## REBUTTAL

Dear Science Student,

Though I appreciate your input, I am led to wonder if God actually needs you rushing to His defence. It is unfortunate that you have not read my earlier articles, for then you would realize that much of your criticism is misdirected. When I complain about the Universe, I am not referring to the mundane social problems of mankind, but to the actual workings of God's creations. In my first two columns I cited numerous examples from physics, astronomy (especially the starry night sky), mathematics and biology which clearly showed that the Universe is both poorly made and largely undefined. God, I concluded, is incompetent.

I am sorry if this view upsets some people, but then try finding a theology that doesn't. The point being that my assessment of God and His Creation is just as valid as that of anyone else. I have every right to express my beliefs, especially when you weigh my handful of articles against the unimaginably vast amount of material written, spoken, recorded and broadcast promoting the glories of God! However, I am willing to compromise. If you can get everyone else in the world to stop saying that God is great, then I'll stop saying that He's a ninny. Happy?

Harry Tic



# EROTIC HAI

## MOST CHASTE

So charming and sweet  
Too bad about your head, though  
...can't have everything.  
*Roger Watts.*

C,  
I didn't know you,  
Now I do. You make me smile!  
(And blush). Come visit.  
*F ⇒ M.*

TOUCH ME AND YOU WILL  
SEE THE END OF A SHOTGUN.  
P.S. I love you.  
*David Falk*

I met her in class,  
Beauty undefined, coffee,  
lunch, a kiss ... she goes.  
*Motay.*

Elements of song  
How I would like to express  
Without using voice.  
*Eva Cham*

## MOST STUNNING IMAGERY

A leathery touch  
Lace and whips and chains, and lace  
All before breakfast  
*Bmw & others*

Lovely moist young lips  
Two young bodies intertwined  
Orgasmic pleasures.  
*Parimal Rana*

Venus Butterfly,  
Sixty-Nine, Missionary,  
All are fine by me.  
*Parimal Rana*

There's nothing to fear  
Everything's under control  
Don't pull out the broom.  
*Qyo*

Get out the hand cuffs  
Whip me beat me tie me down.  
S & M all night.  
*Phil, Jason, David & Doug.*

You want to wax me?  
A wooden stake through the heart  
just might do the trick  
*the Second Gunman*

Flowers blossoming  
Beautiful natural scene  
Trains into tunnels  
*Phil, Jason, David & Doug.*

MX-missile launch  
Warmed up and ready to go.  
Open the bay doors.  
*Phil, Jason, David & Doug.*

Caresse and tongues  
Twisted, tied, bond together  
Our bodies explode.  
*Gary Sandhu*

Quick conversation  
Passion in cheap motel room  
"Twenty bucks, mister."  
*Roger Watts.*

Rivers flow through thighs  
More like honey than water,  
What viscosity!  
*Anonymous*

Slowly I open  
My thirsting mouth and  
Gently I lick you.  
*Adrienne Copithorne*

Quickly, I lie back  
Opening myself and your  
Hair slides on my skin.  
*Adrienne Copithorne.*

Prying off this boil  
On the verge of going POP  
I hit the mirror!  
*the Second Gunman*

## MOST OBSCURE

A man gets a wish:  
"Make my penis touch the floor."  
So his legs fell off.  
*Roger Watts.*

Today is a test  
Should I pull the fire alarm  
Or send a bomb threat?  
*A.A.*

Little puppy dog  
Run over by a big blue truck  
Now it's going die.  
*Parimal Rana*

Girl you really got  
Me now. Got me so I don't  
Know what I'm doing.  
*Phil, Jason, David & Doug.*

C,  
Your touch puzzles me.  
Tenderness or timidity,  
A man or a mouse?  
*F ⇒ M.*

Abandoned world  
At night, a star's light falls fresh.  
Who are you out there?  
*David Falk*

Loving you is death  
For millions of half-men  
The guilt is too much.  
*Gary Sandhu*

Chocolate covered  
When should I begin to eat?  
When she signals yes.  
*Parimal Rana*

The dive, abysmal,  
Drink from cool blue glacier ponds  
Her Pacific eyes.  
*Anonymous*

Lost the magic prize,  
A carnival in the rain,  
Love in dilution.  
*Anonymous*

Neurological,  
Phenomenological,  
Motor — expressive.  
*Anonymous*

## BEST ... MALE TO FEMALE

O lovely woman  
Asleep beside me, I ask:  
Who the hell are you?  
*Roger Watts.*

I held her closely  
But had no courage to say  
The Trojan had broke.  
*Roger Watts.*

You're a naughty girl  
Playing with the dog again  
Time for a spanking  
*Roger Watts.*

A knock on the door  
I hope it's my hot girlfriend  
No, it's just my wife.  
*A.A.*

Silky lingerie,  
So nice for taking off  
Such a tasty babe.  
*Parimal Rana*

Deep conversation  
With an exotic dancer  
Beer breath makes her hot  
*E.Y.*

## BEST ... MALE TO MALE

Dave, do you love me?  
Was it true, consuming love?  
Yes, Bill, go to sleep.  
*Motay.*

# KU CONTEST

## BEST ... FEMALE TO MALE

*Yoshi,*  
Spent within your arms,  
Memories of soft golden moments  
Forever haunt me.  
*Janine*

As oceans roll back,  
As the sun's rays warm my face  
My thoughts are with yours  
*Eva Cham*

Thank you to the guy  
Whose smile makes my day complete  
This comes from my heart.  
*Eva Cham*

A secret admirer  
Sighs; she can't help but wonder  
If he thinks of her.  
*Eva Cham*

Just can't find the words  
To tell you how much I care  
Guess you'll never know.  
*Eva Cham*

To show you I care  
I'd send flowers if I could  
Wish I had the courage.  
*Eva Cham*

If you only knew  
How much I care, I'd give you  
All I got and more.  
*Eva Cham*

Harder, but not yet  
Bruising, your body presses  
into me, parting.  
*Adrienne Copithorne*

I feel for you so  
Beyond and with all my heart  
Wish I could tell you.  
*Eva Cham*

At your touch I feel,  
Oh rose gentil, a song moves  
deep within my soul.  
*Mr. Subliminal*

*Yoshi,*  
Sweet sacrifices  
Made on my behalf, honour me.  
Thank you my love.  
*Janine.*

*Yoshi,*  
Soft gentle kisses  
Restore my spirit and revive  
My waning energy.  
*Janine*

## MOST SLOPPILY ROMANTIC

Trish, my pride and joy.  
All the best to you this day.  
With all my love, Pat.

Not bitter spruce pitch.  
Maple syrup envy of  
Amazon passion.  
*David Falk*

Stil faster you move  
Slow down ... for us these moments  
Must last forever.  
*Gary Sandhu*

I am an addict  
Your love blinded me. Breathless  
I drown in your mouth.  
*Gary Sandhu*

Shaking, we lie down  
On the cliff's edge, the verge, we  
Spend infinity.  
*Gary Sandhu*

Empty you leave me  
By magic touches you fill  
Me again, the same.  
*Gary Sandhu*

To *Yoshi,*  
Bathed in your embrace  
Filters to my very soul  
The sunshine your love.  
*Janine*

## MOST PATHETIC

Although you're eighty,  
I've fallen for you, baby,  
And I can't get up.  
*Roger Watts.*

Welcome to our club  
Do you want to see our most  
Outstanding member?  
*Phil, Jason, David & Doug.*

Luv luv luv luv luv  
Luv luv luv luv luv  
Luv luv luv luv luv  
*David Falk*

Oh baby oh ba—  
by oh baby oh baby  
oh baby oh yesssss.  
*Gary Sandhu*

Some eat clams, some shrimp  
But you are all of these and more.  
I feast upon you.  
*Gary Sandhu*

Lying on my side  
My arms curving tenderly  
Touching only myself.  
*Anonymous*

Sweet words in your ear,  
Until the day we made love,  
I truly loved you — NOT.  
*Motay.*

After we did it,  
I'd cook her favourite meal,  
Ho's gotta eat too.  
*Motay.*

Middle of the night  
I awake, yearning for love  
Ohhh, get me a sheep.  
*Motay.*

How do I love thee?  
Let me count the ways — No, wait ...  
*Motay.*

## And the Winners Are:

Best...Male to Female:

**Roger Watts** for "You're a naughty girl"

Best...Female to Male:

**Adrienne Copithorne** for "Harder but not yet"

Best...Male to Male:

**Motay** for "Dave, do you love me?"

Most Chaste:

**David Falk** for "TOUCH ME AND YOU WILL"

Most Obscure:

**A.A.** for "Today is a test"

Most Pathetic:

**P, J, D & D** for "Welcome to our club"

Most Sappily Romantic:

**Mr. Subliminal** for "At your touch I feel"

Most Stunning Imagery:

**Qyo** for "There's nothing to fear"

Special Butthead Prize for not knowing what  
"chaste" means:

**Gary Sandhu** for

"My hands beating up,  
Down giving me more pleasure  
Than any woman."

# How To Hunt Down and Kill Crank Callers



Morgan  
**BURKE**

**STEP 1:** First, you will need a crank caller. These are surprisingly easy to find, provided you know how to go about getting one. If you are lucky, one will select you as his (or her) random victim. Otherwise you will have to provoke a sociopath into harassing you. Acceptable methods of doing this include posting your phone number in public bathroom stalls, or acting sleazy in the Pit.

**STEP 2:** Now that you have a crank caller making lewd and disturbing calls to your residence every night, you should rent a caller-ID box from BC Tel. One of these gizmos will cost you about \$11 per month (about the price of a movie and popcorn, and considering what we will be doing with it, much more entertaining). It is a cinch to install, and will log the phone numbers of all callers, including those who call while you are out. It has the added bonus that you can find out where telemarketers are calling from. You can then call them back and try to sell them a lifetime subscription to Farm & Tractor or get them to purchase tickets for quadriplegic cancer kids to go to the monster truck show. The technically competent can wire up an autodialer to call them back every ten seconds, driving them into bankruptcy. In short, a very entertaining invention.

**STEP 3:** When your crank caller gives you a ring, note the number he or she is calling from. Repeat this procedure over several nights (be sure to act shocked and dismayed whenever the caller phones you—sociopaths like this, and it will keep them coming back for more). You must judge whether the crank is using his home phone to harass you.

Most do, but a few devious ones like to keep moving. It is usually pretty obvious if they are using a pay phone, because the background noise is excessive, and the fourth digit of the phone number is 9. Once you see a common phone number or similar pattern in the calls, you will know that you have the cretin pegged down.

**STEP 4:** Phone numbers in hand, head over to the downtown branch of the Vancouver Public Library. Ask the librarian to view the "criss-directory". He or she will show you a copy of the Metro Vancouver phone book that has been indexed by phone number instead of name. There is no fee or restricted access to this information, contrary to public belief. Short on time? Try phoning the library instead. The librarians will often look up the numbers for you. If you plan on taking this up as a hobby, you may want to consider purchasing your own private criss-directory from BC Tel. They will sell you one, but be warned: they are expensive (over \$100). Alternately, you could purchase last year's volume at a discount from a real estate agent. They will often resell old copies for \$50 or less.

**STEP 5:** Look up your crank caller's phone number. You will find a name and address associated with it. Wait! Before you get in your car, be warned: the name is only that of the person to whom the phone bills are addressed, and it may be a roommate or relative of the actual crank caller. **THIS IS NOT NECESSARILY THE PERSON YOU WANT TO KILL.** However, the address will be the correct one. Note that you cannot get this information from the operator, since their directory assistance software will only search by name or address, not by phone number.

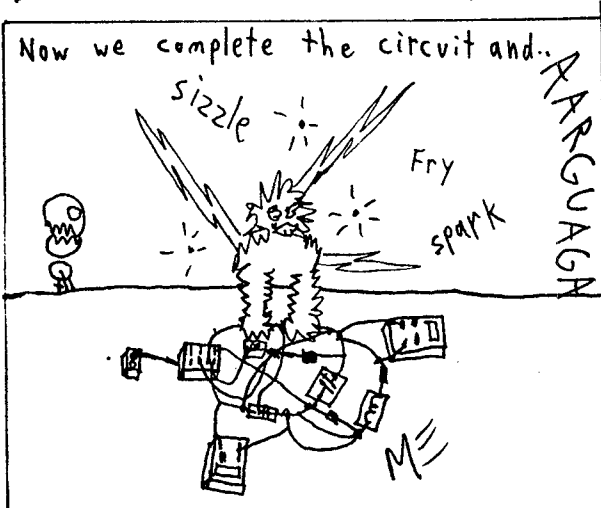
**STEP 6:** Scope out the crank. Call the number to find out who answers the phone.

Don't say anything, just hang up. People hate this, even psychos. It makes them feel like they're being stalked, and they get nervous and break out into cold sweats. Of course, in this particular instance the paranoia will be completely justified. Now you should drive over to the crank's address, and watch to see who goes in and out of the residence. If you can use a van or vehicle with tinted windows, so much the better. A nice touch is to mount a mini satellite dish on the roof of the van. If anybody notices you parked outside the house for hours, start the car and peel off in the noisiest and fastest way possible. Be sure to come back within the hour, though. You may want to take notes to assist yourself in planning the hit. If your surveillance reveals several people living at the crank's residence or using his or her phone, you will need to find out which one is the crank. Get some friends to dress up as Jehovah's Witnesses and knock on the door. People hate this, even psychos. Anyway, the fake JWs should be able to pin down which resident is of the correct age and sex of the crank. If you're lucky they might even be able to scam a few bucks selling back issues of *The Watchtower*.

**STEP 7:** Kill the crank. There are various ways this can be done. You should attempt to be as dramatic as possible. Use explosives or wild animals whenever possible, and avoid clichéd methods such as firearms or hit-and-runs. If the hit can be made to look like a suicide, so much the better, because then you can throw in a fake suicide note for additional post-mortem entertainment value.

**STEP 8:** If you found this procedure particularly stimulating, fulfilling, or downright fun, go to step 1.

## Skeleton Man's Electricity Lab



Today's lesson: The R.C.L.T.A. Circuit



# Yet Another University Suck Job

Antonia Rozario  
*Elvis Impersonator*

Upon entering the UBC Bookstore recently I was immediately attracted to an obtrusive display entitled "What Do You Think?" This program which started last fall is the university's most recent (and in my mind most lame) attempt to suck up public sympathy by feigning interest in student concerns.

When I first came to UBC in 1986 as a doe-eyed pre-med keener, I thought the University Bookstore was the greatest place on earth. I remember scoping out the science division several weeks before school started to purchase all the study guides and learning aids I would need to ace all my courses. I felt privileged to go to university and believed that the intellectual development of students was of value.

Luckily in second year the Duraflame log fell out of my butt and I started to see things more clearly.

Within a year, books that I had purchased for over \$70 had dropped in value to the price of a 12-pack. Also, a \$25 molecular model set I had been encouraged to purchase remained entangled with the rest of my family's Christmas tree decorations. The Bookstore, in my mind, had cheated and deceived me. Worse yet, rather than fulfilling its mandate to provide a reasonable and helpful service to the students, it had had expanded its line of merchandise to include armpit deodorant, videocassette recorders and farm-animal self-adhesive stickers.

This pattern of deception and senseless misplaced priority continued with each passing season.

Now, after helplessly watching several years of wasteful spending, I have come to an explicit conclusion: the cesspool of greed which calls itself "the Bookstore Administration" is in dire need of an ethylene glycol enema.

There are many ways that the Bookstore can be improved and I intend to touch on only a few:

- X Provide academic books at reasonable prices. Superfluous crap like UBC belt-buckles, paper-mache book holders shaped like pigs and traditional grass bowls made by Zulu women belong in a segregated area such as a "Gift Shop," "Retail Outlet" or "Tourist Pilfering Site."
- X In terms of presentation and distribution, stick to simplicity. Before the 35,000 sq. ft. Bookstore was built in 1982, large demands for texts were met straight out of the old Armouries. Rather than

being bombarded with flashy advertisements for credit card memberships, Josten ring sales or off-site photodeveloping, students went to a grown shabby building with squeaky floors and a leaky roof. Admittedly, the atmosphere sucked, but at least texts were cheaper, line-ups were shorter and washrooms were available if needed.

X Discourage the purchasing of new text editions simply because greedy profit-driven publishers have decided to produce them. Apart from the phenomenal markdown it gives to older editions that are almost equivalent to recent ones, there is the environmental concern of disposing books that could just as easily be "supplemented." For instance a revising pamphlet outlining minor changes could be produced until profound breakthroughs are discovered in the field in question.

X Offer fairer refunds to students selling back old texts in order to encourage recycling and assist subsequent students to purchase price-reduced texts. Many times I have kept old texts that I knew I would not use simply because the price the Bookstore was willing to offer me was insulting to my intelligence take the following scenario for instance:

September 9, 1991 Frazzled, overweight nursing student spends her last \$35 buying a textbook she hopes to finish reading by October.

December 4, 1991 Same frazzled, overweight nursing student sometime vaguely remembers purchasing a particular textbook sometime around the start of school. Figures she should look for mentioned textbook as the course's final exam is December 5, 1991.

December 5, 1991 Student "bombs" final exam. Decides the best way to solve her problems is to gain 15 lbs over the holidays.

January, 1992 UBC Bookstore offer \$5 for the same textbook.

February, 1992 Student sees pompous display in Bookstore...goes a little nuts...decides to write a 432 article on this topic rather than study for a lab examination on urine production...figures she'll only get "P" on lab exam...

The above comments were mentioned only to invoke discussion. The fact remains that there's a better chance of me blinking and ending up with Cindy Crawford's thighs than there is of students' concerns being acknowledged at UBC.

X



## St. Valentine's Day MESSacre

Leona Adams

Columnist

If there's one thing I've learned this week, it's how hard it is to come up with a good follow-up. It's easy to be good once, but it takes real skill not to disappear off the face of the earth afterwards. Look at all the one-hit wonders in the past ten years or so. Chaka Khan. Corey Haim. The cast of Diff'rent Strokes. Where are they now?

There's all the more pressure when your first effort is somewhat successful. People with whom I normally exchange "courtesy nods" have been coming up to me to tell me that they didn't know I was so creative (I'm pretty sure that's supposed to be a compliment.) If that's not enough to induce a healthy dose of writer's block, I don't know what is. Why do you think Picasso was such a great painter? No one found out he was any good until after he was dead, so he didn't have people coming over to his house saying "Hey, Pab, I love that cubist thing. When are you coming out with another one?"

Strangely enough, I don't have writer's block at all, at least, not real writer's block. What I have is more like pre-writer's block. Writer's block is the mental state I'm in at about the 750th word of a 1000-word essay, the intellectual equivalent of hitting the wall. Pre-writer's block is more like how I feel when faced with the challenge of answering a letter from my great-aunt Olivia.

Well, this being the Valentine's Day issue, I guess I could exploit it. I mean, pop groups like Chicago have been doing it for years. Every single one of their hits is about "love". The plots of most of their songs fall into one of the following categories:

- I love you, and you love me, and life is peachy.
- I love you, and you don't love me, and I'm upset.
- I don't love you anymore, and I'm upset.

d) I was a butthead and I'm sorry.

I'm amazed that they keep coming up with different ways to say the same four things. I'm really impressed.

So the question is not what subject to address, but how to address it. I could write about how much I adore spending time with my Sweetums, but that would be too obvious. Instead, I'm devoting my article this week to those of us who, due to circumstances beyond our control, are without a date for Valentine's Day. You may be wondering why a bright, witty, intelligent young woman such as myself is spending Valentine's Day alone. If you are, I'd love to hear from you. My number is 1-800-337-7783 or 1-800-DES-PRTE.

One thing you can do to avoid depression on Valentine's Day is to think about people worse off than yourself. If you ever feel tempted to get depressed thinking about the barren tundra that may be your romantic life, you'll probably feel better when you remember that no matter how bad things may seem, at least you're not on STUDS. You know you're scraping the bottom of your personal barrel when you're looking for companionship on a show hosted by a guy who can't even get a girl in a BEvERage commercial. (W-A-T-S-O-N). For crying out loud, even a dog (go Spuds go!) can get a girl in a bzzr commercial. NB. Here's a good debate topic for one of those three in the morning conversations: who are worse off — contestants on STUDS or people who call chat lines?

Other than that, the best thing I can suggest is to load up on chocolate. Chocolate apparently contains the neurotransmitter emitted by the brain when you're in love, so if you don't have it, fake it. I know I will. X

## Dik Miller, Campus Enforcer



Derek K. MILLER

There's nothing quite like a trip on the #14 Hastings bus at 3:15 in the morning. Not that it's fun, mind you, but there's nothing quite like it. (Or is that, "There's no life like it?") I had just completed my surveillance of the nefarious activities of the Engineering fraternity and was on my way home. Unfortunately, I was only able to report the drinking of excess quantities of Diet Coke, which may well have been a misdemeanour, but for which I could not nail them.

"Schushe me," belched a brown-garbed person beside me.

"Yes?" I replied.

"Gotta light?"

"Yeah." I produced my Dik Miller™ flashlight/modem/bar-code reader.

"No. I shed gotta light?"

I looked down. "What do you think this is?"

He looked at it. "A phallic symbol?"

"Wrong," I said.

"A flashlight?"

"Right."

"Thash not what I meant."

"Oh, I see." I produced a can of Bud Light.

"No. I meant a light for my shigarette."

"You're not allowed to smoke on the bus."

"Shince when?"

"Since forever," I revealed.

"No way."

"Way."

"No way."

"Look, that sign there says 'no smoking'."

"When did they put that there?"

"Uh, when they built the bus, probably," I hypothesized.

"No way."

"Way."

"No way."

"Shut up."

He sniffed and shut up. I went back to reading the latest edition of True Life Detective.

"Schushe me," the man said again a few seconds later.

I looked up. "What is it now?"

"Got shome change for the bushe?"

"Change for a bush?"

"No. The bushe." He pointed around himself.

"Change for the bus?" I asked.

He nodded.

"You're already on the bus. Why would you need change?"

He looked blank.

"I know people like you," I said. "Raised by a good, middle-class family in the suburbs, you found the ideological differences between you and your parents to be more than you could handle, so you dropped out of school at fifteen and hitch-hiked your way across the country, looking for work. After a series of bad experiences with minimum-wage slave trades like washing floors, selling shoes, and hawking cubic zirconia on cable television, you gave up and stumbled your way onto Skid Row, where you took to drinking Sterno and Windex, rummaging around dumpsters looking for bacon scraps to stuff down your putrid maw, and lying in your own drool on street corners." I gave him a sneer. "You really make me sick."

"Not ekshactly," he replied. His voice changed. "Actually, I'm on an undercover assignment for the Vancouver Sun, investigating people's opinions towards the homeless. You've just given me the most extreme example of disatrn I've encountered this whole week. Thanks." With that, he rang the bell, stood up, and left the bus before I had regained my composure enough to say anything.

"Damn," I muttered.

XXX

The next day, I was back at work, this time hiding out in one of the hallways of the Electrical Engineering building, dressed as a janitor. I was idly wiping the floor with my mop while reading the student society election posters plastered on the walls. I came upon a disturbingly familiar face on one of them.

"Something wrong?" asked a voice from behind me.

"Why do you ask?" I turned.

"You were muttering something about 'that damn Derek Miller twit,' I think." I recognized the man as the same reporter who had lipped at me on the bus the previous morning, only now much cleaner and better dressed.

"Oh, it's nothing," I said, making sure to keep the brim of my cap down over my eyes.

"Maybe you can help me then," he went on.

"What with?"

"I'm a reporter from the Vancouver Sun, and I'm doing a story on those nasty, scurrilous Engineers of UBC. I'm looking for some dirt. Can you tell me anything?" He produced a twenty dollar bill and stuffed it into my hand.

"Er...they drink a lot of beer. And a lot of Diet Coke."

"I mean dirt." He smiled evilly.

I saw my chance to get back at him for tricking me the previous evening. I motioned for him to follow me down the hall. "See that lab there?" I pointed to a spot where students were hunched over piles of electronic components, working away furiously. "That's where they learn to build atomic bombs."

"Really?"

"Really. And if you come this way..." I led him downstairs, to the Electrical Engineering club room. I used my janitorial key to let myself in, and pulled open a drawer labelled STUFF, and which was full of more componentry. "That's a partially completed guidance system for an IBBM which the Engineers are constructing to fire at the Women's Centre in the SUB."

"IBBM?" the reporter asked.

"Inter-Building Ballistic Missile."

"Oh, I see." He was scribbling frantically on a piece of paper. "I'll assume you'll want to remain anonymous in telling me this information," he said.

"Of course."

"Thanks very much, Mister...uh..."

"Meisen," I said. "Axel Meisen."

"Thanks, Mr. Meisen." He disappeared down the hall.

Everything I had told him, of course, had been a lie. The finishing touch of naming myself after the Dean of the faculty was, I thought, particularly appropriate. That should show him, I smirked to myself. Then something occurred to me: What if someone believed him?

TO BE CONTINUED

## Trading card publisher aims to make a killing out of killers

NY Times News Service

Santa Rosa, Calif. — A small California company plans to publish trading cards featuring serial killers and mass murderers.

The trading cards, similar to those featuring professional baseball players, will include the stories and color portraits of 55 convicted killers such as Ted Bundy and Ramon Salcido and accused mass murderer Jeffrey Dahmer.

Salcido has been sentenced to death in the gas chamber for the 1989 murders of seven people.

"I cannot imagine what it would do to my daughter to have a kid come up to her at school and show her the trading card," said Catherine Toovey, whose husband was killed by Salcido.

The publisher and one of the writers defended the series. "I think Newsweek is much more lurid than anything we publish," said Dean Mullaney, an owner of Eclipse Enterprises in Forestville, 100 kilometres north of San Francisco. Newsweek featured Dahmer on its cover this week.

Victims' advocates like Miriam Gaon of the Sonoma County district attorney's

office argue that what Eclipse is doing glorifies murderers.

The cards will feature the killer's color picture on one side — drawn by artist Jon Bright — and the story on the other. For Dahmer, the top of the card reads: "Killed: 11 plus; Location: Milwaukee; M.O.: Strangulation." The text begins: "Born in 1959, Jeffrey Dahmer spent a lonely childhood in Ohio, an intelligent underachiever who studied chemistry and mutilated animals."

The cards are due for release in May. The suggested price is 99 cents for a pack of 12.

# Organized Grime

## Morning Sickness & The Law of Gravity



Roger  
**WATTS**

Apparently, I am not a creature of the air.

A case in point: last week, one glorious morning, I was stirred from one of the better dreams in recent memory (involving much skiing and general debauchery) to the melodious strains of my clock-radio. Not that CFOX as high as the volume will possibly go isn't something to be enjoyed, but how would you feel if you'd suddenly been transplanted from a cozy hot tub atop St.-Moritz to a less cozy (and notably less populated) bed atop a loft in Gage? A little crestfallen, to say the least.

Anyhoo, my state of disappointment only aggravated the general sense of annoyance I experience every day at having to get out of bed. I am nocturnal. I am not a morning person. Mornings are such a pain for me that I used to think maybe I was half-vampire. Of course, I had a few other points to back this up:

- never usually got to bed before at least 3:00 am,
- the only kid on my block with a lid on my bed,
- curious taste for raw steak and Bloody Marys that Mum never quite understood.

And though I still turn to dust if the sun hits me before noon on weekends (and, granted, I still haven't really kicked the Bloody Mary thing), I now know that I am not a vampire. Bats can fly. Evidently I cannot.

This I found out shortly

after my abrupt journey home from St.-Moritz. You recall, I mentioned before that my bed is up on a loft. The luxuriously-appointed 21-sq. ft. second floor is a rather recent addition to the Watts Manor, and something that my subconscious hasn't quite picked up on yet. Unfortunate for me. As I got up to gently murder my clock-radio, the ol' automatic pilot lowered the landing gear over the side of the bed and prepared to touch down. Still half-asleep and wondering why the hot tub had suddenly become so dry, I threw my weight forward and pushed my legs down, fully expecting the floor to greet my Ten Little Piggies. As my head catapulted forward and my body plummeted to earth, a small voice whispered in my ear:

*Thank you for flying Gravity Airlines. We hope you have enjoyed our flight from St.-Moritz to Hell via Vancouver, and we are now on final approach and will be landing shortly. Unfortunately, the captain has failed to properly calibrate our altitude relative to our glidepath, and we should consequently be crashing into the tarmac any millisecond now. Have a nice day, bullethead.*

This was followed by a bright yellow flash and a HUSE (Horrendous Unspellable Sound Effect). Which was, as it turns out, the sound my jaw makes when it breaks a six-foot fall on the arm of my chair. That was followed by a long silence, interrupted periodically by a low, incoherent groaning that was apparently coming from me.

I just lay there for a while, peacefully contemplating the ceiling and quietly bleeding to death. A good ten minutes

passed before I decided that life was indeed worth living and that maybe I should get up and inspect the damage.

*Chair - slight dent in arm, bloodstains. OK otherwise.*

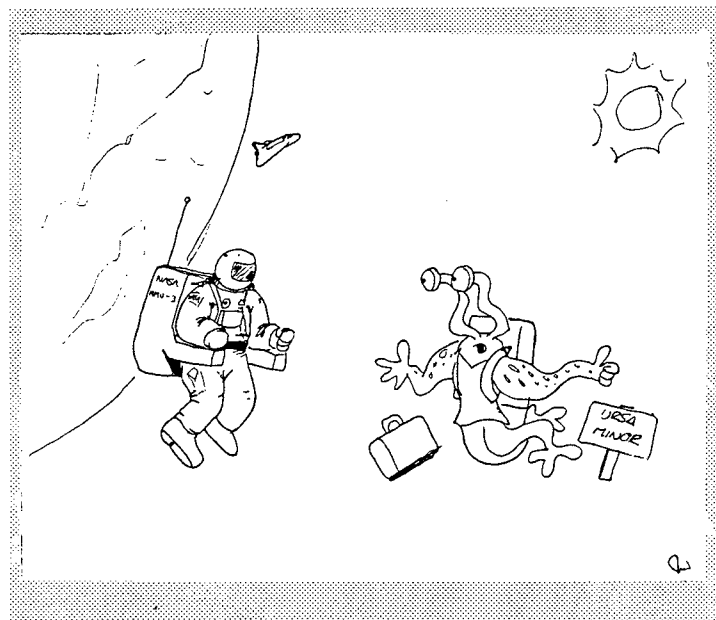
*Head - not-so-slight dent in left lower jaw. River-O-Blood. Moderate swelling. One bugger of a headache. OK otherwise (not counting mental and personality deficiencies, a couple of which I'm sorry to say were not corrected by the impact as I'd hoped).*

*Knee - fair bit of skin missing. Odd clicking noise from within when flexed. Kinda knobby-looking.*

*Bicep - bruised. Some bleeding beneath skin. And too damn small.*

I managed to get the bleeding to stop, revealing an inch-long welt that was just short of requiring stitches. The sight of this in the mirror managed to clear out the cobwebs in a hurry, but I still felt a little on the numb side. The disinfectant, however, reassured me that my nerves were in perfect working order. The rest of the day was spent in something of a light haze, conversations consisting mostly of, "Uh... got myself shaving. You got any Tylenol on you?"

But lo, there was some good to be gleaned from all this. I am now much more bright-eyed and bushy-tailed in the morning than I was, and I'll be able to tell my grandchildren about the cool scar I got stopping a slap shot from Brett Hull. In the end, I considered picking up an application for the UBC Skydiving Club, but I decided that maybe I'll just lock the casket lid on the inside and stay in bed till sun-down instead. X



So...how long  
you been out on the road?

Well another Science Week is finally over and I can easily say that I am very happy that it is finally over. The activities which went on during the course of the week were well attended. The Computer Sciences bzzr garden, with Matt T. and his four friends (OK friends is an exaggeration), was a success as far as Comp Sci bxxr gardens go. The car rally, which was also sponsored by Computer Science, was about as thrilling as reading a David Falk reBUTTal of a rebuttal.

The displays which were set up in Sub from Monday to Wednesday. The displays were quite varied. Biology, like usual, had its touchy feely tank which featured several invertebrate friends which live in our coastal waters. Geology offered visitors a chance to pan for gold, BPP checked out our ability to breathe, Micro showed us what we are really

# Coronary Events

To the girls in the CSC  
I love you all!  
Steve.

Mom,  
You're the Best.  
Clement, Eugene, Delia.

Dr Love,  
Where are you when you're needed? Can I ever forgive you?

— Your biggest fan.  
Television, I don't believe all those bad things they say about you.

Yours forever, Patrick.  
To all the gorgeous men on campus, thank you. — Gio.

To CF, Hi! — TC  
George A., Thanks for last night! Jamie.

Tricia, Have a happy Valentine's Day.  
Wease, I miss you something fierce. Happy Valentine's Day. — George xoxox.

To all the SUS men, You guys make Chem 160 worth coming to.

Dr Ledsome,  
Roses are red,  
Violets are blue.

Please scale our Marks for 422.

— Anonymous  
Yo, Chick. I'm glad you're mine.

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue,  
Meet me on Friday  
I'll canulate for you. — Derek Campbell

To all those ladies I've ogled all year, NICE BUNS!  
Happy VT-day — Anon.

For Miss Aitken,  
Being stuck in this BoG Means I'll feel like a hog  
For not being with you  
Next year, but please do  
Not worry, for I will sure

Hurry to be back in you mud hole again. — Luv, J.F. Clay

Sexy Alan Price  
Wherever you are,  
Happy Valentine's Day

Antonia  
SUS SoCo 91-92:  
Happy Valentine's Day,  
... You have got nice buns  
SUS SoCo 89-90

The One and Only  
Though It'll never be...I can't help but try. Be my Valentine

GQ  
Desperately seeking runner.

Female athlete desired for Valentine's run on Friday.

See Dave in the Science Lounge, chem 160

The happy one:  
Be my Valentine.

The thoughtful one.  
All you pharmacology men:  
Thanks for being such a sweet bunch.

Happy Valentine's Day!  
Bloody Mary

Ron,  
I've got to keep this short cuz there's not enough room to wish your whole ego a happy valentine's day but I'll keep the biggest kiss for you.

Your Twin Ego  
Ylp5

I miss your insertion sequence.  
Be my valentine.

genomic DNA  
Ode to Jocelyn:

I would ask you to be my Valentine.

Your skin is supple and soft,  
Your body is a form so fine,  
Your smile can set me aloft,  
So I'd ask you to be mine...  
If only you weren't so god-damn stupid!!

## Science Week in Review

Parimal Rana

eating and Physoc taught us about resonance. Lets not forget the ever changing Chemistry display, or should I say recycling Chem display. The CSC should be congratulated for the Chem Magic Show. The winners of the display contest are: Geology and Biology who tied for First and the posters which were obtained by DEAN JONES clinched second place for BPP. The winning displays will receive \$50 dollars each and the runner up will receive \$25. And a special thanks to the UBC Bookstore for their Computer Sciences display.

The trike race which was held on a very wet Thursday was the best we've had in the few years. The trike race was coordinated by Charlene Fell and BPP. The winners of the trike race were the Turing Machines with a winning time of 3:07. David Way's

Flagellar Propulsion came in second (3:15) and last years winners, E. colizers, came in a close third with a time of 3:16. We should give special thanks to Charlene Fell and BPP for the great job they did with the Trike Race and the sponsors (Cypress Mountain, Hemlock Mountain, Science World, the Vancouver Aquarium, Red Robins, The Bay (Park Royal) the letter C. The money raised from the race plus \$432 will be donated to the Childrens Hospital.

There were several other events such Gyotaku, Physoc Air Plane Contest and let us not forget the end of Science Week bash. I would like to take this time and thank Charlene Fell, Sandra, Gio, Dave, Paul, My pet dogs, fish and birds and everyone else who was remotely involved with Science Week and their Family and Friends.

# MUNDANE DUMBSTER

## The Fifth Annual Tricycle Race

Official Results

- 1. Turing Machines CS<sup>3</sup> 3:07
- 2. Flagellar Propulsion Biol 3:15
- 3 E. colizers Micb 3:16
- 4 Drug Pedalers Pcth 3:26
- 5. Hard Drivers CS<sup>3</sup> 4:00
- 6. Mini-Biochemists Bioc 4:01
- 7. Biohazardous Biol 4:13
- 8. Thwabs Scie 4:18
- 9. Perky Pigs Biol 4:31
- 10. Pedalphiles Biol 4:33
- 11. Star Trikers Phys 4:37
- 12. Accidental Overdose Pcth 4:40
- 13 The Three-Wheeled Doozers Scie 4:45
- 14. Cycle Gods (Well, maybe not) Chem 5:31

The 5th Annual Tricycle Race was brought to you by: The Biochemistry, Pharmacology, and Physiology Club Cypress Mountain Hemlock Mountain Science World The Vancouver Aquarium Red Robin Restaurants The Bay Park Royal The Letter "C"

### Michael J. Hamilton AMS Briefs

At the last AMS meeting (January 29) we passed the AMS 1991-92 budget.

On January 27-29 the AMS had executive elections. You probably did not vote. You likely do not care who won. Go back to bed. For the record, the positions will be filled by the following democratically chosen individuals: Carole Forsythe, Vice President; Willoughby Fitzhenrypatrick Dobie II, Director of Finance; Martin Ertl, President; Marya McVicar, Coordinator of External Affairs; Caileen Hanert, Director of Administration.

I'd like to share with my readership (a cult following, I'm sure) something that Mikhail Gorbachev once said (this is paraphrased, and from memory). Long ago, in the far east there was an Emperor who wished to serve his people in the most beneficial way; to this end he asked the wise men (sorry, he said men, there can be women, too, if you like) of his court to

research all the knowledge of government and condense it, so that he could read it and govern accordingly. After two years, the researchers returned with a wagonload of encyclopedic volumes on government. The Emperor was flabbergasted (that's paraphrasing for you), he sent them away and told them to condense it to some reasonable amount of information, which he could absorb in a short period of time. Four years later they returned with 100 volumes, and were sent away again. Another eight years passed, and the team returned with one volume on how to govern, once again they were turned away to produce a simpler report. After sixteen more years the last surviving wise guy (they were oldish when they started) returned to the Emperor, who was on his deathbed, with a five page pamphlet which surveyed all knowledge of government and governing. The Emperor, gave the pamphlet to his page, and asked him to read it. The page looked over the document and quickly reduced it to one sentence, "People are born, people suffer, and people die."

### Gio Vassone G-Strings

Well, in case you didn't know, Science Week was two weeks ago. We had a very successful SUB display: first prize went to Biology, second prize went to BPP, and third prize went to Geology. We also had GYOTAKU, CAR RALLY, HOMEBREW, BZZR GARDENS, TRIKE RACE, and finally the highly successful Science Week Bash. I'd like to thank everyone who helped out or participated in any Science Week Event.

Now, for upcoming news:

**Feb 10** — Nominations open for SUS Executive positions. and close Feb 24. If you're interested in a position, come in and talk to the present executive, or else fill out a nomination form and drop it off in Chem 160 before 4:30 Feb 24.

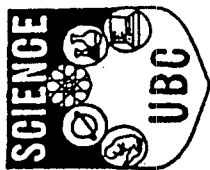
**March 26** — SUS is having its Annual General Meeting. We will be giving out Teaching Excellence Awards so come out and support your profs (or else come for the free food &

drink). It's being held in the SUB partyroom.

**April 3** — THE LAST CLASS BASH. \$0.50/bzzr, canned music. SUB Partyroom.

### Clement Fung Senate Shorts

On 15 January 1992, Senate met and passed a motion to establish a committee intended to improve the academic atmosphere of student residences. Senate will examine present measures and consider continuing steps for its improvement. Selection procedures and training of house advisers will be reviewed. This committee was established in consideration of past year's residency mishaps and in realization that a significant number of students are introduced to university life through residences.



## NOMINATION FORM FOR THE SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY EXECUTIVE COUNCIL POSITIONS

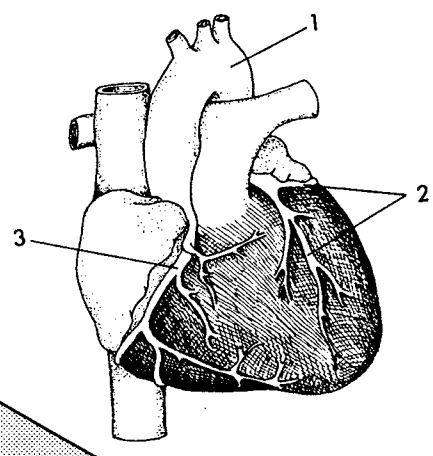
NAME OF CANDIDATE: \_\_\_\_\_  
 YEAR: \_\_\_\_\_ DEPARTMENT: \_\_\_\_\_ STUDENT NO.: \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_  
 TELEPHONE: \_\_\_\_\_  
 I am aware of my nomination and willing to run for the position of \_\_\_\_\_  
 DATE: \_\_\_\_\_ SIGNED: \_\_\_\_\_  
 This form must be returned by 6:00 p.m., February 24, 1992 to CHEM 160.

We, the undersigned, bona fide members of the Science Undergraduate Society, nominate \_\_\_\_\_ for the position of \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Note: 15 is the minimum number of signatures required.)

DATE	SIGNATURE	NAME	STUDENT NO.
1			
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
7			
8			
9			
10			
11			
12			
13			
14			
15			
16			
17			

\*\*\* ALL CANDIDATES MEETING: Tuesday, February 25, 1992, 5:30 p.m. \*\*\*  
**ATTENDANCE IS REQUIRED!**

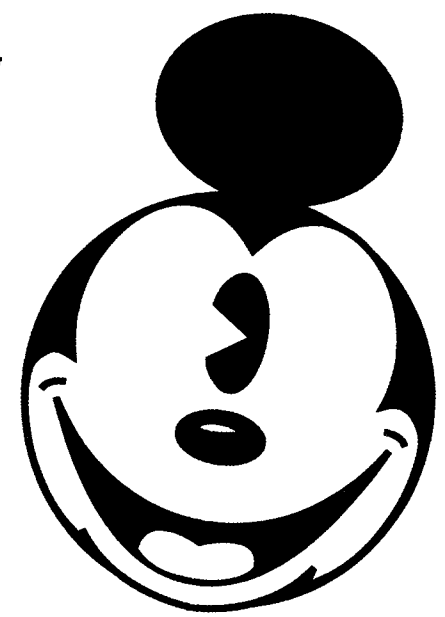
AND STILL MORE VALENTINES...



To My Little Rice Picker  
Roses are red, Violets blue,  
Just remember: "Elephant  
Shoe."  
Anyone interested in  
a Valentine's Bungee  
jump naked, in  
Nanaimo? Leave  
message in SUS.

Happy V-Day!  
R.  
Mom,  
You're the best!  
Clement, Delia, Eugene  
Bubbles,  
You'll always be my favorite  
valentine  
Love Forever,  
Balloons  
Mo charaid,  
Gra Go Braugh  
Ki  
To all you fun-loving crazy  
BPP exec,  
Happy Valentine's Day!  
Thanks for being such a great  
bunch.  
Luv, the "Stress Scale" prez.  
David Way,  
UR My one and only tiny  
toon.  
Love always,  
JB,

your looney tune  
Vacuum,  
You suck. Don't be my  
valentine.  
Air.  
Dear kat-man,  
Wild thing! You make that  
physics swing! Be my  
valentine, you Surrey babe,  
you.  
Ever Yours,  
Cheese-muffin  
To Eric,  
Happy Valentine's Day, you  
Chem T.A. god!  
Love Bench 14 & 15.  
To all the charming and sexy  
men who have longed to  
satisfy my needs as a woman-  
thankyou for existing in my  
imagination.  
Antonia Rozario



# CHEAP THREADS!

The U.B.C. Science Undergraduate Society can help your team, club, department, faculty, etc. with your clothing needs.



We sell leather melton jackets, sweatshirts, sweatpants, caps, jerseys, mugs, sweaters, and almost any item imaginable.

If you purchased:

One dozen 100%-cotton Fruit of the Loom white T-shirts  
Full-front two-colour logo (with camera-ready artwork)  
Two-digit eight-inch numbering on the back

Each shirt would cost only \$13.50

We are in the Chemistry Building, room 160. Please feel free to phone us at 822-4235.  
Ask for Tim Lam (Sales Manager) or Michael Chow (Special Orders)