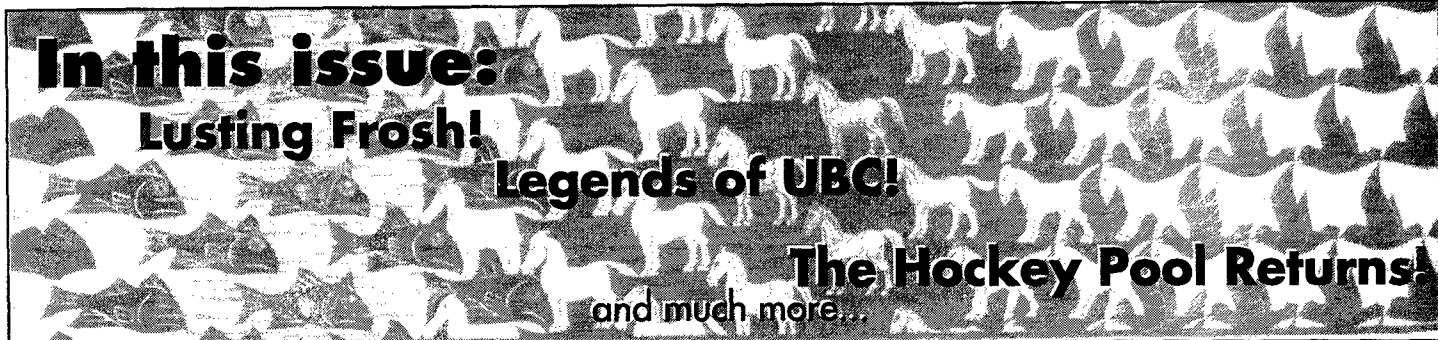


# The 432.



"Never bet on a race if you forgot which horse you drugged."

- Duckman, Fountain of Wisdom.

## "Should frosh have sex?" AMS to ask students.

*Soundproofing of walls in Totem and Vanier to begin in October.*

UBC, VANCOUVER (AP)

In a press conference Tuesday morning, Ryan Marshall, the President of the Alma Mater Society of UBC, announced that the third question on this year's September 29th referendum would not be on the legalisation of marijuana as previously stated.

"We talked with our lawyers, and they said that no matter which way the students voted, we couldn't declare UBC a marijuana legalised zone. Bloody hell. After talking with Nathan, we decided to ask the student body a question that might have a measurable impact on this campus."

The wording of the new referendum question will read as follows:

"Do you support the Alma Mater Society of UBC adopting a stance that calls for a comprehensive stress reduction strategy that includes:

- The advocacy of promiscuous sex in the traditional first year residences, Totem Park and Place Vanier;
- An increase of health services, including birth control information sessions

and access to prophylactics in all residences;

- An increase in social skill workshops, to decrease the number of virgins and increase the number of safe, healthy relationships;

- The prescription of the contraceptive drugs of choice, set up under safe medically monitored conditions."

When questioned about the Society's change in position, Nathan Allen, Coordinator of External Affairs, replied, "Last year in Vancouver, 400 deaths were attributed to severe stress overdoses. In Europe, where similar programs have been implemented, attributed deaths have dramatically reduced. You'd have to have your head pretty far up your ass not to put those two together."

Ryan Marshall concluded the press conference after saying, "We are just posing a question to the student body. The AMS is not taking a side on this issue. We will be having two committees formed, one in favour of the question and one against. Commerce will be forming the "No" committee, because we all know those guys in Commerce can't have fun.

You'll want to talk to Maryann Adamac, AMS Vice President, about the "Yes" committee. Heck, even Maryann likes a good stiffy now and then."

Reaction from campus groups has been mixed. UBC's Greek Council, comprised of elected members of all the fraternities, stated "This is a great day for UBC. After years of parties dedicated to raising student awareness of sex, liquor, and debauchery in general, the first real battle has been won." In stark contrast, the Campus Crusade for Christ (CCC), was adamant that this question should not be put to the student body.

"The asking of this question will only serve to increase the immorality of students on this campus. It's irresponsible and we won't stand for it. Adopting a pro-sex attitude may encourage younger and more easily influenced students to begin experimenting with sex. Ever since we lost the fight to outlaw looking down in the shower, its been a downhill slide for humanity. Well, I say it stops here" said Karen McMaster, spokesperson for the CCC.

A residence life advisor, speaking with

*The 432* on the condition of anonymity, said that whatever way the referendum goes, not a lot will change in the lives of the average UBC student. "These kids have just left home for the first time. Even with a roommate who might walk in at any time, they can't keep their pants on. What this referendum might do is persuade the administration to soundproof those god-damn walls so I can get some sleep."

Regardless of the mixed reaction on campus, the real question on this issue is whether or not an AMS referendum can make a difference in the real world.

Lawyers contracted by *The 432* unanimously declare the AMS lacks the power to act on referendum results from this proposal.

"Simply put, it is beyond their jurisdiction. This is not the reason that the AMS exists as a form of student government. Any attempt to enact legislation to support this referendum question will, most likely, be forcibly rebuked by UBC Administration. Oh well, at least they weren't stupid enough to pose a question on legalising drugs or some such."

UGH! by Duncan (und Graëme)



HOW TO SCORE FREE COOKIES

## Smoking, Cancer Linked: New Study

ALBANY, NY (REUTERS)

A long term study of the effects of smoking commissioned by the AMA in 1954 recently released their stunning conclusions.

"All evidence that we gathered over the past 45 years would lead us to the conclusion that smoking more than three packs of cigarettes can be a contributing factor to the development of lung cancer," stated Dr. Randal Lennon, head researcher on the team.

The study followed 40,000 caucasian Americans from the age of 15 through 60. Of those studied, approximately 21,000 smoked three packs of cigarettes a day, and in some cases more.

"21,182 of our subjects are what we would consider a typical heavy smoker. All of these subjects have since died. 20,071 developed terminal lung cancer, 1,010 developed terminal throat and/or

tongue cancer, and one was run over by a double-decker bus while pausing to light up in the middle of a crosswalk."

While every smoker in the study died, almost 80% of the non-smokers are still alive.

"3,763 of the non-smoking subjects have died," stated Lennon, "1,921 died of heart disease, 1,813 died of various forms of cancer and 29 were run over by buses of various configurations."

The scientific community has applauded the extensive and thorough research of Lennon's team. "Now we can use Dr. Lennon's skills to study the long-term effects of drinking boiling water!" stated an excited AMA board member.

The American Tobacco Industry is lobbying to require that all cigarette be labelled with warnings about the increased risk of heart disease and being run over by buses should consumers choose *not* to smoke.

# The 432.

VOLUME THIRTEEN

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**Editor**

John Hallett  
hallett@cs.ubc.ca

**Copy Editor**

Bree Baxter  
bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca

**Assistant Editors**

Andy Martin  
spacemoose@bc.sympatico.ca

**Printed by**

College Printers, Vancouver, BC

**Contributors**

Bree Baxter  
Keri Gammon  
Jay Garcia  
Miss Jenn Gardy  
John Hallett  
Andy Martin  
D. Myles McHugh  
Sara Stamm  
Jeff Steinbok  
Reka Sztopa  
Laura Yang

**Legal Information**

The 432 is published fortnightly from our dank, dark hole in the basement of the Chemistry Building where we toil endlessly without food or pay (three more payments and it's ours!). The 432 is the official publication of the Science Undergraduate Society, but does not represent the views or opinions of the Science Undergraduate Society. Go figure.

All views in this issue are strictly those of the individual writers, and as such are not the responsibility of The 432. In fact, anyone who adopts our writer's opinions, or shares similar beliefs with them, should consider seeking medical help.

Writers and cartoonists from each and every faculty are encouraged to submit their material to The 432. Submissions must meet the strict requirements of making the editor chuckle thrice upon first reading, and contain the author's name and contact information.

No rabbits were harmed in the production of this issue. Except for the one we used for the pregnancy test. And the two that ate the food we threw out of the fridge. Then there were the sixteen that died in the fire we lit Friday. Oh yeah, and the twenty (or so) that I ran over on the way over here. But other than those few, we didn't harm any, yet.

## Milk and Frogs Legs

**Keri Gammon**

*Dancing Queen*

Friends are people who solve your problems.

It was around dinner time, and I was evaluating the merits of grocery shopping vs. those of doing some reading for class this week. Just when I thought I would never reach a decision, I received some help.

Ring. (*That was my phone.*)

"Hi Keri, it's Bree [our feisty Director of Publications]. I need an article by 11 P.M., so sit your ass down and pump one out. And if you don't, you lazy \*%^&\$, I'll write one myself about that little display you put on at the Pit last Wednesday with those three engineers and the chocolate pudding."

"But Bree, for goodness sakes! There was no display, and DEFINITELY no engineer," came my confused reply. My word, it upsets me when people use such aggressive tactics. Bree knew as well as everyone that I spent Wednesday night locked up in council chambers for an AMS meeting. For heaven's sake, she was right there with me, listening to the load of sanctimonious horse manure.

"Gee Keri, that sounds so believable. You just keep up that story when everyone and their dog is reading about your little Pit escapades."

Click. (*That was Bree hanging up on me.*)

See what I mean? There I was, with unresolved issues regarding my plans for the evening, and Bree stepped in and made my decision for me. Friendship is a

lovely thing.

So my mind should really be on writing a half-decent article for this paper, but all I can think about is what I should have been doing with my night. I'm kind of worried about not having milk for my cereal tomorrow, and even more concerned about not having milk for my after-school date with said-dairy product and cookies. But then again, the cookies are also missing from that equation. My selection of produce is dwindling and I need more cheese. I need more pasta sauce because the brand I bought last time was completely unacceptable. I think I'm out of eggs too. Hey that reminds me - is it true that you can leave eggs unrefrigerated? A friend of mine told me that, but I don't know if I can believe it. First, this friend only recently moved out on his own, so what does he know about groceries? This guy also thinks that a candlelight dinner should include, above all else (including a date), Pizza Pops. I'm also thinking that maybe he just wants me to get really sick so I forget about the money he owes me. No, wait, I owe him money. Ok, but the first two reasons still stand as to why I shouldn't trust his kitchen advice.

Speaking of kitchens, something that was kind of funny, kind of quirky, happened the other night. One of my roommates was making guacamole and she nearly lost her entire index finger in a mishap with a big, shiny knife. To be fair, I should say that it was funny only after we realized she would be O.K. It was definitely not funny when I was mopping up her blood from the kitchen floor. The hospital was not very funny either, because the only magazine to read was "Ladies Home Journal" from November, 1989. Thinking about it

now, I guess the only funny part was the fact that she jumped right back into her guacamole as soon as we got home from the hospital. What a trooper. She loves her guacamole.

But allow me to get back to my internal debate as to what needs to be done tonight. As for my studies, well, I just hope that a night off won't hurt my chances at Med School. (If you don't know me already, this is where you learn that Keri has no intentions of going into Medicine and has very little tolerance for most of those that do.) But I should be reading a bit of genetics, and shit, I guess I should also look over my physiology lab that I'm scheduled to do tomorrow. Hold on, I'm going to read my lab but I'll be back.

Damn it, I have to pith a frog tomorrow. And then, I have to strip the skin of its tiny, froggy leg. Maybe it's for the best that I have no groceries, because any food consumed tomorrow might have a very good chance of making a reappearance, right in the Biology lab. I have no problem with the ethics of the frog slaughter for science, but I'm very squeamish (see above story regarding my bloody kitchen). I admit, I'm a girly-girl. And my most sincere puh-LEASE! goes out to any of you who think I just set the feminist movement back 50 years with that last comment. I'm really craving some sweet genetics reading tonight, so maybe I'll tackle that. Let's have a big "Giddy up!" for Bio 334. So everyone, readers of the 432 and not, have a nice night, and I hope that this article is all that you had hoped for.

I swear, there was no engineer.

*Uh huh. -ed.*

## Editorial.



**John Hallett**

*Chief Editor. Fear him.*

Well, the first awkward week of school is finally over. You now know where all of your classes are, how to sneak into The Pit, the shortest distance from The Pit to your res room when crawling, and why shooting ten ounces of tequila after coming home from the bar is a bad thing.

Now we get to start worrying about midterms, the various Oktoberfests, and calling back that cute girl you met at the bar. Well, at least you thought she was cute when you were drunk.

Sigh. Oh to be in school again. You may not realise it now, but these are the most carefree days of your life. Sure, you don't have to worry about homework or midterms once you graduate, but you do have to go to work in the morning. In school, you can simply decide that getting out of bed and making your way to class is a bit too much effort and no one would notice, anyway.

Anyway, enough of me pining for those six years that I was an unemployed student. Now we get to the part where I rant on various topics in no particular order.

**AMS Welcome Back BBQ**

Every year the AMS decides to put on a giant, financial black hole of a social event that is called the Welcome Back BBQ.

In all the years that I've been at UBC, I have never once waited in line to get in (someone always has spare wristbands), nor have I ever paid for beer. I mean, the engineers are serving! This goes for everyone I know.

Oh well, the AMS has to do something for free once in a while.

**AUS Bzzr Gardens**

The very first week of school saw witness to the very first AUS bzzr garden. I love these. Sure they serve warm beer at exorbitant prices (\$2/beer is highway robbery for beer), but no one ever actually pays for the beer, anyway. Add to that the incredibly liberal security ("I need ID or \$5 to let you in.") and you have a guaranteed interesting mix of people to chat with.

**The AMS Pot Question**

In short, I cannot believe that AMS council let them get away with this. In case you don't know, the AMS is adding a question to the referendum that essentially supports the legalising of pot.

Well, that view is all fine and dandy, but the AMS really has no business making such a statement. Why? Because they have no power to do anything whatsoever about the situation. The AMS adopting a pro-legalisation policy will be about as useful as the AMS deciding unanimously that big breasts are nice.

This question is only there to stir up controversy. In short, this is simply a publicity stunt aimed at getting enough people out to vote on the inconsequential pot question that the referendum makes quorum. By making quorum, the

questions that no one was really paying attention to (ie lost behind the hoopla of the pot question) might be forced through. You know, the thing about the medical plan that you skimmed over before voting "Yes" so that you could get to the pot question, which is why you came to vote in the first place.

Sigh. Okay, I'm done ranting now. Bastards.

**Construction**

In case you haven't noticed already, the road between Hebb Theatre and Hennings has been closed for construction. This, coincidentally, is the very same road that leads to the back door of the SUS.

What are they doing? Fixing some sort of dangerous gas leak or something. I don't care! I now have to park way over by the SUB and walk to the SUS! I say that we should organise a protest and force university administration to stop this frivolous waste of tuition dollars.

**Wheel Of Booze!**

I don't believe it. Someone actually went out and constructed a mini-Wheel of Booze that is now on display in the SUS lounge (Chem B160, come by and see).

Congrats go out to Dan Anderson who went to the effort of constructing this monument to liver destruction. He has even promised a full scale model in time for Oktoberfest (Okt. 22). So we hope to have the Wheel of Booze option at the bar that night.

# Winged Monkeys from Kansas



**Bree Baxter**

*Sasparilla*

Perhaps it is early in the year to wax philosophic about the tediousness of university, the idiocy of my acquaintances and colleges, the repetitiveness of the same old whining and complaining, the inevitability of people presuming that they are actually allowed to write the way they speak. Maybe, just maybe, this year will be different. I may see a change in the status quo, a chance to move beyond the past.

Perhaps not.

Every time I think that humanity has taken a step forward, some story comes over the newswire that makes me wish that Homo Sapiens had never diverged from the chimpanzees. Lord knows there isn't an awful lot of difference from that guy named Al who runs the Greasy Gear Garage and the chimpanzee named Al who eats lice of his brother's head. Less than 2% of the genome, if I recall. If chimpanzees ran the earth, they probably wouldn't have banned the teaching of evolution in Kansas school. Long-time readers may have noticed I seem to have a particular bent for slamming school

boards, particularly of the religious right-wing type. I don't hate all school boards, just those that obviously haven't passed their grade 8 education. And, in my less-than-humble biologically-educated opinion, any educational body that has removed all references to evolution in grade K-12 science classes because, "There is no evidence that evolution is a sound scientific theory," should take a refresher course in Earth History: The First Five Billion Years. Even an institution such as UBC, financially troubled as she is, can maintain the seriousness of education and the sanctity of the scientific process.

Perhaps their sanity was carried away with the Gale house. Auntie Em! Toto!

The above was a cultural reference. Having grown up in our multimedia society, I cannot remember a time when I did not know who Dorothy was, or why she was in Oz. Darth Vader, to me, wasn't some smart-ass nine year old, but a big scary guy in a black respirator. When I was 4, I watched the movie, "Annie" four times in a row. I think I drove my poor mother insane. Even today, with our technology updates, I'm still partial to watching the old classics.

Technology isn't always a good thing. Granted, people are living longer and

with a better quality of life. But if the entertainment sucks, what would you do with that extra time? Whine about the weather? Since the dawn of cinema, Hollywood has searched for the perfect special effect. King Kong in the 20's, giant ants overrunning a city in the 50's, Luke Skywalker's light saber in the '70's, Pamela Anderson's breasts in the 90's. Unfortunately, the stunning upturn in effects hasn't been accompanied by a stunning upturn in the quality of acting. I dare each and everyone of you to watch an old classic (I'll let you choose your own classic: I'm not that much of a dictator) and then watch one of today's top ten video rentals. I could watch Robert DeNiro and Billy Crystal try to kill each other in what is termed a "comedy", or I could watch Buffy try to out-skank herself, or Mad Max have a fun little revenge killing fest. All in all, I can't believe it's not acting!

I actually began typing this article with high hopes of talking about musical stylings. I realize now that I've written about music in a previous article, or else I've thought about it so much that it just seems that way. Either way, I won't talk about music.

I will talk about my plans for world domination. Each of us, whether you

admit it or not, wants to rule the world. Some, like a certain man whose name I won't mention (but his initials are J. Garcia) have laid out detailed plans of before, during and after the global coup. Other, such as myself, just wish that every moron on the face of this alien-forsaken planet would shut the hell up and listen to me, because I'm right. I would actually be a benevolent dictator, because I'm perfectly happy to let everyone live their own little lives if they don't interfere with my life, don't try to tell me what I can do or how I can learn it, or where I am or am not allowed to be at 2 o'clock in the morning.

I'm sure there is also a reason there has never been a female dictator, I just don't have enough space to go into it right now.

Sleep well, and remember that spandex is a privilege, not a right. But then again, many things fall into that category. Like strapless bras. And corderoy. And don't forget about touques. Or those little tiny umbrellas in tropical drinks. You could also include a number of other things, most of them falling into the "I can't believe it's not clothing!" category. But I digress. Off to class, boys and girls!

## Bored with Frog Dissections?

Write for the 432

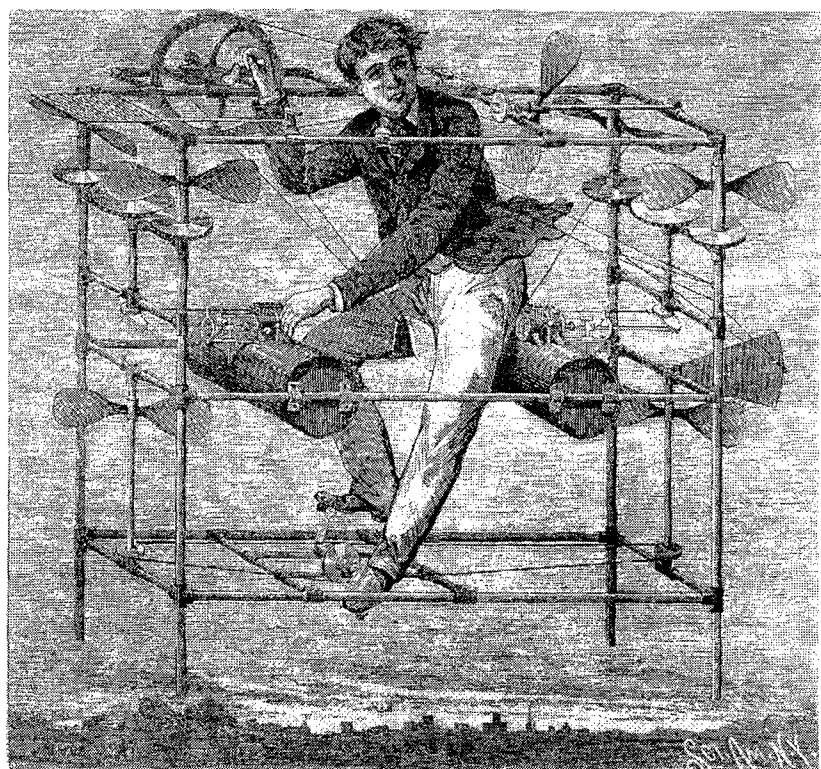
### PATSCAN

**Learn** how to find great research data in patents!  
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All hands-on patent searching tutorials are held in the Sedgewick Teaching computer lab, in the new Koerner Library, Room 217 on Thursdays at 4:00 PM.

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- Sept. 23:** Using the UBC Library version of Lexis Nexis to search European, Japanese, and US patents.
- Sept. 30:** Patent-searching workshop for Engineering and Science Students involved in design projects using Internet and UBC Library sources.



To reserve a place e-mail [rsimmer@interchange.ubc.ca](mailto:rsimmer@interchange.ubc.ca) or phone 822-5404  
For more info see our website at [www.library.ubc.ca/patscan](http://www.library.ubc.ca/patscan)

Running out of paper? Jot down your notes in this special 432 Note-Space!

Wasn't that fun?

## Manifesto Wanted

Are you concerned about the modern world? Do you have questions or opinions about how this, or any other newspaper, is run? Do you want to vent your radical yet righteous world view, but *The Ubyyssey* claims that you are too "militant?"

Send a letter to the Editor of The 432. We promise to print your world view unedited and in its entirety.

Write us:  
The 432  
c/o The Dean of Science  
6270 University Blvd.  
V6T 1Z4

or e-mail us:  
John Hallett - Chief Editor  
<[hallett@cs.ubc.ca](mailto:hallett@cs.ubc.ca)>

Breeonne Baxter - Copy Editor  
<[bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca](mailto:bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca)>

# Pong and PacMan

☞☞☞ Jay Garcia

☞☞☞ Sugar Daddy

I am a child of the digital age. Alright, I may be old enough to remember when records were popular, stereo was a new concept, and rotary telephones were still around (anyone really remember why we use the verb "to dial" whenever we call people? Or why Washington DC got such nice area codes like 909 and places like Alaska get a 101 area code? It's all got to do with that rotary dial), but I'm really a kid in this modern age. And though I was old enough to remember when CD's were first hitting the market (many of you frosh out there have lived your entire lives under the tyranny of that digital recording media, never having heard the warm sounds, or, for that matter, the occasional pops and hisses of an eight-track tape or a vinyl record, nor suffered the heart wrenching agony of discovering that your tapes have had their oxidant flake off, or your records have warped or been scratched), my heart lies solidly in this new world of ones and zeroes, largely because of one extremely popularizing factor: funky-cool consumer electronics. I recall the wave of Tamagochi hysteria from a few years ago. Or, more amazingly, the love-getty's. These sweet little toys can be set to three settings: looking for a date, looking for sex, or karaoke (okay, their Japanese; it's not as if I make these things up). If somebody else with a love-getty has theirs set to your setting and passes within a certain number of meters from you, both units beep or hum or vibrate. Heck, if I wanted a beeping, bleeping, humming, ringing or vibrating piece of consumer technology, I don't have to look any farther than either a Palm Pilot or a cell phone -- preferably one of those

slick, sweet Nokia jobbies (note to corporate sponsors: yes, I can be bought, and for a low, low price). The best things about the Pilot are the programs you can download into it. One of my friends is currently deep into a session of Drug Lords; kind of a commodities-exchange version of Sim City with a criminal bent.

But the best pieces of modern consumer electronics save, perhaps, for the Hitachi Magic Wand, of which if you want to know anything about it, you should ask either your girlfriend or one of those girls who works in those glass-booth fiver-a-peek places in the seedier parts of Granville Street, are computers. When I was in my early teens, the top of the line were the Vic-20's, the Amigas and the venerable Commodore 64 (and 64 doesn't stand for the bit-architecture either; it stands for that machines total memory - 64k, which, if you listened to Bill Gates in the late seventies, should be enough for anybody). I remember when a 40 megabyte hard drive was cavernous. "But Jon," said I to my computer-acquisitive friend "what are you going to fill that thing with?" All sorts of computer technology however, follows Moore's law, and not just processors. Hard drives, RAM, CD and DVD-ROMS, add-in cards and the like just keep getting cheaper every six months, and more and more programmers are writing programs which use and abuse all that extra capacity. I recall watching my buddy Orion play Wizard of Wor on his little dinky machine, with its bad tv/antenna-connector output and marveling at the beauty of a really blocky screen full of jerkily-moving pixels, in sixteen magnificent colors. These days, if a games doesn't display at least at 16 bits-per-pixel depth at least 800 x 600, or come with 3D acceleration, then I'm probably not playing it. Of course, this is often said about the 3D-shooting genre, where cus-

tomers satisfaction is measured in terms of "with what kind of cool toys can I use to blow up the other guy?" and "when the other guy gets hit, does he splatter?" Fun as these games are (and, yes, I'm an addict... I went to a tournament for these kind of games last summer, and when one of the best of the new breed of games came out last Saturday, I was online and downloading, and then online and fragging the other bastards who were also on-line and fragging to their hearts content. I started on Saturday evening, sometime after 11:00pm. Next I looked up, it was six in the morning), these games really don't hold up well compared to the classics. Tetris is a simple game in comparison to Quake, but Tetris holds the greater addictivity value. The same is true for almost all of the best games of the early eighties. Asteroids, Pac Man and the like still hold me under their spell.

Then again, I am a hapless techno-weenie. I blame it all on my high speed connection to the net. Those of you living in Res or who have xDSL or cable modems, you know whereof I speak. It starts off innocently; as at first, you're just pleased to be getting your webpages faster. Next thing you know, you're downloading hundreds of megabytes of utter crap on to your hard drive just because you can. Then you do something rash like setting up an FTP server for movies and music, and the next thing you know, people are uploading all sorts of unsettling or annoying files so they can meet the ratio and download the hundreds of megs of other crap that you never got around to deleting. Normally, this wouldn't be a bad thing, but I have my mp3 player set to randomly play a song from my archives to wake me up in the morning. Naturally, it would have to be one of the three or four recent uploads of obscenely humorous 1980's rap. It's somewhat

unsettling to wake up to the tune of "Me So Horny" by 2 Live Crew, followed up by a segue into Sir Mixalot's magnum opus, "Baby Got Back"; "I like big butts and I cannot lie / you other brother's can't deny / when a little bitty thing walks in with a round thing in your face / you get sprung". Classic, truly, truly classic stuff. It's almost as bad as being woken up when my computer's tv-tuner activates to Much Music sometime around eight o'clock, and it's playing French Kiss. Perhaps the only thing more unnerving to wake up to than obscenely humorous eighties rap would have to be French rap. And, because my computer doesn't have a remote control, I have to stumble out of bed to find the keyboard and turn the damn thing off. Hapless techno-weenie? Me? No kidding.

I always have to laugh whenever anyone tells me that a computer is a time-saving device, because, what it really is a one of the best methods of wasting time whilst maintaining some semblance of productivity. Idaho and Montana both had to pass legislation allowing managers to remove and ban games from their office computers, because of the sheer number of man-hours lost to minesweeper or solitaire. Many's the time I've taken a break from writing an essay or working on a project to play some violent blast-em-up, only to look up and realize that my "fifteen minute break" has blossomed into a four-hour procrastination-fest.

It's enough to make me long for the good old days of Pong, rotary-phones and vinyl records. Oops, gotta run; I've got a scheduled on-line deathmatch in fifteen minutes.



## Don't do this at home!!

### The 432's Home Terrorist Tip #1

Mail bombs are extremely dangerous when incorrectly assembled. A good method to ensure your safety and that the bomb will only explode on delivery is to place a piece of cardboard between your contacts and tape the cardboard to the lid of the package. When the recipient opens the box, the cardboard is removed and the contacts close and Boom!

### The 432's Home Terrorist Tip #2

You can enhance the effectiveness of pipe bombs by duct taping large numbers of nails around the outside. The nails, when propelled by the explosion, will act like deadly shrapnel.

### The 432's Home Terrorist Tip #3

Mixing plastic, heavy duty motor oil and gasoline produces a naplam-like substance that not only burns hotter and slower than normal gasoline, but sticks to whatever you throw it on!

### The 432's Home Terrorist Tip #4

Bombing buildings is becoming increasingly difficult. To make just as powerful a political statement, replace the oxygen gas containers on a building's environmental control system with containers filled with carbon monoxide. Since carbon monoxide is both tasteless and odourless, your victims will not realize that they are in danger until their co-workers begin to pass out. After 30 minutes, pull the fire alarm to prevent weary business workers from using the elevators--their only possible means of escape!

## Don't do this at home!!

**Visit the SUS Website! Please!**

<http://www.ams.ubc.ca./sus>

# Dead Pool IV:

## The Update



### The Reaper

#### Sister Soul

Once more, we have information on Dead Pool IV. There are apparently a few things I forgot to mention in the last issue, things that might be beneficial to the completion of your Dead Pool entry.

Firstly, you must bring your completed form into SUS, Chemistry B160, by October 1st, in order to qualify. Of course, you are allowed to hand your

form in after October 1st, but you're not going to get any points for anyone on your list who has died. That is called cheating, and cheaters die young.

Second, you are not allowed to list generalities. An example would be an entry that reads, "Mafia Turncoats", or "Lemmings."

Your entry form must be placed into the blue ballot box on the table in SUS. I will not be hunting out stray forms on the last date.

If anyone has any questions, email [bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca](mailto:bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca)

# Dead Pool IV Entry Sheet

Your name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Your email address: \_\_\_\_\_  
Your phone number: \_\_\_\_\_

Your entries:

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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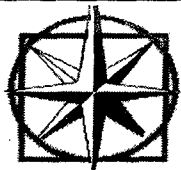
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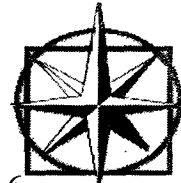
**Earn big \$\$!** **Work only 45 minutes per week!**  
**Unlimited income potential!** **Earn up to \$20,000 monthly!**

*Vancouver-based drug running companies are looking for motivated individuals who can run fast and keep a straight face.*

**Start a new life with an exciting career in the dynamic field of drug smuggling!**



## The 4th Annual S.U.S. Hockey Pool



- Box 1**
- J.Jagr Pit  
 T.Selanne Ana  
 E.Lindros Phi  
 P.Kariya Ana  
 J.Sakic Col  
 P.Forsberg Col  
 T.Fleury Nyr

- Box 2**
- J.LeClair Phi  
 M.Modano Dal  
 Z.Palfy LA  
 P.Demitra Stl  
 M.Sundin Tor  
 P.Turgeon Stl  
 P.Bondra Wsh

- Box 3**
- S.Yzerman Det  
 M.Recchi Phi  
 K.Tkachuk Phx  
 T.Amonte Chi  
 S.Fedorov Det  
 A.Yashin Ott  
 J.Allison Bos

- Box 4**
- B.Hull Dal  
 S.Thomas Tor  
 M.Straka Pit  
 J.Roenick Phx  
 M.Naslund Van  
 M.Messier Van  
 M.Satan Buf

- Box 5**
- R.Reichel Phx  
 D.Khristich F/A  
 B.Guerin Edm  
 K.Primeau Car  
 P.Sykora NJ  
 A.Oates Was  
 S.Samsonov Bos

- Box 6**
- B.Shanahan Det  
 R.Whitney Fla  
 L.Robitaille LA  
 A.Graves NYR  
 D.Alfredsson Ott  
 M.Johnson Tor  
 M.Grosek Buf

- Box 7**
- G.Roberts Car  
 O.Kvasha Fla  
 T.Linden Mtl  
 C.Ronning Nsh  
 A.Cassels Van  
 V.Bure Cgy  
 P.Marleau SJ

- Box 8**
- C.Lapointe NYI  
 B.Rolston NJ  
 M.Hossa Ott  
 R.Ferraro Atl  
 R.Murray Edm  
 T.Donato Ana  
 I.Korolev Tor

- Box 9**
- D.Drake Phx  
 M.Sturm SJ  
 D.Langkow Phi  
 C.Conroy Stl  
 B.Morrison NJ  
 A.Korolyuk SJ  
 S.Walker Nsh

- Box 10**
- R.Bourque Bos  
 A.MacInnis Stl  
 F.Olausson Ana  
 N.Lidstrom Det  
 S.Zubov Dal  
 B.Leetch NYR  
 D.Sydor Dal

- Box 11**
- L.Murphy Det  
 B.Mironov Chi  
 M.Ohlund Van  
 S.Niedermayer NJ  
 E.Desjardins Phi  
 C.Pronger Stl  
 R.Blake LA

- Box 12**
- K.Hatcher Pgh  
 D.McGillis Phi  
 R.Svehla Fla  
 J.Lumme Phx  
 A.Aucoin Van  
 O.Tverdovsky Ana  
 W.Redden Ott

- Box 13**
- N.Pratt Car  
 A.Foote Col  
 A.Zyuzin TB  
 K.Jonsson NYI  
 K.McLaren Bos  
 J.Bouchard Nas  
 G.Suter SJ

- Box 14**
- M.Balmochnykh Ana  
 P.Stefan Atl  
 J.Hlavac NYR  
 S.Kariya Van  
 S.Gomez NJ  
 J.Krog NYI  
 B.Stuart SJ

**Hockey Pool Updates will be posted in the stairwell of the Chem Bldg, as well as updates by e-mail and internet.**

**Rules:** Select one(1) player from each box. The contestant with the most total points (goals + assists) will be the winner. 'nuff said!

**Prizes:** 1st place: 60% of pool plus... a replica Hockey Jersey of your choice!!  
2nd place: 30% 3rd place: 10%

No trades allowed.

**Deadline:** Friday Oct.1st at 4:32 pm. Drop entry forms into box in SUS (Chem B160). Contact **Aarne** at <[aarne@interchange.ubc.ca](mailto:aarne@interchange.ubc.ca)> for more info. or drop by SUS and see Sara.

**Entry Fee:** \$5.00!!!!

**Tiebreaker**(in case of tie):How many games will the Canucks win this year? \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone # \_\_\_\_\_  
E-Mail \_\_\_\_\_

# The Legends of UBC

**Legend:** There exists an almost magical "Master of Masters" Key that opens every door on campus, from the gates of Thunderbird Stadium to your closet in Totem.

**Story:** During his "Reign of Terror," former UBC President 'Diamond' Dave Strangway commissioned a locksmith to reform the locks of all UBC buildings. The result is the master system. Each portion of campus has a letter assigned to it (Chemistry is in the 'D' zone, for instance). Every door in each portion can be opened by a single, master key. The legend holds that there exists one "Master of Masters Key," that opens every door on campus. It is supposedly kept in a safe in Martha Piper's office, but has not been seen since Strangway's day.

**Myth or Fact:** This legend is probably false. The master system was designed so that one ring of keys could open almost every door on campus, not one key. Besides, having a single key act as the master for thousands upon thousands of variants would be virtually impossible. However, Martha Piper does have the ring of master keys, so watch out.

**Legend:** A network of tunnels populated by scolding hot steam criss-cross campus just below the surface. Students have been known to descend into this abyss and never emerge.

**Story:** UBC is the last network of buildings in the world that relies on steam for heat. Steam is generated in a building behind Angus and the Klink (formerly Computer Science) and piped all over campus to heat water. This system is stupidly inefficient and results in long hot water outages in the various residences.

**Myth or Fact:** Definitely a fact. Steam Tunnels are known to everyone, but traversed by only a few (including David Duchovny and Gillian Anderson in an episode of the X-Files). Contrary to belief, there is little scalding steam in the tunnels and almost no pipes are hot enough to burn you. However, it is relatively easy to get lost and wander for hours (but you always get out). Entrances to the steam tunnels are all

over campus (man-hole covers, usually locked with a simply padlock-bring lock cutter). Secluded ones include: In the triangle of bushes between the Chem/Phys buildings and the Bookstore parking lot, just off of the path between Woodward and Pysio (by the stairs), and the main steam tunnel entrance between Kenny and Social Work.

**Legend:** You can get free money from various organizations just by asking for it.

**Story:** Your tuition is secretly divided into literally thousands of tiny little inefficient packages. These packages include stuff like The 432, bzzr gardens, and drafting up an official policy of how all UBC students feel about East Timor. Some of these portions are refundable if you would only ask about it. Go to the Ubysey office, tell them they suck, and demand \$5 back. You get \$5. Go to the SRC, tell them to piss off, and ask for \$40 back. You get \$40. Go to the AMS office in SUB, defecate on the carpet, and ask for your \$450 back or you'll start burning things. This might not work, but then again, it might.

**Myth or Fact:** True. Do it. We do. Some undergraduate societies are even willing to return your membership fee, provided that you do not partake of any of the services they offer.

**Legend:** It is possible to sneak into many of the big concerts that occur in the SUB.

**Story:** So many concerts go on at SUB during the year...who can afford them all? Wait in the loading bay the day of the concert you absolutely have to go to. Wait for a loading truck and grab a pack

of napkins or something else really light. Pick it up and follow someone who looks like they know what they're doing. A few corridors and an elevator later, you're in the Ballroom for free. Do the same afterwards to talk to the band.

**Myth or Fact:** This is also true. You'd be amazed where you can get and how much free beer you can drink simply by acting like you know what you're doing.

**Legend:** Campus is private property after nightfall.

**Story:** Strange laws apply to land granted to Universities by the Crown. Among these is the fact that campus is considered privately owned after nightfall. Private land law allows things like underage drivers, open liquor and all sorts of fun that the government won't let you do in public.

**Myth or Fact:** This legend is rooted in fact. However, the University still owns the land and can call in the RCMP to enforce open liquor laws, so don't push your luck.

**Legend:** UBC has a full scale wind tunnel in one of the Applied Science buildings.

**Story:** In one of the engineering buildings, there is said to be a full sized wind tunnel, just like in the movies. Bring a kite! Test the aerodynamicities of a cow stolen from the Aggies! Lock an irritating frosh in and turn the red, shiny dial to '10'!

**Myth or Fact:** True. The wind tunnel resides in CEME. It is in theory considered off limits after 5pm and on weekends...in theory.

**Legend:** Sororities do not have houses on campus because the first sorority,

Alpha Tau Ceti, began to operate an informal brothel.

**Story:** Alpha Tau Ceti resided in a club house on the corner of Western Parkway and Toronto Road that was comprised of mostly bedrooms. After it became known that some of the more "liberal" girls would accept presents of beer in exchange for sexual favours, a senior decided to organize their efforts. The operation was busted by the RCMP and the house remains vacant to this day.

**Myth or Fact:** This is complete myth, who comes up with this drivel? There has never been a sorority house on campus because of an old bylaw that views more than six females living under one roof as a brothel. The empty frat house at W. Parkway and Toronto is just the remains of chapter that lost its license after a particularly rowdy party. UBC hasn't leased the building to a new fraternity because it wants to keep control of the area. Surprisingly, the brothel law was repealed last year, but sororities now have to deal with the same people that won't re-lease the empty building for fears of uncontrolled parties.

**Legend:** On a cold, stormy night, several science students buried a keg before Arts Cauty Fair, and reaped the rewards during the Fair

**Story:** Beer is expensive and requires waiting in long lines during the largest outdoor alcoholic festival in Canada. Seven science students found the ultimate plan to get around these barriers and made sure that the alcohol was free and readily accessible to all by digging a pit on the hill in Thunderbird Stadium in the middle of the cold night and depositing a keg inside. Flat beer was enjoyed by all Science students during the entire concert.

**Myth or Fact:** True. In recent history, few accomplishments are revered as the successful keg burying at A.C.F....for the greater good.

Watch for The Legends of UBC: Part II in the next issue!

## Science Council Elections

POSITIONS AVAILABLE:

Two First Year Reps

Four General Officers

Once Science-One Rep

One rep from each department: Biology, Chemistry, Computer Science, Gen-

eral Science, Geography (Science), Earth and Ocean Sciences, Geophysics, Astronomy, Mathematics and Statistics, Microbiology and Immunology, Pharmacology and Physiology, Physics, and Psychology (science)

Nomination forms available below, or in the SUS office (Chem B160).

### NOMINATION FORM FOR THE SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY



#### Year & Department Representative Positions

Name of Candidate \_\_\_\_\_  
 Year \_\_\_\_\_ Department \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_ Student # \_\_\_\_\_  
 Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

I am aware of my nomination and am willing to run of the position of: \_\_\_\_\_

DATE: \_\_\_\_\_ SIGNED: \_\_\_\_\_

We, the undersigned, 15 bona-fide members of the Science Undergraduate Society, nominate the above for the position of \_\_\_\_\_

| STD.# | NAME(PRINT) | SIGNATURE |
|-------|-------------|-----------|
| 1     |             |           |
| 2     |             |           |
| 3     |             |           |
| 4     |             |           |
| 5     |             |           |
| 6     |             |           |
| 7     |             |           |
| 8     |             |           |
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| 12    |             |           |
| 13    |             |           |
| 14    |             |           |
| 15    |             |           |
| 16    |             |           |
| 17    |             |           |
| 18    |             |           |

Deadline for nominations is Friday, Oct. 8 @ 4:32 pm in CHEM B160  
 All-candidates meeting will be held Oct. 8 @ 4:32 in Chem B160  
 Attendance is mandatory unless prior arrangements have been made with Reka Sztopa.

# The Sock Drawers of SUS

## Secretary

**Keri Gammon**

**H**i kids. This is Keri Gammon, your friendly Science Secretary, telling you all to forget about school for another couple of weeks and dammit, go have some fun. I will fill the rest of my exec report with prophetic advice for everyone, because really, what can a secretary really report? Oh, other than this: if Club reps continue to give such lengthy reports at Council meetings, I may have to get unpleasant. Last meeting, Craig turned it over to Club reps and warped us all into the friggin' Neverending Story. No, I'm being a bitch. Really, it's cool that the SUS clubs are so active so early in the year, it's just a pain in the rump to get everything written down. Now on with the advice...

-First, if you didn't make it to the AMS Welcome Back BBQ, then host your own this weekend. Oh, and invite me, as I didn't make it either. I like steak, good ol' Canadian Blue, and if you could get the Tragically Hip, then I guess that would be ok.

-Next - if you're a first year and your first two weeks in Science have been less than great, PLEASE don't transfer to the Arts. Science gets better, really. Well actually, it might not...but becoming an Artsie will only give your friends more reason to make fun of you. And as if that spectacle last Friday night wasn't enough...what were you thinking?

-Third please vote in the upcoming AMS

refer.er, um..referendum. And just in case you need some help, I will give you your opinion. Vote for the health plan, because we need drugs (prescription drugs, that is) and clean, shiny teeth. You can always opt out if you have equivalent coverage, so just vote "yes". Number two deals with a small increase to your AMS fees to provide us with improved Safewalk, Speakeasy counseling, JobLink, etc. Of course, you think these services are very necessary to the safety and well-being of yourself and your fellow students, so you're voting "yes". And you think that the question "should marijuana be legalized" and the ensuing bullets of blatant stupidity are absolutely ludicrous topics for a student society to tackle, so of course you will be voting "no" to that ridiculous question.

- Participate in SHINERAMA this weekend. Get together some friends, meet in the Totem Park Ballroom at 8am on Saturday, and go shine some shoes for Cystic Fibrosis. It's an excellent cause, and I will be there - who could ask for anything more?

- Finally, if you haven't stopped by Chem B160 to see the Science Undergrad Society office, please do so. There are lots of toys (and execs) to play with, cheap pop, a photocopier, a phone for your use, computers, couches and a microwave. We'd like to meet you, and believe me, you want to meet us. So come on over.

Well that's it. And remember - only 14 weeks until Christmas.

grab a copy off me and make any comments you'd like. Other than that, all I can really say is that we have money; this is a good thing. Since I have nothing more to add, I'd like to make a shameless plug for the SUS website and newsgroup. John, is that ok with you? For information on SUS and what we're up to these days, check out the newsgroup at [ubc.sus](mailto:ubc.sus) and also our very own, cool website at <http://www.ams.ubc.ca/sus>.

Last year's winners are as follows: T. Ellis won First Place! In second place was T. Caftro, and in third place was Amanda H. Make sure you are eligible for next year's winning circle!

Also, there are registration forms in SUS and SRC gym for more than 10 intramurals sports teams/leagues. If you are in sciences, and if you are at all involved or interested in playing any sports this year, intramurals is for you. It's really easy to sign up, and you can get 50% or more of your entry fees rebated to you at the end of the year.

Did you know that Science Undergrad Society was third over all for accumulative points in intramurals last year? That's purty darn good, and the way to win is to have MORE teams. Everyone of you should join. Come to SUS to grab your forms, and if you have any questions, I'll try to be around for you to ask.

Intramurals Rules!

make me write the whole paper by myself. I get tired and cranky.

On the upside, I have a plant in my room now, that glows purple when there is light outside. It makes me happy. I also saw a bunny rabbit over by Buchanan last Monday. It hopped around and looked for food. I had to go to class, so I couldn't see what the bunny did next.

I've filled this chunk of space. Ribbit.

## SoCo

**Jenn Gardy**

**W**elcome to the first Social report of the year. We had our first event on Wednesday, Sept. 8th, and those of you that have been following my column will have been pleased to note that I finally found a cool new name for the beer garden, after spending most of the summer trying to think of something better than "The Second Class Bash". In honour of my good friend Paddy Walsh, esteemed lead singer from Montreal ska band The Kingpins and drunkard extraordinaire, the Second Class Bash is now the Happy Birthday Paddy Walsh Bzzr Garden. Of course this can only be used if the first Wednesday of class happens to be Sept. 8th but it all worked out this year so la la.

Anyway, the whole thing went pretty well. The liquid refreshment was frighteningly late in arriving, but it was given to us at NO COST WHATSOEVER in lieu, and I, socialist that I am, passed the savings on to \*you\* and we had the

ABSOLUTELY FREE ALL YOU CAN DRINK. Paddy would be so proud. Don't you wish you were there instead of standing in the Pit Night lineup for 6 hours? I thought so. Even mopping up the next day was pretty easy, and this year's Golden Mop goes to Jay Garcia for his help on Thursday morning. Yay Jay!

I would normally use this space to talk about upcoming Social events but I can't really remember any of them so I'll say this: we have some cool stuff coming up this year - we're going to do a few events with the AUS, we'll have a cool band of some sort for Science Week, and this year I'm going to stop having bands at bzzr gardens and instead have really really cheap bzzr. Oktoberfest is coming up sometime in, er, October, (I just checked my booking sheet and it tells me Friday Oct. 22nd) and I'm aiming for a \$5 all you can drink sort of thing in the SUB partyroom. If anyone has lederhosen, start airing them out now so they'll be ready. Anyway, if you have any ideas for events, if you want to help out, or if you want to send me money, you can reach me at [missjenn@home.com](mailto:missjenn@home.com)

## Internal Vice

**Reka Sztopa**

**W**ell, it's been a tough two weeks prying ourselves away from summer and getting back into the groove of things, but I hope that all of you have survived your hectic intro or welcome back to UBC and are well on your way to a successful year.

On Friday, September 10th, SUS ran a very successful First Year BBQ, giving out free burgers and pop to frosh and charging only \$2 for everyone else. We had over 300 people over the course of the event which was great!

Our first FYC (First Year Committee)

meeting was on Wednesday, September 14th for everyone still interested in helping to make a first year as a science student at UBC a blast. If you are still interested in joining FYC or would like some more info, please email me at [rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca](mailto:rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca).

Other than that, please find enclosed in this issue of the 432 a nomination form for Science Council Elections. There are many positions available (please see the ad on page 6 of this issue). I encourage all of you to consider running or nominating a friend.

Have a wonderful next two weeks, and remember not to let summer go. If we all believe, it might just hang around for a couple of more weeks.

## Finance

**Jeff Steinbok**

**H**ideho, and welcome to Jeff's bi-weekly ramble. The SUS budget for 1999-2000 was presented to council this past Thursday (September 16). If you would like to comment on it, feel free to come by the SUS office and

## Sports

**Sara Stamm**

**H**ello again, boys and girls. This is your lovely sports rep coming to you from the impenetrable depths of my dazed mind.

So, what is new with sports? Well, let me tell you, there's plenty. First of all, hockey pool forms are out, you can all register. Just take your entry form from this paper, or from my mailbox in SUS, or from the folders on the bulletin boards outside of SUS. The fee for entry is 5\$, without which your form will automatically be disqualified. It's worth the money though, because first, second, and third places have prizes! You can hand in your form in the box provided in SUS. Give it a whirl guys, it's fun, fun, fun!

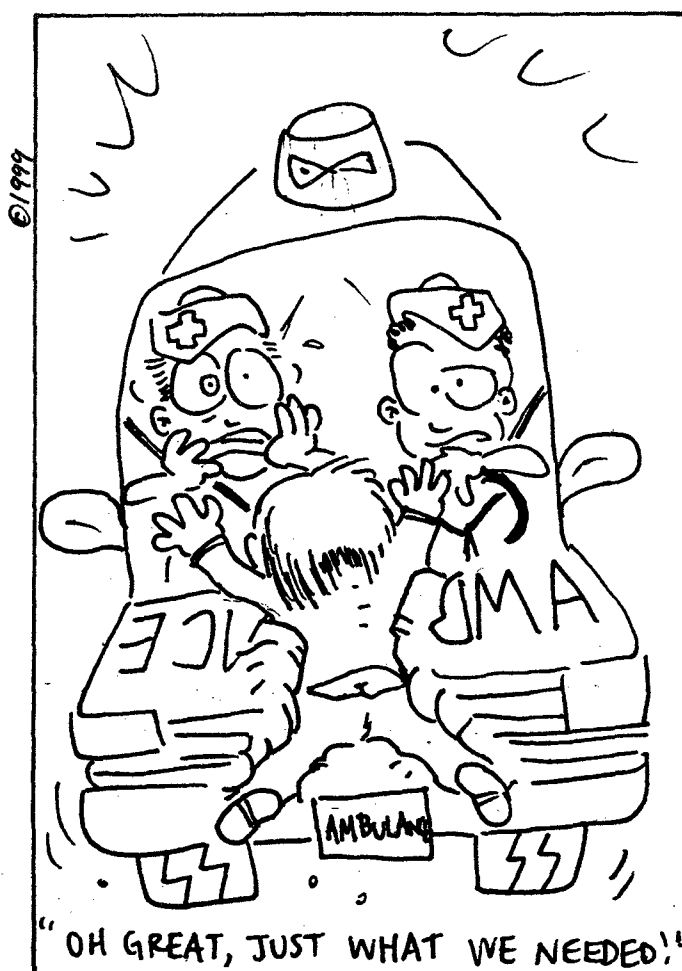
## Publications

**Bree Baxter**

**I**would like to take this small block of space to ask each and every one of you to write for the 432. Our next deadline is Wednesday, September 29th at 4:32pm. No, I don't mean Sunday at midnight. I don't even mean Friday after the fact. I mean Wednesday. Please don't

Join the Dean's Team

<http://www.science.ubc.ca/ambassador.htm>



# I Give It Up for the Wookie



**Andy Martin**

Not Chewbacca, Really!

Lights. Camera. Aaaaaand...

Our chipper heroes, Andy and Dave, arrive at the gates to the Fortress of Solitude (a.k.a. Silvercity Riverport) at 5:45 Tuesday afternoon. It is overcast. They were tenth in Line for tickets to the most anticipated movie of all time: Star Wars, Episode I. Their mission: To liberate 48 of these tickets for 'The People', specifically the 48 people who were willing to actually pay Andy and Dave, in the form of a light-saber, to stand in this Line for them.

The Line had started at one o'clock that afternoon, with one lone woman (yes, there were females in the Line, proving once again that geekiness knows no gender) starting a movement that would number over 360 desperate, lonely people at its peak, a massive queue of humanity that seemed to scream to the world, "At least we're not Star Trek freaks!"

Fueled by a single Big Mac and a foot of meatball sub (and the case of Okanagan Springs Pale Ale, carefully hidden from the theatre owners, police and the one sober picketing projectionist), our heroes settled down for the long wait ahead. Lady Luck smiled upon the two, as they were the last to be under cover when the torrential thunder storm struck. God was vengeful. It seemed as though He was saying, "You bastards never Line up like this for church, so take this up the ass!" Rations were dropped around eight o'clock in the form of Kentucky Fried Free Chicken, Pepsi, macaroni salad, and

, most important of all, the wetnaps. Opinions varied as to which of the four was the least edible.

Boredom was forestalled by various attempts at entertainment, consisting of an Obi-Wan Kenobi action figure, a deck of cards that was missing the nine of diamonds, and Andy's half-sober attempt at playing the Imperial March on his guitar. Fortunately, the crowd was more than willing to provide entertainment. There were the high school girls, pleasant both to look at and to speak with, and who spent a few hours comparing difficulty of math homework with the third year chemical engineer. Close behind them was the loser who had come to the Line with the goal of scoring, despite the Line's 20:1 sex ratio. Here is a sample of his classic come-on line repertoire: "I love math problems" and "Are you kidding, I'm the Monopoly King! I actually have a crown in my room."

Well, his Highness, nicely ruined the game of Star Wars Monopoly that the girls broke out by spilling his beer all over it before anybody had a chance to pass GO. Not only did he ruin his chance with the girls, he also lost any chance to prove that he really was the Monopoly King. The board and community chest were soaked, and my Han Solo piece (Shut up, Han kicks ass) had only bought Dagobah Swamp and spent a day in Imperial prison. The final insult was the beer that had harmed the board: Kokanee. Despite this embarrassing setback, the loser didn't stop hitting on the girls. He finally ran out of steam around 6 am and fell asleep, until 8 am when he was awoken by a large stray dog licking

Despite the destruction of the Monopoly game, another group was kind enough to bring a game of Star Wars

Trivial Pursuit. Dave took part with reckless abandon, coming oh-so-close to victory, laughing everytime somebody missed an obvious question, like "This vehicle can do the Kessel run in twelve parsecs." "Ummm... The Landspeeder?" By the time the game was over, the Episode I Rave was in full swing. Yessiree, there were twelve DJs, a grand total of three people dancing and one fuck of an irritation to everyone in the Line who was trying to sleep. The cops were called three times. The first time, they told them to keep the volume under control. The second time, they told them to shut it down, in order to stop the light saber and telekinetic throat-crushing threats from the Line. Sound off, cops leave. Sound comes back on, Dave hits re-dial, the cops come again, and rave over.

Of course, we can't forget Alex and Scott's lovely visit, during which they brought donuts and caffeine. Scott and Dave taught me to play Bridge (which I have now forgotten, just like every card game I have ever learned). Anna is also credited as being (I think) the only one of the forty-plus selfish bastards for whom we were buying tickets to phone us in support. Okay, I recant the selfish bit, they did buy me a light saber for my night's work. The bastards bit stands.

The sun came up. Nothing much happened until Jay and another Alex arrived, followed closely by Jeff and Kate. At long last, the doors opened. Andy, Dave, Jeff and Kate bounced in and happily handed over \$117 Canadian for a bunch of silly pink and white paper bits with the words "Star Wars-No Refunds" printed in big letters on them, then walking out yelling various obnoxious phrases to the 350 people behind them in Line while each waving the dozen parsimonious patches of pinkish parchment worth so much to so many.

Meanwhile, an interesting debate came up over the fact that there were no girl jedis.

M: There's no girl jedis! End of story.

F: Anything a guy can do, a girl can do just as well

M: But can you imagine PMS and the force combined? Christ!

F: Yeah, the telekinetic testicle-crunch.

M: You'd never be any good, you'd have to stop protecting the universe to have babies and cry with your girlfriends over chamomile tea and crap like that.

F: Well, all the jedis are gay anyways. Notice that Obi-Wan and Yoda lived alone. And the only girl Luke was attracted to was his own sister, now that's a disturbed little boy. And now Jake Lloyd is supposed to bang a woman twice his age. Even when they get it right, they get it wrong.

M: Well, there's only one way to settle this. <Bonk> as M. cracks F. over the head with his light saber toy and starts running.

Soon enough, Andy and Dave went home. Andy stumbled to bed, to dream the exact same things he dreamed fifteen years ago (except with more sex this time). Dave went home to do more organizing, and would not have a chance to sleep until later that night.

Lights dim.

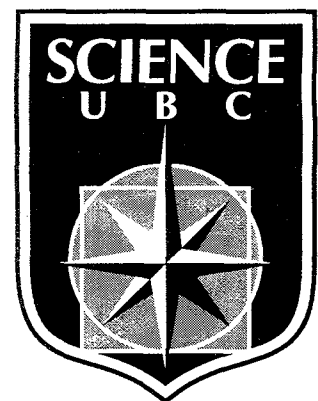
-Fin-

Note: Please don't email me corrections to Star Wars facts and logic based on those damn books. They suck and aren't real Star Wars stuff anyway. Instead, throw out those Magic: the Gathering cards you use to wage fake battles in some crusty haired, pimply faced geek's parent's basement, rip down the Pokemon identification key from above your bed and get a fucking life.

## Science Student Forum

### on the Draft Academic Plan

12:30 pm - 2:30 pm  
Thursday, September 23rd, 1999  
SUB Theatre



The Faculty of Science and the Science Undergraduate Society invite you to join Dean Maria Klawe, members of the Academic Plan Advisory Committee, and student and faculty panelists for a discussion on the Draft Academic Plan.

Take this opportunity to have a say in your own future, the future of the Faculty of Science and the future of UBC!

Copies of the Academic Plan are available at <http://www.oldadmin.ubc.ca/apac/>  
or  
Pick up a copy at the Dean's Office, Biological Sciences Building, Room 1505

Co-sponsored by the Faculty of Science and SUS