SCIENCE UBC

"I'd like everyone to give a warm welcome to our newest member, Marc S. Now, everybody say hello to Marc..."

Jason S., President
UBC Young Pariahs.

The 432.

The Newspaper for Science Students
Vol 7, No 8 • 31 January 1994

Events

SUS Executive Elections
Nominations open
Wed, Feb 2.
Forms available in
CHEM B160.

•

CSC Annual Table Tennis Tourney.
Jan 31–Feb 11,
CHEM D222.
Register ASAP.

•

Oceanography Seminar
"Seasonal Cycle of Mixed Layer Temperatures in an OGCM with a specified atmosphere."
by Josef Cherniawksy, Canadian Climate Centre.
Tuesday, Feb 1
3:30 PM, Rm 1465
Biological Sciences Bldg

•

Maya Cosmos: 3000 Years on the Shaman's Path
with Dr Linda Schele
Wednesday, Feb 2
7:30 PM, The Orpheum
Tickets available at the Bookstore for 50% off.

•

Microbiology Seminar
"HCMV and HHV-6 genes associated with transformation or transactivation of HIV-1"
Dr Leonard Rosenthal, Georgetown Univ.
Thursday, Feb 17
12:00–1:00 PM
Wesbrook Rm 201

Ingredients

Approximately 30 tons of 99.95% pulped, bleached and flattened Clayoquot trees. Gallons of black ink that will smudge all over your fingertips. The dreams, hopes and wishes of the editorial staff. Various attempts to brainwash the entire Western hemisphere with Science propaganda. Two large Sasamat pizzas at one in the morning. Other stuff.

Plus days of our precious time. You *better* enjoy this. Or else we'll just take our toys back and go home. Nyahh!

ELECTIONS SHOCKER!

"Experience" Slate sweeps all five spots. Wow.

Gord van MacOlundsky
Roaming Correspondent

VANCOUVER (CPI)

To no one's surprise, William Francis Alexander Dobie III and his cohorts were elected to the AMS Executive last week. In his victory speech, Dobie was overheard "promising to continue his eternal quest for utter and complete world domination."

Fellow executive-elect Tim Lo refused to comment if he shared Dobie's plans, but did say one of his first priorities "would be to insist on the removal of the obscene posters in the President's office." Lo made the point that any picture of the President's naked legs would be considered obscene, and suggested that the photos be submitted to the *Ubyssey* for the upcoming Sex Issue.

Although the election of the *Experience* slate came as no big shock, the elections confirmed the growing belief that a new power bloc is emerging in AMS politics, as the Spoils slate made an extremely strong showing at all polls.

Elections Commissioner Cheryl Ainslie had the following statement, "It's not surprising that Spoils did so well. Last year, candidates were allowed to run for more than one position at a time, and Edmund Spoils ran as an Ironman candidate. He stretched his vote a bit thin though, and didn't do all that great. This year, we changed the rules, to prevent anyone from running as Ironman. This obviously didn't slow down Edmund, since he gathered all his siblings to form the Spoils slate. You can see the results for yourself. I wouldn't be surprised if the Spoils actually swept the elections next year."

Edmund Spoils opted to run for the position of Director of Finance, where he placed second behind Romero by a mere 317 votes. Other members of the Spoils slate did quite well; Elizabeth Spoils making a good showing at 411 votes in the election for Coordinator of External Affairs, which was won by Leah ~~Fluffy~~ Costello.

For Director of Administration, formerly held by Radical Beer Faction candidate Roger Watts, Jackson Spoils placed third, easily passing Watts' fellow RBF candidate Stephen (Ed) Coleman.

Coleman expressed his concerns: "I'm scared for all the established politicians here on campus. We all plastered the entire campus with reams of poorly designed multi-coloured posters, and for what? The Spoils slate relied entirely on word-on-mouth. I never saw a single one of their posters. And look! They came *damn* close to winning a place or two. I don't know what strategy will work against that. Maybe if we gave away even *more* beer."

Montague Spoils, the Vice-Presidential candidate and a relative newcomer to the AMS political scene, placed second to incumbent juggernaut Janice Boyle with 457 votes, or almost 14.3% of the total votes cast.

Victoria Spoils-Smythe IV, self-styled Duchess of New Westminster, was one of only two female candidates in the crowded presidential race. She conceded an honourable defeat with 241 votes, and wished the best of luck to the winner, current President Bill Dobie.

"I knew that my chances against Bill were not good, but I had a lot of fun on the campaign trail, refined my goals for when I try again next year, ... and hey, at least I managed to snag that fifth Senate seat."

Members of the Spoils slate could not be reached for comment, but one of their campaign managers revealed that plans are already underway for the 1995/96 AMS elections.

Black Holes Synthesized!

Washington Irving
Raving Correspondent

Dr. Cavite Empter, of Cambridge, announced the results of his 12-year research into the nature of 'black holes' today.

"Clearly, the best way to study this phenomenon is to try to reproduce it," explains Empter. "So that's just what we did!" Defying professional skepticism and financial difficulties, Empter and his team succeded in developing a procedure with a fascinating result: a tiny, manageable black hole.

"Most people think that black holes are dangerous," laughs Emptor, "well, um, they are. I mean they're *really* dangerous. More dangerous than you can possible imagine. One of these suckers the size of a walnut could squash you, me and the whole world into the middle of next Tuesday. So we knew we had to take some safety measures."

Empter's team came up with an elegant solution: make a black hole, but only in *two* dimensions! Safe, portable, and manageable, these little suckers, dubbed 'black wafers', consume light in a diameter of only two inches and can be used to study luminous phenomena.

The only problems so far have been those of storage. Lab assistant Carp Dyong explains: "Oh, sure, at first we just left them lying around, but for some reason the whole place just started to smell funny. Like burnt toast. Anyway, I can't explain it, but they seem to last much longer if we place them in an open envionment with some music. Barry Manilow seems to work best. Other than the smell, they're quite harmless."

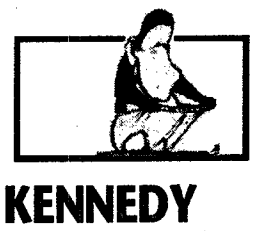
Being "harmless" is their greatest property. Now, for the first time, the novelty of the black hole can be made readily available to all who are curious, with no risk of collapsing the universe as we know it.

"Ya," relates associate dean E. Tubruté, "we put some in ol' Cavite's Spam the other day! You should've seen the expression on his face when he just kept eating and eating. He thought he was going crazy, always hungry while pigging out! First we told him it was a tapeworm, but after a couple of days we let him in on the joke.He just laughed and laughed. 'Course he *had* lost a little weight. It was a pretty good giggle all the same, until the doctors lost track of his duodenum. Or was it his

please see BLACK WAFER
continued next page.

One of the less-publicized *Titanic* fatalities.

Graemdler's List



Graeme KENNEDY

February is just around the corner, and that means it's time for me to start considering my New Year's Resolutions! I'm one of those weird people who, due to a computer science background, just hates off-by-one errors. Because of this anal desire for a sense of neatness, I make my New Year's Resolutions on my birthday, instead of January 1. This means that I have a set of resolutions for each year in my life, and also gives me no excuse to slack off for my birthday. So, why am I making my NYRs in February? Um, I'm a *leettle* behind. Here they are.

1) No more procrastinating. (See above.)
2) No more Bacardi 151. Come up with something better. (Like Scottish food, this stuff is neither sustenance nor beverage: clear and simple, it is a dare.)
3) Get all my assignments done on time. In fact, actually strive to get them *all* done.(See #1)
4) Brew some beer so vile and nasty that mothers hide their children from the sight of me. Then, ignoring the shame, distill it into a Scotch. (See #2)
5) Ignore the advice of minions who try to erode my confidence. They're everywhere, I tell you! Every single time I turn on the TV there they are, telling me my teeth aren't white enough, my muscles aren't big enough and that stuff on my head isn't a quaff: it's an experiment! Oh, wait a minute, those're my friends. Well anyway, they count, too. (See #2)
6) Get organized. Drive a taxi.
7) Take steps to reduce the number of editors who tell me that I "...look like shit." This may include better eye protection when cycling, or sticking to resolution #2.
8) This is the last time I dabble in politics. (Imagine having a flashlight shoved up your bottom, to assuage the curiosity of passers-by)
9) Get a motorcycle license. (I've been riding motorcycles for oooh, about five years now, and haven't actually got around to the license thing yet. Legally, I need one. It's true! I looked it up!)
10) Hire a double to do my grunt work. I would like to subcontract my life so I can bask in the Fijian sun. This is not bloody likely, but I put it in for a lark. Same with #1.
11) I'll get to this one later. (See #1)

Things that I've learned in the past year:

1) Women are enigmas. Actually, I learned this early in life, but I just to keep relearning this lesson over and over and over again.
2) Pandas are not necessarily bears. Neither are they really big raccoons.
3) Nothing is really level. I first observed this while playing pool. Either I have some sort of weird field around my body which distorts time and space or the tables are all totally warped. Take yer pick.
4) Not only does Spam exist, but it's pretty good fried up in a skillet. I even tripped over some Spam Lite this summer, though I really don't think it has that *special something* that could make it live up to the Spam name.
5) The voice of Shaggy in *Scooby Doo* is Casey Casum. Have a listen. Also, the voice of the Cylon Commander in *Battlestar Galactica* is Patrick McNee, of *Avengers* fame.
6) They can make *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers* three times and still come up with a pretty dippy movie.
7) If you are forced to lay on the couch at home for long periods of time because you have staples in your back, *Matlock* and *Divorce Court* can be captivating. At least for the first two weeks. Other than that...
8) There is NO good daytime TV.
9) The 'life-like remote control ghost' advertised in most comic books is, in fact, a white balloon with about three feet of fishing line. You would have a little trouble trying to sue, as the only disputable point is how 'life-like' the ghost should look.
10) Returning to a competitive sport, such as swimming, after a three-month hiatus can result in a difficult adjustment period. This may involve complete exhaustion, plunging one to those murky, silent depths at the bottom of the pool.
11) It's hard to breathe when you have sunk to the bottom in the middle of the pool.

BLACK WAFER

continued from p.1

ileum? Ah, well..."

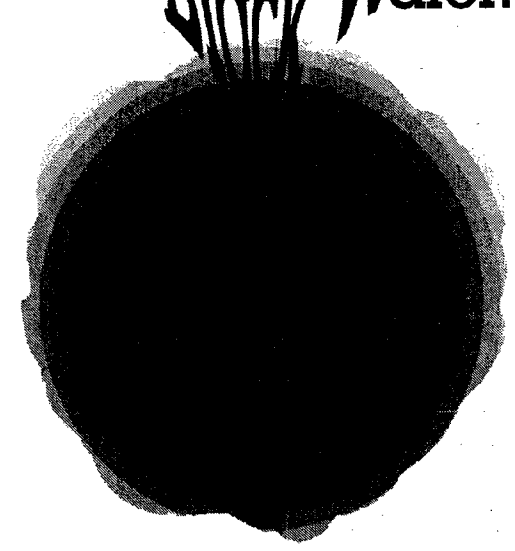
The only potential danger with such a tool is the risk that they might be stacked in large numbers and in close proximity. For example, placing a hundred or so identical black wafers, one on top of the other, might generate enough strain in the third dimension to spontaneously fuse the black wafers into a black hole in our own space.

"(That) would be bad," explains Empter, "Trust me. But nobody would be stupid enough to, say, press them onto paper and then stack the sheets a few inches high. That would be too risky, and no moron could be that negligent."

In related news, the fourth floor of Biosci disappeared tomorrow in what experts are calling "a bizarre mathematical time-space singularity."

Look kids! It's your very own, completely authentic...

Black Wafer!



WARNING : DO NOT STACK MORE THAN FIVE HIGH.

SANITIZED FOR YOUR COMFORT.

A guide to the great Chick Flicks of our time.

Here's yet another thing that males, particularly a bunch of them wired on Coca-Cola, with no girlfriends in the vicinity to serve as checks and/or balances, at three in the morning, can't quite grasp: the box office success of Chick Flicks.

What *is* the magic formula that seems to activate some recessive X-chromosome-based gene and catapult examples of this generally dull genre into the annals of Box Office Legend?

Who knows?

But, based on painstaking research (and following the lead of the father of modern genetics, Gregor Mendel, by junking anything that didn't quite fit the model, and fudging virtually everything else), we discovered the calculus of the Chick Flick.

Any combination, linear or otherwise, of the factors depicted along the vertical of the chart at right, will result in a film that is guaranteed to pack the theatres with hordes of women, with boyfriends in tow.

***Next issue:** the higher mathematics surrounding the simulation of a "caring, nurturing and Aldaesque" male response to the Chick Flick you just ignored because you were too busy trying to do that ever-so-subtle but timeless "yawn thing" in the theatre.*

(Astute readers may notice that *Philadelphia* appears in the chart at right. They might also remember that the last issue contained "humour" pertaining to the film *Schindler's List*, and jump to the conclusion that *The 432*'s editorial staff is nothing but a bunch of insensitive Boers. Don't worry, the British will be arriving shortly to put us in our proper pla—Oh, hold on. I think I meant *boors*. Damned UK spellchecker. In that case, the presently snoozing girlfriends of the editors responsible would likely agree with you. Live with it, eh. They do.)

Movie / *Factor*	The Color Purple	Philadelphia	Benny & Joon	Fried Green Tomatoes	Dying Young	Thelma & Louise
Lingering, terminal disease	Poverty.	AIDS.	Autism	Cancer.	Leukemia.	Living in the South.
Beautiful heroine	Um, Whoopi Goldberg, I guess...	Tom Hanks.	Mary Stuart Masterson	Mary Stuart Masterson.	Julia Roberts.	Geena Davis & Susan Sarandon.
Dippy, negligent yet handsome male(s).	Danny Glover *et al.*	Lawyers.	Johnny Depp.	All of them.	Campbell Scott.	Nice guy who robs them blind.
Takes place in a small town in	the Midwest.	Philadelphia. *Duh.*	the Midwest.	the Midwest.	New England.	Oklahoma.
Fights prejudice against	women.	AIDS.	weirdness.	women.	gorgeous hair.	women.
Heroine makes male(s) look stupid by	outliving them.	winning court battle.	freaking out on bus.	getting a life just to spite husband.	finding morphine needles.	hitting .500 while playing for a team called the "Peaches".
Male(s) become	helpless.	much poorer.	making grilled cheese sandwiches.	dead.	with hope.	standing in pizza.
The 432 Male-Only Pain Rating	Knee to the groin.	Fingernail scratches to arm.	Face pinched by relative.	"Turn your head and cough."	Collision with bizarre sculpture.	A full "Fixin'"

Clip and keep with you for easy reference the next time you're in the video store!

The 432.

Volume 7, Number 8
31 January 1994

Ryan McCuaig
Sensei

Graeme Kennedy
Blair McDonald
Roger Watts
Would-be Ninja Cadets

Contributors
Anna-Leona Adams, Anna-Steve Coleman, Anna-John Hallett, Anna-Graeme Kennedy, Anna-Ryan McCuaig, Anna-Blair McDonald, Anna-Derek K. Miller, Anna-Fylactic Schock, Anna-Bawlic Steroid, Anna-Sarah Thornton, Anna-Laurie Yee, Anna-Delwin Yung, and the ex-AMS D of A : Anna-Roger Watts

Layout
Graeme Kennedy, Ryan McCuaig, Blair McDonald

Distribution
Keebler's Elves Local 34

Printing
College Printers, Vancouver, BC

Technical Info
Newsprint. 300dpi. Headlines are Stone Sans, body is Stone Serif. Layout in XPress on a Mac Quadra 660av & LC.

The 432 is published by the Science Undergrad Society in its offices located somewhere in the basement of the Chemistry Building. Opinions expressed are entirely those of the respective authors, unless they get us in trouble, in which case we say the Prez *made* us write that story.

The 432 wholeheartedly welcomes any submissions. We'd like about 500 words on something humourous, satirical or generally mind-twisting. Please proofread and submit on disk (IBM or Mac). Include a hard copy in case our computer decides your disk tastes good with soya sauce.

Remember, if it doesn't make the Editor chuckle at least once, it's not going in. Unless you come feed him at 2 a.m.

The Keys to Progress.

Blair McDONALD

Is society still advancing? This is a question that has been plaguing scientists for years. It's not as easy to judge progress as it used to be. We've stopped sending explorers to the New World, or criminals to Australia. There are no more indigenous cultures to rape and pillage. Yes, it's a lot more difficult to decide if life as we know it is still advancing.

For example... snorkels. We've passed the era of stapling garden hoses to our heads, haven't we? Snorkels are a bit more advanced nowadays, with self-purging valves, top and bottom. You no longer need to remember to save your last breath of air to blow a gallon of water out the top of your tube, knowing that if you forget, you'll actually drown at the surface of after battling man-eating sharks and other dangerous polkilotherms that could swallow you whole if the fancy struck them. No more imitating Flipper the Dolphin coming up to breathe. By now, I thought self-purging snorkels were an accepted part of any SCUBA diver's equipment, but it seems there a few anarchists who still insist on a chunk of black rubber tubing. I'll leave a short space here for one of these archaic dinosaurs to put in a few words *(ed. In my day we used to use copper pipe from under the sink ya little...)*

Thanks for that flash from the past, Ryan. Speaking of editors and such, I suppose that we have advanced in some ways. Unlike other campus publications, *The 432* has evolved to the point that we use our computers for everything from typing to layout and beyond. No more glue sticks for us, except when we run out of our fancy, modern spray mount glue, the stuff that has left a sticky residue all over the northeast corner of the office, and we frantically had to search through all five office supplies drawers in SUS looking for that little yellow tube. But no glue stick made an appearance in SUS that night, so we pasted up the last four pages of the Science Week issue with scotch tape. Progress? Right back into the Stone Age, where you first have to pound your paper flat from vines and such before you can actually write it. Nope, computers are the wave of the future in desktop publishing, except when you have the occasional hang-up with the printer. This causes massive problems. Publishing becomes an exercise in stress management. The paper is done. We just have to wait for the sheets to come rolling out of the printer. We wait. And wait. And wait for a few more minutes. The printer flashes us an occasional PROCESSING... PROCESSING. Finally the printer hums into life... and... *the page didn't print properly!* <Insert screams of anguish from the editorial staff here.>

Paper is the reason why society has stopped evolving. For instance, I needed a key to SUS. To get a key from Campus Security involves shuffling a lot of useless paper. First, Sarah, *la presidenta*, had to sit down and write an official memorandum authorizing the Chemistry Department to authorize the release of a key requisition form. This key requisition form was a multi-coloured document written in bureaucratese, in triplicate. After filling out several lines marked "Do not write here", I got to keep the white and pink copies. Chemistry kept the yellow for some unknown reason. Next, I had to decipher the instructions, written only in French and Swedish: "Proceed to the farthest corner of the campus", it said, and with expert help I understood that meant Campus Parking and Security. The ominously named Key Control Access Center. Probably deep underground, guarded by half a legion of Strangway's elite storm troopers—the dreaded Housing clerks.

After passing through various checkpoints and ID scanners, I found the mythical Key Control Center, where I traded my two pieces of paper for three others, and after promising my soul and my first born child to the devil Strangway, was given *the* key. Number 666.

I've often wondered if there would be a key labeled 666, and what that key would open. Is it the fabled campus master key, the magical piece of metal that opens every lock on campus, from the front doors of SUB to my closet door in res? Or is the key to the Registrar's dungeons below the Old Admin Building, where they drag students kicking and screaming to pay their tuition in blood. Vice-President Shylock, recently hired to collect all the outstanding fee payments. Keys... for some, collecting them is a passion. Such as the AMS Vice-Prez. Keys for every door in creation. Four individual key chains, one for each pocket. Sorted by size, colour and code numbers. Labeled with esoteric designations such as "that door I went through once and never will again" *(Oooo, I better stop abusing punctuation before the Editor comes out wielding his red pen.)*

As for me, I'm still working on my first keychain. Nothing fancy, just the keys so I can get home without having to climb through a window and risk being caught by the intrepid Campus Cowboys. Aren't those guys are *bright*? I vaguely remember just barely dodging Super Sleuth, a Campus Cowboy gone undercover, during our annual hunt for our Christmas tree. Super Sleuth was a real pain in the neck. We weren't doing anything wrong. We were just trying to make that perfect little pine tree in front of that research building on Marine Drive disappear, and reappear festooned with red and green lights minutes later on our floor. Super Sleuth had obviously been tipped off, since he was hiding in an unmarked van in the parking lot as we approached our tree with saws ready. Super Sleuth came out of nowhere, forcing us to cut our losses, drop the saws and walk away *very* quickly. We returned a hour later to recover the saws, but Super Sleuth was *still* roaming around the tree. Super Sleuth—the pride of Campus Security. He obviously uses a self-purging snorkel.

You might scream if you saw your prof...

U	S	H	Z	M	D	P	P	O	D	C	J	K	I	X	R	Y	P	C	T	O
N	M	Z	X	F	C	Q	D	R	I	N	K	I	N	G	B	Z	Z	R	B	T
A	M	U	H	L	K	F	E	C	G	A	O	D	X	F	B	B	B	K	N	Q
E	F	M	R	S	R	O	J	Y	N	Y	O	Q	A	E	L	M	P	C	F	I
F	B	U	E	V	M	E	R	T	R	U	G	H	D	U	E	Y	R	U	P	K
Q	H	H	U	G	D	P	K	A	J	H	T	G	E	M	W	A	N	Y	N	H
R	G	E	J	Z	P	U	D	Q	Q	T	E	I	I	Z	T	A	G	Z	O	I
I	Y	W	H	W	I	P	N	E	W	C	B	A	V	N	K	M	U	W	K	N
O	S	D	K	C	D	G	I	I	A	H	E	A	R	E	G	C	F	R	O	W
R	M	C	V	I	S	T	I	N	V	D	A	O	D	T	T	F	F	W	T	G
I	K	H	W	F	N	R	A	B	G	U	T	V	V	Z	A	F	O	H	Z	B
K	K	B	I	A	J	Y	O	F	M	E	O	P	M	P	U	T	Y	R	P	U
J	N	F	P	D	I	W	B	P	N	T	Q	B	C	N	D	V	T	C	C	A
O	Y	B	C	N	V	D	J	I	G	A	L	U	V	D	W	U	V	A	R	H
E	J	V	E	Y	K	E	A	J	Q	N	H	M	A	T	G	N	I	Y	C	S
M	E	T	N	V	Z	W	J	V	F	B	I	H	H	T	Y	G	X	G	T	K
J	N	U	P	Z	D	Q	O	X	P	L	X	V	D	G	I	Y	J	E	Y	L
D	S	Y	A	Y	M	U	Z	S	T	G	S	F	I	Z	D	O	V	Z	W	O
Y	J	X	K	A	P	G	B	I	B	Q	C	V	K	R	K	P	N	O	G	Q
O	H	K	H	A	Y	I	N	K	H	K	F	K	R	D	D	N	H	G	B	T
X	J	Q	O	V	Q	V	K	I	Z	N	S	W	N	L	P	P	N	Z	Y	T
Y	T	F	V	N	Q	B	A	G	C	X	F	Y	X	Z	Y	J	Q	V	B	L
D	N	D	B	O	A	N	N	H	C	N	J	B	N	Q	X	R	Z	V	U	R
V	N	A	M	O	Y	O	R	U	R	S	A	Y	I	Q	N	P	B	P	K	J
F	A	Q	Y	T	A	R	U	G	F	P	L	D	J	T	C	K	G	W	H	L
H	U	Q	B	E	Q	H	M	H	J	R	X	N	Z	Y	E	C	J	R	P	W

Clues

Begging for change
Drinking beer
Rapping equations
Blue
Driving Porsche
Dancing
Heart attack
Dead
Naked

Obviously, you aren't listening to your prof right about now. In fact, we'd be willing to bet that you'd rather forget all about your prof's existence more than anything else in the entire spaceship we call Earth. Too bad. We're going to force you to imagine your prof in ways you never wanted to. Ways you never thought you could. Heheheh. Try to contain your (laughter, groan, other), eh.

The Conspiracy Continues.

Leona **ADAMS**

Apparently, I spoke too quickly in my last article.

It would seem that Physical Plant was not finished having its way with me when it so generously decided to deprive me of hot water in December.

This month, I received further incentive to leave my procrastinating ways forever (yeah, right. If you believe that, I'm sure the federal government is overjoyed to have you boosting the economy, because it's obvious that you'll buy anything). I had just finished proofreading one of my infamous lab reports when my life flashed before my eyes. More accurately, my computer screen flashed before my eyes. Upon phoning downstairs to the res desk, where, due to my various trials with Physical Plant, I am now on a first-name basis with all the attendants, I learned that the electricity in my tower had been temporarily turned off to deal with a problem of "brown-outs"(don't ask me: I just report it).

This noble gesture would have been more than welcome, were it not for the fact that my report was due in two hours, and that Physical Plant's description of a "temporary inconvenience" generally encompasses five to six hours. Throw in the fact that the only accessible people I knew with a program compatible with mine were a) two of my roommates, b) a friend who had prudently chosen to leave his computer at home in Langley this year and c) a classmate who I knew was still putting the finishing touches on his report. One can see how I almost swore off leaving things until the last minute. Nevertheless, it got done, like it always does, and hence I insist upon throwing caution to the wind and repeating the same mistakes. Oh well. It's helping me work well under pressure.

It was recently brought to my attention that I need to apply to graduate. Now—I'm sorry—but this has *conspiracy* written all over it. I guarantee you that if at any time during the course of my four years at this glorious institution, I had neglected to make a tuition payment, I wouldn't have been waiting too long to hear about it. Suddenly, now that I want to graduate, the powers that be seem to have conveniently forgotten who I am and the fact that I've been paying for this load of credits since God was a boy.

One last conspiracy theory, and it has nothing to do with either the current whereabouts or the events leading up to the demise of any of the following: Elvis Presley, Michael Jackson, Marilyn Monroe, Tonya Harding, JFK, or two of the teddy bears used in the highly successful Trike Race (although that last one does bother me...). I am in fact concerned about the sudden disappearance of my short-term memory capacity. I was thinking of putting an ad in the paper: "LOST: one data bank, capacity 4 MB, more sentimental than monetary value. Comfortable reward to anyone with information regarding its present location. Please contact ... darn, what was my name again?"

I vaguely remember lightly ridiculing my roommate for having lost her point in mid-conversation. Well, all I can say is, it's all fun and games until either a) someone loses an eye or a useful appendage (or so I hear) or b) it happens to you. I was on the verge of making an incredibly salient point which would bring to new heights the level of mutual understanding between the sexes, when my train of thought suddenly derailed.

It wasn't pretty: mass death, destruction, and my beautiful, once salient point was lying dead and helpless among the wreckage. Artificial resuscitation was attempted unsuccessfully ("oh, for the love of Pete, Mike and Bob, I just had it!") We did have people in to identify it ("yes, I definitely had a point"), but unfortunately, efforts made to reconstruct the events leading up to the crash did nothing to help ("okay, I was talking about this, then I said that, and you said this, so what was I going to say?"). So my theory is that the part of my brain which pertains to memory was kidnapped by aliens or the CIA or something.

Of course, being a fourth-year physiology honours student, I should probably know what this particular area of the brain is. However, I can plead temporary insanity on this one, because if my memory-pertaining area were actually in my possession, I could probably quite easily remember its name. The vicious cycle expands into a vicious moped...

The SUS Exec...*Exposed.*

I have been asked by this year's President to put together a piece on the duties of various Executive positions, as nominations for the 94-95 SUS Executive will be opening shortly (probably sometime this week, but who knows? I sure don't...)

At any rate, she *wanted* to run the excerpt from our Code and Bylaws that specifies, among other things, that I have no choice but to be here in the middle of the night typing away—rules are rules—but I felt that that would be...boring. So, without further ado, we'll let ya know what you're letting yourself in for if you if you run for one of these jobs:

President: Is, well, the Big Cheese. Gets to pound a gavel frequently, takes credit/blame for everything that goes on 'round here, is all-seeing and all-knowing as far as the activities of Executives and Councilors go (or at least, that's what *sheeeee* thiinks), gets to hobnob with other Cheeses from the Science clubs, and is enforces attendance at Budget and Science Week committee meetings.

External Vice President: Gets sent on diplomatic missions to the Cheeze whenever the President wants to try pulling a fast one. Is one of the pitcher-of-warm-spit Presidential Deputies, is Chief AMS Representative Dude(tte), and is responsible for coordinating Science Week. Ironically, also handles external affairs with the AMS and other undergrad societies. Who'da thunk it?

Internal Vice President: Deals with all academic matters (academic as in "Faculty-related", not academic as in "trivial"), runs elections and referenda, and deals with, well, internal stuff. Is also stapled to a chair so's to prevent escape during Academics, Science Week, and Alumni committee meetings.

Executive Secretary: Keeps entire SUS pencil supply behind left ear, as well as typing agendas, handling all Society correspondence, keeping minutes up-to-date, shopping for staples at the Bookstore, and sitting on AMS Council.

Director of Finance: Signs cheques, counts beans and cooks books. Gets to grovel to the AMS Director of Finance once in a while, prepares budgets, and is stapled to a chair so's to prevent escape during Budget committee meetings. Past holders of the position have been known to frolic naked in big piles of coinage.

Director of Publications: Quite possibly the most important individual in the Entire Universe. Gets to refer to himself in the singular as "we". Causes to be published this here rag, the summer *Guide*, and is not merely stapled to a chair, but bound, gagged and thrown on the cold floor to ensure attendance at Budget and Science Week committee meetings. Would probably follow the rules and have a Science Newspaper Council if anyone actually demonstrated some interest in having one. Currently makes an ass of himself biweekly at AMS Council meetings.

Public Relations Officer: Tends to draw academic mortar fire like a magnet and fail out a couple of months after appointment. *Should* handle the SUS Employment board, coordinate SUS charity efforts, arrange press releases, and be extremely facetious at AMS Council. But since the longest the position has ever been held is four months, no one really has any ideas about this one.

Sports Director: Maintains Science supremacy in Intramurals through liberal application of rebates. Yay!

Social Coordinator: Gets to hang out in the SUB bookings line-up once a term, be extremely popular by claiming responsibility for splendiferous social events at which everybody has a rockin' time, and be too pickled to really care about the mandatory Science Week committee meetings.

The 432.

NEXT DEADLINE

8 FEBRUARY 1994

THE EUS UNITY AND GOODWILL COMMITTEE has been formed to address negative attitudes towards people based on race, gender, class, sexual orientation, ability, and other criteria.

There are funds available for projects whose goal is to change attitudes and promote acceptance across campus.

We are accepting proposals, containing specific information regarding projects, their goals, required funding and those involved in the projects.

Proposals will be reviewed by the Committee. Successful applicants will be requested to make a presentation regarding their project.

Proposals are due February 11, 1994 (SUB Box 151). Late submissions will be accepted **(with priority given to those submitted by the deadline).**

Questions and proposals can be addressed to:

EUS Unity and Goodwill Committee
Alma Mater Society of U.B.C.
SUB Box 151
Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1Z1

Eddie.

John Hallett
Bearded Correspondent

This is a story about one of my dearest and most recently sentient friends, Eddie. Those who have gathered together enough bravery and will of courage to know me are already familiar with Eddie, but I thought that it was high time that the general populace became aware of his increasing impact upon me and my writings, train of thought, recipes for pizza (not all of which could be described as traditional... or solid, for that matter) and generally my thought patterns as a whole. No, Eddie is not some great philosopher that has been misplaced to our time period by some sort of cosmic non-goodness in Hennings somewhere, Eddie is *(are you sitting down?)* my pet cockroach.

Now, I know what you're thinking, "This guy has gone for a swim off the deep end without a life preserver and has inadvertently missed the large sign informing passers-by of the large prevalence of man-eating sharks in the area." Believe me, it gets worse.

You see, Eddie isn't just *any* cockroach, he just happens to be 2' 3" long and has a knack for Tetris. I guess that I have some explaining to do: about 3 months ago, I was experimenting with finding an exact formula for the time required to pop all the kernels in a bag of Pop-Secret without horribly charring and disfiguring a single kernel before it had the chance to live its life to the fullest as a fluffy white movie treat. Little did I know that the bag of potential low-cal snack food was about ten years old and now the home to a budding family of cockroaches.

In the resulting confusion and melee (insects like to defend their collective homes, especially when there is an imminent threat of it being blanketed in short-wave radiation) all the cockroaches perished except one. I, feeling a sudden painful guilt at having eliminated Mother Roach's ideas for propagation of the species, decided to take it upon myself to nurse Eddie back to health.

For some yet unknown reason (except, maybe, to the people at Marvel, as this is surprising similar to the plot of Spider-Man, only Spider-Man wasn't half an inch high and didn't grow exponentially. However...) Eddie started to grow, slowly at first, but as time went by his length began to increase more everyday until it planed out at just over two feet.

In recent times, I have enjoyed taking Eddie out for walks on his leash every other day. The general reaction that we have received from the neighbours can be described as... *mixed*. Well, that all depends upon your definition of *mixed*; you see, both the mildest and most exciting reaction was from an elderly lady who had misplaced her glasses:

"Ah, what a cute little dog! Are we a good doggie? Are we?" All this mirth and merriment came to a sudden and dramatic end when Eddie, who has a notably low tolerance for high pitched noises like the kind associated with the phrase "Are we a good little doggie?", demonstrated it by his attempt to plug the trouble-causing orifice on the little old lady with his recently cleaned and polished antennae. (Who am I kidding? *Never* cleaned *or* polished)

After the ensuing melee, I took Eddie back home with me to buff the scratches out of his now-blemished shell with my new and improved Black n' Decker Powermate Buff-o-matic 2000 that I had ever-so-recently stol—er, *liberated* from the oppressive forces it had encountered during its internment in the Home Hardware concentration camp (a little known subsidiary camp to Auschwitz).

Ah, but that was a long time ago. More recently, I have enjoyed Eddie's increasingly stimulating conversation as he begins to dabble further and further into the vastly interesting realm of sentience. Either that, or I'm falling further and further away from the realm of reality.

If, by some weird sort of chance, this story has moved you to create poetry for Eddie (or any other form of admiration), please stop by SUS and I will regale you with more recent tales of Eddie's most fascinating life, including the time that he got drunk and attempted to mate with my neighbour's cat.

Mrs. Fleming still won't talk to me.

Dik Miller, Parking Attendant

My recent tenure as an environmental activist had come to a swift end when I hijacked a small plane from Indonesia and returned to UBC in order to prevent myself from being elected AMS President.

I was now, once again, Dik Miller, No One In Particular.

But I did need a job, and since only the vast bureaucracy of the University of British Columbia seemed to be able to hire me over and over without noticing that I had been fired over and over, I resolved to try my luck once again.

I found my Dik Miller™ résumé in one of the pockets of my trenchcoat, and went to make a photocopy of it so I could apply for yet another job—who knows what kind this time?

Arriving at the copy centre in SUB, I plonked the résumé down on the glass of one of the machines, pulled out my Dik Miller™ universal copy card/throwing star, inserted it, and made a copy.

I looked at the result and frowned. Something was wrong. I pressed the copy key again. Same problem. I tried a third time. No change. Testily, I grabbed the three copies and marched up to the desk.

"It's not working properly," I proclaimed.

"Pardon me?" said the attendant.

"That copier," I pointed, "is not working properly. Look." I held up the copies, which all had dark blotches in the middle of them.

She walked over to the copier and examined it. "Nothing seems to be wrong," she said, opening the lid.

"However," she went on, "this large wad of gum on the front of your résumé might just have something to do with it."

I looked blankly at my original, which did indeed seem to have a large blob of bubble gum stuck to it.

"Oh," I said.

•••

A few minutes later, my copies were done, and I made my way over to the University's Human Resources department.

"Well, Mr. Miller," said the woman behind the desk after I had explained my desire for a job, "we have openings in a number of departments. There's Food Services..."

"Done that," I answered.

"...Library monitor..."

"Done it."

"...security patrol..."

"Ditto."

"...Engineering enforc–"

"That too."

"...Arts faculty advisor..."

"Done."

"Mr. Miller, there isn't much left. All we have is...um..."

"Yes, yes?" I prodded her. "What is it?"

"Parking lot attendant."

That was a bit of step down. Then again, I did have to eat.

"Deal."

She smiled. "Please fill out this form."

•••

Little more than a week later, I was perched in a parking booth about 400 miles from the centre of campus, in B-95 Lot, I think. Off in the distance I could just make out the lights of the Forestry Building over the vast fields of cars.

In order to keep myself company during the lonely shift, I had brought my Dik Miller™ Ultra-Mega-Bass® Turbo-Treble© ghetto blaster/fish stunner. I propped it up on one of the shelves and powered it up to listen to the radio.

"WHOOMP! THERE IT IS!" it blared, instantly shattering all the windows, sucking dry its 16 D-cell batteries, and going dead.

"Damn," I muttered. Then I realized that I couldn't hear myself mutter, having been (temporarily, I hoped) deafened by the sheer, awe-inspiring, megawatt-level power of my stereo.

I shook my head to clear it, then noticed that screaming toward me from the region of the campus were a bunch of blue and red flashing lights—police cars, obviously. Soon enough they were skidding to a halt outside my booth.

"Hi there," I said, quite inaudibly to myself. "I'm Dik Miller, Parking Attendant."

One of the RCMP officers spoke to me, but, being an inexperienced lip reader, all I could get from him was something resembling "Ous da cow bah?"

"Ous da cow bah?" I asked him. "Is that Hungarian or something?"

He repeated himself, but I still couldn't hear him properly.

"Whasdee cop bard?" I asked.

Frustrated, he pulled out a pad of paper and wrote something on it, then held it up for me to see.

"WHERE'S THE CAR BOMB?" it read.

"Car bomb? What are you taking about?"

Scribble scribble. "YOUR WINDOWS ARE ALL SHATTERED. SOMETHING EXPLODED NEAR HERE. WHERE IS IT?"

"Oh, *that*," I said. "That was just my stereo." I pointed back to the Dik Miller™ Ultra-Mega-Bass® Turbo-Treble© ghetto blaster/fish stunner, which was still smoking slightly.

"What a moron," said the cop.

"Wait! I heard that!" I cried. My hearing was slowly returning.

"You realize that UBC's Parking and Security division does not permit parking attendants to have radios in their booths?" he said.

"So what am I supposed to do during the whole night when there's no one here?" I wondered.

"Read a book?"

"What a ridiculous idea. This is a University! Do you think anyone reads books here?"

He paused. "I'm afraid we're going to have to arrest you."

"For what?" I was incensed.

"Sheer idiocy, or whatever else we can figure out. Let's go."

I followed along.

To be continued next issue. Same Dik-time. Same Dik-channel.

ROUND TRIP FLIGHT.

In celebration of our imminent stomping of Canadian Airlines into the dirt, we'd like to offer you a free round trip, anywhere in Aer Canada's world. Just present this voucher at your nearest Aer Canada Authorized Agent to receive your ticket. You will be required to show two valid pieces of identification and a loaded .45 at the security gate.

We're everywhere you want to be. Just do it.

Aer Canada

The Drawers of SUS.

Sarah's Skivvies

Sarah Thornton

Thank you, everyone, for making Science Week wonderful. It was great.

We have a new Director of Finance!!!!! We were upset to lose Jason, but now that he's gone, the office is a lot less grumpy early in the mornings. Our new D of F, Lynn van Rhijn, sure has her work cut out for her. But, all the club budgets have now been passed, to everyone's a relief. Reworking Jason's financial spreadsheets will be a chore, though. Joking aside, Jason, thanks for a great job. Lynn now gets to become accustomed to Tuesday gripe sessions with the exec, and the occasional perk of greasy pizza. As Blair is now PRO, we also needed a Biology rep, so Michelle McLeod was appointed on Thursday too.

It was a day of full of appointments last Thursday. Chris Woods was appointed Elections Commissioner. "Why," you ask, "do we need an Elections Commissioner?" (Did you see that? I was talking about appointments, which naturally led into Chris's appointment, which led directly into my next topic—exec elections). We need an elections commissioner, because, naturally, we're having elections: Executive elections, in fact.

I know, I know, the AMS elections just finished, but it's time to think about running for something else. Elections will take place on Feb 28, Mar 1, and Mar 2, and nominations open on Feb 2. Think about it. While being a SUS executive does take a lot of time, it *is* fun. Plan, however, on either having your marks suffer or turning into a nervous wreck. But, believe me, it is rewarding. There is an article elsewhere in this paper to outline all the jobs available.

Speaking of elections, what did you think of the recent AMS elections? A whopping 9% (approx.) of you voted. Does that mean only 9% of you care? I hope not. It looks like it will good year up there in AMS-land.

And our good old RBF—the Natural Beer Party—this year all received at least 10% of the popular vote (well, Ryan and Rog got 9.1 and 9.9% respectively, but close enough). Our own external VP walked away (sorry, *staggered* away. I forgot...) with 15% of the votes for C of X, and Patrick Lum, once our own D of F, came a close second to Randy for Finance with 20% of the vote (661 votes). Oh well, they all had fun, and brought a little excitement to our mundane little lives.

On a more SUS related note, the proposal for the Martin Frauendorf Memorial Bursary was passed through council last Thursday, so I'm now into negotiations with the Development Office. Class Act is on its way, too, so when all you fourth years are asked if you'd like to pledge some support over the next few years, please consider it.

Science Week Wet Boxers (?!)

Steve Coleman

Science Week '94 is over. The big TV has been removed from SUS, and there is no longer free pizza at lunch. I no longer have an excuse to yell at anyone I want without fear of reprisal. I can no longer claim to be stressed about coordinating science week. The fat lady has sung.

Now, I know you all noticed and/or participated in Science Week in some way. I managed to make it into SUS one day at lunch during Science Week, and had to actually push aside the drooling throngs. Whether they were there for the free pizza, movies, or cheap bzzr, I don't know, but there were lots of them.

The concourse was packed with the displays of many of the Science clubs; the winner of the award for best concourse display went to the Astronomy club. Why? Because they were always the first display up every morning, their booth was always manned (wommaned?), and they never once harassed me about extension cords or anything else.

I saw you at the trike race, I saw you at the dance. I saw you at the movie night, I saw you at the gallery. I even saw a few of you (including me) with a blue shooter at the Pit. And I know there were people at the Microbi home brew contest, because by the time I got there there was no more beer.

Apparently the student population cares more about the Star Wars trilogy than about finding a summer job or finding out about career possibilities. We got a bigger turnout for Movie Night than for the Beyond the BSc or for the Frosh Fact Night. Why ? I don't know. Maybe everyone but me has a secure future, or at least a summer job.

Science Week '94 is dead. Long live Science Week '95.

Senate Shorts

Chris Woods

I cannot think of a better way of spending my Wednesday night than sitting discussing the merits of a hundred pages of curriculum changes to various faculties. It was the January Senate meeting, and I felt that if Dr. Strangeway could be there with his broken arm, I should show up (*ed. Broke it in the bathtub, eh? Geez, try getting hit by a bus sometime. Now* there's *an unpleasant way to break an arm!)*

As it turns out, the liveliest discussion regarded the passing policy for the Faculty of Arts. It seems that the current formula allows one to pass from one year to the next with a minimum average of 34.2%. This isn't theoretical, someone actually did it! Well, this is apparently unacceptable to the Faculty of Arts, as was the proposed alternative, so the admissions committee has some work to do again!

Of interest to most of you is the potential for a Reading Week, as in *five,* not *two* days. The alternatives are: to start a week later in January, and avoid those oh-so-rough New Year's day flights to Vancouver, or to have a full Reading Week. It's a committee decision, and if I am to reflect the views of students you had better tell me what you all want. Soon. And as elections results show, my successor is Kevin Douglas, and he takes over on April 1st. Good Luck.

Laurie's Lingerie

Laurie Yee

Science Week was great and everyone had oodles of fun.

I had had one of those bad weeks. I realized this at about midnight when Science Week started; however, I managed to survive falling down the stairs and the embarrassment of triking down Main Mall. My own pride-and-joy-events were the SUS Open House and Frosh Fact Night, both of which went well.

Enough about the past—I bet you're already looking forward to next year's Science Week. I'm finally getting to all my classes, and I hope that I'll be able to stay awake for them all this week. Now it's time for me to start all those other things that my job requires me to do.

First of all, now that the AMS exec elections are over, it's time for you to decide if you want to be part of UBC's best undergraduate society as an executive next year. If you've ever wondered what SUS council's all about, just drop by one of our Thursday meetings and you'll realize what you've been missing all this time. Being an exec for SUS is not just a one-year commitment: it will follow you about, nagging you until you acquire a homing signal that draws you to the SUS office and all SUS social events.

Yes, you too can become a SUS hack! All you have to do is fill in a nomination form and then let the fun begin (forms are available in SUS). Just come on out and get involved.

For those of you who think that you're going to pass your courses this year and it's all due to the extra effort put in by your profs, then show that you appreciate them. The Teaching Excellence Award nominations for this term close on February 11th. Just pick up a nomination form from the office (Chem 160) or from this issue of *The 432* and hand them into my mailbox.

Social Diseases

Matt Brear

The end of Science Week '94 found me in a state of complete euphoria. Whether this state of mind was brought about by the success of the week or by the success of the Cream Ale doesn't really matter. In either case, the Science Week Dance on the 21st was a roaring success. The Ballroom stage was graced by both the Rose Chronicles and Ginger (formerly the Grapes of Wrath). Despite the bands' insatiable appetites for free beer, they both put on a great show. About 500 people were in attendance, which rose a few questions due to the fact that we had sold less than 400 tickets. Needless to say, the dance was not a financial success but, judging by the number of people found swimming in the pool of beer in front of the bar, everyone seemed to have a good time.

A sincere thanks goes out to Pam at AMS Programs and all those who came out and made the dance and all the Science Week events a success. Hic!

WHY PAY THROUGH THE NOSE?

Science T Shirts
Looseleaf Paper
Science Jackets
Science Cardigans
Baseball Shirts
Baseball Caps
Team Uniforms

SCIENCE SALES

CHEM 160

Sales Slips

Graeme Kennedy

What's for sale? We can never sell enough jackets. Navy blue melton with white and blue split leather sleeves. Also for sale are the Science Week t-shirts, now only $12. They're available in white and ash.

If you're looking to buy Entertainment or Gold C coupon books: too late. We won't be selling these until next September, so I guess you'll just have to wait. Keep your eyes peeled for the Valentine's Day Sale: Barbarian rugby shirts and cute little teddy bears at real savings.

The SUS would like to thank the following Science Week sponsors. We missed them last issue 'cause we had to make our press time. However, they were nice to us and donated some prizes. So, as the principle of sponsorship goes from a business perspective, we should be nice to them and patronize their businesses (ie. "spend money...", not "speak condescendingly at...").

CN IMAX THEATRE AT CANADA PLACE

OMNIMAX THEATRE SCIENCE WORLD

VANCOUVER THEATRESPORTS LEAGUE

CINEPLEX ODEON THEATRES

Karpov v. Kasparov
The Final Chapter

(Excerpt from World Chess Championship Game 3)

1. d2-d4g8-f6
2. c2-c4 f7-g6
3. b1-c3 f8-g7
4. e2-e4 d7-d6
5. g1-f3 Qrs-e5

At this point, Karpov tries a new tack with Qrs-e5 (Queen from right sleeve to e5).

6. f1-e2 e7-e5

Kasparov obviously hasn't noticed Karpov's innovative move. Karpov returns to traditional play.

7. c1-e3 Blb-g3 / JbKS

Under the subtle cover of JbS (Jackboot to Kasparov's shin), Karpov introduces a third bishop into play.

8. LIF-KRE d8-e7

Kasparov responds with his trademark LIF-KRE (Left index finger to Karpov's right eye).

9. d4Xe5 $^$%#$

Karpov instinctively howls in pain and immediately offers uncouth theories concerning the likely species of Kasparov's parentage to general audience.

10. Q - KLN Q-KLN

Mutual exchange of Queen to opponent's left nostril.

GAME SUSPENDED FOR TEN MINUTES BY JUDGE

11. c3-d5 e7-d8

It appears the hostility between the chess masters has subsided.

12. SsKH BRHAKH

It appears the judge was mistaken. 10-pound sledgehammer swung by Kasparov in a bold attempt to pin down Karpov's head.(SsKH) Karpov immediately falls back on the classic Beretta Defense (9mmRc-HsAKH - 9mm pistol removed from concealed shoulder holster and aimed at Kasparov's heart)

13. KRMcC ...

Kasparov revs hidden McCulloch chainsaw.

GAME DECLARED A DRAW BY OFFICIALS

14. KRTT-JF KRTT-JF

Both express extreme displeasure at judges' decision and cunningly respond with the little-known Rin-Tin-Tin Gambit (politely urinating at judges' feet)

14. KKRF-AP

Kasparov and Karpov removed forcibly from arena by angry policemen.

Game 3 is obviously over. Now, for a play-by-play analysis, Mikel Erickson and Michel Joseph from the World Chess Federation.

Erickson: You know, I really feel that Kasparov took control of the match when he attempted to pierce Karpov's cornea. I thought that took real determination, and proved Kasparov's dominance in the cutthroat world of chess.

Joseph: Unfortunately, I can't agree with your assessment of the situation. I'm squarely behind Karpov here. Kasparov didn't display any of the personal integrity I think is critical for a champion. I liked Karpov's honesty with his fifth move, but the way Kasparov concealed that sledgehammer just goes to prove you can't judge a book by its cover.

Erickson: Oh yeah! Well, let me tell you what I think of a certain chess commentator I'm being forced to share this mike with!

1. ERTT-JF ...

The 432.

The Always-Popular Annual Valentine's Day Contest

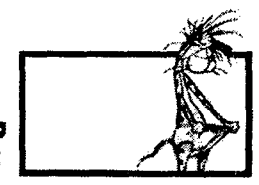
Send us your best erotic haiku to win enormous ~~stuffed bandicoot~~ fame and fortune.

Winners receive the brand-new, never-before seen *The 432* t-shirt plus President Strangways' prized parking space.

Submissions due Feb. 8 in Chem 160

Entries will be printed in the Valentine's Day issue of The 432

Editorial.



Ryan McCUAIG

I think I finally became a codger around here.

(Oh, excuse me... battery-change time for my Walkman. The trouble with Cohen is that the only way to tell if your motor's running down is when he and the female background singers start sounding exactly the same...)

Where was I? Where's my cane? Ah, right...

I get the sense of being something of a sockless-era Einstein around here. He put out some pretty good stuff in his youth, so everyone put up with him in his old age when he made a full-time profession of criticizing various governments.

It seems that that's what I spend most of my time doing now, too. (However, the most salient difference between Einstein and myself† is that, as far as I know, Israel has no plans to offer me its presidency. Ah, well, they'll come around.)

Now, I want all you young whippersnappers to guess why I'm bringing all this up.

There are a couple of reasons. The one I'll write about later (if my train of thought doesn't derail in the meantime...it happens at my age, you know) is that I probably plan to bitch about the recent AMS elections and the fact that my wardrobe consists, suspiciously, of five identical black t-shirts, two identical pairs of jeans, and no identical pairs of socks. I did get a haircut recently, though... Where was I? Oh, yes...

The other is that I've decided, after half of my undergraduate career at the helm, I will not be returning next year as Ediot-in-Chief of *The 432*, nor will I be SUS's Director of Publications. However, I'd like to bring up the fact that I'm not only the first two-term Editor in *The 432*'s history, I was also a two-termer *before* Bill Dobie, and in a far more important position, too. President, schmesident. I bet Bill's never had the opportunity to meet those dudes from the Sasamat Pizza Factory at two in the morning. We're just far more glamorous and cool for words around here. So *phpphphphlbbt*!

Yup. I've got my own little Heisenbergs and Feynmen running around, eager to usher the old coot out and run the show—My God! I just realized where this editorial is heading! It's turning into one of The Infamous Space-Filling *432* Nostalgia Articles, Complete With Dave Barry-Aaron Drake Capitals™! I apologize profusely. I'll come up with some real copy for you.

At any rate, I (hint) wouldn't want (hint) anyone to go to the trouble (hint) of organizing a (hint) gala send-off in my honour.

•••

In yet another AMS elections shocker, neither referendum question made quorum. I'm not surprised. I think I might just keel over from being so not surprised. (Apologies to Gilbert Gottfried). The only referendum in recent history to actually make quorum and pass was the "Do you support the proposed Pit Pub expansion". Nice to see where everyone's priorities are.

Here's an interesting question, though: Why do we accept Executive election results but reject the referenda results when neither mass consultation actually attained quorum?

Hah! Trick question! There is no quorum for Executive elections!

The reasoning behind this (whoa! power-word alarm!) dichotomy seems sound (if absolutely no one cared enough to vote, we could not have a legal head of the AMS), but then, if absolutely no one cared, would we need one? I tell ya, a guy could go crazy thinking about these things... such as, to lower quorum such that the AMS could accomplish more without bending the rules, we need to run a referendum in which we get quorum. (Appreciative whistle). That's some catch, that Catch-22.

Ah, well. The only thing I find worrisome are the rumours that Michael "Milo Minderbinder" Chow, the T-Shirt King of the Lower Mainland, may soon be appointed Lieutenant Governor...

† other than the fact that Einstein was a genius... I, on the other hand, boast a merely respectable IQ hampered by the fact that it has a supremely opinionated personality stapled to it.

Yet Another Midwinter's Tale...

Roger **WATTS**

The meaning of language is a relative thing. It makes a world of difference with regards to the kinds of reactions spoken words evoke. For example, the words "You can set your butt down right here, ma'am," will get a playful smile out of your girlfriend. To anyone else, the same words are liable to get you slapped, unless, of course, you happen to be holding an ashtray.

Sometimes, the intended context can be completely missed by the subject in question. In the above case, this would probably result in your being slapped anyway, regardless of your possession of an ashtray, unless you could somehow manage to use the ashtray as some sort of defensive weapon/decoy/getaway sled.

I bring this up because people here in the Lower Mainland have an, er, *idiosyncratic* concept of the word "winter". Not that it's anyone's fault; people are products of their environment. I just happen to be the product of a cold environment stuck in a warm one.

Winter, as defined by the average Vancouverite, is something resembling early April where I come from. Mild temperatures, complete and utter lack of anything even *resembling* snow, and puh-*lenty* of rain to go around. Nothing terribly unique about it to distinguish it from, say, *summer* in Vancouver.

It's all rather unfortunate. Call me masochistic, perhaps, but I've always been a fan of cold, dry winter weather with lotsa snow on the ground. You know, the real minus-fifteen-degrees-six-foot-snowdrifts-wet-snowsuit-over-five-layers-of-clothing-and-four-pounds-of-slush-in-the-boots kind of stuff. Now, depending on your view of this statement, you will either consider me:

a) a normal Southern Interior youth with fond memories of my past,

b) barking mad, obviously traumatized beyond reason,

c) someone who obviously hasn't been anywhere *else* in North America in the last three weeks, or

d) just plain dumb as a post.

I guess the most appealing aspect of that kind of winter was the fact that it always made a very clear distinction between seasons, which is very important to a kid when growing up. Each season, y'see, would bring with it its own individual social environment, and more importantly, its own particular forms of water that one could use to visit chaos and misfortune upon the lives of the other kids.

There is no child in the world that hasn't at least tried their hand at some sort of aquatic warfare. Summer usually affords the widest latitude of opportunity for this, as the availability of various garden hoses/swimming pools/lakes for use is nicely complemented by the vastly reduced probability of the poor sod plummeting towards the water, bouncing off the ice once or twice before plunging through, and promptly freezing to death. To say nothing of the fact that water balloons tend to be received in far better humor when they contain *liquid* water.

Winter, however, has its own special charm when it comes to water warfare. This is largely because you don't have to go very far to seek the water out—you just reach down wherever you happen to be standing, pick it up and open fire. (This procedure, incidentally, is modeled after the California Legislature's policy on obtaining handguns, except for the added convenience that you don't have to wait seven days for Environment Canada to check you out before it snows.)

A direct product of this instant access to frozen weaponry is the transformation of your average elementary school into the most incredible war theatre since Midway Island. Most schools wisely limit student access to large quantities of water wherever possible. Obviously, there's not a whole lot they can do about snow. Combining that with several hundred imaginatively sadistic children, most of whom invariably have it in for at least one other kid, will give you full-scale war faster than declaring Newark, N.J. the new Palestinian homeland.

Sadly for me and my friends, the opposing forces always seemed to number about fifty, which understandably made life a little difficult when setting foot outside, or anywhere close enough to the door to get jumped and dragged outside. This would occasionally happen to the poor sucker who didn't keep his guard up, and desperate pleas for clemency due to the fact that he had no snowclothes or boots on was usually rewarded with filling what clothes he *was* wearing with several metric tons of slush before burying him head-first in the snowdrift behind the gym.

Despite these occasional war crimes, however, the fighting stayed pretty even. We even managed to come up with the odd arms limitation pact (such as "no iceballs", "no gravelballs" or "no face-washing in yellow snow"), some of which would even hold up until the end of the day now and then. Ceasefires, though occasionally called by teachers, invariably failed to hold up for any length of time at all, sometimes even resulting with the teacher being the first subsequent target. But that was never any fun at all, as the teacher would usually respond not by picking up a mittful of snow and shouting "Have at you, knave," but rather by hauling the offender into the office by his ear and informing his mother of what an impudent little turd her son was today. Unless, as I said earlier, said offender happened to be holding an ashtray (see *getaway sled*).

The point of this whole brief is that a lot of people have different views of the meaning of words. Vancouverites don't really pay the word *winter* much mind; conversely, your average small-town Interior youth would define it as "see *Stalingrad*, Battle of". But, it's certainly worth missing all the excitement for a university education—especially if it gives me the chance one day to regularly define *winter* as "Bermuda".

SCIENCE UBC

Teaching Excellence Award Nomination Form

Nominee _____ Course _____

Signatures
(10 signatures, or 70% of the class — whichever is less)

Student No.

1 _____

2 _____

3 _____

4 _____

5 _____

6 _____

7 _____

8 _____

9 _____

10 _____

No person may nominate more than one professor over the year. An Academics Committee member may not nominate a professor or sign a nomination form.

Please include a short statement (no longer than 2 pages) explaining why you have nominated the above professor.

Please return the completed form to Laurie Yee (Internal Vice President) in the SUS Office (CHEM 160). Thanks for taking the time to nominate your prof!

Term 2 Nomination Deadline: February 11, 1993