The 432

Volume 4 Number 9 The Newspaper for Science Students Monday, Jan. 21, 1791

SUS takes bold peace initiative

Science Week Coordinator Sandrah Mah invites Saddam to Science Week

(SUS) Science Week Coordinator and Gulf Affairs Spokesperson Sandrah Mah officially invited all unarmed Iraqis to Science Week, which began today.

"Our message to Saddam Hussein is this," Mah said in a press conference early Sunday morning when nobody was awake, "Hey, Hussein, Chill OUT. Come on out to Science Week and print a dead fish on your shirt." Mah referred to the Gyotaku, the ancient Japanese art of painting with dead fish, shells, and leaves, to be run by Biosoc from Wednesday to Friday.

The Iraqi Consulate declined any comment, simply stating that they "were still in the process of finding a grad student for their Trike Race team."

Around the world, reaction was mixed to Mah's peace initiative.In Tokyo, speculators began buying tickets to The Last Dance On Earth, expecting the value to rise sharply. Said one investor, "I bought yesterday at $5, and already the price has risen as high as $5." In Bonn, Germany Helmut Kohl sent a brief message to Brian Mulroney, asking him if he wanted to go in the CS³ Car Rally.

"Science Week iss Goot fun, ya!" said Kohl. Mulroney replied, "How come your accent reads more like it's Swedish than German?"

"Do you have to bring your own dead fish?" wondered British Prime Minister John Major.

In Washington, Bush representatives loudly denounced Science Week, claiming they didn't want Saddam to be rewarded for his aggression. Said Secretary James Baker, "We detest the linkage of Iraqi withdrawal to the good times promised them at Science Week. Besides, the U.S. has been unjustly disqualified from the Physsoc Paper Airplane Contest on Thursday."

"Listen, goofball, I told you before," shouted Sandrah Mah at the top of her lungs. "F-111s are NOT made of paper, they're made of aluminum. Get a clue!"

"Well, what if we *wanted* to bring our own dead fish?" wondered British Prime Minister John Major.

Mah expected that one of the big draws of Science Week this year will be the Microbi Home Brew Contest, on Friday at 3:30 in SUB 207/209. "Guinea pig profs will be judging the brew, and prizes will be given for the best homemade beer. Oops, I said the B word."

Sources in London and Germany both indicated that neither country would participate in the Home Brew Contest, "partly because we are preoccupied with our war with Iraq and partly because we would kick you wimpy yellow-dishwater-with-a-bit-of-foam butts. High five, Dietrich, high five."

Iraqi President Saddam Hussein acknowledged Sandrah Mah's invitation to Science Week in a statement on government controlled television yesterday. Said Saddam, "Science Week sounds fun, but perhaps you should emphasize your Blood Drive, for the running pig-dogs imperialists will need your satanic blood to save their miserable lives as the sands are stained red by the ocherous fluids that have been shed by the legions of the damned Satanic Horde Leader, George Bush who has been infidellous...infidel-like... atypicinfidel...oh damn, Amir, pass me the Revolutionary Rhetoric Handbook."

"I mean, it can't *hurt* if we wanted to bring our own dead fish...right?" wondered British Prime Minister John Major.

In other news, officials of the numerous Beer Gardens that will be held throughout Science Week expressed little fear of the possibility of terrorist attacks. All beer gardens will be held, on schedule. Said one source who didn't wish to be identified because we just made him up, "have you ever seen a drunk terrorist try to construct a bomb? They think the swizzle sticks are detonators."

There will be speakers for Science Week. On Monday, in the SUB Auditorium, there will be two speakers Dr Spiegelman and Dr Scudder, who will give a talk on Evolution, or Spam, depending on whether or not he finds his notes. All are invited to attend.Later at night, on Tuesday and Thursday, in the SUB auditorium, Science Week presents movie night. Showing will be all kinds of movies but for national security reasons, and the fact that the sheet that has the movie titles scrawled on it in crayon is missing, the names of the movies can't be reported quite yet. They should be good.

Also popular with the easily impressed crowd is the Chemistry Magic Show, to be held Tuesday at 12:30 in Chem 150. "We're expecting a big turnout once again, " reported Mikhail Gorbachev, who is coordinating the Magic Show, not really. "It's always been popular. People like explosions and smoke and...wait a sec, this isn't the Gulf war we're talking about?"

The theme of this year's Science Week is Construction Of The Cosmos, which many believe is rather ironic, considering this week's World Theme is Destruction of The Middle East. Said AMS Rep Trent Hammer, "We needed some kind of theme, darn it. What would our displays in the SUB run for the week? CNN?"

Unconfirmed reports state that the competition for the best display in the SUB during Science Week will include an Iraqi display on The Growth Of The State Through Creative Invasion. Kuwait was expected to have a display entitled The Art Of Slant Drilling And Smug Siphoning Of Your Neighbour's Oil, but the Iraqi display has spilled over on to the Kuwaiti table.

Competition should be fierce for the $100 prize for best display. Physics will try to simulate the beginning of time and the subsequent 15 billion years following by giving a very dry talk on The History of Lagrangian Dynamics.Biochem is expected to submit Elvis' brain.

"But I've got a dead fish in my pocket, right here."complained British Prime Minister John Major.

The Last Tickets on Earth

SUS Dance going to sell out

Ticket sales are "brisk" for the Science Week Dance, The Last Dance on Earth. "It looks like we could sell out," said SUS Vice-President Alan Price. "Everyone wants to go to this dance."

The Last Dance on Earth, to be held in the SUB Ballroom on Friday earlier released over three hundred tickets at $5 each. From the start people began snapping them up. Says Antonia Rozario, "The big draw is the band. Wall Street is definitely the most popular dance band in Vancouver. That's why people are coming. That and the fact that the line-up to the Pit is usually two hours long."

The AMS Box Office, at the time this paper went to press had only ten tickets left. "this doesn't mean we're sold out," said Price. "There are still council members with tickets to sell. But they're going fast."

Old-timers say this reminds them of The Last Class Bash of 1988 when scalpers were getting as much as $15 for a ticket on the night of the Bash. "i'm not saying that will happen now, but it is going to be tough to get a ticket if you wait until the last minute."

Says Price, "People can expect a bitchin' band and bitchin beer. Oh, I can't saythe word 'beer?' Sorry."

Tickets to The Last Dance on Earth are still available (as of Monday) in Chem 160 and Physsoc.

Gratuitous picture of Science women intended to promote SUS Last Dance On Earth

NEWS FLASH: (RIYADH) American armored divisions entered into Kuwait today. As Iraqi defenses prepared to hold their ground, Saddam Hussein stepped onto the battlefield to announce that he was only kidding. Immediately, Dick Clark appeared on the scene to tell George Bush that he was on Celebrity Bloopers and Practical Jokes. Dick Clark thanked Kuwait for their gracious participation in the prank. The Iraqi army, it was revealed, was in fact, 500 000 hired actors. Said Bush, "Oh you nutty guy, you, Sadddam."

Dan Quayle Replies To Questions

(SUS) Vice-President Dan Quayle replied to all the questions The 432 had been asking him. In a brief statement from the White House, Dan Quyle said, "I would like to address all of you who have taken the time to ask me all those profound questions. I would like to take this time to answer all of you.

"I don't know."

In the last issue of The 432, the Questions For Dan Quayle Contest was extended, and many more people sent in questions to ask Vice-President Quayle.

The person who submitted the most questions was Phil Stringer, who wins a Doonesbury compilation, the exact one to be determined later. Stringer wasted precious time compiling 29 questions.

First prize for the best Questions For Dan Quayle went to Jason Olson.Olson wins a Bloom County paperback.

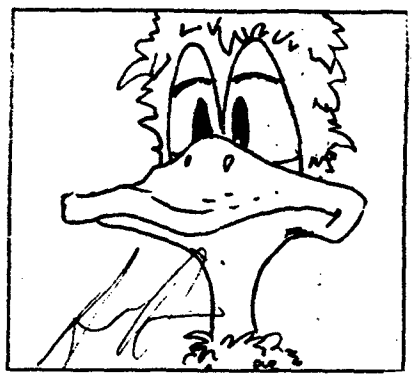
Elaine Wong picks up second place for her Questions and wins a Science T-shirt.

The 432 reminds everyone that there will still be additional awards at the Annual General Meeting, which will be held sometime in March. In addition to each contributor this year getting a certificate of achievement, regular contributors will get "432" Patches. Also there will be awards for best articles, best cartoon, most humorous short, and other Editor's awards to be given to people who the editor feels has contributed excellence to *The 432*.

If there are any inquiries, phone 228-4235., or come to Chem 160.

All Questions For Dan Quayle become property of *The 432* Editor. Hah.

Please recycle this paper



Confessions of a Technophobe

I am worried. I have conversations with inanimate objects. I'm not *very* worried- I'll really get worried when they start replying to me. But I am simply reacting in a normal way to the way technology has made us all look like two-year olds. So I talk to my computer.

"You STUPID, piece of **expletive**," I say to it and the emphasize my words by banging the keyboard.

Or else I say, "What the HELL does *string too long* mean, you stupid piece of **two expletives**?"

And it's not just computers. I ask my VCR for programming advice. "How the HELL am I supposed to stop this **expletive** timer from blinking 12:00 all the time?" I greet my alarm clock every morning, "Who the HELL programmed you to go off at four in the morning?"

I am still living in the Time That Technology Forgot. Back when answering machines were still memo pads. I do have an answering machine, though. It's got two knobs, one switch, four ports, and nine buttons, as well as one button that is conviently hidden to ensure you cannot find it. The machine takes two different cassettes, and it cost over sixteen thousand dollars. I know how to operate one function: *Erase Messages*. This is good: when I come home, I can look to see if there are any messages, how many there are, then immediately press *Erase Messages*. Anyway, I'm sure all the messages are just comments on the fact that all they hear is a single BEEEEP because I still don't know how to program a "Hi, I'm reading the Province in the john right now, but...". The button for recording your answer message is the one that is hidden and I still haven't found it. I think it's packaged seperately and kept in a warehouse in Red Deer, Alberta.

I admit that I usually like technology and its onward march, but there *have* to be limits. I draw the line at having a kitchen full of appliances that are smarter than I am. Observe:

My microwave is designed to be idiot-proof. That is why my parents bought it for me. They knew that I would break it - which I did (I broke it even before I could plug it in) - and now they can sue the company. "Look," they'll say. "I found an idiot that can't use it." The jury will find for the plaintiff and order the company not only to provide me with free tutorials on using their microwave, but also to label each future microwave clearly:

WARNING. KEEP THIS MICROWAVE AWAY FROM AARON DRAKE. IF HE ASKS TO USE IT, PLEASE CONTACT THIS NUMBER AND A TACTICAL IDIOT SQUAD WILL SEDATE AND REMOVE HIM.

In the meantime, I am happily wandering about, tripping over technology. Only recently have I finally figured out what to do about the VCR and it's little 12:00 that flashes very arrogantly, as if to say (blink)YOU CAN'T PROGRAM ME (blink) YOU CAN'T PROGRAM ME (blink) YOU'RE AS DUMB AS A SACK OF HAMMERS (blink). But I proved that I am smarter than this machine. I put duct tape over the blinking 12:00. Can you blame me? The instruction booklet was translated from Swahili by a Buddhist Monk high in the Himalayans, who has taken a vow of silence.

TO PROGRAM YOUR VCR TIME CLOCK

1) Location on the button that is marked "H" your finger that is your thumb.
2) Shove the button that is marked "H" until number you are liking locations.
3) Shove the button while you see the numbers flashing until yes you are happiness man.
4) If number that you are liking locations you must stop shoving.
5) You might wish perhaps the day you are liking and so you must make your finger shove again until yes you are happiness man.
6) Cautious for numbers of fishes that flash you are happiness for.
6) If your number you do not like or your finger is wrong phone the number that is not marked right here.

So I phoned the number. It was answered by a man named Dorf.

I said to him, "I shoved the button marked H, and I don't know anything about fishes that flash.."

"Truth. The button marked H is what you must shove to be happiness man."

"Yes, well nothing happened."

"If you are shoving hard a lot then this is what I am telling you at this moment. The number will flash as if it is flashing. Shove hard a lot now."

"I'm shoving hard a lot now."

(Crash)

After I got my new VCR (it was under warranty - apparently the button that is marked "H" was incapable of making me a happiness man) I went to rent videos from **The Last Video Store That I Don't Owe Overdue Fines To.** Over by the door, they had one of those machines that you put a quarter in and it gives you a prize, usually an orange spider mounted on a plastic ring that you can wear on your finger to gala openings, the Symphony, Presidential inagurations, all that. This machine, however, charged a dollar. It was a Talking Machine, the sign above it professed.

A talking machine! Now, *there,* by God, was something to show that we were still ahead of the Russians. I fished out a loony and plugged it in. There was a brief pause as the machine drew from within its depths some profound wisdom to bestow upon me. I held my breath.

It said, "You're funny looking . Where are you from?" I swear to God. This is what it said.

I was somewhat taken aback, having paid a dollar to be insulted. I replied, "I live around here."

The machine didn't answer. I waited. Finally, assuming that it didn't hear me, I raised my voice, and accentuated each syllable with a rap on the side of the machine.

"I SAID (whap) I LIVE (whap) AROUND HERE (whap whap)."

I stood up and looked at the people in the video store that had all stopped to stare at me trying to have a converstation with a candy machine. I said, "Hah hah!" which meant I was quite in control of the situation. The machine went CLINK PLUNK and burped out a little plastic vial. Inside was a butt-ugly ring made of steel. Best I can figure, it's an eagle throwing up on itself. Trust me - it's butt ugly. I gave it to my girl friend.

Aaron Drake, having been editor last year, should really know better. As it is, he doesn't and thus wound up doing *The 432* again this year. Still for free.

Editorial Forum

The 432 still intends this as an open column for any students wishing to express serious intellectual opinion on current affairs. This is not a column for silly lists. Last Issue was a mistake. Let's try it again.

Top Ten Reasons

by Claudio, Caireen, Aaron, Ari, Gord, Scaught, Ivo, Mark, Phen, Baboo. We're all students.

10. I was only joking.

9. I didn't think it would break.

8. You didn't tell me not to.

7. Because I always wanted to see what the inside of a squad car looked like.

6. Because a man could DIE if you stopped.

5. They said I wouldn't do it.

4. It was a slow week.

3. God told me.

2. Oh, you mean you said DON'T do it.

1. My dog ate it.

Next Issue: Top Ten Reasons Brian Mulroney Looks Like a Hippo

In Ten Words or Less

***The 432* is adding a unique new editorial column, after the abysmal failure of last issue's Editorial Forum. Ed Short will present editorial opinions each issue, in his column, In Ten Words Or Less. In just ten words or less, Ed Short, an expert precis writer, will bring insightful and thought-provoking commentary, not including the title.**

In Ten Words or Less
by Ed Short

A New Beginning

Hello and welcome to my column, "In Ten Words or

The Pit Presents:
Science Week Special
Paralyzer
$3.50

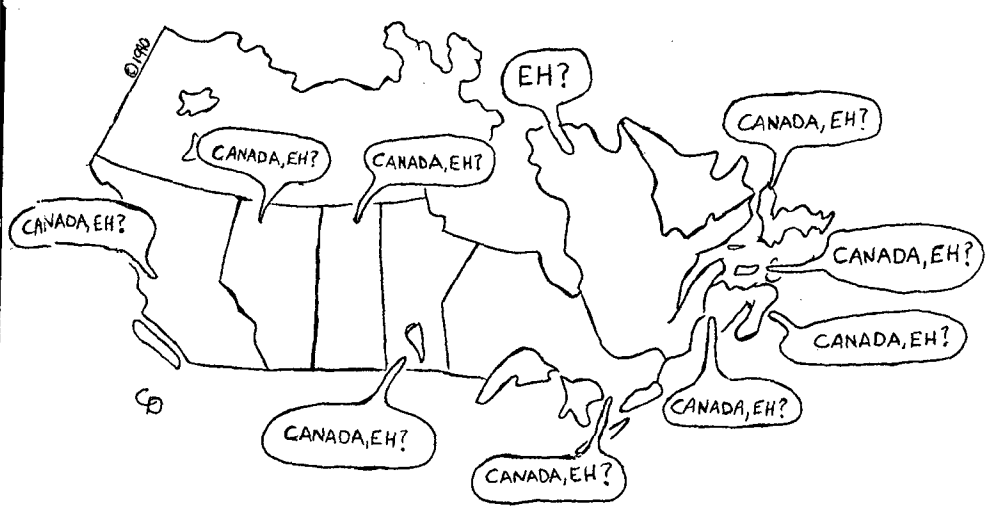
Elections!!!

Question: what is coming up for the SUS executive?
Answer: Elections (!)

Nominations open Monday, January 28 1991 for the following positions:

President
Internal Vice President
External Vice President
Director of Finance
Director of Publications
Executive Secretary
AMS Representative
Sports Director
Gaffer

Nominations close Wednesday February 13. SO ACT NOW! Forms available Monday, Jan 28 in the SUS Office (Chem 160). If you have any questions, please contact Caireen at SUS (228-4235) or Physsoc (228-3116).



Tales from Oosay Bay #2:

The Labyrinth of Zoofle

A Fable by David

Smoke cleared around the new-formed crater, and once they had finished dealing with the immigrant, the people of Oosay Bay began to venture close. None had ever been here before: in the days of the evil king in his evil tower, crossbowmen had stood a constant guard over this meadow, with orders to shoot to maim. But now, in the aftermath of the meteor strike, four peasants began to creep towards the ominous, deep hole which lay where their king had ruled.

Their names were Anwyn, Branwyn, Cædwyn, and Dolph, and they lived in the outlying village of Cooverville. They had come that morning to see what all the smoke was about, and now they descended into its source.

Little moved along their route; the meteor had razed all life from its path. "Gee, Branwyn, this is spooky," said Cædwyn. "Spooky as anything."

"It sure is, Cædwyn," she agreed. "Why, I don't think I've ever seen spookier."

"Not even when we ran into those four kids and their stupid dog?" asked Anwyn.

"No, Anwyn, not even then," said Branwyn.

"Gosh, Anwyn, I'd forgotten about that," said Cædwyn almost simultaneously, but he was cut off by a shout from just below.

"Dolph?" Anwyn, Branwyn, and Cædwyn asked as one.

"Come see what I've found!" called Dolph, more calmly, from below. "It looks awfully spooky!"

They all gathered around, and just there, hidden beneath a slight overhang of rock, lay an opening into the rock wall. "Wow," breathed Anwyn. "I'm glad you brought all our spelunking gear, Cædwyn."

"I just knew it would come in handy somehow," Cædwyn replied, beaming.

"Wow," Anwyn breathed again.

The four had barely donned their yellow reflective suits, flashlight-equipped helmets, and spiked boots when a terrible noise came from within the cave. "What do you suppose that was, Dolph?" asked Branwyn.

"I don't know, Branwyn," he said. "I told you this was spooky. Why don't we go inside and find out?"

"That's a great idea, Dolph!" said Cædwyn, and with that, he marched into the opening. Anwyn, Branwyn, and Dolph quickly followed.

A passage opened before them, perfectly round after a few metres of rockfall, and coated in a reflective metal. Its height was just enough for Anwyn, the tallest of them, to walk erect if she didn't put too much bounce into her stride. Rivets in complex patterns covered the walls and floor, but the very top of the tunnel featured a long series of unlit incandescent bulbs, stretching straight ahead as far as their helmet beams could reach. As they passed a rivet design vaguely resembling a molecule of 1,3-diphenylbutane, Dolph spoke.

"I don't think we're getting anywhere," he said. His face looked bleak, like a wounded gopher in a war zone. The corridor stretched far away in both directions, never turning, never changing.

But before Cædwyn, Anwyn, or Branwyn could respond, a low rumbling started all around them. It turned to a vague shaking, which turned to a quite sincere shaking accompanied by a soft, deep hum. The hum grew louder, and all four were thrown violently to the floor.

Still the noise increased — until suddenly it stopped, and the bottom of the passageway dropped out from beneath them. Fortunately, they did not have far to fall, as they landed on a thick mattress in the chamber immediately below. They were still bouncing when Anwyn noticed that the ceiling had closed again behind them.

"Well, this is a predicament," remarked Branwyn.

"Yes," boomed a voice from just to their left. "It is."

"Who?" Cædwyn, Anwyn, Branwyn, and Dolph chorused.

"I am Gary the Gargantuan," boomed the voice, "and you must learn to show respect to your inherent superiors."

"Oh," said Dolph, and stood up quickly to prostrate himself in obeisance.

Branwyn followed, but Anwyn pulled her to her feet, whispering, "But Branwyn, the king is dead, remember?"

"Oh, right," said Branwyn, and stood up again. They looked at Gary the Gargantuan, an average-looking man with glasses and an eight-metre-long purple cape, and stuck their tongues out at him. Cædwyn did likewise from his position on the mattress.

"Who are you to stick your foul mammalian tongues out at me?" boomed Gary the Gargantuan. "You will show the subordination that is meet and just!"

"Oh, sure," said Dolph, who by now had caught on, and was standing in his most insubordinate pose. He walked past Gary the Gargantuan, and out through the door on the far side of the room. Branwyn, Cædwyn, and Anwyn followed.

They now found themselves in the midst of a system of twisting, turning, twirling, and twilit tunnels, which led in all directions. They opted to go left (which curved upwards), and so, led by the still irate Dolph, they did. The corridor took them up a ways, then down but curving slightly to the left, then up again in a very steep spiral, then branched in every which way once more. "We're lost," said Branwyn, admitting finally the horrible truth they all knew at their respective hearts.

But Anwyn still denied it. "We must go on," she announced, and strode off to the right. Cædwyn followed. After a moment, so did Branwyn and Dolph.

Soon, they arrived at another chamber. Here, a nondescript man with shades and a bowler hat boomed at them, "Prostrate yourselves before the Great Zoofle!"

"Who?" the four chorused, arms akimbo. By now they were used to petty tyrants.

"The Great Zoofle! That is me, and this — this labyrinth — is my abode! I rule its demesnes, and ruthlessly! Prostrate yourselves!" he boomed.

"Yeah, sure," remarked Cædwyn.

"No, look, I'll prove it to you," boomed the Great Zoofle. "Why, I have such power that I could reduce you to baking soda in a trice!" He waved his arms, and they all turned into baking soda.

The Great Zoofle looked triumphant for a moment, then realized the idiocy of such a demonstration. "Oops," he muttered, and returned to the Garfield book he had been reading.

Moral: Alphabetical order is not just a convenience, but also an integral part of our society. Learn it carefully, and use it at every opportunity, or things will go worse for you.

This man edited this paper last year. If anyone can figure out what the blue heck that moral means, I will give you a nickel if you tell me.

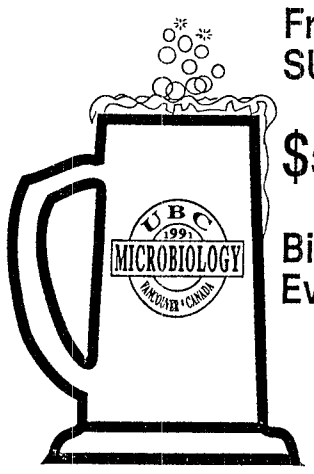
NEWS FLASH: (VILNIUS) The Soviet Red Army released an official apology to the Lithuanian parliament, explaining that the use of force had been a mistake, an overreaction. In a hasty news conference, a representative from the Red Army High Command hoped the Baltic Republics were not too put out, but if they were, "then that's the way the Republic crumbles. Hah hah!" Said the Lithuanian Parliament, "Are those Russians nutty guys or what?"

SCIENCE WEEK 1991

presents the

MICROBIOLOGY CLUB ANNUAL

HOMEBREW CONTEST



Friday January 25
SUB Rm 207/209 4-8pm

$5 per brew ENTRY FEE

Big Prizes
Everyone welcome to enter

For more information:
Get in touch with the Micro Club
-228-3980 (M,T,W,F: 12:30-1:30)
-or Wesbrook 201 Th @ 12:30
-or via SUS @ 228-4235

Life after the Science degree, or, Why the Hell I'm still at UBC

by Antonia Rozario

Late November of last year I was at a critical turning point in my life. After completing four and a half years of undergraduate studies in Biology, all I knew was that I didn't want anything more to do with school or studying or doing assignments. All through the month of December I existed in a mental limbo trying to decide what I should do with my life. Joining a commune and moving to a Third World Nation was one possibility, as was getting a full time job in a reputable research corporation cleaning beakers. However, I had important social plans for New Year's Eve and I didn't have time to worry about trivial matters like my future. Finally, after several weeks of intensive soul searching, I decided to seek the assistance of my parental units. Their advice to me was simple: "keep on going to school or actually start working for once in your life". Put into such simple terms, my only option became obvious; I would have to return to university for more education and training until something better came along. This proved to be more difficult than I expected. Upon consulting the Faculty of Education, I was unfortunately told that academic records are considered whenever a student applies to them for admittance. This news came as quite a shock to me as I had hoped that class participation and a willingness to grovel were the only necessities for academic advancement. Finally, on January 2, 1991, I saw an Arts advisor and was given the following information:

Requirements for a second degree:
Students must complete a minimum of 30 units, that are third and fourth year courses, to obtain a B.A. degree, after receiving a degree in another faculty (it is UBC Senate policy not to award a second B.A. degree).
PLUS any outstanding requirements for a B.A. degree not met in the first degree, i.e. English 100, Literature 3.0 units, Science 3.0 units, Second Language up to grade 12 or university level, English Composition Test.
PLUS any prerequisites for intended Majors Programs.

Of the minimum 30 units, 24 must be at senior level, that is at 300 0r 400 level.

The 30 units will be chosen as follows: 15 units at 300+ in Major Discipline, 6 units outside field of discipline in either Faculty of Arts or Science, 9 units electives.

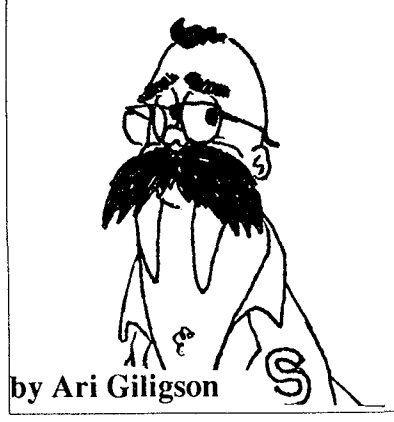
This information was very helpful to me and helped to clarify many uncertainties I had. Up until this point, I had thought that Unclassified Studies were the only option for people (like myself) who were uncertain about their future. Now, I have a goal to work towards and hopefully I will have learned from my past mistakes.

If you are wondering why I have kept involved with SUS, the answer is simple - a geeky science dweeb like me would not be accepted anywhere else on campus. More so, my graduation occured mid-session; thus, TELEREG still considers me a science undergraduate for the 90/91 year.

I have very little idea what the future truly holds for me. All I know is that I plan to have as much fun as I possibly can while I am still young and unlikely to drool.

* * *

CommentAri



by Ari Giligson

It seems that everybody talks about tuition fees but nobody ever does anything about them. Except, of course, David Strangway, but , of course, all that he ever does is raise them - there has always been a great deal of griping at every level of student government about our increasing tuition fees. Every once in a while someone who wants to draw attention to themselves starts some sort of grand and fruitless action in the name of pressuring the administration into freezing tuition raises. This generally involves taking around 100 students out into the January rain and having them chant, wave, or hand out something. To my knowledge of the past 75 years, such a student gesture has never been even partially successful.

Why does the administration not even bat an eye at such demonstrations? Simply, there are not enough people for them to bother about. Why don't more people bother protesting? Simply, most students don't mind tuition fee raises. To a majority of students, a 10% hike is probably just a dent in their beer money or a burden on their parents' pockets. These students, for the most part, are not angry. Students who are not angry will not come out to any demonstration unless they are given 3 months notice, unless it is a warm sunny day outside, unless they have anything better to do that day, and unless student government is concerned with real issues as opposed to election issues. (Important Clue #2: Tuition fee raises by BoG always happen at the same time every year. Guess why?)

Protests to lower tuition fees have no (0) effect on Strangway or the other board members. Students are an open line item on their budget, as far as they are concerned (and they are concerned only as far as money). They can keep milking students to straighten out their budget as long as they like.

Now, let's pretend that we did actually have student unity and could get 50% of the students to take action against tuition fees. Shaking signs would only get us passing media attention. Violence against a money issue would get us no sympathy. We must strike at the Admin's heart - their money.

How? Refuse to pay tuition on time. Hold up the Admin's cash flow. True, tuitions can only make up about 15% of UBC revenue, but it's solvent cash. Cash that we control and can hold hostage in protest.

Truth is, Ari Giligson is bald and wears blackened steel wool. Ho Ho! that was but another example of fine three-in-the-morning humour

NEWS FLASH:(Quebec City) Robert Bourassa introduced a bill in the legislature to make the province tetralingual. "Hwe arr liking to have more langwhages than the Kanadian Govhermant. And to do dat hwe hwill make de official lanwhages of Keebek to be: 1) Franch, 2) Franch Spoke Wit An Outrageous Aksent, 3)Franch Wit Violent Arm Gestures, 4) Franch Spoke Wit Every Sentence Ending In 'EH?' "In other news, the Quebec Legislature founded a commission to find out of Cretien was paralyzed on one side of his mouth or if he was just trying to look like Clint Eastwood.Said Cretien, "Dat Bourassa, he's sure a one nutty guy, eh?"

ERRATA

In our last issue, we mistakenly quoted Antonia Rozario as saying, "Gawd, I need it. I want it so bad, I can taste it. Do me. Do me now, do me here, do me hard." when in fact she said, "Aaron, my article is ready." Our apologies to any inconveniences this may have caused.

Blood + Drive

The Canadian Red Cross

Creationism vs Conceptionism: The Debate Rages

by John Van Witless

In our journeys through life, we often encounter those unfortunate souls whose minds have been twisted by the jumbled rhetoric of yesteryear. They cling to their beliefs and their tired satchel of lies and propaganda, ignoring all the evidence to oppose them. They are too arrogant to hear i=even the simplest of rational arguments against their foolish ideas. I speak of course, of the scientists, those humanist morons who corrupt the young, and conspire to destroy the world with their idiotic doctrine.

The classic battleground between the Holy Powers of Good and the Evils of Science, is the so-called "theory of evolution." Many great debates have centered on this controversy, and time after time, evolution has been shown incapable of accounting for the many simple facts predicted and explained by Creation Science. I shall not rehash those arguments here, but instead I shall address an even more alarming issue, one which has sadly escaped the attention of many fine Creationists.

There is, in the world today, a "scientific" theory being taught in our schools that is far more dangerous, subversive, and corrupting than even that of evolution. This is the completely unfounded "theory of conception," which claims that babies spontaneously grow from near-nothingness within a woman's womb. It is bad enough that scientists claim that i have been, in my past lives, a gorilla, a dinosaur, a fish, and pond scum - now they try and tell me that I was created by the collision between a microscopic polliwog and a tiny caviar-like egg.

The theory of conception (and it is only a theory) contends that the Divine Miracle of Human Life is the direct result of the vile act of sexual intercourse, often performed without the Holy Sanctity of Marriage, without Love, without Caring, Without Skill, and worst of all, with The Lights On. The male's sexual ecstasy then unites with the woman's, and from this a baby supposedly grows of its own accord.

That sand and rational people can believe such utter rubbish is staggering. how can something as beautiful, pure, and innocent as a baby arise from such putrid muck as sex? How could a baby possibly assemble ITSELF, with no aid or guidance from the outside world, when all of our modern technology is unable to fabricate so much as a single strand of hair?

From a scientific viewpoint, this theory of conception is so filled with flaws and contradictions, that it is rendered completely invalid. First of all, it grossly violates the famous Second Law of Thermodynamics which asserts that everything goes from being orderly to chaotic. Clearly, the creation of a baby demonstrates a dramatic increase in order. Yet the Second Law states that this cannot happen without some outside force to guide things in the proper direction. Still, the conceptionists would have you believe that the baby comes together spontaneously, by itself, as if a pile of bricks thrown in the air should suddenly land in the form of a house!

Another Postulate of Science upon which conception runs aground is the Law of Conservation of Mass. This law asserts that mass cannot be increased, and yet the theory of conception tells us that the baby continually grows, getting larger everyday. From where does the famous "Missing Mass" come?

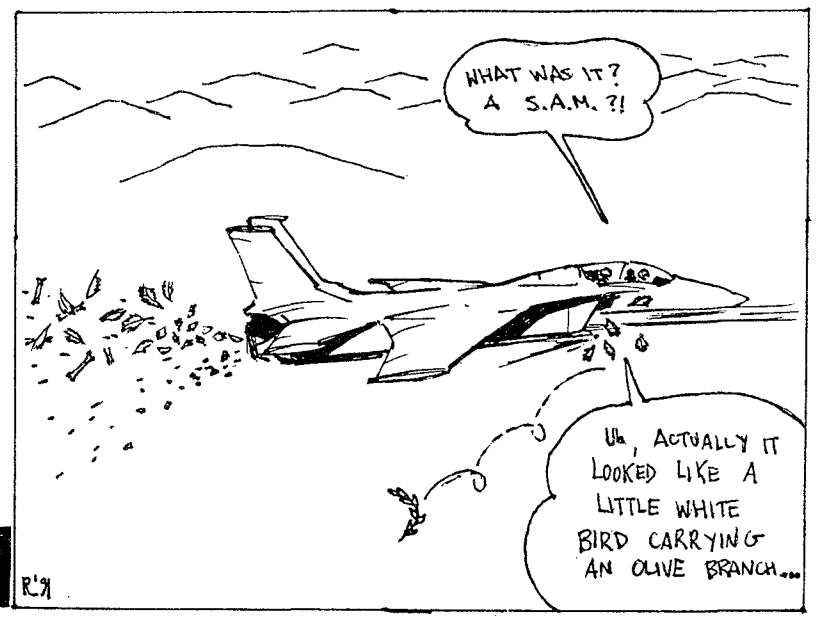
Conceptionists would claim that the baby incorporates the FOODS that the mother eats into its very body, and uses it to grow! Well excuse me for not having just fallen off the turnip truck, but that is the stupidest thing yet! How is a baby, who can't even cook, supposed to turn food into parts of its won body? Babies don't even look like food! My mother, for example, is very fond of bananas, and yet there is no part of my anatomy (sigh) that even remotely resembles a banana. I digress; the point is that I have clearly shown that the Laws of Science invalidates the theory of conception!

Another problem with this theory is that it claims, at one point, that a baby is created by the joining of two cells, and yet it later claims that the baby arises from the division of cells - an obvious logical contradiction. Thus logic itself refutes this oh-so-silly theory.

Finally conception is damned by the scientists themselves, for they are unable to agree on may vital questions, such as when exactly life is created, and when does it become human? The conceptionist thus, are nothing but a fractured and squabbling rabble, and their inability to resolve these problems lies at the heart of the abortion issue and many other areas of moral decay.

When the mists of confusion created by the conceptionists are cleared away, we can see that there are only a few simple facts that need be addressed. Foremost amongst these is that the Laws of Science and Logic cannot explain the creation of life, and that a Divine power is needed to bridge the gap between nothingness and the Miracle of a newborn baby. The facts tell us that God must create the baby, and place it in the womb whole, complete, and ready for birth. One need only look in eyes of a new mother to see that her joy is entirely God-given. No other argument is truly necessary.

We will have more from Mr. Witless just as soon as he joins the rest of us back here on Earth



Questions For Dan Quayle

Who is in the kitchen with Dinah? It's someone I know, apparently, and I resent the fact that no one tells me. Why doesn't anyone look? By the way, how do we know it's an old banjo?

Why do all cowboys ride shotgun? Can't they find horses? (*editors note: don't blame me for that wounded duck. Joson Olson submitted it.)*

President's Choice Green Detergent. It's not. It's white. Get a clue.

And Teen Burgers. They're not that old...

Is there such thing as a left-handed coffee mug? Why don't they call right-handed pitchers Northpaws?

Who says you can lead a horse to water but can/t make him drink? Put salt in his feedbag.

What do Late birds eat? Pizza?

I have yet to be attacked by a Big Mac. And I want to take my eyes off of my fries, okay?

Why do we beat around the bushes? What have they ever done to us?

Greeting cards don't greet. They just sorta sit there.

How far do you have to go to carry a joke too far?

Is successful acupuncture a jab well done? Hee.

What do piano keys open? You'd need a pretty big keyhole.

As an outlet the opposite of an inlet?

Isn't it strange that there is only one Monopolies Commission?

Who is General Strife? Is he related to Corporal Punishment?

Does a snowball's chance in hell improve if Hell freezes over?

Cupid's isn't much of an archer because he sure makes a lot of Mrs. HAHAHAHA!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHOOOOOHAHAHAHAH!! (gasp) BWOOOOHAHAHAHAHAAAA!!! Heee-heee goohoohoohooo hee hee

Walking sticks don't walk, looking glasses don't look, diving boards don't dive, smoking jackets don't smoulder all that much - who would want to wear one?.

Punching bags don't punch; they get punched. They should be called punched bags.

Why is a good day a red-letter day? Which letter is it, anyway?

Thanks to Elaine *Bugsy* Wong, Aaron *Mugsy* Drake, Sarah *Wugsy* Thornton, Gloria *Pugsy* Sheen, Jason *Jugsy* Olson, Trente *Juniperbugsy* Hammer, Noel *Gus* Lam, Phil *Where-in-the-Bue-Heck-did-you-get-your-sense-of-humour-and-is-it-under-warranty* Stringer

Physsoc presents

Paper Airplane Contest

Prizes for:
accuracy
design
longest flight time
distance

12:30
Wednesday
SUB Auditorium
Prizes Prizes
Prizes

NO ENTRY FEE!!

A Day in the Life
A Typical day of The SUS President

8:30am - Meeting with Dean. Discuss new scholarship programs, advise new grading scheme as well..
9:30am - Meet AMS President to discuss joint Science/AMS tutoring program. Hammer out details, prepare press release.
10:30am - Get back MICB 421 exam. 97%.
10:46am - Wake up from dream. Throw pillow at alarm clock.
10:47am - Climb out of bed, sit in front of computer, finishing touches on latest submission to *The 432*. Prepare day's agenda.
10:56am - Wake up from dream. Search for pillow to throw at alarm clock. Throw underwear instead.
10:57am - Climb out of bed.
10:58am - While in shower mentally review agenda for the day.
10:59am - Make mental note to get friend's notes for today's 8:30am MICB 421.
11:00am - Remember that MICB 421 mid term is today.
11:01am - Loud expletive.
11:15am - Breakfast. Out of milk. Have M&M's.
11:27am - Begin drive to school, while adjusting hair in rear-view mirror.
11:28am - Loud siren from behind.
11:29am - Loud expletive.
11:47am - Get off with a warning not to attempt left hand turns from the right hand lane against a red light again.
11:57am - B-Lot full.
11:58am - Loud expletive.
11:59am - Find parking space outside of Thunderbird Stadium
12:02am - Heavy rainfall begins. Mentally note how lucky you were to leave your umbrella at home or else it might have become wet.
12:37pm - Arrive at SUS.
12:38pm - SUS is locked. Mentally note how lucky you were to leave keys with umbrella or else they might have been stolen.
12:39pm - Loud expletive.
1:07pm - Director of Publications wanders by, wonders aloud where article is that was promised but *still* hasn't appeared.
1:08pm - Call Director of Publications a Loud Expletive.
1:30pm - Arrive to Science Council meeting.
1:31pm - Call meeting to order.
1:32pm - Call meeting to order.
1:33pm - Call Loud Expletive meeting to order.
1:34pm - New Business. Executive Reports.
1:47pm - Radical Beer Faction takes delivery of a large Yak.
1:48pm - Call meeting to order.
1:48pm - Yak passes gas.
1:49pm - Meeting adjourned.
2:32pm - Arrive late to Lab.
2:35pm - Prepare sample.
2:37pm - Titrate solution to suspend sample in.
2:39pm - Retitrate for accurate results.
2:41pm - Prepare second stage of Lab.
2:42pm - Mix sample in test tube with solution carefully.
2:43pm - Crash, Tinkle.
2:44pm - Take Lord's name in vain.
5:39pm - Give up in disgust.
6:21pm - Reach car after fighting headwind and driving rain.
6:22pm - Thank lucky stars that keys are locked in car, otherwise they may have become wet.
6:23pm - Think up brand new Loud Expletive.
6:24pm - Break glass of driver's door.
6:25pm - Discover spare key in back pocket.
6:27pm - Begin drive home, leaning over to passenger side to avoid rain pouring in from broken driver's window.
6:59pm - Home.
7:02pm - Check mail.
7:03pm - Mentally note that could have already won ten million dollars.
7:04pm - Check phone messages.
7:05pm - Check to see if message machine is on.
7:06pm - Dinner.
7:18pm - After-dinner snack - Milk Duds.
8:32pm - Dessert - Milk Duds
8:33 - Begin Homework.
8:34 - Turn on Cheers.
9:01pm - Dinner.
9:45pm - Go to bed.
10:03pm - Dinner.
10:22pm - Bed again.
10:59pm - Asleep. Before dozing off wonder if the front door was left open or not.

The Drawers of SUS

Nothing happened in SUS council meetings. Nothing usually happens. We'rethinking of hiring dancers. Or at least trained bears.

Top Ten Reasons To Contribute to *The 432:*

10. It gets you out of the house.

9. It's a great experience. Okay, it gets you out of the house.

8. It's the world's foremost authority on lightbulb jokes.

7. You get a cool byline.

6. It gives you an excuse to hang out at the SUS office and throw spitballs at the executive.

5. It gives you an excuse to use the great MacSE computer and play Tetris when no one is looking.

4. If you're lucky, you may be invited to participate in our biweekly "HaikuMania" rush.

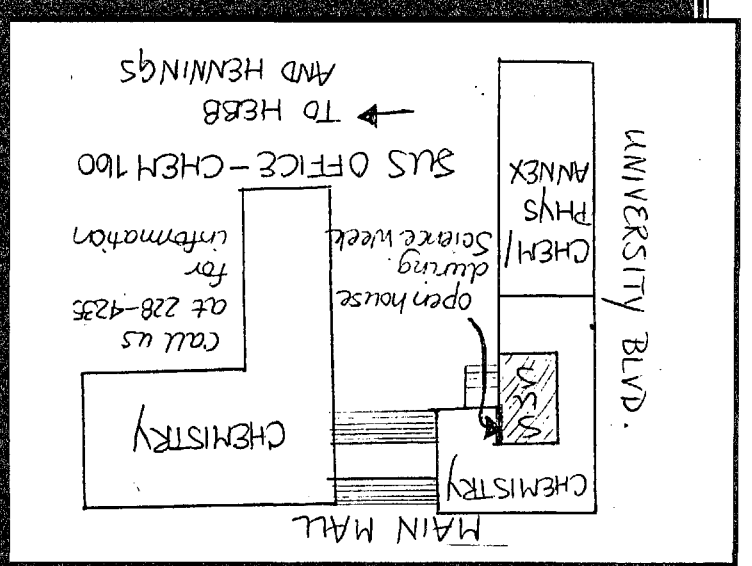
3. You can say that you're actually been (gasp!) published!

2. Bone up on foreign affairs a la a special relationship with the Vice-President of the United States.

1. The comraderie of working together on something that's bigger than the sum of its parts. Okay, it gets you out of the house.

Science Week 1991 OPEN HOUSE

January 21, 23, and 25
10:30 am - 1:30 pm
SUS office - Chemistry 160
(228-4235)



Science Week 91

Top Ten Reasons To Go To *The Last Dance on Earth*

by Trent hammer, Aaron Drake

10. Long line-up at Pit.

9. Wall Street will play naked.

8. Dan Quayle may show up to answer "all those damned questions."

7. Can giggle at those who lost the AMS elections and are drowning their sorrows.

6. May have opportunity to buy Amway products from Saddam Hussein.

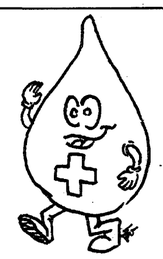
5. SUS President Catherine Rankel to play "Tie A Yellow Ribbon" on accordion.

4. Can buy 467 beer (at $1.50) for same cost of GST on a new car.

3. New urinal cakes in men's room.

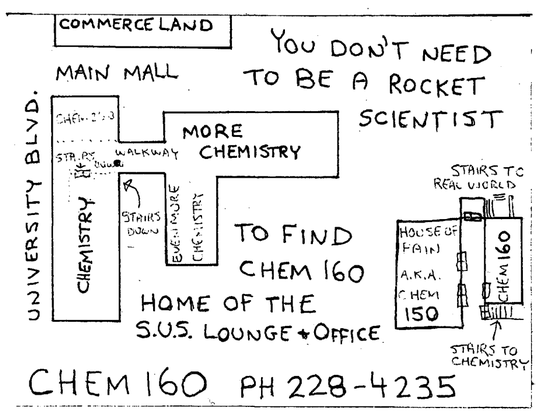
2. NO New Kids On The Block songs.

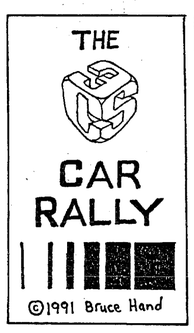
1. Lambada, Lambada, Lambada.

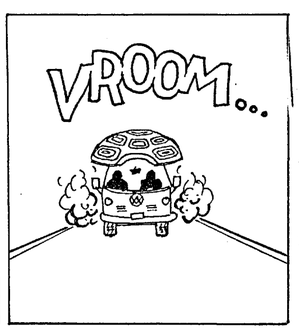


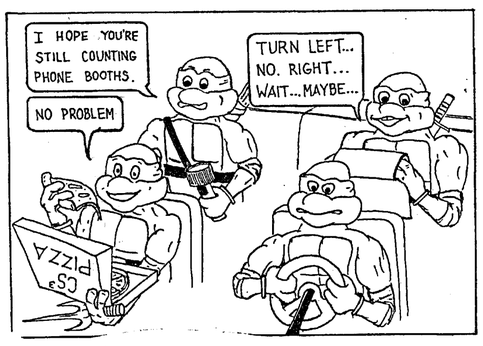
GIVE BLOOD TILL YOU DROP

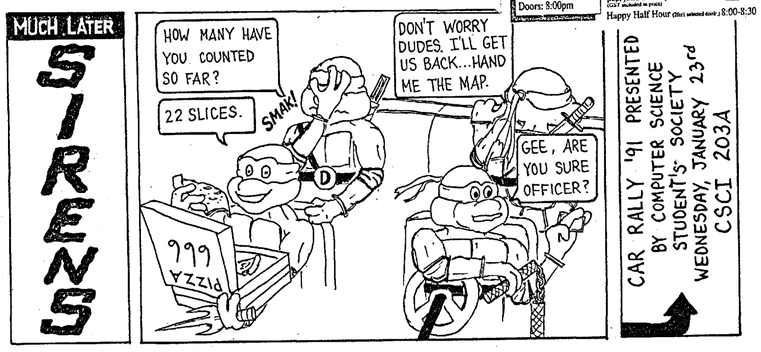
	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
9:30		Red Cross Blood Drive			
10:30	Displays (SUB Concourse)			SUB CONCOURSE	
11:30	SUS OPEN HOUSE				
12:30	SUB AUDITORIUM Dr. Scudder, on Evolution.	Chemistry Magic Show 12:30 CHEM 150	Physsoc Paper Airplane Contest SUB Auditorium 12:30	The Great Trike Race SUB PLAZA	
1:30	CHEM 160 10:30-1:30		GYOTAKU SUB 207/209		GYOTAKU SUB 207/209
2:30					
3:30					MICROBI HOME BREW CONTEST SUB 207/209 3:30-6:00
4:30					
Evenings			CS³ Car Rally and Bear Garden	Physsoc Beirr Garden Henn 318	











CAR RALLY '91 PRESENTED BY COMPUTER SCIENCE STUDENT'S' SOCIETY WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23rd CSCI 203A

SUS in conjunction with SCIENTIFIC PRODUCTIONS presents LAST DANCE ON EARTH featuring WALL STREET
THE FIRST EVENT OF SCIENCE WEEK
January 25th (Friday) SUB Ballroom Doors: 8:00pm
BZZR $1.50 CIDER $1.75 SHOOTERS $1.50
pop, juice and chips available
GST included in price!
Happy Half Hour (Bar) extended daily 8:00-8:30

Dik Miller, Food Services

Note the spiffy new title. Yes, Dik Miller now works for UBC Food Services, that great bastion of culinary excellence on campus (right up there with Tortellini's). Readers with sensitive stomachs are warned that UBC food is mentioned extensively in this story.

Wouldn't you know it? As soon as I come back from the Middle East, war threatens to break out. I guess they must have needed me around after all. Their loss. Of course, I returned to an even more exciting event at UBC: AMS elections. Whee.

"So," I asked my co-worker Jean, who was helping me scrub pots in the kitchen in the basement of SUB, "what exactly does this AMS Executive do?"

"Er...sit around at their desks mostly. And drink beer, I think. Why don't you go upstairs and check?" she replied.

"You mean they're here?"

She looked at me quizzically. "You didn't know that?"

"No. I mean I, um, forgot. Gimme a break. I've been stressed out lately. And I have jet lag."

"Then take your break," she suggested, "and go upstairs and visit them. At least you'll know what they do then."

"Okay, fine, fine." I dumped my SOS pad in the greenish-brown water, removed the rubber gloves and apron, and popped my Dik Miller™ Hat on my head. "See ya in a while."

The elevator deposited me on the top floor, and I walked down the hall towards the Exec offices.

"Psst," hissed a voice. I looked to my left to see a darkly trench-coated figure hiding in the shadows. Since darkly trench-coated figures hiding in the shadows are rarely up to any good, I kept my guard up.

"Yes, can I help you?" I said sternly.

"Wanna buy some votes?"

"What?"

"Wanna buy some votes?" he repeated.

"I'm not running in the election."

"Sure you are."

"Am not."

"No way."

"Way."

"No way."

"Way."

"Look, I tell you, I'm not running in any election!" I shouted.

"Then what's this?" He reached into a voluminous pocket and produced a poster.

"That's not me," I said.

"He sure looks like you. Same face. Same hat. Same last name."

"Looks like a dweeb to me," I said.

"So?"

"Hey!" I snapped. "I resent that. Anyway, that guy is not me. That's not a Dik Miller™ Hat. Nice poster, though. And he's not related."

"He could be," said the man. "Long-lost cousin or something. So you wanna buy some votes for him?"

"No!"

"Okay," he smiled slyly. "Even if you're not running, I can make you a deal. Two hundred bucks and I'll guarantee you a winning write-in vote for AMS President."

"But the only reason I'm up here," I explained, "is that I want to find out what the AMS people do. How am I supposed to know if I even want to be President?"

"Doesn't everybody?"

"No."

"You're obviously a lost cause," he griped. "Forget it."

"Thank you, I will."

I walked on down the hall and looked at my watch. Damn, my break was nearly over, and I couldn't be late back on my first day on the job. I'd have to leave the AMS Exec to another day.

Jean and I were mixing up a batch of cinnamon bun dough.

"Whoops," she said. "Just dropped my watch in there."

"Is it expensive?" I asked.

"Naw. Three bucks. I do that almost every week."

"Don't they do something about it? I mean, someone could bite into a cinnamon bun and get a mouthful of metal."

"No one's ever complained."

"I see," I said. "Remind me not to buy any more cinnamon buns."

She looked shocked. "You actually *eat* these things?"

"I did, yeah," I confirmed. "Is that a problem?"

"Um, no, never mind." She shuddered.

"Is there something wrong?" I wondered.

"I just never thought of actually...*eating* a cinnamon bun."

"Is there something about them I don't know?"

"Probably." She would elaborate no further.

I decided to take my break for the day, since Jean's company was beginning to weird me out. On my way down to the elevator, my boss walked by.

"So, how's the work going, Miller?"

"Just...fine," I said. "Just out of curiosity, what's in those cinnamon buns anyway?"

The boss went cold. "Mr. Miller, there are some things we simply don't discuss around here. That is one of them. I would advise that you refrain from mentioning anything of the sort if you wish to keep your job. Thank you."

I sniffed. I wasn't sure I liked the kind of job where you could be fired for talking about cinnamon buns. I walked into the elevator and took it upstairs again. I'd complain about this to one of the AMS Exec. At least they'd be able to do something.

"Hey, psst."

Oh no, not again, I thought. "What? What?"

"Wanna buy..."

"No, I don't want to buy any votes! I tell you again, I'm not running and I don't want to run! So leave me alone!"

"Actually," said the trench-coated man, "I was asking if you wanted to buy the secret recipe for UBC cinnamon buns."

I hesitated for a moment. "Uh...no, I probably shouldn't."

"Aw, c'mon, what harm could it do?"

"I could get fired, that's what harm it could do."

"So you actually like working for Food Services?"

"How did you know I work for them?"

He smirked. "That name tag on your chest that says HELLO, MY NAME IS DIK AND I WORK FOR UBC FOOD SERVICES."

"Shut up!" I bellowed, storming off down the hall.

I arrived at the AMS Exec offices. "Where would I find the President?" I asked.

"Sorry, all the Executives are in a meeting about gender relations right now," said the receptionist. "You'll have to wait."

"But there's a guy down the hall selling votes and the secret formula to UBC cinnamon buns. And my boss told me that if I talk about the buns I'd be fired. I have to complain to someone," I pleaded.

"Sorry. Besides, I'd fire you if you talked about my buns."

"At least you could call security. I mean, the guy *is* selling votes. That must be against some regulation or another."

"Okay, I'll call. Will you leave now?"

So I did. I noticed that the mysterious recipe and vote seller had disappeared.

"Hey!" cried a voice. "That's him!"

I was accosted by two large and burly SAC Security guards, one of whom sneered, "Think you can get away with selling votes, eh? Sorry, bucko!"

"Wait! It's not me! I reported the guy but he disappeared!"

"That's what they all say."

I was carried outside and pitched onto the concrete. This would be interesting to explain to the boss. Oh well. Another case closed for Dik Miller, Food Services.

Egad. Apparently the Dikster is in a rut. How many Greasy Cinnamon Bun Jokes are there? Stay tuned: Dik Miller, Board of Governors? Nudge Wink

That's Trivial!

by Tanya Rose

Hello Again. This week, we thought we'd test our knowledge of geoegraphy. Can you find the capital city of each country ,state, or province? Good Luck!

1 - 10 : Easy 1 point.

1. Great Britain.
2. Quebec.
3. Washington.
4. Canada.
5. USSR.
6. Iran.
7. Egypt.
8. France.
9. Japan.
10. Spain.

11-15: Medium2 points

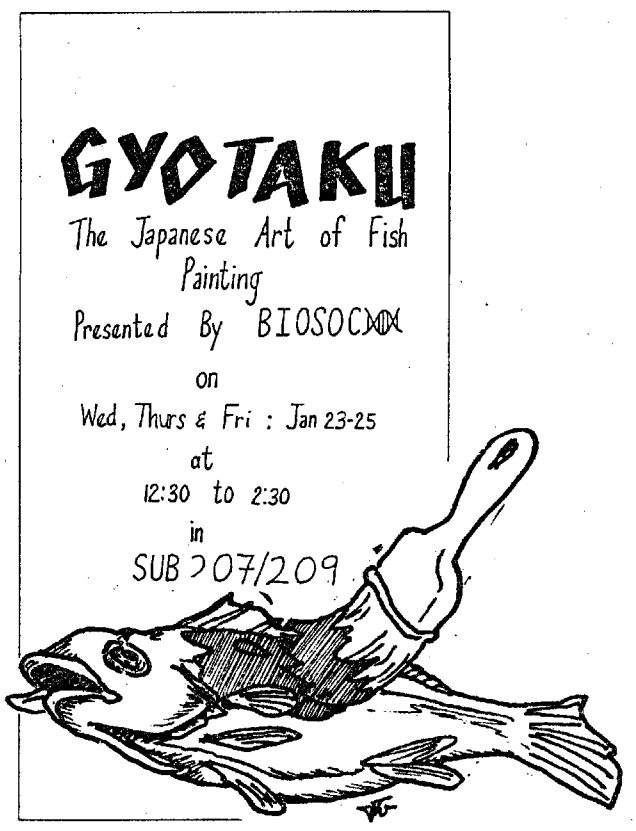
11. Chile.
12. New Zealand
13. Yugoslavia.
14. Nebraska.
15. Australia.

16-20: Difficult 3 points.

16. Uganda.
17. Tanzania.
18. Mongolia.
19. Liechtenstein.
20. Isle of Man.

Bonus Question: What is the capital of Alberta?

Answers on Page 12



Sports (1/2) Page, with Rachel Farrall, Sports Director

Science Women and Men Triumphant

The results are in for the first term unit point standings and both science women and men are #1 overall.

It was a close race between Science and Arts women, with a mere 100 points separating the two. The men beat the engineers easily (of course) so keep up the good work.

Don't forget to register by Jan 22 for the Grouse Mountain Ski Challenge. There will be a shuttle bus service to Grouse Mountain - the schedule is posted in SUS. Participants can sign up for the bus at the Intramurals' registration desk (SUB 66) until1:30 pm on Jan 23.

Registration for the Cypress Bowl Ski Blitz (which is on Feb 7) begins Jan 21. Register early - space is limited.

The complimentary clinics for the Triathlon and the Duathlon have started. The next clinic is on Sat Jan 26, from 10-12 in Wood 1. Learn about the best equipment to use for the least cost. But more important, there is free food and beverages at each clinic.

Other events coming up: Co Rec Curling Bonspiel: Feb 3 - register until Jan 25
Frostbite Road Runs: Jan 22,25 Residential Road Runs: Feb 5,8

Good luck to all league teams starting this week and all the Trike race teams. Don't forget to come out and watch Thurs at 12:30 on the SUB Plaza.

Congratulations to Bruce Hand (CompSci) and Lynn McFarlan (Geology) for accumulating the most Term I sports points. They are winners of fabulous prizes that are not listed here.

Rachel Farrall is our local Jockette, which is a person who wears biking pants because she actually bikes.

Thanks to all those who got their articles in on time. As for the rest of you who promised me something but never came through, I have plans for you. Mwahahaha-hahahah.

Serious Corner

with Brian Charles, Fitness Guru to the Stars

A History of Telecommunications

Telecommunications or the ability to send information at the speed of light has greatly changed the ability of humankind to change the world in which we exist. Development of telecommunication technology has occurred so rapidly that many of the views that society holds about the world have become outdated and dangerous.

In order to see how telecommunications has the potential to change these facts of society, it is necessary to develop an historical view of how telecommunications has evolved. In a discourse to the Royal Society in 1684, English physicist Robert Hooke first suggested a semaphore or a visual telegraph would be possible with the recent invention of the telescope. The first working semaphore was designed and built by French engineer Claude Chappe in 1794. The semaphore line was built from Paris to Lille in order to transmit information about the revolution that was rapidly changing France.

The first use of electricity in telecommunications was by the Spaniard Betancourt who developed a static electric telegraph using Leyden jars.The telegraph was later improved by the invention of the voltaic cell which allowed a signal to be sent by a continuous current along a wire. In 1820, H.C. Oersted suggested that a telegraph could be made by using electromagnetic principles (ie. displacing a magnetic needle with an electric current) to receive a message. The first practical electromagnetic telegraph was built by Carl Gauss and Wilhelm Weber in 1833. In 1837, Samuel Morse developed a method for making a permanent record of telegraph communications using an electromagnet to raise and lower a pen and by developing the Morse Code.

Shortly after the development of the technology to make the telegraph practical, the commercial development of the telegraph began. The first commercial telegraph was built by Charles Wheatstone and William Cooke in 1843 for the railway. Between the years 1845 and 1853, telegraph lines were opened in France, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, Germant, Switzerland, and Russia. The natural barrier of water was first overcome in 1850 when a telegraph cable was laid across the English Channel. Then. in 1858, the first telegraph cable across the Atlantic was laid. On August 14, 1858, Queen Victoria sent a telegram to United States President James Buchanon. The time span of only 15 years for telegraph cables to go from their first commercial use to span halfway around the world suggests how powerful telecommunication was to the countries and the businesses who funded these telegraph cables.

Pulses were transmitted down a telegraph cable at the speed of light; however, sending information was slowed due to the technical nature of a telegraph. The telegraph could only be operated by an individual who was capable of sending and translating a code. This meant that the speed of the telegraph was limited by the rate at which a telegraph operator could send or write down text. Since the operation of a telegraph required a degree of technical ability, there were only select individuals who operated the telegraph. In order to send a message, an individual would have to travel to the office of the telegraph operator. If the telegraph operator was busy, it might take some time to send a message. In this way, the technical nature of the telegraph resulted in slowing down the sending of information. The deficiency in the speed and privacy of the telegraph allowed the telephone to develop into a useful communication technology.

The technology to send and receive acoustic signals was developed by Alexander Graham Bell in 1876. However, two major technical innovations had to made before the telephone could overcome the shortfalls of the telegraph. After Almon Strowger had a business call accidentally diverted to his competitors, he designed an automatic switching mechanism. In 1896, the refined version of this mechanism was capable of connecting calls as fast as and more accurately than an operator. The second of these technical problems to be overcome was that attenuation of a telephone signal made it difficult to send a telephone signal over a long distance. In 1900, Michael Pupin patented a coil which increases the inductance of the telephone wire and greatly reduced the attenuation of a telephone signal.

With these technical difficulties overcome, the telephone began to become more widely used. In 1927, the first Transatlantic telephone service was operating. The operation of this service use two powerful radio transmitters: one on Rocky Point, Long Island, and the other in Cuper, Scotland. However, due to the complicated amplifiers that had to be designed for underwater relay stations, a Transatlantic cable was not laid until 1956. In 1962, the United States launched the first communication satellite, Telstar. Telstar connected 23 European cities with 23 U.S. cities and could place 80 simultaneous calls. Today, two-thirds of all transoceanic telephone volume goes through satellites.

Recently, the nature of information transmitted through a telephone system has changed with the development of two new technologies. The development, in 1971, of the silicon chip has resulted in a dramatic decrease in the cost of storing information. In 1972, a chip that would have cost ten dollars could store 1000 bits of information. In the early 1980's 64,000 bits of information could be stored for 6/1000 of a penny. The cost of storing information has continued to drop in the same dramatic manner. Fibre optics were developed by Bell Laboratories as a method to transmit information as binary signals using laser light travelling down a thin glass cable. A single fibre optic cable can simultaneously carry many telephone calls that have been digitized. Single fibre optic cables have transmitted at rates greater than one billion bits per second. Television requires only 92 million bits per second. With these two technologies, the telephone system has become capable of transmitting information efficiently in many forms such as visual and numerical as well as acoustic.

In the last 150 years, the rate at which information has been transmitted through telecommunication has increased exponentially from ten bits per second with early telegraphs to over a billion bits per second with fibre optics. This increase in technology has given humankind the ability to organize the largest endeavors in history. Because these large scale operations can greatly alter the world we live in, we as a society must change the way we view our actions if we are to become aware of the consequences of these changes.

Brian Charles is an engineer (gasp) but he professes to like science and would probably recognize a science LONG before it came up and bit him on the ass.

Coming soon!

Physsoc Beer Gardenia!

Thursday Jan 24, 4:32pm
In Henn 318

Cheap Drinks
Cheap Pop
Free Grub
Dancing Walruses

Top Ten Replies

10. Oh yeah?

9. No, YOU are.

8. Same to you!

7. I know you are but what am I?

6. Takes one to know one.

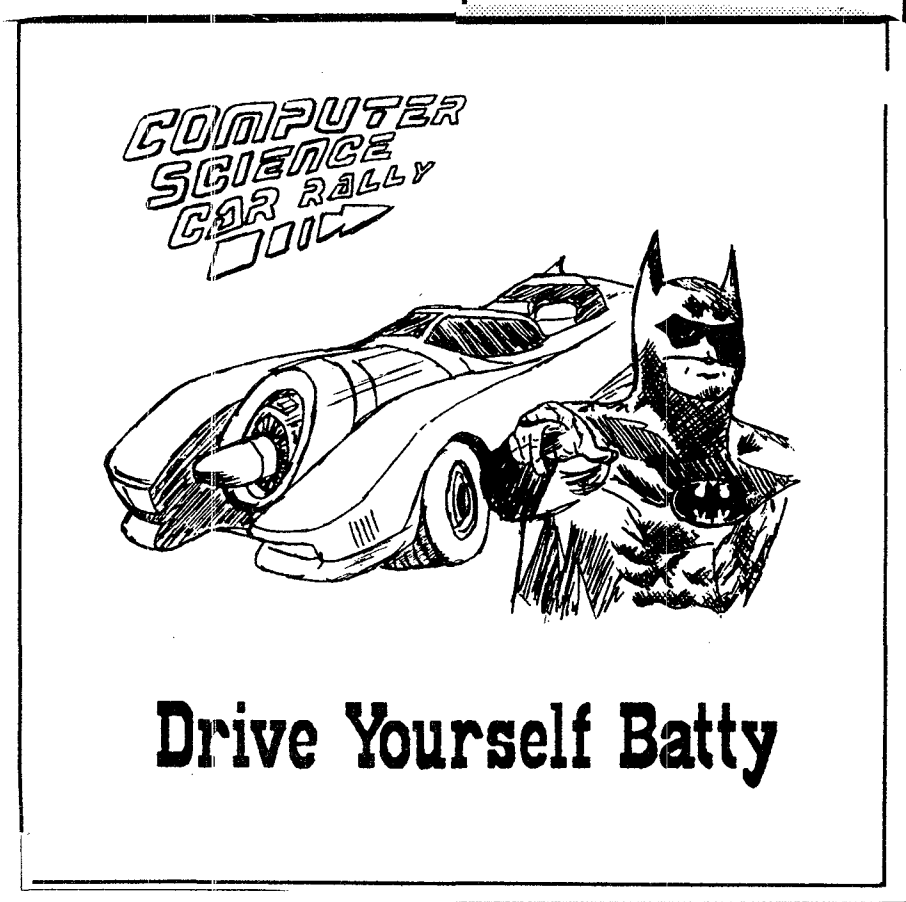
5. Is not!

4. Sez who?

3. C'mere and say that.

2. Yah, right!

1. That's MISTER Asshole to you, buddy.



That's the way it was, Monday January 21, 1991.

Okay, The 432 is *usually* printed every 14 days, but right now we're all a little frazzled over this Persian Gulf thing and our timing is a little off. But anyway, we usually come out on Wednesdays. Remember: there are prizes for good articles so if you submit you could win a waterbed. Or maybe just the water. Hah Hah! I kill myself. Really.

The 432
c/o Dean of Science
6270 University Blvd. UBC
Vanvouver BC
V6T 1W5

Editor: Aaron Drake

Writers and Contributors: Aaron Drake, Alan Douglas, Trent Hammer, Sandrah Mah, Antonia Rozario, Caireen Hanert, Sarah Thornton, Derek Miller, David New, Ari Giligson, Catherine Rankel, Rachel Farrall, Alan Price, Claudio de Los Rios, Gordo Shmordo, Scaught, Ivo Van something, Mark Hoenig, Phen Huang, Jason Olson, Elaine Wong, Gloria Sheen, Noel Lam, Kelly Guggisberg, Paddy Redding, Brian Charles- maybe, various pop cans

Artists: Aaron Drake, Patrick Redding

Layout/Pasteup: Aaron Drake

Copyright 1991. All rights reserved, and all that. All material is copyrighted in the name of the author. If no name is affixed, then the material is copyrighted 1991 in the name of Aaron Drake. What a bonus.

Circulation: 4000 and my mom.

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All similarities to persons or places whether alive, dead, or just plain dull, is certainly "not what we meant." Otherwise, we'll spout off some rhetoric about free rights this and fair comment that and oh gosh we really didn't mean to insinuate that you are Saddam Hussein's Love Bunny that was a typo.

Subscription rates:
Six months (12 issues): Free + GST
Twelve Months (29 issues): Free + GST
Two Years (12 issues): Free + GST, but we'll pick up the GST.

Special thanks to Sarah for saving us at the last minute with her silly poem about silly looking glasses. Thank you to Kaz Kylheke and Gavin Fung for their very sophisticated Turbo Pascal Humor. Wow, gee, I never thought Procedures could tickle my funny bone so much. Yes, of course I'm being sarcastic. Thanks to Saddma Hussein for being such a weinie-head (that wonderful euphemism courtesy of the flaming colourful tongue of Kelly Guggisberg) and opening up an entire new realm of stupid humour. Same to you Bill. You're probably next. Thanks to Caireen for all that stuff she told me to thank her for or else she would hit me on the head).

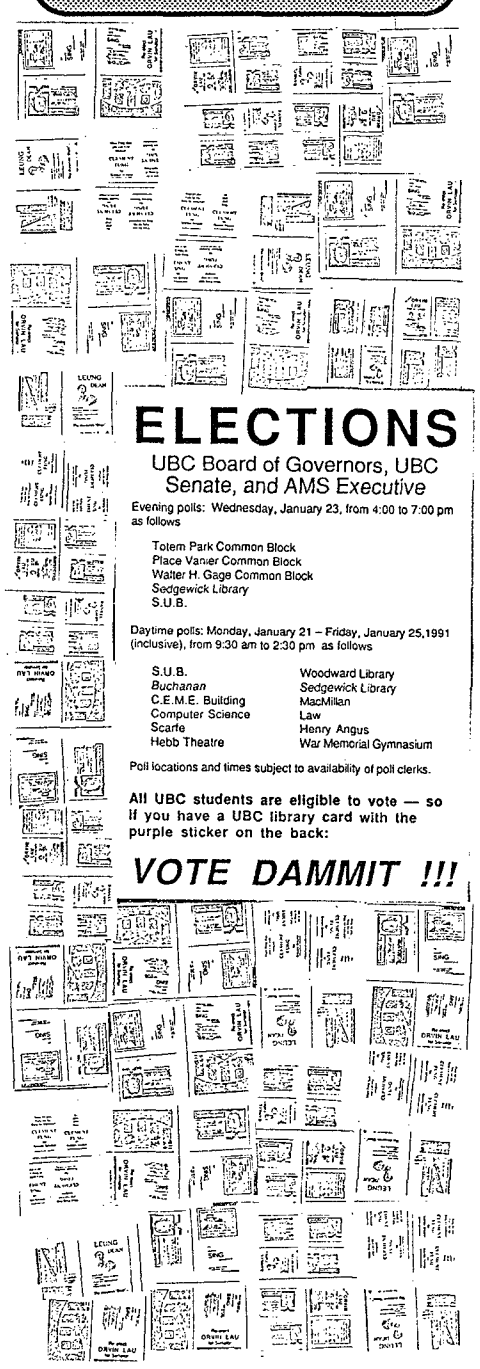
Alright, you guys. I've just about had enough of this. Every two weeks, I have to sit in the SUS office beside a crazed man, (otherwise known as The Editor), while he tears out his hair trying to think of things that you guys will think are funny, and he occasionally tries to tear out my hair too, and I'm sick and tired of begging him to go home so that he can get some sleep so that he can continue this thankless job. You guys should start thinking about someone other than yourselves, someone like me, and START WRITING SOME ARTICLES SO THAT I WILL LIVE A RELATIVELY UNSTRESSED LIFE HAPPILY EVER AND EVER WITH THE EDITOR!!! Be thoughtful, be nice, be good to small children and animals and give Aaron a break. Thank you for listening.

pecial thanks to Antonia and Caireen for keeping up my moral all night, and putting up with my hysterical three-in-the-morning giggles; the giggles that come ONLY late at night when words like Perfliggle become simply hysterical.

Wanted!

In order to run the upcoming executive elections as smoothly as possible, I need help! The person that helps will be the official executive '91 **ELECTIONS COMMISSIONER**. If you are interested in getting involved or have any questions regarding this or the election, please contact Caireen at SUS (228-4235) or Physsoc (228-3116).

Note: People planning to be executive candidates in the election are not eligible for this position.



Some More HaikuMania

by Antonia Newton, Aaron Newton, Caireen Newton, Fig Newton

My heart beats faster
All the blood rushes to my head
Gawd, I *have* to pee.

My prof is insane
He wants my lab done Friday
Yeah, right, dream on dude.

I tie the cat down
I light the gas- soaked sweater
Rats here comes my mom

Mosquito bite itch
On the inside of my loins
I LIKE to scratch there

My thighs are so big
They rub together all day
Now I've got a rash

Look at this peanut
It is wet and so salty
It's been up my nose

Pushing swelling out
It breaks whiteness washes out
I hate having zits

I've puked on the floor
I've had too much food to eat
Now the guests need shoes

Kurt's term is over
No doubt he has had some fun
We'll sell the sofa

The phone is ringing
It's on his side of the bed
What if itsmy mom?

Go away old man
Get away from my window
...and put on some pants!

Wee morning door knock
They bring me the word of God
I look for my gun

These go together
Do you want some fries with that?
I majored in Arts

I just wet my pants
The smell is getting stronger
Should I tell my prof?

I have PMS
I used to like men a lot.
Now they should all die

Probing poking thumb
Scraping pulling small pinkie
Look at this booger

Shards of broken glass
Police in riot gearcome
Wow, great frat party

Our Dean is the best
He's in touch with undergrads
Is my nose brown yet?

The dawn is breaking
This paper is almost done
God my brain hurts bad

Vote for me they say,
Why do they run for office
Resume stuffers(?)

Top Ten Interpretations of The National Art Gallery's Latest One Million Dollar Purchase.

10. It's a duck.

9. It's upside down.

8. It cost *how* much?

7. Existentially speaking, it's a bold statement in avante-garde anti-materialism.

6. I'm sure it's a duck.

5. *That* cost a million dollars?

4. I marks the spot.

3. Well, if it isn't a duck, what is it?

2. Did we pay GST?

1. It's a red line in the middle of a black canvas.

NEWS FLASH: (UBC) In a dramatic rebuke of student politics, the AMS president, by a landslide, was a write-in candidate. Saddam Hussein was voted in by a whopping 98% popularity. Said AMS Elections Commissioner, Sue-Ann Someone, "He's gonna need a job soon." Said Hussein, "What a bunch of nutty kids. You wanna buy some Amway products?"

The World Of Science, and all that, I think

Today's Theme: How to be a Whiz Kid.

by Kelly Guggisberg

There are a lot of things that, being a 3rd yr Science student, I should know, and I don't. I mean, did you ever wonder exactly why apples turn brown after you start eating them?...I did...and did you ever wonder why 40% of all people sneeze after looking at the sun or another bright object (incidentally, if you do know, please drop a note in my box for the next issue)?

No doubt you've always wondered:

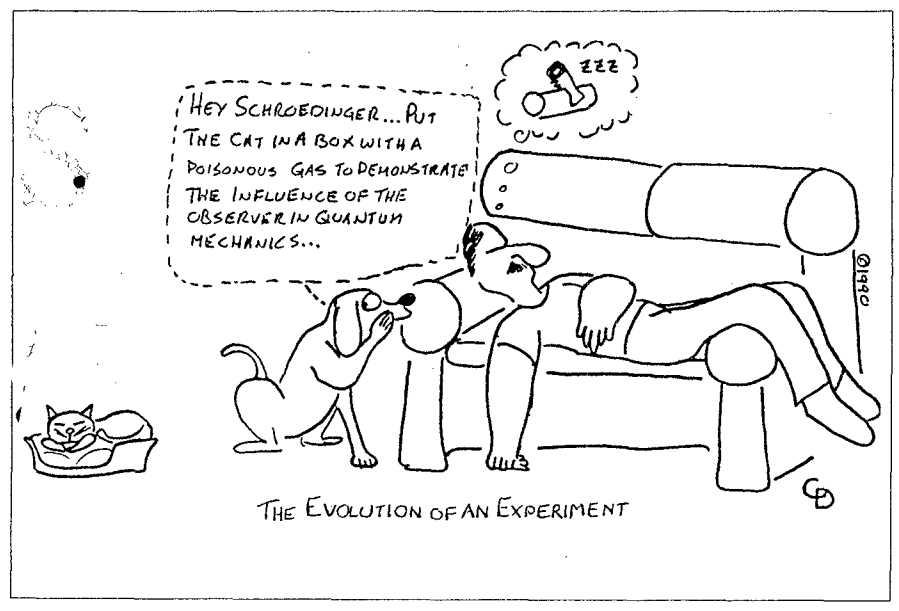
Why does you urine smell...well, *musty*, if you have just eaten a bunch of asparagus?

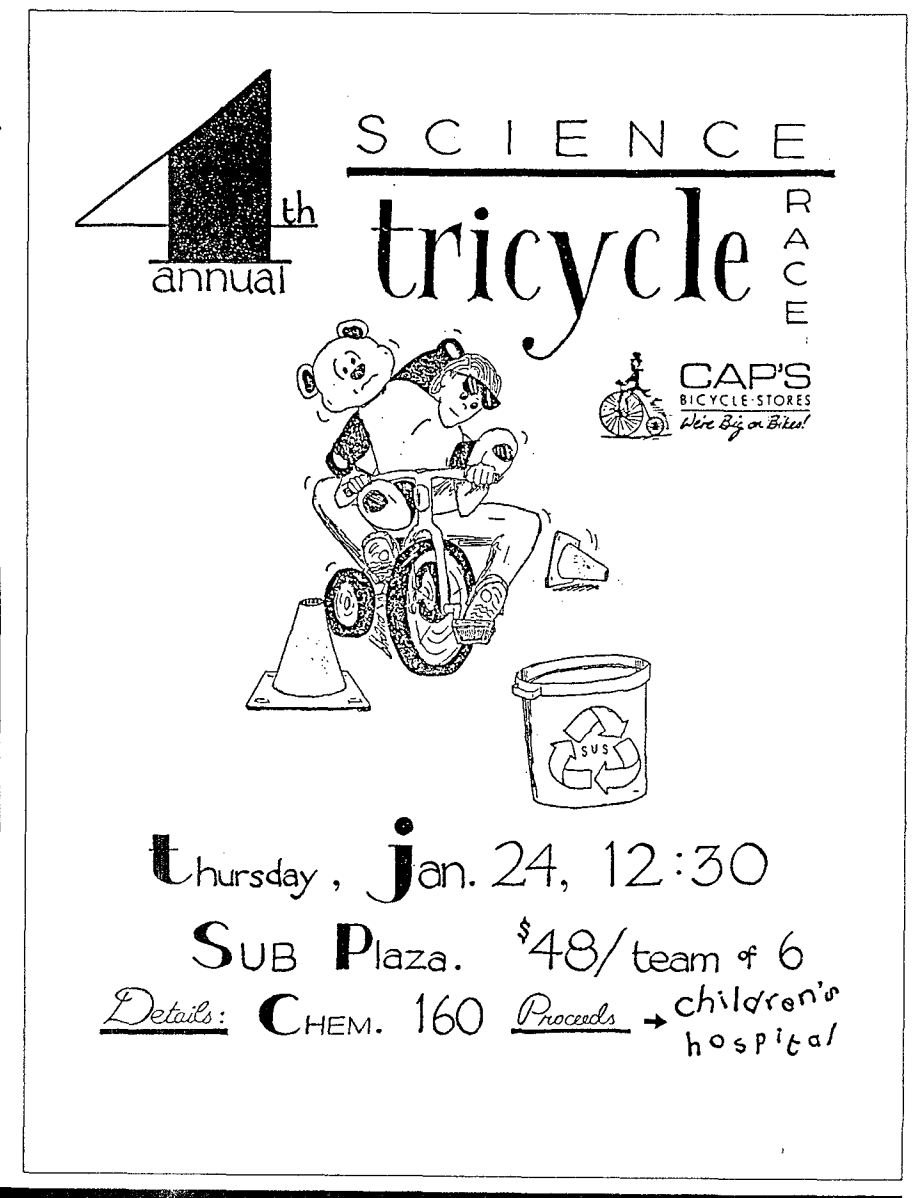
Believe it or not, there is a scientific reason for this finding. As sick as this may be, we should all be very interested. It seems that the characteristic to produce the musty odour is controlled by a single gene and around 40% of the population has it. The aroma itself is a result of two S-methyl thioesters. Generally esters smell very nice, like the banana smell you get to sample in Chem 230. Unfortunately, these esters aren't among the best. Can you imagine if the enzymes would have mixed themselves up? We would have urine smelling like oranges or bananas. The enzyme that this gene codes for is yet unknown so you can't tell what ingredient in the asparagus is the substrate that eventually ends up being the thioester I talked about.

So that's the reason. Next time one of your friends has smelly pee, you'll know why.

I knew there was a reason that I was getting an advanced education.

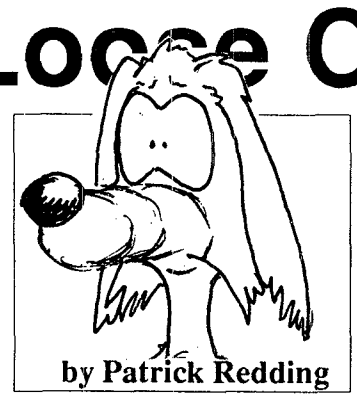
Kelly Guggisberg is our Executive Secretary, which means she is around all the time for youto come down and discuss feces or urine with.





Thanks to Paddy for his extra efforts for this issue. We make a good team, Boyo. Paddy drew all the silly animals. Blame him for being terminally cute; I just suggested the idea. He drew them.

Loose Canons



by Patrick Redding

Oh hell, it's just been a real slow news week, that's all.

But I know how all you fine folks feel. It damn well ought to be against the law preempting TV hockey because of this maudlin war coverage. The nerve of it.

However, I encourage you all to rise to the occasion and make the best of it; it's what Canadians are famous for. Let the spirit of free enterprise prevail in this time of intense melodrama, since after all, free enterprise is the grail to which we and our peace-loving allies were drawn in a conflict that is in every other respect completely asinine. So it is my sincere hope that you, dear readers, will take advantage of this EXHILARATING OPPORTUNITY to cash in on the adversity of your fellow man. I would like now to describe to you a product which I feel could make you MIILIONAIRES, should you choose to partake in the franchise! This simple kahki-colored T-SHIRT made of 50% acrylics and designed to be durable EVEN WHEN EXPOSED TO PEELING AGENTS is still available to you at the wholesale price-per-unit of $3.47! And as independant businesspeople, your price will not be subject to the GST! That's right, NO GST! "But why?" you ask. What possible resale value could an unattractive Army issue t-shirt have, even if we do slide into a recession?! Well, none...UNLESS you receive my complete SILKSCREEN package featuring the guaranteed top-selling print:

MY PARENTS WENT TO SAUDI ARABIA AND ALL THEY LEFT TO ME WAS THIS STUPID T-SHIRT

WOW! I bet you wish you'd thought of that first...ACT NOW!

A story that has been doing the rounds, and one which I really hope is not apocryphal, concerns the owner and operator of a dry-cleaning service who became frustrated over the fact that his was one of the types of businesses likely to lose customers over the GST. To circumvent the tax, this gentleman contrived a clever ploy which exploited the arbitrary criteria used to assign the GST to certain food items that do not require preparation. In this case, potatoes. Both the ploy and the food item. The operator simply changed his line of work from dry-cleaning to specialty produce (tubers only), and since prices are not controlled for grocery items in order to protect the small grocers competing against the megachains, it was quite legal for him to charge $10.00 for a 30 cent potato. In fact, it wasn't even a bad deal, since he was offering to throw in a free dry-cleaning as part of the bargain...

Anyone out there who can provide me with one or more fax numbers for Revenue Canada would be doing an immense service to nihilists everywhere. Please keep in mind, *what I'm about to tell you is not intended to be a set of detailed instructions on how best to interfere with the day-to-day functioning of a government office.* Rather, I would hope to inform the reader as to what potential dangers might arise if someone had a really serious urge to cause trouble. If, theoretically, someone *were* to organize a bunch of people who all had access to fax machines, it would be interesting to imagine the consequences of having all those people fax many sheets of totally black paper to the offices of Revenue Canada. I'm not sure, but I strongly suspect that it would be bad. For them. You see, for the poor little fax to reproduce that totally black document, it would have to use most of the toner in the machine, as well a sheet of somewhat costly fax paper. In addition to rendering the fax useless until refill, this would create a highly concentrated blob of thermal toner which would probably smell kind of distracting. I think a lot of environmental activists might get sort of angry to see a government office producing so much waste paper, especially when its treated with a film that renders it unrecylable. And of course, the really heinous thing about this is that since the facsimile would be completely darkened, the little code that normally indicates the source of the document would be utterly unreadable. Gosh...

A recent article in that bastion of Journalism-With-NutraSweet, the Province, reported that the Quebec Provincial Police are seeking the funding and approval to purchase three brand spanking new German-built Leopard battle tanks, outfitted with such cutting edge crime-fighting technology as its 105mm main gun and 7.26mm machine gun. It was not altogether clear what the QPP anticipated needing such vehicles for, but a spokesman said that the tanks could be used for "humanitarian" purposes, siting as an example "crowd control." Indeed, given their recent confrontation with the Mohawks near Montreal, the Quebec police probably feel that self-propelled artillery is the next logical step up from "heavy paddy-wagon." I just want to know if this mean all the Tim Horton's will have to widen their parking spaces...

I have been told, by an acquaintance who worked for a bank chain in the U.S., that autotellers on most of the networks follow a very predictable uploading cycle, in which every thirty or so minutes the local memory in a given machine or row of machines, having recorded all of the transactions of the intervening period, is transmitted to the central bank computer, where the actual accounts are updated. When one employs their bankcard to access an account, the teller's small dedicated proccessor confirms that the entered code number corresponds to the magnetically-read ID strip. It can then call up an account file from whatever storage device is used in the customer's main branch, to determine the availability of funds. It is a technical reality that while retrieving the current account infromation is a fairly time-efficient proccess, modifying the permanent bank record requires a lengthy, automated procedure of queing and prioritization. So each machine (or cluster of machines at a given branch) accumulates a pile of transactions during the service interval. Once these withdrawls, deposits and transfers are handed over to the main system, various programs shuffle the individual routines into order of priority.

The immediate consequence of this system is that if the same account were to be accessed from separate nodes in the network, within the passage of a single cycle, then in theory the entire balance of the account could be withdrawn that many times. The primary hurdle is to be able to get your single valid bankcard from machine to machine to machine all within 30 min. It would not do to merely hop from the first autoteller at branch A to the second or third such machine at the same branch, since all three machines effectively run on the same brain. Two difficulties arise. The first is that this flaw may only exist in certain U.S. systems, and is not useful in Canada. The second is that if you intend to pull this stunt and not face prosecution, you better spend your ill-gotten gains on a plane ticket to Bangkok...

Patrick Redding, known to his friends as Patrick Redding, is habitually late, but "it's Judy's fault."

A Little More Light Humor

from Aaron and Al

How many architects does it take to change a light bulb?
Aw, hell, let's put in a skylight.

How many British Loyalists does it take to change a light bulb?
Who needs light bulbs? The sun never sets on the British Empire.

How many policemen does it take to change a light bulb?
One, but he's never there when you need him.

How many policemen does it take to change a light bulb?
Twenty, if it's in a donut shop.

How many bag ladies does it take to screw in a light bulb?
Three: one to hold the bulb and two to turn the shopping cart.

How many Beatles does it take to change a light bulb?
Two: one to twist and one to shout.

How many frogs does it take to change a light bulb?
Three: one to change it and two to eat the moths.

How many Canadian civil servants does it take to change a light bulb?
Two: one to do it in French and one to do it in English.

How many conscientious objectors does it take to change a light bulb?
Two: one to take a stand and one to stand on it.

How many lawyers does it take to change a light bulb?
None: they're all at the bottom of the ocean.

How many nineties-men-who-aren't-afraid-of-their-sensitive-side does it take to change a light bulb?
Four: one to change it and three to give reassuring hugs.

How many Oscar-winning actors does it take to screw in a light bulb?
One to do it and one to thank all the little people.

How many debutantes does it take to change a light bulb?
Two: one to break open a Fresca and one to call her boyfriend.

How many Yuppies does it take to change a light bulb?
Three: two to serve pate and one to call the electrician.

How many xenophobic Yuppies does it take to change a light bulb?
One: he's afraid to phone the electrician.

How many civil servants does it take to change a light bulb?
Two: one to assure the public that everything that can be done is being done and one to screw it in to the faucet.

How many Milli Vanillis does it take to change a light bulb?
Two: one to do it and one to really do it.

How many moths does it take to change a light bulb?
Two: one to do it and one to keep an eye out for frogs.

The 432 Contest

How many _____ does it take to change a light bulb?
It takes ___. One to hold the bulb, and ____ to turn the ladder.

Don't you think you can come up with funnier light bulb jokes than that? Of course you can? So here's your chance! Just tell me how many it takes to change a light bulb, from the list below. Make up as many jokes for each as you want.

Example: How many Anarchists does it take to change a light bulb? Answer: 7.: One to hold the bulb and six to blow up the house. Hahahahahahahahhhhh!

You see? They don't even have to be all that funny. The punchlines just have to be relevant to the group that is changing the light bulb. If you find yourself stumped, just submit any light bulb joke you can think up, even if you didn't make it up.

Light bulb jokes about the groups listed below are worth 5 points each if they are funny, and two if they are not. Light bulb jokes that I have heard before <u>not</u> from the list below are worth one point each. Light bulb jokes that I haven't heard before <u>not</u> from the list below are worth two points.

First Prize: Science Sweater
Second Prize: Track Pants
Third Prize: T-Shirt

see the credits for our address. We are located in Chem 160
Deadline: February 7, Midnight

Note: each joke must be different. That is, you cannot claim that changing the answer to Eight from Seven is making a new joke.

Accountants
Americans
Anarchists
Armchair Athletes
Biologists
British Soccer Fans
Canadians
Chemists
Computer Scientists
Cowboys
Creationists
Doctors
Drug Pushers
Engineers
Environmentalists
Ethiopians
Foresters
Francophones
Generals
Germans
Gigolos
Homeless People
Hookers
Insurance Salesmen
Iraqis
Iranians
Janitors
Klu Klux Klan Members
Lawyers
Loggers
Losers
Masseurs
New Kids On The Block
Neurotics
Oka Mohawks
Physicists
Policemen
Progressive Conservatives
Quebec Surete
Religious Zealots
Romanians
Russians
South Africans
Stock Brokers
Strippers
Students
Teenagers
Toronto Maple Leafs
Urologists
Vegetarians
Women With PMS
Xenophobes
Yes-Men
Zoologists

12 - Midnight ending Friday Jan. 25 closes Science Week 1991
But not before the SUS brings you:

MESSAGE: begin...Science event being held at SUB Ballroom
rendezvouz time is 8:00pm
live performance by WALLSTREET
access granted by Ticket - $5.00
access pass (ticket) available at CHEM 160,
SUB Box office, SUS Agents...Message Ends.

CONFIDENTIAL: coded message follows...
BZZR: $1.50
CEADER $1.75
SHEETERS $1.50 pop, chips,juice available
Alert..Alert..Alert..Happy Half Hour 8:00-8:30pm
Selected beverages 2for1
note GST inclusive in all prices...Message Ends.

Top Ten Things You Can Do With an Arts Degree

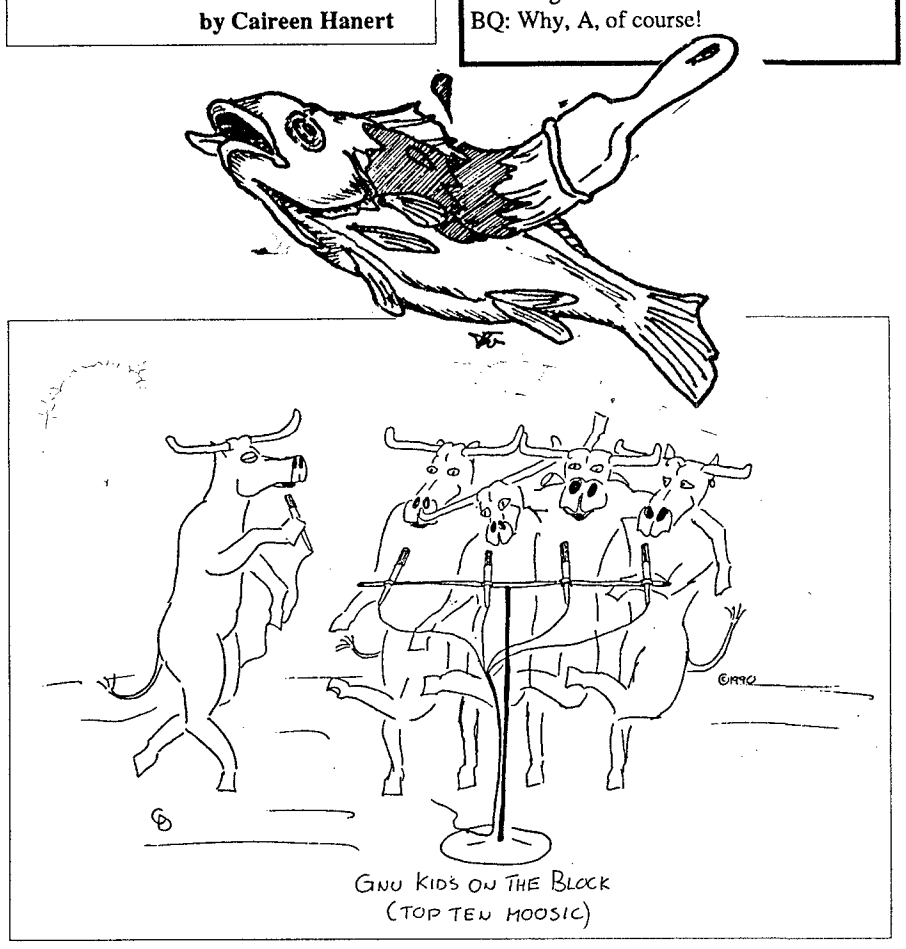
10.
9.
8.
7.
6.
5.
4.
3.
2.
1.

by Caireen Hanert

Answers to That's Trivial!

1. London.
2. Quebec City.
3. Olympia.
4. Williams Lake.
5. Moscow.
6. Tehran.
7. Cairo.
8. Paris.
9. Tokyo.
10. Madrid.
11. Santiago.
12. Wellington.
13. Belgrade.
14. Lincoln.
15. Canberra.
16. Ksmpala.
17. Dar es Salaam.
18. Ulan Bator.
19. Vaduz.
20. Douglas.

BQ: Why, A, of course!



Classifieds

Lost

My sense of humor. This is not a joke. It isn't funny any more.

My Way. My integrity. My sense of direction. Oh wait, there it is. Never mind.

Found

Jimmy Hoffa, alive and well at Physical Plant. No wonder no one found him.

Cheap books in the UBC Bookstore. Hurry before they sell them both.

Help Wanted

Consultants to assist Computer Science Students Society members Get A Life. 228-3033.

Wanted.

Quorum. It's around here somewhere. Yo! Wake up! Contact AMS.

Notices

Valentine's Day is approaching. And what better way to express your affections than to have it smeared across the pages of a newspaper for the whole world to see, and embarass the person whom you are sending it to because did you have to shout it from the roof tops, maybe you could have been a little more discreet you penny-pinching tightwad, what, you couldn't shell out for a lousy rose? Anyway, The 432 will graciously print up your Valentine's day message for FREE. All messages will be printed in the February 13 issue. Submit as many messages as you want. Space is limited, so it is first-come first-served. Drop off your message at Chem 160, or phone it in (228-4235), or mail it in (our address is in the credits)

NEWS FLASH: The Last Dance On Earth is upon us! Get your tickets now before the universe ends. Only $5. Cheap beerh, Good MUSIC (Wall Street). SUB Ballroom, 8:00 - 12:00.

Give Blood. 'Nuff said.

Get out and Vote. Or else.

Beer Gardenias

Physsoc Beer Gardenia, Thursday, January 24, Henn 318. 4:32 - whenever. No cover charge.

CS³ Beer Gardenia, 7:30, Computer Science Students Society.

BioChem Pharmacology Physiology Beer Gardenia, SUB 207/209, 4:00.

NEWS FLASH: (BONN) In a delicately worded letter, Helmut Kohl asked the Soviet Union to take East Germany back, on the grounds that they are "saving themselves for the right country."Said Kohl, "We just don't want to rush into any union. I mean, we haven't even registered a china pattern."
Said Gorbachev, "Hey, you want some nuts?"
NEWS FLASH: George Bush sent his strongest message yet to Iraq, on the Gulf Crisis. Bush warned Saddam Hussein that "it 's only fun until somebody loses an eye." Said Saddam, "That guy's nuts."

Get out and vote. Dammit