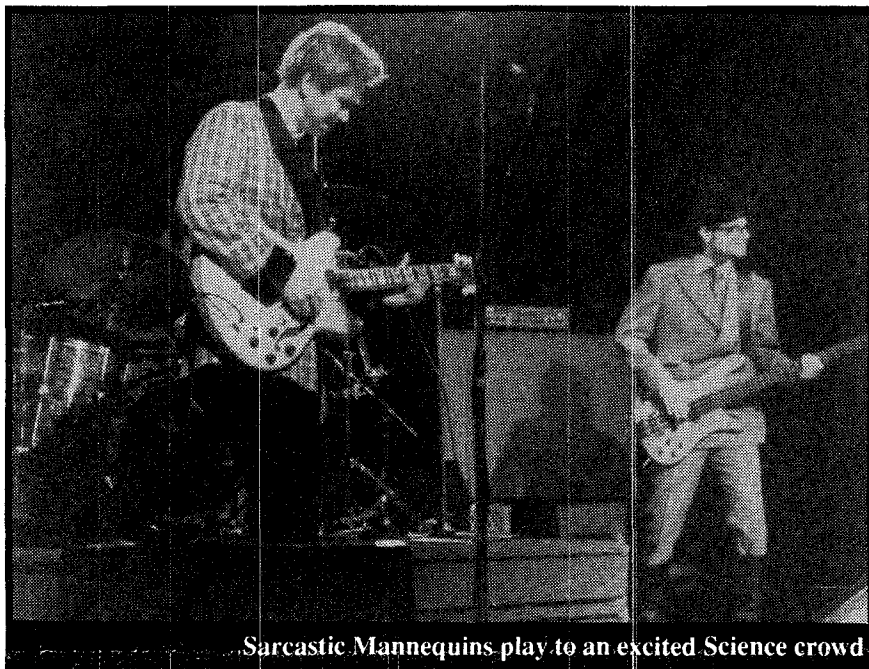


The 432

Volume 4, Number 7 The Newspaper for Science Students Wednesday, Nov. 28, 1990

UBC Archives Serial

The 432 Guide to Pizza!



Sarcastic Mannequins play to an excited Science crowd

President's Choice Dance Rocks SUB

On Friday, November 15th, the assembled minions of SUS gathered in the SUB Ballroom for the President's Choice Dance, which promised to be a rollicking good time for only \$4.00.

And indeed, a rollicking good time it was. After a series of boat race trials, Winnipeg's One Big Union took the stage and played one of the best sets ever heard at a Science dance. On most songs, well over half the crowd was dancing.

The evening's festivities stopped halfway through as the boat race finals took place — and with a split-second margin, Physsoc's Radical Beer Faction (Aaron Drake, Mike Hamilton, Erik Jensen, Mark Höning, and Caireen Hanert, the last of whom claimed never to have tried beer before in her life) emerged victorious.

Sarcastic Mannequins played next, performing if anything a better, more energetic set than One Big Union. Unfortunately, the evening was cut slightly short when, only 45 minutes into the Mannequins' set, the Ballroom lights abruptly flickered on and the attendees all drifted gradually away.

Despite nothing but glowing appraisals of the dance, however, SUS External Vice President Alan Price was disappointed. "I had kind of hoped for more people to turn up," he said.

Price's plans now turn to organiz-

ing the Science Week Dance, due to take place on Friday, January 25th. Traditionally SUS's largest social event of the year, the dance should be "a blast, a real blast," according to Price.

SUS Food Drive Triumphant

-by Antonia Rozario-

On Friday, November 23rd, the Science Undergraduate Society brought its 1990 Christmas Food Drive campaign to a close, as all food gathered over the last two weeks was brought to the Student Union Building and piled on the Main Concourse for display. The Engineering Undergraduate Society, who had issued a challenge to all other student groups to meet or beat them in food collection (*The Ubysses*, November 8, 1990) arrived in full force, but SUS, the only student society who met their challenge, also showed up with an enormous load of edible goodies.

All in all, the Christmas Food Drive was a successful one. SUS brought in two to three times more food than the EUS did, but the EUS had an additional

Fifteen months ago, *The 432* printed a pizza survey of the West Point Grey area to an enormously positive response. And now, just in time for the ravenous all-nighters of exam period, two weeks of tasting pizzas have culminated in *The 432* Guide to Pizza, Second Edition.

Our team of reviewers phoned ten recommended locations in West Point Grey, of which seven delivered as far as UBC. From each of those seven, we ordered two large pizzas, one vegetarian and one not — Ham and Pineapple or Ground Beef and Feta, for two. We gave the room and phone numbers of Physsoc and the street address of the Hennings building, but no directions as to where

6224 Agricultural Road might be.

Physsoc, of course, is not the easiest room in the world to find, nor is Hennings the easiest building. We expected to have to give directions to almost every driver — but in the end, only two, Ted's Place and Pizza 222, ended up needing any. Kudos to Domino's, UBC, Sasamat, Panagopoulos, and the Candia Taverna!

Finally, confronted by their pizzas, the reviewers were asked to rate each pizzeria on quality of crust, toppings, sauce, and cheese, plus the overall calibre of both the vegetarian and the other pizza, on scales of one to ten, ten being the best. A quick summary of the results is below.

Crust		Toppings		Sauce		Cheese	
Can	8.7	Can	9.3	Can	8.9	Can	9.1
Dom	8.6	Dom	7.3	Dom	7.5	Dom	7.0
UBC	6.9	UBC	6.8	UBC	6.7	UBC	6.9
Sas	6.9	Sas	5.9	Sas	4.9	Pan	6.0
Pan	6.0	Pan	5.0	Pan	4.2	Sas	4.5
Ted	3.1	Ted	4.0	Ted	2.8	Ted	3.6
Delivery Time		Cost		Vegetarian		Other Pizza	
Dom	20 min.	Pan	\$17.70	Can	9.9	Can	9.0
Can	32 min.	222	\$17.78	Dom	6.7	UBC	7.0
UBC	42 min.	Sas	\$18.80	UBC	6.6	Dom	7.0
Sas	44 min.	Ted	\$19.50	Sas	6.1	Pan	6.5
Pan	58 min.	Dom	\$23.50	Pan	4.5	Sas	5.6
Ted	60 min.	Can	\$24.95	Ted	3.0	Ted	2.1
222	>137 min.	UBC	\$25.25	Individual reviews on page 5...			

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Please Recycle
This Paper!

Editorial: That's All, Folks

by David W. New



That's it. That's seven. That's the last issue of the first term and the end of my suzerainty.

That's ten all-nighters trying to wrestle five articles onto page seven and fill page eight

with more than a Sales ad. That's hundreds of phone calls trying to track down miscreant contributors. That's thirteen weeks of postponing classes because the paper's due in an hour and I'll never get it there on time oh no. That's it. That's a wrap.

That's the end of arguing with every writer I met face to face about how to eliminate dangling modifiers and why to punctuate a quotation. That's the last of staggering, disheveled and bookless, into my courses, only to spend eighty percent of the lecture dreaming about the AMS Briefs and the other

twenty percent trying to figure out how the use of dialogue in *Dracula* relates to Kurt Preinsperg. That's the final vestiges of frantically holding a ruler to the Macintosh screen in a vain effort to guess how big everything's going to be in real life.

That's that. That's all there is. That's the lot.

That's my contract, and contract up, I'm gone.

That's not to say I'm upset to leave — but that shouldn't imply I'm bored with staying. That's a silly suggestion: echoing Allan Fotheringham's claim that *The Ubysey* is the best journalism school in Canada, editorship of *The 432* is probably the best publishing school on campus. That's a fact.

That's life in the editorship — you end up writing about five thousand words of copy for each issue, designing all the ads, doing all the proofing and layout, and typing most of the submissions. That's the glory of the adrenaline thrill every second week as you struggle in vain to get the beast in before deadline, and failing that, at least before it's supposed to come

out. That's the anxiety you feel a day and a half later, when, rested at last, you stare at copy after pristine copy of your newspaper as they migrate to racks across campus, and finally dare to wonder whether any of your editorial decisions were right this time around. That's the rush of riding the bus home and seeing the three people behind you all reading the issue you just put together.

That's the most wonderful emotion I've ever felt in my life.

That's over with, however: as I move on to 1991, and the two convention books, one game, and three magazine issues I'm committed to publishing next year, it's with the training that *The 432* gave me — and just compare this issue to the September 5th edition to see where I've come. That's valuable experience; that'll serve me well.

That's far from everything I've got to gush about, with my last issue finally under my belt and an ego large enough to burst the Aquatic Centre. That's ignoring the kind efforts of a great staff who helped me out whenever I ran short

an article, and the infinite patience of SUS Council with my fortnightly cosmos-bashing, nerve-placating tirades. That's really big of all of you — and it's been such a relief to have had you behind me from the beginning.

That's the best part of all of being SUS Editor — you get to see how much talent lies out there in Science, among Councillors and just-students alike, and foster some of it into a newspaper that the entire faculty's proud of. That's quite the responsibility, but the sheer exuberant thrill of being the first to read each new submission more than compensates for any momentary trepidation.

That's about it, really: and to everyone who suffered my company those hellish Mondays when nary a kind (or true) word passed my lips, to all those people who adjusted to my infernally inconsistent schedule from day to day (especially the staff at College Printers!), and to all of you, for reading so loyally week after week what *The 432* has to offer ... thanks.

David W. New, perhaps better known as the feet in those mid-'90's Reebok commercials, joined the London Times as an analyst of amphibious military in 1997, and has spent all his days since engaged in rapturous naval contemplation.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I am writing because of Shawn Tagseth's letter in the November 23rd *Ubysey* (asking why Captain Jean-Luc Picard walks to the transporter room instead of just beaming there—Ed.), but because I want an intelligent answer to mine — I'm addressing you.

What the hell is 'beaming' anyway? My best guess so far is that the position of every molecule in a person's body is recorded, then reconstructed at the place the person was beamed to. How do these particles of matter travel through solids then? Or do they blast apart the original, and make a copy at the second site out of whatever elements are around — in which case why aren't there stockpiles of carbon and hydrogen, etc., in the transporter room?

And how can they know where every molecule is anyway? If their scanners are so great, why do they always have so much trouble locating things, and why do they have to send search parties and away teams out all the time — they should be able to scan all this stuff and figure out everything that's ever existed on the planet. Does anyone have a better guess?

And warp speed — why aren't the people on the bridge crushed into the floor when they jump into light speed?

And why wasn't Picard younger than his brother when he returned to Earth? And how come in a recent rerun he was able to speak *mid-transport*? And why isn't the Holodeck always booked solid? And what are photon torpedoes anyway? And why does everyone in France now have English accents? And why does everyone in the universe *still* speak English? And how come every species in the universe can still interbreed? And why doesn't Riker just *drop dead*?

I anxiously await your reply.

Alex Ball
Science 1

Alex, we contacted a senior officer on the U.S.S. S'Harien, a local Federation vessel, who explained a few of these apparent anomalies. The scanners aren't omniscient about planetary life because "sometimes there's interference with the beams, like radiation or unknown energy sources, among other things — ion storms, the like, can disrupt transporter mechanisms."

As to warp speed, Federation ships have a gravitational buffer which is tied into the warp engines. People on board feel no acceleration.

The Holodeck usually is booked solid, but senior officers have priority booking. And everyone on crew is equipped with a universal translator, so they can understand each other. They don't speak English — but if the show was broadcast in Galactic Standard, nobody would understand it.

Not every race can interbreed. Look at the Medusans. (Or don't.)

And since you ask, nobody really knows why Riker's still alive.

"Star Trek is just a show," she said. "Anybody that takes it apart for scientific reasons has got to get a life."
—Ed.

Dear Editor,

Hi. I'm the President of the newly-constituted AMS club, the Advanced Scientific Calculator Club. Don't laugh, now, this is serious. The club is open to all students, but is probably only of interest to Science and Engineering students. Membership is \$5.

We have already held workshops where members are given a tutorial of some of the more advanced and useful functions of their calculators. In the new year, we are having a contest where you have to chug beer, and then solve mathematical problems. We may also have a slide rule (what's that?) time trial competition.

We have been in touch with the Western Canadian Hewlett Packard representatives, and they have expressed interest (possible sponsorship?) in us.

Just to prove that calculators are not just for keeners, we are having a party in SUB 207-209 on Dec. 20 at 6 PM. The party will be featuring cheap alcohol, good music, members of the opposite sex, and of course, our calculators. Food is potluck (i.e. please bring something).

Mike Smith
ASCC President

Dear Editor,

Hello, Science! Congratulations on your excellent participation in the E.U.S. Food Bank Challenge. The Engineers once again emerge victorious! You

were our only challenger, since the rest of campus is a bunch of weenies with twigs up their butts. We won by number of cans, by weight, and by amount of money collected, but you almost tied us by volume, thanks to those ten bags of \$1.49 puffed wheat. Anyways, lotsa food was collected, and the Vancouver Food Bank is the real winner. Let's all do even better next year!

Evie Wehrhahn
EUS First Vice President

Ahem. For a more, ah, unbiased report of the recent Food Drive — which, incidentally, Science won, although the EUS did contribute about \$150 of unmitigated cash — please see page 1.
—Ed.

NOTICE OF ELECTION

Student Representatives to serve on the Board of Governors and on the Senate.

This notice is a call for nominations for full-time students to run for election for the following positions:

BOARD OF GOVERNORS — TWO students
SENATE — SEVENTEEN students (five at-large and one from each faculty).

Nomination forms giving full details of the requirements of nominations are available in the Registrar's Office, the A.M.S. Office (Room 266 S.U.B.), and the offices of the Student Undergraduate Societies and the Graduate Student Association.

Forms are available at the Science Undergraduate Society Office (Room 160 Chemistry) from Catherine Rankel, SUS President, and Orvin Lau, Senator.

Nominations must be in the hands of the Registrar no later than 4:00 p.m. on Friday, November 30, 1990.

Power Outages Plague Distraught Campus

-by David W. New-

Two power substations in B-Lot supply West Point Grey with electricity — the entire UBC campus, and all student residences. Last Wednesday, November 21st, at 11:30am, a transistor at one of them overheated and blew, casting all of UBC into blackout. After an hour, at 12:38pm, Physical Plant workers had attached the power cables to the secondary substation, and electricity resumed.

In the meantime, most classes had been cancelled. The downpour outside made little light available even for windowed areas — yet nobody wanted to wait it out outdoors. Main Library was combed for people stuck in the stacks.

Sedgewick Library staff, confronted by scanners which no longer worked, started checking people's bags as they left. Professors returning from 10:30 classes were trapped in the Buchanan Tower elevators until they could be freed.

Indeed, with no power to the elevators and no lights in the staircases, anybody on a high floor of Gage or Buchanan was effectively trapped. The previous time a generator blew, in the Angus Building, it was three days before power resumed — speculation abounded regarding spoiled meat in residence fridges.

At B-Lot, about half the gates were open as power was cut. They no longer shut, so parking proceeded as

normal. But at least three attendants had to break their gates to allow cars egress during the outage. Meanwhile, workers at the power station struggled to restore power in the main substation, an effort which for almost a week had not reached success.

The Physiology 301 lecture had just begun when the room was cast into blackness; immediately, several students found the front of the room and beseeched the professor to continue. He did not.

One Economics 100 class proved to contain three students who carried flashlights with them.

In SUB, all the AMS executive and SAC personnel instantly grabbed their coats and umbrellas and left the building, as if the fire alarm had rung. After forty minutes, they slowly returned. Nobody in the building lost any data in computer crashes.

Hebb Theatre was evacuated for lack of ventilation systems.

The bus lines and telephone service were unaffected: BC Tel and BC Hydro use different circuits.

In any event, the power came back on, and afternoon classes occurred as normal. Then, the following Monday, November 26th, at 10:49am, the secondary power station blew as well, and all the contingency plans people had just finished making on Wednesday got to be used. Since the first substation was still dysfunctional, Physical Plant teams laboured to fix the second, and at 1:14pm, they succeeded in bringing it back up. What caused either overheating in the

first place is still unknown.

Although Physical Plant claims that a third blackout in as many weeks is exceedingly unlikely, such an event would plunge UBC into darkness during the middle of an exam, with possibly disastrous results. The University has no codified policy regarding power failures in an exam sitting; one of three things might happen, depending on the length of the course (one- or two-term) and the lighting of the exam room.

First, if window lighting is still sufficient to see by, the exam would continue without undue interruption. But if the exam is taking place in a windowless room or lecture theatre, the examiners would have no choice but to call off the sitting. Then, for a two-term course, the Christmas exam mark would be prorated into the second term through an extra midterm or mid-January sitting — but a one-term course, especially a prerequisite course like Math 100, would have its exam deferred to a weekend or post-December 20th date, so as to compile its marks before the beginning of Term II.

A sufficiently large course, with people writing in multiple rooms, would necessarily be resat, since no authority could still know if all students were receiving equal treatment — some could well be in pitch blackness while others continued to write.

Exams in which calculators are necessary would be continued or resat at the discretion of the professor, depending largely on how many solar or LCD-readout calculators were in the room.

That's Trivial!

by Tanya Rose

Hello again! For our last issue this year, we thought we'd do something on acronyms. Can you guess the words that form these acronyms? Good luck!

Theme: A.C.R.O.N.Y.M.S.

1-10: Easy - 1 point each.

1. CIA
2. NATO
3. DNA
4. TRIUMF
5. NRC
6. NMR
7. AIDS
8. ATP

9. MADD
10. NIMBY

11-15: Medium - 2 points each.

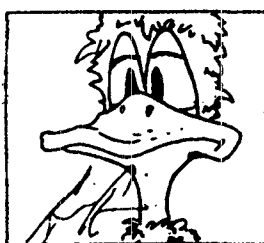
11. LASER
12. SCUBA
13. GATT
14. START
15. TNT

16-20: Hard - 3 points each.

16. NIEO
17. PAL
18. SQUID
19. UNTSO
20. WIMP

Bonus Question - 5 points: HAMCHNY

The Fifth Commandment



You want to know what bugs me? I'll tell you what bugs me. What bugs me is when you're telling

someone a good joke and someone else blurts out the punch line. I hate that. Here I am, putting in the effort to tell Gus a joke, and Gus doesn't know the punchline, but you can't tell Gus the punchline because Morty, possessed by Satan, shouts out, "To get to the other side!" Now, why do people find it so darned compelling to blurt out someone else's joke? Do they honestly think it makes them seem better than everyone else? "Gosh, he knew the punchline to a joke and I didn't. His penis must be longer than mine." There's only one way to deal with these people. Break into hysterical tears, and have a conniption, whatever that is.

The Knock-Knock joke is probably the most successful joke of all time. Why? Because it demands viewer participation. With a riddle, you can ask the question and then give the answer, and the listener goes away with a vague empty feeling, because he didn't put a little piece of himself into making that joke humorous. The joke was funny with or without him. But that's not so with the K² joke. (Like the notation? Knock Knock: KK = K². See it? You're in Science; you should make the link.) OK. Enough already. We don't need the colour commentary. The

fact is, a K² joke is useless without the straight man. You get that wonderful feeling of being *part* of something bigger than the sum of the parts. They say, "Knock Knock," and you have to say, "Who's there?" and if you blow it the joke falls flat on its face. You can't say, "Come in," because there's nothing funny about that and if you think there is then you should talk to my sister who's hit me at least seventy-three times for saying, "Come in." *She* didn't find it funny. I Ruined Her Joke. It was an unforgivable sin, up there with Catching A Glimpse Of Her Underwear, or Touching Her While You Both Have To Share The Back Seat.

We seemed to have a different concept of The Seven Deadly Sins back then. Sure, it was not good to kill people, but there were many worse things. Back then the Top Ten Commandments were:

- 1) Obeyeth thy mommy and daddy or thou shalt be in for it.
- 2) Thou shalt not make funny faces lest thy face freezes that way.
- 3) Thou shalt not run on the stairs. Yea, thy hand shall holdeth yon rail thither.
- 4) Thou shalt eat thy vegetables, for mommy is a vengeful mommy, and thou shalt be denied the desert.
- 5) Thou shalt not run with a stick.
- 6) Thou shalt not place thy elbow on yon dinner table.
- 7) Thou shalt not hit thy sister (who hath just kicked you in a place whose importance you hath not yet realized) for THOU ART

OLDER THAN SHE IS.

- 8) Thou shalt not play with thy food.
- 9) Thou shalt refrain from scratching thy bum, even though thy undershorts art giving thou a wedge.
- 10) Thou shalt do it for I SAID SO.

That was it. Theft and killing were simple midemeanors, let me tell you, because if you killed someone you would go to jail, but if you kept playing with your food, you would be Backhanded Into The Middle Of Next Week, or you would get Your Brains Knocked Out. But the most dreaded sentence for mommy to hand down was to command you to Wait Until Your Father Got Home, Buster. When he got home, Dad usually junked himself on the couch and watched the hockey game, but I figured that it was because he was waiting until I wasn't expecting it and then he would pounce on me and beat me with a large steel beam.

But it never worked that way. I grew up just as child beatings were beginning to go out of vogue as a type of punishment. Mother was none to happy about that, so she devised a way to get even. She practised psychological warfare. She made me wear courdoroy pants.

There is only one thing worse than suffering the taunts of your 'friends' when you are an overweight child. That is having to wear those damned brown courdoroy pants all the time, because they rub together on the inside thighs and eventually give you second degree burns. And the noise! Have you ever listened to an overweight little boy in cords walking down

the halls? FFFFFFFFAT! FFFFFFFFAT! FFFFFFFFAT! FFFFFFFFAT!

That's my mom. Don't let any bruises show. Work on their developing minds! I would lie awake at night, in a cold sweat, because mom had told me how I Would Be The Death Of Her. I didn't know exactly how I would end up killing her, but I knew it had something to do with Driving Her To Her Grave just after I Drove Her Crazy. I would eventually receive the ultimate curse: I Should Have Kids Just Like Me Someday.

Then again, things were simpler back then. There were only a few ailments that could ever afflict me as a child. I could Break My Neck, usually from being in a tree. Or I could Catch Pneumonia, from playing in the rain without my slickers. I already mentioned that I shouldn't run with a stick, because I Could Fall And Break My Neck. Or I could Put Somebody's Eye Out. That was the big one. We couldn't have snowball fights, because There Might Be Rocks In Them and we could Put Somebody's Eye Out.

I never understood that one. I could always pack the snow into an iceball harder than any rock could ever be, so who cared about stupid rocks anyway?

Aaron Drake, already rich from royalties on his invention of the mattress recycler, invested his entire fortune in capillary tubing just before the 1997 crash. He now ekes out a living in Philadelphia selling small rocks.

The 432

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Rumour has it that if you go down to the woods today, you're in for a big surprise — and as usual, rumour hits it right on the button. In fact, today's festivities in the University Endowment Lands include three birds performing the aria from *La Traviata* and a squirrel with an eating demonstration. *The 432* is also there, proclaiming to all who care that it's published by the UBC Science Undergraduate Society and copyright by its various authors (or the Society if said authors are anonymous).

Deadline for submissions:
Wednesday, January 2

Next issue: January 9
•A new editor! Aaron C. Drake takes the paper to heights never before imagined, especially by budgies.

The SUS News Council consists of Aaron Drake, Don Hitchen, Erik Jensen, Dave New, Antonia Rozario, Jason Russell, and Elaine Wong. (This is *good* dirt, so remember it.)

G'bye all — it's been great!

The Great Year-End Sports Report



-by Rachel Farrall-

League sports have been winding down over the past two weeks. Exciting soccer and field hockey finals were played in BC Place.

Congratulations to the Science Women's Field Hockey team for their third-place tie! (OK, so there were only four teams — we played well.) This week, Ball Hockey and Volleyball are finishing up — good luck to BIOSOC's BioHazardous team in the V-Ball finals!

Anyone who would like to play Ball Hockey, Ice Hockey, Volleyball, or Basketball in Term 2 can sign up in SUS or in any of the department club offices. The deadline for registration is in early January, so there won't be much time to get any new teams organized in the new year.

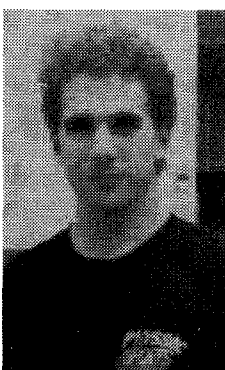
Having been overwhelmed by T-Shirt design entries, the Sports Council had to deliberate for hours before it finally chose Michael Chow as the winner, with Elaine Wong taking second place. Third went to Lisa Pasin. All entrants can pick up their \$5, and the winners their fabulous prizes, in SUS — that includes you, Tim. The new T-shirts will be available in January.

If you forgot to get your sports points forms in, you can still fill one out for the first term. The top participants will receive prizes, and the most active club will get \$100. At the moment, it looks like the Dawson Club will get this one, although Physsoc and CS² are close behind.

If any of you submitted rebate request forms, they should be ready for pick-up by now, so don't forget to come and get them. If you have any problems, you can talk to the new Sports Treasurer, Nicky Meola.

Rachel Farrall stumbled across a magic pomegranate in 1992, and now lives in an ethereal luxury with her three pet hyenas.

Loose Canons



Samizdat is a Russian word. Naturally, its exact meaning escapes complete translation into English, but it has come to refer to the independent publication of ... well, subversive or politically controversial ideas. More than leaflets dropped from airplanes, or grievances tacked to a church door, *samizdat* suggests a certain level of *interaction*. Through ongoing correspondence, subsequent writers continuously append new points to the original body of protest, as the written discussion evolves in a series of carefully-thought-out responses. In live political debates, held in smoke-filled *Bräuhäuser*, this would certainly degenerate into slogan-swapping and the reinforcement of comfortable but utterly indefensible positions — but by taking days or weeks to draft their contributions, the samiz-participants can filter out the bullshit and distill something provocative for their readers. If the goal is to ferment popular unrest, then the writer/publisher is forced to recognize that the target audience may have a limited attention span. Get the idea across by the time the typical shopper is done standing in line for their chicken.

Those of you who are pretending to be wracked with liberal guilt because you don't have to stand in line for chicken, I'm sure would just die to be able to relate to this valiant samiz-movement. Well, don't sweat it, 'cause you're already familiar with its form. Some of you routinely log onto bulletin board systems, or read the special topic forums on, for instance, Usenet. These media use the same basic format as *samizdat*, but at a much higher rate of change. We in the allegedly free world lack the sense of political urgency (take for proof the voter turnout

in any recent U.S. election) that motivates *glasnost*-era Soviets to engage in *samizdat*. But that particular *mode* of communication seems to strike a chord with us as well. Recently, our own BBS's have become arenas for debate on issues like Meech Lake, Free Trade, disarmament and the environment — to name a very few. Of course, introducing E-mail and BBS's into the mainstream political consciousness means elevating the Lyndon LaRouches of the world to a whole new dimension of annoyance. But since this medium is by its very nature supported through its amateur practitioners, it can't be dominated by the Big Money, e.g. PAC's and political parties.

Now for a groaner. Not content to simply apply an existing term to this new wave in electronic activism, the Elders of the Bay Area have decided to call it 'samiz-data.' Ouch.

#2 — Samizdat

Please bear in mind that the samizdata phenomenon has already emerged in the mainstream. During the 1989 (and ongoing) crisis in China, a slack web of privately-owned fax machines provided the medium through which normally (and not accidentally) isolated communities stayed informed of events — up to and including the Tienanmen Square massacre. Subsequently, a goodly number of these machines were confiscated, their operators imprisoned. Which leads to the next important point about samizdat(a): namely, that it can get you arrested or shot. Sure, maybe not over protesting the Gulf War, but in some places (I won't say which), it's conceivable that certain people might take a dim view of, oh, I don't know, your views on bilingualism, say, and beat you up with hockey sticks.

What ham radios represented in occupied Europe during WWII, faxes, photocopiers and personal computers have become in the post-Cold War era.

Samizdat was originally produced in basements with presses and crude mimeographs, but resolution matters little as long as the ideas are there. The technology exists now to affordably turn anyone into an efficient publishing house. So not only can we paper the streets with dangerous ideas, we can *do it 'N Axy FONTWE WANT*.

As proved the case in China, samizdata's real power may be its speed of information transfer — when news broke of the events in Beijing, officials couldn't seize faxes quickly enough to prevent detailed accounts of the massacre from reaching the outside. The forces suppressing the spread of information in North American culture have less to do with any particular government's violence than with the willingness of the viewing public to accept the word of the big four networks as law. It can be startling for an American to see the foreign news media's version of events and find it very different from Dan Rather's. American viewers tend to deify their news anchors, regarding them as paladins in the crusade for Truth, and few viewers seem to care that the big networks are in the entertainment business — and this applies as much to *The Nightly News* as it does to America's Funniest Most Wanted. The time may come when the CBC will give way to FoxNorth and we'll have little recourse but to either tune into Radio Havana or download our news from pirate journalists in what was once called Eastern Europe. This is the China Syndrome in reverse, where armies of expatriated Canadians conspire to inform their oppressed brethren stuck in the chicken lines.

Patrick Redding's notoriety burgeoned in 1996 with his dramatic faked suicide jump off the Hong Kong Towers. For years an underground revolutionary hero, he now tops the Authority's most-wanted lists.

Psst.

Hey, all grads. Interested in getting a Birks UBC grad ring? Then come to CHEM 160 and ask for Catherine. I've got all the inside price lists and photos — these puppies are available in silver, or either 10K or 14K gold.

Science Week '91

Homebrew Contest

Friday, January 25th
SUB 207/209
4:00pm to 8:00pm

For more info, contact the
Micro Club at 228-3980

Entry fee: \$5 per brew

PIZZA! PIZZA! PIZZA! PIZZA! PIZZA!

Candia Taverna 228-9512 or 228-9513

Fifteen minutes after hanging up with our order, the Candia phoned us back to say the pizzas were ready, the driver was heading out the door, and the Hennings building — that was just next to the Main Library, right? All told, delivery time (from hanging up the phone to meeting the driver in the foyer) was 32 minutes.

Candia's Salad Pizza drew raves — receiving easily the highest marks of any pizza we reviewed, even from people who claimed to hate vegetarian. More impressive yet, their second pizza, Pepperoni Mushroom Tomato, scored the second-highest of any. And if the cost was high, it wasn't the most expensive we reviewed. Overall, the Candia Taverna is by far the best pizza place we tried — not for when you're desperate for a snack at 3am, but an excellent meal that won't destroy your stomach lining.

Domino's Pizza 224-1030

We phoned Domino's, intending to head over to the SUB for some money, but the driver headed us off by arriving in under 20 minutes. The pizzas tasted good, too; the Domino's Ham and Pineapple was the only pizza besides Candia's to receive a 9 from anybody.

Domino's is the most expensive of the three big chains, Domino's, Panagopoulos, and Pizza 222, but the closest, the fastest, and the most knowledgeable about campus.

Panagopoulos 2-for-1 Pizza Place 222-0001

The cheapest place we reviewed, Panagopoulos was in every other respect the most generic. Its crust, toppings, and sauce impressed only one reviewer, and its delivery, while it didn't require directions,

took about an hour. If cash is your major barrier, Panagopoulos won't offend, but you'll get no more than your money's worth.

Pizza 222 222-2222

Hanging up from Pizza 222, we were told to expect our pizzas in about 45 minutes. After an hour and a quarter had passed, we phoned them again in case they needed directions — and apparently, the Hennings building was locked (an old 432 was blocking the latch), there was no doorbell (there is), and nobody was inside (someone had been waiting in the foyer). Besides which, it seemed we had been extremely rude and ungrateful in refusing to accept the pizza at our common block. (That the Hennings building is nowhere near any of the residences seemed not to register with the receptionist.) Nevertheless, the driver would try again, this time armed with our route instructions.

An hour later, we'd long since given up, and half the people had gone home, when Pizza 222 called for directions. The man we spoke with, who appeared not to speak English, insisted variously that "There's no sign in the library," "It isn't Agricultural Road," and, mantra-like, "The road is dead." Eventually we ascertained that he had looked all over Gage and SUB for us, and was probably now in the Computer Science building, but fifteen minutes' conversation still failed to convince him that the Hennings building existed.

The pizzas, had we ever received them, would have been eight cents more expensive than Panagopoulos'.

Sasamat Pizza Factory 224-2417 or 224-3333

Sasamat Pizza took ten minutes more than their forecast to deliver our pizzas, which overall drew a mediocre response

from all but one reviewer. A thin crust and lots of grease marked their pizzas — which were, to be sure, quite inexpensive.

Ted's Place 734-1811

Despite several recommendations, the pizzas from Ted's Place failed to impress any of our reviewers; perhaps a quarter of the slices were finished. Served on a whole-wheat crust, the Vegetarian and the Classic pizzas were both runny and difficult to digest. The service, on the other hand, was quite good: although the driver needed directions from the Hospital, the restaurant phoned us after an hour to ask if he had arrived yet, and how everything was.

UBC Campus Pizza 224-4218, 224-6531 or 224-0529

The Village's own Italian grease restaurant drew third-place accolades in pizza calibre. Needing no directions (or, indeed, the address of the building), the driver arrived in 42 minutes bearing two thin-crust pizzas with reasonably good food atop. UBC Pizza, however, was the priciest of the seven, topping even the Candia without that other's exceptional quality.

Postscript: Bella Pizza, Olympia Pizza, and the Brick Oven Pizzeria

Unfortunately, these fine restaurants don't deliver as far as UBC — respectively, they're at Broadway and Hemlock, Broadway and Trafalgar, and 27th and Dunbar — but the reviewing staff heartily recommends them if you're ordering from elsewhere, or in the mood to eat out. Anywhere else ... well, we didn't get to. Take your chances — we might have skipped the best of all.

PIZZA! PIZZA! PIZZA! PIZZA! PIZZA!

Chandrasekhar Dissected

"If Dr. Chandrasekhar is still alive, he might be interested in knowing that 888 words can be made out of his name, give or take a few," wrote Michael Y.M. Chow with his entry to *The 432's* 6th contest. He is, but we don't have his address — and, on the winning entry alone, over 2000 words appear made from the letters in the name Subrahmanyam Chandrasekhar.

Kathleen Moore, after placing second in two consecutive 432 contests, wins first prize — a Tiger Brand Sweatshirt from the T-Bird Shop — for her handwritten entry of about 2050 valid words (eventually, term papers pressing, we lost count). "For want of a copy of the OED to hand," she wrote, "this list was compiled through a linear search of Webster's Second Unabridged, with some cross-checking against the Oxford International Dictionary of the English Language (shorter, unabridged) for doubtful cases. Since U.B.C. is not an American

institution, I have included a number of words described as 'Anglo-Indian,' 'Scottish,' or 'British Dialect' in origin. (Long live the Commonwealth!)"

Unfortunately, the OED disallows most Anglo-Indian words as foreign or non-naturalized, and the restriction on foreign words removed large chunks of most lists. Moore, for instance, had submitted 2315 words in total.

Chow, who supplemented his 888-word list with an addendum to bring his total to 1313, had 1242 valid words for second place, Science Boxer Shorts. "My entry is very thorough because I am worried about the competition ... notably Kathleen Moore," he wrote. Justifiably so, apparently.

Third prize, a Science T-Shirt, goes to Donald Acton of Computer Science, whose 22-page MTS listing of 1254 words contained 1166 valid ones.

Some honourable mentions: Lisa Person, of Science 2, only had 29 invalid

words, bringing her to a fourth-place total of 971. And Andrea Kalouseh, Science 1, came in fifth with 829. Others who submitted lists of over 750 words include Giovanna Vassone and David Dymont, of Science 3, and Christina Janits, Arts 3, whose entry arrived emblazoned with the sardonic comment, "At least I didn't use a computer."

Finally, some mention must be made of the entry of Alan Douglas, who submitted five words — This, City, Soccer, Team, and Best — with the note, "The contest clearly states that 'whoever can form the most words of four or more letters from Dr. Chandrasekhar's name' will win. That was 'name,' not 'the letters in his name.' Thus I claim that all other entries are invalid as they are formed from the letters of the name, not the name itself. This is the only valid entry." And indeed, every letter in Douglas' five words is made of the words SUBRAHMANYAN and CHANDRASEKHAR.

The 432

Volume 4, Numbers 1-7

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Dik Miller, Private Eye

by Derek K. Miller

Dik Miller was last seen peeking under the flap of a tent in the Arabian desert. No, he is not simply a voyeur (note that I did not say that he is not a voyeur, period, but that he is not simply one): he is trying to find out what the mysterious Angela Crisco and her two compatriots are doing changing into Arab garb. So that's where we are. (By the way, this is by far the longest continuing Dik Miller storyline ever. Feel proud to be its witness.)

When Crisco and her assistants had finished changing, they pulled on fake beards and strode to the exit of the tent. I dropped the tent flap and scuttled, crablike, along the wall so I could see where they were going. They piled into a 4-wheel drive truck which was attached to a trailer. Being trained in the specialized P.I. techniques of hanging onto moving vehicles and not being noticed, I crouched down and clambered into the trailer. Of course, the highly-trained military personnel in the front didn't notice me. (If they had, this wouldn't be much of a story, would it?)

We rumbled out of the military compound and into the trackless desert. Well, okay, it wasn't trackless. Months of military manoeuvres had packed much of the sand flat with tire tracks, tread trails, and drag marks. But it was still desert, and damn hot. I was stifling, hiding as I was under blankets and gear stashed in the trailer, and the constant bumping up and down wasn't much help. In fact, I was getting rather nauseous, and hoped we wouldn't go too far before I puked.

After several hours, I was hotter than I could stand and really ill, so I brought out my Dik Miller™ Hand Blender/Fan/Socket Wrench and used it to cool my face. Bad move.

"What was that?" cried a voice from the front.

"Sounds like a fan," said another.

Crisco's voice was next. "Stop the truck."

We skidded to a stop. I shut off my

fan.

"It's gone now," said the first voice.

"Check it out anyway," demanded Crisco.

Creak. Slam. Trudge, trudge, trudge, trudge. Flip.

The blanket was cast aside, and blinding desert sunlight hit me square in the face. One of the Arab-dressed assistants was standing over me.

"Hi," I said. Then I waved. Then I barfed on him.

When I regained consciousness, I was lying in the back of the truck. My jaw hurt quite badly.

"That's funny," I said. "I've never gotten a sore jaw from throwing up before."

"It's not from throwing up," Crisco countered. She looked rather funny in Arab headgear and a beard. "After you puked on him, Johan whacked you in the jaw and knocked you out."

I turned my head to the right to see the assistant still wiping stains from his robe.

"What did you say his name was?" I asked.

"Johan. Johan Adolf Fritz von Löwenbräu."

"German, is he?"

"No."

"I see," I said. I didn't. "And the other guy?"

"He's Butch Trucks."

"The drummer for the Allman Brothers Band?" I inquired, excited. "Can I get his autograph?"

"Er ... no, he's not that Butch Trucks," Crisco chided. "They're not related."

I sat back. "Angela Crisco, Johan Adolf Fritz von Löwenbräu, and Butch Trucks. How did three people with such unusual names ever get together?"

"It's a long story, and we don't really have time to tell it, since you're not supposed to be here and we have to take you back to the base."

"But what are you doing?" I wondered, stalling for time.

"Do you seriously think we're going to tell you that?"

"Yes."

"We're not."

"Thanks a lot. I'm not going back to the base, though."

"Why not?" she demanded.

"Because I refuse to be stuck in a cooped-up tent, watched over by armed guards. So I'm staying with you."

"No you're not."

"Yes I am."

"Oh, no you're not."

"Oh, yes I am."

"Oh, no you're not."

"Oh, no I'm not."

"You don't think I'm going to fall for that one, do you?" she chided. "There is a third option."

"What's that?"

She nodded at Johan and Butch, and they picked me up and pitched me into the burning sand. The truck lurched and sped off into the distance.

Two hours later I was ambling through the dunes with my Dik Miller™ Hand Blender/Fan/Socket Wrench on HI and a Dik Miller™ Canteen by my side. Off near the shimmering horizon I saw palm trees and a languid pool, beckoning me on.

"Must be a mirage," I said.

So it was. Within a few seconds it had changed from a view of palm trees to a view of the New York City skyline. Soon after that, it became a 747 jet, then a mountain range, then a giant pig, then...

"Hold on a second," I muttered. (Hey, with hundreds of miles of desert around me, who was going to hear me talking to myself?) "Mirages don't do that."

I broke into what is as close to a jog as one can achieve in loose sand. Soon the ever-changing apparition was getting closer—something mirages don't generally do. After a few minutes I was coming over the crest of a dune and slowed to a walk. And there it was.

What it was is another matter. It was big, in any case. In a large, rocky depression sat a huge parabolic mirror. It was projecting the images I had been seeing (which now included the entire stadium, crowd, and players of the latest Super Bowl), life-size. The image changed again, and this time it was of a huge mass of attacking footsoldiers.

Then I understood. The U.S. military had created a huge holographic projection device which could be used to confuse the Iraqis into thinking they were being attacked, causing them to waste a lot of ammunition on an illusion. Ingenious. And pretty perceptive of me, eh?

Now all I had to do was find out how it worked.

As Dik continues on his nosy (and ridiculously knuckleheaded, as far as we're concerned) journey into extreme danger, will he find out how the projector works? Will he discover Angela Crisco, Johan Adolf Fritz von Löwenbräu, and Butch Trucks somewhere nearby? Will he ever run into any Iraqis and make things really exciting? Wait until the new year and find out!

Dr. Miller graduated from the University of British Columbia in 1990, 1992, 1995, 1999, and 2004. His works on neurosurgery and Spenserian lyricism are classics in their respective fields, and almost as famous as his spectacular suborbital parachute therapy sessions. His lifelong goal has always been to breed cicadas.

Senate Shorts

-by Orvin Lau-

You did check your exam timetable...? No? Well, you'd better. The final draft is out, printed on blue sheets of paper and posted on bulletin boards all over campus. Make sure you know when and where your exams are, and don't miss any of them. If you do, there is *no* recourse whatsoever. None.

There was a Senate meeting on the same day that *The 432*'s last issue came out. It was a tense one: the motion came up to review the Senate guidelines which bar students from being involved in appointment, promotion, and tenure decisions — and it passed. Barely. The unofficial count is a 35–25 vote in favour; it took one minute to count, and for a while there, I thought it was going to fail.

We also appointed the members of the teaching evaluations committee that was established last meeting. Since I moved the original motion, I'm on it; the other student reps are Wendy King (senator at-large) and Ben Prins (from Applied Science). In total, there are eight people on the committee. We should be meeting soon, and calling for input sometime next term.

If you read *The Ubyyssey*, two stories on this were printed in the No-

vember 16 issue; however, the editor goofed, and one of them didn't make any sense. What's happening is that although the promotion-and-tenure-review-committee motion did pass, it hasn't been decided who's going to do the reviewing. It may go to the teaching evaluations committee, or it could be that a separate committee will be set up. Personally, I'd like to see the teaching evaluations committee that I'm on to do the review.

Recently, a few people have approached me and asked if there really is an actual person called The Registrar. Well, there is; and surprise, surprise, he's the top guy at the Registrar's Office.

If you are considering running for the Board of Governors or Senate, the nominations are due on Friday, November 30 at 4pm at the Registrar's Office.

And in closing, good luck on your exams, and have a happy Christmas holiday. Always remember the words of Bart Simpson: "Don't have a cow, man!"

You probably recognize Orvin Lau's name as host of the popular TV show, Those Wacky Wallabies. But before becoming the celebrated Australian naturalist he is today, Lau earned three doctorates in French, Mathematics, and Metallurgy.

Contest Number 7

What does the K in K-Mart stand for?

Salmon don't run. They fish.

Ever try to adjust the brightness control on your TV set? The people don't get any brighter.

These are some of the questions that plague Dan Quayle, Vice-President of the U.S. of A. Last year, *Questions For Dan Quayle* was a regular column in *The 432*, asking all those questions that need to be asked — like what's another word for Thesaurus? If 7-11's are open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, why are there locks on the door? Who brings baby storks? Where is effigy and why are people always being burnt there? *Questions For Dan Quayle* states the profound statements that need to be stated — continental breakfasts aren't that big. And alarms don't go off: they go *on*, for crying out loud.

So here is contest number seven: THE QUESTIONS FOR DAN QUAYLE CONTEST. Give us some questions that we should ask Dan Quayle. Enter once, or enter often: there will be prizes for the best entries and for the most entries. So

enter now!

Of course, this contest will extend through the Christmas vacation, so you have a choice here. You can either drop your questions off at SUS (CHEM 160 and if we're not there, just label them for this contest, with your name and phone number, and slip it under the door) or mail them to us over the holidays.

Our mailing address is:

Attn: Questions for Dan Quayle
Science Undergraduate Society
c/o Dean of Science
6270 University Blvd.
UBC
Vancouver BC
V6T 1W5

Prize for most entries: A Doonesbury Collection Book (selected by winner)

Prize for best entry: A Bloom County Book (selected by winner)

Second Prize: A SUS T-shirt & Boxer Shorts

Third Prize: A SUS T-shirt

Fourth Prize: A SUS Baseball Cap

Questions for Dan Quayle That's Trivial! Answers

How did Colonel Sanders ever get to be a Colonel selling chicken parts? Why only eleven herbs and spices? How many of them are herbs?

Who really wants to know why the chicken crossed the road, anyway? Some people have no lives...

What happens when a slightly resistable force meets an almost immovable object?

Can a cat be as sick as a dog? How sick is that anyway? Is it sicker than a budgie, but not as sick as a warthog?

They keep telling us, Coke Is It. But they don't tell us what it is. Carbonated brake fluid? Possibly...

Aquaman bugs me. For a superhero he's pretty lame. What does he do? He summons fish. That's a pretty narrow scope for a super-crimefighter. How in the heck will that stop an armed robbery? What's he gonna do — call in a lobster? I'm sorry, but I just don't feel threatened by some guy in tights and a cape that threatens to summon a trout.

Or Wonder Woman's invisible plane. There's a real stealth device. Every cartoon I've watched with her plane showed the plane being invisible, but not Wonder Woman herself.

What happens to all the umbrellas

we lose? I personally go through one a day. There must be an umbrella graveyard somewhere.

And I bet they're buried with all our missing socks. In our missing luggage.

Why do they call them blackboards? They're green.

They're not, *not* typewriters. They're typeprinters. Someone in marketing made a boo-boo.

What the hell is a boo-boo and what do people do with them after they make them? Do they take our umbrellas to the umbrella graveyard?

Why do they call them sweatpants? Ever see one of them sweat?

What is a cubby anyway? Why do we put holes in them?

In baseball, why do they call them strikes? Nothing's been struck. It's been missed.

There's nothing classified about a classified ad. Anyone can see them. They should be called unclassified ads.

Boy, we're reaching, aren't we?

Why are they called Deans? Why aren't they called Larrys? Then we'd have Larry Barry McBride.

If you recharge a dead battery, is it an undead battery?

1. Central Intelligence Agency
 2. North Atlantic Treaty Organization
 3. DeoxyriboNucleic Acid
 4. TRI-University Meson Facility
 5. National Research Council
 6. Nuclear Magnetic Resonance
 7. Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome
 8. Adenosine TriPhosphate
 9. Mothers Against Drunk Drivers
 10. Not In My BackYard
 11. Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation
 12. Self-Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus
 13. General Agreement on Trades and Tariffs
 14. Strategic Arms Reductions Talks
 15. Tri-NitroToluene
 16. New International Economic Order
 17. Permissive Action Link
 18. Superconducting Quantum Interference Detector
 19. United Nations Truce Supervisory Organization
 20. Weakly Interacting Massive Particle
- Bonus Question : Have A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Tanya Rose was a writer for Jeopardy! until the show folded in 1998, when she tried poetry under the pseudonym Ophelia Zulp. Her most famous book is Yeah.

Hey You.

The Black & Blue Review forms are Out There somewhere. Someone should have talked to at least one of your classes about them — or if not, you can find them at any departmental club office or SUS itself. Just fill out one column for each Science prof you had this term, and return them to CHEM 160 by November 30th — and everybody'll be as happy as Smurfs.

Whoops.

It seems that we at *The 432* went and got too environmentally friendly for our britches, recycling all our copies of Volume 4, Issue 5 — that's the Halloween issue, with the RNA in the logo — without grabbing any for the SUS archives. So to the first eight people who bring us a reasonably good-condition V.4 N.5, we'll pay a quarter each. How's that for resale value?

AMS Briefs

-by Trent Hammer-

Here's what did and didn't happen at the October 14th AMS Council meeting.

DIDS:

1) The honourable Dr. D. Strangway addressed the Council in a brief question-and-answer session where tuition increases, recycling, safety on campus, daycare, University development and Strangway's Future Vision for U.B.C. were discussed. The impression I was given throughout this session was that even though there will be approximately 200 million dollars raised for development on campus, Strangway is still maintaining the academic portions of the university with the same funds as they've always had. Hell, if the public and corporate sectors are open to funding the research facilities, they should also help fund the education of those who will be the future lifeblood of these facilities.

2) The School of Family and Nutritional Sciences was granted \$400 for delegates to attend a conference at the University of Moncton, New Brunswick. (Note: you'd have to pay me more than \$400 to get me to go to New Brunswick.)

3) Council decided to take part in an Anti-Discrimination workshop to educate us about ways to fight racism. This workshop will be open to all members of Students' Council, AMS committees, SAC, and Service Organizations. If you're interested in attending (the date is yet to be set), please contact me in the SUS office or talk to members of the Anti-Discrimination Committee.

DIDN'TS:

1) Representatives from the AMS Women's Centre and Volunteer Connections were supposed to speak. They didn't show.

2) A record 9 motions about referenda were tossed out because there was

no real unity within Council about what to do with quorum. As things stand right now, for a referendum to pass, it must reach a quorum level of 10% of the student population voting in the affirmative. This is to ensure that anything passed by vote is truly wanted, and to ensure that the student population is informed that the vote is taking place. I believe in quorum as it is set. Other council members believe that this is a scummy way of maintaining the "Status Quo" and that there should be no quorum, and still others believe that quorum should be lowered so as to make it easier to reach. In my opinion, there are two ways for an issue not to make quorum: if the referendum is poorly advertised, and if nobody really cares about the issue. There should be a lot more about this mess at the November 28 Council meeting (6:30 pm in room SUB 206), so please attend if you want to throw in your two bits.

3) A motion by Kurt Preinsperg for the AMS to fund a workshop on Constructive Ways of Addressing Male-Female Relationship Issues was defeated. The cost would have been approximately \$1600.

NOTE: Next meeting will be a real joke — after each motion, a different Council member will tell one joke to Council. If anybody has a really good joke that isn't racist, sexist, or homophobic, and that doesn't attack Newfies, Surrey girls, Artsies, Aggies, Foresters or any other minority, please contact the Cheeze Pub at 228-3818.

Trent Hammer got out of capillary tubing investments just before the crash, and has devoted his life to the degradation of living conditions for bureaucrats. He now sits as the Member of Parliament for Whitehorse South.

The Drawers of SUS



-by Catherine Rankel-

November 15 / 90

•Well, what can I say? More club budgets! The Astronomy Club got \$50 and the Biochemistry Physiology Pharmacology club took off with \$896, while the Dawson Club (Geology) got the much-needed sum of \$140.

•Orvin's Senate report informed us that Arts and Science may be redoing their admissions requirements.

•Science Sales is having a sale, and by the time you get this paper it will be half over. Everything is at cost, so stop by one of the four locations (see the ad this issue) and pick up on hot SUS duds. We also discussed the feasibility of getting plastic Science mugs.

•The deadline for the Teaching Excellence Award has come and gone, but Black and Blue Review questionnaires are still being accepted until November 30th. Please submit your completed forms to CHEM 160, in the box by the microwave.

•The Astronomy club is planning a trip to Mexico next year. The weekend of January 19th-20th, they're visiting Dominion Astrophysical Observatory in Victoria.

•BIOSOC had a skating party on November 17th.

•The Micro Club's Geek Night on November 23rd went well.

•CS³ held a successful bzzr garden the other week.

•The PSA had a great wine and cheese on November 16th.

November 22 / 90

•Council passed a motion to donate all proceeds from the pop cans in our office to the food drive.

•Dean harped about the SALE that is NOW ON. Please stop by and have a look at what we're providing for you.

•Aaron agreed to make boxes for *The 432* this weekend.

•The President's Choice Dance went very well, for those of us who were there. I'm sure you'll hear all sorts of neat things about the boat races, of which the Bloc Physsoc team (Radical Beer Faction) is the reigning champion. As for myself, I'll never look at another beer again. We look forward to seeing you at the Science Week Dance, January 25th.

•Plans for Science Week are going marvellously, thank you very much. It's going to be an action-packed week and you'll be missing out if you don't catch at least one event.

•Otherwise, good luck on your exams and Merry Christmas!

Two months before graduating, Catherine Rankel suddenly decided that her true calling in life had always been tropical landscaping. She moved to Brazil in 1994 and has spent the last twenty years planting coffee on the rainforest floor.

Thank You and Goodbye



-by Antonia Rozario-

On Thursday, November 29th, 1990, I will finally be graduating with a B.Sc. in General Biology. For most students, this would be a cause for celebration, merriment, and

self-gratification. I, though, being the good-natured, soft-spoken, easy-going, God-fearing, freshly-packed person that I am, have taken the time to reflect on those individuals who have influenced my life. If you would allow me this one privilege, I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the "special people" I've met at UBC who have gone out of their way to somehow influence my undergraduate life.

To the UEL Campus Police: Thank you ever so much for ticketing my father's car when I parked it illegally for 11 minutes outside the Student Union Building. As the car is no longer legally insured, you can expect your parking ticket money about as soon as hell freezes over.

To all the university janitors: Thank you for never striking in the last four and a half years, and for always doing a good job mopping, polishing and

cleaning. I may not tell you often enough that I appreciate the work that you do, but rest assured that your arduous labours go noticed. On a more personal note, I extend my sincerest thanks to the kind janitor who worked in the washroom of the Woodward IRC Building in March 1989. Lending me that coat hanger enabled me to fish out my house keys from the toilet. I apologize for taking so long to thank you and for never asking you if you needed that coat hanger back.

To the library monitors at Sedgewick and Main: Thank you for berating me on four occasions for chewing jube jubes in the library. I'm sure the sexual perverts appreciated the free unsupervised time you gave them to sit nude in the stacks.

To the Ubysey Staff: Thank you for consistently coming out with detestable articles and editorials. Thank you for never representing me morally, ethically or politically, and for never being objective, impartial or fair. If I had ever taken your work seriously I probably would have been offended.

To ICBC: Thank you for processing the five accident claims I had last year. Thank you also for not placing me in the ICBC Hall of Fame when I accidentally rammed into my parked Toyota with the Chevy Impala I had borrowed from my father.

To my university professors:

Thank you for always using my grades to shade the left side of your bell-curved marking scheme. Thank you for never writing a Physics, Chemistry or Biochemistry midterm I could pass, and for using me as an example of how not to study.

To TELEREG: Thank you for making me spend of six hours trying to register for my third year courses. Thank you for refusing to enrol me in any of 14 completely different Arts courses in fourth year and for diligently repeating, "There are no more available sections..." at least 125 times.

All in all, UBC was good to me. I'll miss the Lime and the Reptile, but otherwise I leave with no regrets.

Antonia Rozario opened a downtown Manhattan public speaking clinic in 1993. Seven years later, she became President MacAndrew's chief speechwriter, and has served the White House ever since.

Science Week '91

TRIKE RACE T-SHIRT
DESIGN CONTEST

Deadline extended
to November 30/90

Design the winning
T-shirt and win
fabulous prizes*!

*Designs should include
"UBC Science Week 1991,"
"4th Annual Trike Race."

Science Week '91

CommentAri



-by Ari Gilligson-

"Hey, that was really a good article!" "The paper looked great!" "I loved that funny ad!" These are the type of comments that anyone involved with the SUS often hears about *The 432*;

many times from people not even in Science. Whenever somebody addresses such a comment to me, I say, "You should tell Dave New; he's the guy that did most of the hard work."

But, who is Dave New? Where did he come from? Where is he going? And, does he know a good bagel when he tastes one? First, the reason that I'm telling you this is because a) Dave is modest enough not to brag about himself in his own publication, and b) I had to write something at the last minute this week.

I met Dave in first year at the Physics Society. He seemed to be the typical first-year scholarship kid, with a twist. The twist was that he was eccentric — not eccentric by accident but by volition. We met again when it turned out that both of us would be the two first-year reps for SUS. We had a good time that year fighting for the SUS cause. We both hung around the SUS office (more like a closet in room Scarfe 9). And Dave would do things like altering the names on the message board. For instance: Todd Ablett became Todd Oblate, Julie Memory — Julie 2K RAM etc. (I did not. I only made lame puns out of four people's names, and I wish I'd thought of those two first. -Ed.)

Did I mention that David New (or Aphid Newt) was eccentric? Well, apart from his hair, one must talk to Dave to discover this. For instance, I don't think there is a spell-checker yet programmed that can beat him, nor does anyone I know of in Science have quite the same sensitivity for grammar. Dave finds lexicographical contortions, typos, oxymorons and verbal ironies (expressed or implied) to

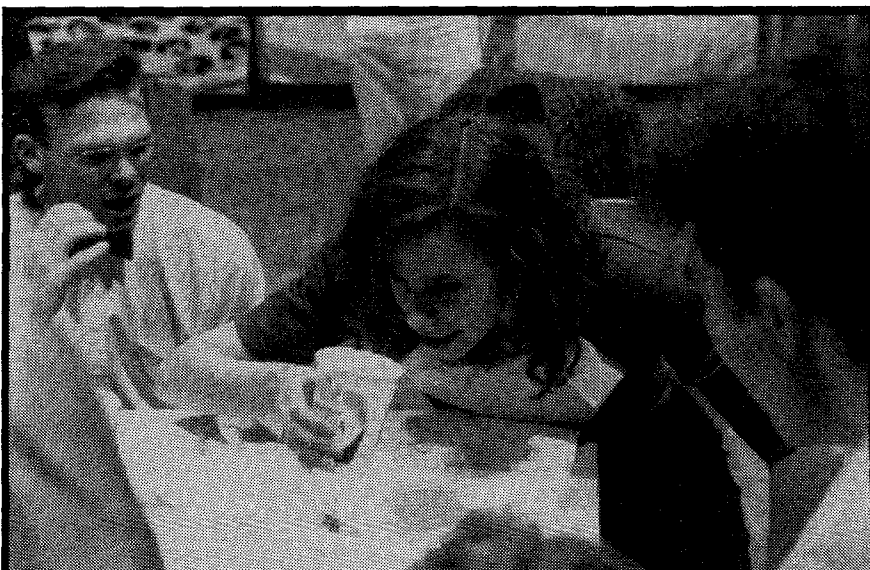
be hilarious. In fact he is often seen laughing at some text or sign that others find quite plain and boring. And when I say laughing, I really mean the sort of sound a Volkswagen makes on a cold morning when you try to start it.

Anyway, we continued into our brilliant second year with the SUS, myself as AMS rep and Dave in no definable position yet always hanging around, ready to help and writing for *The 432*. It was at the end of second year that Dave came up with a brilliant suggestion. Since the year to come would be the UBC 75th Anniversary and various campus groups were making applications to Community relations to host some sort of special anniversary event, Dave thought up a creative theme for Science Week 1990. The theme was supposed to be an alien landing but alas, for various reasons, it never came together. However, Dave, having been appointed Science Week Co-ordinator for the following year, worked up a proposal for Community Relations which did net SUS some money to hold a rather good Science Week anyway.

I was mentioning before about the bagel. You see, somehow — you'll have to ask Dave for details — he had never eaten a bagel until he reached the age of 20; thus at his 20th birthday party, almost everyone in attendance brought a bagel for him to eat. Speaking of which, Dave's Parties are very surreal events. If he ever invites you, be sure to go, but don't hold any expectations. (That's all I'm going to say.)

So now that you know a bit about Dave New, make sure that next time you come by the SUS Office you look to see if there is a long-haired, bearded man sitting behind the Macintosh. If you liked something in the paper, tell him; if you want to contribute something, tell him. And whatever you do, don't tell him I wrote this.

Architect, gardener, and disinfectant entrepreneur extraordinaire, Ari Gilligson took over the editorship of the National Enquirer in 2002. His autobiography, Reptile from a Previous Life, sold eight million copies last year.



Giovanna Vassone quaffs a cup for the Radical Beer Faction boat race team

Science Sales

Beat the G.S.T. this week only! Sales booths are up Wednesday and Friday in Chemistry, Hebb, Wesbrook and Woodward — or anytime in CHEM 160!

(Almost) All Items At Cost!

We make no commission on sweaters (from \$29.00), sweatshirts (just \$16.25), windbreakers (only \$30.00), or jerseys (the ludicrously low sum of \$25.00), and you get the best deal we'll ever offer again!

Remember — if you act now, not only can you take advantage of this wonderful sale that we're putting on for just such folks as you — really, we are — but you even get to avoid paying G.S.T. on all those nifty duds you were saving up for after Christmas to buy. So prices won't just add a commission, they'll add tax (ugh) too, and just simply rocket through the roof (but still affordable, of course, this being your friendly neighbourhood Science Sales we're talking about here, just not quite so eminently affordable as they are now and now only). Imagine! Why, you could buy a Science V-Neck sweater for your best friend, and just think how delighted she'll be come Christmas morn. "Oh, Bartholomew!" she'll say, replacing "Bartholomew" by whatever your name might happen to be. "How could you have known that's exactly what I wanted — and in your choice of three designer colours, too!" Or maybe you'll get a mysterious package yourself that fateful afternoon, bearing a beautiful black Science T-shirt with white and gold puff ink — and you'll be forced to rue the ill fortune which prevented you from going to Science Sales' Beat-The-G.S.T. Sale and giving just such a perfect gift in return. "Oh, Rumpelstiltskin," you'll say, replacing "Rumpelstiltskin" appropriately enough, with the name of your benefactor, "how could you have been so perceptive to my every want? You must have been to Science Sales and taken full advantage of their \$12.50 price!" And then Boxing Day will come, and you'll start partying in earnest, and you'll forget the whole business like you do every year.