

Hey kids...

The 432™ Official Residence Survival Package

...inside!

The Newspaper for Science Students Vol 8, No 05 • 31 October 1994



New Breed of Corn!

"Movie-goers everywhere are elated" says theatre owner.

Jeremy T. Fibble

Roving Correspondent.

TORONTO (REUTERS)

Yesterday, after years of painstaking research in the field of cellular growth biology, Dr. Raymond Sung of McGill University made an announcement that he and his team had encountered "some limited success" with a recently developed growth hormone.

In his press release, Sung was quoted as saying "In the past few years, we have been testing this particular hormone regime on a variety of food crops with the hopes of increasing their durability and output potential. Ideally, a plant with these heightened characteristics could be used to help fight hunger in the third world."

When asked to comment on the level of success that was being experienced, Sung replied "It's very difficult to say, really, and I don't want to hedge any guesses as to how it will turn out. But I'm willing to



Dr. Raymond Sung checking on the growth rates of his genetically engineered corn plants.

(Jennifer Brown/AP photo)

say that the progress so far is satisfactory and may even be something to get excited about in time."

Corn sprayed with the new hormone grew from an average kernel width of 7.5mm to approximately 20cm across. Sung was quick to point out that the size change was not something to get excited about.

"We can't just assume the experiment was a success just because we can make popcorn big enough to feed an entire movie crowd off of one cob. We must remain scientifically minded and confirm that there are no side effects from the growth hormone before we start using the corn in famine relief efforts. This may take years of painstaking scientific research."

According to a unnamed internal source, earlier in the program, a lab mouse was given a daily dose of the hormone. After almost two months of no noticeable results, the mouse spontaneously grew to eight times normal size and escaped during the night.

It was picked up by the SPCA the following day, and adopted almost immediately by an affluent family under the assumption that it was a rather large Chihuahua.

The mistake in identifying the animal may have occurred due to the side effects of the growth hormone, which causes almost complete hair and teeth loss when applied to mammals.

Luckily, initial tests show no equivalent side effects in plants. According to Sung, the treated plants retain all the characteristics of their small relatives, including taste and nutritional content.

Canadian Shield Glows!

"It's even better than those stupid Northern Lights" claim local residents.

Gord van McOlundsky

Roving Correspondent.

VANCOUVER (CP)

Officials at the Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd. announced today the results of a fifteen year investigation into safe disposal of Canada's nuclear waste.

AEC is the official government agency responsible for the safe operation of nuclear power stations. Canada's 23 reactors, primarily located in Ontario and Quebec produce an estimated 500 kg of depleted plutonium and uranium per year. Currently, this radioactive waste is stored in temporary containers, and buried in local parks and schoolgrounds in the middle of the night.

The announcement, was made by Larry Shewchuk, a senior AEC official

"We're very, very pleased that we finally have a place to dump all this nuclear waste. We're running out of safe storage spots. There's only so many barrels you can dump in a lake before the biologists start noticing crazy things like third eyes and stuff."

Currently, the plan is to bury the waste nearly a kilometer deep in stable rock structures in the Canadian Shield. Individual containers would be placed in shielded tubes, and then filled with high density concrete.

The stable rock structures were named plutons, reflecting AEC's initial plan to "let the Martians take the containers to their holiday resort on Pluto"

This statement was found in AEC documents from the 1960s. CSIS has been asked to investigate the possible connection

between Martians and senior government officials, and is treating the matter very seriously.

When questioned, Shewchuk angrily replied,

"Look, we never took any money from anyone for anything! AEC has *nothing* to do with the Reform Party, or any other white supremacist group. All we care about is *power*. Nothing else!"

In addition to safe disposal, AEC's research identified several applications for small amounts of radioactive waste.

One idea would be to provide light without the use of electricity. By inserting a few milligrams of radioactive waste into a glass tube, the tube will produce enough light to read by for nearly seven months.

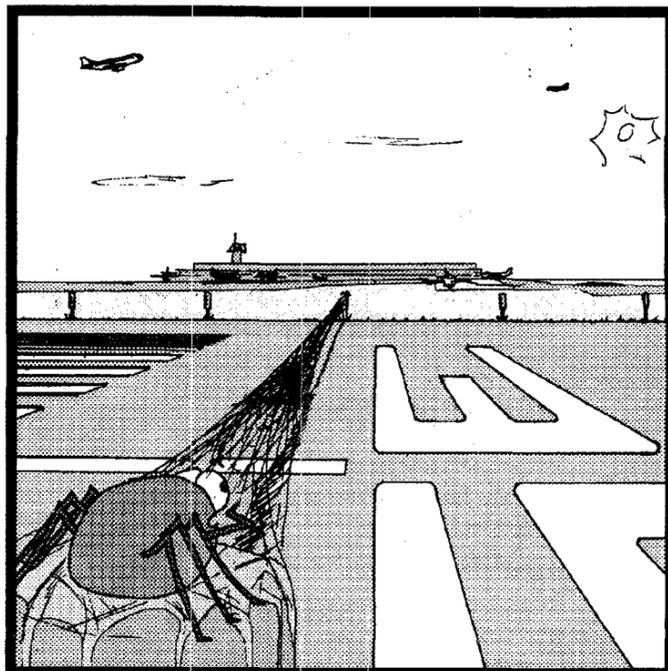
This technique has already been applied to the Cyalume™ lightsticks sold in most outdoor supply

stores. It has been revealed that, due to public concerns about the hazards of carrying about radioactive waste, Cyalume's PR company successfully convinced the residents of a small Alberta town that the light was actually produced by three little pixies. This successful ad campaign fell through when tourists from Montana visited the town, heard the story and as a result bought several boxes of lightsticks.

When crossing the Canada-US border, the tourists replied "pixies" to the standard question regarding livestock or fruit. Custom officials investigated and Cyalume admitted the charade.

Subsequently, Cyalume started promoting the light as the result of a chemical reaction.

AEC officials refused to comment on Cyalume's products or advertising practices.



"I'm tellin' ya, Frank, this is not going to work!"

Random Thoughts.



There's been an awful lot of really weird things going on out there lately. You've seen it, I'm sure. It must be the full moon or something.

I've always tried to keep an eye out for all the little, slightly bizarre things out there, but I never could remember any of them when it came time to write my articles. So, I started carry around with me a hardcover notebook, that I use to jot down ideas as they occur to me. This also cause a 25% increase in my grades, since I normally ended up neglecting most of my homework 'cause it wasn't written down.

The moral of the story is that, if you see something in the paper that doesn't make a lot of sense to begin with, bear with me. It's probably something that occurred to me in the shower or something. Unfortunately, these ideas have a half-life of about five minutes, so I have to make a mad dash for my notebook before they evaporate. Apologies to my roommates for that shower incident last week...

Most of these ideas just aren't long enough for an entire article, so they stack up over the space of the year. It's important to go back and clean out the ol'

notebook every now and again, so you can fill the space with other totally ridiculous ideas. And the only way to do that is to write an article about all the little ideas you can't write an article about. Here's a few of the things from my notebook.

Why is it that I can never find a matching sock in the morning?

Speaking as a biology student, the only obvious answer is that socks are cannibalistic. You can't blame them, really. You lock them up in a crowded, dark drawer for most of their life, and their only respite from that hell is when you stick them into a smelly leather shoe. Socks need to eat, just like any other organism, and the only food available is other socks. Add to that the fact that by eating their brethren, socks will create more room for themselves, giving them space to create little baby socks. The only way you're gonna be able to keep matched sets is to go out and steal your roommate's socks, shred them into really tiny pieces, and feed your sock drawer every four days.

This also has the added side benefit that it will drive your roommates nuts.

This new theory of sock life history should take precedence over the old theory of how the dryer ate your socks. When socks go missing from the dryer, it's actually other people living in your building stealing them to feed their own

brood of socks. This was proven with the use of hidden cameras in residence laundry rooms.

Why would porcupines be eating the metal tags from saplings?

Apparently, some ecologist from the States is looking for a solution to this very problem. He's doing some experiment with birch tree saplings, but the native population of porcupines generally eat the metal identification tags before the experiment ends. So far, the ecologist has had to plant twenty different sets of saplings.

Personally, I see this as a conspiracy on the part of the porcupines. Porcupines like to eat saplings. Ecologist plants saplings with tags.

Ecologist plants even more saplings if tags disappear. Porcupines make tags disappear, thus creating more saplings. The porcupines win big because there's a never-ending supply of nice, fresh tasty saplings. This system will work quite well until the ecologist goes completely mad and decides to make his wife an wonderful porcupine evening coat.

Or maybe porcupines are the terrestrial equivalent of sharks, and in addition to those tags you'd find pop cans and license plates in the average porcupines' stomach.

Incidentally, somewhere out there in the great wide forest is a porcupine den stuffed with the rafters with little tiny tags. And I'm sure

if you dig deep enough, you can link the porcupines to Elvis and the Grassy Knoll and the fact you can never find your car keys when you're in a hurry.

Elevators contain a chemical that prevents communication.

Have you ever noticed that when you get in an elevator, everyone is completely silent and stands there staring at the little red floor indicator? It's really eerie how a group of people can be standing in the basement with their laundry baskets, talking away, but the minute you step on the lift, everyone turns into zombies.

Nuclear physics is neither nuclear nor physics.

At least it is to me. Nuclear physics is based on the concept that if you accelerate little tiny things to nearly the speed of light and slam them together, something will happen. They're not quite sure what, but something should happen. The fact that something might include enough energy to sink Vancouver Island hasn't occurred to anyone yet.

It's the high-tech equivalent of the classic math problem, "If Train A leaves Los Angeles heading east at 120 m.ph, and Train B leaves New York heading west at 79 mph, at which sleepy little town in Texas will the two trains collide and kill everyone aboard, assuming the Amtrack switcher guy was asleep on

the job again?"

Girlfriends.

I think this question has been on the mind of every male on the face of the planet since the dawn of time. No one understands 'em. No one. If a guy says he does, he's either

- a) very, very naive.
- b) very, very stupid.
- c) having a relationship with a carrot.

Girlfriends have the annoying habit of setting little traps for the hapless boyfriend to blunder into. You get the feeling that you're a white mouse, running a maze designed by the Minotaur, according to a set of rules that change according to the time of the month and what she had for breakfast that morning.

By the way, if you ever get asked to guess your girlfriend's weight, the only correct answer is 118 pounds. Anything less, you risk insulting her intelligence. Anything more, you risk insulting her diet and exercise regime. It's not a round number, so it gives the appearance that you actually put some thought into it, rather than just tossing off the first number that came to mind.

Just a little hint from me to you.

Of course, it won't do a damn bit of good if you're dating a psycho-chick. Nothing will.

Speaking of psycho-chicks, I think I better get going before she gets mad.

**CLUB BUDGETS
DEADLINE
NOVEMBER 10**

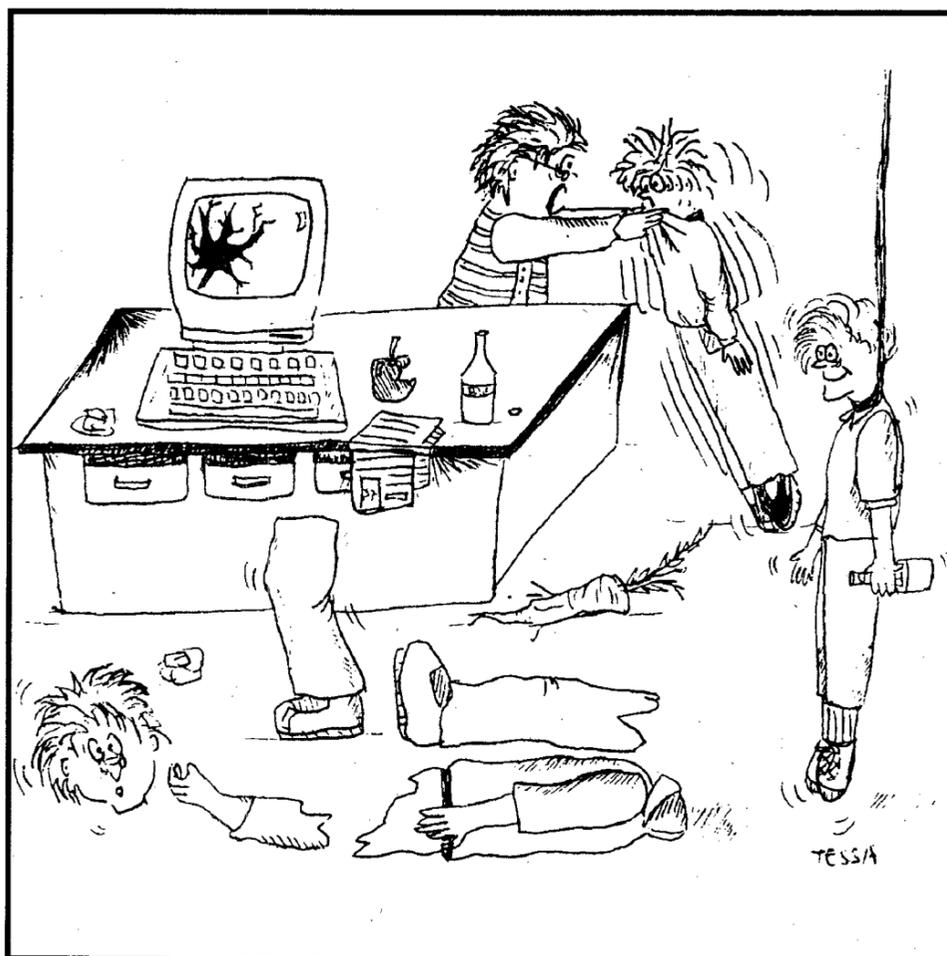
**PART TIME HELP
WANTED**

Due to increased pressure from animal rights groups The Department of Biology has announced the creation of 200 positions effective immediately.

No experience necessary.

Successful applicants will have:
high pain tolerance,
no major illnesses, and
good internal organ contrast.

Apply in person to the Department of Biology Office BIOL 2521. Know your: age, sex, height, weight, blood type, and next of kin.



A ~~non~~-typical production night at The 432.

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Distribution

A solid and dependable group of dedicated volunteers. Hah!

Printing

College Printers
Vancouver, BC
4500 copies

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Unsolicited submissions from all UBC students gladly accepted. Priority will be given to Science students if space is limited. Please bring by a hard copy and disk to CHEM 160 by the deadline and place in drawer marked The 432. Mac and IBM disks ok. Your full name and phone number must be included for your submission to be considered.

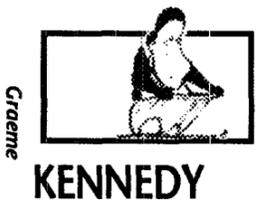
Any cartoonists out there? We want more cartoonists...

Thanks to everyone who sent in stuff for this issue and didn't get printed.

In the words of telephone operators everywhere, "All lines are busy. Please try placing your call again later..."

Contains lots of stuff. Enjoy.

Siskel on Alarm Clocks.



Graeme

KENNEDY

Wednesday morning is my sleep in time. You see, as I have 8:30 classes every other day and have to get up by six to make the bus and as I have to work on weekends, I really exploit my 11:30 Wednesdays. I do The Calculation.

For those of you not familiar with this term, The Calculation is that ritual undertaken whereby one underestimates the time required to perform complex morning tasks, in an effort to convince oneself that five minutes to shower, shave, dress, eat and pack leaves plenty of time to sprint five blocks to the bus. The end result is either abandoning the belief that I can make the class or becoming a neighbourhood spectacle as I bound down 41st after the bus, dripping wet and wearing only unmatched socks and my school bag, toothbrush dangling out of the corner of my mouth.

For example, this is my Wednesday routine. Other days, I'm up like a shot. It wasn't always this way. There was a time when a rabid wallabee could jump up and down on my sleeping head with little response. I just couldn't

have enough alarm clocks. For those of you who have the same problem, here are my reviews.

Braun Voice Control.

Pros: nice small travelling size, world map so you know where you're waking up, and your voice activates the snooze alarm.

Cons: If your voice controls the snooze, there's no reason to get OUT of bed at all.

Verdict: completely useless, except as a novelty you can use to pull a Kreskin impression.

Baseball with embedded clock.

Pros: easy to pack on trips, first time it goes off you can throw the thing against a wall to activate the snooze and the second time you have to get up and stomp on it. It's pretty loud, too.

Cons: replacing double-glazed windows is quite expensive.

Verdict: I like it. Just don't mix it up with your real softballs or the pitcher will be tweezing solid-state electronic components out of his flesh for days.

Curtis digital.

Pros: Only \$9 at London Drugs.

Cons: you get what you pay for. Runs about 2 hours slow per day.

Verdict: Don't bother with this one, unless you've already made a trip to London Drugs for some "non-prescription medications" that shouldn't normally be combined. This would make the clock quite accurate, perceptively speaking.

It's kind of a Salvador Dali thing. Melting watches and all that. You'll understand after you try the drugs.

Roommate who wakes up earlier.

Pros: if you don't wake up, you can blame somebody else.

Cons: you have relinquished control of your attendance record, and thus your grades to the same guy who claims he can't remember which toothpaste is yours and which is his, despite the fact that he has never bought toothpaste.

Verdict: unpredictable. Very unpredictable. Back this one up with another clock if you have to get somewhere important.

(Note: if he does forget to wake you, no matter how late you actually are, you can always find a minute or two to beat the tar out of a slumbering roommate.)

Stereo with alarm.

Pros: You can wake up to your choice of CD, tape, or radio station, at the volume of your choice.

Cons: you could just wake up to one of those coun-

try stations. Way to start your day. No snooze.

Verdict: if you need a snooze, don't go this route.

Note: I like to tape myself the night before and wake up to my own urgent shouts. "Wake up! Wake up! Midterm! And you're LATE! Aaaaaaugh! Feel the adrenaline!" This usually seems to do the job.

Old-fashioned windup with bells on top.

Pros: ridiculously foolproof. Power failures have no effect. You'd rather bite down hard on a nail file and then yank it out real fast than listen to those bells for five minutes.

Cons: see pros. And try to find one of these clunkers in this day and age. Alarm clocks with bells went extinct with the dinosaurs.

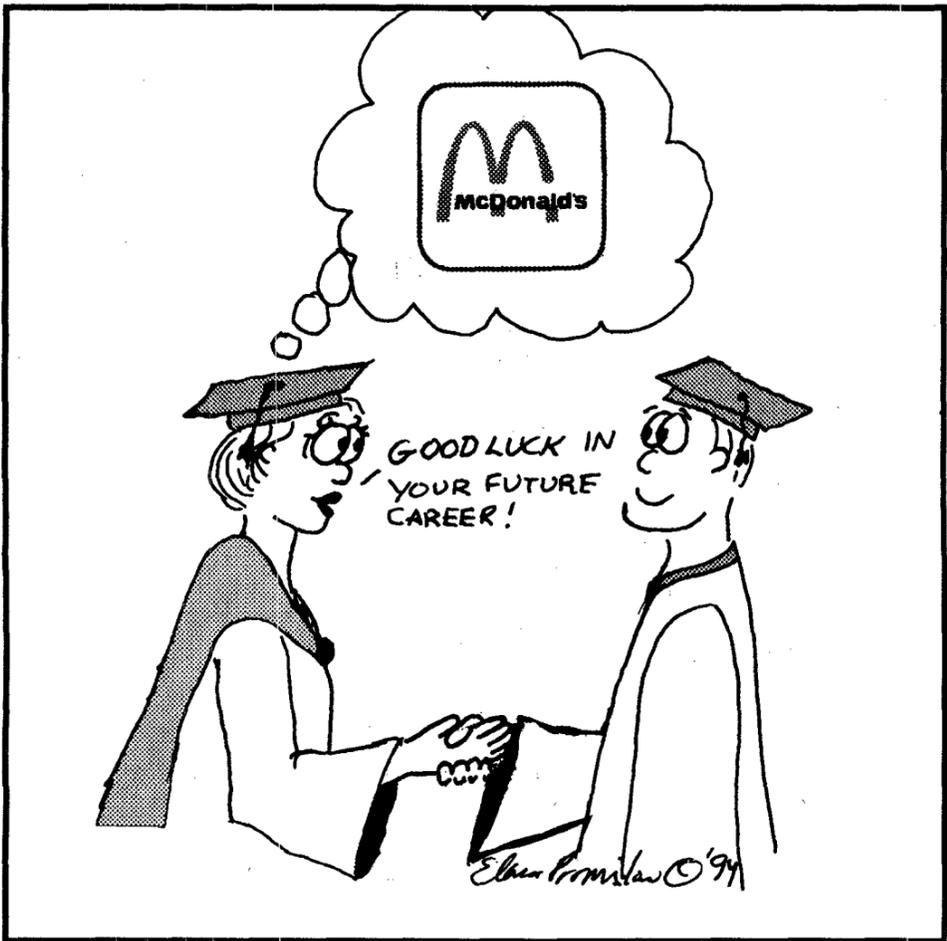
(Note: as a more insane variation, try putting the clock in an aluminum pie plate filled with marbles. Just don't sue me.)

All of the above.

Pros: yer up.

Cons: yer up on the ceiling.

Verdict: A week of this and grey hairs will start to develop.



Dean Marchak on Graduation Day.

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SCIENCE UNDERGRAD SOCIETY

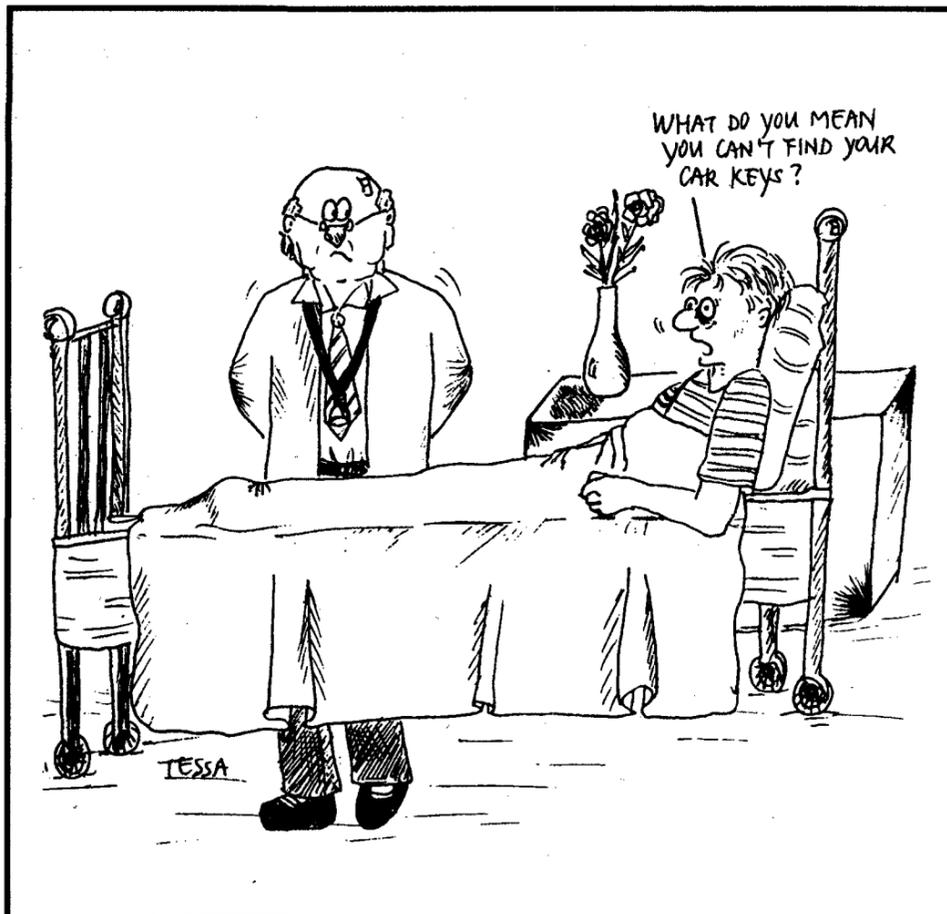
Thursday
November 10,
1994
4:32 - 8:00

SUB Partyroom

THE NOTHING-
HAPPENS-IN-
NOVEMBER BZZR
GARDEN

WARNING!

Contains alcohol. Keep
out of reach of children
Use only as directed.



The day after surgery.

Dig yer heart out, Edgar Allan

Ryan



McCUAIG

Don't have a Hallowe'en costume yet? Looking for some last-minute ideas that don't involve lots of cash?

Trick or treat as one of your parents.

Creative? Yup. Easy? You betcha. Scary? Well, probably only to you.

I've got the mannerisms. I've got the look. I've even got the turns of phrase. All I need is a pair of specs and some grey at the temples and presto, I'm my dad. (A side note: this is why I never believed that Clark Kent could get away with that disguise for so long; people have been calling me Gary since I was fourteen).

I'm willing to bet that you are distinguished from your parents by only a similarly cosmetic device. It seems to be one of those things that strikes you after you turn twenty (along with a genuine appreciation for jazz music): that, in spite of all that adolescent rebellion against the parentals, you remind yourself of them and that there is no escape.

Now I'm going to tell you a scary Hallowe'en story. It's true, I swear...

The revelation had been long in coming, but our hero ignored the signs until it was too late. The seeds were planted when he bade farewell to the folks and moved out.

It started slowly: he picked up a sock here, brushed off a dust mote there. A place was set out for everything, and everything slowly, imperceptibly, and in a rather out-of-character manner, started migrating back to it.

Our hero—a fan of mid-eighties t-shirt rock (Bryan Adams, Northern Pikes, et al)—one day discovered a Steeler's Wheels CD and a Jim Croce CD on his shelf, and had no idea how they had got there. "Play me," they beckoned. "Crank it, Flash," went the siren's call.

He quite liked them.

By now, our hero was aware that something was amiss.

He threw the CDs out the window. He wrenched the lid from the top of his hamper and liberally sprinkled his apartment with unwashed laundry. He cooked up a storm and left the dirty dishes in the sink.

Satisfied that all was as it should be, he slumped to the couch and picked up the dog-eared paperback that straddled the arm.

Chaucer!

Reeling in horror, he recoiled from the testament to the beauty and expressiveness of the English language as though it were an especially poor vintage...

He looked at his bookcase; the titles resolved themselves slowly, as if he were emerging from a dream. Penguin editions, all; it was the library of every civilized person.

His head whipped left and right, desperately looking for some sign of comfortable squalor of adolescence. He found none. The laundry was done... and folded. The dishes... in the cupboard with nary a water spot.

Then, as our hero reached the final moments of consciousness before his spectacular hyperventilation fit took hold, a voice—unbidden—intruded in his perspiring mind: "Ya know, adolescence would have been a lot easier if you'd just listened to your parents...parents...rents...ents...ts..."

Okay, you can all come down from the ceiling, now. It's just a story. It didn't really happen.

There were still a couple of forks in the sink.

(Insert sinister, Vincent Price laugh here).

Happy Hallowe'en, everyone.

"It is never difficult to tell the difference between a Scotsman with a grievance and a ray of sunshine."

PG Wodehouse

Students of General
Science Club
Meetings every
Tuesday @ 1:30pm
SUS Office (CHEM
160)

Shh... we're not hunting wabbits.

Jay Garcia
Columnist

It's Halloween! For those young at heart (and ghoulish in imagination), it is a time to roam the neighborhoods in search of high-calorie, sugar-rush inducing, coronary generating goodies offered in appeasement by those poor beleaguered homeowners. Any other time of the year should be spent simply beleaguering homeowners for other reasons.

Terrorizing the neighborhood is easy enough for most of us (specially me, living as I do some two blocks from Mountain View cemetery), but for those in res, it might be a trifle more difficult, although, granted, hitting Strangway's house for Mars Bars – not those damn "fun" size ones, the really big ones – might be mildly enjoyable, provided you aren't chased off the property by the Cowboys. (as in the campus police, not the football team or John Wayne lookalikes.)

So, in order to aid the ghoulish creative juices of those Science students living in res, safely away from their families, I offer, as yet another public service, some helpful hints to make Halloween a truly memorable time.

Forget spooky sights and scary noises! You get enough of that in class anyway. What you really need is to do some terrorizing of your own! To that end, we should settle on the appropriate faculty to victimize. Keeping in mind that engineers are mean as all get out when riled, it only seems appropriate that our Halloween prey should be none other than... Artsies!

To that end, one good idea would be to bombard the Buchanan buildings with low-frequency sound waves until people start pouring out of there, stumbling about and retching violently. Alternatively, a drifting hydrogen sulfide fog could be generated and blown towards the buildings.

Both these ideas, however, have quite a few drawbacks, as many professors – those directly responsible for the well-being of your grades – frequent the buildings as well. Plus, it sounds like something the Engineers would do.

A more... *satisfying* method involves torturing some Artsies personally.

To that end, we have to obtain some Artsies. As is well known, quite a few of 'em hang out in Arts-type places such as Starbucks, the CiTR lounge, and the whole of Kits. Next, we lure 'em back to the res TV room by dangling a freshly-rented French film with subtitles (obtained from almost any video store – where else? – in Kits) in front of them. It doesn't even matter which particular French film you rent, as most Artsies will willingly watch something they've seen before, as the gods alone know precisely how short-term their short term memories are.

Once you've got them, you have to prepare them. Offer them something highly caffeinated. Lots of something highly caffeinated. Now, despite the legendary Artsie fortitude for latté and other similar beverages, all that caffeine will eventually affect them adversely. Arrange to leave the room right at the moment that the latté takes effect. Bar the doors. After all, you wouldn't want to be a victim of your own scare.

Now, Arts people are kinda hard to scare, living as they do in bleak and depressing worlds of their own creation, but even the hardest Artsie will shriek in hideous fright after constant exposure to several hours of... a Jerry Lewis comedy marathon! After a while they'll be clawing at the doors begging to be let out.

Watching them flee in terror should be a chuckle in itself.

Editor's note: In order to protect the wonderful relations between Science and Arts, I'd like to be the first to say that no one here at SUS could possibly condone any action whatsoever against our wonderful friends over there in Buchanan. No sirree, not us, nope, no way, just not gonna do it...

We wouldn't want to provoke the awesome wrath of the juggernaut that is Arts. After all, their paper really scares me, with all their thoughtful insights and wicked sarcasm.

John and the Bejeezus.



All teenage males (and some females) are fascinated with the concept of war and weapons of war. All this fascination leads to many of our younger selves spending long hours in the elementary school library looking at pictures in such books as *The Art of Destruction*, *Why Nuclear Weapons Are Bad*, and, my personal favorite: *1001 Things Your Mom Won't Approve Of*.

Many people contend that all this exposure to violence at an early age can cause disturbing effects in people when they grow up. I don't think so. You see, I was at the forefront of the collective horror research effort and, as anyone who knows me can tell you, I have suffered no ill effects from it to this day. In fact, I am perfectly comfortable in claiming to be completely normal.

Admittedly, me and a few of my friends did experiment with little articles of destruction for a while. A good example of this would be when I borrowed my dad's pressure washer, filled the tank with gasoline (high-grade, no expense spared here) and proceeded to "dampen" an entire block from the back of a moving van.

I learned several things from this experience:

First: Never spray an entire block with gas if you're doing it going down a dead-end street.

Second: If you accidentally complete mistake #1, don't compound the problem by proceeding with the plan to ignite said street.

Third: Entire burning of an avenue will attract a lot of attention, namely from large guys with a moustache and a yellow stripe down the side of their legs.

Fourth: Gasoline does wonders to all the little rubber seals inside pressure washers.

Once my parents posted bail, I learned the errors of my ways and settled down. Besides, I had no idea how to implement the rest of my ideas. That was, of course, until I took Physics 11.

Now don't get me wrong, it's not like I decided to take the course for the explicit purpose of learning how to attack other human beings (well, it wasn't my *only* reason). In fact, the whole concept of actually using science to scare the bejeezus* out of other people didn't come to me until the middle of a rather boring class sometime in late October '91.

After several experiments in propulsion involving small rockets, we devised a projectile that would self-destruct when its fuel ran out. It worked like this: the rocket contained an explosive charge that would detonate after the propulsion cartridge burned through to the wick at the top. The whole plan involved firing many of these little desinens of destruction from afar at a neighboring elementary school during their late night Halloween party (a clever plan to get the youngsters off the street and away from danger... bawahahahahaha).

The stage was set, me and three of my friends had set up a launching platform in a park near our high school, and a fifth party was at the target site with a walkie talkie and camera to document the event and call back targeting instructions. We had over two hundred handmade rockets waiting to be launched.

Don't panic, we planned to have all the rockets detonate at least 150 feet over the heads of the sweet, innocent, children. At least that's what we planned...

After the first batch of ten hit the target, we realized that about three from each batch would take a lower arc to the target, arrive ahead of schedule, and implant themselves in the ground before detonating. Being the wisemen we were we decided: "what the hell".

Explosions were going off every couple seconds at all altitudes. No one got hurt, but boy, were they scared! And isn't that the way Halloween is supposed to be?

(* What the hell is a bejeezus exactly? And why do people lose them when they get really scared? After extensive research, involving a Gomer Pile Reunion Special and The Jerry Lewis Telethon cycled continuously for hours on end, we have determined a bejeezus is probably a gland of some kind.)

The 432! **NEXT DEADLINE**
NOVEMBER 7th
4:32pm

The Official 432™ Resid

Social Compatibility Test

Ever wonder if that rather attractive individual sitting on the other side of the cafeteria is Mr. or Mrs. Right? Never had the guts to go over and find out? Then *The 432* Social Compatibility Test is for you!

It's simple and easy to use... just take the test to the right, check off the appropriate boxes, add up the corresponding scores and write that number in the box at the lower right.

Then, just cut out the sheet and paste it on your door. When you're wondering if that special someone is right for you, just follow them home and check the Compatibility Score on their door.

No need for awkward introductions and embarrassing ice-breakers - a score within ± 5 points of yours is a sure winner! Even a gap of 5-10 points could point you down the road to romance!

Don't forget to bring your official 432™ Compatibility Score to parties - you never know! Good luck!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>① How would you describe your room?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ① A brochure for the Westin Bayshore</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ② Everything is "tucked away" under the bed</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ③ Patches of carpet are visible</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ④ Can't really describe that smell</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ⑤ Defies several EPA codes</p> <p>② What's your favorite movie?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ① Absent Minded Professor</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ② Revenge of the Nerds (Anyone of them.)</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ③ The Fugitive</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ④ Animal House</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ⑤ Wanda and Her Hot Buttered Midgets</p> <p>③ Your favorite pet?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ① Kittens</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ② Plant / fern / both</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ③ Dog / fish / dogfish</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ④ Your roommate in lots of duct tape</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ⑤ Tibetan Spitting Llama</p> <p>④ Your favorite music?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ① Barry Manilow</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ② Phil Collins</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ③ Early Metallica</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ④ Gwar</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ⑤ Barry Manilow</p> | <p>⑤ You would have sex with:</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ① Only your beloved spouse</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ② Some one you love very much</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ③ Some one whom you told you loved very much</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ④ A complete stranger</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ⑤ Anything moving under its own power</p> <p>⑥ What is in your fridge?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ① Rice cakes and Evian</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ② Fruit stolen from cafe last week</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ③ Fruit stolen from cafe last year</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ④ I don't know, but it wants the right to vote</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ⑤ Fridge? It ate the fridge.</p> <p>⑦ Your idea of an ideal night out:</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ① I never go out</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ② Night at the opera</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ③ Movie and/or dance club</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ④ Somewhere <i>really</i> loud</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ⑤ Earning extra money on Davie</p> <p>⑧ Your views on alcohol / drugs?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ① Never touch either one</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ② Occasional drinker / user</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ③ Why wasn't this part of ⑦?</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ④ Gimmee! Gimmee!</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> ⑤ Whoa! The dwarves are back, man.</p> |
|---|--|



Hi, My Name Is _____

My Official 432 Social Compatibility Score is _____

Letter to Home: Just Add H₂O.

Did you forget to send a note home to Mom and Dad this month? Are they threatening to cut off your cash flow just because they feel "they're not an important part of your life anymore"? Maybe you're too busy to sit down and pen them a letter. Or you're too cheap for a 43 cent stamp. After all, even if Mom and Dad are paying the education bill, you still need every cent you can scrounge for arcade games and junk food.

So buckle down, and write them a letter. It doesn't have to be real. It's doesn't even have to be written by you, if you've got a few bucks to spare.

And if you're really desperate, you can always use the handy-dandy template letter at right. Just cut it out and place under a piece of lined paper. Trace over the words, and when you get to a blank, choose from the handy 432™ Lexicon-o-Matic. This saves you the hassle of actually spelling the words correctly. And if you're feeling especially ambitious, you could even use a word not on the list! (For additional lexicons send cheque or money order for \$5.95 to *The 432*.)

432™ Lexicon-o-Matic

Dear (1),

How are you? Just a quick note to say hi. Things are going (2) here at (3). In fact, things are going so well that last week I managed to (4) so much I (5) twice.

Professor (6), my (7) teacher is definitely a(n) (8). Last Friday, (s)he (9) Go figure.

I (10) living at (11). It's about what I expected, just like (12) was. The food is (13), too.

Guess what? I met (14) from (15). I think I mentioned this in the last letter, but I can't remember so far in the past. It's probably due to the (16).

My (17) is doing fine. I've decided to keep (18), despite the (19). Hopefully it'll work out, if I don't (20) first.

Anyways, gotta run. I'm late for (21), and if I'm not there in the next five minutes, they'll (22).

Love (23).

(P.S. Can you send me (24)? I'm (25).)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>(1) Mom, Dad, parole officer, local priest</p> <p>(2) wonderfully, fine, horribly</p> <p>(3) <insert name of educational institution, mental rehab clinic></p> <p>(4) study, drink, eat, dig</p> <p>(5) fell asleep, escaped, brought up my lower intestines twice, hallucinated</p> <p>(6) <insert name of an actual professor></p> <p>(7) biology, physics, math, chemistry, piano, singing</p> <p>(8) rocket scientist, complete moron, "interesting" fellow</p> <p>(9) lit the bench aflame, dropped a full beaker of corrosive chemicals onto his foot, disproved the Theory of Relativity, dropped dead to the floor.</p> <p>(10) absolutely detest, am barely tolerating, am in a state of complete ecstasy from</p> <p>(11) Totem Park, Place Vanier, Gage Towers, off-campus</p> <p>(12) Matsqui Prison, boy scout camp, that brief stint under the bridge</p> <p>(13) about the same, only slightly greasier, better than home</p> | <p>(14) Alan Alda, William Shatner, the man</p> <p>(15) M.A.S.H, that really cool show, Rescue 911, Glad</p> <p>(16) operation, blow to the cranium, well — you know about most of my problems</p> <p>(17) ex, grades, roommate, sex life</p> <p>(18) ignoring it, running, going to the Pit Wednesday nights</p> <p>(19) court order, Dean's warnings, patrimony suit, fact my girlfriend knows</p> <p>(20) have a heart attack, get caught, lose my small-mouthed bass, go postal</p> <p>(21) my massage appointment, class, the bzzr-garden circuit, therapy</p> <p>(22) charge me twice as much, start without me, run out of the amber liquid of life, assume I'm even more crazy than I am</p> <p>(23) <insert your name here></p> <p>(24) my teddy bear, my winter clothing, a camera with film, \$200</p> <p>(25) lonely, freezing in the icebox they call a rez room, trying to raise my tuition with a bit of blackmail, trying to get a commercial spot for Western Union</p> |
|---|--|

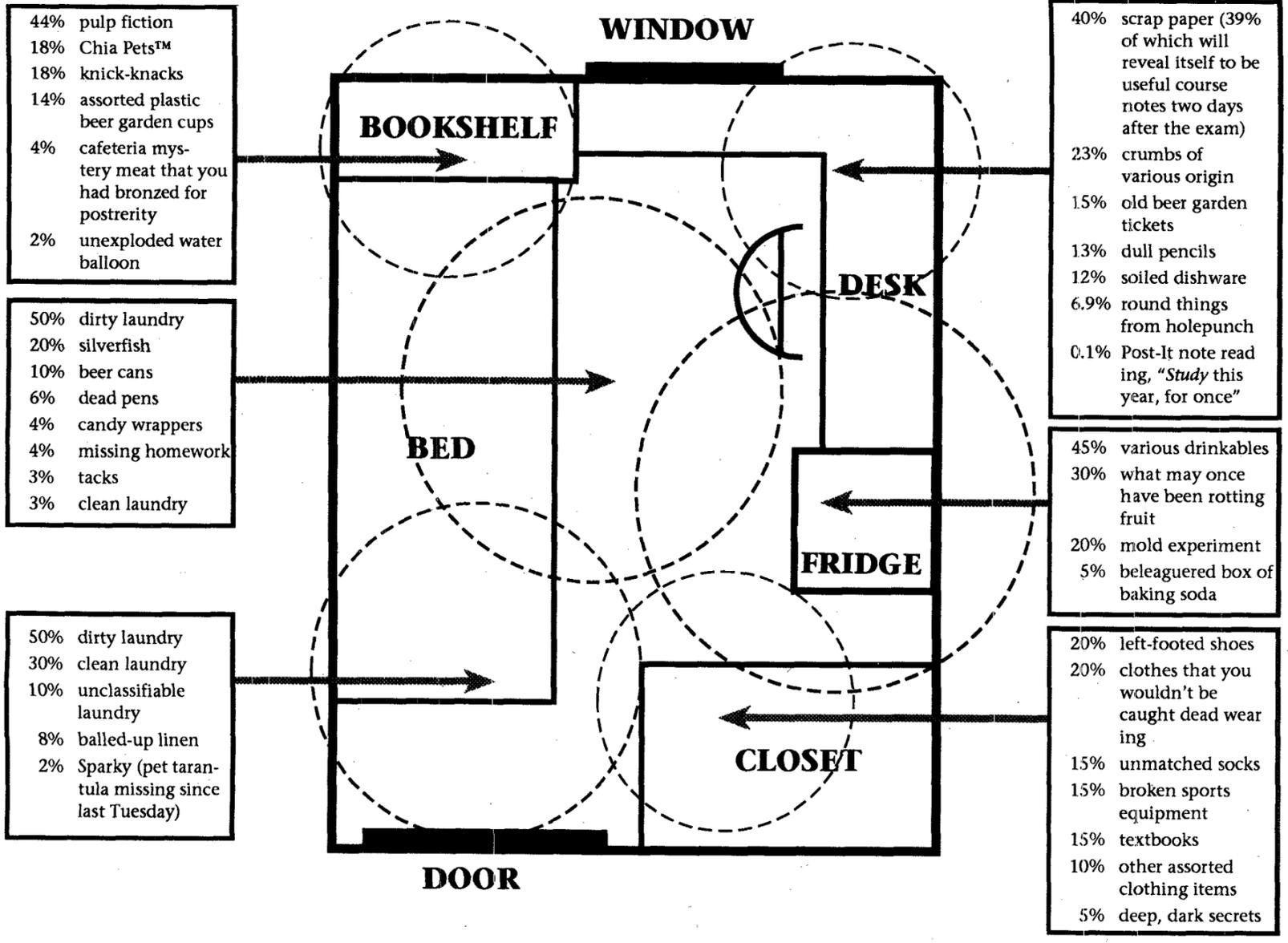
lence Survival Package.

Schrödinger's Item Locator.

Has it ever seemed that the item you need the most is the one item you can't find? Ever lost your textbook the night before the exam? Or one of each and every pair of socks you own? Most of us here at *The 432* have served time in one or more of UBC's fine student residences. We know what it's like being unable to see the deep, plush Brillo-pad carpet 'cause your dirty laundry somehow made it out of the hamper to grow and spread across the entire floor.

Luckily, we (*as always*) had a cunning solution. Taking Schrödinger's electron probability equation as the starting point, the staff mathematicians were able to derive what may be considered the greatest leap in human knowledge since Einstein proved relativity.

So, with our newly-patented Probability Locator™, you should have no problem finding any of the common items in a residence room, despite the three foot layer of crap you need to wade through to reach your bed. Even when you're completely blasted the night before the exam.



Residence Emergency Food Rations.

Too busy in the morning to get breakfast? Running low on Meal Plan points? We want to make sure you are getting the essential vitamins, nutrients, and fibre necessary to keep both your brain and your bowels working at top efficiency. Good eating habits can now be as easy as cutting out these simple coupons. So, the next time you're short of time, and your stomach's sending you a clear message, simply grab your scissors, cut out the coupons and chew. Don't forget to swallow. With *The 432* Emergency Residence Food Rations, you'll be getting the same nutrition food value as a real residence meal in a fraction of the time. (Note: extended use of this product can be hazardous to your health).

Emergency UBC Housing Food Ration

BREAKFAST

Emergency UBC Housing Food Ration

LUNCH

Emergency UBC Housing Food Ration

DINNER

SCIENCE SPORTS TEAMS

REBATE
DEADLINE
NOV 22

FORMS AT CHEM 160

PRE MED SOC
PRESENTS

Dr. James
Carter

UBC Medical
School

Dean of
Admissions

Tuesday
November 01
**HEBB
THEATRE
12:30**

Matt's Mental Guide.

Matt Wiggin
Columnist

It's midterm season again; stress levels are high, and they'll probably continue to increase until somewhere around mid-January when our parents finally forgive us for failing Math for the second time. UBC this time of year is just twenty-five thousand people, each waiting to have a nervous breakdown.

Now, nervous breakdowns are kinda messy. It's akin to sending your brain a quick note, telling it to pack its bags and take a short vacation. Also, they're rather predictable, and have lost their shock impact on professors and the like. Besides, everyone and their dog has a nervous breakdown these days, and if you're gonna fall apart, the least you can do is to make it creative.

In that theme, I'd like to present my handy-dandy guide to Defense Mechanisms.

Defense mechanisms are one of the best things to come out of evolution since sex came on the scene, and I'm quite sure that without them, each and every one of us would be positively batty by the time we reached adolescence. For the uninitiated, defense mechanisms are defined as "unconscious strategies of the ego that distort reality in order to lessen anxiety." The first time I read this, I was immediately attracted to two things.

First, and most importantly, was the "lessen anxiety" part. I hate worrying, so I do whatever I can to prevent it. The second part I liked was the "distort reality" bit. I don't believe in

reality. It's far too complicated, and whenever I examine it, I always come to the conclusion that the universe isn't centered around me, which I don't like. Simply put, for me, distorting reality is a good thing.

There was one thing I disagreed with: the word "unconscious." Personally, I think it's time we learned to use defense mechanisms consciously. This part looks more difficult than it actually is. After all, I'm willing to believe almost any lie I tell myself, as long as it's in my best interests.

But enough explanation, and on with the application. Below is a list of the most commonly used defense mechanisms, complete with examples:

Denial: despite being the simplest, this is one of my all time favourites, because it's both effective, easy to use, an excellent choice for beginners. The central idea here is that if you close your eyes tight enough, the problem will ignore you and go away. e.g. "I'm not impotent, I just haven't felt like it lately."

Regression: ever miss your childhood? Well here's your big chance to relive it, complete with the complete lack of responsibility. Regression goes like this: you do your absolute best to react to problems exactly like the average five year old. The difficulty rating here varies with the individual. (I personally find it almost second nature.) e.g. whining to your mom and dad until they give you a bigger allowance.

Displacement: I recommend this one only as a last resort, mostly because whenever I use it, it back-

fires and everything comes back on me. It involves taking your frustrations out on someone you know is not only completely irresponsible for your problems, but also utterly helpless to do anything except get mad at you for being such a jerk for no reason (and inevitably they do.) e.g. beating up helpless old ladies because you lost your favourite underwear in the wash.

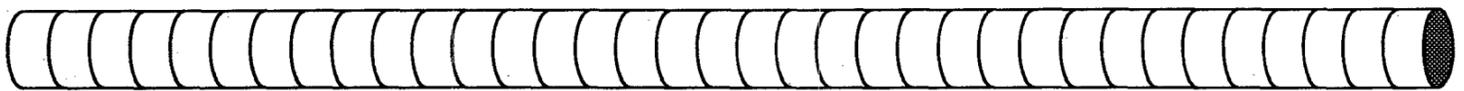
Rationalization: this is a difficult strategy to employ, but the advantage to it is that once in place, this defense mechanism is almost undetectable, even to other people. Here's how it goes: you come up with a perfectly sane, logical explanation for your behaviour. The fact that it's completely untrue is beside the point. e.g. "I'm just smoking pot to experiment, and university's all about learning, right?"

Repression: Far and away the most difficult of all defense mechanisms. Fooling yourself into changing the details of your version of things is one thing, actually deleting reality is another. Like rationalization, however, when implemented properly, this one is extremely effective. For example, last year, I repressed an entire six credit physics course. Didn't go. Didn't study. Never worried about it once, because as far as I was concerned, it didn't even exist.

This is by no means a complete list of all of the defense mechanisms that there are out there, but it will get you started. If all of these fail, I suggest getting as drunk as you possibly can. In my experience, you always forget your worries far before becoming incapable of drinking more.

Science vs Arts Challenge

Thursday November 3rd • 12:30pm at MacInnes Field

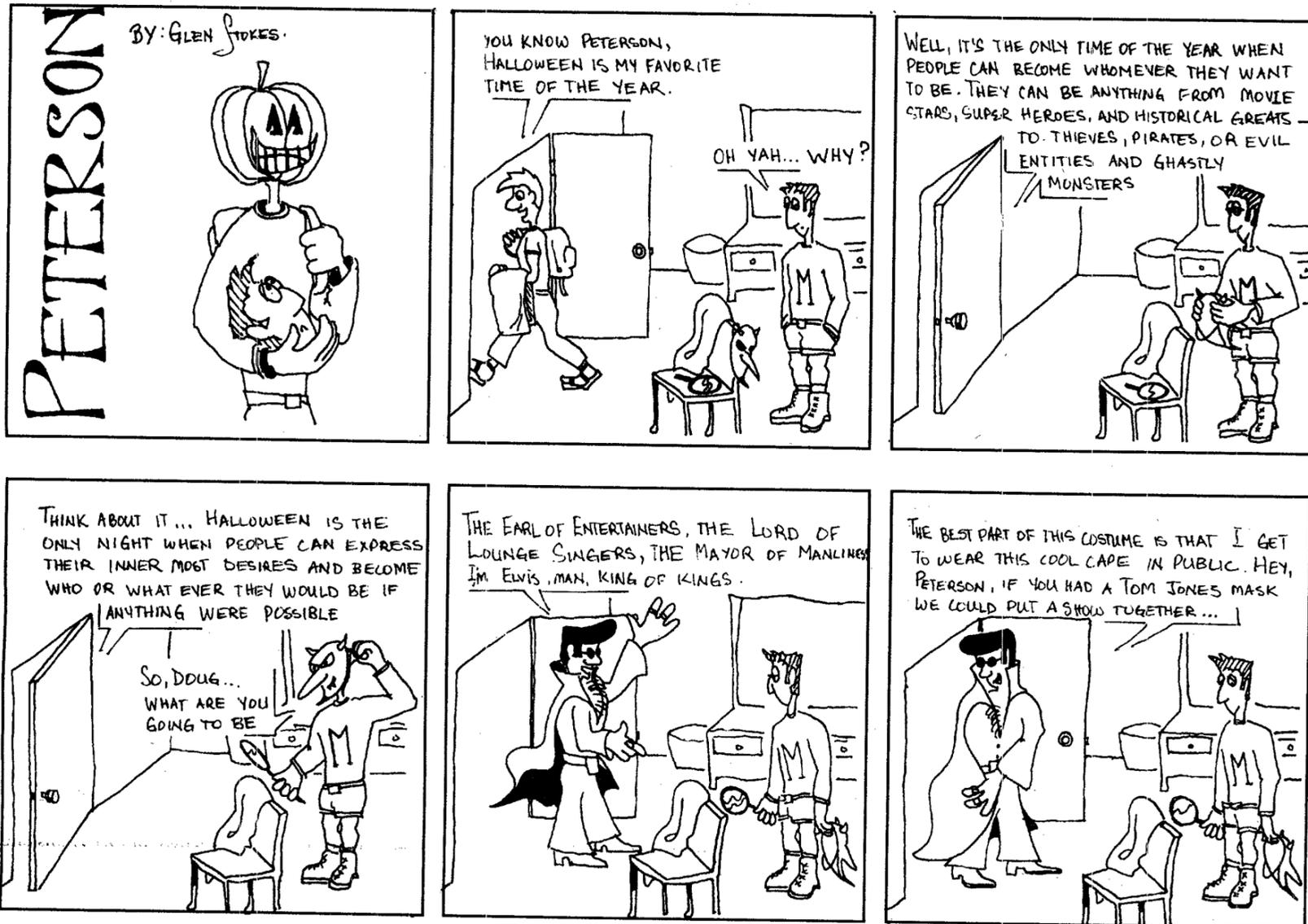


Register before Nov. 2 with Tracy or Bella in the
SUS Office (CHEM 160)

\$2/person • Teams of 10 (must include 5 women)

United Way Tug-O-War

Pete Peterson, Professional Student.



The Neighbours from Hell.

Tessa Moon
Columnist

It was a dark and stormy night... when the doorbell went off. My neighbor stood there as I opened the door. He puffed evil-smelling cigar smoke into my living room, while his two children, of indeterminate age and gender, happily munched on my doormat.

"Can I borrow your meat cleaver?" He asked, making an unlovely attempt to bare his teeth over an inch-thick stump of carcinogenic material.

"Meat cleaver?" I echoed blankly.

"Meat cleaver," he confirmed with barely restrained glee that set me wondering what precisely he intended to do with it. I asked him. "I'm going to murder several small forest animals and eat them," he whispered to me confidentially.

"Excuse me, while I... umm... go set the kitchen

on fire," I said, kicked surreptitiously at his grunting, rooting offspring, and slammed the door shut. And set the deadbolt just in case.

The incident got me thinking. Granted, one must have neighbors, unless one is prepared to set up shop somewhere in the middle of the Canadian Shield and have all one's supplies flown in. But I can't ever recall having had one that wasn't an embarrassment to all the other primates. Apart from my current cleaver-happy friend and his genetically ambiguous brood, there lives on my floor a succession of horrors fit only for a zoo (or maybe politics).

First, there is the little old lady with a bird named Mulronee. She sent everyone in the building cookies for Christmas, and constantly calls people "Dear." Not bad, eh? The only trouble with her is her drinking habit. Every Friday evening, she wanders through the

halls, singing a shaky French rendition of "O Canada" and attempting to recruit every occupant of the floor into a terrorist organization set on "recapturing Quebec for the King of France."

Next, there is the med student. He brings the same woman home every weekend, and introduces her to anyone he meets. "Meet Kim," he said to me when I ran into him in the elevator the first week after I moved into the neighborhood.

"Hello," I said with my usual cheerful friendliness. Until I noticed something odd — about the way Kim seemed to lean a bit too heavily on him, and how the hand she held out (which he had to support) was a little, well, skeletal. And, accustomed as I was to the vagaries of today's fashion, it did seem somewhat strange that she should have no hair and wear "Eau de Formalin."

"Kim's been my cadaver for three weeks now," he announced proudly. "I'm

just getting started on her small intestines. It's starting to get serious now, I think."

"Oh," I said in a very small voice, and plastered myself firmly against the far wall.

"I'm done with the eyeball, and I've used only one," He lovingly turned Kim's head toward me, so that I could admire the gaping cavity. "Would you like to have the other one?" He asked, his face shining with the beatific radiance of neighborly sharing.

I might just have chewed through the metal door if the elevator hadn't opened just then.

The med student, though, is a bastion of normalcy when compared with the gentleman who lived briefly around the far corner of the corridor. He freely admitted to being a lawyer, which should have warned me. He lived with several large snakes (the spirit of renewing bonds with his own kind, he called it). Soon after he moved in, he decided to sue me for cutting

ahead of him to race up the stairs. Then he discovered that all my earthly possessions could fit into a newt's fanny, so he tried to sue Madame Quebecois, the med student, and Kim, in that order. All to no avail.

He finally tried to sue Mr. Meat Cleaver the night before Thanksgiving, and consequently wasn't seen again. The police were called in, and completed an extensive investigation.

Incidentally, I learned shortly later that Mr. Meat Cleaver didn't need a turkey for the family supper that year.

As a result of the trial, there is now a vacancy on the floor. But I don't think I'll stay long enough to find out who my new neighbor will be.

After all, Christmas is approaching, and I hear Mr. Meat Cleaver will be out on parole soon. He might be looking for another turkey substitute.

Classifieds.

\$200 REWARD for return of a big "Tundra" Backpack lost Friday, October 14 in SUB. Call Jason at 731-7564. Contains critical notes, etc. No questions asked.

WANTED: Good local bands to play some Science gigs. Apply to Dave, SUS SoCo by any medium.

TO ALL MEN who attended the SUS W&C after 7:00pm. I'm quite sorry but I'm not attracted to any of you. I apologize for any confusion. The pictures prove nothing. JB.

I'M PROMOTING myself to further your interests. Why can't you be more supportive of me? What about all that I'm doing for you?

WELL-USED GRE book for sale. Cheap. General and physics. 224-2279.

WANTED: Ventnor Avenue from the McDonald's Monopoly game. Contact *The 432*

DESPERATELY needed. Enthusiastic, elastic, and slightly elongated woman

wants tall (>6.2') dark handsome man for close encounter. Contact the *The 432* for her phone number. Banking experience preferred.

ICEY FRESH!

LOOKING for a large bzzr fridge, glass fronted for heavy use in a student lounge. Contact *The 432*.

MISSING: One brain, approximately 2.3 kg, coloured grey. Contact Dr. Schwartz at UBC Anatomy Dept. if you have any information.

WANTED: Two well greased former Olympic Athletes for good times in good jello. No duct tape or weirdos please. Contact Dana c/o *The 432*.

THE 432: Now offering free classified space for UBC students to advertise anything under the sun. Next deadline is

November 7, at 4:32pm, for the issue distributed on Nov. 14. Priority will be given to Science students. Drop off ad w/phone number and name in CHEM 160.

THE CSC PRESENTS

The First Annual
Hallowe'en

Memorial
Bzzr Garden

Monday, October 31

from 4:32 'til the bzzr runs out

The Chem Grad Lounge

(fourth floor of Old Chem Bldg D)

Bzzr \$1.00

Sider \$1.00

Free Drink with a costume

no minors, please.

FREE ADMISSION

Drawers of SUS.

Faculty of Science Mtg.

Tidbits of what's to come.

Soon people in Science will be able to do a major in Science and a minor in Arts or Commerce. To receive a minor, you must complete 18 credits of upper level courses (300 or above) in that department. This should be in next year's Calendar.

The failure rate for first year students continues to drop as the grades required to enter Science rise. Interestingly, enough, as the GPA rises so does the number of women in Science. First year Science is now 55% women. No comment on what that really means.

Jesse Burnett

Internal Stuff.

Well, I guess it's about time that I finally wrote for the most fabulous student newspaper on campus. I thought I had nothing to write about until I was kindly reminded of our elections earlier this month, our recent Wine and Cheese and our quickly developing First Year Committee. Oh Yeah, I guess I have been up to something. As Internal Vice President I try to lay low and hope that no one realizes what I've done. But since I've been discovered I guess I'll share some of my little undertakings.

We started the year off with a successful election where four positions were contested and only three positions were left empty. In case you're interested the positions which need to be filled are Geography Rep, Geophysics/Astronomy Rep and Math/Statistics Rep. If you're in any of these lovely faculties and wish to become a member of the most... most... funny Undergrad council then drop your name and number off in the SUS office.

We then welcomed our new council members by offering them a chance to meet the Dean of Science and a large amount of alcohol at our annual Wine and Cheese. This event was a success and any rumors you hear haven't been proven and I know for a fact that the pictures were doctored. I swear I didn't do anything.

Finally, we will have had our first First Year Committee meeting by the time you read this little blurb, but if you are in first year sciences and have some ideas about how to entertain your peers feel free to drop me a note in the SUS office. We're hoping to hold our first event on November 18 so keep an eye out for those posters.

Tracy MacKinnon

AMS Report

On November 3 at 12:30 pm the Health Sciences Student Association is having its annual United Way Tug-O-War on MacInnes Field. The cost is \$2 per person and you have to be on a team of 10 with at least five women. We're hoping to get a lot of Science teams so we can have an Engineering-Arts-Science Challenge. The AUS has been heckling us at AMS Council meetings lately and we need to prove Science dominance. Come by SUS (Chem 160) and talk to Bella or myself to get on a team.

The AMS is having a Special General Meeting on Friday, November 18 to present the new bylaws for approval. A budget of \$40,000 has been passed to cover the costs of this meeting, and the rumour is that Spirit of the West will be playing a free, all-ages show.

Those of you who take the Security Bus at night must have realized by now that the Bus doesn't enter the core area of campus. This is due to a new policy of Campus Planning and Development. So, this means that in order to catch the bus, you have to walk quite a distance across campus in the dark. Kinda defeats the purpose, doesn't it? Hopefully CP&D will change this policy in the future, as many groups are incensed by their stupidity

Happy Hallowe'en!

Bella Carvalho

The World in Sports

Time for the bi-weekly sports update. Science is the top unit, with 1326 points. In second place is engineering with 1087 points. Yay for Science!!

Upcoming events are the badminton tourney, deadline for registration is Wed, 2 Nov. and it is held on the 5th.

Also coming up is Invade the Dome for the following events: Midnight Madness CoRec Softball, Soccer, Field Hockey, Ultimate, CoRec Volleyball Tourney, Mtn Bike Ramp Climb and Table Tennis Tourney I. Registration for all events is Nov. 10 (except for league events), and they occur the 14 - 17th of November.

Remember that the deadline for rebates application is on the 22nd of November. Please get them in by the deadline (the earlier the better), as no extensions will be given! C'est tout!

Dave Khan

Agriculture Report.

Hey! This is Dave Khan, your new SUS SoCo (no, not Southern Comfort for all you naive alcoholics; Social Coordinator). So I guess Oktoberfest '94 was a grand success ... considering all the drunk people and the copious amounts of alcohol we went through, I should think so! And what a great band, eh ...? EH? So much for fire limits and power outages ... I guess SUB circuit breakers just are not designed for 17 000 watts of pure music power.

And what was up with the bar...? Do you guys really think you're going to get BZZR any faster if you crush the people in front of you as flat as pieces of fine bleached-white-with-chlorine-based-chemical MacBlo paper products?

Anyway, the point is, everyone had fun, and few got hurt. It's all in good fun until someone loses an eye, and I don't think that happened, although many did lose whole pitchers of bzzr and hard alcohol; I know I myself was covered, as was my friend Mike and Bella, the Sports Director

Seriously though, folks, this article doesn't seem to be going anywhere, and since it is now 1:00 am the day of the deadline (my Timex® Ironman™ watch just beeped), let's cut straight to the cheeze ... If our budget holds out, we've got a ton planned for this year ... Look for the "Nothing happens in November" Bzzr Garden in the SUB Partyroom, Thursday, November 10, 1994 at 4:32 p.m.

Come out; bring your friends; be a rebel without a cause and openly defy

- a) Fire Regulations
- b) Blood Alcohol Content Limits!

It should be a great party... if I remember any of it this time and don't have a run-in with our friends the "Campus Cops" and the good-ole Gendarmie Royale Canadien (GRC) (RCMP for all you unilingual Reformesque people out there).

Hope to see you all out at one of these functions ... university is about having a good time and meeting people, too ... (of course; don't all show up at once; I don't think there is a place on campus that can hold 4 662 drunk Science Students!!!)

See ya around!

I'll be the one in the corner, sipping my bzzr and thinking "What if?"...



ALMA MATER SOCIETY
UBC STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Notice to All Members of The Alma Mater Society

The Alma Mater Society of U.B.C. will be holding a **Special General Meeting** on Friday, November 18 to consider the approval of new Bylaws for the Society.

The Meeting will start at 5:30 pm in the War Memorial Gym. Members will be asked to vote on the following question only:

"RESOLVED that the proposed Bylaws of the Alma Mater Society of the University of British Columbia, as circulated, be and are hereby approved."

Janice Boyle, Vice President

After the consideration of this question there will be a

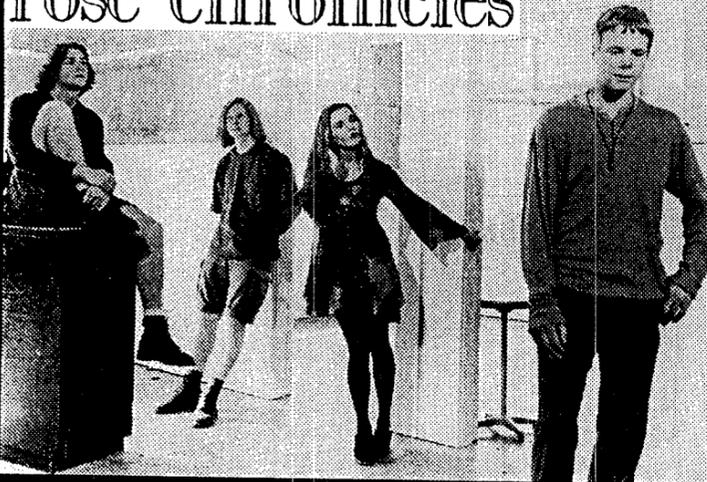
Free Performance

Open to all members of the Society (UBC Students).
Admittance is limited to a first come basis and there will be no in/out privileges.
This is a non-alcoholic, all ages event, open to members of the A.M.S. only.



Spirit of the West

rose chronicles



Political opinions expressed during the course of the meeting do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the performers.

Doors Open at 4:00 pm
Doors Close at 5:30 pm

VALID A.M.S. STUDENT I.D. REQUIRED

The Article That Ate the Back Page.

Having recently been paroled from the UBC Housing System, I've begun to discover some of the many benefits to living off-campus. Not that my four-year sentence - I mean, sojourn - in rez was particularly terrible... except, of course, for that purple octopus tentacle, suckers and all, that I found in the Vanier salad bar one day... (The funny thing is, you probably think I'm joking about that, don't you? Ask me about it sometime.)

One of the more tangible improvements, interesting variations on salad notwithstanding, is the freedom to own and keep pets. Actually, I should qualify that statement; UBC Housing does allow custody of a wide variety of our animal friends, as long as the critter in question:

- can fit inside a Sucrets box,
- cannot escape from said Sucrets box, and
- will not give your roommate a coronary when it mysteriously crawls its way into the foot of his her bed.

That last one pretty much narrows it down to fish. Naturally, the thought of watching guppies and goldfish bump into the sides of the bowl hardly translates into hours of riveting entertainment, but UBC Housing definitely encourages keeping fish - in fact, they even give every resident about three of four hundred silverfish to take care of during the year.

But I digress. During the last few months, my friends and I have acquired quite the menagerie between our households, encompassing everything from dogs to cats to birds and beyond. With that, I'd like to introduce some of them.

WALTER

Seeing as we've been speaking of fish, Walter is a suitable specimen with which to begin. Walter is a joint effort between my friend Frank and I, and came to pass as a rather spur-of-the-moment leap of logic.

One day, Frank received his fish tank from home, courtesy of his mother in Ontario. O how excited we were, as we cleaned the tank, set the filter and triumphantly galloped off to the pet store in search of would-be colonists. Consequently, you can imagine our mild disillusionment when, after filling the thing with fish, we sat back and watched most of our new companions kick the bucket. And you know how it is with fish - they



WATTS

don't jump up in the air and explode when they go or anything. No, they just sorta lean over to one side and die off in that slow, painfully dull sort of way that only accountants seem to be able to imitate.

As this enthralling process was going on, we decided that the dying process should at least be made somewhat more engaging and climactic; this led us to the rather obvious conclusion that the only thing that could possibly be more exciting than watching fish croak slowly while swimming around the tank would be watching them croak quickly while being eaten by a piranha.

Enter Walter, who now enjoys a large happy home all to himself. He's never lonely, though; he has guests from the tank next door over for dinner all the time.

DEEFER

Meanwhile, Frank's roommate, Bob, decided to up the ante in the pet game by going for the throat and acquiring a dog during a visit to West Edmonton Mall. I don't really have any hilariously catastrophic stories concerning ol' Deef, except that:

- the name "Deefer" is short for "D-for-Dog". It's not my fault.
- Deefer is, apparently, a cross between - get this - a Rottweiler and a Cocker Spaniel. That's definitely not my fault; in fact, I'm just gonna let you, the reader, figure out the sheer logistics of that match for yourself.

MICK

And so we come to my contribution to all this. I've always been rather partial to birds; maybe I read Treasure Island too much as a kid, but I've always wanted to get a parrot. So, I did, about two months ago. Mick is a five-month-old Goffin cockatoo, about the size of a large pigeon. He's very tame, very clever, and very loud. What this adds up to is a rather over-affectionate piece of poultry that enjoys nibbling at your ear, chewing to bits anything he can get his beak on, and sounding off like an air-raid siren every time you leave him alone in a room. Of course, every now and then he does combinations on these themes - for example, he'll chew everything to bits as

soon as you leave the room, or sound off like an air-raid siren while nibbling at your ear. It's terrible. There's little bite marks in everything from my bookshelf to my belts, and I keep wanting to answer the telephone due to the incessant ringing in my ear.

Inconveniences aside, however, Mick is a pretty cool pet. He's still pretty young, so he isn't talking yet, but it shouldn't be too long. This is why I don't leave the TV on during the day to keep him company; there'd be nothing worse than having a bird whose favorite word was, "Oprah."

GUSTAV

Gustav is my girlfriend Leah's cat. His full name is Gustav Klimt, after the famous painter. Personally, I don't think this is the best name she could have picked... based on his daily exercise regimen, diet, eating habits, total lack of unassisted movement and disturbing tendency to drool all over himself, I usually just call him Jabba the Catt.

I'm serious. This thing lives the most stupendously catered lifestyle on the planet. Look up sedentary in the dictionary and it says please see Leah's lazy doorstep of a cat. It's not a cat; it's a bean bag chair with eyes. Its daily schedule consists of the following:

- Wake up.
- Reconsider. More sleep.
- Wake up.
- Be carried to food dish by Leah, drooling all the way in anticipation.
- Breakfast.
- Meow.
- Be carried to couch by Leah, drooling all the way in anticipation.
- Sleep.
- Repeat steps 1-8, until Leah can no longer pick him up without a winch.

Makes a Roman Emperor look like Grizzly Adams, doesn't it? To his credit, however, he's infinitely more affectionate and cuddly than your average Roman Emperor (although I hear that underneath that callous, let-them-hate-so-long-as-they-fear exterior, ol' Caligula was a real pussy-cat deep down).

CAT

This rather inventive moniker comes courtesy of my roommates, who went to all the trouble of getting themselves a kitten and somehow couldn't come to a consensus on by what it should be called. Oh well...

What this little tiger lacks in, er, spatial perception, she certainly makes up for in raw exuberance; this we discovered when we let her out of the house for the first time. My theory is that she

had spent too much time cooped up in the house watching Mick, and was thus operating under the misapprehension that she too was a bird. Consequently, when we let her outside, she decided to try out her wings and take a brisk flying leap off the second-floor back porch.

A brief visit to Mr. Vet later, Cat now thumps around the house in a large cast on her broken front leg. Personally, I think this completes the whole Treasure Island thing - if I can just get her to keep that pirate hat on her head and get Mick to stay on her shoulder, I think we might have something.

That about sums up the pets I know. The only disturbing part about all of these weird stories is that they say pets often emulate and imitate their owners... oh dear. Excuse me a minute; Frank's eating the guppies again...

(Editor's Note: Apologies to all of ya out there who just waded through Roger's latest attempt at a novella but didn't find it all that amusing. Wait! What did I just say? Everyone finds Roger's articles funny! Phew! I feel better. Like I was saying, you can all thank me later for running Roger's latest attempt at a novella...)

Instant Pumpkin!

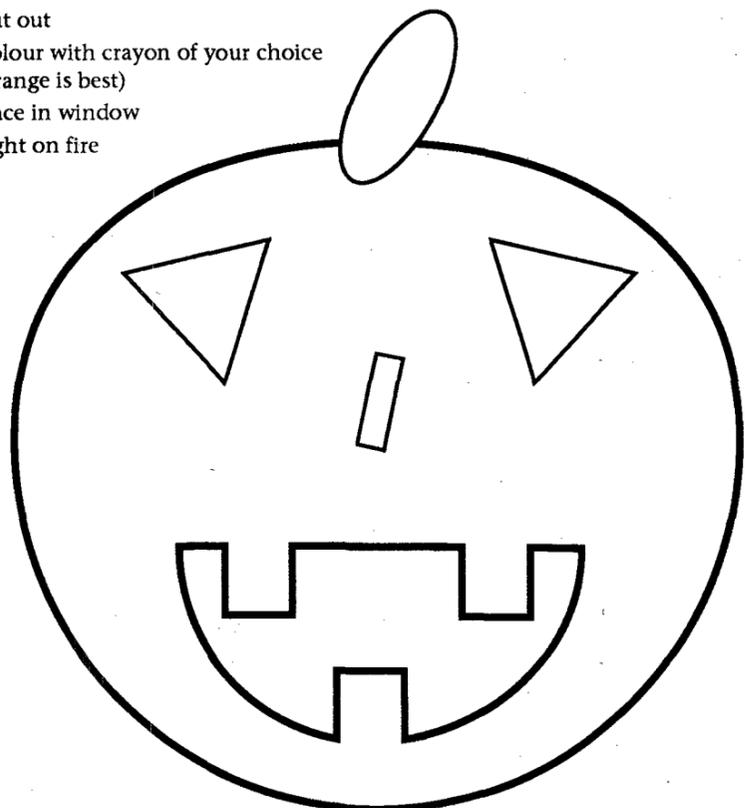
Did you forget to carve yourself a jack'o' lantern this year? Well, as a last minute bonus, we're like to present this nifty cut-out so you won't feel left out of the Hallowe'en spirit.

Directions for use:

- Cut out
- Colour with crayon of your choice (orange is best)
- Place in window
- Light on fire

For a slightly safer version of this product, simple tape to your window and hold a flashlight behind it.

And as an added bonus, your Cut-Out Jack'O Lantern will double as a mask for a last minute costume.



(This product may be prohibited by law in some areas. Consult your local fire department for more details)