

"Graduating in four years is like leaving a party at ten sober." ~ Ancient wisdom

Oil Discovered on Endowment Lands!

Tuition could be cut in half!

Bob D. Fibble

Senile Correspondent

VANCOUVER (AP)

During recent excavation underneath the new noodle bar in the Student Union Building, a contract worker was surprised to find oil oozing out of the ground near a new pipeline. The thick crude was coming from a previously unknown seam of oil located below the north end of campus.

"I sure as hell was surprised to see it gushing up, but it did mean an early lunch" stated the worker.

AMS executives were very quick to react.

"I really think that this represents a potential solution to every student's financial nightmares at UBC. Not to mention assured re-election for myself. Just think about it! Tuition cut in half. Subsidies for on- and off-campus housing! Pie R Squared pizza for under a dol-

lar!" said AMS President David Borins.

Borins also released a document outlining a comprehensive development plan for the resource and emphatically pointed out the paragraph in the release stating that "essential SUB services such as The Pit Pub will not be affected by this discovery."

"I feel that we can extract the oil without disrupting student life too much." said Borins "By drilling when the SUB is closed, between one and seven in the morning, students will notice very little actual difference. Except for the fact that the noodle bar will never actually open."

Within hours of the AMS's press release, the University of British Columbia elegantly pointed out that the land on which the SUB resides is actually being leased to the AMS and that all mineral rights to the oil still reside with the university.

"Don't get me wrong" stated UBC President David

Strangway, "The money will still be used to make student's lives better while they are at UBC. But I don't think we'll see anything like Mr. Borins is predicting."

"Fees have to be paid. Taxes take their share, and there's the university faculty to consider as well. I mean, we're not exactly rich. Well, maybe we are rich, but not *that* rich."

Under the UBC Oil Development Plan, drafted and cut by the Ad Hoc Advisory Committee for Policy Analysis and Natural Resource Assessment (AHACPANR, a new committee) within twenty-four hours of the discovery, the entire Student Union Building would be torn to the ground.

Says committee chair Ralph Peterson, "We can't efficiently extract the oil with the current structure still standing. It will have to be removed to allow the erection of a full scale oil rig to expedite the procedure. It's not like it's a big lose, I mean, we've been trying to get rid of that SUB for years. We find that students are less likely to get organized to oppose fee increases when they have no common

gathering place.

"And when all the oil has been removed, the land could then be sold off as condos. Just think of the profit opportunities! It's prime real estate!"

An earlier draft of the UBC Oil Development Plan proposed putting the full size oil rig in McKinnis Field to preserve the Student Union Building. This draft was quickly rejected after it was pointed out that this placement of the rig would cause a 1% reduction in the speed of oil extraction and on account of the fact that the grass is "just so darn pretty."

No sooner than UBC's official plan was in the hands of the media, the BC Government stepped into the matter claiming that the terms of the University Endowment Act of 1921 clearly states that the mineral rights of the land remain with the BC Provincial Government and that all, if any, development should be conducted under the supervision of the Ministry of the Environment.

Hon. Paul Ramsey, BC Minister of the Environment, stated in an exclusive 432 candid inter-

view at The Pit Pub (next to the discovery sight) Tuesday "Hey, thanksh for all the bzzrh. Yeah, anyway, I'm supposed to go out there in a few minutesh and tell everyone that we'll be doing an extenshive environmental impact shtudy. But that'sh hogwish.. hogwast... that'sh just a crock to get the environmental-ishts off our back. Heck, for thish much money we'd strip mine Pashific Shpirit Park. Shay, do I know you? What'sh that whirring noishe?"

A more detailed breakdown of the government's proposed uses for the proceeds from the oil site show that only 2% of all revenue would be directed back at the post-secondary education system and that UBC students would see no benefit at all.

However, it is interesting to note that over 50% of the revenue is to be used for something called 'Forestry Renewal Fund Payback.'

The whole plan was called off after a closer analysis of the black fluid determined that it wasn't oil at all, but was, indeed, stale Pit Bzzr that had seeped through the floor over years of spillage.

Liferafts to be Installed in SUB!

Maurice Spoonbender

Roving Correspondent

VANCOUVER (SP)

As part of upcoming safety renovations to campus, liferafts, life-preservers and other floatation devices will be installed in both the SUB Partyroom and Ballroom for use in emergency situations that may arise during events held in those rooms.

"Last year we almost had a tragedy on our hands when a first-year student was nearly drowned after three kegs overturned near him" says AMS President David Borins.

"It was unlike anything I've ever seen in my life," states the student. "There was this incredibly loud rushing sound and then all I could see for a while was red."

"It was so overwhelming. I think I'll become an engineer."

Events such as the Science Undergraduate Society's upcoming Oktoberfest routinely move well over 1,000 litres of soft alcohol into the ballroom for distribution.

"That's enough refreshments to give one thousand people three drinks each," stated SUS Social Coordinator Mike Boetzkes.

When asked if there was a potential risk to students attending these events, Boetzkes replied "Absolutely, and that's why SUS is trying to get the fluid from the kegs into the student's stomachs as fast as possible to limit the potential for accidents."

"But, if something did go wrong, the student body has our complete assurance that we've been trained in the proper use of the new safety equipment. I even learned how to row, neat, huh?"

Each year, over forty thousand litres of bzzr is senselessly lost in spillage related accidents.



"These birds are getting bolder..."

Greetings earthlings.

Jennifer Babiak

Sadistic Columnist

With graduation looming at the end of this year for me, alternately looking like a life preserver to a drowning woman, or a gaping chasm of unknown depth to a falling woman, people are beginning to ask me the dreaded question: "So what do you want to do after this?" To which I keep stubbornly answering, "I don't know." This is not true of course; I know what I want to do, it's just not socially acceptable to say it. Besides, anyone who says that they know what they're doing after they graduate is either lying, dreaming, or going to grad school (translation: putting off answering the question, and dealing with reality, for as long as possible). But regardless of what I end up doing after I get out of this fine institution, I do know what I want to be. I want to be a mad scientist.

And I don't mean like the ones we've got around here at UBC, either. Not that I'm slugging them mind you, but a true mad scientist could never obtain reputable, gainful employment like that. Our profs are pretty cool, though. Some have Einstein hair, some are hard-core experimentalists that have it in their wills already that they want to be buried in their lab coats. I know of at least one that can tell you first hand how sticking your head between the big magnets at Triumf makes bright lights flash in front of your eyes, and another that writes pun-laden poems and sticks his hand into molten lead to demonstrate how if you do it fast enough, and preferably with sweaty palms, it doesn't burn you (he's my hero). But no, as fine a flock of nutty professors as UBC has, I don't see myself as one of them. I aspire instead to be one of those Tesla-brilliant, maniacally grinning, "I just built a death-ray; let's find a really tall tower in a populous area to climb" types.

It's surprisingly easy to decide to become a mad scientist. Not just because some twisted little part of your psyche has been screaming since kindergarten "I know they're not teaching me the good stuff! When do I find out how to blow up the neighbour's cat?" or "Wouldn't it be fun to start a campaign of terror against those foolish enough to

befriend me?" As for myself, it came in second year, finding out my mark for thermodynamics. Most of us know what it's like to be relatively young and unjaded, to have never failed a course in your life, to still naively think of learning as fun, and then to suddenly find yourself mired in the life-sucking slime of university final exam season. At some point your mind snaps, and in this broken, gibbering, ceiling-clawing state, you find (to your surprise) that all that crap they've been teaching you makes more sense. So this is why mad scientists are so brilliant, and why all the really good mathematicians go insane by the time they're thirty. This is the trick. There I stood on that momentous day, quivering with dread in front of my prof's door, ready to burst into tears, preparing myself to have failed for the first time ever at anything. I raised my woeful eyes to the marks posted on the door and...50%? I got 50%? I passed thermodynamics?

I don't really remember much after that; something about capering up and down the hallways, cackling gleefully and clicking my four-colour keener pens like maracas, at least until some profs tackled me to the floor and sat on me while I calmed down (no doubt they had seen that sort of behaviour before and knew how to deal with it). And I knew right then that I wanted to be a mad scientist.

Think of all the cool stuff you not only get to know about, but get to implement.

If you mix ammonia and iodide crystals, you get a purple precipitate that is stable when it's wet and goes boom! when it dries out (good-bye, neighbour's cat). If you feed seagulls enough alka seltzer, they blow up too (you can get arrested for that, be forewarned). I used to work with a guy who had once made some diamonds out of (I am not making this up) Skippy peanut butter. Apparently, once you get the temperature and pressure right, you can make man-made diamonds out of just about anything that has a high enough carbon content. Like, for example, that English prof who thinks anyone that knows what a force diagram is must be illiterate. Cackle, cackle, cackle! MAN-made diamonds!

If you pour crushed alka seltzer tablets into a sleeping room-

mate's ear, and then pour in a little water, they'll jump about six feet in the air and probably start banging their head on the ground to try to make the excruciatingly loud noise stop. Very entertaining (at least up to the point when they do get the sound to stop and turn toward you, dripping venom and looking for blood...). If you drill appropriate holes into a plastic funnel (while you're barricaded in your closet waiting for your room-mate to stop stabbing the door with that butcher knife), and put two loops of surgical tubing through them, then find a couple of heavy somebody's to use as anchors, you've got a water balloon cannon that can bomb people two parking lots away from out of a clear blue sky. No one is safe; except you because you have a good head start. Fire it a little closer to the person and you can probably crack bones. And it is intellectually stimulating (n'est-ce pas?) to know that the pteraster tesalatus starfish secretes large amounts of thick, rubbery, poisonous mucus when it is disturbed (say, by being dropped onto a sleeping friend's face), and that this type of starfish is found on the west coast of North America. I haven't caught one yet, but I'm sure that being gone fishing all the time is lulling my room-mates into that false sense of security which I find so important to the enjoyment of the final outcome.

Electricity is a wonderful thing too, but it bites back a little too often. Always take precautions: attach one end of a piece of string to yourself and the other end to the plug when you're working with the juice. That way, when you electrocute yourself, the spasming of your body will jerk the plug out (works well when you're doing it for personal recreation too; keeps you from lighting yourself on fire as often).

See? It's so much more fun to use your powers for evil. Welcome to the imaginary axis! May you cross and recross the line between sanity and madness so many times, you all but rub it out.

Jen hasn't been taking her medication lately. We're all rather scared by this.

-ed.

Yet another editorial



John HALLETT

Ah, has it been two long weeks already? It seems like only yesterday I was pasting up the last issue at four in the morning.

Well, time moves forward and another issue is out for your reading enjoyment.

What's new this issue? Well, we have lots of new cartoons for you to laugh at, groan at, or rip out of the paper and set on fire. Just remember, kids, fire = hot.

Dead Giveaway, *The 432 Dead Pool* continues. Look for an update on who's alive and who's not in this issue along with a more comprehensive

version of the contest rules. Lots of prizes are waiting to be won and entry is free, so why not?

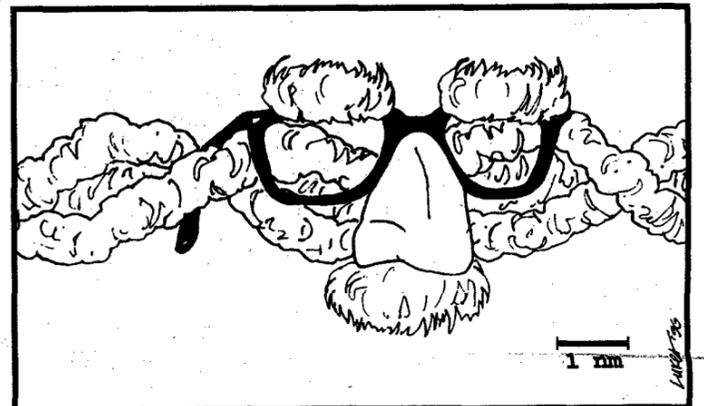
Oktoberfest is fast approaching, and I thought "Hey, what better way to promote it than to give out free tickets?"

So, 1 in 900 papers will have a bona-fide ticket to Oktoberfest hidden somewhere inside! What a deal!

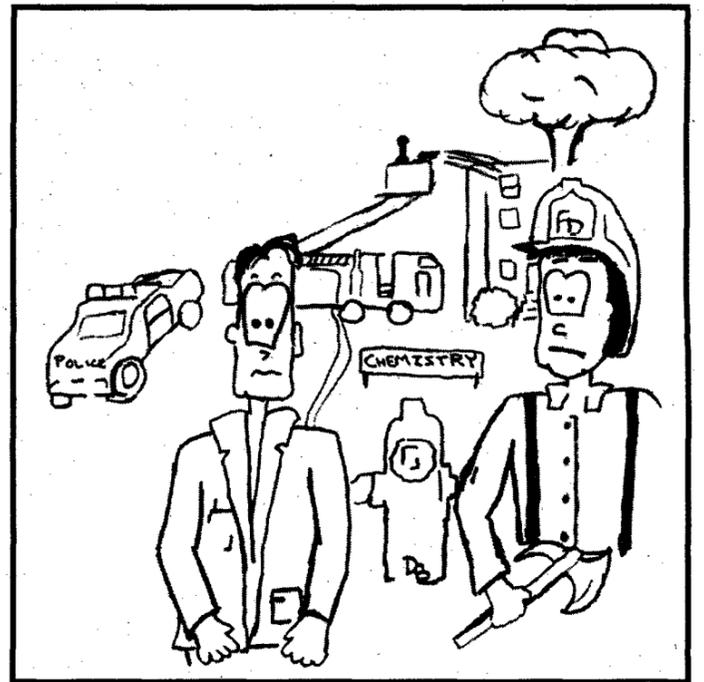
If you're not lucky enough to win a ticket, they can be bought in SUS or at the door for only \$6.

On page seven, you will find *The Drawers of SUS*. Those of you who are new to UBC may not realize that this is a regular feature of *The 432* that gives you an inside look at what's going on in SUS.

Enjoy!



Scientists photograph the elusive 'humour' gene.



Somehow Billy knew that he wasn't going to pass Chemistry lab this year...

The 432

VOLUME TEN ISSUE FOUR
16 OKTOBER 1996

Bill Clinton

John Hallett
(fibble@unixg.ubc.ca)

Various Bob Doles

Mikey Boetzkes, Phil Ledwith,
Jeremy Thorp

Republican Party Press

College Printers, Vancouver, BC

Voters

Tessa Arnold, Jen Babiak, Doug Beleznay, Jay Garcia, Leslie Gold, Jake Gray, Kathy Lo, Matt

Lukes, Tracy MacKinnon, Blair McDonald, Kathryn Murray, Micah Reid, Jason Robillo, not Matt Wiggin

Campaign Platform (mostly lies)

The 432, if elected, promises to not only cut taxes, but to also be the official publication of the Science Undergraduate Society. It would be printed twice monthly from our campaign headquarters beneath the Chemistry Building.

All views expressed are strictly those of the individual writers. If you wish to take legal action against them, by all means, do so. But, be warned that they are politicians, and have the vast legal resources of both the Republican and Democratic Parties at their disposal. All rights reserved *The 432* 1996

Writers and columnists from all faculties are encouraged to submit material to *The 432*. Submissions must meet the

strict deadline requirements and should not exceed 700 words. All submissions must make the editor chuckle at least thrice and have your real name attached (legal stuff) before being printed.

The 432 does not support Bob Dole for the US Presidency. We don't support Bill Clinton either. In fact, we feel the whole world would just be better off if the US was run by a mink.

A lesson learned from love.

Leslie Gold

No foot fetish. Really!

(mental note: spend less time writing the article and more time thinking of less cheesy, less clichéd titles)

So, in my defense, our relationship was mostly over when I left my Nike Pegasus's for the brand new pair of shiny Reebok ERS 3000. We (me and the Nikes) had been together for longer than was really natural or healthy. Although it was only one of a myriad relationships, it was the most memorable; it was the first.

We met in high school and hit it off right away. I'm not embarrassed to admit that the physical part of our relationship was the most important. The running that happened between us was nothing short of mind-blowing (especially considering that it was both of our first times). Our relationship wasn't only physical though, we really liked hanging out together and watching TV or even just bumming around the mall. Whatever we did we always felt very comfortable together.

But, as is sadly the case with most monogamous relationships, things began to fall apart. Suddenly my Nikes no longer offered me the support and stability that they always had and after those went, the running

was no longer pleasurable for either of us. Again, in my defense, to continue our relationship would only have resulted in both of us getting hurt... they were coming apart at the seams and I was getting a nasty case of shin splints.

Enter the Reebok ERS 3000, stable heel counter, forefoot cushioning, fully board lasted, aesthetically pleasing and on sale for \$69.99. Okay come on, tell me honestly that you could have passed them up. So it came to be that my Nikes were relegated to the closet and I, a little shook, a little heartbroken and very much on the rebound took up with the Reeboks.

In terms of trouble-filled relationships, it was one. Right from the start cooperation was basically zero. The problem was that I am a biomechanically efficient runner and the Reeboks (well, bear in mind that you are only getting my, obviously biased, side of the story) were just too controlling. They were hard, rigid and unforgiving. I felt like I had no say in the relationship whatsoever. The relationship fizzled quickly.

Meanwhile, while I had been, ahem, getting acquainted with the Reeboks, the Nikes and I had taken some time apart. However, after awhile they rid themselves of the foul stench caused by the many miles we had been through together in

the course of our relationship, and the blister spots I had gotten where they had rubbed me the wrong way healed. My point being that by the time my relationship with the Reeboks was over, the Nikes and I had become fairly close friends. Our relationship was strictly platonic, we'd go to class together or else we'd go window shopping downtown, we'd hang out, like old times but we never crossed the line, we kept our relationship on a non-running plane.

This is the part where I screw up. I really cannot defend my actions from here on. Without a pair of real running shoes in my life, I found I was really missing running... a lot. I really really felt like I needed the occasional satisfying run. So it came to be that the Nikes and I crossed the line. We began to run together again. It was the end of what could have been a long friendship. Apparently the Nikes were still stinging from the abuse of our relationship and were still unable to give me the kind of support I needed. Borderline shin splints turned into severe stress fracture and I was out of action for the rest of the season. The Nikes suffered as well, although the time apart had done them some good, the underlying damage was still there and they wound up falling apart completely.

So that's my sordid tale. What I've taken away from it is that

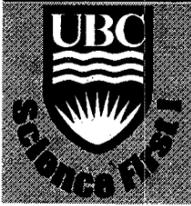
generally things end for a reason and just because lots of time has passed, it doesn't mean that those reasons have.

Matt says that I can't end there because it's too serious and not in the spirit of *The 432* but I say "piss off Matt, I'm tired and I want to go to bed and if I want to have a serious ending I will

and no bald-headed, skinny-legged, bio-chem geek is going to stop me, even if they have been writing for this paper longer than I have. And even if I am using their computer to write this."

Goodnight.

The Faculty of Science Presents



**A Lecture Series
for ALL Science
Undergraduates**

It's new and it's for you!

**"COMMERCIALIZING SCIENTIFIC
INNOVATION**

- A dangerous but exciting endeavour -

A Science First! Lecture by
Dr. Lorne Whitehead
 Department of Physics and Astronomy

Thursday, 17 October 1996
1:00 p.m. - 2:00 p.m.
IRC Lecture Hall 6

PARTICIPATE

QUESTIONS? CALL 822-9876

Time management.



John
HALLETT

You know, there are certain things in this life that mystify me completely. It's not that these things are unknown to mankind in general, just unknown, or at least not understood, to me personally.

Things like "Why gravity works?", for instance. We've all accepted the trend that when you drop things, they tend to fall downward. With a few notable exceptions (birds go sideways, bullets go up, and feathers kinda move all over the place), this rule applies evenly to everything we might encounter in our daily lives. But have you ever stopped to consider why? Can you actually explain how come things move in the direction of each other? I know that items of mass will accelerate towards each other at a rate proportional to their respective masses. But why? (All you physics majors just shut up for this one.)

How come when I let go of something, say a fruit salad, it doesn't take all its rich vitamins and fruity goodness skyward? (Although I admit, one day it just might. I'm prepared for it. Are you?)

I've resigned myself to not knowing these mysteries in my lifetime. I've decided that a deep understanding of the

advanced physics in play that keep me on the ground aren't necessary for my day to day life. In fact, the only situation that I can think of where knowing exactly how gravity works might affect things would be if I were a cartoon character hanging in mid-air off of a cliff. And in that case, knowing how gravity works might not be such a valued piece of knowledge. Enough about gravity.

There are other things that I just don't understand. Like the concepts of effective budgeting and time management. People that know me will be slowly nodding their heads as they read this, but the rest of you aren't blessed (or cursed, depends on how you look at it) with this knowledge. So, here's a quick summary of my financial situation and current schedule.

I ran out of money last week. Now, when most people say that they've run out of money, they mean that their flow of spending cash has slowed to a trickle. I've run out of money. In fact, I have no food and five dollars to last me until my next paycheck, which is a few weeks away. Don't worry, I'll survive. Lots of people in and around Kerrisdale happen to have vegetable gardens and I happen to have lots of black clothes.

As for my schedule, it doesn't seem too bad. I have a few classes, some time spent at work, and some time spent working

on this paper. Not so bad. But I somehow manage to use up over sixteen hours a day doing these things. I can't figure it out. I've tried the whole 'schedule every minute of your life' idea, and I saved over fifteen hours in a week. That's on paper, of course. It doesn't apply to real life, especially when you throw out the paper shortly after completing your schedule.

"So what am I trying to say?" You might ask. I'm saying that there are relatively simple things in life that seem to elude even the most scholarly of us all. So what can we do about it? Let's take a look.

Solution One.

Learn it all.

Yes, all of it. Everything you don't know. If something puzzles you, sit down with a book and read until you find the answer.

Pros: This is what the ancient Greeks used to do. Well, they didn't actually read everything in sight because most reference books available today hadn't even been thought of yet. They mostly sat around all day, drank wine, and theorized what *might* be right without having to go to all that unnecessary bother of actually *proving* anything.

Cons: Okay, it's an attractive idea, I'll admit. But I'm afraid that it's hard to make a living in today's world with an occupation title of 'Theoretical Philosopher and Full Time

Wine Drinker." As much as we would like to be like the Greeks, we would actually have to read the material. And that whole scenario just reeks of effort.

Next!

Solution Two.

Consult experts.

Let's face it, as smart and conceited as we may be, there are lots of things in this world that we don't know that other folks specialize in not only knowing, but also delight in rubbing that fact in our collective faces.

Pros: There's something to be said about letting other people do all the research for you. In fact, there are large institutions established around this country for just such a purpose. UBC is one such institution. If you don't know something about Stellarmagnetohydrodynamics (it's a real field of Physics, trust me), just knock on your Prof.'s door until s/he answers and question him/her to your hearts content.

Cons: When somebody has something you want, say knowledge, and you are continually bugging them for it, it's only a matter of time before they figure out exactly how much money they can make by charging for giving it to you. Let's try something more cost effective.

Solution Three.

Accept it.

It's time to face the music. We

can't know everything. If you're still confused about exactly why your feet are stuck to the ground instead of spinning freely two hundred feet overhead, don't worry about it. Just be glad that your shoes think that the ground is a particularly good thing to hold on to.

Pros: They say that ignorance is bliss, but I haven't the foggiest idea who 'they' are. Regardless, it is rather pleasing to sit on our collective rump twiddling our thumbs all day. In fact, we could take a lesson from the ancient Greeks and drink wine, too! Talk about bliss!

Cons: After a little of this, Dan Quayle-level questions start to become legitimate challenges and you begin to think of Homer Simpson as a peer. This just can't do.

Solution Four.

Give up and move to a deserted Caribbean island where you will survive by collecting shellfish during the day and trading rare plants for manufactured goods with the overwhelmingly attractive all-female local population at night.

Pros: 'nuff said.

Cons: Can't think of any, really. I believe that we have a winner. The plane leaves at ten, see you there!

Mountain climbing.

Jake the Treehugger

Not at all normal

You know it's going to be a bad trip if it's raining when you leave, or if the mushrooms turn blue while the sky turns white, but that's a completely different story. Actually, it's sort of the same story.

Anyway, my and my friends one day in August decided it would be a good idea to venture forth and snowboard on the illustrious Mount Baker Glacier. Now for those of you in the know, camping on the glacier is not allowed due to the high probability that a large storm can blow in at any time and freeze unprepared campers. So we, being the conscientious campers/hikers/mountain climbers/secret agents/snowboarders that we are, camped out a few clicks down the road from the top parking lot. While there, we met a group of what we thought were exceedingly well endowed members of the opposite sex but who turned out to be really smelly and dirty due to the fact they hadn't washed, brushed their teeth, or seen the friendly side of a towel in about a month. Where was I?

Oh, so we set out on the three hour hike from the parking lot to the actual snow level. No, there is no relation to a three

hour tour, it just happened to take that long, really. So it wasn't raining when we left, it was actually quite nice out, slight breeze, blue sky dotted by the occasional wispy cloud, crisp mountain air stinging the lungs oh so gently, and a nice big storm cloud coming up from the south. So, off we go oblivious to the impending down-pour looming on the horizon.

You know, you'd be surprised at the plethora of life which abounds on the border of the heavens. I'd like to go on a field trip up there for some botany class, not that I'd ever take a botany class. I don't want to offend any botany students... ah hell, I don't care about botany. I don't know any botany students. I don't know anybody who knows any botany students, why should I care if I offend any of them. Ha Ha Death to Botanists!!! I'm really quite sorry for my outburst, but damnit it had to be said and if I'm the one who had to say it, then so be it.

So we were hiking along, boards on backs, having a blast amidst the local fauna, stunted and twisted as it is, when out of the corner of my eye I spotted a big horn sheep. Just to insert a bit of strange info here, my roommate may soon be spending his days in the mountains of British Columbia tracking big horn sheep, interesting guy.

Really. Territorially protective sheep and young men on the side of a mountain is not conducive to the interests of either the sheep or the young men on the side of a mountain. Now big horn sheep are well named, they have really big, really hard horns. Sheep are supposed to be timid happy little creatures which munch on lichen and leave glossettes for the passers by, they're not supposed to chase you down a narrow path poking their large horns up your caboose. They're also supposed to be superlatively <note the large word> sure footed. They're not.

I personally witnessed a big horn sheep trip, tumble and go hurtling down the side of what I would call a very large cliff. We were crushed, emotionally traumatized. Those damn botanist filled our heads with visions of friendly fuzzy little sheep. (Ah, Jake, I think Botany is the study of plants. But, then again, I guess if you think sheep are plants... -ed.)

Listen up boys and girls, the world's a big scary place full of all sorts of really mean stuff that's all out to get you. Especially the damn mink, those evil little weasels.

Ya know, you gotta wonder when you have to tell your writers that a goat isn't a vegetable.

-ed.

Dead Pool.

I just want to extend a cold and clammy hand to all those sick and twisted people who actually went and handed me a list this past fortnight. There were, in fact, quite a lot of you; so many that I can't list the entries in this tiny little space the Editor gave me. What I can do is give you an update on:

The Latest Deaths.

In the last two weeks, Robert Bourassa, famous Quebec separatist, finally found the ultimate way not to be a part of Canada any more. Robert Cray also has gone to that great printed circuit board in the sky. Inventor of the Cray Super-computer, Cray's death is speculated to be due to natural causes. His internal processor finally became obsolete. Actor and one time producer for the Tracy Ullman Show, Ted Bessel has died at age 61. Cause of death is yet to be determined. Also

worth mentioning here are Alan Downes, British TV cameraman (Yay! a Brit! National pride stirs) and mystery writer Mignon Good Eberhart have also died this week.

In addition, sources have come up with the following fast facts to ponder: Tiny Tim has suffered a stroke and is presently said to be in critical condition, the Pope recently had to cut short his trip to France due to illness. Boris Yeltsin's heart surgery has been postponed, rumours report he is considered too sick to undergo the operation at this time.

A couple of points of clarification came up while reading the submissions to date. First of all, Elvis is dead, whatever I may say in my other column. Okay, maybe he's not dead; reports vary. But he's officially dead, and that's what counts. (This is the same rule that we use for Deng

Xiaoping, by the way; everybody knows that he is dead, but it doesn't count until he is declared officially dead.)

Bella, "Various Kennedy's" is not a person. I will publish a list of Kennedy's by the next issue, and you can choose one name from the list. Similarly, you can't have "anyone who flies with Valu-Jet" as a name. To clarify this further, I will be publishing a full list of famous dead people in the Hallowe'en issue, along with causes of death. As a final note, the extraordinary prediction has to involve a death. I didn't make this entirely clear when I opened the pool, and if this affected your entry in any way please feel free to re-submit a prediction. I'm sorry, Jason, to you especially, because I really liked your prediction.

Anyway, that's it for this issue. Don't fear the Reaper.

Oktoberfest ticket?

Sorry. You and 899 others lose.

Try ripping apart every 432 you see, until you wind up tearing a ticket into two useless halves.

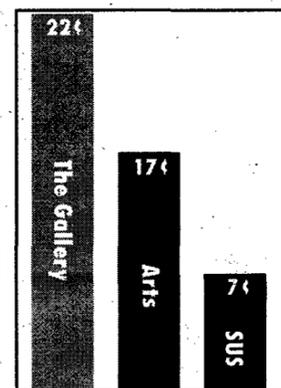
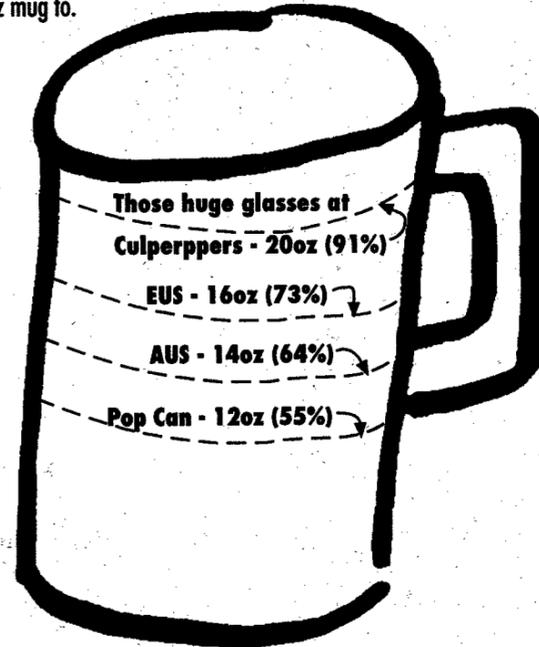
Or you could be more careful. The tickets are out there in 1 out of every 900 papers. Really! Trust us on this one.

A Quick Comparison.

Have you noticed how the bottom of those Arts County Fair mugs has been sneaking skyward over the past few years? Well, we at the Science Undergrad Society have had enough.

We're introducing the new Industry Standard in BEVERAGE distribution technology: the 22oz Science Mug.

And just to give you an idea of how big 22oz is, we've provided this handy-dandy illustration of where a full mug from our competitors would fill our 22oz mug to.



And if that didn't convince you that this is the mug to own, you should know that it will always be filled for one bzzr ticket at all SUS events. Guaranteed.

What does that mean? It means that you'll be getting bzzr for about 7¢ an ounce, compared to 17¢ at Arts and 22¢ at The Gallery!

The Science Mug. Available at Oktoberfest for only \$4, or \$5 with your first bzzr.

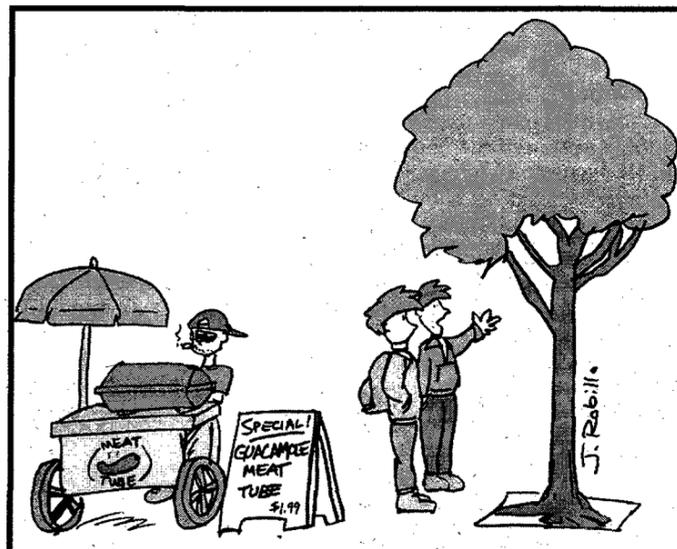
What a deal!

Find Great Research Data in Patents!

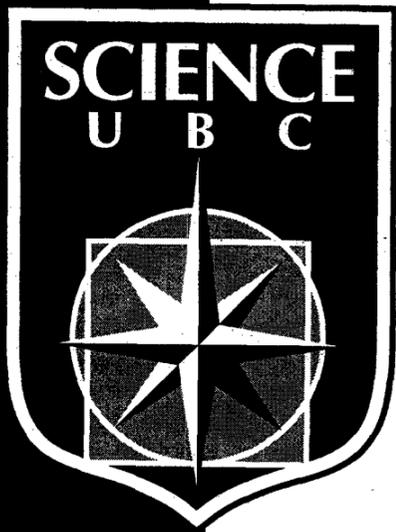
Drop-in tutorials in patent searching using CD-ROM and Free Online databases.

**Mondays/Thursdays • 5:30 to 7:30 PM
Tuesdays • 1:30 to 3:30 PM**

**PATSCAN Service, Science Division
Main Library**



"I wonder where all the green tree worm things went?"



O

K

T

18

Octoberfest

**FEATURING THE HARD
ROCK MINERS**

CHEAP BZZR & 22 OZ MUGS

**TIX \$6 AT CHEM B160 OR AT
THE DOOR**

**FRIDAY, OCT 18
SUB BALLROOM
8 - 12 PM**

Just donut.

Phil Ledwith

Very Thin Correspondent

It's official. Dieting makes you stupid. I read the article in *Shape* magazine.

Okay, I didn't actually read the article myself. I was told about the article by a really well respected and reliable friend who is always very careful to get her facts right. And who secretly wants to be Tank Girl. Hmm. Okay, well, I know someone, and she's pretty smart and only a little crazy, and she told me about this article and it probably does exist, you know, because hey, who would make that sort of thing up? Besides I really liked Tank Girl myself, especially the rippers. This still barely not fictional article apparently argued that dieters do not get enough nutrients to their brains at the right time. By this logic, Homer Simpson is up there with Aristotle as one of the smartest men that ever lived.

Isn't this just great? Of course, we always knew that Homer was pretty smart.

I always knew, somewhere deep down in my soul, that dieting was wrong. There is no good reason why perfectly normal human beings should be forced to live like rabbits. Ok, so sometimes in the lab you wish you were a rat because their life seems easier, but this really is a temporary phenomenon. About as temporary as the nourishment that can be obtained from eating little more than the leaves and roots of a few really ugly looking plants.

Occasionally, because I am basically at heart a really vain person, I have felt the urge to control my eating habits. It's always the same. I'll get this sudden resolve: "I know", I'll say, "why don't I turn over a new leaf? Yeah, that's what I'll do. I'll stop writing dumb articles for student newspapers at 3 o'clock in the morning, I'll get a decent night's sleep for a change, I'll go to all my classes on time for whatever's left of the year. I'll never go out wasting my money on drink again, and I'll learn to eat healthy food."

These experiments always end with me staring drunkenly into my fridge at 3 am to examine what looks suspiciously like a new lifeform slowly climbing

out of it's still unopened container. It's through disasters like this that I came to the conclusion that there must be such a thing as negative food.

Basically put, Bamboo shoots, riddacio, Pie R Squared pizza and granola are under the category of negative food in my dictionary. You know what I mean? I'm sure you know what I mean. What I mean is that you eat them, and then you get to feel more hungry. Negative food. Watch out for it. It makes you stupid.

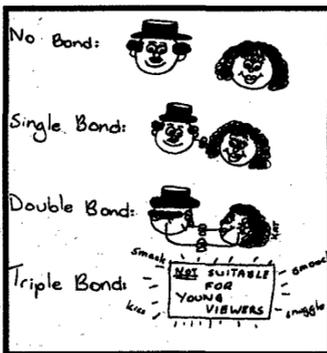
Doesn't it make so much sense? I think it really clears up a lot of things. I mean, before I had this gem of wisdom placed before me, there were so many things I couldn't understand. I just couldn't wrap them round my brain. Like, *California, ya know? It's just, like, Toootally amaazing, dude.* I used to wonder how it was possible for Californians and other normal simians, such as you and I, to share the same gene pool. I used to accidentally hit across an episode of Baywatch and give an involuntary shudder as I realized that there were actually people like this in real life. (Except the accents are worse. Ever noticed (I'm sure you have) that toootally Bill and Ted way of saying certain words? You actually have to start the word with a capital letter, because it so Toooooootally sounds like that. Like, gag me with a rubber spoon. Dude.) And they were actually on the same continent as I was. God, it was scary. Like, *you know, dude, penguins look Toooooootally just like birds. Only, like, underwater, you know?* How comforting to realize that they really are a product of their own weird environment and my kids need never turn out like that as long as I am able to feed them.

It even explains Elvis. yes, Elvis, you know, white shirt, sequins, "Thank you. Thank you very much" Elvis. I've worked it out. See, if dieting makes you stupid, then eating more makes you smarter. (Unless you're name is Rush Limbaugh; then you don't count). At the end there, you know, Elvis was getting pretty large. It's no secret I think that some donut companies would now be out of business were it not for the selfless dedication of one famous singer from Memphis. And I think that all

those calories, slowly piling up on that already legendary frame, did something incredible. I think that Elvis managed to evolve into godhood by eating donuts. One day, as I see it, he was chowing down on his 312th jelly donut with sprinkles when a vision came to him, and ten minutes later he was in the bathroom trying to figure out how to fake his own death while checking to see whether there was anything still edible in there from yesterday.

If you still doubt me, consider this: statistically speaking, Elvis appears most often in a Seven Eleven store. Well, of course he does. The only people who are ever going to see The King are the the sort of people who are prepared and willing to undergo the ordeal of eating one of those strange near-food deli items that get sold in all night stores. There's some special nutrient that goes into Seven Eleven burritos that medical science hasn't come across yet. But they will, yessirreee bob, and when they do Jimmy Hoffa's gonna turn up pretty quick let me tell ya. We'll know all the answers on that day. Maybe Elvis will appear in person to all of us, Hostess Twinkie™ in hand, and lead us on to our higher destiny. Which I'm sure involves a couple of gallons whipped cream, masking tape, and a.... no, I'd better not say. Until that day, of course, we have to make do with the fridge stains that are interpreted for us by the faithful as being images of "The King".

And let's not forget Homer. You know, I think I'd better get to the store before the news breaks and they run out of donuts. And if you find any of that green rabbit food stuff in your freezer, don't give it to me. From now on, I eat healthy.



Bonding for Babies

Free stuff!

As if we weren't giving away enough cool stuff this issue. But the almighty editor decided that we needed to give away even more free stuff.

21

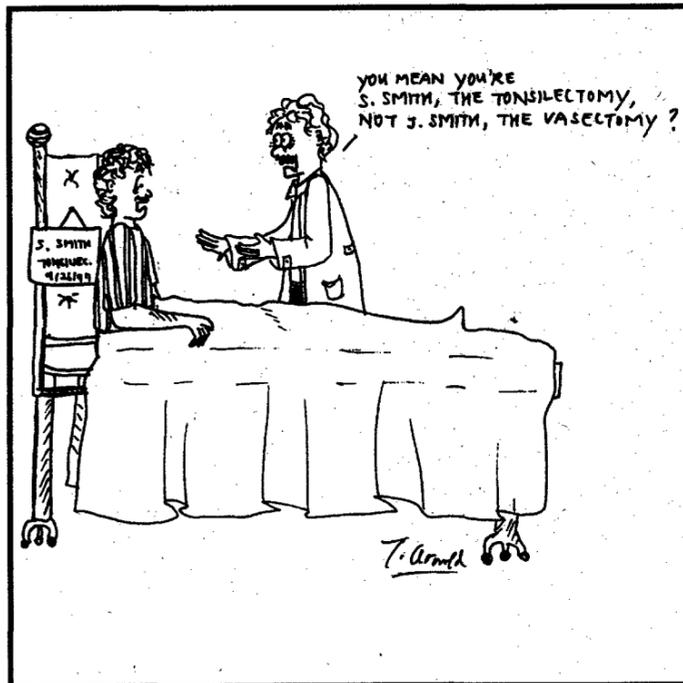
So, what kind of stuff is up for grabs? Well, letsee... there's SUS 22oz Bzzr Mugs! There's Official 432 T-Shirts! And bzzr for your new mug!

What do you do? It's simple! All you have to do is guess the

number of times the word 'bzzr' will appear in the next issue of *The 432*, write that number down and submit it with your name, phone number and email (if applicable) to the editor before the next deadline.

The person with the closest answer wins! It's that simple!

And just in case you haven't figured it out yet, the big 21 is the number of times bzzr is in this issue.



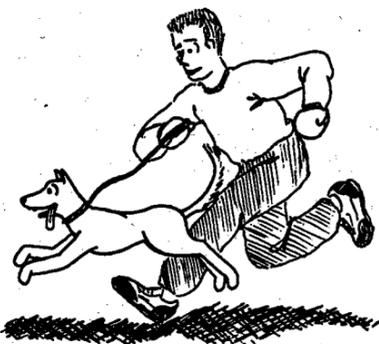
Post-surgery trauma.

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- Oct. 18** Due date to register for Standard First Aid - a course with St. John's Ambulance! (\$98.00 members, \$100.00 non-members - needs to be in by 2pm)
- Oct. 31** Due date for \$50.00 deposit for the Annual Ski Trip to Big White!
- Nov. 21** Lecture with Dr. Carter, Dean of UBC's Medical School Admissions. Will be at 12:30 in WOOD 2.
- Nov. 29** Ski Trip balance of \$159.00 due.
- Jan. 10-12** Off to Big White!

PRE-MED

GOOD IDEA: WALKING YOUR NEIGHBOR'S DOG



BAD IDEA: WOKKING YOUR NEIGHBOR'S DOG.



NEXT DEADLINE

All submissions to *The 432* must be in Chemistry B160 no later than:

**23 Oktober 1996
4:32pm**

Submissions should not exceed 700 words in length and should be submitted in both hard and soft copy forms. Please avoid use of prose that make us want to wash our eyes out with soap after reading it.

The drawers of SUS.

Tracy MacKinnon

President

John, the grumpy editor guy, changed the deadline on us so now we have to submit our articles a full two days earlier than usual. He must think that he deserves the long weekend off, or something. (Actually, *Trac*, the paper needs to be at the printers two days earlier, so we're working at 4am Friday instead of Monday. Change is good. -ed.)

Upcoming in SUS this month are SUS elections, although the only contested position is Microbiology Department Rep. We're also having our **Oktoberfest** on Oktober 18th in the SUB from 8 P.M. to Midnight - the *Hard Rock Miners* will be playing and SUS steins will make their debut. A SUS stein is a 22 oz. mug (Arts mugs are a mere 14 oz.), and they'll be filled at every SUS event for the price of one bzzr ticket, from now to eternity, and after (thanks, Orin).

Don't forget to sign up for Longboat teams (you'll get a 50% rebate if you sign up under Science)!

Another tidbit of interest to science students, is that we have not yet been able to collect the fee increase of \$2 that passed by referendum last year. We had our results approved by AMS council at the same meeting as Engineering and Law, and while their results found their way to the Board of Governors, ours did not. Thus, our fee increase was not collected, but we were not told us this until September 27th, 1996. This begs the question does the AMS hate us, or are they just incompetent? Well, I was talking to an EUS rep and he mentioned that one of their fees wasn't collected a few years ago, and a past president of the Medical Undergraduate Society told me that this also happened to Medicine a few years ago. You decide.

This is the part of the article where I desperately try to think of something to say so my article isn't minute. Of course, it's hard to really get excited about my article when it appears that no one reads it. Hey, I'll have a contest to see if anyone reads my article (John has contests all the time, after all). So if you're the first person to tell me the name of the band at **Oktoberfest** (and if you aren't a SUS hack), I'll buy you a SUS bzzr stein and a bzzr to go in it! Hurrah! I feel much better now. Hopefully someone will read this so they can claim their prize. I'm around a lot. Please respond. Can I possibly sound any more needy? Probably, but I don't want to sink that low, so be a sport and enter my little contest.

Tracy has the easiest executive report of them all to write. She just steals everyone else's reports. All that and she gets to go first in the paper, there-by making everyone else look bad. Don't buy it.
-ed.

Blair McDonald

Senator

If you're a thrill-seeker, the Senate is not the place for you. After all, a body dedicated to the "academic governance of the University" isn't likely to be found doing the Macarena in some seedy downtown bar. At least not most of its members.

So, once a month, I attend at least two meetings: the first on the Monday before Senate with the other student senators, and the second, an interminable Senate meeting on a Wednesday where the primary motivation seems to be rubber stamping decisions made behind closed doors.

Actually, decisions are primarily made by committee: the Senate loves committees. Committees of every size, shape and colour, including a new Ad Hoc Committee to review academic advising on campus.

This Ad Hoc has yet to form; that's still a month or so away. So, in the meantime, I'm trying to get as many thoughts from students about academic advising. Primarily, this is to understand the issue better: how many science students use advising, how content are they, etc, etc ad infinitum. Once the committee forms, these opinions can be presented and worked into the final decisions. Don't expect results anytime soon: Senate is notorious for running slow. I expect this to be a three year process.

Second thing: convocation ceremonies are now scheduled for the new Chan Center (the tin can) at the north end of campus. It's unclear what this will actually mean to Science students. The doomsayers are screaming that we'll only be able to have two guests (I've heard four, not two), and faculties will have more than one ceremony. This means very little to Science; we already have multiple ceremonies. I think this might be a good thing, if they can figure out the guest problem. Since some people only bring one or two guests, why not reallocate those tickets to other students? At any rate, the Chan Centre is supposedly a beautiful venue, and should be more impressive than a beat up old gymnasium hung with cheap blue and gold banting. I'll keep you posted.

That's about all I have to report for the last two months. Like I said, Senate moves with all the alacrity of an anemic snail. If you have any comments, questions, opinions - I want to hear them. Contact me at SUS (CHEM B160) or email me at blairmcd@unixg.ubc.ca

Blair is a member of the most elite club on campus: the ex-editors of The 432 club. Me? Seeing as I'm only a current editor and not an ex-editor, I just get to buy them drinks and bring them fresh towels.
-ed.

Doug Belezny

Director of Finance

So it's the beginning of Oktober, (actually the middle by the time you read this), and I'm finally writing my first exec report. So what took me so long you might ask, well, suffice it to say that I've been a bit busy.

Rest assured that your money is in good hands, though (the AMS holds onto all the money until the end of Oktober, so I don't get to touch it till then... right now we're operating on a loan). And the year is getting off to a good start.

Entertainment book sales went... well, uh, actually they didn't, really. We managed to sell 9 books... maybe next year.

T-Shirts, however, are going like hot-cakes. Earlier this month we had a limited run of a Special Edition SUS T-Shirt and they sold out within two days. Look for another one near the end of this month. Also coming up in time for **Oktoberfest**, 22 oz Bzzr Mugs, and we'll be filling them for you at all SUS bzzr gardens for only one ticket.

Clubs, a reminder that Oktober 24, 6:00 PM is the deadline to get your club budgets and membership lists in to me. I won't be able to extend the deadline this year because of the new system for disbursing fees. Call me or leave me a note in SUS if you have any questions.

Oh, and I should probably tell you what's happening with the fees. Most of you remember the referendum we had last year to raise the Science fee from \$10 to \$12. Well anyway, we passed that on to the AMS and they were supposed to implement it this year (We had even budgeted counting on all the money). Well, it turns out that the AMS sort of forgot to pass it on to the Board of Governors, which means that the fees weren't introduced, which sort of means we're in trouble. So as a result they will be voting to retroactively collect this fee at the next meeting (we hope), so stay tuned.

Phil Ledwith

External Vice President

Let me first of all say that I like cheesecake. I'm now going to tell you about a lot of people who have absolutely no respect for cheesecake. Terrible people. Humourless people. The sort of people I'm talking about here are the sort of people who didn't find anything funny in Bob Dole's presidential debate with Bill Clinton. The sort of people who, when Homer Simpson finally topped 300 lbs and qualified for disability allowance as a "person of weight", went to look up the rules on disability allowance instead of cry tears of joy for the birth of a folk hero. I'm talking about the people who made Science Week stay in the third week of January.

I'm talking about the SAC.

This is a story with its heroes. One of them, sadly, is only the singer in a band, but one of them is a sound guy. There are Heroines. They bring toffee from Heaven. (Thank You Angela). There are God-like Beings called Sue. And, of course, there are those evil slimy slinky things that crawl through the night and steel your bzzr. Worse still, there are The Lowest of the Low who don't want you to have any bzzr at all. These are the SAC. (did I mention that they wouldn't let us have Science Week in the fourth week of January? eeeeevil). This is the story of The Bookings Lineup.

In the dawn of time, when the world was young, there was SUB Bookings. SUB Bookings are done by Sue, She of the Mighty Vorpall Pen. Sue is actually pretty amazing, as well as being all-powerful. No, I am not sucking up. Because everybody and their dog wants to book rooms in the SUB, it was decreed that mortals should wait outside and line up for appointment cards, which Sue would bestow upon the chosen few who could survive the vigil of waiting.

From within the halls of the sub I hear again the voices of the damned:

Okay, so, there's this girl, Karyn, and I've no idea where she's from or who the other girl sitting opposite me is, but she's sleeping on the Bahaus couch that I dragged away from SUS several dozen conversations ago. Sitting on the floor in front of me, next to the 51 cards, 30 cups of still warm 3-hour-old McChocolate, 8 knap-sacs, 5 rain jackets, and 3 shoes, is an almost empty 1.14 litre bottle of Seagram's Whisky.

I want to give some credit to the noble few who stuck it out with me through that night of terror, even though most of them were rat-arsed before the night was halfway over and I never did actually get to go home at any point.

Mikey, Jer, John, Scott and Angela deserve the highest mention as they stuck it out the longest. Anna, Kim, Taryn, Bella, Jake and Dillon deserve thanks for stopping by, especially Taryn and Dillon who were arts students and managed to make it when some of my other execs didn't even have two minutes for us. Thanks to all these wonderful heroic people, this never happened:

Thanks for recording this, Scott. It's over now, I'm really knackered, and I have nothing more to say. This article is too damn long anyway. Go home. Have some cheesecake.

This really happened. I was in the line-up from freshly opened until 0.5 litres remaining. It was an interesting experience. You should try it.
-ed.

Mikey Boetzkes

Social Coordinator

Well this is the second time that I'm writing this report for this issue. John complained about the last one; something about it being incoherent or something. I don't know but it seemed pretty coherent at the time. I don't remember anything about being incoherent.

Anyway, to sum up my previous attempt, our next bzzr garden is on the 18th of Oktober which happens to be this Friday. Now call it a coincidence, but it happens to be called **Oktoberfest**. Now we couldn't hold a bzzr garden called **Oktoberfest** unless we followed the age old German tradition of having lots and lots and lots of bzzr (psider is available for those of you who have that preference).

On top of that (which is pretty hard to beat) we have the *Hard Rock Miners* playing for us. Put those together and what have you got? Well the last time I checked that would make for a great party. This one is going to last from 8 till 12. Tickets will be \$6 and can be bought in advance from the SUS office (Chem B160) or for those of you who still can't figure out the room labeling in Chemistry, tickets will be available at the door.

This event will also be used for the unveiling of the new Science bzzr steins. We Science students have had enough of these little 14 and 16 ounce cups that are usually sold. This is why we are going to be selling wonderfully complete 22oz steins. Now that is a decent size.

Mikey's previous report attempt was composed on about 16oz of whiskey. See why I complained?
-ed.

Kathy Lo

First Year Representative

The truth is, we don't have a report right now. But if you're in first year Science, read on if the First Year Committee sounds remotely interesting to you.

Hi, we're your First Year Representatives for 1996-1997, Kathy Lo and Edrick Yu. Our job consists of representing your interests on the Science Council. Last we heard, we organize first-years only events like movie nights and stuff. We're not sure what's happening this year, so this is where you come in. Two people doth not a First Year Committee make, so if you're looking for a great way to pad your resumé, this is it.

Come down to Chem B160 and give us a shout if you're interested. Leave us a message (we're trying to get a box) or bug one of the executive about us. Or holler anytime, in class, out of class, if you have any concerns. We look forward to meeting you and possibly working with you this year. Hey, you're only in first year once, why not make the most of it.

Who is Bob Dole, exactly?



Jeremy
THORP

If you don't have control of your own bodily functions, you should *not*, under any circumstances, gain control of a major nuclear power. Thankfully, the American people seem to realize this, and it looks as though the chances of Bob Dole winning the presidency are about par with those of Spiro Agnew rising from his newly excavated grave to join Mr. Dole in a canola oil twister party in the Oval office.

This man scares me (not Spiro Agnew — though perhaps if I did come face to face with his walking corpse I may be a bit disconcerted.) He'll scare you as well — just take a few minutes to watch one of the over-publicized Presidential debates.

"I'm Bob Dole, and I'll reduce taxes by 15%."

Yeah, right. I think you forgot to carry the three.

"Bob Dole will bring America into the 21st century."

Heck, why not, he brought 'em into the 20th.

"A vote for Bob Dole is a vote for Democracy."

Prozac, Bob. It's a vote for

prozac. There's a difference.

"I'm Bob Dole. I don't care about the approval ratings. Americans will make their choice when they make it to the ballot boxes."

Now, this is a man with a serious identity crisis. Most of his sentences begin with 'I'm Bob Dole.' Yeah, we know you're Bob Dole. The American population may have an average IQ considerably less than a baker's dozen, but even monkeys show signs of basic face recognition. And Bob Dole's is one face you can't easily forget (trust me, I've tried.) My personal theory is that Bob Dole doesn't really know he's Bob Dole. I mean, he's 78 years old, for crying out loud. When I'm that old, I'm sure I won't be able to remember my own name. I can't remember my own phone number now, and I've got plenty of time to go until the Depends man comes knocking.

So, in order to help the old guy out, his campaign managers (or perhaps Jack Kemp, though I'm not sure he can even tie his shoes without permission,) have taped a large message on his podium.

YOU'RE BOB DOLE.

This would explain his speeches:

"Good evening America. I have

something very important to discuss with you." At this point, he notices the sign on the podium. If you look carefully, you can see his eyebrows raise ever-so-slightly, in surprise. "I'm Bob Dole! I'm going to lower taxes 15%." Uh-oh, he's fading. One more look at the podium. "I'm Bob Dole!" That's just great Bob. You're doing just fine.

Personally, I think it would be a pretty funny practical joke to replace the sign on his podium, with one reading:

YOU'RE MARTHA STEWART.

"The American people need strong, responsible leadership. The Republican party can provide our fine country with four years of prosperity and well-being. I'm Martha Stewart!" Now that would make an interesting headline. Not that I don't think Martha would make an excellent leader of the free world — I'm sure she could draft a Middle-eastern peace accord out of banana peels, while paving the Whitehouse parking lot with left-over saran-wrap. But a senile old fart who thinks he's Martha Stewart — that could spell trouble (not to mention serious mental damage to Mrs. Dole. <shiver>)

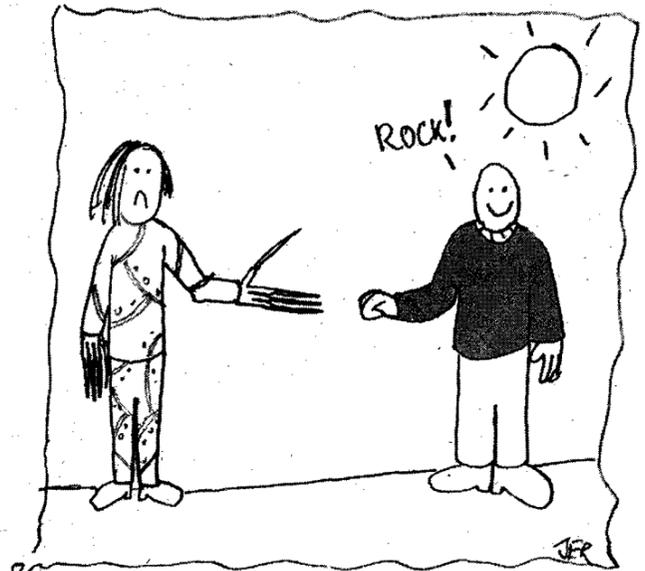
Personally, I think it's all a big joke. Perhaps a promotional campaign for a new movie starring Chris Farley. I mean, let's

face it — Bob Dole cannot possibly be a real person. As far as I can tell, he's a masterpiece of Animatronix (well, they didn't ever get that one arm just right, but...) hand-crafted in George Lucas' special effects studio. Word is, he'll be in the next Star Wars movie ("Obe Wan, it is your destiny...I'm Bob Dole!") and he's already booked for *Cocoon 3: Somebody Stop the Pain*. The Republicans, apparently, conceded defeat long ago, and are only actually running a candidate in the elections for the sponsorship money they're

receiving from Industrial Light and Magic.

Now, if the Republicans would just catch on to the general public's Data-spawned love for androids, they may actually have a chance. Dress Bob up in a Starfleet uniform, have him walk a bit more deliberately and paint his face an even pastier shade of white. Have Jack Kemp wear a stupid-looking visor, and have them beam into press conferences in a shimmering field of tin-foil.

Hey, it's worth a try.



Edward Scissorhands loses again.



"Dead Giveaway." The 432 Dead Pool.



Disclaimer : As contests go, this one is pretty tasteless. If you are the sort of person who can't handle that, don't read it. If you read it anyway, don't come whining to us. We warned you.

Finally, *The 432* has come up with a contest to appeal to the morbid little f(expletive deleted)er in each of us. The rules are simple: You contact us with a list of fifteen people who have had the extreme bad taste not to join the choir invisible yet. We keep the list, and every time someone on it kicks the bucket you get a point. They can not die before midnight Nov. 1 because that's when the competition starts, but anyone can join at any time after that. When we publish the last 432 we will print the winners and give them prizes beyond their wildest dreams. Entry is completely free, and at the very least you will win tickets to the Arts County Fair: What have you got to lose? Only fifteen stupid names, and most of them are well on their way, anyhow.

You may be having trouble thinking of people at this point, so here's the official 432 hotlist of 101 promising people for the role of corpse apparent:

Chuck Jones (animator)
James Earl Jones (actor)
Dr. Jack Keivorkian (Doctor Death)
Eartha Kitt
Evel Knievel (damaged goods, but alive)
Jack Lemmon (actor)
Jerry Lewis (actor)
Rich Little (impressionist)
Jack Lord (actor)
Shirley MacLaine (actress) — alive, again.
Benoit Mandelbrot (mathematician)
Marcel Marceau (mime)
Dick Martin (comedian)
Paul McCartney (singer) — alive. More or less.
Leonard Nimoy (actor)
Peter O' Toole (actor)

Jack Palance (actor)
Richard Pryor (comedian)
Christopher Reeve (actor) alive, paralysed
Keith Richards (rolling stone) alive. Amazing, isn't it?
Fred Rogers — still living in the neighbourhood
William Shatner (alleged actor, alleged author, alleged singer)
Salman Rushdie (author)
Frank Sinatra (singer)
Buzz Aldrin (astronaut)
Muhammad Ali (boxer)
Mary Tyler Moore (actress)
Jimmy Hoffa Jr. (thug)
Bob Barker (game show host)
Mikhail Barishnikov (dancer)
Ned Beatty (actor)
Dirk Benedict (actor)

Robert Blake (actor)
Victor Borge (comedian)
Ernest Borgnine (actor)
Tom Bosley (actor)
Ray Bradbury (author)
Marlon Brando (actor)
William Brennan (jurist)
Todd Bridges (actor)
Benjamin Spock (doctor)
Jean Stapleton (actress)
Ringo Starr (singer)
Harold Stassen (politician)
Cat Stevens (singer)
Elizabeth Taylor (actress)
Rip Taylor (actor)
Strom Thurmond (politician)
Alex Trebec (game show host)
Dick Van Dyke (actor)
Caspar Wienberger (politician)
Tuesday Weld (actress)

Orson Welles (actor/director)
Adam West (Batman)
Betty White (actress)
Johnny Whitaker (child actor)
Ted Williams (athlete)
Alistair Cooke (masterpiece theatre introducer)
William S Burroughs (author)
Red Buttons (actor)
George Carlin (comedian)
Art Carney (actor)
Jimmy Carter (politician)
Jack Cassidy (musician)
Tom Chapin (singer)
Arthur C Clarke (author)
Dick Clark (world's oldest teenager)
John Cleese (comedian)
Clark Clifford (politician)
Gary Coleman (actor)

Perry Como (singer)
Robert Conrad (actor)
John Horton Conway (mathematician)
Jackie Cooper
Ellen Corby
Walter "Bud" Cort (actor)
Jaques -Yves Cousteau (scientist)
Doris Day (actress)
Deng Xiopeng (politician) — not at all well
Bob Denver (actor)
John Denver (singer)
Joyce Dewitt (actress)
Joe DiMaggio (athlete)
Antoine "fats" Domino (musician)
Kirk Douglas (actor)
Buddy Ebsen (actor)
Anthony Edwards (actor)

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. (actor)
Harlan Ellison (author)
Erik Estrada (actor)
Peter Falk (actor)
Betty Ford (political spouse)
James Garner (actor)
John Gielgud (british actor)
Terry Gilliam (animator/director)
Mikhail Gorbachev (politician)
Alec Guinness (actor)
Larry Hagman (actor)
George Harrison (musician)
DeForest Kelly (actor) — He's alive, Jim.
Various Kennedy's
Tuk the Polar Bear
Spud Mackenzie
Abigail VanBuren (Dear Abby)
Bob Sagat (Please?)
Yoko Ono (Pretty Please?)

Let me stress that just because someone isn't on this list, it doesn't mean that you can't have them on yours. As long as they're reasonably famous, we don't mind; and as long as they are still breathing, they qualify. You can email me a list at ledwith@unixg.ubc.ca or you can drop the list off at Chem B160. As people start to snuff it we will publish an official list of famous ex-people, along with dates and causes of death. If we miss someone, let us know. Special Bonus: submit with your article an impossible prediction, and if it comes true before the school year ends you automatically get to come into the SUS office and walk away with as much as you can carry. If we think you have a really sound idea we'll give you some prize or other anyway, because we like you so much. Example: "I predict that, after sumo wrestlers assassinate Bob Dole, Debbie Gibson's love child conceived by Kurt Cobain will step in and gain a landslide victory in the American presidential elections. He will dissolve Congress and set up a new communist regime."

NOTE: The Grim Reaper and his relatives and his associates are summarily barred from entry in this or any related contest involving the unexpected expiration of various famous people or the contestants who bid on them. Use of Jo Jo's psychic hotline to obtain your list of fifteen is, however, perfectly fine.