SCIENCE UBC

# The 432.

*The Newspaper for Science Students*
Vol 7, No 9 • 14 February 1994

Isn't the hot-water bottle the greatest invention of all? It keeps you warm in winter and cold in summer. How *does* it know?

*Probably George Burns.*

## Events

Botany Seminar
Andre Arsenault
*"Pattern and Process in Old-Growth Temperate Rain Forests"*
February 15
12:30 pm, BIOL 2000

•

Geophys/Astro Seminar
Danny Harvey, U of T
*"The Potential Impact of Methane on Global Warming"*
February 16
4:00 pm G&A 260

•

Microbiology Seminar
Dr. Ursula Goodenough
*"The Mating Type Locus of Some Latin Sounding Name"*
February 18
12:00 pm WESB 201

•

Plant Science Seminar
Dr. Lee Hadwiger
*"Genetic Engineering of Disease Resistance in Potatoes"*
February 21
12:30 pm MACM 318D

•

Botany Seminar
Dr. Janet MacFall
"Plant Water Relations from Roots to Shoots"
February 22
12:30 pm BIOL 2000

•

Physics Seminar
L. Taillefer
*"Heavy Fermion Superconductors"*
February 24
4:00 pm, HENN 201

## Ingredients

2/3 of a tree shamefully harvested from an old-growth stand somewhere in Plot 73-8, Macmillan Bloedel. Lots of chemicals you thought you saw the last of in Chem 230. Blatant lies, falsehoods, misnomers, and intentional untrue statements. Disgusting haikus composed by all the sickos hanging around SUS, Wednesday and Thursday. 38.1 kg of caffeine painstakingly extracted from Dr. Pepper and extra-strong jet black coffee. Attempts to recover the minds of errant Science students sucked into the vortex of 241K. Other stuff. Enjoy this brief escape from reality.

# NEW LAWS PASSED BY VICTORIA

*"Everyone's completely blown away!"*

**Washington Irving**
*Raving Correspondent*

IN AN UNEXPECTED Valentine's Day Address, the British Columbian Legislature passed the following proposals into law today.

Bill 428: Official establishment of BC as a "No Pacer Zone", effectively banning the use of AMC Pacers in or within 100 miles of the border, in fact.

Bill 429: Just say no to vacuum. $50 million program to actively encourage people to stand in a region with air. This "Vacuum Sucks" campaign may likely be a waste of money.

Bill 430: A $5 levy on the action of pushing the locked door at a 7-11 and bashing your face and knee into the glass.

Bill 431: All condoms are now to feature a relief of Harcourt's head. Aside from the sensation enhancing qualities, the Ministry Of Health can't come up with a better way to induce voluntary contraception.

Bill 432: AirCare II. Inspections of $CO_2$, Methane, and $H_2S$ emissions from organic sources, in particular people, has now been sanctioned, and will commence next month.

"The process is pretty straightforward," explains Pfaar Tstopp, technical advisor for the Province. He describes the method as one of several stages, identical to the auto testing.

1) Warming up. This stage is basically to ensure complete digestion of the previous afternoon's burrito and plate of nachos.
2) Visual inspection. This is where staff use a mirror to examine the undercarriage and emission system for damage or tampering. Evidence of custom modifications will automatically fail the individual.
3) Idle test. Once equipment has been installed, the test is done while sitting in a big comfy sofa in front of Married With Children reruns. Special dogs are placed nearby, and any allusion that they may be responsible for emissions is, again, an automatic fail.
4) Rev test. Subject is placed on a treadmill and asked to maintain a good pace for about five minutes. Emissions are tested and the results calculated for a variety of greenhouse gases.
5) Sound test.

Pfaar has a few tips for BC's commuters. "Well, Beano works, but it can cause other effects, such as diarrhea. Yum. Uh, I mean, Yuck. On the other hand, you could just avoid the usual culprits: Mexican, Italian, Burger King, my wife's pot roast.

But don't try to cheat the test. "We're really thorough," claims line worker Rancit Slackapple. "Oh, we're prepared for all kinds of deception: sphincter retention, using your appendix to store the gases like some kind of bird, tapeworms, sticking a firehose in your mouth just before the test. We know all the tricks."

Government officials also stated that PST and GST would be applied to the new service, announced the total cost for each test at $18.56. Spokespeople for the Organization Against Metal Coinage objected to this price, pointing out that the proposed price was going to force British Columbians to carry around an additional 1.6 kg of change per person in order to meet the government's exact change only policy.

So, there you have it. Can't be a worse time for us citizens to find out about these new regulations, but there you have it. Ya can't sue.

# Science Olympics

**Gord van McOlundsky**
*Roving Correspondent*

IN A SURPRISE PRESS CONference today, the Canadian Olympic Committee announced the appointment of several UBC students to the Canadian team travelling to Lillehammer next week.

Officials made the move in response to allegations that the Canadian team's requirement were too stringent for the typical Canadian athlete.

"We felt that this was the best way to even the playing field," said Jason Holbrook, chair of the committee struck to deal with the press' allegations. "You see, it's been alleged that our entrance requirement were far too high. Completely untrue. Just because we only accepted people who had already won at least a dozen medals doesn't mean our standards were excessive."

The committee announced, in order to rectify the situation, they would also include a group of athletes acknowledged by everyone to be the worst in the nation.

"This is definitely the way to correct the problem. We take the best *and* the worst. That way, when you average their athletic ability, you'll get a more acceptable standard.

When asked about the world-class athletes already rejected by the stringent procedures, Holbrook replied,

"What! Do you actually think we could possibly send them? They went through the process just like everyone else, and I certainly won't overrule the committee's verdict. After all, a decision is a decision. If we started waffling, all hell would break loose. It would be anarchy!"

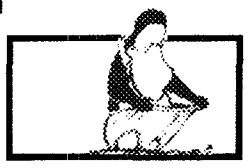
AMS President Bill Dobie had no comment on the effect of waffling on society. However Dobie did have the following to offer.

"Well, UBC students certainly qualify for the Olympic committee's plan. After all, our athletes regularly hire bumbling oafs to assault their opponents. In fact, the demand has been so high this last year we're looking into the feasibility of hiring someone full-time and offering his services to students at a discount. We'd only consider experienced applicants, and this way we'd be assured the beatings are consistent. There wouldn't any amateur attempts that land the student in hospital

**please see Lillehammer**
*on page two*

Why Igor... you *shouldn't* have!

# Gettin' Desperate



Graeme **KENNEDY**

SO THE NUN SAYS: 'Fifty bucks, same as in tow—'". Oh, hi. You're reading my article now. Um, lesse. Oh, yes. Really serious this time. It's Valentine's Day! Time for Graeme to talk about Love.

What exactly is Love? I don't know. Nobody does. It's all in our heads. Probably seratonins, actually. No, no that's not it. *Deux Ex Machina*. It's more than just the aggregation of a few million little chemicals floating around in that brainbucket upstairs.

Freud has his theories, but this is a family paper. Love, as analyzed by the man who brought you the Oedipal complex, and the death drive...

Jung's are better, I think. He believed in a universal unconscious. Within this is an image of our perfect lover. Naturally, we will never meet this person, but he believed that when we fall in love, we see this 'anima' or 'animus' in our mate. This explains the 'Graeme Method' of falling in love: wandering about in the moors, lightning, headache, melted nylon socks. Time is not usually a factor. This is called 'love at first sight'.

Some Hebrews believed that souls are made in pairs, and finding your intended before you die is like getting bonus points in a video game.

Many people don't believe in love at all. I find this particularly difficult to understand. Hell, I believe in leprechauns. At least that's how I explain the cesspool I try to pass off as my room.

Which brings me to the underlying basis of my beliefs about relationships. It's all in the genes. Chemists out there will love this. Look, like likes like. Face it. If ya look like Danny DeVito, you marry Rhea Perlman. This isn't very encouraging to somebody like me who has a gene pool that even my best friends agree "should be drained." This does, however, explain why some people have love lives like the weather in India. Monsoon, drought, monsoon, drought...

At great expense and risk of embarrassment, I have managed to take some of my own drought experiences from the past few month—I mean days, heh-heh, um, and use them to compile a little test. Motivation? I guess this is just some way to redirect my libidinal drive. Anyhoo, sit yerself down and partake of Graeme's soon-to-be-patented 'Haven't Had It In A While Index'. For each one that applies, give yourself a point:

Men:

1) Misread title of 'Luck' magazine while standing in line at 7-Eleven.

2) Linger over the muscle mags in the rack at 7-Eleven.

3) Spend more than 5 minutes at 7-Eleven.

4) Think that Kiki Dee just *might* be a woman after all.

5) When asked if you want to 'play around,' think the interested party is really into golf. Decline offer and say 'I don't have that kind of time to just waste on a game.'

6) Read *The Ubyssey*. Keep the copy lying around, hoping to inspire.

7) Start watchin' *Charlie's Angels* reruns.

8) Notice that Connie Chung changed her hairstyle. Consider calling the network and complimenting.

9) Notice all your condoms are past their expiry date.

10) This is where you give yourself a handicap point just for being male.

Women:

1) Develop a serious relationship with the spin cycle on the clothes drier.

2) Can't look at the letter 'T' without giggling.

3) Wonder if Erkel has a fan club.

4) Think that Elton John just *might* be a man after all.

5) Won't part with your adjustable shower head.

6) Read *The Ubyssey*. Keep the copy lying around to remind you it couldn't get *that* bad.

7) Start watchin' *Magnum PI* reruns at 1 AM while eating ice cream straight out of the bucket.

8) Notice that Sam Donaldson has new hairpiece. Consider calling the network and complimenting.

9) Own more than five dozen Harlequin romances. Read 'em all. Don't think there's anything wrong with this situation.

10) Can't wait until the day after Valentine's to get in on those bargain chocolate sales.

How many apply to you?

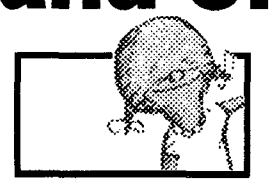
0-3: No problems that a cold shower couldn't fix.

4-7: You'll live. Probably.

8-9: Call 1—800—TALK2ME.

10: They have 12-step programs for people like you. Find one, and stay away from *me*.

# Exes and Ohs.



Leona **ADAMS**

ALL THE GIGGLING, cooing and exploring of uncharted territory (no names mentioned, of course) that has been going on in my general surroundings for the past couple of weeks must mean one of two things:

a) something has been slipped into the water supply that our Brita somehow manages to keep out, or

b) Valentine's day is approaching.

This year, I have equipped myself with the best defense: a Short Attention Span (SAS). With my newly acquired toy, which you can order from Acme Mind Alterations ("We'll blow your mind!") by calling 1-800-ONSPEED*, interests have a half-life of about 24 hours. Gone are the days (weeks?) of uncertainty spent trying to figure out whether or not someone likes you, because after two days of unresponsiveness, you just don't care anymore. Is that cool or what?

One thing that led me to pick up my SAS was a total unwillingness to lower my standards of personal conduct to a level which my friends refer to colloquially as "flirting". For the love of all things good and sane, how did batting eyelashes and winking become signals of interest? Who came up with the idea that facial tics would be a way of saying "I find you attractive"? Must have been someone with facial tics, I guess.

Twirling hair is often thrown, and unjustly so, into the same category. Apparently two of my classmates have decided that this habit, to which I have been clinging for the past ten years, is my way of trying to attract attention to my beautiful raven locks. But, as my friend Tom Cochrane would say: in real life, I try to tell them, it's not like that at all. I forgive them this misjudgement, though, because both of their imaginations have shorted out since they started going out.

I shouldn't leave the subject of my hormone-ridden friends so quickly. A quick editing job: I should, but I won't. Their story is much too complex and surreal to be explored here in any noticeable depth, but a brief plot summary nonetheless: boy meets girl, boy likes girl, girl "unsure of boy" ("He's nice, but..."), girl weighs options and decides to give boy the metaphorical finger (and then when he wasn't looking, she did it again), boy gives up, other girl meets boy, other girl likes boy, other girl and boy live happily...(yeah, right. Weren't you listening? I said this story was complex!), girl takes delayed interest in boy, boy and girl get each other, and they seem to live happily ever after. It is primarily due to the influence of these people that I came upon Adams' Rules of Order, also known as "All I ever really need to know about love I learned from my friends":

1. Singles, forgive thy "couple friends" for groping in public, for verily, they are not trying to make you uncomfortable on purpose. They are simply happy, and wish everyone else to know that they are happy, so that you share their joy. All of the time. Couples, if thy single friends no longer desire the joy of your company, they will have subtle, or even outright blatant, ways of letting you know. Try to have an eye.
2. Forgive thy friends for trying to set thee up with their other single friends, for they know not what they do (score: artistic impression (ie. intentions): 5.9, technical merit (ie. methods): 4.2).
3. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's roses, or anything else she gets from her boyfriend or other assorted gentlemen, for verily I say unto thee, we know neither the day nor the hour, but someday your time shall come.

Whoops. My attention span timer just went off. Apparently I can't tolerate writing in Middle English any longer. Back to the twentieth-century.

4. Being friends with people who are in the midst of breaking up, whether in the context of love or mere friendship, is not pretty. Although it has been compared to being dropped out of a plane into the middle of Bosnia-Herzegovina armed only with a trusty soggy peanut butter and liverwurst sandwich, it is more closely akin to being the child of parents who are undergoing a messy divorce:

a) Just because they don't love each other anymore doesn't mean they love you any less. No matter what happens they'll always be your friends.

b) Their break-up was not (necessarily) your fault. At least, not unless you're a real doorknob, in which case, they're stupid for hanging out with you anyway.

5. Nothing is ever as straightforward as it seems. Take interracial relationships, for example. The concept of going out with someone, or more specifically, not going out with someone, purely because of their racial standing was never really an issue in my mind. This is probably related, even if minimally, to the fact that ever since my umpteenth French great-grandfathers introduced their Yogic swimmers to my umpteenth African great-grandmothers, I have had a mixed heritage (It's a fact!). Somehow, it never really occurred to me that people in general, and some of my friends in particular, would have an alternate viewpoint. Sometimes things just aren't black and white (Now don't tell me you didn't see that one coming).
6. Love is not only blind, it is also deaf. If it seems that you have to repeat yourself many times to get your friends not to do what you want them to anyway because they're too busy performing exploratory dental surgery using their tongues, you're probably right.

* Tell them you already know the part about the kaka.

## Lillehammer

*from page one*

for months. It's only one of the many interesting proposals our Task Force on Campus Safety came up with."

The athletes from UBC would be offered the opportunity to participate in several demonstration events new to the Olympics this year.

Students originally from the Prairies would compete for honours in the Welli Whinging Competition. Officials in Norway refused to release details of the new event, but hinted it had something to do with force, vectors and frozen organic wastes.

As for local Vancouverites, they would participate in a winter sport unique to the Lower Mainland. Unfortunately, officials were unable to think to any suitable winter events indigenous to the area and were forced to substitute an event from the Summer Olympics to keep the competition even. Olympic officials decided on synchronized umbrella poking, making the point that it was the only sport locals practiced every month of the year.

# The 432.

Volume 7, Number 9
14 February 1994

***Ryan McCuaig***
Captain of the Guard

***Graeme Kennedy***
***Blair McDonald***
***Roger Watts***
Common Foot Soldiers

**Opposing Forces**
Leona Adams, Steve Coleman, John Hallett, Graeme Kennedy, Ryan McCuaig, Blair McDonald, Tessa Moon, Sarah Thornton, Lynn van Rhijn, Laurie Yee, and Watts, Roger Stewart #7534525

**Various Cannon Fodder**
Jessica Douglas, Moon Unit, and an army of thousands

**Layout**
Graeme Kennedy, Ryan McCuaig, Blair McDonald

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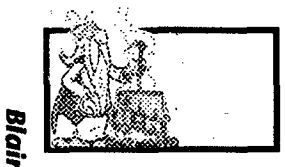
*The 432* is published biweekly by the Science Undergrad Society in its offices located somewhere in the basement of the Chemistry Building.

*The 432* wholeheartedly welcomes any submissions. Our fervent thanks to everyone who submitted stuff this time. We'd like about 500 words on something humourous, satirical or generally mind-twisting. Please proofread and submit on disk (IBM or Mac). Include a hard copy in case our devil computer decides your disk tastes good boiled and served on a bed of steaming Japanese rice.

*Try* to be funny, people. Or we might track you across campus, find out where you live and burn your house down while you're sleeping. Maybe.


# Always Single.



Blair **McDONALD**

VALENTINE'S DAY. (shudder). Everyone raise your hand if you're spending tonight in front of the TV, watching the best that Sweeps Week has to offer. Or in a Microbiology midterm.

I've never managed to figure out the true purpose of Valentine's Day really. I've always seen it as the day all the rednecks put aside their chainsaws, John Deere ballcaps and gun racks to go out and buy the obligatory roses for their spouse/mate/hunting buddy. Valentine's Day shouldn't have to special. We, as representatives of *homo sapiens sensitivus*, should always be considerate of our loved ones. Roses, chocolates, walks on the beach at sunset, unexpected vacations to the Grand Caymans: all should come naturally.

If you've managed to spot my futile attempt to portray myself as the ideal boyfriend, give yourself a couple of points.

But enough about my inability to find True Love. On to more pressing challenges to the evolution of man. Such as, how to keep my desk at home clear of all the garbage I manage to produce even when I'm just sitting at my desk, happily breathing.

I think my desk is a variation of the Perpetual Motion Machine. Obviously, some evil scientists got together one night and invented the Perpetual Trash Machine just for spite. They certainly were clever, because the junk their infernal contraption produces looks suspiciously like the things I normally keep in my drawers. Paper, of course. Paper clips... about 1.6 million metric tons of them. Eraser bits. 132 non-functioning blue Bic pens. Empty pop cans. A small foreign automobile made of papier-mâché.

But I can deal with the ever-increasing piles of garbage. I cannot, however, handle it when those piles mutate into a semi-intelligent lifeform and eat my entire set of Biology notes. Paper seems to disappear on one side, and mysteriously resurface—usually way on the other side of campus—in an identical pile living on top of the desk at SUS. I'm trying to discover if I can market this as a viable alternative to walking to the Chemistry Building.

Unfortunately, the pile doesn't seem to be able to translocate anything larger than a stuffed bandicoot. People just seem to disappear. I've managed to lose three roommates that way, but I think I can manage to convince Steve it's perfectly safe to dive headfirst into my desk.

I'm pretty sure most of you don't really care about my desk. Or that weird lifeform occupying my room. Or about that gigantic hole in my heart. (Heart-rending sigh.) In fact, nearly 5000 students are going to read this statement and react in one of the following ways:

1) This guy is completely hopeless.
2) This guy obviously needs to find a life.
3) This guy needs a psychiatric evaluation.

All of the above are true. In fact, the psychiatric evaluation was recommended to me, oh, about five minutes ago. And yes, I am in the market for a new life. I'm looking for one with low mileage, no rust, and at least a six month guarantee, so if you see one let me know. And until 2) and 3) are dealt with, number 1) is completely valid.

But a lot of you are in exactly the same boat... you've been set adrift and someone forgot to include the oars. So here we are, just drifting along, alone in a crowded marina. (Another heart-rending sigh.)

But on a more upbeat note, I'd like to point out that... forget it. I don't have anything really positive to say right now, considering the depth of melancholy I've sunk to. I'm ready to attempt reaching out to humanity. I'm looking for help here, folks. (I hear the comment, "Finally admitted it, did you" coming from the general background. *Thanks,* Jessica!)

I think I'll use the remaining space to place a classified ad.

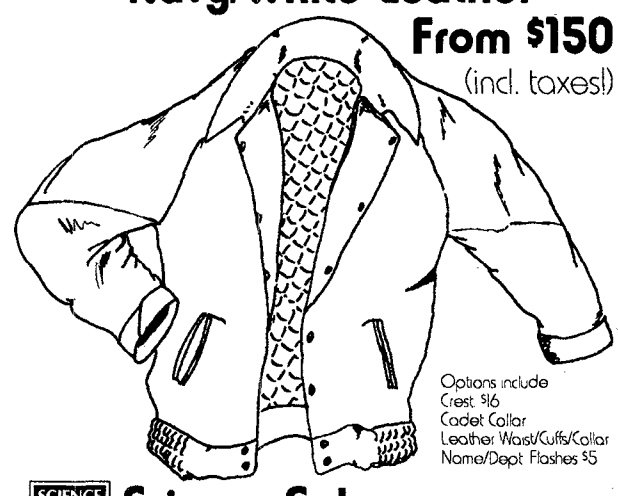
*1974 Volkswagen Beetle. Good condition, brakes sometimes work. Only needs three 14 inch tires plus that fourth cylinder to make it a great commuter car. Painted gray. No stereo, since that went missing sometime last winter. Offers. Call 822-4235 and ask for Blair.*

Oops, wrong ad.

*Well-conditioned healthy young male. Reasonable condition, sensitivity sometimes works. Only needs a personal keeper with a strong will to make him a great boyfriend. Painted white. No options. Offers. Call 822-4235 and ask for Blair.*

Wish me luck. I'm about to get calls from 96% of the loonies at UBC.


**SCIENCE UBC Jackets**
**Navy Melton**
**Navy/White Leather**
**From $150**
(incl. taxes!)



Options include
Crest $16
Cadet Collar
Leather Waist/Cuffs/Collar
Name/Dept Flashes $5

**Science Sales**
**CHEM 160**
**'Nuff Said**


# John's Twitching.

**John Hallett**
*Non-Cupid Correspondent*

HAVE YOU EVER LOST your keys? Oh, c'mon, be honest. Everyone's lost them at some time or other. I think that we place far too much importance upon those little pieces of pressed metal. And when we *do* manage to misplace those tiny magical wonders that hold the key to life as *we* know it, how do you go about looking for them?

Is the systematic way—carefully examining each and every possible nook and cranny for their presence—the best choice? Fat chance. You, like every other being in civilized society, rampage around your place of habitation screaming, louder every time you don't find them in the same fold of the couch that you've managed to search fifty times already.

I would like to suggest a more efficient method of key discovery: scream once (loud) and then kick the dog. Why kick the dog? Because it's invariably dear poochie who took your keys when you weren't looking and buried them in the backyard along side its favorite bone collection.

Now I will propose a solution to this source of friction between man and canine: Get yourself a small chihuahua and use *it* as your key ring. Now, when you lose your keys, just whistle merrily with the promise of minty doggy treats and soon the jingle-jingle of your rapidly approaching keys will be heard. This has a pleasing side effect of never being required to dig your keys out of the backyard as only rarely do dogs manage to bury themselves, unless... well... you don't want to know that.

I mean, just think of the pleasant yipping and panting as you swing around those corners in your car with Paco swaying lightly from the steering column.

This could be the beginning of a bold new era of using animals for various functions based upon their exterior qualities! For instance, if you happen to have the sniffles, you usually reach for a Kleenex. However, if you pause to think about the "natural" alternatives to soft and white, one comes up with... sheep. Nothing buffers that sneeze like really fresh wool. Just think about it: "Achoooo! (insert disturbing nasal sound of your choice)! Hey, I'm not done! Get back here!"

I could start a revolution in industry! People using live animals as environmentally friendly replacements for manufactured goods! I'd be a god! People would worship me! They would— *(ed. At this point, Mr Hallett had to be removed to complete his manic power-oriented rampage in a safer area. If this were radio, we would play some relaxing music... so hum something. He'll be back as soon as the electroconvulsive therapy is complete.)*

I see the error in my ways now... (twitch) I understand. They didn't attempt (twitch) to hurt me, they're my friends who are only (twitch) trying to help me. I gotta go now, they're giving me a special ride to the bank to relieve the pressure (twitch) on my account caused by my savings.

# The 432's Annual Erotic Haiku Contest.

I like it simple.
Without any ties at all,
Unless they're silk ones.
*Phil Stringer*

I've been a bad girl.
Discipline me, whips and chains.
You are my master.
*Anonymous*

If I had my way,
I would be small and blue and
Sleep with Poppa Smurf.
*Gargamel*

Sleepy, Happy, Doc,
Dopey, Grumpy, Sneezy, Bash-
Ful I want you all.
*Snow White*

I said I'd write a
Haiku for Blair and Ryan.
OK, I've done it.
*Graeme Kennedy*

I'd climb any peak
Swim a boiling sea, for you.
But it's raining now.
*Phil Stringer*

The second coming
Is near. You haven't had one
Since you were 18?
*Phil Stringer*

Me, chocolate sauce
You, cherries & whipping cream
Let's make a sundae
*Jesse Burnett*

## And the winner is...

Oh blonde President
I'm your most humble servant
Don't hit me again.
*Steve Coleman*

Your love tramples me
Like an elephant's big feet
Ow! Yes! Ow! Yes! Ow!
*Jesse Burnett*

I want to roll you
Chuckles, you make me so hot
Your cute successor.
*Lynn van Rhijn*

"Oh my darling Ed
I want to get you in my bed"
This is what Pat says.
*Patrick Lum*

Can't believe you're gone
I'm so lonely without you
Now I must chase Ed.
*Patrick Lum*

Derek K. Miller
Hat sex bed Dik kinky spurs
Nancy Xylaphone.
*Unknown*

Valentines, oh no!
One more day to think of you
And take cold showers
*Jesse Burnett*

My wonderful Pat
I love you so, you must know
Your cute successor.
*Lynn van Rhijn*

It never happened
You are sadly mistaken
There are no photos.
*Steve Coleman*

Lost the election.
Caucus fits in a phone booth.
Better luck next time.
*Kim Campbell*

*A few brief words on the contest this year:*

*First, Phil, ya needs a life.*

*Second, would Mrs R P Pennopskoff of Mission please stop sending us those NC-17-rated haikus. There is* no *Seniors category this year, Mrs Pennopskoff.*

*Finally, we'd like to thank all those who did submit a haiku, especially that Haiku Action Force in the corner the other day.*

*Jesse, congrats, you've won a t-shirt, which you can pick up as soon as they're printed in CHEM 160.*

My hot jelly roll
I want to roll you so sweet
And eat you. Yum! Yum!
*Jesse Burnett*

## "Valentine's in the Ozarks" *Special Category*

Good legs, nice body.
"She's not bad," I thought,
For my kid sister.
*Phillip "Jethro" Stringer*

# Valentine Classifieds

**WANTED:** heterosexual man, no experience preferred. Will train to tastes. Reply to women of SUS.

**FOR SALE:** One heart, practically new. Needs good home to provide lots of love & attention. Inquire at SUS.

**LOST:** One boyfriend, somewhere downtown. Sentimental value only, reward. Pls return before V-Day. Replies to Box 976, Totem Park.

**WANTED:** Left-of-center, vaguely off-kilter, man with decent intelligence, love for potato bugs and stuffed bandicoots. See *Ubyssey* staffer for details.

**LOST:** Democracy. Please return to SUB 241K. Hurry.

**WANTED:** One blind female. Contact Brear with a beer.

**WANTED:** Tall, sensitive man with sense of humour. Must like rolling in 45G worth of pennies.

**WANTED:** Younger, 220lb hockey ~~player~~ team. Must be over 6'3" with a full set of teeth.

**WANTED:** Female bathroom conversation for Ed. Must be able to answer "herding" question.

**NEEDED:** Guy who owns cat-o-nine tails; needed to put up w/ AR tendencies.

**NEEDED:** McDonald's employment. Call AUS at 822-4403

**WANTED:** Good looking, cuddly man who understands symbiosis of love, liver and life. Contact Contact Misunderstood and Giggling.

**WANTED:** Male rugby player with buns to kill for and kisses to die for. Dark haired preferred. Contact Crushed by Elephant.

**LOST:** One ewe. Please return to CEME 2206. Reward offered.

**LOST:** One marmot, made from weathered cedar. Last seen heading west on Hwy 3.

**FOUND:** One life, has been fun but will return if offered fair exchange. Engineers need not apply.

**AVAILABLE:** SWM with great sense of humour. Good typist. Practice makes perfect. Apply c/o this paper.

**NEEDED:** Babes to check out. Desperately. Apply to MCLD 105.

**NEEDED:** Female, any species. Will receive lots of attention and an Instabeer account. Call EE Teddy Bear.

Seeking way out of DofF relationship trend. Still need to roll around in locked vaults.

**LOST:** A pair of sunglasses. If found, pls return to SUS. Will also accept any man attached to them; height not a requirement. Contact Ick.

**NEEDED:** Big, tall, warm-handed male masseur. Contact Klubroom Potato.

**WANTED:** Sweet, sympathetic, sensitive female for long-lasting relationship and daily jello bath.

**LOST:** A sense of humour. Please return to Chuckles ASAP at SUS.

**WANTED:** A life. Call anyone in SUS.

**LOST:** 2 years of life, somewhere in the AMS Offices. If found, contact Bill Dobie at 822-3972.

**FOUND:** Title of 1993 SAC Secretary. To claim must describe accurately. Contact RBF IV c/o SUS.

**WANTED:** Daily donut delivery. Jelly or glazed preferred. COD. Contact SUS Internal VP.

**WANTED:** Softer coins to roll in. Normal ones hurt. Contact any of the last three SUS Directors of Finance.

**WANTED:** Looking for someone matching the description of Jamieson's ideal woman. Contact him c/o SUS for details.

**TO LICA:** Love you. The Dog.

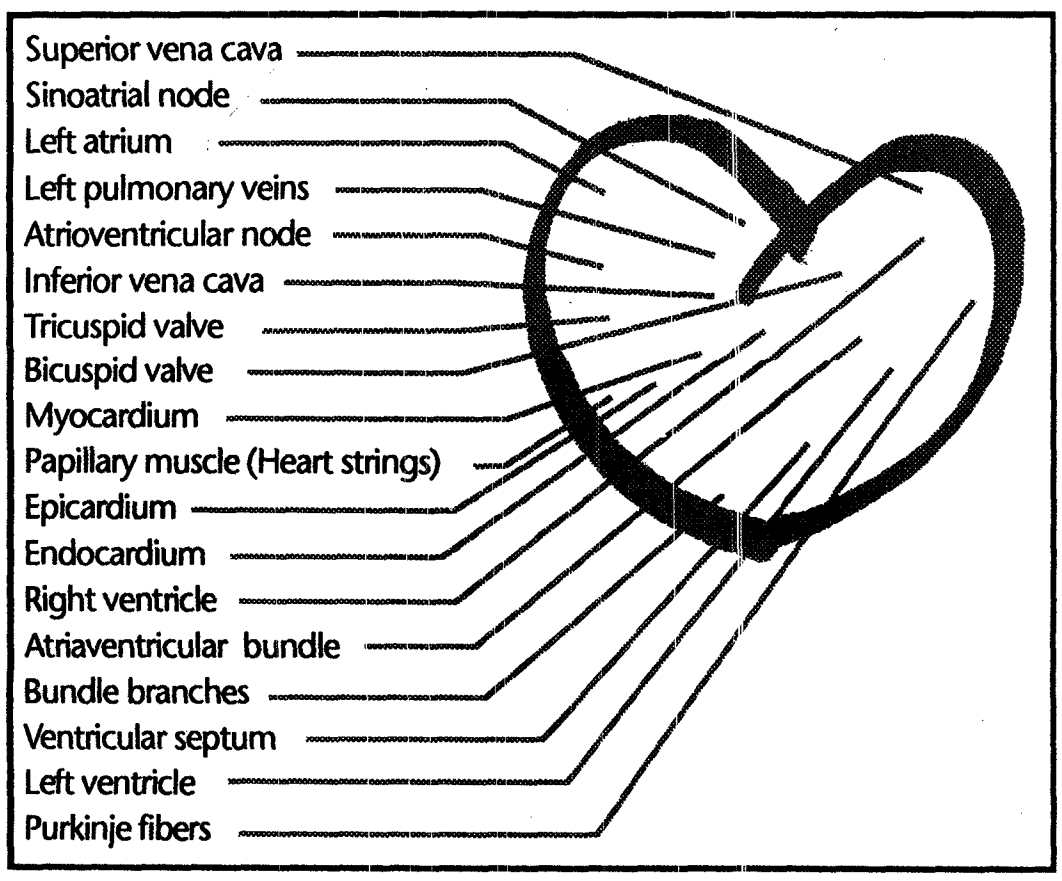
**I LOVE YOU, SWEETPEA.** Happy Valentines' Day. Love Monkey-Face.

**IN ALL SERIOUSNESS:** Happy V-Day, Sar. Luv ya. R.

# A Solution to the World's Biggest Problem

Heartbroken? Who hasn't been at some point of our troubled, crazy lives? We, the staff of *The 432*, have undergone many quests over the past seven years in an effort to find how to best serve science students. We've discovered that the broken heart, shattered by some inconsiderate ex-lover/mate/companion is one of the most difficult of medical problems to treat, and vowed to find a solution, since even all the Hagen-Dazs Super Double Chocolate Fudge Brownie Marshmallow Turbo Butter Brickle and Mint ice cream in the world can not cure the harsh realities of such a devastating pathology.

This week, your humble, yet prideful staff put their collective *(ed: we are NOT a collective!!!)* heads down on our cluttered desk and dived straight into that most difficult of degrees: The MD. *The 432 (MD)* now believe ourself perfectly qualified to procure medical advice. The question: Can you die from a broken heart? Or do you just want to? Follow this simple surgical procedure and maybe you'll never have to find out again. We'll just send our astronomically-large bill along in the mail later.




**For a Do-It-Yourself Broken Heart Mending, just follow these easy steps:**

1. Clean off table.
2. Clean off hands.
3. Empty bowel and bladder. This means go to the bathroom. You won't need an ice cream scoop or anything.
4. Clean hands again.
5. Fill out will. Make sure you leave everything to *The 432*.
6. Clean off shoes.
7. Clean off hands again. You keep getting them dirty, ya dolt!
8. Rummage around the kitchen for sharp cutting instruments. Edges of tin cans are not acceptable.
9. Boil water.
10. Sterilize all instruments. Not the banjo.
11. Put out the cat.
12. Crack open a flat of Lucky Lager.
13. Anaesthetize esophagus and stomach lining with aforementioned fluid.
14. At this point the room should be spinning. Scream "Make it stop! Make it stop!"
15. Tell the neighbours everything is okay.
16. This is where you start cutting.
17. Remove sternum.
18. Eeeew.
19. Okay, now pay attention: ya grab the macaroni stuff and move it over to the fan-belt affair. Try not to rip the cottony goop.
20. Staple.
21. Done! Stitch up.
22. No, no. Back up. Grab the cat and wrestle the sternum out of its mouth. Bad cat.
23. Replace sternum.
24. Suture up. (Careful to avoid the mouth)
25. Call Coroner. See if he has AirMiles.

See... that wasn't too difficult, was it? No screams or anything, right? That can mean only one thing – you're ready for the next level of home repair.

**Coming next week:** Electro-vascular neurosurgery. *The 432* takes you step by step through a procedure most mortals fear to tread, using only a tin can of boiling water, an Electrolux vacumn, and a broom to sweep up the mess afterwards.

# Service Message

Class Act is here!

A wildly ambitious fundraising campaign obsessed with benefiting students has joined the campus community. We're asking each grad to pledge some amount of money, to be squeezed out over the next three years into a bursary fund for Science students. Here's a plus: if you pledge, the Development Office will not phone you trying to shake you down for more money for the next three years. You'll escape the clutches of Strangway's second *World of Opportunity* campaign...

We're sorry, that sounds horrid. Much as we might hate to admit it, this school has done its floundering best for us. We've got an education now—courtesy of some blood, sweat, tears, patient TA's, lab instructors, profs, and fellow students. We should give something back.

If you don't agree with that line of reasoning, try this one. The University has done everything in its power to thwart every last one of our efforts to get ahead. Therefore, out of the goodness of our hearts, let's rescue a fellow student from indefinite detention in this institute of higher learning. Give to the bursary. Give early. Give often.

The saving grace of Class Act: no administrative conspiracy. They will never get their clammy little hands on our money. It will go by insured courier service to some student in need.

So, what will happen?

Sometime in the next few weeks, a member of the Class Act committee will come give you a pre-lecture lecture. We'll have pledge forms with us for you to fill out, and we'll be able to answer any of your questions. All you'll have to do is fill out the pledge form under their watchful eyes, deciding how much, if anything, you can afford to give. Then, in October or November you'll be sent a reminder and advised to submit your first installment. You'll be mailed a tax receipt upon payment. A reminder *will* be mailed each fall, just so you can't claim memory failure.

People have been asking me certain questions:

*What if I have student loans and can't afford this much?*

If everyone gives the suggested amount, we'll be able to reach our goal. If you can't afford to give the suggested amount, give what you can filch from your parents, sibling, roommate, or dog. Payment is not due until the fall after graduation, so you have plenty of time to shove off into denial. If you get truly stuck, you can defer payment or throw yourself under a passing truck.

*What if I don't get a job after I graduate?*

Don't worry. With chemical aid if necessary, be happy in the belief that you will have a job before the first installment is due. If you are still vocationally challenged when the pledge reminder arrives, you can either defer your first payment or edit the amount to match reality.

*How do I know the money will be well spent?*

You don't. But try and trust the Development Office, which collects the pledge payment and sends you a tax receipt. The money will reach a student account in our Faculty and a student chairperson chosen from your very own student society will monitor the account.

So when you're asked to pledge, think about it seriously.

Please.

## Upcoming Pre-Med Events

SKIN DEEP
Dr. Julie Prediville
Dermatologist
*Tuesday, Feb 15*
*12:30 FNSC Room 60*

MED STUDENTS FORUM
First and Second Year
Med Students Reveal
How They Really Got In
*Tuesday, Feb 22*
*12:30 FNSC Room 60*

GYM NITE
Free pizza and pop
*Tuesday, Feb 25*
*9:00-11:30 OSBO B*

# The Drawers of SUS.

## Sarah's Skivvies

*Sarah Thornton*

This article may end up sounding rather strange, as I just finished my Fishes midterm. I had to identify 30 BC freshwater fish, to order, family, genus, and/or species in both Latin and common names. So now my hands smell like formalin and isopropyl alcohol, and I have names like *Pomoxis nigromaculatus* and *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha* ringing through my head. Such is the life of a fourth year Bi major. Some people (the non-squishy science types) ask *how* we manage to memorize all the Latin names... It's easy—all you do is pick out some strange characteristic of the fish and make it correspond to a part of the name. Take the Pumpkinseed: its name is *Lepomis gibbosis* . So I remembered it due to the adjective gibbous, which can be used to describe the moon, and the moon is round like a pumpkin. *(ed: Latin schmatin. Ask me about C++, stdio.h, BNDLs, FREFs, tcsh or packet-switching sometime)*. Oh, our minds do strange things.

So, "What is SUS up to?" you say, trying to get me off such a strange subject. Nice subtle switch. Good transition statement.

Well, SUS is in the midst of nominations for next year's executive. As you read this, nominations are closing, and campaigning will begin soon. Please try to find out about the candidates and get out and vote (Feb 28, Mar 1–2). It does make us feel much more better if at least 10% of you care enough to let us know whether we're doing a good job.

Also ongoing is some constitutional reform. No, we're not CORP, and we're not changing anything drastically, but we would like to clean things up a bit. Let me know if there is something you think needs changing.

We're just starting up the Class Act campaign for this year. All you fourth years should have received a letter in the mail by now, which details a bit about the program. There's an article elsewhere that gives a few more details.

And then there are those pesky Teaching Awards. Both SUS and the Faculty of Science offer awards for outstanding teaching. The nominations for the SUS ones are due on Wednesday (the 16th) and the Faculty ones were due Feb 14 (today). Laurie and I are both sitting on the Faculty committee to evaluate these outstanding profs. We sit in on classes and ask students their opinions on the prof. I've actually learned some really neat things by going to geology and computer science classes.

On a final note, I'll let everyone know right now that I'm in the middle of *two weeks off*. That's right — you won't be able to find me around the office much until 28 Feb. But the other execs will know how to find me. I'm going into hiding because of what Steve calls the *"damn crappy honours thesis!"*

Bye!

## Laurie's Lingerie

*Laurie Yee*

The Teaching Excellence Award nominations for this term will close this Wednesday (February 16) so fill out one of those forms from the last issue of *The 432* or get one from the SUS office.

If you want to meet some enthusiastic, naive first years, come out to our first ever First Year Committee's mocktail dance. Come on out and ummm.... do whatever it is you would do at a dance with first years—presumably drink in the bathrooms like back in high school and haul out the Frisk. It's on Wednesday, 23 Feb from 7-11 PM in the SUB Partyroom. While I'm on the topic of first years, if anyone is interested in becoming a Frosh Week guide for next year please contact me or leave a message at the office. You must be a returning student and be available in August.

I don't really understand why I'm writing in an issue totally devoted to Valentine's Day and the "happy being part of a couple thing". General consensus about the office tells me that neither males nor females know what "they're looking for in a potential". I suppose that all the single people in SUS can start looking upon all the coupled ones and write up some more erotic/gag wrenching haiku or something.

On the SUS (not soaps) side of things Executive election nominations are due in today (the 14th, hopefully). Though there isn't much time until, uh, *now*. If you're interested in becoming the Internal VP come talk to me during my office hours or call me at SUS (822-4235). Internal is a job requiring a lot of organization/planning and realizing that you might come off a little AR since it's part of the job to be the "party whip" *(ed: That is not a Kraft product. It is a job)*. All in all, it's oodles of fun and you get to rag on everyone on Council (with a smile).

## Lynn's Lace

*Lynn van Rhijn*

Hi! My name is Lynn R. and I am a recovering alco.... oh. Sorry, wrong paper.

My name is Lynn van Rhijn and I'm the new Director of Finance. I think I am recovering from some form of dementia, though. I should have clued in by that look I saw in Jason's eyes when I said I was interested in the position. I should have been warned when a member of the council said that although the SUS has a lot of fun, *this is a serious position*!!! But *noooo*, I go on ahead and here I am now, waist deep in unidentified papers, a load-o-keys that can open every building on campus including the Plant Operations coffee room from which no one has escaped, and a filing system reminiscent of my grade 8 locker.

Ugh.

However, since it is my New Years resolution to become more organized, I will know exactly where everything is and what I am supposed to do be the next time you read this. Not to worry, though, SUS does have money.

Somewhere.

## Social Diseases

*Matt Brear*

Matt's alcoholic event of the week: the world-famous No Class Bash!

This popular event is happening at 4:32, Wednesday, February 16 in the SUB Partyroom

You'll be able to find me quite easily. I'll be the guy practising my breast-stroke in the pool of beer in front of the bar.

Tryout for the world swim championships start as soon as my alcohol level reaches 0.4. (Don't tell the Liquor Control Board – I think my name on's the license.)

(By the way, I'm told I have syphilis. Or was that Civils? It was *something* to do with the Engineers)

Hic!

## AMS Briefs

*Steve (Ed) Coleman*

How many of you out there are interested in free food? 3,206 of you? Good. Now how many are also willing to sit through about twenty minutes of AMS politics? 3? Oh. Well, I'm still inviting you all to come out to the AMS Annual General Meeting, this Wednesday in council chambers – SUB 206. The deal is that if we can manage to get quorum at the meeting, Bill D'ohbie will have to move the meeting to another venue – the War Memorial Gym. Just another way to cause trouble at the AMS by playing within the rules.

By now the Young Women in Politics Conference is over, and, strangely enough I (a male) was the science rep at the reception. Hmmm. The highlight had to be former SUS ExVP Antonia Rozario taking on Betty Baxter and Hedy Fry in a debate on minority women in politics. That, and I'm convinced that the gentleman sitting beside me was really Dr. Doug Henning, *incognito*.

And now, it's time for the outgoing AMS Exec Awards. (I'm trying to revive an old tradition)

***Bill Dobie*** – the other half of Alberta, the other half of Granville Island for a summer home. Why? Manifest Destiny.

***Janice Boyle*** – her own rebuttal column in the Ubyssey.

***Roger Watts*** – a watch set at least one hour ahead of schedule. Maybe he'll show up on time once in a while. *(ed. – and a brunette for a change)*

***Carole Forsythe*** – a pair of ruby slippers to send her on her way. (And a bucket o' water.)

***Dean Leung*** – a budget and a Commodore Vic-20 as a computer handicap - so the rest of us can keep up.

That's it for last year's exec. And that's it for me for now.

## Token Science-Related Filler

*Ryan McCuaig*

In my travels through Internet the other day, I discovered that researchers at the Artificial Intelligence lab at MIT have access to a wonderful UNIX command called `xpizza`.

It is truly a space-age technology, meshing seamlessly modern telecommunications, computer networking, and pizza design.

The hungry researcher invokes `xpizza`, selects his toppings on an X-Window display, and hits the OK button. Within nanoseconds, the computer springs into action. It surrenders its hostname to `xpizza`, which uses the latest in database technology to correlate it to an address, thus intuiting the physical location of the researcher. Simultaneously, it uses the PostScript page design language to compose a fax cover sheet. The cover sheet zips at the speed of light to a waiting fax-modem, where it crosses the boundary into the telecommunications system and, from there, is received by a Cambridge, MA pizzeria. Its sacred duty almost complete, `xpizza` debits a pre-paid account, and awaits delivery of a real, steaming pizza.

Virtual foraging. Gotta love it.

## Senate Shorts

*Chris Woods*

Senate meets once per month, and the paper comes out biweekly. Hmmmm. An interesting dilemma. Do I split the meager reports from Senate, or write nothing. Well, I'm good at doing nothing, but the editors don't like that. So, how about an election report?

Oh, you didn't know? I was appointed Elections Commissioner a couple of weeks ago.

Surprised? Me too, but apparently I am an unbiased, efficient person with plenty of time on my hands. Well, I can attest to the last bit. (Anyone got any good jobs going... I can differentiate the 5 species of Pacific Salmon, as well as most commercial groundfish and—ahem.)

Executive nominations are open until that wonderful day of flowers, chocolates and hearts. Yuk!! Which means if this paper came out on time, you have until 6:00 PM (assuming it *is* the 14th) to get your nomination forms to me. Hopefully, you saw the posters and I already have your form.

For those of you uninterested in devoting large amounts of time to an... er... extremely worthwhile cause, get out and *vote*, in two weeks. For those of you with a little time, and the need for a little money, sign up to be a poll clerk for a couple of hours. (See ad somewhere else).

To keep this legit, I will tell you that, as Science senator, I am still working on Reading *Week*, and other things, including improving the classroom standards on campus. I think I have more hours of meetings than classes in a given week. And I seem to make it to all my meetings! Funny, that...

## Circvs Scientificvs

*Delwin Yung*

Did you know there's free skating at the Winter Sports Center weekdays from 8:30-12:30? How about drop-in hockey? In fact, there's all sorts of drop-in-sports you can use to keep in shape.

**Badminton:** Wed. 9:30-11:30 pm

**Basketball:** Tues and Wed, 5:30 -6:30 pm

**Table Tennis:** Wed, 7:30 - 9:30 pm

**Volleyball:** Tuesday, 6:30 - 8:30 pm

All at War Memorial.

Finally, Term 2 Sports Rebates are due by March 21st. Hopefully they'll be processed before finals. Forms are available in CHEM 160.

# Non-Editorial.

**Tessa Moon**
*Recovering Ubyssey Writer*

It happened just about the time I started believing, contrary to word of mouth and my better judgement, that the Editor was marginally human.

It served me right for not paying more heed to my fifth cousin's tentmate's sister. She once wrote for the <censored> and told me time and time again that all editors were, by definition, creatures that made the drooling organisms from Aliens look like pussycats. And I never listened.

A pox on treacherous piles of glass and metal. My user-friendly, oh-so-convenient computer finally got me back for all those punches. Five hours and fifty-eight minutes before the deadline, it winked out on me.

No problem, I told myself by way of facile reassurance.

"Can I have a 24 hour extension on my deadline?" I asked The Editor, prepared for a jovial *"sure, take your time..."*

The phone bucked in my hand as he screamed a word you can't say on television.

I started to ask why not, but my eardrums objected. I resigned myself to accepting a compromise. "12 hours," I offered him.

He offered me a hand grenade, minus the safety pin.

"Six?" I said, with an uncomfortable conviction that I knew what had happened to those staffers who had gone missing last week.

He said nothing to me but shouted something to someone in the background. I heard the frantic babbling of The Assistant Editor, cut off by the thud of a body hitting the floor, then The Ed was back.

"If you come in a quarter-second past 4:32," he said with the vaguely macabre cheerfulness of his kind, "I'll feed you cyanide without a GI tube."

I offered one final, feeble objection. "My word-processor is off line and I write like doctors do on prescriptions."

That got through. There was a moment of contemplative silence, then I heard the light bulb go "boing" in his head.

"Go up to *The Ubyssey* and borrow that typewriter they had on display during Clubs Days," he said.

Sanity squirmed; I considered departure. I held on, knowing that if I let go, The Ed would order me tied to a gun carriage and left overnight in the Vancouver rain. "Yessir," I said.

"Bye," he said sweetly. "Work hard." He hung up.

Every so often I have delusions of immortality that would give Saddam Hussein a run for his money, but not when it comes to crotchety editors with locked refrigerators. It didn't take long to figure out they—the refrigerators, not the editors—contained assorted staffer parts with which they played Lego on those long production nights.

The typewriter lay in *The Ubyssey*'s balcony, shrouded by a half inch of dust and rust. It grinned evilly as I approached.

I gulped and reconsidered, but the deadline looming ahead egged me on.

The thing was an anachronism. I dusted it off as best I could and rolled in a sheet of paper.

Or tried. I watched in disbelief as the typewriter, with the sort of expressive twang rusty springs make, spat out the paper. I caught it in midair and rolled it in again. The damnable paper flapped up into my face like a thing alive while the typewriter vibrated with what could only be described as naked hostility.

I tried again. And again. And again, but to no avail.

Viciously, I planted a foot on the rebellious machine, clutched the paper and rolled. But this time, I held the knob firmly in place. I could feel it writhing as I began typing as fast as I could with one hand.

By the time I was finished, my hand had turned into a claw, but I had more than two minutes to deadline. I let go and caught the precious sheet of paper as it flew into the air, dusty, cramped, but triumphant.

I arrived in the office with ten seconds to spare to find the floor covered with suds. The Editor was shaking droplets of beer from a keyboard. The Assistant Editor was trying to swim in two inches of liquid, almost successfully. Both were giggling dementedly.

"Deadline's been extended 'til tomorrow," The Assistant Ed told me as he came up for air. "We had a beer spill and the computer short-circuited."

And he ducked back under.

They told me later that David Strangway called from home to complain of a screaming noise coming from the general direction of CHEM 160, which went on for a long, long time.

*(ed. Don't believe everything you see in print. We're actually quite reasonable and friendly. We don't usually bite anyone. Honest!)*

# We Are *Not* Amused.

**Ryan McCUAIG**

I'm depressed this week. I'm also more than a little indignant.

Allan Fotheringham—my former idol and the Canadian king of political sarcasm—mentioned me in one of his opinion pieces in *Macleans* (December 6).

He called me, as one of the council appointees to the AMS Publications Board, a "student counsel (sic) gauleiter".

Yeah, I had to look it up, too. It wasn't in my (our) dictionary.

(I did discover, however, that it would fall somewhere between Gaul and gaunt if it were present. Both of those terms apply quite nicely, however, as I am both a fan of *Asterix* and thin. My reichsführer Blair tells me the *gauleiters* were Nazi censors. But I digress.)

It's an entertaining article, dripping with a brand of irony that can only spring from supreme ignorance on the part of the author.

Dr Foth writes about how the "Political Correctness Police" have invaded the media and are trying to turn him, a "reporter with strong views", into "a touchy-feely, warm-and-fuzzy social worker".

He mentions the latest example of (buzzword alert!) PC-muzzling that the "Tiny Tories who populate campus politics have castrated *The Ubyssey*, the most celebrated university paper in the land".

Go ahead. Read it again if that assessment struck you as *odd*.

No, no, not that "most celebrated" bit. I'm referring to his mistaken impression that militant political correctness is something that is imposed on *The Ubyssey* from with*out*.

One has first to recognise that the good doctor's journalistic training was granted him by the hallowed presses of *The Ubyssey* way back in the fifties. So, it should come as no surprise that Fotheringham will spring to the defence of his "J-school" at any opposition that rears its ugly head.

'Cause, hey, if it opposes *The Ubyssey*, it opposes everybody and must be stopped, for the very fabric of society *hangs in the balance*.

However, the ol' Fothster did also give his journalistic descendants a slap in the face without knowing it. He took the student uproar at the University of New Brunswick regarding the temporary reinstatement of math prof Matin Yaqzan as proof that students are "ignorant and intolerant".

Oops. Guess which particular students at this university seemed the most outraged at the time. Yup, their name is legion, and it unfortunately rhymes with "Foobyssey".

Then again, Fotheringham is also still under the impression that the AMS's offices are still to be found in Brock Hall. As the Student's Union Building is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary this year, I invite the reader to perform the necessary subtraction and determine how far out of date his facts seem to be.

It's sad that such a "reporter with strong views" exists as a role model to the student journalists of today, and as a patron saint to the powers that be in SUB 241K. (along with Joe Schlesinger, Pat Carney, Katherine Monk, *et cetera ad nauseatum*).

The article that you are reading right now would be typical of the drift that "reporters" have been taking recently, if I had ever claimed to be a reporter. For this article, I conducted no research, no interviews, and am attempting to pass off my own views as fact. Opinion over news shoots off to infinity. But, hey, this is an editorial. I can say what I want. I've always thought that the world would be so much easier to live in if we didn't consider hypocrisy to be a bad thing.

Sadly, as any avid reader of *The Ubyssey* knows, this kind of "analynews" is its trademark; snarky commentary masquerades as hard-hitting investigative journalism.

*The Ubyssey*, much as they might like you to believe otherwise, is not the least bit exceptional or noteworthy. It is only one of a pack of publications, *Macleans* included, ready to invoke the spirit of Orwell and cry censorship should any attempt be made to apply the reins to their much-treasured editorial freedom. The exertion of outside influence would not, however, be considered as urgent if editors would apply those reins themselves and steer away from the mass of irrelevance and unsubstantiated opinion in contemporary journalism. Censorship is completely superfluous when journalists themselves hide what little factual information they have in a swamp of trivial details.

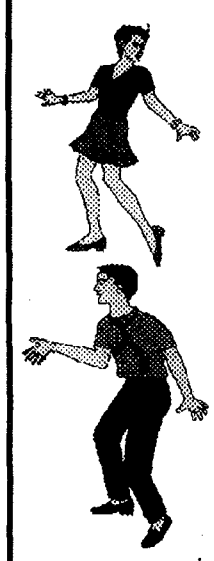
Oh boy, 1994. A good day to you, Mr Huxley.

**The 432.**
**NEXT DEADLINE**
**22 FEBRUARY 1994**

**...columnists**
**...cartoonists**
**...humourists**
**...lackeys**

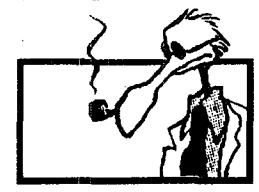
**All welcome.**
**Inquire at SUS**

From the First Yea
Committee



The Winter Thaw
Price: $4
DANCE
Wednesday
Feb 23
7 - 11 pm
SUB Partyroom

# 'Bout this Crummy Cerebrum Ya Sold Me...



Roger **WATTS**

Do you ever get that feeling that maybe, j ust maybe, your mind isn't working quite the way it should?

I have this sinking feeling that mine should be sent back to the factory. I'd be interested to know how it got by Quality Control in the first place; I'll bet the inspector on duty was either intently picking his nose at the time, too busy putting out the electrical fire in the brain they sent to Charles Manson to notice mine slip by, or simply endowed with a similarly useless lump of goop between *his* ears.

At any rate, the one I got has its deficiencies. It's real slow to start in the morning, it doesn't seem to fire on all cylinders, the wiring is bad, it has no pull at all going uphill, the accelerator always gets stuck and the brakes don't work. To say nothing of the fact that it can instantly recall such useful items as the main title theme of the TV show *CHiPs*, and yet cannot see its way clear to pull my fingers out of imminently-closing car doors.

The last time I owned a product this erratic, temperamental and otherwise broken, I made a doorstop out of it. The only other useful applications I could think of for a defective brain were either a bath sponge or a throw pillow, and I'm not sure any of the three would leave any house guests I might receive feeling completely at ease with their surroundings... *Hey, Rog, do you have any dandruff shampoo in here? I can't find it, but there is a BRAIN IN YOUR TUB!!! OH MY GOD!! AAAAAAIIIII-IEEEEEEEGGGGHHH!!*

As you may well imagine, the thought of said guest fleeing naked and soapy across the front lawn (much to the chagrin of the neighbors) paints a rather unsavoury mental picture. So I'm afraid I'm stuck with the damn thing as a thinking device, such as it is.

I must admit, though, that it does occasinally afford me a laugh or two when it screws up in particular ways. Allow me to explain...

Last week, our residence was visited by a gentleman known in professional theatrical circles as Mesmer the Mentalist. This fellow seemed to have been endowed with a rather special brain, which allowed him to control the brains of others through their subconscious mind. *What a lucky bastard*, thought I. Not only was I haplessly burdened with a cheap polyester off-the-rack brain whose seams were splitting, but here was a guy who had his brain taiolred by the neurological Giorgio Armani. Not fair at all.

Anyway, being the skeptical sort that I am, I figured that I'd go and see this guy's show, hoping see firsthand if the power of suggestion could really influence people's minds. I'm happy to say that I got instant results; the minute I got there, the Colossus of Rhodes (posing as a doorman) suggested that I pay five bucks to get in, a request with which I found myself complying quite readily. Having negotiated the first hurdle to mental enlightenment, I sat down and waited for the show to begin. Soon, Mesmer himself appeared, and we got down to business with the mind-control thing.

(I mentioned eariler that my brain doesn't work properly. It was at this point in the proceedings that it inexplicably directed my legs to stand me up and walk me up to the stage as a volunteer for hypnosis. I'm still not sure why, but I suspect that my parietal lobe, which started belching black smoke the minute I reached the stage, might have had something to do with it.)

And so, instead of being an interested observer gaining useful insight in to the workings of the subconscious mind, I was suddenly transformed into Encephalic Guinea Pig Numero Uno. Fortunately, I found myself joined by about other twenty other test subjects as well - which was a very good thing, as it turns out.

As Mesmer began doing his thing, I did my best to do what he said and relax. But I couldn't do it. While everyone else was being happily hypnotized, I was busy giving my brain the mental equivalent of a good swift kick in the front grille while cursing it for being so useless that it couldn't even get hypnotized correctly.

Of course, sitting up on the stage, pretending to be in a hyper-relaxed trancelike state, I now had bigger problems to worry about. As the others blissfully began performing all manner of silly things that he told them to do, I began to debate how I was going to pull this off without either making this poor man look like a quack or feeling like a complete idiot when he asked me to get up and pretend to be Spider-Man.

All told, I think I did rather well; I was entertaining if nothing else. Among the highlights were my stunning rendition of the famous soliloquy, "BAA HA HA HA HA! NICE UNIT!" when we were supposed to think Mesmer was naked, and a rather fun little bit where we had to pretend we were unsuccessfully trying to perform our favorite professions. I instantly began typing frantically in the air with my knuckles, explaining that I was an Army stenographer.

As if this rather unusual profession (which, you will recall, was supposed to be my subconscious's idea of the ideal vocation) wasn't strange enough, I proceeded to declare that the reason I was being frustrated in my efforts to do so was that "I'd had my fingers blown off in 'Nam." A touch contrived, perhaps, but it did bring down the house...

The rest of the night continued much along the same lines; I crowned the performance with an unsuccessful search on and around the stage for my imaginary pet mouse, Foster. I'm sorry to say, though, that the whole experience left me more or less where I'd begun in my understanding of hypnosis in general.

I must admit, however, that it didn't leave me *completely* unaffected; I was indeed very relaxed, and I slept like a baby when I went to bed that night. So I guess that I can take comfort in the fact that my brain isn't *completely* alien to this sphere of consciousness, or without its own miniscule measure of functional merit.

Then again, broken clocks are right twice a day, too...

INFORMAL LUNCH MEETING FOR
Wo men In Scien ce
Thursday, February 24, 1994
12:30 PM
(bring your lunch, juice provided)

FAMILY AND NUTRITIONAL SCIENCE ROOM 60

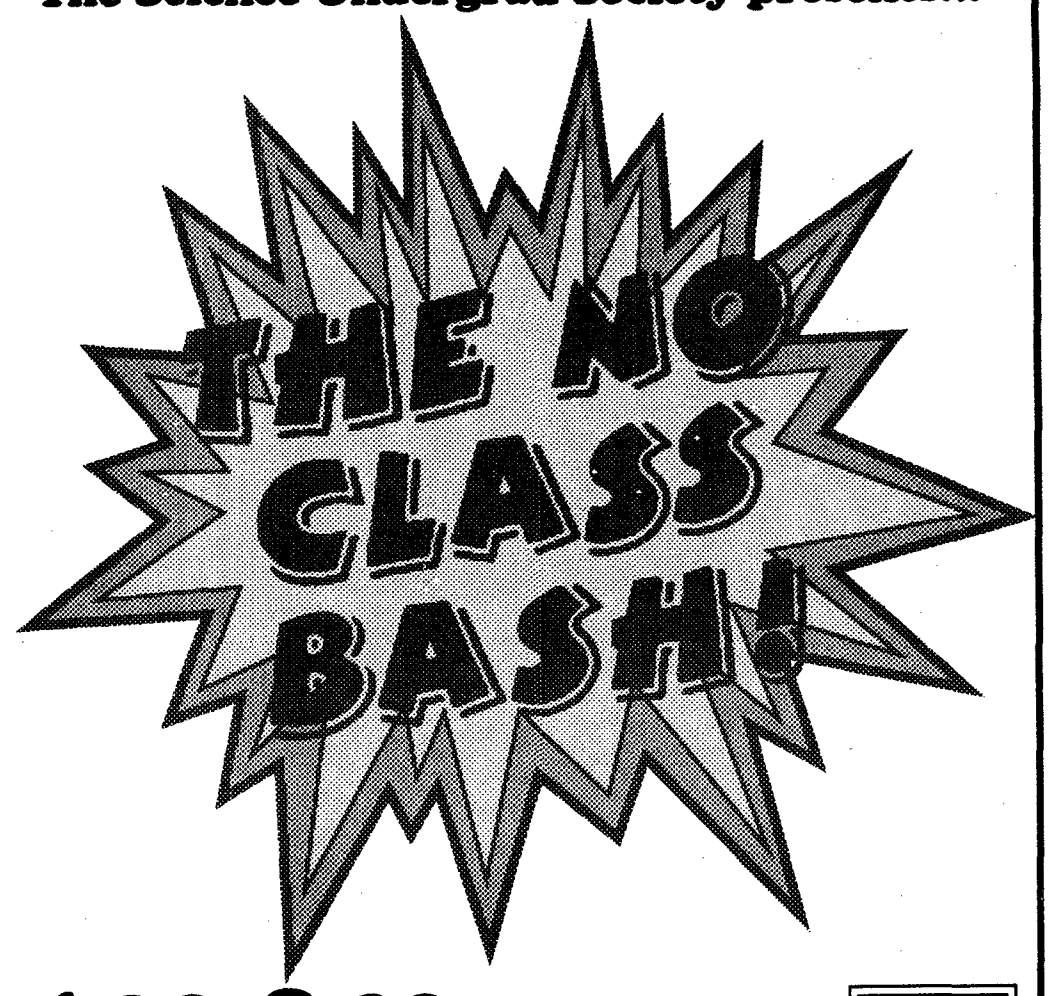
## *Chilly Climate*

This lunch hour will focus specifically on the issue of gender in science and, in fact, in academia as a whole. We will watch an excellent half-hour video called "Chilly Climate" and discuss the issues that come up.

NEXT TALK:
Thursday, March 31, ANGU 31
"The Balance"

How to juggle your career, your children, your home, your life. Is it possible? This discussion will be faciliated by Dr. Carol Pollock and will focus on sharing helpful hints.


**The Science Undergrad Society presents...**




**4:32–8:00 pm, February 16. SUB Partyroom.**

SCIENCE UBC