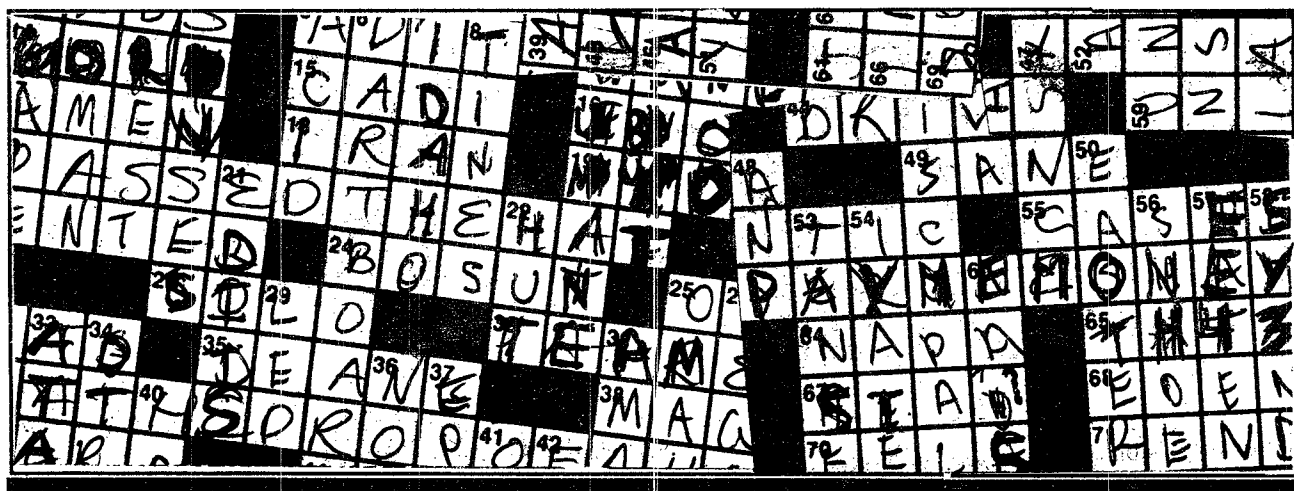


The 432

Volume 4 Issue 13 The Newspaper for Science Students Wednesday, March 13, 1991

432 Awards to be given out at AGM

(that's: awards by The 432, not four hundred and thirty-two awards to be given out)

The 432 will be presenting awards at the Science Undergraduate Society's Annual General Meeting. The AGM will be held tomorrow at 1pm in the SUB Partyroom.

Snacks and refreshments will be provided (free). The AGM is open to all Science students and Science Faculty, and those invited by the Science Undergraduate Society.

There are a number of awards to be given out by The 432; all awards are for articles and cartoons contributed to the Paper For Science Students.

Premier among these awards are:

i) The Best Article.
ii) The Best Article From A Regular Column.
iii) The Best Article Under 500 Words.
iv) The Best Cartoon or Graphic

A number of finalists for these awards were chosen from the issues 1-12 of Volume 4 of *The432*. These selections were then forwarded to a number of judges, who then each chose the best articles in each category, assigning points to first, second, and third.

The number of judges varied from category to category. For the Best Cartoon Category, there were 51 judges. For the Best Article in a Column, there were only twelve judges.

The following people are finalist for each category; *The 432* asks them to come to the AGM for the announcement of the winners:

BEST ARTICLE:

Alan Douglas
Aaron Drake
David New
Antonia Rozario

BEST ARTICLE FROM A REGULAR COLUMN

Aaron Drake
Ari Giligson
Derek Miller
David New
Patrick Redding
Antonia Rozario

BEST ARTICLE UNDER 500 WORDS(if more than one author, then the article is named as well)

Alan Douglas
Aaron Drake
Caireen Hanert
Top Ten Reasons, Issue 9, by Claudio de Los Rios, Ari Giligson, Mark Hoenig, et al.
Questions for Dan Quayle, Issue 9, by Elain Wong, Sarah Thornton, Gloria Sheen, et al.
Questions for Dan Quayle, Issue 7, by Don Hitchen, Aaron Drake, et al.

BEST CARTOON AND GRAPHIC

L'Incroyable Thrud, The Physics of Swordplay, by David New and Mike Jackson(illustrator)
L'Incroyable Thrud, Radiation, by David New and Mike Jackson(illustrator)
L'Incroyable Thrud, Kinetic Energy, by David New and Mike Jackson(illustrator)
Science Holds The Torch, by Caireen Hanert, Aaron Drake, and David New(ill.)
Ever Wonders Who Marks Your Tests? by Cesare Battista
A Student Has Only Little Time To Sleep, by Cesare Battista
The Dove In The Jet, by Patrick Redding
Lesser Know Chess Openings-The Iraqi Gambit, by Aaron Drake and Patrick Redding(ill.)
The Evolution of an Experiment, by Aaron Drake

432 to have myn's issue

by Tanya Rose

The final issue of The 432 will be the myn's issue, the Director of Publications revealed.

"That's myn, not man. We're tired of being referred to as a derivative from the other sex, the woman."

The editor admitted that the establishment of a myn's issue is an effort to keep a balance at UBC. Whereas the Ubyssey has a women's issue, there is nothing on campus that devotes time to male issues, such as belching, macho posturing, and sexist comments that end up making the male look like a bonehead.

Alan Douglas, one of the writers for the next issue said, "It's been a long time coming. Hey: why did God invent women?"

"NONE of that until the next issue, dammit!" said Trent Hammer, AMS Rep and Myn's issue contributor.

Among the regular features in the 432, there will columns on:

1) Sexist Jokes Revolving Around Three Women Who Find A Lantern On The Beach And End Up Being Turned Into Myn,
2) Tips on Proper Techniques For Saying The Entire Alphabet In One Belch,
3) How To Discreetly Leave The Seat Up And Miss The Toilet Altogether,
4) Why Letting Another Myn Beat You At Even The Most Insignificant Of Games Means He Has The Bigger Penis.

When asked if they were concerned about a public backlash on such sexist material, the 432 editor pointed out that printing sexism was just a simple flexing of the muscles of freedom of speech, not unlike printing erotic gay literature to make the public more aware of safe sex.

"We're making the public more aware of...of, uh...um..."

Anyone interested in writing for the all-myn issue is welcome to come to a planning session at 5:30 on Thursday at the Physics Society, which is commonly held to be the most sexist society on campus (owing to the fact that 90% of the males in Physsoc are afraid of women). The strategy will be planned there, over beer-chugging races, and high-five practises. All writers are expected to contribute at least one stereotypical sexist comment. examples of such, for beginning myn:

1) Hey babyyyyyyyy!
2) The feminist movement would run much better if a MYN was in charge!
3) Well, at least I can write my name in the snow.

When asked if the women Executive of SUS would object to such a blatantly sexist issue, the editor replied, "Oh heck no, they're a good bunch of gals. Could you go make me some coffee?"

Elections delayed

SUS Executive elections ended Friday, March 8, but as of press time, the election results were not available. Normally, ballots are counted immediately after the poll booths close, but irregularities in the campaign have forced the Elections Commissioner Christopher Sing to delay ballot counting until the irregularities could be resolved.

Elections Commissioner, Christopher Sing, said,in a brief statement, "We are presently investigating a candidate's campaign. There have been allegations of irregularities and there has been evidence presented. Before the ballot counting can take place, these irregularities must be investigated. These allegations, if proven true, may result in the disqualification of that candidate."

Due to the sensitivity of the issue, no names were given to *The 432*. However, full details of the investigation, if irregularities are found to have occurred, will be available for the next issue.

Ubyssey prank flops

Practical joke by Ubyssey on Physsoc backfires

(Physsoc) The Ubyssey and the U.B.C. Physics Society are at odds over a prank by the newspaper that targeted Physsoc as the unlikely victim.

The Ubyssey, in their Friday March 1 issue, ran a joke article about GST rebates. In it, students were given three phone numbers to call, for further information. One of the numbers was 228 3116, the phone number of Physsoc.

"We got phone calls at all hours," said Physsoc President Caireen Hanert. "I don't know what the Ubyssey has against us, but they deserve everything they got."

Physsoc, throwing the joke back in the face of the Campus Rag, directed all members to Phone-Link all inquiries to the Ubyssey, effectively making the Ubyssey the target of their own joke.

Mike Hamilton, a Physsoc member said taking the phone calls went from a frustrating task to a hilarious venture. "We'd make up all sorts of things. We'd tell them that they had two hundred dollars coming and that we'd transfer them to the head office so that they can get their money quickly. Then we'd transfer them to the Ubyssey office."

By Friday, Physsoc, who has kept track of the number of callers, claimed to have transferred 118 calls to the Ubyssey offices. "People are really stupid, that's all I can say," said one member of Physsoc who did not wish to be identified. "We were answering the phone by saying 'GST Hoax Line!' and people were still inquiring about their rebate."

Sharon Lindores, a staff member at the Ubyssey, admits that the joke blew up in the Ubyssey's face. "We never expected Physsoc to transfer the calls back to us. It is kind of funny, I guess."

Meanwhile, the Ubyssey has not officially commented on the calls, although they deny receiving any calls whatsoever. Caireen Hanert said this was absolutely untrue. "When we went over to their offices for an explanation, they told us that no one was calling them. But in the space of the time we were there, they received four calls for the GST rebate."

The phone calls continued over the course of several days, and even prompted a concerned RCMP officer to investigate. "He called us to ask us what we were doing with the information we were getting from these people," said Mike Hamilton. "We told him we weren't the ones who started it, and he left us at that."

Admitting that it was somewhat frustrating to have their phone tied up by students who were so stupid as to fall for an obvious prank, Physsoc president Hanert has said she has not ruled out taking the Ubyssey to court, but plans to seek legal help first.

The remainder of the Physsoc Executive, drunk and in jail, were unavailable for comment.

432 Poll

Let us know what you think:

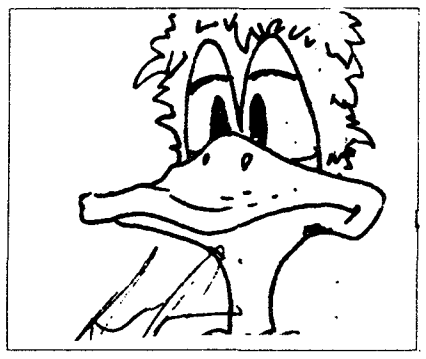
Are Ubyssey Staffers

a) lizard-like amphibious thingies that should be boiled in oil.

b) champions of justice, free speech, and the preservation of respect for ALL races, sexes, sexual persuasions, who should be boiled in oil.

c) they should be boiled in lard.

Operators are standing by: phone in your vote: 22301 (822-2301), which is definitely NOT the phone number of the Ubyssey offices, but an accredited Gallup Poll Association that just happens to have the exact same phone number as the Ubyssey.



Let's talk shop

I have just stumbled upon a couple of incredible business concept,s which will make some lucky enterpreneur very rich. I'll tell you all about it, but first, allow me to give you a bit of background. Let's take a quick quiz:

Your spouse wants you to enlighten you on the benefits of recycling, and so she has put a box under the sink for recycling note paper. Do you

a) think it is a good idea and make an honest effort to recycle your paper,

b) yell at your wife for being manipulative and you can damned well do whatever the hell you want with your paper even shove it up your nose,

c) refuse on the grounds that taking shots at the waste basket across the room is cardio-vascular activity and besides it's the last quarter with two seconds left and the score is tied.

That was for the men, by the way. The women get their own sexist question in a second. Now, if you answered a, then give yourself one point. If you answered b, then you can stop reading right here, because obviously you are to damned hostile to listen to anything I have to say. But if you answered c, then you are the only one who isn't lying.

Now for the women:

The only thing more important to me than Shopping is

a) breathing

b) more <u>important</u>?!?

c) there's something more important?

d) I'm not answering this damned sexist question.

If you answered a, give yourself a point. If you answered d, then you can stop reading right here and go and try to get that sexist pig to recycle his paper.

Great. Now ad up your score, divide by the speed of light, and write it down, backwards. Then you can leave the room for being so obviously gullible.

Now that I have sneakily used Survival Of The Fittest Techniques to isolate you potential entrepreneurs, here comes my idea.

Everyone see where I'm going? Women have primal urges to shop. It is a base instinct to try on new dresses. It's true. Psychologists have observed that large groups of rioting women can be instantly calmed by simply waving **20% off** signs.

I understand that this sounds sexist, but the truth of it is that scientifically sound research, of which I did just the other night, while shooting wads of paper at the garbage can, supports me on this one. It is but women nature.

Now here's some man nature: Men enjoy shopping EXCEPT if it is with a woman. Then it becomes a fate worse than death.

She: What do you think of this dress?

He: It's fine. Buy it. Let's go.

She: Buy? Who said I was going to buy anything? I just want to try them on.

He: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

She: I'll just try one dozen more?

The scene is repeated day in and day out. You think that the clothing stores would provide seats for the poor males who must wait for their dearly beloveds to try on that one last off-the-shoulder-dress. Eventually they stand out in the middle of the shopping mall and throw balled up wads of paper at the potted plants.

A fate worse than death. I swear.

Judge: I find the defendant guilty on all ninety-seven counts of first-degree murder. Does the defendant have anything to say before I pass sentence?

Defendant: I didn't know the gun was loaded, your honour.

Judge: I hereby sentence the defendant to go shopping with a woman for twelve hours.

Defendant: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

Defense Lawyer: Your honour, I must protest such cruel punishment!

Judge: Hmmm...you're right. We'll make it six hundred years at hard labour with chance for parole in four hundred.

Defendant: Oh, thank you, your honour!

Victims' Relatives: MAKE HIM GO SHOPPING!

You'll notice that I said men hate to shop with women. Men enjoy shopping, when they do it alone, or when they're buying power tools. Which brings me to my first entrepreneurial insight: Have Power Tool/Clothing Shops. Women can get the pants they need, and men can check out the Roto-Tillers. Sound perfect?

Actually, it isn't all that perfect, because men tire of shopping infinitely faster than women, so eventually, they'd be standing around throwing wads of paper into the septic tank cleaning device. If you want to improve on the concept, you must give men TOYS. Let them test drive the Roto-Tiller. Have a patch of thick dirt in the corner to run the Roto-Tiller back and forth over.

And this brings me to my Sure-Fire-Can't-Fail-To-Succeed-Entrepreneurial-Idea. We have isolated men and women's needs and likes. Women like to shop. Men would sooner have root canals. But men DO like to shoot rolled up balls of paper at things, *and* they like power tool toys. So here it is:

You have basketball courts in the center of every clothings store, with balls of paper scattered about, and wastepaper baskets at either end. The men then can get in a little one-on-one, while they wait for the women. This in itself is <u>almost</u> enough to keep the men preoccupied until the women are ready to leave, but not quite. So we need to give them more toys.

Give them those little John Deere Tractor Lawn mowers to ride around on while they play one on one. It's be a cross between mechanized polo and basketball. It would keep men happy forever.

There. I don't want compensation from anyone who chooses to use this idea to get fabulously rich. I just want you to tell me where it is so I can go there next time my Sweet Baboo gets it in her head that she simply *needs* another belt - one that doesn't clash with Arbor Day Celebrations

Wanted

<u>Sales Manager</u>

for SUS for the 91/92 School year.

Total control of purchases & marketing.

5% cash commission + 5% clothing commission on gross sales.

See Dean Leung at Chem 160

Ahem...
Happy Birthday to youuuuu.

Happy Birthday to youuuuuu

Happy Biiiiiiirthday dearrrrr... uh.... dearrrrrrrr....(Ari) ARIIIIIIIIIIIII.....

Happy Biiiiirthdayyyyy toooooo youuuuuuuuu! (And many morrrrrre...)

This message brought to you by the Committee Against Birthday Songs Being Sung by Overworked Editors at Three in the Morning (CABS BS DEOM), Let this be a lesson to those of you considering missing a deadline. We'll sing to you.

Top Ten Reasons To Go To The SUS AGM Tomorrow

10. Fritos, Fritos, Fritos!

9. If it gets boring, we'll break into a game of Twister.

8. Participate in the group critique of the chopped carrots.

7. Saddam Hussein to peddle Amway products.

6. Catherine Rankel, SUS President, to play accordion.

5. If Dean McBride sees his shadow, then six more weeks of winter.

4. Join in rousing ditty of O Canada to be accompanied by Catherine Rankel.

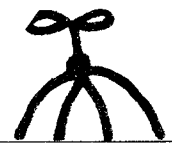
3. Radical Beer Faction to compete with Teaching Excellence Award Nominees in Boat Races.

2. Arts-Free Zone.

1. Suprise tanking of Dean McBride.

In Ten Words or Less

by Ed Short



(In Ten Words or Less is a regular column by Ed Short, master of Precis, who presents political opinions in ten or less words, not including the title)

In Response to the Well-Meaning but Completely Misguided Criticisms Levied at Me, Ed Short, That are to the Effect That I am Cheating By Not Restricting the Length of the Titles in My Much Acclaimed "In Ten Words or Less" Articles (Namely This), by Ed Short (Namely Me), and That By Not Doing So, Or Doing So, Whichever Way You Want to Look at It, I am Expressing My Ideas More-So in the Title Than in the Text, and That I, Ed Short, the Prince of Precis, am Thus Circumventing the Entire Ten Words or Less Criteria, Criticisms That I, Ed Short, the Sultan of Succinct Summary, Hasten to Point Out, Are Made By Poeple Who Obviously Know Nothing of the Fine Art of Precis Writing, People Who Couldn't Summarize a Fortune Cookie if Their Mother's Life Depended On It, People Who Do Not Possess Even an Inkling of the Sort of Razor Sharp Precise Thought Abilities Needed By People Like Me, Who Can express Ideas More Simply and Clearly Than Those Other People I Mentioned Before Have, People Who Do Not Know As Do I, Ed Short, the Tycoon of Taciturn Trenchant Tight-Knit Text, How to Avoid Imperspicious Opacity and Unnecessary Repitition, Redundancy, Reiteration, and Repitition,; To Them, and To This, I, Ed Short, The Pithiest Man in Canada, Respond Thusly:

I'm sorry, what was the question again?

Questions For Dan Quayle

Ed Short's Condensed Notes on the Classics of American, European, but not Canadian Literature (Although, You Would Think That a Canadian School Would Include Canadian Literature In a Core English Course For Canadian Students, But Then Again, Are There Any Canadian Classics in Literature, Other Than Farley Mowat's *Owls in the Family*) For English 100 Students

by Ed Short

The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald
A man gets rich. He fools around with another man's wife. He runs over someone. He dies.

Hamlet by William Shakespeare
A Danish prince mopes about.

Macbeth by William Shakespeare
Macbeth kills the king then gets killed by Macduff. Three fat witches make occasional appearances and boil things.

The Catcher in the Rye by J.D.Salinger
A mixed-up kid gets booted out of school. He tries to get laid. He goes nuts.

The Grapes of Wrath by John Steinbeck
A family moves to California and doesn't have much money.

Webster's Dictionary by Noah Webster
A,B,C,D,E,F,G,H,I,J,K,L,M,N,O,P,Q,R,S,T,U,V,W,X,Y,Z, and various permutations thereof.

The Holy Bible
Stop it.

Onomatopoeia doesn't sound like anything. They should have called it Boomomatopoeia or maybe WhacketyWhacketymatopoeia.

A palindrome isn't. Maybe they should have called it a palindromeemordnilap.

And monosyllabic has too many syllables.

What about "Woe is me?" Isn't it grammatically correct to say, "I am woe?"

What religion are Church's chickens?

If Wonder Woman's plane was invisible, how in the heck did she ever find it? What about the bugs on the windshield? We'd see them.

What is succotash suffering from?

Mars Bars taste nothing like Mars, I'm pretty sure.

What is a tat and where do I go to exchange them?

What does a stitch in time save nine of? How exactly do you put a stitch in time?

How sick do you have to be to be as sick as a dog? What is a dog as sick of? What if you're almost as sick as a dog? Then are you as sick as a buffalo? How sick do you have to be to be as sick as a camel?

How happy do you have to be to be as happy as a clam? How do we know that clams are so happy? They don't hold parties. They don't have glee clubs. They just sit there, sucking in sea water.

Where do Disks drive to?

And slides don't.

What the heck does droppping an eave have to do with overhearing someone's conversation?

What's so easy about an Easy Chair? Why are regular chairs more difficult? And what about Love Seats? They're too small to be called that. Maybe they should be called Neck Seats, or Hold Hand Seats.

Where in the world did they come up with the word "snot?" I mean, "mucus" doesn't even vaguely resemble the word "snot." Was someone killing time, one day, listing new words for mucus. Which makes me wonder why he chose the word "booger."

Why do they call our zippers "flys?" They don't fly - they zip.

Why do people launch complaints? Does it involve a countdown?

Special thanks to the contributors: Michael Mew, Brendan Whelly, Mark Hoenig, Aaron Drake, Dono Hitchen, Amar.

SUS Year End Clearance Clearout

"The Booger Sale"

On sale, March 20-28

While Supplies Last

Package A
White Sweathsirt - UBC Shield (reg $19.25)
Navy Sweatpants (reg $17.25)
Sale Price: $25 (reg $36.50)

Package B
Navy or White Pullover (reg $37.50)
White Sweatshirt-UBC Shield (reg $19.25)
Navy Sweatpants (reg $17.25)
S.U.D.S. T-Shirt (reg $5.50)
Sale Price: $50 (reg $79.50)

Sales Booths in SUB, Wesbrook, Hebb, Chem, Wood 10:30 - 2:30 pm

by David New

Televisation and the AMS

Amidst all the recent kerfuffle about remodelling the AMS, its student council, and its executive seating arrangements — subjects far too difficult and controversial to detail in full scope — many students have become confused over the precise nature of the proposed changes. Many others have seen fit to venture their own irredoubtable opinions on the matter, and still more have missed at least one night's sleep from worry.

By far the most significant change proposed, however, and certainly that which has provoked the most debate, is the potential televisation of the AMS. Its proponents cite authorities from Marshall McLuhan to Aristotle to Fred Rogers, while its protesters wave angry pickets and decry the impending collapse of a majestic tradition.

Ever since the AMS was founded, television cameras have not been permitted inside the AMS Council Chambers: in order adequately to cover a meeting, the media has had either to hire courtroom sketchists at exorbitant rates or, as it did during the 1990 *nEUSlettre* scandal, disguise its cameras as giant ferns being brought in especially for the occasion.

"They don't like all the extra hassle of gluing and ungluing leaves from their equipment," said Maurice Mainnoir, president of Students for the Televisation of Underpublicized Council Chambers Operations. "If we opened Chambers to cameras, the media would sit up and take notice whenever we as students take an important stand."

Mainnoir said that Rogers Cable 4 has already expressed interest in carrying AMS meetings on its Fraser Valley lineup. "They did a profile of Kurt Preinsperg last October, and the response was so good they want to do a silhouette of Wendy King this year. But her office doesn't have any windows, so without the use of Council Chambers they're stuck."

Sylvia Schwarzhand, a first-year Science student who heads Students for the Termination of Underproductive Council Kibitzing, disagreed. "Most faculty reps don't even sit up and take notice when the food arrives," she said. "And does anybody actually watch Rogers Cable 4? Except for the wind speed and ferry schedule, I mean."

A spokesperson for Rogers Cable 4, Charlene Chyornruka, clarified the station's offer to broadcast meetings. "You have no idea how tough it is to find a decent kids' program for Wednesday nights. When we heard about the AMS's offer, well, we just snapped it up."

Televising the AMS would have more benefits than just increased off-campus awareness, Mainnoir said. "Wednesday night is Pit night, and playing a live feed from upstairs on the wide-screen TV would spark student interest like that! Apathy just wouldn't be a problem anymore."

Mainnoir suggested drinking games like Pick-the-Arts-Rep-to-Open-Their-Mouth-out-of-Turn-Next and Abstentions Roulette, and even a Dan-Quayle-of-the-Week raffle in which people would guess which Council member would come up with the meeting's most inane comment. "It would certainly enliven the Wednesday night atmosphere, I'll tell you," he said.

One AMS Council member, who asked that her name not be released, decried the changes. "If the AMS went public, then not only would meeting agendas get longer as everyone brought up her or his own pet idea, but there'd be people clamouring to get on Council at the faculty rep position! Half of us would never have been acclam — I mean, elected!"

Schwarzhand said several significant studies show supplying such satellite service so suddenly suspends student societies' shenanigans, soon subordinating superior standards. Stylistic subterfuge supersedes substance, she said.

But Mainnoir cited the identical papers to show that since UBC's student union never accomplishes anything of note anyway, it is ideally suited to immediate televisation. "What's a student society for if not entertainment?" he said. "Why did we pay $39.50 if not to help us have fun? And if we can't even get our entertainment dollar-value in the comfort of our own home, why have an AMS?"

Mainnoir also said that CiTR campus radio might eventually take over previously installed cameras and branch out into television itself. "Once this thing gets going, there'll be no stopping it. An AMS-run on-campus TV station in conjunction with the Film Department — hey, stranger things have happened, and when you think about it, it sure beats Rogers Cable 4." Mainnoir, an Arts student doing a double major in Rhetoric and Political Science, plans to write a "Televisation Manifesto" for his fourth-year thesis.

Chyornruka confirmed that some people do indeed watch Rogers Cable 4 for other than the wind speed and BC Ferries information. She offered to moderate a live panel discussion on the subject next Thursday morning.

You can catch David New in action about campus, spreading his radical views like fire on a prairie. For instance, David's lates pet vendetta is to establish an International Commission to spell honor with a 'u'.

by Ari Giligson

"The Ubyssey" has become an emotionally charged phrase here at UBC. Almost everybody who has read it has an opinion about it. Those who are considered "left wing" on campus generally have positive things to say about the Ubyssey. Those who are "right wing" on campus are generally not as complementary of our school paper (by the way, I am considered right wing around here but that label quickly changes the moment I leave campus).

In the opinion of the editors, writers, and other assorted staff, that hang around SUB 241K, "the Ubyssey" is: 1)The voice of the students to the Administration and general public, 2)The "official-opposition" to the AMS council, 3)part of the "free press" - yet unlike most papers run as a "democratic collective", 4)A journalism school (since UBC does not have an academic journalism school, and 5)Able to support itself on advertising revenues without the assistance of any AMS subsidies (almost)

In the opinion of much of the AMS council and many students that do not spend most of their time in the north-west corner of campus, "the Ubyssey" is: 1)An unwelcome image of students that is portrayed to the public, 2)So devoid of any creative talent that all its writer can do is always gripe and moan about how bad things are without ever proposing real solutions, 3)Concerned with issues that have very little bearing or relevance to the lives of students. 4)Run by a bunch of hypocrites who point their collective fingers at people in student government as resume stuffers but are only too happy to use their experience on the paper to get a job at a regular newspaper when they graduate, 5)A strain on funds which should be used to encourage student activities concerning all students - "why should I fund their journalism school", and 6)Unable to survive on their own since the AMS pays them to run 1-2 pages of AMS ads per issue.

Yes, "the Ubyssey" is offensive in many respects to some students. But, after all if it weren't offensive, if something in it didn't make you mad every time you read an issue would you read it at all? If they manage to do or say things that piss us off then that is good. If we are complacent all the time then are we really thinking about what is going on around us?

The price that the AMS pays is probably worth just the letters section alone (where people tell why they are pissed off at something that they saw in "the Ubyssey"-usually). As for the charge of not promoting student issues and reporting on student events, It is impossible to represent a limited audience event to such a large audience as UBC students in general. If Nursing is having an event how many people in Forestry are really interested?

Perhaps what we ought to have in addition to "the Ubyssey" is for the AMS to encourage smaller groups such as constituencies (Science, Arts etc.) to produce their own publications. This encouragement would be a per/person, per/circulation grant of money plus some other enticements to actually motivate publication. These "regional" publications would contain material of interest to the target group alone as well as outside articles about AMS, grad class, Alumni, etc. events. Hey, its worked with the 432 and we used our own money.

Good ol' Ari. Always thinking of ways to help the 432. Just last week he offered to sell one of his kidneys to pay for a 12-page issue. Really. But the black market wouldn't take it until he had the "mom" tattoo removed from the frontal lobe.

That's Trivial

by Tanya Rose

Hello again! In honour of the fact that over half a million people gathered in Moscow last week to call for Gorby's resignation, we thought we'd do a column on those pesky Russians. Good Luck!

Theme: The Cold War

1 - 10: Easy 1 point.

1. Who succeeded Roosevelt as President?
2. Where was the first atomic bomb detonated?
3. Who labelled Russia as "the Evil Empire?"
4. What countries precipitated the fall of Eastern Europe by allowing East German refugees to cross their borders?
5. Who coined the term, "Iron Curtain?"
6. What was the Super Bomb?
7. What did Star Wars refer to, in the Reagan years?
8. What was the term given to overzealous communist witch-hunts that occurred in the fifties?
9. What war, pitting Communists against Capitalists, began June 25, 1950?
10. Who were the two leaders between Breshnev and Gorbachev?

11-15: Medium2 points.

11. What physicist headed the Los Alamos Project, then later had his security clearance removed because of his outspoken views against the H-bomb?
12. When was Sputnik launched?
13. To whom did Kruschev say, "We will bury you."?
14. Who was the infamous foreign minister under Stalin during the war years?
15. Who was the American pilot of the U2 shot down over Russia in 1960?

16 - 20: Difficult 3 points.

16. Who wrote "The Long Telegram" which revolutionized American foreign policy, in the late forties?
17. Who succeeded Stalin?
18. What treaty allowed the Russians to get out of World War I?
19. Who was the Secretary of State during the Cuban Missile Crisis?
20. Who wrote, "Imperialism: The Highest Level of Capitalism"?

Bonus Question
The phrase, "We will bury you," said by Krushchev, is incomplete. What was the rest of his sentence that was *not* reported in the press?

answers on page 7

A Note to Aaron Sanderson, Eng Fizz 3, who wrote in to criticize Tanya's last column:

Aaron Sanderson sent in a three page letter in which he criticized no less than 9 of the questions and answers of the last column. While the whole of the letter cannot be printed here, we thought it best to at least respond to a few sections of his letter; all excerpts are as is, without any editing:

What is the shortest unit of length?
Tanya's answer: 1 attometer
Sanderson's profound reply: What a stupid question. What's to stop me from making up my own unit of length or even just creating new prefixes.
Tanya's rebuttal: First of all, all questions should be followed up with question marks. Second, it should be implicit in the question that the it refers to units of length - standardized, accepted units, justified through International Standards, not arbitrary figments of one's imagination.

Who was the first man on the moon?
Tanya's Answer: Jim Plunkett
Sanderson's profound reply: The first men on the moon were Armstrong and Aldrin. Doesn't anybody even read the article before publishing?
Tanya's rebuttal: Perhaps you should get that bug removed. *That's Trivial* has quite often given joke answers for questions that obviously everyone knows the answer to. A few issues back, we printed that the capital of Canada was Williams Lake. Where were you for that one, or did we pull a fast one on you? This is reminiscent of last year, when we printed that Vancouver was first settled in 1976, and someone became quite upset over the fact that GODDAM IT WE WERE WRONG ABOUT THAT.

I mean, really...

What was the bloodiest battle of all time?
Tanya's answer: The Battle of the Somme (1 030 000 dead)
Sanderson's profound reply: The bloodiest battle of all time was The Battle of Stalingrad, with approximately 2 100 000 people dead.
Tanya's rebuttal: Once again, it is implicit in the question that we are referring to military deaths. There are two justifications to this: 1) We asked for the bloodiest battle, and the military has a record of regarding civilian casualties as collateral, and not significant to the battle itself. Thus, statistics on battle deaths will list soldiers killed in action. 2) Estimates of civilian casualties from a battle is, at best, vague, and sometimes even arbitrary. It is next to impossible to separate deaths from the battle and deaths from other causes, and which deaths can be considered to be attributed directly to the battle itself. The only hard statistics come from military casualties and must therefore be the only ones that are valid. Nice try, good point, but your objections are INVALID.

More of Sanderson's Manifesto: "Well, let's see, Tanya scored 24 out of 35, 69% I suppose that wouldn't seem so bad (well, at least for a science student) except that the test had no time limit, any books were allowed, and she wrote the questions...See, this is what the faculty of Science was made for, 70% types. Anybody with real marks went into engineering, and anybody with REAL marks went entered the hallowed ranks of ENG FIZZ
Tanya's rebuttal: I counted ten grammar and style errors in that last passage. Are you sure you had the marks to make it in Science?

I have to wonder how I scored 24 out of 35, considering that there were only 20 questions. This seems to refute your hypothesis that Engineers are smarter than Science students - science students can count. Also, 24 out of 35 is 61%, not 69%. This, again refutes your hypothesis. Science students know how to do arithmetic, or at least how to operate a calculator.

What can I say? Thank you for your worthless input. I'm sure you'd have come down in perso to discuss the last column if you could fit your ego through the door. Good luck on your supplementals.

The 432 welcomes all input and criticisms, but reserves the right to go hog wild.

by Antonia Rozario

Secrets of a Summer Information Desk

Last Summer I was given the opportunity to meet a lot of people and have a lot of fun as the Summer Information Officer for the AMS. For those of you unfamiliar with the position or those of you interested in applying for the position yourself this year, the job involved coordinating an information desk in SUB from May to August and being an official representative of the AMS for visitors to the university.

This job was without doubt one of the most enjoyable and enlightening experiences of my life. Not only did it allow me to learn a lot about the history of the university and the individuals who strove so hard to build it, but it gave me a clear indication of the stupidity level that exists within our community.

During the summer of 1990, the Summer Information Center answered almost 9000 telephone and drop in enquiries. To my chagrin, the most often asked questions were NOT: 1) How can I find out about the development of this beautiful facility? 2) Where can I go to see the best view of the mountains? or 3) How do I go about becoming a student of this remarkable campus? Rather, an informal poll indicated that I was most often answering these questions:

1) Where are the washrooms?
2) Where is the nearest bank machine?
3) Where can I find that nude beach (wink,wink, depraved chuckle)?

Although there were a lot of people who had serious concerns regarding the university and the services it provided, the inquiries that remain etched in my mind most were the absurd and ridiculous ones that caused me to question whether our drug restriction laws were actually being enforced. I copied down some of the most peculiar inquiries and/or requests that were ACTUALLY made at the Summer Information Center and hope that they amuse you as much as they did me.

"How do you spell the word license?"

"How do I get in touch with Dr. Butt?" (Before slamming the phone and telling the caller to get therapy I luckily decided to check the Faculty and Administrative Directory - this person is an associate professor in the Psychology Department.)

"Could you help me tie my tie?"

"I'm Nardwuar the Human Serviette...What's your name?"

"I've got an ecumenical library much larger than most others - would you like to see it sometime?"

"My freshly neutered cat has disappeared - do you know if the university's animal department has anything to do with this?"

"I was attacked by crows while walking to the Main Library - who should I see about this matter ? "(When the Campus Cowboys were called up by our staff, they responded with the questions "Was she eating a sandwich at the time?", "Was she wandering dangerously close to an inhabited nest?", and "DID SHE USE OFFENSIVELY SMELLING HAIR PRODUCTS?")

"Where is the most secluded area one can go to to eat vegetables?" (The day I was asked this, I made a point of having someone walk me to my car after work.)

"One of the toilets in that washroom is making a strange sound - don't you think someone should know about it?" (The woman asking this question agreed to leave the information desk ONLY when I assured her that proper authorities would be notified about the matter.)

"Hi, Maam. I'm calling long distance from Seattle and I wondered if you could QUICKLY tell me how to get to your campus from here?!?"

"The receptionist at Travel Cuts is satanic - who should I speak to in order to get her removed?"

and the number one silly question asked:

"Young lady, how many things can YOU do with your tongue?"

Now, anyone STILL interested in applying for the Summer Information Officer position for 1991 can do so by picking up an information form at SUB 238 and return it by March 15 with an attatched resume.

An Interview With the Staff of the Ubyssey.

We caught the staff of U.B.C.'s Campus Newspaper while they were in a Strategy Session, deciding on the aim and direction of their next issue. Present at this think-tank were Sharon Lindores (Executive Editor in Charge of Targeting Easily Inflamed Students), Rebecca Bishop (Managing Editor of Snappy Titles For Letters From Buttheads), Elaine Griffiths (Consulting Editor in Charge of Saucy Stuff That Just Smacks of Sexual Connotations), and Timothy Carter (Editor in Charge of Donuts and Coffee).

The 432: How often do you hold these strategy meetings?
Sharon Lindores: These meetings?
432: Yes. These meetings.
SL: What about them?
432: How often do you hold them?
SL: Hold what?
432: I don't think that's simply incense that you're burning there.
SL: Yes, it is. The incense makes for a particularly ethereal overtone. It's just incense. Really. Why? Who told you it wasn't?
432: Never mind.
RB: The Walls! The Walls! They're eating the walls! They don't have utensils!
EG: So, like, are you, like, ready to be interviewed yet?
432: I'm interviewing you.
EG: If you, like, could be any kind of tree, like, what kind of tree would you be?
432: I don't think this is -
TC: Would you like another donut with your coffee?
432: No. Please: The Ubyssey tends to be criticized for its seeming slant to the left. How would you respond to these accusations?
SL: Respond to what?
432: To the accusations.
SL: Oh! Right! Well, certain individuals do hold certain opinions...that sometimes clearly don't go in accordance, um, with, um...(giggle) I forgot what I was gonna say...
RB: OMIGOD! This typewriter is channeling for Satan! Help me destroy it!
Window: crash tinkle
Typewriter: plunk
EG: How long have you held those clearly idiotic views on abortion?
432: What?
EG: So you deny it?
432: You're not lighting another of those things are you?
SL: You know, you should really try and relax. Close your eyes. Take a couple of deep breaths.
432: (deep breath) (deep breath)
SL: Why did you do that?
432: You told me to do that.
SL: Told you to do what?
432: Take two deep breaths!
SL: (deep breath) (deep breath) Wow! That was great! Thanks!
432: Oh, this is ridiculous. I'm going to...I'm going to...um...
SL: Yes?
432: ...what kind of incense was that again?
SL: Jamaican.
432: It doesn't smell all that bad, actually (deep breath). So, if you could be a tree, what kind of tree would you be?
SL: A pine. Definitely a pine.
432: Far out. Can you elaborate?
SL: A big pine. With bark.
432: What a scoop!

Ed Short's Condensed Notes on Poetry

by Ed Short

How Do I Love Thee? Let Me Count The Ways by Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Hugs and kisses, sweetie.

Because I Would Not Stop For Death by Emily Dickinson
I almost died, but I didn't.

Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night, by Dylan Thomas
Don't die.

She Walks in Beauty, Like The Night, by Lord Byron
There she was, just a-walkin' down the street...

The Second Coming, by William Butler Yeates
Bad things will happen. Evil will occur. God, I'm depressed.

The Red Wheelbarrow, by William Carlos Williams
Beats the hell out of me...

Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day? by William Shakespeare
You're just like a summer's day, but better.

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love, by Chrsitopher Marlowe
Let's go somewhere and be lovers. I will raise sheep.

The Nymph's Reply To The Shepherd, by Sir Walter Ralegh
Get stuffed.

My Mistress' Eyes Are Nothing Like The Sun, by Wiliam Shakespeare
Let's face it. She puts her pants on, like everyone else, one leg at a time.

Woodsman, Woodsman, Spare That Tree,
Ban clearcutting.

SUS Year End Clearout

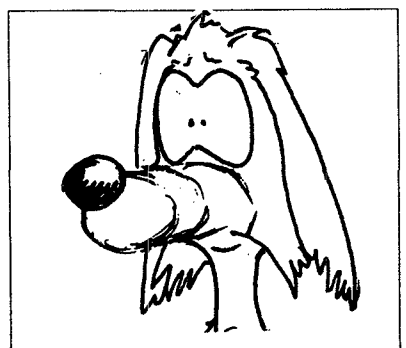
The Greenie Sale

white shorts 100% cotton (2 pockets)
- $13.50 (reg $15.25) -

Fletcher Sweaters with UBC Shield embroidery in Navy/White/Royal

CREW	V-NECK
$31 (reg $40.75)	$30 (reg $33.75)

Loose Canons



by Patrick Redding

Phonetics 101

"Hi, this is Pat. Unfortunately, the answering machine isn't home right now, so after the beep please give me your name, phone number and a short voice message, and my machine will get back to you as soon as it passes the Turing Test."

Ah, the telephone. One might be so bold as to say that the telephone has been the single most culturally important development in human civilization since the opium poppy. For better or for worse, the phone has imposed a certain freedom of communication on each and every one of us. No longer do we need to actually lift ourselves from our seats, get in our carts and carriages, and travel across vast tracts of perilous, untamed territory just to correspond with terminally dull relatives or business clients. Where in the past the flow of vital information, such as horse-race odds, required people to arm themselves against ambush by ruthless highwaymen, now I can phone my bookie or stockbroker from the comfort of my minimum security penitentiary cell. It might even be fair to suggest that the development of the telephone simply undercut the whole Ruthless Highwayman profession, eradicating lawlessness on the frontier and bringing it into the cities where it has remained to this day.

Cities! Why here again, we have Mr. Bell to thank for our modern skylines. One century ago, entire armies of courier boys, all well under the legal working age, would run the streets of New York, some on bicycles, others being dragged along the cobblestone streets from behind trolleycars, to hand-deliver messages from business to business. This system seemed to be adequate until it was realized that a full half of the businessmen receiving the messages were actually illiterate. The fate of the original courier system was finally sealed after a renowned but legally blind pastry chef misinterpreted an order. He mistakenly delivered a cake inscribed "Congratulations on The Birth of Your New Baby" to a highly-publicized wedding reception for the daughter of a well-known Italian importer.

In the wake of the chef's disappearance, a number of forward-looking entrepreneurs in Manhattan realized that sometimes written correspondence failed to capture certain *nuances* of meaning best conveyed in spoken conversation. They decided to use A.G. Bell's telephone on a trial basis, installing self-contained systems inside their larger factories and offices. This arrangement was in high demand by upper management who liked the idea of handing down orders to their subordinates without actually having to make eye contact. Of course, the ultimate step lay in the stringing of the entire city with telephone lines, to connect buildings across town.

In a multitude of ways, the telephone changed the face of urban living. One of the most conspicuous of these changes was the redistribution of birdshit. Where as traditionally, New York's pigeon population had taken to perching on park statues or building ledges, now the birds had several hundred miles of insulated cable to sit on, overhanging bustling streets and sidewalks. In what can only be described as a miraculous transformation, this shift in bird concentrations led to the overall improvement of building facades, and a revolution in women's headwear. Since conducting business no longer warranted always having quick access to the streets, buildings began to get taller and would often contain the offices of several businesses. The skyscraper was born! Unfortunately for some, the combination of working on the sixteenth floor, with the telephone's ability to give you stock information while you were alone in a locked office resulted in an accompanying trend in impulse suicides.

Social change resulted as well. During the nineteenth century, social visits were often elaborate rituals requiring hours of preparation, both in terms of travel arrangements, and in the seven-ply crinoline skirts that typically took a woman three to four hours to pull on, with the assistance of several servants. The telephone alleviated this ordeal, since it was suddenly possible to carry on a conversation with someone important without worrying about being on time, or having to look exactly fashionable, or even being dressed. As people grew accustomed to not having to be in continuous agony for the sake of appearance, the standards of wear progressed so far as to favor the normal flow of blood to the brain. Women were pleased to discover that fainting needn't be a daily event, and that in actual practice they were in better shape than the men of their era, who were largely well, large. Is it just a coincidence that the first women's rights movement and the granting of suffrage in the United States took place in the nascent Age of the Telephone? I don't think so...

Of course, these wonderful developments have not been without their consequences. Over the years, the proliferation of telecommunications technology has made it difficult if not impossible to attain total privacy at any given time. If you attempt to just drop out of touch for more than a day or so, you will invariably find yourself being electronically persued by people who take for granted that you check in on a regular basis. Gone are the days where ordinary folk could forge their destinies in the solitude of the frontier, a hundred miles in every direction from another human being, dependant on their own resourcefulness and resistance to food poisoning, to carve out their homes, their existence, their income and the words "HELP ME I'M OUT OF SUPPLIES" from the very ground itself.

We are continuously inundated with information, some of it solicited, most of it not. There are people out there who make a living selling your name, address and phone number to other people who make their living sending you envelopes stuffed with ads for Time-Life Books' 29-volume set: "Great Air Battles of the Crimean War." The average twentieth-century North American will, in one year, meet and talk with more complete strangers than your average fifteenth-century European did during the course of his lifetime. It is probably because of this great flood of sociability, exuded by people whom you will never actually lay eyes on, that the next great culturally-significant technical development of our society will be a device that screens your calls for you, changes the channel during commercials and instantly turns junk-mail into fuel for your car, all by itself.

"The press is good or evil according to the character of those who direct it. It is a mill that grinds all that is put into its hopper. Fill the hopper with poisoned grain and it will grind it to meal, but there is death in the bread."
Bryant

Dik Miller, Slavonic Studies

Dik Miller, who is now our Eastern Europe Correspondent, has sent us his first of many Eastern Correspondences through the Western Union. "The Long Telegram," as it has come to be known is a shocker to the staff here at The 432, for it tells us of our surprising popularity in the Baltic State region. What follows is an excerpt from Vilnius' most popular Open-Live Newspaper Talk Column, in which Dik Miller was a guest and took letters from interested readers, who were curious about the state of The 432.

Being a columnist in such a fun-type newspaper, I usually get flippant remarks about it, or jocular letters, that read something like,

You Dik Miller Guy
Your stories in that paper of news is cat's top banana, you goddam no doubt that. I am but reading your articles for not six of weeks ago and I am but yet still full of chuckles. You goddam bet that you write funny. Ho ho ho! Tell another story of funniness. Make it about more penises, goddam you bet!
Your Fan Who Loyals You

How about that? It's praise like that that keeps me going, let me tell you. But, every now and then, I do get a serious letter of concern from A Concerned Reader who raises very serious questions. For example, here is a letter that I read just recently:

Dear Sir,
I'm a student at a small mid-western Lithuanian college, and I never believed any of the stories people would write in your magazine, but not after the experience I had last week. I was studying, naked, on my waterbed, when

Whooops! Wrong Letter! Hah hah, how did that one get in there? The letter I meant to show you was this one:

Dear Mr. Miller,
I am avid reader of your column in the Four-Hundred Plus Thirty and Two. I enjoy it for a great lots, but I notice that you have not to speak of your penis once in your last at all of articles. Why is this the truth? Should you not change your name to Fred?
A Reader Who Has Very Large Concerns

Thank you, A Concerned Reader, for your concern, but the truth is, there is more to life than your penis. For instance, there are floor mops.

"Ahah!" You point out, "Floor mops are phallic! So there isn't more to life than penises!" But then what about spatulas? Well, okay, maybe they're phallic, but Vacuum Cleaners aren't...well, maybe they are. And so are toothbrushes. But there are lots of non-phallic things, like newspaper...that is, when they aren't rolled up...

Hmmmm.....

Just kidding! There are lots of non-phallic things (pancakes, laundry detergent, polar icecaps) But the truth is, men are obsessed with their penises. To men, they are their penises. Just look at all the different words we have for the penis: there's the d***, the d***, the d***, the p****, the s******, the t**********, the o****** ******* *****, and, of course, the f****** *** ********* ** ****.These are just to name a few. There is a group of men in the Kremlin whose sole purpose is to think up new names for President Gorbachev's penis.

Obsession? No. It's just a good healthy self-indulgent preoccupation. Remember how dad would watch the hockey game with his pants-button undone, and his hand scratching around down there in a restless sort of way, like he'd dropped a quarter in his pants? There was nothing sexual about that. It was just another example of A Boy And His Penis. Dad was just scratching it behind the ears in an affectionate way, as if to say, Hey, down there, I'm still your pal, even though I'm watching hockey and not thinking about sex.

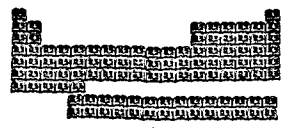
It's true. Men see their penises as if they were pets. Proof of this is men's underwear. It has that silly door out the front which serves only one purpose: it allows our penis to see where we are going when we are stumbling around half-conscious in the morning (women, on the other hand, treat their breasts like they were their prisoners, and they blindfold them every morning with bras). This is being very conscientious towards our penises, because then they can warn us about danger:
Man: grmmmmbblllbrmbllllll
Hand: Skritch skritch scratch
Penis: Thank you. A little higher, to the left, yes, right there.
Hand: Scratch, dig, scratch
Penis: HEY WATCH OUT FOR THAT COUNTER! HARD TO PORT! HARD TO PORT!
Man: Grmmbbll*Ouch*
Waist: Crunch
Penis: OWWWW!!!
Hand: Scritch scratch scratch
Woman: Do you have to dig around in your crotch every damned morning?
Penis: Shut up, you old hag! You'll never understand.
Man: Grmblgrmbl

Women, don't understand. Have you ever heard of a *woman* naming her genitals Mr Happy, or Herman, or some other ridiculous pet name? Course, you think they'd at least want to name their breasts(Laurel and Hardy, Fred and Ginger, "Here comes Wendy and Ronny and Gorby.")

But I guess it all comes down to differences between men and women. Men are not complete unless they have their hand down their pants, scratching around. Women, on the other hand are not complete unless they are shopping. Shopping Malls, by the way, are devices to enhance Natural Selection, for only the hardiest of men can last an entire shopping trip with a woman.
Woman: Which do you like better? The strapless gown or the off-the-shoulder?
Man: Yawn. I don't know. I don't care. Hurry up.
Penis: THE STRAPLESS! GET THE STRAPLESS!
Man: How about the strapless?
Laurel: No way! Those things are hell!
Hardy: I'm with you on this one, Stan.

Derek Miller, our very own BoG'er, is sick with the flu and couldn't get a column in this week. We'll consider this our little get well gift to aid his speedy recovery and to ensure

CHEMISTRY YEARBOOK SALES



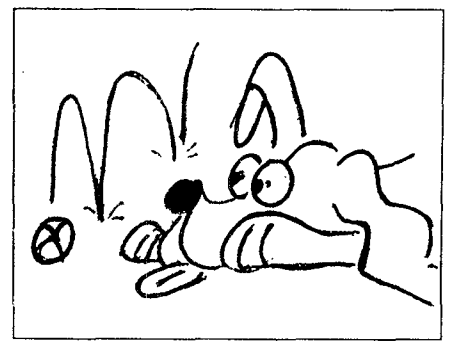
ATTENTION EVERYONE !!

Yearbook orders have been submitted and will arrive on Mar. 15, 1991. Limited supplies.

Come to Rm 222 to reserve your copy now.

Cost: $20.00

It's a Dog's Life



(A fresh new column dedicated to filling in extra space once we've run out of *real* articles)

A Day In The Life of A Dog.

7am Wake up with master.
7:10am Master leaves for work. Sit at door and mourn. Whimper.
7:20am Whimper louder, realizing that Master has left forever and will never come back.
7:24am As long as Master is gone forever, might as well check out what's in the garbage.
3pm When master returns jump up and down and try to bite him a lot to show him that you are happy he has not left you forever.
3:05pm Go for walk with master. Pee on everything.
3:07pm Meet cat. Cat calls you name. Chase it and bark very loud to show master how Good Dog you are.
3:08pm Get distracted by odor from neighbor's rose garden. Dig.
3:09pm Dig.
3:10pm Dig.
3:11pm Dig.
3:12pm Stop digging. Try to remember what you were digging for.
3:13pm Master throws stick. Chase it and bring it back.
3:14pm Stick gets away from master. Better go get it and be a hero.
3:15pm Master pets you and tells you how Good Dog you are. Bark in his ear.
3:16pm Stick runs away again. Run after it. Get distracted by dog across street.
3:15pm Smell other dog's butt.
3:17pm Other dog probably eats Dr. Ballard's.
3:30pm My tail!
3:32pm Stop chasing tail.
4pm Supper. Eat whatever the hell Master puts in dish.
5pm Hear a sound six miles away. Start barking.
6pm Stop barking. Whimper. Scratch at door.
6:01pm When master opens door, look up at him and say "What?"
7pm Guests arrive. Better investigate. Shove nose into their crotches.
7:15pm Guests seated for drinks and conversation. Begin licking genitals.
7:16pm Finish licking genitals. Look around at now-silent room and burp.
7:17pm Early to bed, at master's insistence, in garage. Begin barking at noise from six miles away.
11:41pm Stop barking. Wonder what you were barking about.
11:42pm Time to sleep. Turn around in circles, Get dizzy. Lie down.
11:44pmSleep.

Cat Agenda for today.

11:00-3:00 Sleep
3:01 Stretch
3:01-6:00 Sleep
6:01:Stretch. Clean butt
6:02-6:05 Sit on master's homework, until he throws you off. Sit on it again. Repeat until he leaves. Wonder what in the hell his problem is, anyway.
6:06 Clean butt.
6:07-6:28 Climb onto master's lap. Climb to master's shoulder. Lean butt into master's ear. Rub face over master's chin. Get thrown to floor. Repeat until master storms off. Wonder what in the hell his problem is, anyway.
6:31 Suspicious looking newspaper on floor. Attack.
6:39 Get tired. Climb on top of warm TV. Sleep.
6:40-7:42 Sleep
7:43 Stretch. Fall off TV.
7:44 Look around to see if anyone saw. Try to look casual. Lick butt.
7:55 Master has strange look on face. Go to DefCon 1.
7:56 Get picked up by master. Go to DefCon 2.
7:57 Master runs bathwater for flea bath. DefCon3. RED ALERT RED ALERT RED ALERT RED ALERT RED ALERT
7:58 Fart
7:59 Master puts you down. Crisis over.
8:10 Follow master to kitchen. Master pours food into bowl.
8:11 What the hell is this crap?
8:12 Check out garbage. Find fish heads. That's more like it. Tear bag open. Garbage spills onto floor.
8:13 Master begins walking to you. Full Alert.
8:14 Master lunges. EVASIVE ACTION EVASIVE ACTION run under couch.
8:15 Master renames you a very short word as he cleans up garbage. Wonder what the hell his problem is anyway.
8:20 Jump up on top of table.
8:21 Jump from table to top of bookshelf.
8:22 Jump from top of bookshelf to high ledge. Dangle. Dangle. Pull up onto ledge.
8:23 Sit on ledge.
8:23 Help.
8:24 Scream for assistance. Master ignores you.
8:25 Keep screaming. Master comes. Swipe at head. Jump onto head. Jump from head to bookshelf.
8:26 Thanks bozo.
9:00 Master goes to bed. Wait until master is asleep. Sit on master's head.
9:01 Fall asleep.
9:02 Fart

Last chance to buy *Entertainment '91 and Savings Spree books!* Come to the *Nose Gold* Sale, March 20-28

Answers to That's Trivial

1. Harry Truman.
2. Trinity Site, Alamogordo Bombing Range, New Mexico.
3. Ronald Reagan.
4. Austria and Hungary.
5. Winston Churchill.
6. The Hydrogen Bomb.
7. SDI - Strategic Defense Initiative (Space-Based Defense Weapons).
8. McCarthyism.
9. The Korean War.
10. Andropov and Chernenko.
11. J. Robert Oppenheimer.
12. October 4, 1957.
13. Richard Nixon.
14. Molotov.
15. Francis Gary Powers.
16. George Kennan.
17. Malenkov.
18. The Treaty of Brest-Litvosk.
19. Robert McNamara.
20. Lenin.

BQ: Richard Nixon, a notorious Red-basher, was leading Kruschev on a tour of one of their luxury model homes. In the kitchen, Nixon continued his boasts, turning to the technological wonders of the appliances, such as the refrigerator. Kruschev, tired of Nixon's boasting, told Nixon the the Russians had massive factories that could put out thousands and thousands of refrigerators, superior to American refrigerators. The Russians, he said, "Will bury you with refrigerators."

Sort of takes the bite out of it, doesn't it?

The Drawers of SUS

by Catherine Rankel

SUS is going through one of the craziest times of the year. We've just finished our executive elections, which couldn't be news to you. We're in the process of simultaneously wrapping up this year while trying to plan for a smooth transition into next year. This year's council still has to follow through with the Annual General Meeting (March 14), The Last Class Bash (April 5) and one last SUS Sale (March 25,27).

Patrick Redding was appointed Summer Guide Editor (Summer Guide = timely production which contains, among other things, the Black & Blue Review which you've diligently completed and submitted). You should be receiving your copy around the end of June or the beginning of July. The reason it comes out so late is that the Registrar's Office doesn't have the address labels ready until the third week in June.

As President, I hope I've led Council in a direction which has maximized your $10 investment. Often you've brought forward suggestions which we haven't been able to act on due to timing or other reasons (special thanks to the guy who suggested that we have a tug-of-war on ice...you never know...), but keep them coming. We're always looking for new ideas and events to put on. Keep in mind that year and department rep elections are coming up in September - a chance for you to ring your bells at the round table. Think about it.

Catherine Rankel is the SUS President, and she is majoring in Weird Back-Country Sayings. "*Ring your bells at the round table.*" What the hell does that mean Cathy?

AMS Briefs

by Trent Hammer

In the past few weeks the gullibility of students has been put to the test by "That other paper" commonly called The Ubyssey. This test, hidden under the disguise of a serious article, promised a special GST rebate for students. For information sake, comments were solicited from President Strangeway, Premier Vanderslam, Micheal Wilson, Bart Simpson, Elvis Presly and Her Majesty The Queen. Students were then given some phone numbers to call for more information. About 150 students have now passed this test by phoning one of these numbers, and can be deemed Gullable beyond belief. Get a clue people, actual journalism in The Ubyssey rarely occurs and when it does, David, Bill and Micheal are never quoted.

This week the AMS executive is doing an IQ test of their own. The agenda for this week's meeting contains three joke motions pertaining to the removal of the editor's of The Ubyssey and their replacement by students chosen by council. Further into the council pack, within a set of Joke Minutes for the Safety and Sanity Committee, the motions were identified as jokes. It's been reported that, so far, that representatives from Arts and the Grad Students association have been sucked in and that Svend Robinson, Audrey McLaughlin and Pope John Paul II have been informed of this breach of journalistic freedom. Bart Simpson and Bill Cosby, in jail for a Thursday afternoon brawl, were unavailable for comment.

Here's what is happening on Wed.

-council should OK money for recycling bins

-council asking money for a modem and software for computers

Here's what happened last Wed.

-Rosemary Brown chosen for Great Trekker Award.

Of Machines and Men

by Mark Hoenig

I hate answering machines.

I can't deal with them. Just when I'm prepared to offer a friendly "Hello!" and then proceed to monopolize the conversation, the answering machine cuts in with an obnoxious taped message. These messages left are, as a rule, so breathtakingly stupid in their attempts to be witty that they leave me unable to respond for the first few seconds after the beep. The paradox, in "I'm not here right now," never fails to confuse me. I can never remember why I'm calling, what my name is, or where I live.

Yesterday, I started thinking about what wretched devices answering machines are and came to the conclusion that the world would be a Far, Far Better Place without them. Tp prove this point to myself I phoned David New's answering machine, something I normally *wouldn't do on a bet*. David New is the former editor of this paper and has the World's Worst Answering Machine Message. They inhabit a region of awfulness all to theirselves. Once I phoned his house and got a six minute message which contained (I swear to God this is true) the following passage:

"Radishes," said Myrtle the Turtle. "Radishes."

"Radiators!" countered Horace the Tortoise. "Radiators."

This was all followed by the sound of a phone ringing in the background, David muttering, "Oh Drat. Hello?" After which, I suppose, one was supposed to have enough sanity left to leave a coherent message. *I* hung up. I still have nightmares about it.

You can't get away with stuff like that in real life. In real life, you would get hit, throttle, or simply transfixed with a piercing stare. But, as a caller, you are totally at the mercy of the answering machine, because you have to endure the message if you want to get through to the callee.

When I phoned David's answering machine yesterday, it played three verses of a song about leaving a message, to the tune of the theme song from M*A*S*H*, because David thinks he can sing. Luckily I only called David to prove my point. QED.

The biggest problem with leaving a message on a machine is figuring out how to finish it. How do you say good-bye to a machine? How do you say goodbye to someone you haven't talked to yet? I end up leaving a long pause and saying "Uh...take care," which always sounds dull and transparent to my ears.

I still haven't given the real reason why I hate answering machines. It's because they have forced me to recognize a very painful truth about my life: women do not return my phone calls unless their mothers tell them to.

This hurts.

I used to be able to believe that my calls weren't returned because the sister/brother/father/boyfriend who took my message wasn't passing it on, but it's stretching it a bit to believe that answering machines aren't passing my messages on. Three girls did, in fact try to use that excuse just this past week when I confronted them with their failure to call me back, but I didn't fall for it. It was broken? My boyfriend rewound the machine? It forgot? Come one, I'm not that gullible.

Mothers will always pass on my messages. Mothers like me. They are much superior to answering machines. No answering machine will ever say, "Have you phoned that nice, tall, young man back yet, dear?" How mothers can recognize me for a nice, tall, young man even when they haven't met me in person is beyond me. Maybe I sound tall. The fact remains, mothers are my friends. Even mothers whose English is apparently limited to "Jurie not home," not yet extending to "Hello," or "Good-bye," are able to make sure my calls are returned.

That's why I now only leave messages with mothers. This becomes awkward when the woman I'm phoning doesn't live at home, and is even worse when her mother lives in Glasgow, Belgrade, Lethbridge, or some other remote, foreign place. "Hello, Mrs Gugglfrump? This is Yakushk Gugglfrump's friend calling from Canada. Could you please ask her to call me the next time you talk to her?"

This is always effective, even though the conversations that follow tend to rather uncomfortably center around the topics of how dare i phone their mother, what a colossal jerk I am, and don't I know that Lethbridge is in Alberta?

Not only do my women friends, colleagues, teammates and romantic interests (ALL my romantic interests are female. Don't get smart. YOU try phrasing that last sentence) not return my calls, but women in business don't return my calls. This is sort of strange, because secretaries like me. My rating with them is almost as good as it is with mothers. Secretaries must not have the same clout as mothers, however, because these calls still don't get returned. I must resort to drastic measures:

Secretary: I'm sorry, the Vice-President is in a meeting right now,. Could I get her to phone you back later?

Me: No thank you, that won't be necessary. Do you happen to have her mother's phone number?

Answering machines just plain get in the way of inter-personal communications. I've finally figured out how to deal with them, though. Ready to go in my cassette deck is a brand new tape, ready for me to play when my call is next answered by a machine.

"Hi. This is Mark. You weren't in when I called,so..."

Goodbye.

Mark Hoenig, the standard-bearer for the RBF, enjoys long moonlit walks, deep thought, tripping, arm fractures.

That's the way it was, Wednesday, March 13, 1991.

The 432 is produced twice monthly by the Science Undergraduate Society. Anyone looking for something in their resumes to make people sit up and say, "Whoa! This guy's got qualifications! Let's hire him right now!", then don't bother us. Who would submit their resume to someone who is lying down, anyway? HOWEVER, if you want to write, or type or learn layout, pasteup and the use of a whole scmoozle of differing desktop publishing paraphenalia, well COME ON DOWN!

Office of The 432: Chem 160

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

Telephone: 822-4235

Editor: Aaron Drake

Writers and Contributors: Aaron Drake, Alan Douglas, Catherine Rankel, Ari Gilligson, David New, Antonia Rozario, Tanya Rose, Mark Hoenig, Dean Leung

Artists: Patrick Redding

Layout and Pasteup: Aaron Drake

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Any similarities, in whole or in part, we did on purpose. Smugly, too, I'd wager. No harm is intended in any part to any persons. The 432 is simply an unassuming pleasant little humor newspaper. We try to steer clear of ideology, other than *Booger is a funny word*.

Thanks to Antonia for her exceptionally funny article. Thank you David New for your help with the Ed Short Condensed notes, and all that. Ork. Ork. Ork. Thanks to those who submitted to this issue, even though, once again, it was under the wire. Thank you to all the regular columnists, once again, for their continuing level of excellence. Thank you Aaron Sanderson, you gullible target, you. Wanna write in anything for this issue's That's Trivial?

SUS Year End Clearance

You might think that this is the last chance to buy Science Clothing, but it's snot!

The final sale:
March 20-28

While supplies last

Sales Booths in SUB, Wesbrook, Hebb, Chem, Wood
March 25, 27, 10:30-2:30

Science Undergrgraduate Society

Annual General Meeting

Thursday, March 14

SUB Partyroom, at 1pm

Agenda

1. Call meeting to order.

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2. Introductions - 1990-91 Council members.

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3. Speakers:
Cathering Rankel - SUS President
Representative from the Office of the Dean
Sandra Mah - Science Week Coordinator
Rachel Farrell - Sports Director

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4. Presentation of *The 432* Awards.

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5. Presentation of Teaching Excellence Awards.

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6. Presentation of Executive Awards.

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7. Adjournment.

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Free Food And Drink

Open to all Science students, Science Faculty asnd Staff, and invited guests

Nominated for Teaching Excellence Awards

Dr. MacIntyre	Physiology 301
Dr. Matthews	Physics 318
Dr. Rosen	Mathematics 320
Dr. Schofield	Biology 412
Dr. Spratley	Chemistry 120