

The 432

Volume 4 Number 10

The Newspaper for Science Students

Friday, Feb. 1, 1991

Executive Elections in Swing

(SUS) Nominations for executive positions in the Science Undergraduate Society opened, on January 28, and will close on February 13, at 6:30 pm.

As of press time, no one had formally announced their candidacy, although King Hussein of Jordan is expected to throw his hat into the ring shortly. Said Hussein, "What are you talking about? Don't you think the readers are tired of hearing stupid satirical articles about figures in the Middle East?"

As of press time, no one had formally announced their candidacy, although Helmut Kohl is expected to throw his hat into the ring shortly. Said Kohl, "That's much better. A real change of pace."

"Can we sign nomination forms with dead fish?" asked British Prime Minister John Major.

"Anyone who is a member of the SUS can run for an executive position," said SUS Internal Vice President Cairen Hanert. "And there is a special codicil in the SUS Constitution that provides all world leaders that are currently being made fun of with valid SUS Membership cards."

Around the world, reaction was reserved, with most governments adopting a "wait and

see" stance. Most wanted to see who would be running for what positions.

Said Hanert, "The positions open are President, Internal Vice President, External Vice President, Sports Director, Director of Finance, Director of Publications, Executive Secretary, and AMS Representative."

"Well, can dead fish be nominated, then?" asked Prime Minister Major.

"All candidates must be alive of course. Anyone who is politically dead may still run, though," affirmed Vice President Hanert.

In Ottawa, sources reported hearing a thunderous sigh of relief from the Prime Minister's office.

The election will be held on March 6, 7, and 8, with poll booths in Hebb Theatre, Wood, Chem, Computer Science, Wesbrook, and Atlantis.

"Oh, so fish can vote, though, is that right?" wondered Prime Minister Major.

All science students are eligible voters and should remember to bring their AMS card.

Hanert expressed concern about world leaders running for Executive positions. "They have so little in common with science students. What we need are science students who are genuinely interested in helping out with

the SUS and want to make a difference. Anyone can run. You don't have to have a seat on council."

Of the more prestigious of positions, it is widely agreed that Director of Publications commands the highest respect. Former Directors of Publication have gone on to become South American Dictators, Aircraft Carrier Manufacturers, and even Golf Caddies. Said former Director of Publications Derek Miller, "Hello, I am not home at the moment, but if you would like to leave a message, I'll get right back to you. Beeeeeeep."

Former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau said he was seriously considering submitting his name for the position of SUS President. "It would really boost my resume," he admitted. "No resume stuffers!" shouted Hanert at the top of her lungs. "We want people that are doing it because they want to accomplish more than another note in their Other Experience column."

Nomination forms must be in before 6:30 pm on February 13, 1991. There is a form on page eight of this paper.

"Okay, then what about *this* dead fish? Would you vote for this one?" inquired Prime Minister Major.

Radical Beer Faction

Announces Candidacy

says Zalm, Do I get a beer if I vote for them?

(Physoc) The Radical Beer Faction formally announced their candidacy in the upcoming provincial election. Michael Hamilton said that they would run a full slate of competitors in all ridings, preferably three or four to a riding. He admitted that he was unsure how they would do it, considering that the party membership consisted of five people and one duck.

At press time, no date had been set for the Provincial election, but Hamilton said he was simply "Preempting what's his name. You know - the guy that's Premier right now. Bill Someone."

After suffering a narrow defeat at the hand of the Unity Team in the AMS elections, the Radical Beer Faction has decided to set their sights higher. Ari Giligson, who ran for AMS President complained that perhaps they should have spent more on their campaign. "What I mean is, we spent a total of fifty dollars on our campaign. That's twelve bucks per person. Unity spent well into the hundreds, and they beat us. But if you look at the number of votes per dollar spent, we kicked everyone's butt." "Woosh!" commented Antonia Rozario, who ran for Director of Administration. "Our platform is simple. It's concise, it's refreshing. Ari, what is our platform?"

"Pine," said Giligson. "That's it. Just one word. *Pine*. The environmentalists will think we're in favor of forests, and the loggers will think we're in favor of more logging."

"Free beer for everyone." Piped in Erik Jensen, who ran for Vice President. "Of course I'm lying. Every politician lies."

Mark Hoenig (Director of External Affairs), drunk and in jail, was unavailable for comment.



The Winners of the Trike Race, The E.Colizers

Science Week ends with a bang

by Aaron Drake

(SUB) Science Week came to an end with one of the most popular dances in the history of SUS. Unfortunately, the dance was marred by a large fight at the end.

The Last Dance On Earth almost completely sold out. Wall Street played to a packed house from the minute the doors opened. The bar ran out at eleven o'clock.

As the lights came on, a fight broke out, that ended with one of the participants being sent to the hospital. First reports are that a group of people attacked an individual at the end of the dance.

Currently, the status of SUS booking privileges are up in the air, while SAC reviews the incident. The SUS could be facing the loss of booking privileges indefinitely. That means that SUS cannot hold any functions in the SUB Building for that period.

SAC Member Sue Ann Mitchell said that it was standard for a clubs booking privileges to be temporarily suspended after such an incident occurs. "Now, they'll send someone to our meeting so that we can hear their side of the story."

Mitchell declined to comment on what action she thought would follow, as the detail were still not completely filled in.

Said, SUS council member Erik Jensen, "That's pretty bad if it happens. We can't hold the Last Clash Bash if they take away our privileges." The Last Class Bash, the traditional last dance of the year for SUS is scheduled to be held in late March.

Other than the fight that marred the dance, Science Week was largely successful. The Trike Race, once again, had a large turnout. The winning team of the Trike Race was The E.Colizers.

SUS expels students

(SUB) Citing reasons of apathy, the SUS has expelled a number of members from the Science Undergraduate Society. Employing By-law 2 (5c) of the constitution of SUS, all non-active members are no longer part of the society.

A non-active member is any student who does not hold a position on student council. The decision, passed unanimously yesterday by SUS council, in a closed session, removes over 4000 students from the society.

Student memberships will returned in September of 91.

Said Physics Rep Mark Hoenig, "It makes sense. Why should any of those students who don't do anything to help out around SUS get the same share of the SUS money as those who work hard for the society."

No decision yet has been made about what to do with the money, but the council will most likely pay salaries to all members who hold positions on council.

A Few Mah Words on Science Week

by Sandra Mah

Science Week is finished, history, kaput for another year. It was quite a week, what with displays, lectures, contests, and a blow-out dance. And a good time was had by all.

Just to recap:

Monday - Apologies to Dr Scudder and Dr Spiegelman for the 'technical' difficulties and lack of bodies (but the doughnuts were good!). Tuesday - The Chem Magic Show played to a full house as usual. Lots of pyrotechnics and slight of hand reactions.

Wednesday - The winners of CompSci's car rally was Gluba the Talking Bread Yeast, I think.

Thursday - This year's Trike Race winner was E.Colizers, who handily outcycled the defending champs, Pharmacology, to win the coveted Trike Race trophy.

Friday - the Last Dance On Earth was an

incredible success. It had to have been one of the best dances ever.

The winner of the Outstanding Science Week Display award was Math, who left their award Out Standing in B-Lot. Hah hah! Just kidding! Really, it was Biology with a total of 39 points out of a possible 40, points being awarded on a purely arbitrary basis. Biopsychology was a close second, but Elvis' brain turned rancid and smelled up SUB.

And finally...the department that bled the most at the Science Week Blood Drive was... TBA!!! Yayyy! Congratulations to TBA!

Thanks to everyone who helped me make Science Week a success. Maybe now we can all start going to classes again...

Please recycle this paper



You know, when it comes down to it, there is a real battle of the sexes going on over pets. Women like cats, men like dogs. I base this on purely scientific reasoning. Observe:

Pick one dog at random. Statistically speaking (Source: Institute of They, as in "They say that one in four people will die of colon cancer in Rwanda."), the dog will have a masculine name like *Spike*, or *Fang*, or *Butch*, and sometimes even *Prince*. No dog is ever named *Rex* or *Fido*. Now, if you pick any cat at random, its name will be *Muffin*. Only women name their pets after food. If it was up to men to assign the Food Names to the cats, you'd be wandering around with cats named *Steak Tartar* or *Pork Rind*. Thus it follows that because men are naming the dogs and women are naming the cats, women like cats and men like dogs. QED, whatever the blinking heck that means.

That isn't to say that all dogs are like by men and all dogs are hated by women. Lap dogs are exceptions to the rule. Women love small dogs, and hence they get to name them. The Institute of They tells us that 93% of all men are browbeaten into having their lap dogs named *Smurfles* or *Trinket*, or (choke) *Spot* (no large dog is ever named Spot); these are the names that women chose. Men, on the other hand have a single nickname for all small dogs: *ballistic*, (as in "If that stupid furball doesn't stop barking at me, it's going ballistic!"). But Large Dogs are overwhelmingly treasured by men and viewed with suspicion by women. Why? Because women have to compete with Large Dogs for the

The Reign of Cats and Dogs

man's affections and chances are the dog is bigger than her. Large Dogs seem to have so much going for them, and women subconsciously fear the day that her man will sit her down and say, "Gertie, I'm leaving you for a Doberman."

Hah hah! Those nutty women! To think that one day her One And Only would choose a four-legged animal over her! Just because Dobermans never put their cold feet on you at two in the morning. Dobermans never ask you If You Could Talk About Something. And they certainly never giggle at the way you can't spell *finally* *finally* certain words. Hah hah! Heh...

Hmmmm....
No, but seriously, women just don't understand the very special relationship men have with their dogs. Men NEED someone to revere them. Dogs always have an expression on their face whenever they look at their master that says MY GOD! My Master Is The Smartest Person In The Universe! It also says, I Don't Really Get That Joke, But I'm Sure It's Because I'm An Idiot And Not Because You Have An Atrophied Sense Of Humour. Men NEED that.

Cats, like dogs, have one single expression on their face. While dogs have an expression that says, "Yes sir?" cats have an expression that says, "Go away, buttface." Never go near a cat. They get too annoyed, as if they were on the verge of solving quantum gravity and then you waddled in. Which I'm sure is untrue. How many Feynamm Integrals can you do while you're cleaning your butt anyway?

Not to say that I hate cats. As a matter of fact, I like most of them, when they're not so damned condescending. I don't know why. It's not like cats are the most entertaining of pets. They sleep, they eat, they sleep, they eat, they clean themselves, they sleep. Dogs, on the other hand don't do much either, other than embarrass you in front of the guests by licking

their genitals. But the even though they do nothing, they give you the impression that they really *want* to do something for you. That look on their face, it says, "Hey, master, if I could, I'd mow the lawn for you, but as it is, I have no opposable thumbs, so I'll just tinkle on the carpet instead, but I really *want* to mow the lawn for you."

Cats say, "I'm tinkling on the carpet. You got a problem with that?"

I don't have a dog. I have two kittens that have all but asked me to renew the lease in their name. So far I have taught them two commands: *Stop That*, and *I Said Stop That, Dammit*. My Other Half believes these cats are abnormally intelligent, because how else could they reason that they can ignore *both* commands? So I'm working on a third command: *Look, This Time I Really Mean It*. To be followed eventually by the fourth command:

i) say to Other Half: Dear! Look! Out The Window! A Half-Off Sale at Eatons!

ii) say to kittens: (punt)
It isn't the same with dogs. You could creep up on a sleeping dog and beat it senseless, and it will reason that it was obviously something the dog did wrong and gosh did he ever deserve that beating. Dogs are masters at the expression, *Golly, I'm sorry*. Cats are masters at the expression, *You deserved it*.

Of course, the true exception to all of this is that fountain of drool, the St. Bernard (The Institute of They tells us that if we could harness the drool from just ten thousand St. Bernards, we could irrigate Sudan). Everybody wishes St. Bernard: ere an endangered species.

Aaron Drake, in his final year of physics, has decided that he just isn't into this reality thing and would prefer it if everyone referred to him as Napoleon. Or Bob.

Oh, help! Oh, help!

Those nutty AMS elections have left us without an Executive Secretary. So nominations are open for a temporary Executive Secretary to fulfill those nutty Executive Secretarial duties until the end of the school year. Those interested should drop by Chem 160 and make a fool of themselves. Note: this is a serious ad.

How many Americans does it take to change a light bulb?

Two: one to change it and one to tell the world that America has once again saved the world from the forces of darkness.

How many Canadians does it take to change a light bulb?
Eh?

How many Computer Scientists does it take to change a light bulb?
?SYNTAX ERROR: Light Bulb IS NOT A VALID IDENTIFIER

Editorial Forum

Top Ten Distinctly Canadian Things

by Eric with a 'k', Aaron, Ari, Mikey.

10. 5-pin bowling.
9. The Looney.
8. The national animal is a rodent.
7. The national symbol is a dead plant.
6. 3-down football.
5. Trying to come up with 10 distinctly Canadian things.
4. Eh?
3. Stopping for pedestrians.
2. Being unable to come with at least ten distinctly Canadian things.
1. The bald eagle.

In Ten Words or Less

by Ed Short



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

Why I Think That The GST IS a Jolly Good Idea

It keeps the riff-raff out of the stores.

Wanted

One (1) Summer Guide Editor to fulfill the following tasks:

- i) Eat six bagels
 - ii) Promote Phlegm Week
 - iii) Edit and publish the SUS Summer Guide for 1991
- (i) and (ii) are negotiable, but (iii) must be done.
Applicants must be enthusiastic or at least willing to work long hours without pay.
Please drop by Chem 160 and we'll fill you in on the really boring parts.

TEACHING AWARDS IN THE FACULTY OF SCIENCE

Three members of the Faculty of Science will be selected to receive awards of \$5,000 for 1990/91.

Eligible are full-time faculty members appointed on or before July 1, 1990 in any of the Faculty Departments. The following criteria will be taken into consideration:

1. Development of course material.
2. Presentation.

3. Innovative approaches to teaching methodology or curricula.

4. Responsiveness to student's intellectual and personal needs.

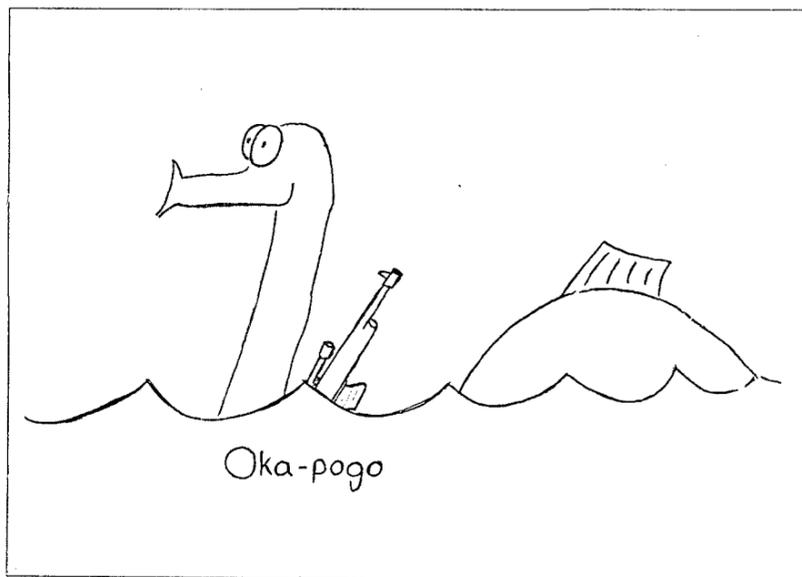
5. Ability to motivate students and stimulate critical thinking.

6. Sustained teaching excellence.

Nominations for these awards may be submitted by Science Faculty, by Students, and by Alumni. Each nomination must be accompanied by a statement summarizing the accomplishments of the nominee.

Teaching performance will be assessed by a committee appointed by the Dean of Science.

Nominations will be welcome as soon as possible, but no later than Feb. 15, 1991. They should be submitted to Michael Gerry, Chairman of the Committee on Teaching Awards, Dean's Office, Faculty of Science



Loose Canons



#5

“Please Excuse My Son From The Draft As He Is Quite Sensitive.”

The Lost Tetragrams of The I Ching

Directions: The original Chinese technique for fortune-telling calls for the subject to cast wooden sticks in a random fashion, thereby generating a hexagram, a sequence of six “yin” or “yang” lines. Each of the 64 possible combinations corresponds to a passage of deliberately ambiguous advice, known as a “judgement”, in the I Ching text. In the spirit of contemporary New Age psychobabble, I believe that the time is ripe for a good western bastardization of this ancient art. In the interest of expedience, this new edition of the I Ching has been streamlined to only 16 permutations. To employ this highly interactive, mathematically elegant technique, now enjoying revived popularity among yuppies with too much time on their hands, simply flip a coin four times to generate the binary sequence, then consult the insightful analysis below. Before tossing the coins, bow to the four compass directions, meditate and burn incense, if you honestly think it will make a difference.

0000 Everything's coming up roses. Life is wonderful. You are insufferable.

0001 You're too hard on yourself. You make everyone look bad. Get a life.

0010 Only time will tell if you will find harmony, or if you are doomed to a life of changing letters on a theater marquee.

0011 Your previously uninterrupted wave of glorious success will leave you completely unprepared for the apocalyptic failure that will distinguish the remainder of your days.

0100 In spite of the growing sense that your efforts are utterly in vain, you can take some small consolation in knowing that your inep-

itude will surely drag down several hundred others with you in fiery defeat

0101 The poor timing of your birth will forever guarantee that the alarm clock awakens you at the lowest point in REM sleep.

0110 Your limitless capacity for self-deception will prevent you from recognizing the difference between Superglue and Preparation H until *after* you've gorged yourself on roast pheasant and prune sauce.

0111 No amount of self-flagellation will ever be able to appease the vast array of special-interest groups you've insulted by merely breathing. Consider applying for the Federal Witness Relocation Program.

1000 You will feel compelled to jump at the first cryonics package anyone tries to sell you. After all, the worst thing that could happen would be that you'd thaw prematurely.

1001 It is time for you to seriously ask yourself why you even *own* a telephone.

1010 You may be perceiving faint glimmers of hope on the horizon, but these may be safely interpreted as complex hallucinations triggered by the portions of your brain which recognize that in the aftermath of a nuclear war, you might have some reproductive potential.

1011 Your dog still loves you, even though you've forgotten its distemper shots for the last four years.

1100 Allow yourself a pained smile at least once a day. You may find that as your dingy one-room apartment in Marakesh becomes haunted by the ghosts of old comrades you've betrayed, it's easy to slip into a melancholy condition. But don't waste your energy on self-pity: without anyone to share your misery, you'd make better use of your time looking for clean needles.

1101 You have crossed an important threshold: If you now write free-verse, or make etchings, or practice the piercing arts then your family will become very wealthy after your death selling photographs of you shaking hands or kissing or assaulting famous literary figures.

1110 You better hope that a large asteroid strikes the Earth in your vicinity and ends things quickly; otherwise, stay away from busy streets, and don't drink alcohol in the jacuzzi.

1111 Have a nice afterlife.

Glass Darkly

I think I may have found a way to kill two birds with one stone. Why don't we convince Israel to detonate every one of their nuclear bombs at various points inside Iraqi territory, with the express goal of turning the entire region into a vast glass bowl by fusing the silicates in the sand. This glass bowl, shaped by exploding each warhead at just the right altitude, could then be silvered to 98% reflectivity. Right off the bat, we would achieve the short-term goal of removing Saddam Hussein from power. In addition, this massive Iraq-sized mirror would be capable of bouncing many terawatts of solar energy back into space as Asia Minor rotated into the sun's direction. This massive photon flux would exert a sufficient

pressure on the Earth's surface as to give it a small but not insignificant impulse away from the sun. It is my contention that such a small displacement would move the Earth into a farther, but not appreciably more eccentric orbit, thereby safely counteracting the effects of global warming, and saving our environment from certain devastation.

“Meow.”

Back in WWII, the humanitarian later responsible for the invention of napalm spearheaded the development of a new terror weapon to be used against Germany. It was cats. Large numbers of cats were surgically implanted with small incendiary devices designed to be detonated remotely. The plan was to drop the cats from the air during a standard bombing mission over some large German city. The cats, upon safely landing on their feet, would of course disperse themselves, hiding in attics and alleyways and piles of flammable refuse, as cats are want to do. Then, after some pre-determined interval, the cats would be detonated, igniting the whole city, and killing thousands. Sadly, this noble effort was halted after one cat exploded prematurely at an Allied airbase, triggering his fellow felines and burning down an airplane hanger. Back to the drawing board.

Patrick Redding is in his fourth year of Physics-Acid Tripping Combined Honours degree. When he grows up he wants to become a statistic.

The Drawers of SUS

by Catherine Rankel, Head Honcho

Thanks to everyone one who somehow, by mere fact that they're alive and are taking courses at this University (Arts or otherwise), came out and supported Science Week. I mean, don't you feel good about participating? Is there anything better in this world than slapping a dead fish on a shirt? Or riding a trike to beat hell just to get a stuffed panda out of a garbage can?.....Or totalling your car during the Car Rally because you couldn't find those damn benches around the lawn bowling thing in Queen Elizabeth Park? Actually, this year we couldn't find the mermaid on Granville Island BUT:

1. the car survived, and
2. Ari guessed the correct answer anyway. (“All mermaids hold shells, Cathy.” “Get a life, Ari.”)

The point is, Science week is the BEST week on campus. Let's face it, you could be roasting tofu weenies outside of Buchanan for Arts Week or avoiding a big pile of farm animal feces for Aggie Week. BIG DEAL. Anyway, thanks for your support. Your receipt is in the mail. Save it for the tax man. New topic:

To all those who read “A Day in the Life” in the last issue and wet themselves due to hysteria, let me redeem myself.

1. I don't throw underwear at my alarm clock. In fact, I don't even wear underwear to bed. I wear my jammies.
2. MICB 421 doesn't exist. MICB 400, 403 and 418 do.
3. I must've missed the Yak at the last meeting.
4. Yaks don't pass gas. Editors do.
5. You don't titrate in Micro labs! You streak, incubate, isolate and Gram stain. (Physicists think they know it all).
6. I carry spare keys in my wallet and in my loving boyfriend's pocket. So watch who you're calling a geek.
7. I don't watch Cheers.
8. I only eat dinner once a night not three times, thank you very much.
9. What the @#%\$* are Milk Duds?
10. Coming soon - A Night in the Life of the 432 Editor!

Catherine Rankel is not fooling anyone here at The 432. As dedicated members of the press, who selflessly delve into all the dirty little corners, we know the truth. Catherine Rankel is really Eleanor Roosevelt.

That's Trivial!

by Tanya Rose

Hello again! This issue, we're going to give you something on movies. See if you can identify the movie that each famous line is from. Good Luck!

1-10: Easy 1 point.

1. “Nyeeel!”
2. “I'll buy that for a dollar.”
3. “I'll be back.”
4. “Is this heaven?” “No. It's Iowa.”
5. “As God is my witness, I'll never be hungry again!”
6. “They're heeccccccere.”
7. “Go ahead. Make my day.”
8. “There's no place like home.”
9. “I'm sorry, Dave. I can't do that.”
10. “Wait'll they get a load of me.”

11-15: Medium 2 points

11. “The horror...the horror!”
12. “Redrum!”

13. “The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the one or the few.”
14. “Klaatu Borada Nikto.”
15. “If she can stand it, I can. Play it.”

- 16-20: Hard 3 points
16. “Just put your lips together and blow.”
17. “When you call me that, smile.”
18. “We belong dead.”
19. “Come up and see me sometime.”
20. “Hey, do you know Eddy Shack?”

answers on page 8

How many Iraqis does it take to change a light bulb?
One, but he needs a dozen Scuds to take it out first.

How many janitors does it take to change a light bulb?
One, but only if it's in the ocntract.

How many Klu Klux Klan members does it take to change a light bulb?
One, but only if it is a Sylvania Soft White.

Contest Reminder

The Light Bulb Joke Contest is still raging. Don't forget the deadline for submitting your light bulb jokes is Friday, February 8. Keep submitting. First prize for light bulb jokes submitted is a Science Sweater

Rules: Different point values are assigned to each joke; the funnier and more original the light bulb joke, the more points it is worth. You will receive additional credit for jokes you made up even if they really stink.

Artsy-Type Page

Poetry City

Forgive me Father for I have Sin'd

by Brian Matthews

"Now the interval of $(2n/n)$ is used in the summation equation to-

"Why?"

"Excuse me?"

"Why?"

"Because."

"Because why?"

"You want me to prove it?"

"Yes."

"All right. Let's go back to the basic proof. In the third step, we use the *ith* value to-

"Why?"

"Because it denotes the subinterval."

"Why?"

"Look, we're going to start learning 2x4 calculus here. Every time you say 'why', I'm going to hit you in the head with one."

"Why can't you just explain to me why the *ith* denotes the sub-interval?"

"Look, calculus is sort of like belief in God. Don't question, just-

"I don't."

"You don't what?"

"I don't believe in God. I'm an atheist."

"Oh."

So you have it. Trying to help an atheist with calculus is an experience somewhat akin to trying to understand your girlfriend - frustrating to the point of pain. My first reaction to an atheist is "bull!"

"No, really. I'm an atheist."

"Swear to God?"

"Gimme a break."

My next reaction is annoyance. Where does this guy get off not believing in the divine one? Where does this guy get off questioning the status quo, shaking the boat, not marcing blindly to his death like the rest of us lem-mings?

"Why do you believe in God?"

"Because I do."

"Why?"

"Where's my 2x4?"

There's nothing worse than having your religious beliefs attacked by someone you're trying to teach calculus to.

"Why do you believe in God?"

"Because I do...probably because that's how I was brought up."

"So you believe in the tooth fairy?"

"Completely different."

"In what way?"

"God created the universe."

"Prove it."

"You think the Big Bang just happened randomly?"

"Yes. By definition, that's what the Big Bang is."

"Look at the sunrise. There's evidence of God."

"Earth's rotation and atmospheric doffraction of light."

"The Birth of a Baby."

"You're in genetics. You can explain that one better than me."

"Go away."

"No."

I should have given up with the first 'why' but like Custer, I didn't see it coming. But I did realize that professors are far smarter than we give them credit for. They don't misunderstand four out of five questions by accident. They know eventually that the sheep in the seats will, like almost all the sheep before them, just eventually give up wondering why and just accept. After all, it's the easiest thing to do. We sheep get the last word, sometimes. "Look, the *ith* is the *ith* because it is. Accept it."

"Why?"

"How many times have you failed this course?"

"Two."

"Wanna go for the hat trick?"

"I see that the *ith* denotes the subinterval."

"Good. Now say 'Baaaaa.'"

"Baaaaa."

Now what the hell was that? Brian Mathews earns money in his spare time with guided tours of his duodenum. Hah hah! Well, you think of something funny to say about someone you've never met when it's three in the morning.

There was a young man from Bombay
Who sat and wrote Limericks all day
He got stuck trying to rhyme orange
So he just decided to ignore it
And went on with is limerick anyway.

(courtesy of Scaught Mountain
and Michele Fandee)

HaikuMania

by Scaught, Michelle, Aaron, Greg the Hammer, Antonia again, Cairren E., the Hoenigster

Pizza with the works
I can't eat another bite
You want that last slice?

How many syllables go into the lines of these things?
I have no idea
I'll bet this is wrong

I have two big dogs
They have problem flatulence
They both sleep outside

Unity slate won
Words can't express how I feel
How 'bout 'porkbarrel!'

Rain of death will fall
The mother of all battles
Get a life, Saddam

Saddam wanted music
He liked *The B-52's*
He should have just asked

Air-raid siren blares
Tracers light up the night sky
No I said Bud Light

He thinks he can win
His pilots are in Teheran
Saddam is a goof

I pity Saddam
What's there to do in Baghdad?
Wet veil contest?

My exam's over
I have failed the semester
There's no place like home

I have a haiku
My attention span is short

Doggerel

by Scaught, and Michele with an thing over the 'e'.

John's got his great big UBC backpack
John's got a real nice UBC clipboard
John came to UBC and moved into Totem
He hoped that his roommate wouldn't snore.

John's got his great big UBC backpack
John's got a real nice UBC clipboard
John had a great time learning all those drinking games
That relieved the fact that classes were a bore.

John's got his great big UBC backpack
John's got a real nice UBC clipboard
John failed four courses in his first semester
John's not a frosh anymore.

Thoughts

By Scaught Mountain and Michele Fandee, with a notch thing over the first e.

I wonder what's one Donahue today.

Does the prof have several identical striped shirts, or does he wear the same one all week?

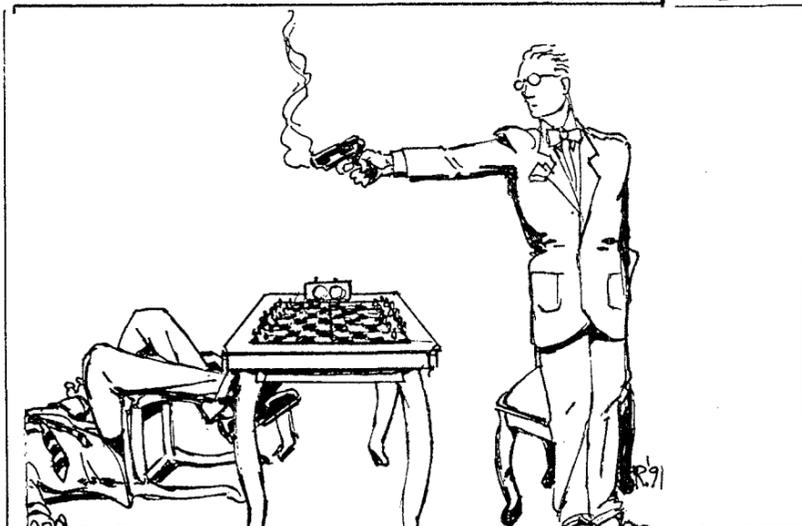
I wonder what's on Geraldo today.

I wonder if anyone will notice if I take a nap.

How come the prof always crams 5 pages of notes into the last two minutes of class?

I wonder if the prof is as bored as I am. I think so.

Lesser Known Chess Openings



The Iraqi Gambit

*What you need to know is that it was not a love affair,
not a mere love affair at all, but love.*

J. Robert Oppenheimer

If Love Makes The World Go Round, romance greases the moving parts. And there just isn't anything more romantic than sending a romantic message to a dear one on Valentine's Day. In the words of Saddam Hussein, Love Guru To The Stars, "Put your pig-dog satanic messages in The 432 or we will cut your eyeballs out." Now how much more romantic can you get, anyway?

The next issue of The 432 falls on February 13, the day before Valentine's Day. As is tradition, we will happily print any message you have for someone in that issue. In the words of Charles Manson, "Hey, am I crazy or is that my foot growing out of my nose?" Okay, so maybe not in the words of Charles Manson, but in the words of Baby Doc Duvalier, "Your message is free. It doesn't cost you anything."

That's right. The 432 will gladly print any and all messages (non-racist, and all that disclaimer hoody-doo) that you care to send. All you have to do is drop them off at Chem 160 Or you can phone it in late at night and leave a message on our answering machine (228-4235). OR, if you are really chicken I mean shy you can mail it to us. Our address can be found on the credits on page 7.

No limit on the number of messages. Please restrict messages to under 50 words. Messages may be edited for grammar, spelling. Nothing really mean, please. Jokes about Kurt Preinsberg's private parts are okay.

Note: big Big BIG major prizarooski for most romantic Valentine's Day

Dik Miller, Food Services

The World of Science, and all that, I think

Today's theme: **sex,sex,Sex,SEX,SEX!!!**



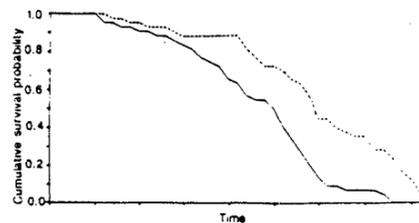
by Kelly Guggisberg

I have waited and waited and alas, no person has answered my questions about the deep mysteries of why 40% of all people sneeze after looking at a bright light source, or why

apples turn brown after they are bitten into (yes, I know that it's likely a re-dox, but what are the chemicals involved?). Thus, I have hit bottom. Someone gave me this one:

A recent study entitled "The Cost of mating," published in Nature, suggest that for the female, sex may not be the best aerobic activity. The article reveals the study of 88 females whose sex habits were studied. The amazing finding, contrary to what you might be thinking, is that females placed in the "high-mating group" had significantly lower lifespans when compared with the "low mating group."

To answer the question you must be wondering, namely, do males benefit, the answer is: "Males always gain from mating."



Kelly Guggisberg is no longer with us as executive Secretary, and she still won't tell us what her life expectancy is.

morrow." She turned to go, but stopped herself. "And give me that back. You're getting greasy water all over it."

I handed back the memo and watched her depart.

This was the most awkward case of mistaken identity I had ever encountered. Worse than the Shen switcheroo in Shanghai, worse than the Fyodorovski fim-flam in France, worse than the Manteca mixup in Madagascar. Now, I was actually in danger of losing my job. Before, it had only been my life at stake.

There was only one thing to do: find this Derek Miller character and beat the crap out of him. It wouldn't solve anything, but it sure would make me feel better. To that end, I removed my dish gloves, donned my Dik Miller™ Trenchcoat and Hat, and stormed upstairs to the AMS offices.

"Where would I find Derek Miller?!" I blared in my best I'm-angry-as-hell-and-I-won't-take-any-B.S.-from-you voice.

"I don't think he's around at the moment," said the receptionist.

"Then where would I find him?!"

"I couldn't really say. You might try the Science Undergraduate office in the Chemistry building."

"Then I will!" I shouted triumphantly, swooping my trenchcoat around behind me and stomping off down the hall.

"What a weirdo," I heard the receptionist mutter, but I was in too much of a huff to storm back and say "I heard that!"

A few minutes later I was negotiating the stairs to the S.U.S. office. It looked vaguely familiar. Then I realized that I had replaced a lock there two years ago. The scrape marks were still visible on the door as I swooped by it and into the office itself.

"Where..." I paused significantly, "...would I find Derek Miller, the candidate for Board of Governors?!"

"I dunno," said a dishevelled man sitting behind a Macintosh computer, playing Tetris™. He didn't look up.

"Any idea where I'd find him?"

"Nope. But if you do, let him no that he owes me an article."

"And who the hell are you?!" I shouted.

"I'm Aaron Drake, and I don't like being yelled at."

"I wasn't yelling, I was shouting."

How many Losers does it take to change a light bulb? They need to. Losers never come up with any brilliant ideas, anyway.

"Same difference."

"Shuddup."

"Look, buddy," Drake snapped, still watching the screen. "I don't appreciate your tone of voice."

"Yeah?" I challenged. "Whaddya gonna do about it?" I stomped up to him.

When I regained consciousness, there was a large group of people looking down on me. "Sorry, Derek," said Drake. "I didn't know it was you."

"What are you talking about?" I said weakly from the floor.

"I thought you were some obnoxious twit looking for you. You said you wanted to find Derek Miller, candidate for Board of Governors."

"I am." I shook my head. "What happened?"

"I punched you in the head. I'm sorry, Derek."

"I'm not Derek Miller! I'm Dik Miller, Food Services, Physical Plant, Campus Cowboy, Private Eye. Whatever you want to call me, I'm not Derek Miller, dammit!"

Just then, someone ran in with a rumpled piece of paper.

"Board and Senate results have just been announced!" he said.

"Who won?" asked Drake.

"Yeah, who..." I began. "Who...w...oh no..."

I felt myself passing out again.

The announcer was just starting. "The winners are..."

Everything went black.

What a cop-out, eh? Well, hey, this thing was written before any of the results were known, so I could hardly be presumptuous enough to predict them now, could I? So tune in next issue (Feb. 13) to find out if it's "Dik Miller, Food Services" or "Dik Miller, Board of Governors." Or maybe even "Dik Miller, Hopelessly Short on Ideas."



my usual task - when my boss walked up. "So, Miller, I hear you're running for Board of Governors?"

I looked up. "What?"

"I hear you're running for Board of Governors."

"Says who?"

"Says all those posters around."

I remembered the hooligan in the hallway last week who had accused me of trying to run for the Board and who had shown me a poster before disappearing.

"That's not me," I said bluntly.

The boss sidled up to me. "C'mon," she said, "we all know it is. Come on. 'Derek' Miller, 'Dik' Miller - they're just too similar."

"It's not me, I tell you. This guy is some student. I'm a former private eye, Physical Plant worker, campus cowboy, and...er...private eye. Different people. It's just a coincidence."

"Then how come I got this memo from the Registrar's office?" she asked, holding up a pink sheet of paper.

"What's that?" I inquired.

"I just told you, it's a memo from the Registrar's office."

"I know that. What does it say?"

"Here, read it." She thrust it into my hands and I read:

INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMORANDUM

FROM: Registrar's Office
TO: Food Services
RE: D. Miller

Please be informed that your employee, one Mr. D. Miller, is currently running for the position of representative to the University Board of Governors. Why a lowly, scum-of-the-earth Food Services worker would run, much less be accepted, as a student representative, I don't know, but it's not my job to know.

In any case, should he win, he will be in a conflict of interest, since he will be both working for the University and representing students on its Board. If this should be the case, we request that you ditch him right away so we can avoid any messy legal entanglements.

Serves him right for being so pompous as to run in the first place.

Sincerely,
J.Q. Blitherwathy
Registrar's Office

"Well, doesn't that just trample the rhinoceros?" I said.

"What did you just say?" my boss wondered.

"I said, 'Well, doesn't that just trample the rhinoceros?'"

"That's what I thought you said. Where did you ever pick up a phrase like that?"

"Africa. I'll say no more."

She looked at me blankly for a few seconds before she spoke again. "So anyway, if you do win, you're fired."

"But I'm not running!" I protested.

"According to this you are, and it's not my job to go questioning the Registrar's office. Goodbye, Miller. Perhaps we'll see you to-

Not much to talk about



The Cypress Bowl Ski Blitz is coming up on Feb 8. Registration closes Feb 5. It only costs \$25.65 with rebate. You also get a T-shirt and food.

The UBC Triathlon is filling up fast. If you're still not sure you want to do it, then come out to find out more at the 3rd complimentary Clinic this Saturday, Feb 2 from 2-4 pm in IRC #1. You don't have to be registered in the Triathlon to attend.

There will be FREE muffins.

For Valentine's Day you may want to consider subjecting yourself and your body to incredible pain by taking a romantic run along a beautiful rocky beach in the Tower Beach Suicide Run (\$5 with rebate).

If you're sick of playing basketball and not being able to see past everyone's navel, then the Sub 6 Basketball Tourney on Feb 21-24 is for you. Registration closes Feb 15. You can sign up in SUS (Chem 160) if you want.

If you think Volleyball is boring in a regular court, then why not try playing it in a squash court - no one who plays is all that serious, so come out had have fun on Feb 16 at Tower Courts. Registration closes Feb 8.

The PhyssoCrack Volleyball Team, "Whoops", is proud to announce they have

signed the Radical Beer Faction to a long term contract, terms undisclosed. Team "Whoops" opened the season in typical fashion, losing. Said, the team captain, Ivo Van Selst, "Whoops."

In Ball Hockey, Team Physics continues to terrorize Div III, barely winning their last game in a real squeaker, 9-0. Officials agree, it was the COOL shirts that gave them the edge.

Fianlly, a reminder to all sports participants to get out there and rack up points for Science! We still lead in both men and women's categories, and let's keep it that way.

Rachel Farrall can usually be found puttering about SUS when she is not being pestered by an overzealous editor to get her damned article in. Who's impatient?

Comment Ari



by Ari Giligson

A Guide to Campus Stereotypes

The Geer: Not great in number yet easily spotted by their distinctive red plumage (jackets). It has been rumored that they attend classes although we have never seen a picture of this event. They are usually engaged in various acts that involve being in a big group. This could entail chanting, drinking or ritualistically throwing each other into bodies of water. Their idea of a good time is moving any large object (preferably red) from one location to another (this usually entails a reduction in stability).

The Artsie: The most prevalent stereotype on campus, yet you couldn't definitely identify one until it has opened its mouth to talk. The artsie can be divided into two subspecies:

1) The anarchist - dress is usually dark color and political philosophy consists of tearing down, taking over, or blowing up some arbitrary political establishment at some arbitrary location.

2) The lost soul - dress is varied. Philosophy of life consists of going to university until something better comes along (usually wind up either as lawyers or burger flippers at McDonalds). Artsies like to party but don't like to admit allegiance to any group or organization (in fact aren't often sure if they belong to any organization - eg. the AMS, the AUS etc.)

The Commercee: (Commercialist? Commercien??): Not much is known about this reclusive species which keeps to itself in the Angus building. Sometimes mistaken for the artsie, the Commercee can be distinguished by its serious, businesslike attire and mild party habits.

The Science Geek: Looks much like the artsie but often 10 or so years out of fashion. The Science student can often be found sleeping in lecture halls throughout campus. Some have ventured to hypothesize that Science students are hybrids between Geers and Artsies. Others have thought that Geers and Artsies are in fact more specialized forms of these creatures. Science students like to party but usually stop at only 12 beer whereas Geers enjoy up to 40 in one evening.

In an upcoming article we will look at the speciation occurring when undergrads slowly developed into grad students when all environmental selection pressure is removed.



Questions For Dan Quayle

Chromosomes don't have any. What happens to time that is lost? Where does it go? Is it the same time when people find it? Is it hanging around until the end of the universe, when it can suddenly jump up and say, Hey! there's still some time left! We just found it!

Can you get indigestion when you swallow your pride? Should you chew it first?

Can you have half of a hole? If you sanction something, you support it. If you impose sanctions, you stop something. Someone goofed. How come you can't impose a single sanction anyway?

Why is a Senator at Large? What if he's short? What about if he's a psychic? Would he be a small medium at large? I'm so confused...

And I've never seen a shoe lace made out of lace...

Live studio audiences bug me. Why are things never played in front of a dead studio audience?

Why doesn't Charlie Brown ever change his

shirt? How does Snoopy actually get up onto his roof, anyway? How about their School Teacher? Does she have a speech impediment? Mwaaaaanpmwaa Mwampmwamwaaamwaa

Why is mum the word anyway?

Why is it heads or tails? Have you ever seen a coin with a tail? Shouldn't it be heads or caribous?

The guys in the comic strip B.C. Who do they play baseball against? We see them in the dugout all the time, but they're the only people we ever see. Is Grog a male or female? How did they find out?

Have you ever heard of anybody ravelling anything.

What type of wine should you have when you eat crow?

thanks to Jason Olson, Mark Hoenig, Leona Adams, Aaron Drake, Trent the Gent., Cairreen E, Ari Gilligan, Steve-o, Scaught Mountain, Michele Fadeef

Driving Miss Dozy



by Antonia Rozario

Pretty soon midterm exams will be upon us and students will be forced into doing a series of grueling "all-nighters".

For those of you lucky enough to live on or immediately off campus, such an endeavor will be nothing more than an annoying inconvenience; favorite TV shows will have to be missed, telephone conversations will have to be shortened and at the very most, one or two Pit Nights will have to be postponed.

For those who come to UBC by bus or by scamming rides off of friends, midterm exams just mean they will probably have to give up washing their hair and coordinating their wardrobes in the morning. For several days they will have to live with the embarrassment of nodding off mid-conversation with their travel companions and possibly, they might even be caught drooling on themselves while snoring audibly in front of their peers.

No matter what, though, the students who will have to make the greatest sacrifices are those, like myself, who have to drive in alone from off of campus. For us, an all night study session doesn't just mean an infringement upon our social life or the shame of public ridicule. Rather, we run the risk of killing ourselves behind the wheel, or worse yet, trashing our cars, due to fatigue-related driver negligence.

My attempts to drive in from Richmond while in a semi-delirious state have been nothing short of sheer stupidity. I remember one particular morning before a Biology 300 midterm when I was especially sluiced from studying. As I stood shivering on my front porch trying to collect my belongings, I realized that I could not remember whether or not I had eaten breakfast. Worse yet, I could not remember for the life of me if I had washed my face or put on any deodorant. Rather than going to bed to get a few hours of much-needed sleep, I foolishly decided it was more important to go to the exam I had studied all night for. Needless to say, my decision was a stupid one and I had several close calls driving along the UEL Highway. By the time I had reached UBC, I had convince more than half a dozen motorists that I was completely insane; if seeing me weave in and out of traffic at 80 kmh with closed eyes did not convince them of my neurosis, the ten minute nap I took at the intersection of 16th and Westbrook Mall surely did.

The only thing that saved me from wrapping

my Toyota around a tree was that I WAS sporadically taking drastic measure to keep myself awake. True, I did nod off on two or three occasions, but I was always able to regain my consciousness and continue driving after a few minutes.

As a considerate and responsible downwardly mobile adult, I feel it is my duty to share with you my tips for staying awake:

WAYS TO STAY AWAKE WHILE DRIVING or HOW TO CONVINCE THE MOTORISTS OF BC BEYOND ANY DOUBT THE YOU ARE AN UTTER AND COMPLETE IDIOT

1. Turn off all the heat, roll down all windows and stroke the side of your face repeatedly.
2. Hit yourself with wide sweeping strokes until you break all the blood vessels on the palms of your hand.
3. Roll your eyes and stick out your tongue at other motorist driving Japanese imports.
4. Smile a lot and never let the other drivers see where your hands are.
5. Turn on your stereo full blast and pick your facial orifices.
6. At stoplights, take out a two foot piece of hair ribbon and try to floss your teeth.
7. Open and close you passenger door, pretending each time that you are letting imaginary friends depart.
8. Stick your hands out a window and wave at passing cars for no apparent reason.
9. Honk your horn and shake your head whenever passing motorists wearing hats.
10. Laugh uncontrollably and squeal with glee whenever passing police cars.

How many paranoc schizophrenics does it take to change a light bulb?

Exactly thirteen. Otherwise the light-bulb-filament aliens might become angry, unscrew their bulb-ships, and take over the planet at 1:17 in the morning (local time).

How many neurotics does it take to change a light bulb?

They don't go near light bulbs. Didn't you know that the electromagnetic fields that surround electrical appliances may cause cancer?

That's the way it was, Wednesday, January 30, 1991.

Very special thanks to those who stayed up with me all night last issue: Pat, Antonia, Cairreen. Also, thanks to Jason, Derek, and Erik for layout and photocopying. Especially thanks to Derek.

Thanks a lot to Dean Asai who went above and beyond and all that.

The 432 comes out whenever we damn well feel like printing it. The 432 prides itself on being a forum for absolutely nothing whatsoever and would prefer to keep it that way. Got a drum to beat? Go see The Other Newspaper On Campus. No radicals, thank you. If you just want to be funny or interesting or have something to say about boogers, please drop us a line.

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

Telephone: 228-4235

Editor: Aaron Drake

Writers and Contributors: Scaught Mountain, Michele Fadeef, Aaron Drake, Antonia Rozario, Patrick Redding, Mark Hoenig, Kelly Guggisberg, Catherine Rankel, Derek Miller, David New, Rachel Farrall, Alan Douglas, Sandra Mah, Ari Giligson, Cairreen Hanert, Jason Olson, Leona Adams, Trent Hammer, Tanya Rose, Erik Jensen, Ed Hewlett, Deanarmi Leung. Seven small pebbles, a black felt hat, cellulite.

Artists: Patrick Redding, Aaron Drake

Photography: Peter Siempelkamp good gosh, Pete, I'm not exactly sure how to spell your last name. Oops.

Layout and Pasteup: Aaron Drake, Derek Miller

Copyright 1991. All rights reserved. All material is copyrighted in the name of the author. If no name is affixed or there's a whole plethora of first names, it's copyrighted in the name of Aaron Drake. He steals it from under their noses. Deal with it.

Circulation: 4000 and my mom.

Printed by College Printers

The 432 is produced by Aldus Pagemaker on a Macintosh SE. Yeah, I know. You really care.

All similarities to any person living or dead are... no wait, if there's a similarity, it's probably because we darned well meant it. Maybe you just need a sense of humour that hasn't suddenly crawled out from under a rock. I mean, come off it, you droll, tepid, wet noodle. It's good clean fun.

Special thanks to Derek for helping me with the layout last issue. And thanks to Erik and Jason for helping out by letting me order them around as if I had any real authority to speak of. Thanks Pat, once again for your combination of sick humour and artistic prowess. Thanks Mark for... never mind. Thank you Antonia for being so darned curious what animal Pat had drawn you into that you just had to write me an article even if it killed you. Thank you Elaine, even though I didn't use your article. Please keep submitting. Thank you Jason Olson for your enthusiasm even though I didn't use anything. Thank you especially Dean Asai. You came in the nick of time.

And so on.

A Few Pages From The Historical Future

by Alan Douglas

Alan Douglas, the modest nutty guy that he is, doesn't like to brag that he has solved the mysteries of time travel. Instead, without fanfare, he went fifty years into the future and brought us back a brief glimpse of what the history books of the future had to tell us about the Gulf War

Oct 28, 1991 - Dharan

Gen. H. Norman Schwarzkopf, US Field Commander in the Persian Gulf, announced that each member of Iraq's elite Republican Guard had now been personally decimated seven and a half times over by nearly ten months of constant aerial bombardment and intense ground fighting. This, he felt, would severely limit their effectiveness, and would lead to the imminent liberation of Kuwait.

October 29, 1991 - Tel Aviv

Scud missiles struck Israel for the 118th time today, despite Gen. Schwarzkopf's assurances that they had definitely destroyed all the mobile launchers this time. Only minor injuries were reported. Israeli officials commented that this was getting really repetitive and called Saddam Hussein an "unimaginative boob." Zalman Shoval, Israeli Ambassador to the US, again described how brave the Israelis have been by continuing to keep such a low profile, but warned Iraq that Israel would retaliate next time, for sure.

November 5, 1991 - Baghdad

Iraqi military officials reported that they had now shot down 25, 713 coalition military aircraft since the war began. They also claimed to have downed 13,942 commercial and civilian aircraft as well as the Goodyear Blimp, the Hubble Space Telescope, the giant inflatable Dumbo used in the St. Patrick's Day Parade, both generations of the Starship Enterprise, and Michael Jordan.

November 7, 1991 - Vatican City

The Pope today praised the people of Israel for their tremendous restraint in not escalating the Gulf War. "By turning the other cheek," said His Holiness, "they have done the decent

Christian thing." In the ensuing Israeli air strike, three Cardinals were injured and a warehouse full of souvenir Pope dolls was destroyed.

November 11, 1991 - Geneva

The Nobel Peace Prize was accepted today by Libyan leader Col. Moammar Gadhafi, the only political figure to vehemently oppose both the Gulf War and Iraq's invasion of Kuwait. The Prize was awarded to Gadhafi for his repeated efforts to bring a peaceful settlement to the war. In reaction, President Bush said that he would not allow a terrorist to undermine the war effort, and declared that the madman Gadhafi must be stopped before he brings about a premature peace.

November 13, 1991 - Tripoli

A US squadron of F-111A's made a precision surgical strike today on the summer home of Col. Moammar Gadhafi. Two important tool sheds were destroyed in the raid which also interrupted the maid's Nintendo game. Later, US Defense Secretary Dick Cheney commented, "Let's see that maniac try and mow his lawn now!"

November 16, 1991 - Washington

Since all efforts to date have failed to neutralize Iraqi Scuds, President George Bush announced that to ensure Israel does not further enter the Gulf conflict, the entire nation of Israel will be temporarily relocated to Idaho. Ambassador Zalman Shoval promised medals of bravery for all.

November 17, 1991 - Baghdad

In addition to his live broadcasts from Baghdad, popular CNN correspondent Peter Arnett has been given a one hour prime time variety show on Iraqi television to begin airing next month. The premier episode of "The Peter Arnett Show" will feature Roseanne Barr singing the US National Anthem.

December 3, 1991 - Washington

In an address to the nation yesterday, President Bush assured Americans that the CIA has the problem of Iraqi terrorism completely under control, and that there is no loner anything to fear.

December 17, 1991 - Saudi Arabia

US and British forces' latest attempts to recapture the Saudi city of Dharan have failed. Gen. Schwarzkopf insisted this is just a minor setback and indeed that the entire Iraqi invasion is an act of desperation. President Quayle was not available for comment.

December 18, 1991 - New York

Still driven by more positive reports from the Gulf War, the Dow Jones shot up three hundred and seven points, while the latest polls show that 106% of Americans feel that the war is as good as won.

December 23, 1991 - Baghdad

The Iraqi military claimed that in heavy fighting last night, they shot down the moon and all the stars. They also reported that they hope to have the sun taken care of by nightfall.

January 9, 1992 - Washington

Rumours continue to circulate as to the whereabouts of President Dan Quayle who has not been heard from since his swearing in a month ago. White House officials dismissed reports that he is being kept locked in a linen closet. Said, one spokesman, "That would be an utterly absurd waste of linen."

January 14, 1992 - Memphis

Elvis still dead.

January 29, 1992 - Saudi Arabia

Iraq's elite Republican Guard, despite being "decimated beyond all get-out," successfully encircled the remainder of the multinational coalition of the Saudi government. Gen. Schwarzkopf said from his emergency command bunker in Bahrain that Iraqi morale is at an all time low and that he expects large scale surrender of Iraqi forces any day now, although he did not make it clear just to whom they would surrender.

February 9, 1992 - Washington

Newly elected President Oliver North announced that the nation's leadership crisis is now over. He added that the death of former President Dan Quayle was not another act of Iraqi terrorism, but just "one of those things. Besides, we needed a new White House."

February 17, 1992 - Baghdad

With no one else to fight, the Iraqi air force had apparently shot itself down.

February 22, 1992 - Bahrain

It was announced today by coalition military sources that they would no longer provide any news of the Gulf War until something good happened.

December 15, 1992 - Baghdad

A two hour anniversary special of The Peter Arnett Show was aired on Iraqi TV yesterday. Broadcast live from Saddam Hussein's palace, the show featured the interrogation of several captured USO performers including Bob Hope and Brooke Shields.

April 12, 1993 - Washington

Despite their use of nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons, the last of the United States Army was overrun by the elite Republican Guard, as Iraqi tanks rolled into the US Capital. From his secret hideout in Grenada, President Oral Robert offered the United States' unconditional surrender and added that if he did not receive \$220 million and a new country within a week, God would call him up.

April 15, 1993 - Baghdad

Saddam Hussein, the self-appointed leader of the New World Order, announced that in compliance with the UN directives, he would immediately withdraw his forces from Kuwait. Hussein also proclaimed that the US had been renamed New Iraq, and that he would liberate Palestine as soon as he found out where the "American Satan-Dogs" had hidden it. Israeli ambassador Zalman Shoval was being to brave for comment.

June 6, 1993 - Baghdad

In a shocking development, Saddam Hussein has been overthrown in a popular revolution lead by CNN superstar Peter Arnett. Arnett vows to create a new world government in which voting will be replaced by CNN election forecasts and policy will be dictated by whatever gets the highest ratings. Newspapers are to be abolished immedia

You could have already read this column



by David New

to be waking me up at this obscene hour...
What obscene hour...
Ring.
Ring.
Sounds like the telephone. Sounds just like the telephone. And just like the telephone.
by David New
to be waking me up at this obscene hour...
What obscene hour...
Ring.
"Hello?" Seven o'clock. Must've slept in.
"Hello, is this Mr. D. New?" What day is it.
"Yes." Saturday. No, Friday. No.
"Mr. D. New, this is Ed McMahon of The Tonight Show."
"Hi." Yes. Friday. Friday at seven o'clock. No.
"I'm calling to tell you that Mr. D. New, YOU ARE OUR LATEST WINNER OF TEN MILLION DOLLARS!"
"Oh. Wow." Maybe it's Thursday. Thursday at seven o'clock.
"Do you have any comment, Mr. D. New, about your fabulous winnings of TEN MILLION DOLLARS?" Thursday. Yes.
"What?"
"Mr. D. New?"
"Yes?"
"Have you fully realized, Mr. D. New, the full ramifications of your TEN MILLION DOLLARS of winnings?"
"What? Who? What?"
"This, Mr. D. New, is Ed McMahon of The

Tonight Show!"
"Ed McMahon of The Tonight Show."
"That's right, Mr. D. New."
"Sure. Hi, Ed. How's John? How's Jay?"
"You sound skeptical, Mr. D. New."
"Well, Ed, now that you mention it, I must say it is a little funny to be woken up by someone who claims to be a famous television personality. Perhaps you could give me a little more proof of identity?"
"All right, Mr. D. New, since you ask — heeereere's Johnny!"
"Okay, you're Ed McMahon of The Tonight Show. So—"
"Ho,ho,ho!"
"Um, yeah, uh, so tell me something."
"Why, what's that, Mr. D. New?"
"Well, a few things, actually. I've been wondering for a while. Why are you always called Ed McMahon of The Tonight Show? Is there more than one famous Ed McMahon who looks like you? And why—"
"Hold it, Mr. D. New, just one question at a time. Why am I always called Ed McMahon of The Tonight Show, you ask? Well, I suppose that's because my name is Ed McMahon and I appear regularly on The Tonight Show with Johnny Carson, ho,ho,ho!"
"Well, why does your name *always* appear that way? You'd think by the fifth or sixth time, people would have figured out which Ed McMahon all those pictures are of. And why is it always the same picture?"
"That's a very good question, Mr. D. New, and the answer is that it's a very nice picture, which I happen to like a lot. What could be wrong with using it more than once, if it

means not using an inferior representation of my smiling face?"
"Okay, but—"
"Ho,ho,ho!"
"Right. Um, but why is your name always stuck with that title, 'of The Tonight Show'?"
"Well, Mr. D. New, let me answer by way of allegory. Do you work regularly for any company in, say, the media?"
"Well, I do a column in a paper called *The 432*, does that—"
"Then I put to you, Mr. D. New, why should you not call yourself Mr. D. New of *The 432*?"
"Um—"
"Why, that even sounds nice — Mr. D. New of *The 432*, Mr. D. New of *The 432* ... have you ever considered going into sweepstakes?"
"Um, no—"
"Ho, ho, ho!"
"—no, no I haven't. Um. Where did you get my phone number from, anyway?"
"Why, it's right here on my card of winners of TEN MILLION DOLLARS, just next to your name and winning number. Heh, heh."
"No, I mean, your company. In general. I can't remember ever sending out my phone number with a magazine subscription, or a book club membership, or anything like that."
"I suppose, Mr. D. New, somebody must have looked it up in the telephone directory."
"Oh, I guess that makes sense."
"So, Mr. D. New, to return to my original question, do you have any immediate reaction to your amazing winnings of TEN MILLION DOLLARS?"
"No, wait. Wait. One other thing. Last year, we got a sweepstakes thing addressed to a Ms. D. New. We couldn't figure out if the D was

a typo, or if you knew something I didn't know, or what."
"Are you certain, Mr. D. New, that it couldn't have been addressed to anybody else in your immediate household?"
"Positive. There are no Daphnes, Darlenes, Dorothys, Dorises, or Dianas anywhere in my family. That I know of, I mean."
"At least, none yet."
"Well, I guess—"
"Ho,ho,ho!"
"Um, yeah."
"So am I to understand, Mr. D. New, that you are asking me what might have transpired to produce this piece of seemingly maladdressed mail."
"That's right. And why it only happened once. My brother filled everything out and sent it back in, same as he always does to our sweepstakes forms, so why—"
"Excuse me, Mr. D. New, but did I hear you say that your *brother* always fills out your sweepstakes forms?"
"Uh, well, usually, uh, um, yeah." "Then I'm dreadfully sorry, Mr. D. New, but I'm afraid you're ineligible for our GRAND PRIZE OF TEN MILLION DOLLARS. Thanks for your time."
"No, wait—"
Click.
Seven-ten.
Thursday.
I don't have class until this afternoon. I really, really hope this is a dream.
David New has been a regular contributor for all of his years here at UBC. You'd think he'd be able to come up with a better title.

GET YOUR VALENTINE'S DAY MESSAGE INTO THE 432

How we ran for AMS with cow-horns on our heads The Radical Beer Faction

by Mark Hoenig

I wouldn't say we exactly ran for office. Jogged, maybe. Walked would be even better. Some would say staggered like blottoed drunks pretty well sums it up. Purists would say that we didn't run for office, but in fact ran against office. However, saying that we staggered like blottoed drunks against office makes no sense whatsoever.

I'm sorry. What was the question again?

The Radical Beer Faction came to be when Mike Hamilton, Jason Russel, Erik Jensen and Mark Hoenig were, through voter apathy, appointed to SUS Council, swelling the Phys-soc Block Vote to ridiculous proportions (the fact that 25% of SUS Council is composed of members of Physsoc has nothing to do with the fact that the Elections Commissioner Cairen Hanert is also President of Physsoc). We immediately saw two problems with SUS. It was turning far too stodgy and bureaucratic, and they served really lousy beer at beer gardens. The Radical Beer Faction of the Bloc Physsoc was formed to right these wrongs.

For the first few months our significant achievements were limited to securing the only four reclining chairs at every Council meeting, and irritating each council member at least once. The task of improving beer at SUS functions seemed hopeless.

Musing this over at the Pit in one of our secret meetings, we were struck suddenly by inspiration: If we took over the AMS, we would hold power over SUS, and could withhold funds until they agreed to play ball and use decent beer. Thinking it over, we realized that the AMS was also plagued by bureaucracy and lousy beer. If Jason Brett could form a slate, so could we.

We had the necessary qualifications: we were incompetent, dishonest, stubborn, and we bickered a lot. Every year student politicians promise a clearer and brighter future and a kinder, gentler student council. We would take the suspense out of voting - we would demonstrate our ineptitude beforehand.

Mike Hamilton suggested that he could be the first Director of Finance to present a completely honest budget, by including line items for: i) misappropriation of funds, ii) beer and pizza, iii) please don't ask, and finally, iv) I'd rather not say.

At 9:30 the next morning we promptly picked up our nomination forms. At 9:35 we started playing cards at Physsoc. By 10:40 we had collected all the needed signatures from people like Fiona Murray, who expressly said that she would be very embarrassed if her name appeared in *The 432*.

The Ubysey was now REQUIRED to interview us.

We still needed a presidential candidate and a Director of Administration. Antonia Rozario gracefully declined the offer of the D of A candidacy, saying sweetly, "get away from me you pasty-white dweebs." Ari Giligson, on the other hand accepted the presidential candidacy. Aaron Drake of *The 432* originally agreed to run for D of A, but later backed down. "Beer makes me fart," he said.

News of our candidacy spread like wildfire

among the politically astute of the campus. On Saturday, we hear from a reliable source that the Progressives were "worried" about us. The next week we heard that our candidacy had driven certain members from the AMS Establishment to apoplexy. Joanna Wickie was heard to say, "It's just not right. Don't they know what they're doing?" Over the next few days we were accused by several people of "splitting the vote and giving it to them." Strangely, both slates said this.

January came, and Antonia joined us to make us complete. She wanted the opportunity to flaunt her goods in front of thousands of hairy Italians, Mike, by the way, refound his nomination form, for the seventh time.

We met our opponents at the all-candidate's meeting.

We presented our innovative suggestions to save the AMS thousands of dollars, but the other candidates refused our gentlemanly proposal to settle the election by either boat-race or snowball fight. Later, Mike Hamilton committed a major election faux pas; apparently one isn't supposed to fall asleep during all-candidate's meetings.

We carefully allocated our budget of \$57.66. Perhaps we should have put a little more money into our campaign. We ended up with a rate of 64 votes per dollar spent. Compare that to Unity which got 7 votes per dollar spent.

Now for the viking hat: It was interesting to note the reactions of others when I was standing about with horns on my head. People fell into three categories: those who smiled, laughed or made some witty comment, those who were too wrapped up in their own universes to notice a Scandophile in front of them, had finally those who refused to admit they were seeing this. They'd walk past, quickly, averting their eyes, pretending they were thinking, If I ignore it, it will go away. Quick glance. Does he know he's wearing that? The third group was by far the largest. Okay, the largest group was the "what a bozo" group which I refuse to acknowledge.

In the interest of self defense, we decided not to attend any of the candidate's forums. This almost backfired - we won the debate at the Cheese Pub by not attending. We did manage some wondrous spots on CTR radio and one graduate student in Poli Sci is making us the subject of his thesis.

Do we have regrets? Not getting the \$10,000? The plush offices? Shawn? Well, maybe that last one. But we do regret that we now can't use any of the great jokes we had saved up. For instance, the RBF's 31 Tips on How to Pick Up Women (#1: don't strain your back, use the fireman's carry...), the replacement of the Ubysey with *The 432*, the False Creek Lodge, the... Hey come back here, I'm not finished...

Mark Hoenig ran for the position of Director of External Affairs, and now is currently writing his memoirs when he isn't consulting Dan Quayle in domestic policy. I think. Or he could be in Physsoc with a winning hand in Hearts. One or the other.

Answers to That's Trivial!

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. The Holy Grail. | 11. Apocalypse Now. |
| 2. RoboCop. | 12. The Shining. |
| 3. The Terminator. | 13. Star Trek II. |
| 4. Field of Dreams. | 14. The Day The Earth Stood Still. |
| 5. Gone With the Wind. | 15. Casablanca. |
| 6. Poltergeist. | 16. To Have and Have Not. |
| 7. Sudden Impact. | 17. The Virginian. |
| 8. The Wizard of Oz. | 18. The Bride of Frankenstein. |
| 9. 2001: A Space Odyssey. | 19. Diamond Lil. |
| 10. Batman. | 20. Slap Shot. |

Nomination form for SUS Executive Positions:

NAME OF CANDIDATE: _____

YEAR: _____ DEPARTMENT: _____ STUDENT NUMBER: _____

ADDRESS: _____

TELEPHONE NUMBER: _____

I am aware of my nomination and am willing to run for the position of _____.

DATE: _____ SIGNED: _____
This form MUST be returned by 6:30pm, Wednesday, February 13, 1991, to SUS (Chem 160).

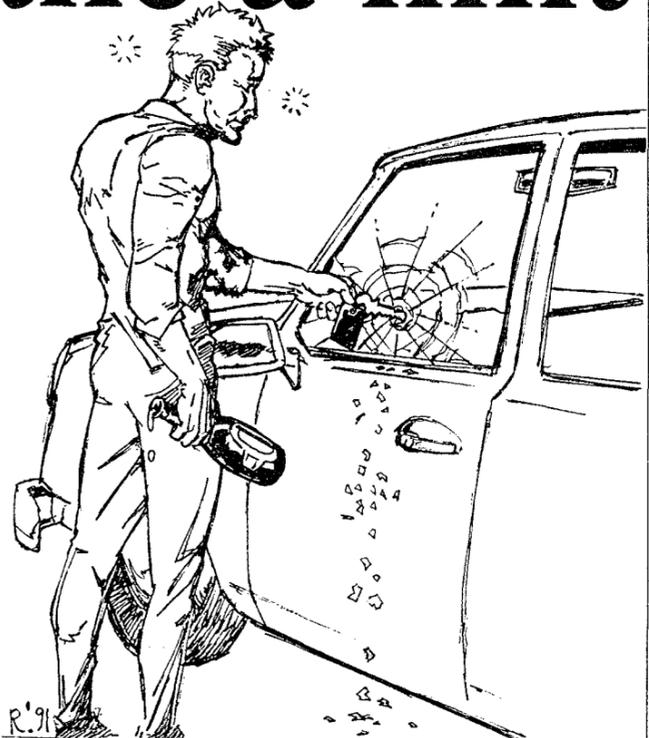
We, the undersigned, bona fide members of the Science Undergraduate Society, nominate _____ for the position of _____

DATE _____ SIGNATURE _____ NAME _____ STUDENT NUMBER _____

- 1 _____
- 2 _____
- 3 _____
- 4 _____
- 5 _____
- 6 _____
- 7 _____
- 8 _____
- 9 _____
- 10 _____
- 11 _____
- 12 _____
- 13 _____
- 14 _____
- 15 _____
- 16 _____
- 17 _____
- 18 _____

* 15 is the minimum number of signers required.
** ALL CANDIDATES' MEETING, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1991 AT 12:30pm IN CHEM 160 (ALL CANDIDATES MUST ATTEND).

Take a hint



Don't Drink and Drive



The Radical Beer Faction Recruits a Member