

"If all else fails, immortality can always be assured by spectacular error." ~ John Kenneth Galbraith

## Darwin haunts The Vatican!

*Pope John Paul II afraid to sleep!*

John P. Fibble  
**Holy Correspondent**

VATICAN CITY (SP)

New light has been shed recently on the reports regarding Pope John Paul's recent termination of his visit to France and subsequent declaration in favor of the theory of evolution as outlined in Charles Darwin's Origin of the Species.

Inside sources here claim that shortly after Pope John Paul II made his historical statement accepting Darwin's theories, strange events began to regularly occur at night inside

The Vatican. Before The Vatican had a chance to implement a "Don't ask, don't tell" policy with regards to the possible source of the disturbances, several janitorial staff and a few low-ranking bishops came forth to the local press with stories of

encounters.

"Sure, it began with the noises, so it did." recalls father Seamus Patrick O Flaherty, a visiting bishop who found himself awake one morning in the Vatican guestrooms after what was apparently one of the more successful wakes of his entire career. "But sure we all know the Archbishop has a wooden leg and he likes to go-, that is,

“

*"I don't believe it. God hasn't mentioned anything about this to me. He can't go changing things now. We have a contract, you know!"*

*- Pope John Paul II*

”

was" Father Seamus was unable to comment further due to some small motor difficulty apparently incurred while testing out the holy whisky aspect of the last haunting, but the damage was already done. Rumour is spreading rife

throughout the Vatican community as events are escalating in their severity. Indeed, even in some of the most hallowed and private parts of the building sights have been seen. For example, consider the following statement from Guiseppe Alfonso Jones:

"It was awful. There I was, sweeping out The Vatican Library, you know, minding my own business, scraping gum off the underside of tables and stuff, when this shimmering bearded bloke comes round the corner warning of the fall of the church!" states

Guiseppe the night janitor. Apparently the spectre was none other than Charles Darwin himself, come back as a messenger from God to give support to the miracle of creation in repentance for having

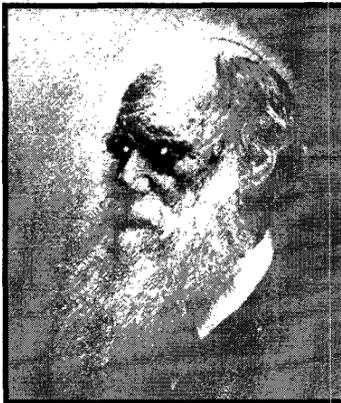
made the terrible mistake of trying to relate human beings with the apes.

"Imagine being confronted by the newly resurrected phantasm of a rather distraught scientist who's been dead for over one hundred years! I was shocked!

But he was a pleasant enough ghost. We sat down and chatted about evolution over tea and biscuits, I mean, he was English, after all.

"He claims that shortly after he died, he was pulled aside by God and tormented for one hundred years for questioning

the whole theory of creation. Apparently, God really did just snap his fingers and create Adam and Eve. Imagine having to see The Sound of Musics twice an hour for... and oh, God, the roaches...no, I just



Ghost of Charles Darwin.  
(Artist's conception)

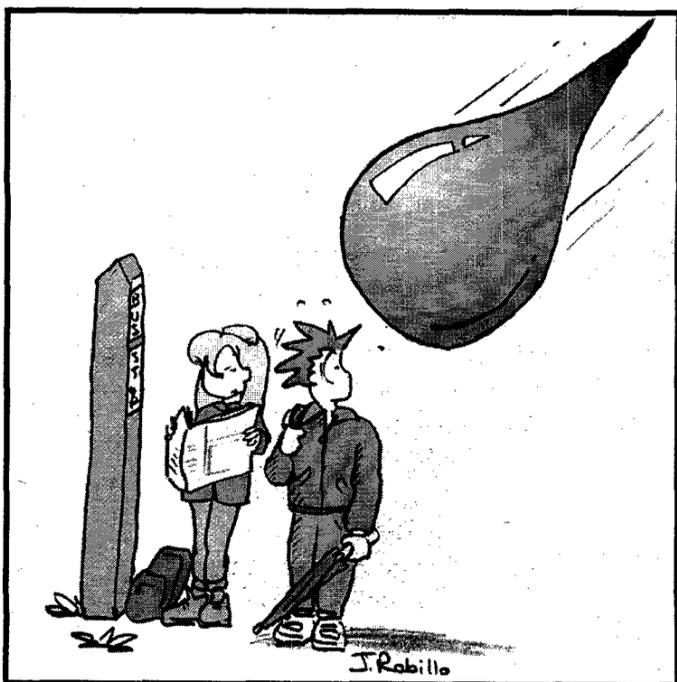
can't think of it anymore!"

ArchDeacon James Heffer was quick to deny all accounts of a supernatural being present in St Peter's or any of its environs, noting that he himself has seen nothing at all unusual in the Vatican Library. Heffer regularly visits the library late at night to use the pool table and make paper airplanes out of the various Dead Sea Scrolls stored there.

"Oh yeah, they're great. The ones that don't crumple right off go way to the other side of the courtyard when you throw them out the window. But anyway, on this particular night Guiseppe was just sitting there with this other see-through janitor. Nothing special, I didn't think much off it. I just went over to the hot tub and made myself a drink from the wet bar."

Aides close to the Pope believe that his recent decision to support the theory of Darwinian Evolution may ironically have come in a desperate attempt to keep the ghost at bay.

As of yet, no plans have been made to remove the ghost.



"Chance of heavy rain. Yeah, right."

## Is Jimmy Hoffa still alive?

Maurice Spoonbender  
**Roving Correspondent**

No one's willing to commit themselves for certain yet, but the Late Jimmy Hoffa Sr. may not be so late after all.

Recent evidence has come to light which suggests that Hoffa may not be buried underneath Yankee Stadium as previously supposed. He may instead have escaped via connections with the Irish mob to the east coast of Galway, possibly to begin a career raising a new breed of sheep. "These sheep are trained to carry out the simplest of commands. Kill is a particular favourite", or so claims Special

Agent Foxy Mildew of the FBI, who has been following the Hoffa case now for several long years from his basement office in the supplies building. However, Mildew believes that Hoffa has since moved on, fearing discovery.

"No one knows for sure who might be helping him. The government of the United States of America has deliberately acted to obfuscate any attempts to discover the truth, just as they have continued to deny to the public vital information regarding the existence of little green men from Mars. I swear it's true, and I'll prove it. I'll show you all." We tried to talk to Agent

Mildew later that afternoon, but he was taking his medication and was therefore unavailable for comment.

As one other FBI agent noted, even if the theory is true it may no longer be of help to us.

"The guy could just go anywhere" he said. "I mean, all you need is a fake Irish sounding name like Heffer or Hooper or something. And there's boatloads of Irish leaving the country at any minute. Why only last week some drunken Irish priest was dragging a load of yobs over to Stodgy Pete's for cheap Roman wine. Or somewhere like that, I forget."

The search continues.

# Rotting pumpkins.

Jake the Jack 'o lantern

Columnist in therapy

Well the time of Halloween rapidly approaches with the thought of midterms slowly receding back to the edges of hell from which they came. Thank god for rotting pumpkins and the goo that you pull out of them like you were some evil Med student slowly hacking open the putrid skull of some long dead cadaver and secretly enjoying the smell of the unpreserved brain. Did you know that when they pump a cadaver full of fun stuff like formaldehyde it doesn't cross the blood brain barrier, so as the rest of the corpse stays in its close to pristine shape, the brain slowly decomposes, sort of like a compost pile of pumpkins after Halloween. (Alright, who hid Jake's Prozac? -ed.)

Back in the days of my youth, Halloween was almost as exciting as Christmas. Fireworks, candy, costumes, fireworks, how can you can you go wrong with fireworks? I mean besides blowing off half of your fingers. I'd just like to say I've had firecrackers since I was twelve and I've yet to lose an appendage. Kids who blow parts off is just gods way of weeding out the stupid. You're not supposed to hold hammered seal bombs in your hand and wait for the excitement to start. They are supposed to be chucked into the nearest pumpkin, and then you hide on the other side of a conveniently located hedge and wait for the pumpkin to spray the front of the unsuspecting neighbours house. Sure there's pumpkin all over the place, but don't ya just love the smell of rotting pumpkins.

Now when I got a little older, our pumpkin strategy changed somewhat. Due to our recently acquired drivers licenses, we had to employ the use of motor vehicles. You'd be surprised how far pumpkins roll when you heave them from a fast moving vehicle. You know it's kind of surprising how little members of RCMP appreciate this kind of humour, especially if this high velocity pumpkin accidentally rolls / bounces / splatters into the patrol car roving the neighborhood in ever decreasing radii around our position. The enemy's out there captain, bravo one to alpha two ENEMY IN THE WIRE!!!

Charlie's got us surrounded! INCOMING! INCOMING!

I think walkytalky's should probably be banned on Halloween. They allow for a much more coordinated attack on the pumpkins surrounding you're central domicile. It makes me very sad when men bring three pairs of shoes to school. (Am I the only one who just lost Jake's train of thought? And I thought that trains couldn't swerve... -ed.) A certain treasurer of a certain student organization just explained why he brought three pairs of shoes. I'm sorry but that's just wrong. It's inherently evil, he's going to upset the delicate balance of the universe. Guys are not supposed to think that far ahead. Look at me, I don't know what I'm going to do after I finish my article. Damn it what's this world coming to?! Back to the subject of destroying pumpkins, there's nothing I find more sexy than a woman smashing the hell out of some pumpkin that some kid probably spent hours cleaning out, carving, sculpting and perfecting into the perfect little lantern which sheds a flicker up onto the graceful silhouette of the Easton aluminum bat smashing down upon its little carved out face. Its sexier than a rooster in gym socks. I really don't understand that saying either, but apparently in Wyoming roosters who wear gym socks get lucky all the time. Good thing I wear woolies, otherwise I might have chickens following me around. Chickens have got to be the stupidest animals around. They don't do anything besides peck, turn around, peck. We tried to have chickens at my parents place once, but they just couldn't figure out that pecking my dog was not a good idea. My dog is the size of a small horse and doesn't appreciate a peck on the head while he is sound asleep. We soon ended up with the six original chickens decomposing in the compost pile right alongside the rotting pumpkins from Halloween.

*We're all very concerned for Jake's mental well being and just general health. It's okay to be kinda loopy. It's even okay to be attracted to women wielding shiny aluminum bats, but sexy roosters?*

-ed.

# Matt's guide to illness.



Matt WIGGIN

Some time around January, all my friends from back east begin writing to complain about the sixteen inches of snow, the fact that the temperature hasn't been above -32 in nine days, and that they can't go anywhere on account of three of the sled dogs froze to death last night. Times like that, I know I did the right thing by coming to UBC. In mid-October, however, I'm not so sure. It isn't the coming of the rains. It isn't the four mid-terms I have next week, either. It's the rains, the mid-terms, and being sick in combination. My immune system doesn't respond well to late nights, stressful days, and being wet and cold for a month... but this isn't meant to be "Matt whining for 700 words." I'm sick; I've accepted that, and I'm not really sad. Now that I'm sick, what do I do about it? When sick, there are a number of things that you can do that, while they won't make you well, they'll at least make you feel better.

1. Go to bed. Okay, sickness is more of an excuse to go to bed than a real reason. That's okay. Getting up right now would involve studying for midterms and being cold and wet. Being in bed, on the other hand, means that you can't do anything productive at all. Instead, you lie around feeling warm and cozy, sleeping, or occasionally waking up to read your old

Calvin and Hobbes™ books, and drinking hot drinks with active ingredients, which brings us to...

2. Take drugs. Lots of drugs. Not *that* kind (with any luck, you're hallucinating from the fever already). The brand name kind. This requires a little foresight; since a trip to Safeway™ wouldn't be much fun right now, it's a good idea to have the drugs in your medicine cabinet (or better yet, within reach of your bed), so it's accessible. Choice of drug is very important. The first thing you should do is count the number of medicinal ingredients it contains. The more, the better. Second, buy "extra strength" wherever possible. Third, and most importantly, unless it has the "don't operate heavy machinery:" disclaimer, it isn't worth your while.

3. Describe your sickness in detail to everyone you meet. If you actually go to school tell everyone you meet about how terrible you feel, and noble you are for coming to class at all, since you should be in bed right now. Describe every abnormal fluid you've produced in the last three days, giving specific attention to the colour, texture, and odour. Exaggerate a little. If your temperature is 98.5°F, tell everyone it's 102. This will probably garner you little in the way of sympathy, but it's very fun. It will also usually make the other person go away, which is good, since you don't like them very much anyway, and you sure don't want to be putting up with them when

you're sick.

4. The only important exception to rule 3 is your roommates / significant other / parents, or whoever it is you live with. In this case, it is far more important that you be sick than it is that you act sick. Why? Because you want these people to feel very, very sorry for you. That way, they'll do things like trying to prevent you from going to school (which you "should really <cough> go to, since <wheeze> there's a <sneeze> midterm coming up next week, and it's really important to do well on, blah, blah, blah,"). That, and they'll dote. This can be a great tool. Someone to bring you chicken soup (and make it from scratch), someone to read you stories, someone to boil the water for your Extra Strength Neo Citran Cough and Cold™.

Well, that should about cover it. Don't bother going to the doctor's (unless, of course, you can't make it there under your own power. In this case, it's probably a good idea. How often do you get to ride in an ambulance?). The doctor will just tell you to do what I did, with the possible exception of number 3. Hope you're feeling better. See you in, oh March sometime. I'm going to bed.

*Matt has returned to writing for The 432 after a short creativity drought. He claims that his sense of humour only came back to him because "It got hungry."*

-ed.

# Mr. Ed speaks.



John HALLETT

Another two weeks, another issue. It seems like this paper just continues to grow in size and complexity.

I guess that would be thanks to all you students out there who decided to become part of the growing family of contributors to *The 432*. There's lots of room left in our family and I would absolutely love it if you would stop by with your input and/or comments.

And I would also like to thank

everyone out there who decided that they couldn't contribute to *The 432* (for a variety of reasons), and contributed to the editor (ie me) by giving me lots of bzzr at various AUS bzzr gardens. (Thanks, Shannaz.)

So, what am I saying, you might ask? I'm saying that working for *The 432* has its advantages. For instance, you can use the line "Hey baby, I'm the editor of *The 432*. Wanna dance?"

Granted, I'm not stupid enough to actually use this line verbatim, but minor modifications have proven useful for people I know (right Frenchy &

Jer).

So, enjoy the issue! There are lots of interesting articles to be found about everything from cream cheese to pumpkins to something in Scottish that Phil wrote.

And if you have any ideas, for God's sake, bring them down. It would make my life just so much nicer and all my friends could stop having to deal with me complaining about too much work.

See you in two weeks! And remember, the deadline has been moved up two days because of a holiday.

# The 432

VOLUME TEN ISSUE FIVE  
30 OKTOBER 1996

## The Pope

John Hallett  
(fibble@unixg.ubc.ca)

## Cardinals

Mikey Boetzkes, Phil Ledwith,  
Jeremy Thorp

## Vatican Propaganda Machine

College Printers, Vancouver, BC

## Worthless Souls

Doug Beleznay, Jake Gray,  
Henry Laman, Tracy  
MacKinnon, Ryan McCuaig,

Blair McDonald, Jake McKinlay,  
Kathryn Murray, Jason Robillo,  
Matt Wiggin, Henry Wong,  
Warrick Yu

## Writing On The Inside Of The Pope's Big-assed Hat

*The 432* will bless every reader and turn all your urinal water holy. It will also be the official publication of the Science Undergraduate Society. It is printed twice monthly from our makeshift cathedral

beneath the Chemistry Building.

All views expressed are strictly those of the individual writers. If you wish to take legal action against them, you should be warned that God is on our side. All rights reserved *The 432* 1996

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

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

*The 432* does not support Pope Jean-Paul II's statement about evolution. We don't believe in creationism, either. In fact, we think everything we know is contained within a mink's dream.

# Life as a low budget horror movie.

Blair  
McDONALD



I think I'm living the plot of a cheap horror movie. You know the type: Bela Lugosi starring, black and white only, cheesy fake tombstones that get kicked over during the climactic fight scene between the tall, blond, Swedish hero with the IQ of a warm loaf of bread and the Enemy, some older, overweight broken down actor with way too much face makeup.

I'm sitting at my desk one day last week, the wind gusting noisily against the window pane. I'm trying to concentrate on my essay, but the window isn't closed properly and the wind is whistling in the crack. So I stand up and lean over the desk to tighten the window clasp... and a bird smacks into the window and grabs on the ledge right below! It's fluttering madly, pressing into the glass of the window and screaming this high-pitched wail that put my nerves on edge. I can see its breast feathers, and the undersides of its wings as it frantically tries to peck through the window, its beady little eyes alight with some sort of evil whispering. I could see its brethren sitting on the top of the streetlight across the road, dozens of them clinging like bats, all chirping wildly in some sort of satanic chorus.

I fell back, convinced that this was only the beginning of some avian directed campaign of horror, the Dead Zone (*Man, did that movie suck. Sorry, just had to interject that here. -ed.*) or The Birds come to life. How could

Stephen King and Alfred Hitchcock known of the danger of these winged beasts? Then I realized that a chickadee really wasn't that much of a danger, and the flock was probably drawn to the bird feeder my oh-so considerate neighbour fills with grain every morning. My heartbeat slowly returned to normal.

I guess I should blame my over-active imagination. I see one of those leaf-eating combines being driven along Main Mall, and I wonder how far the bone fragments would travel if someone was unlucky enough to fall in. I see a Plant Ops panel van speeding across a busy intersection, and wonder what it would look like if the driver was drunk, dead, whatever, and lost control and plowed the van right through the middle of a crowd of Education students standing outside Scarfe. Good ol' Death and Destruction, eh?

I'm living a low-budget horror film. My collection of plants becomes a horde of man-eating flora, slowly taking over my room. This isn't too much of a stretch; peace lilies grow quickly, and the ones I've got are rapidly extending leaves towards the windows, trying to block out the sun from the rest of my room. Walking back from a bzzr garden with a group of friends becomes Night of the Living Dead, Part III, and the film doesn't stop rolling until late next day, after the hang-over has retreated. And driving my dad's car across the Lions Gate becomes a scene from Stephen King's Christine. Sometimes I think Stephen King is a prophet of some kind, a harbinger of a future religion. He

certainly has the prophecy ability down pat. My life is nothing but a series of Stephen King movie adaptations, fueled by my over-active imagination.

I've often thought my over-active imagination was due to a tumour, nestled snugly against my metellus pius, my cerebral thingmajig, my brain-based something or other. I've got all the signs of a giant, cancerous tumour: a poor short term memory, over-active imagination, and a conclusive twitch that comes and goes without warning. What was I talking about? Oh yeah... This twitch frightens people: it starts somewhere on the left side of my face and ripples downwards, growing into magnitude, until my left hand moves with a life of its own.

I don't know what it means. Is it a medical condition that I really should get a doctor to look at with the most advanced imaging equipment? Or is it my ticket to fame, fortune and the silver screen? After all, Bela Lugosi's long since dead, and there's an opening for the Enemy in those low-grade B horror movies.

*Despite what Blair may be convinced of, the frightening similarities between his life and a low budget horror movie are almost entirely due to the fact that his over-active imagination is fueled by all that LSD we slipped in his bzzr last Friday.*

*Life is a journey. Enjoy the trip.*

*He he. We're soooo evil.*

-ed.

Okay.  
So you've bought your  
22oz Science Bzzr Stein.

Now let's use it.

The "Nothing Happens in  
November" Bzzr Garden.

November 15th, 4:32 pm  
SUB Partyroom

Another fine event brought to you by the good  
folks at the Science Undergraduate Society.

## Upcoming Lectures

Okt. 29 Dr. Steinbok: Neurosurgery

Nov. 5 Dr. Fritz: General Practice

Nov. 12 Dr. Livesly: Psychiatry

Nov. 21 Dr. Carter: Dean of  
Admissions

Nov. 26 Dr. Pritchard: Oncology  
and Pediatrics

## Dates to Remember

Okt. 31 Ski Trip deposit due (\$50).

Nov. 2-3 Standard First Aid course  
with St. John Ambulance.

Dec. 1 Ski Trip balance of \$159.00  
due.

Jan. 10-12 Off to Big White!!!

PRE-MED

# Philadelphia cream cheese.

Kathryn Murray

432 house chef

Six-year-olds make the world's most creative cooks. Having no sense of food, recipes, baking or ingredients, whatever they can lay their hands on goes into the mixing bowl (you hope!). More often than not it ends up on the counter, the floor, the chair or gets popped into their mouths and into their tummies. At least they have the most important part of cooking down pat.

Reminds me of a friend of mine who loves making and mixing drinks. Last New Year's Eve he was busy making up his "magic" punch to aid the festive celebrations. He started off with the 7-up and the Ginger Ale, added the lemonade and then started adding the "other" ingredients. I'm still not sure what ended up in the punch but I do remember that there wasn't all that much punch left when the other guests arrived. The mixers also weren't terribly sober. I was told very slowly and

carefully that "You've got to make shure that ish strong enough sho that ev'rybodish hash a good time (hic). Want shome?"

I digress. Anyway, I was cooking with my neighbour's daughter, Sophie. Now Sophie, like me, loves chocolate. Maybe that's why we get on so very well when I baby-sit her. She also has a pet bullfrog, Croak, that accompanies her everywhere. He hasn't, by some strange miracle, croaked yet but he does have a very resounding "ribbit."

I needed to make some chocolate chip cookies for my sister's party and, as Sophie was over, she helped me to make the cookies. I had all the "proper" ingredients on the table for the cookies: lots of spoons, a ton of chocolate and two big bowls—one for each of us. Now I gave her a portion of the "real" dough and I told her that she could add whatever she thought would taste nice to the dough. It proved to be a bit of a mistake.

She knows the layout of our kitchen pretty well so she started rummaging through the cupboards and the fridge. Before long, she had quite an extensive collection on the counter: peanuts, raisins, jam, peanut butter and milk. She also had orange juice, kool-aid, jello, cheerios, salami, cucumber, "celerics" and cream cheese. I tried to suggest that some things go better together than others but she reminded me that I had said that she could "put in anyfink that I want into my cookies." She then tossed in a handful of "mackronies, for nice big lumpies."

I really didn't want to bake these cookies. The mix was all over the table, her chair and the floor. Croak had hopped in and out of the batter more times than I cared to point out and almost didn't make it back out again when he got hit on the head with a wooden spoon by Sophie. I tried to delay baking all the other cookies but she wouldn't be stopped. Then I made my one fatal mistake - I left the kitchen to get my Mum

to convince her not to bake her mix.

When we came back a couple of minutes later having decided to let her cook the smegging thing, she was covered in white powder and her mix looked a lot drier and had some coloured bits in it. She proudly told us that she'd added some sprinkle to make it look pretty. Six-year-olds. We scooped the mess onto a tray and crossed our fingers that it'd be O.K.

We were very, very wrong.

After the fire department left we found out that the kitchen hadn't been burnt down but the oven had indeed exploded. My mother was furious and I was not looking forward to what would be happening when Sophie left us. Sophie was thrilled as the firemen had let her try on their hats and had climb on the truck. Croak had survived his adventure in Sophie's hands and was hopping happily in the puddles on the kitchen floor. The cookie mix had morphed into a very strange substance. Sophie

grabbed a handful, fed it to Croak and was about to eat some of it herself when I got out of her hands.

Everything was more less O.K. until the morning when I got woken up by a loud ribbit. A very loud ribbit that sounded like Croak's. As I didn't find the frog on my pillow, I staggered to the window and looked out and saw Croak. All of Croak. Croak who was now the size of a VW Bug. Croak, who before my eyes stuck out his tongue and gobbled up the nastiest cat in the neighbourhood.

After the initial cuffuffle died down and the tabloids went away, life got more less back to normal. Croak now lives in our backyard as Sophie's parents are afraid that Croak will hop away with her. He is fun to ride though, and Sophie comes by everyday to see her frog. I guess that everything did work out all right and I've got the cheapest, most environmentally friendly way to go to school. The Zoologists love looking at him during the day.

# What the pumpkin didn't know.



Phil  
LEDWITH

It's a little known fact over here in Canada that the festival of Samhain coincides closely with one of the defining moments in British history. A few hundred years ago, a certain Guido Ffoulkes decided that it would be a great idea to take several hundred kegs of gunpowder and blow the Westminster Parliament buildings to kingdom come with them. We all think that this was such a great idea that, even though he failed, and even though he and his friends were all caught, hung, drawn and finally quartered in that great British tradition, we like to have a really big fire in his honour every November 5th. Bonfire night was perhaps one of my favorite childhood memories, and not least because I really love fire (more about that later). Bonfire night was a character building experience.

For one thing, Bonfires are about Violence against Mascots. This, I reason, can only be a good thing. Over here, for example, the T-Bird would be right there smoking away, looking like a sort of failed neoprene yellow phoenix against the velvety night sky. Imagine the kind of inner peace this would give to the observers, especially after two or three bottles of vodka. and we could spend whole weeks putting together the guy, before we threw him on that bonfire. (The guy is what we called our sacrificial mascot to be, incidentally). This was an absolutely golden opportunity. Remember that sweater that you got for Christmas that had one arm

about three feet longer than the other, the one that was a curious shade of near puke, the one you so desperately wanted to lose but instead got to wear every single visit that miserable crazy woman made to your home because your mother insisted it was "only polite"? We civilized English are spared that emotionally scarring encounter because of our fascination with pyromania and simulated violence.

Once you had adequately dressed the guy in your father's best suit pants, socks, last year's resurrected Reeboks, the aforementioned sweater and your school tie (and maybe a trilby hat if you'd been to visit your grandparents that weekend), you had the opportunity to shamelessly solicit donations from all the crazy village people that you foolishly referred to as your "neighbours".

"penny for the guy, sir?" you would say, in your sweetest voice. At the door would be a particularly crazy village person, of rather advanced years and with enough attachments to make him look more like some kind of futuristic vacuum cleaner than a human being

"What's that you say, sonny? Trying to steal money from an old man, eh?"

"it's penny.... er..... for the guy, sir"

"so that's your guy, is it? eh hee heh heh....wheeeze....heh. So, anyone I know?"

"why, thank you sir, I- er, I'm sorry?" This was an unexpected conversational gambit.

"Anyone I know, sonny? Eh? Wheeeze, hack, cough. You're not deaf are you? Is it anyone I know? Wilson's not been seen mowing his lawn this week...is

it him? Eh?"

"Er... looking nervously around... No, no I don't think the guy's supposed to be real, actually...." It was usually at this point that my friends and I began to suspect that this old guy had really truly lost it and might pull an axe at any second. Also, something behind him had by now started humming ominously. So our conversation became slightly tangential as we tried to extricate ourselves from an otherwise potentially unpleasant situation.

"Ludes!! They're all on Ludes!" We would cry, turning the wheelbarrow about and careening off down the road. Later on that evening we would come back and let down the old guy's tyres. Before I leave the subject of the guy entirely, let me just say a quick word about the wheelbarrow, which was usually stolen—appropriated from a nearby allotment, wobbled as it went, and sometimes had a flat tyre of it's own. It was always expertly handled by older friends of mine who I now understand are gainfully employed as drunk taxi drivers. Oh, and one pilot for Valu-Jet.

Leaving aside for now the question of the mascot, the bonfire itself had to be built. This requires the amassing of several metric tonnes of wood, or I suppose anything else at all that could be burned. Here again, you had to solicit the help of the crazy village people. Drunk Taxi Drivers with trucks became very useful at this point because they were willing to help you get the wood out into the middle of some field where the bonfire was going to be erected, sometimes without even hitting anything on the way. See, practicing with the wheelbarrow as young lads paid

off in the end. I told you this was character building.

The greatest supply of wood of course came from trees, and if you wanted to get serious wood from a tree you needed....a chainsaw. Remember those craaaaaazy village people? Here they come again. Once we didn't have a chainsaw, but one of the guys from the other school named "Herb" was going shopping for one, and offered to let us use the thing if we came along. I swear this guy really exists, and as far as I know still lives somewhere in Bradford. Let me say at the outset that Herb was about as crazy as an epileptic flamingo on PCP. We turned up at the hardware store smelling like something the cat wouldn't want to drag in. Never go shopping for a chainsaw with some guy wearing four day's stubble that seems to extend down his chest and his back. Or dirty and ripped black jeans, or a blood splattered shirt with the words "playground supervisor" scrawled on the front, or a dirty mackintosh. Never ever go shopping for a chainsaw nursing the sort of hangovers that actually change your skin colour to make you resemble your Halloween costume. Never ever ever go with a

pumpkin head under your arm that you constantly stop and have quiet conversations with and refer to as "Gerald".

Okay, I'll come clean. The Pumpkin didn't actually exist. I'm just trying hard to get pumpkins in there somewhere, because John told me I had to. But Herb was just the sort of craaaazy tosser who would have done this, only his pumpkin would have had a name like "Crusher", it would have been attached to a broom handle, and it would have had broken glass for teeth. After the chainsaw episode, we would build a structure that would rival one of the great pyramids of Ramses IV, toss the guy on top, pour four or five litres of kerosene on the ensemble, and let 'er rip. And for one more night, the dark scary places weren't so dark and scary, and we could actually believe that the leaf gods might be appeased by our offering and an early snowfall wasn't too far away.

With any luck, my mum wouldn't even miss that coffee table from the spare room. The leg was wobbly, anyway. Cinder toffee, anyone?

## Hamster.

Continued from the back cover...

what seemed like, and probably was, five seconds, my fingers closed on the most solid thing, which I prayed was something sharp. Giving my most menacing look, I wielded my finding in front of me, and growled.

I must have looked pretty stupid. In fact, if you were to prepare an extensive list of threatening looking items with which to confront a grizzly bear, a banana would probably place very near to the bottom of the list — somewhere between 'wet noodle' and 'Bob Dole.'

I've seen pretty big trouble in my life. However, when one

finds oneself on the Alaska Highway, wielding an abnormally blunt banana, trying to defend a Russian Dwarf Mackerel from a recently awakened grizzly bear, all previously 'big' troubles quickly revert to the size of a small pebble.

Of course, Frank the Evil Hamster picked this opportunity to launch his attack.

To be continued...

Join Jer next issue as he tap dances naked in the arctic for food!

-ed.

## Ryan's Poem.

During a recent visit to SUS's Wine and Cheese, ex-432 editor Ryan McCuaig decided to try his hand at poetry. While Ryan is

not a recognized poet or anything, he managed to come up with something interesting.

The method: a careful and exact placement of vowels and

consonants into a word processor followed very closely by creative use of a spell checker.

The result: it is preserved forever below, with spacing and intonation intact.

The problem: we have no clue what it means. Ryan doesn't, either.

So this whole affair leads us to The 432's next contest. The person who comes up with the best interpretation of the following poem will win whatever the editor has in his filing cabinet for prizes. Most likely a Limited Edition 432 T-Shirt and 22oz Science Stein (possibly multiples thereof, it all depends how good your explanation is).

All you have to do is submit your explanation of the poem with your name, phone number, and email to the editor by the next deadline (Nov. 4th, 4:32pm).

You can drop off entries in Chem B160 or email them to [fibble@unixg.ubc.ca](mailto:fibble@unixg.ubc.ca)

Goodbye and good luck.

Salt deaf. Lanka sag Dave splunge Sack vex julienne fig era who.

User!

Wooer!

Rube!

Sax drag veered Rouen. Vacuous

coo

We

aria Iraqi who?

I, user...

I awe. Pro-era wear... an oven seize!

Secure aqua upper aqua roe. Vex cacti! Rio red.

Mamma

mazes.



Ryan  
McCuaig



Where Avogadro really got his number.

# Weirdness.



John  
HALLETT

Occasionally, in your time as a 432 staffer, weird and just generally bizarre things might happen. This is accepted. This is *expected*. But rarely do enough abnormal events occur between the last issue and the deadline for the upcoming issue to write an article about. This article is the exception to that rule.

I don't know where to start. After a little bit of weirdness had been flung my way, I thought 'okay, that's kind of odd.' The next day, the weirdness continued and I thought 'now that's genuinely wacky.' Day three had me saying 'If this keeps up I can run a three ring circus based entirely on personal events! Where'd that elephant go?' Day four had me talking to pumpkins.

Where to start? I think I'll take the chronological approach.

## Oktober 19th - The waiter.

Three friends and I decided to go forth to that bastion of good times known as Milestones and partake in a brief dinner event. I was overly pleased with this whole concept, seeing as I would be the only male in the group. I mean, when was the last time you got to take three cute girls out on a date?

The bus ride out was mostly uneventful, well, the sheep was a bit of an exception, but it wasn't *that* weird. Anyway, needless to say, we arrived at Milestones a little shaken, but not stirred. After a short wait, our waiter approached, did the normal waiter-gathering-menus type of activity, then turned to us and spoke. Normally, the first thing out of a waiter's mouth is "Table for four?" or "Will that be smoking or non-smoking?" This wasn't the case. This particular waiter felt it necessary to initiate communication with his customers with the remark "I have just got to say this before anything else. You have the *greatest* eyes!" while looking directly at me.

Initially, my brain didn't accept this information. I tried giving it the input 'Someone just said "You have the *greatest* eyes!"', and I got back "Three little maids from school are we!" This whole scenario didn't bother me that much, consider-

ing that I was fairly confident that the statement was directed at my good friend Leah who, I figure, was standing immediately behind me. But, after a short examination of Leah's current location, I came to the conclusion that she was about a foot to my right and that the comment was probably intended for me.

Being quick on my feet and full of enviable wit, I instantly retaliated with "Um... thanks" to which the waiter replied "No, really! They just *light* up the room. My name's Mark, by the way!" The one-two punch had been completed. I was mentally on the floor, and my interesting week was just beginning.

## Oktober 26th - The phone call.

Imagine waking up the morning after a huge party to a phone ringing. I opened my eyes, determined that the really annoying strange noise was, in fact, a phone and then started looking for the particular telecommunication device that was bothering me. It was conveniently located immediately adjacent to my head. I pick it up and answered "Yeah?"

"Hi! Is this John Hallett?"

"Yeah."

"My name's Colin. I'm from the Campus Times!" He was obviously far too happy about this fact.

"Yeah?"

"You entered our bzzr tasting contest?"

"Yeah!"

"So, Mr. Hallett, do you want to be a bzzr judge?"

"Yes. Yes I do."

My weekend was off to a good start.

## Oktober 26th - The film guy.

I guess that Film Developing Professional would be a more appropriate title. After all, it takes years of dedication and training to master the ancient skills of photograph development. Not. In reality, it takes about \$10,000 and a desire to start your own business. As was the case with the guy who developed the role of film containing our cover shot.

I asked him what the going price for 12 shots was and he gave me this weird look before saying "Um, well, I don't really sell that *here*. But if you want, I can meet you out back..."

"Pardon? I just want to develop some film."

"Film?" He looked a little baffled. I gestured to the piles of Kodak behind the counter, the cameras everywhere, and all the pictures on the wall. "Oh yeah! Film! I do that, too!"

I handed over my film. He took it and put it down behind the counter, looked up, and asked if he could help me.

It proved to be very difficult to convince him that a) I had already asked him to develop some film b) I had already given him said film and that c) the roll of film that had mysteriously appeared behind his counter in the past few minutes was, indeed, mine.

With all that said and done, I started on my way, fully expecting to be back in an hour to pick up my newly developed film.

"See you in twenty five minutes," our friendly film guy yelled out.

"Pardon? Isn't this a one hour photo shop?"

"Yes, but for you, I'll do it in twenty five minutes! See you then!"

Thirty minutes later, I was back. I asked him if my film was ready and he said that it should be, seeing as only one was in the back at the time. He started shuffling through the various envelopes full of pictures and made it all the way from 'A' to 'D' before realizing that he didn't know my name. After I spelled it out two or three times for him, it dawned on him that my pictures weren't among the crowd and were very probably the ones currently running through the machine.

Well, we had to wait about five minutes for the machine to finish processing my photos, during which the film guy complained viscous about how seems to be loosing \$200 a day on the operation. After we left, my friend Kim pointed out that he just might break even if he stopped buying \$200 worth of pot to smoke during the day.

So, I guess this all just goes to show that life is really weird. Maybe more so when you realize that I had to cut the story in half to keep this article under 1500 words. The moral of these stories? There is none, except to maybe keep film and pot on separate budgets.

# Dead Pool update.



Phil  
LEDWITH

I have a horrific confession to make. Although normally frighteningly conscientious and organized, on a freak occurrence last afternoon frogs rained down from the sky while I was out in the back garden trimming the begonias. Some of them got caught in my hair and infiltrated my files, which is why I cannot now say with certainty that I have all the dead-pool entries. Thus, I'm going to have to extend a small grace period of about a week after this thing gets published for anyone whose list I've lost. The lists I still have are as follows:

Kathy Lo  
Shawn Wowl  
Aaron Adarnact  
Jonathan Buchanan (Juri!)  
- dead pool  
- dead writers  
- dead musicians  
- dead politicians  
Stewart Austin  
Jason Brett  
Jenn Gardy  
Breeone Baxter  
Brad Gilbert  
Super Soleena  
Brandon Macdonald  
Conrad Chevalier  
David Collins  
Bella & Ellen  
Colin MacDermot

If you already submitted me your list of fifteen, and if you are not on this list, resubmit your list to me before the 7th or so and I'll still give you points for anyone on the list who became a stiff after you first gave me the list. Otherwise, and

for anyone else who joins the pool after November 1, all your picks need to be breathing (officially, at least: I don't remember seeing Keith Richards doing any marathons this month, but he still counts).

While we are here, I'll just note a few points from people's lists and answer a few questions posed. Jason Brett: anyone who flies Valujet is still not a name. Also, Elvis is dead. You can't get any points for them - but you still have seven days to change them, if ya want. Same goes to Stewart Austin for Elvis.

Jenn Gardy, I'm taking Liam Gallagher as your #1 pick. (And I wish you luck, 'cause he really is a wanker...)

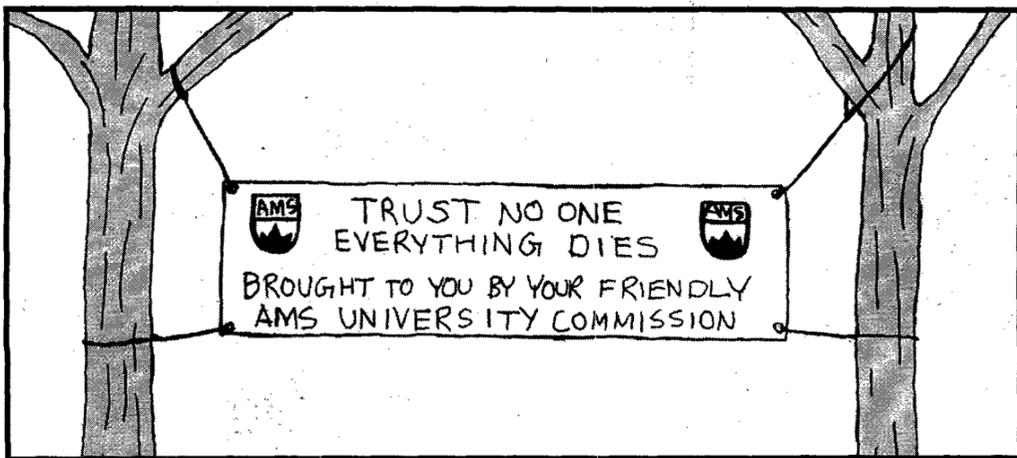
Brad, Don't worry if one of your picks gets to buy it before Nov 1. One of the priveledges of entering early is that you can re pick another potential stiff, and I'll give you a bonus point for the stiff as well. Though having said that, no one actually died this week as far as I know, and everyone still has all their lists intact.

Best prediction so far comes from Shawn Wowl, who predicted that "Dr. Jack Kevorkian, Bob Dole, and Ross Perot will be caught in a compromising love triangle. The resulting Doctor assisted multiple suicide will leave a power vacuum in the senate and Texas will open the door for a long awaited alien invasion led by the kidnapped and frozen brain of Jean Claude Van Damme (which would explain why he sounds like a robot)"

I guess that's it for this week. Go home. Don't fear the reaper.

"Never let it be said that the Prince of Darkness is a stingy wanker."

- Tank Girl



Chris Carter takes over advertising for the AMS.

NEXT DEADLINE

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

04 November 1996  
4:32pm

*Bagdikian's Observation:*  
"Trying to be a first-rate reporter on the average American newspaper is like trying to play Bach's 'St. Matthew's Passion' on a ukelele."

# Mr. Pumpkin and me.

Gord McVanOlundsky  
Screenwriter

## ACT ONE

The scene: Crowded Chemistry classroom, late October. Students are still walking in the door, looking for a place to lean their soaking wet umbrellas and a place to sit. Professor enters stage left, walks to front of class. Professor places transparency on overhead, entitled "Dimethyl bromide: history, structure and function." Class groans.

STUDENT: "Excuse me, is this seat taken?" <points at seat occupied by a small, carved pumpkin>

PSYCHO: "What, can't you see someone's sitting here! Fuck off!"

STUDENT: "But there's no where else to sit..."

PSYCHO: "Too bad. Mr. Pumpkin got here first, and I'm not about to ask him to move." <aside to pumpkin> "Did you hear that? He wants you to move!" <PSYCHO laughs>

STUDENT: <shakes head> "Forget it. You're a psycho" <walks down stairs and sits on floor>

PSYCHO: <talking to pumpkin> "Psycho? What's he talking about? <listens to pumpkin> "Yeah, you're probably right. Guess he's just jealous or something."

PROFESSOR: "Blah, blah, blah" <professor drones on>

PSYCHO: <whispers to pumpkin> "Hey, what do you want to do tonight? How about a movie?"

PUMPKIN: <silence>

PSYCHO: "Ok, I'll pick you up at six."

STUDENT: "Shh! I'm trying to listen -"

PSYCHO: "Shut up! Can't I have a discussion with my pumpkin! You don't see me telling you to shut up, do you! Tell him, Mr. Pumpkin!"

PUMPKIN: <silence>

PSYCHO: "Yeah, he is an asshole, isn't he!"

PROFESSOR: "Is there a problem up there that you'd like to share with the class?"

STUDENT: "Sir, there's a guy up here with a -"

PSYCHO: "Pumpkin! I was trying to talk to Mr. Pumpkin!"

PROFESSOR: <clearly puzzled> "Well, that's nice, but I expect

silence from my class when I'm teaching, ok?"

PSYCHO: "Yes sir! Mr. Pumpkin understands! Right?" <turns to pumpkin>

PUMPKIN: <silence>

Time passes, and the class drags along at the speed of an anemic snail.

A tall, muscular guy walks down the stairs, obviously late for class but hoping to get the last ten minutes of notes. He glances across the aisle, and sees PSYCHO sitting at the far end.

MUSCLES: <bellowing> "What! You again! Didn't I tell you I'd kill you if I ever saw you again?"

PSYCHO: <shocked, turns to pumpkin> "Is that the guy who you were-" <listens intently as if interrupted>

PUMPKIN: <silence>

MUSCLES: <ranting about the injustice, the pain, the inhumanity etc>

PSYCHO: <screams> "Hey, too bad, buddy! He's with me now, and you can't have him back!"

MUSCLES: <also screaming> "You stole his love! He was mine, all mine! I would have done anything for Mr. Pumpkin! But no, you had to seduce him, didn't you!"

PSYCHO: "Mr. Pumpkin loves me now, don't you, darling" <turns to pumpkin, cradles gently in arms>

PUMPKIN: <silence>

PSYCHO: "That's right, I love you too." <kisses pumpkin>

MUSCLES: "I can't take this anymore..." <slumps to floor, weeping quietly>

PROFESSOR: "What the hell is going on here! I'm trying to teach a class!"

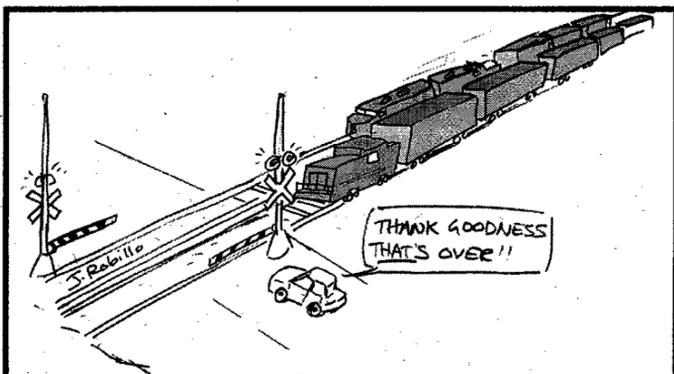
PSYCHO: "Look, you're pissing off Mr. Pumpkin, buddy! Watch it!" <waves pumpkin wildly in air>

PUMPKIN: <silence>

PSYCHO: "You tell him! We're outta here!" <tucks pumpkin under left arm, picks up bag and books, and defiantly storms up the stairs and out> <exit, stage left>

## END OF ACT ONE

Join the Psycho and Mr. Pumpkin next issue as they spend the weekend volunteering with Tourism Vancouver as a tour guide!



# Reality sucks.

Henry Laman  
Incredibly odd columnist

Over the years my friends have all made the comment that I appear to be living in my own little world. This has gotten me thinking. It seems to me that everyone likes to create their own little reality and make up their own little rules. One example that springs immediately to mind was a gentleman that my friends and I met about a year ago. He explained to us how he spent the last 10 years of his life sitting on bridges and talking to seagulls. All things considered, this wasn't too strange except for the fact that his working medium was cheese and bread. The cheese was placed down in Morse code and the seagulls would communicate by eating certain bits of cheese. This was all pretty impressive, especially when I learned that the seagulls would talk about radio frequencies and correct his math. Now either I've missed out on potential math tutors or this guy's reality was a little askew.

However, strange people on the street isn't the only place to find weirdness. Look at some of the latest beer commercials. Now, I'm not talking about the ones that say beer equals fun, or even the enlightened view of beer equals life. No, I'm talking

about the ones that seem to be saying that beer equals frogs sticking to trucks while Canadian voyagers meet the sasquatch in a snowstorm in the middle of the desert. These messages have gone beyond simple persuasion and into a world that would make Michael Palin wince. (Stop it! You're being silly! -ed.)

There are examples all over the place. Just talk to anyone with a little too much nostalgia. I've heard many conversations that seem to go along the lines of: "I tell you, you kids today have it easy. When I was young, downhill hadn't been invented yet. We had to walk uphill everywhere we went." To which someone would inevitably reply, "You were able to walk around? You were lucky! When I was young, we were so poor that we couldn't afford gravity. We had to spend all our time holding onto trees to keep from being thrown out into space."

Okay, so maybe these haven't been great examples of people with a firm grasp of reality. Surely sensible, thinking people who study the world around them should all see reality in a clear, understandable way, right? Well... no. Every year in my physics courses, I learnt several things that I had drilled into me in previous years are just not true. For example, this year I found out that the charge

of electron is really infinite. It just seems to be a constant because nothing (which is really made up out of particles that blip in and out of existence faster than anyone is allowed to measure them) blocks out some of the charge. When I think about this, suddenly beer commercials seem to make a lot more sense.

So I've come to the conclusion that, despite what all the X-philes might believe, the truth isn't really out there. It seems to me that most minds don't have a clue to what is really going on. I know my mind doesn't, but it's sure as hell not going to let me know that. It'll just bluff its way through life telling me things like "Well of course you can make that yellow light... a block away... uphill... while you're on a bike."

I guess the point I'm trying to make is that if I believe that if I squint my eyes I can see Death riding a motorcycle over my desk and waving maracas, that's my business okay? It's not that I'm going crazy, it's just that I'm going sane in my own little world.

It has been said that writing for The 432 pushes you towards insanity. I'd just like to remove myself from all blame by stating that Henry was nuts already.

-ed.

## REX MORGAN: PRE-MED HOPEFUL



# The drawers of SUS.

Tracy MacKinnon

## President

Happy Hallowe'en! John has made our office very festive by the addition of a jack-o-lantern! And Shirin from Arts brought us a pumpkin full of chocolates for Hallowe'en (thanks, Shirin)! Club budgets were due a few days ago, so I hope all you clubs got them in to us already!

Teaching Excellence Awards are getting under way in SUS right now. There are nomination forms somewhere in this paper, so if you had a really great prof that you want to recognize, nominate him or her for a SUS teaching award! More details can be found with the forms, or you can come by the office (Chem 160) and talk to me or to Henry.

The AMS is having a Hallowe'en Trick or Treat for the Food Bank. Interested people are meeting in the SUB Party Room between 4:30 and 5:30 on Hallowe'en, and then they'll canvass Point Grey and Kits for donations of non-perishable goods for the food bank. If you want more information, you can talk to Kathryn in SUS (she's the giggling redhead - you can't miss her).

Our Oktoberfest celebration was a lot of fun.. Unfortunately, we lost quite a bit of money, so we'll have to have very tight budgets for our remaining events this year. SUS steins (they're a colossal 22 oz!) were a big hit though. I believe we still have about 80 left, and they'll be filled at all SUS events for all eternity!

I'm feeling giddy, so if you need a favour, now would be the time to ask, since my interviews are going very well (hurrah)!

Until the next deadline (although the time between deadlines seems to get smaller and smaller) (Tell me about it -ed.).

Phil Ledwith

## External Vice President

Oi Oi!! Skoosh!! Ah'm no goin tae be tae coherent this issue, ye ken, on account o the fact that ah'm rite shagged oot after day o the longboat. The water wiz cold, an a little on the damp side, but it wiz greet all the same. The president from Arts, Shirin, wiz thare rite enuff an' lovely as ever in her wee bathin suit, but her team wasnae as good as our team. The fact that I nevir actually saw her team has nae bearin on the matter at oll. An we didnae capsize the boat this year, which is a lot more than can be said for our last team oot on the seas. Anyway, if yer reedin' this, Shirin, Ah hope yer team did well.

By the time ye read this, Hallowe'en will be only a day or two away. The AMS is doin' a Trick or Treat for charity, so get oot thare an have some fun. Ah've no a greet deal tae say now. The wine an cheese wiz majic, speshully the wine bit. That's ma lot. Ah gess it's time for a blatant plug.

Science Week. Meetings at 5:30 every Wednesday in Chem 160. If ye can't make it to a 5:30 meeting, come by any time after 3.30 and say helloo; I'm the bald laddie typing at the keyboard looking really frazzled. Come by and see us spend five grand on a week long party, with explosions an fireworks an egg catapults an mad races an enough beer tae... well, ah don't want tae give it oll away tae soon, do I?

Mikey Boetzkes

## Social Coordinator

Hi everybody and welcome to another installment of "How Much Money Can I Lose This Week." This week has been very good in the department of losing money. I've also discovered that I am unusually good at this. So, please give me more money.

Well in other news Oktoberfest was on the 18th. As far as fun goes it was a lot of it but financially there was one or two complaints afterwards. As far as I can tell the rest of the Exec didn't really like the fact that I lost \$3500 on this event. Me I don't see too big of a problem because I have yet to kill my entire budget.

The good news about Oktoberfest is that a lot of people had a really good time which makes the whole process all worth while. It no longer matters how much money I lost because I managed to fulfill my mandate by causing people to have fun. It is such a rough life, isn't it.

Well in other news we have another bzzr garden coming up on November 15. This will be a much smaller event and therefore only held in the Partyroom but should be as much if not more fun. I guess at this point I should really know more about this event so I can pass it on to you but, well I don't. Sorry but it has been a busy couple of weeks. For more info read this article in the next issue.

Someone told me the other day that I'm supposed to have a Social Committee and therefore I should have committee meetings. I think that I will have it on Wednesday at about 5:00. I can guarantee that this will be short because I have another meeting at 5:30, so if you feel like doing some work come to my meeting. That's all folks.

Despite his best effort, Mikey couldn't break the record for most money lost at a SUS social event. Better luck next time, Mikey.

-ed.

Doug Beleznay

## Director of Finance

\$32,430,... \$32,431,... \$32,432... Oh right my exec report...well, we are now officially rolling in money... the \$2 retroactive increase went through (meaning that your fees for January just went up by \$2)... but they were supposed to already be like that. (We had a referendum last year, it just got passed on to BoG a little slowly by the AMS).

So since the \$2 increase went through, that means that we're back on track for budgeting, and in fact even have a little more than we hoped. You see, in an effort to boost University productivity, Science allowed approx. 600 more students into first year last year. (In the long run this means we've got about \$6000 more to play with. No John, you can't have any more money. (But the cost of buying bzzr, er, printing this paper has just shot up! -ed.)

"So how can I get my hands on some of this money?" you may ask. Well, unfortunately this paper came out one day too late, because the first budget committee meeting was Oct. 29th. So we've already passed out ~\$7000 to clubs. There will however be more budget meetings throughout the year, (I plan to hold one approximately once a month, or as necessary), so if spending other peoples money turns your crank watch this space. (Or better yet come in to the SUS office (Chem. B160), and ask for me)

Let's see what else, we've actually got our money from the AMS now. (They hold on to the money until the end of October.) So that means we can start to spend money a little more freely. We should be upgrading the pop machine to take whoonies anytime soon. (If I really get my act together we'll be getting an upgrade to the photocopier, and maybe even a vending machine). Oh did I mention the new phone line, and new (to us) couches that we've already got. (Have you seen Chem Club's new lounge? They have leather couches! Say, Doug... -ed.) (If you haven't been in SUS yet this year, things have changed.) So yeah, if you have a great idea for spending money, or if you want to see how your money is being spent, or even if you just can't stand the weather outside, and want someone to complain about it to, drop on by!!!

Doug's secret passion is taking all the coins from the pop machine, putting them in a hot tub and diving in naked. Weird, eh?

-ed.

Warrick Yu

## Director of Sports

Hello everyone, this special report is brought to you by me. Oh yes, the rebate...I finally made up the new, fantastic, improved, magnificent, reader-friendly Sport Rebate Policy. It is posted on the notice board and on the door outside SUS. Hopefully, no one will be confused. If it does happen, ask. One way to remember how to calculate the amount of rebate your team can receive is to memorize the following:

$$R = F/T(M/2 + NG)$$

This is called "The Great Wall's 2nd Law" which is the modified version of "The Great Wall's 1st Law". The 2nd Law is fairer to all of you who pay the \$12 SUS fee. In other words, "SUS Members Deserve Better" Note that this is not Gordon Campbell's "Taxpayers Deserve Better", nor is this Glen Clark's "On Your Side" politics. This rebate policy is all logical mathematics. If you don't know the variables, I can tell you now:

R = Rebate a team can receive

F = Registration fee

T = Total number of players excluding imports

M = Number of SUS members, that means you.

N = Number of non-SUS members excluding the imports, that means the other guys...hmmmmmm.....

G = Amount of money granted to the "other guys" as described above.

This formula is unofficial. The official formula (apparently it is identical to the unofficial one) is found in the Sport Rebate Policy Article III-3. Any other questions?

Now, the report of the SUS Executive Ball Hockey team. Our goalie, i.e. me, is slightly injured by a player from the opposing team. This player intentionally crashed into the goalie, who had already frozen the ball. The condition of the goalie is as follows:

All limbs and the head are still attached to the body. There is no evidence of missing limbs. There is a slightly bleeding in the gum due to the collision (or it could be due to not brushing your teeth. -ed.). A cut is found above the nose beside the right ocular implement (i.e. eye). Mental stress continues as the goalie is not responding to Prozac treatment.

Where was the ref? I guess he was as blind as Kerry F. Anyway the goalie is ready to play again!

Warrick is, simply put, the single most energetic person I have ever met. If you want someone to play chess with, he's not so hot, but if you want a package delivered to Hong Kong overnight, he's your man.

-ed.

Henry Wong

## Internal Vice President

In case you haven't heard of me before, I am your SUS Internal Vice President, and yes, this is my first ever write-up for this wonderful paper. What is there to say? Well, there was the welcome back BBQ way back in September. (We were the motley crew baking ourselves in front of two fiery charcoal grills on East Mall) The new council members were elected (appointed due to the lack of competition and candidates) last week. If you didn't notice the polling stations, don't worry, there were none. (It's a dictatorship, I tell 'ya! Students of UBC! Unite against oppression! -ed)

However, there's still a way you can get involved, accomplish something, stamp your mark on the Science community and make your year memorable. Teaching Excellence Award nomination forms are out! It means a lot to pros to be recognized and loved by their students, so nominate your favorite professor for the award! All you have to do is to tear out the nice little form at the back of this paper (after you've finished rigorously memorizing all the columns (We know if you do. There will be a test later. -ed.)) sign your name, find 9 other people (or 70% of your class, whichever number is smaller) to do the same and hand the form in to me at the SUS office in Chem B160. The academic committee will then studiously evaluate each nominated professor to determine the winner. The First Year Committee will be up and running next week. The first meeting will be on Monday, 28th Oktober 4:32 PM in the SUS Office. Please show up if you are interested to get involved. I guarantee you will meet a lot of wonderful new people and thoroughly enjoy the experience. Imagine that!

Yeah. Imagine that. Also imagine that this paper will be printed on the 30th of Oktober. Oh well, you can still come into SUS if you're interested. Henry will be the guy studying the calendar.

-ed.

“But the fact that some geniuses were laughed at does not imply that all who are laughed at were geniuses. They laughed at Columbus, they laughed at Fulton, they laughed at the Wright brothers. But they also laughed at Bozo the Clown.”

- Carl Sagan

# Bernie goes to Russia, Part I



Jeremy  
**THORP**

This is the story of a fish. Or, more accurately, this is the story of a fish, a banana and an exceptionally evil hamster.

Let's start with the fish. How many of you have ever seen a Russian Dwarf Mackerel? No? I wouldn't be too sure about that. You see, the Russian Dwarf Mackerel (or the RDM, to those in the know) looks remarkably like the common goldfish. So strikingly similar are these two species, that even well trained ichthyologists have been known to make the occasional mis-identification (don't believe me? Ask the guy at the pet shop.) Now, this often leads to some rather unfortunate psychological problems in the RDM, and my pet mackerel Bernie is no exception. Lately he's been listless, tired, and downright depressed. Indeed, there were a few days there when I was worried that he may have deoxygenated his last few millilitres of carefully treated water. Being the conscientious pet owner that I am, I decided that what Bernie needed was a taste of his homeland. Since I was fresh out of Vodka, I packed up my backpack, shined my swiss army knife, and headed for the great Siberian frontier. (Because that's oh so much easier than a trip to 4th & Alma, right Jer? -ed.)

Perhaps it would be a good idea to introduce you to, or more accurately, to warn you about my hamster. There is a carefully preserved myth that hamsters are cute fuzzy, and, most ridiculously of all, friendly. Let me assure you, most adamantly, that these assumptions are not only completely false, but also very, very dangerous. Many a finger has been lost to the carefully sharpened teeth of *Cricetus cricetus*, and it is only through the most fortuitous circumstances that I am still the proud owner of eight fingers, and their associated opposable thumbs. Now that I've warned you of the dangerous blood-lust that is characteristic of these most horrible of rodents, it is time for you to meet Frank the Hamster. Frank is the hamster equivalent of a psychopath. Last week, I gave him an entire package of carrot-shaped wooden chew toys, and returned to find each of them carved and sharpened into small hamster-weapons which resembled pike axes. I once caught him rubbing two pieces of cedar bedding together, trying to ignite his little wooden house. And my roommates thought I was crazy when I installed the sprinkler system on his cage. Nevertheless, I still feel that I have a responsibility to Frank, so along he came to Russia, dangling from my backpack in his steel-reinforced travel cage.

I always though it would be easy to get to Russia. I mean, sure, it's a good 10,000 miles away, but it looked so close on

that little key-chain atlas I got in my Christmas cracker when I was five. Besides, I've seen Spies Like Us, and they got to Russia with one small scene change. Of course, I was wrong. I realized this after being on the road for about 7 hours. The gas stations still didn't have any Vodka, and 'Prince Rupert' sure didn't seem too Russian to me. But I persevered — I figured if I drove long enough on this 'Alaska Highway' that it would eventually lead to some fragment of the former U.S.S.R.

In the meantime, Bernie was perking up with every water change in his portable plexi-glass tank. His eyes were growing brighter with every mile, and he was doing laps around the badly painted fluorescent skull like a greyhound on amphetamines. Even Frank the Evil Hamster seemed to be cheering up — his chewing on the cage bars had stopped producing sparks, and every once in a while, you could swear he was no longer possessed by Satan. As the trees and goats whizzed by the car like so many horseflies...wait... those were horseflies. Oh well, you get the point. As we continued northward, I was struck with an overpowering sense of dedication — I knew, at that moment, that Bernie and I were going to make it to Russia, and that everything was going to be alright.

And that's when everything went to hell.

There are only a limited number of compounds that can

shear through steel. One would guess that none of these compounds would be contained in the tooth of a hamster. One would be wrong, but that is what one would guess. Chances are, as well, that the average human, if asked, would probably guess that a hamster doesn't have the cranial capacity required to learn the intricacies of a combustion engine. Once again, one would be wrong.

whirrr...grAUW!!! thunk.

Not a particularly good sound to hear from an engine — and a really quite awful sound to hear from an engine when driving along the Alaska Highway at 4am on an unusually cool fall morning. But, I'm not one to panic. I prefer hysteria. I find that a good five minutes of full-out screaming-at-the-top-of-your-lungs terror-filled hysteria really calms the nerves. (Is that patented Jer 'screaming-like-a-girl' screaming? -ed.) Unfortunately for me, it also wakes wildlife.

Sometimes while walking down a poorly lit street late at night, your eyes can play tricks on you. Bushes become knife-wielding maniacs, mailboxes become angry dogs, and bus stops become gangs of drunken hell's angels. Most of the time, however, these phantasms disappear as you move closer, and you find yourself chuckling in regards to your apparent idiocy. Unfortunately, there aren't a lot of bus stops, or lamp posts on the Alaska Highway, and this particular knife-wielding maniac didn't turn into a bush. It

turned into a bear.

I've watched a lot of nature films in my time, and I know that bears often hibernate for the weekend. Without going into the gruesome details of metabolic slowing and rectal plugs, I'll just say that hibernation entails falling asleep for a good long time, in order to avoid all that coldness that is so prevalent in the cold-type places where bears live. What I didn't know is that, for bears living in Alaska, winter starts quite early. In October, to be more accurate. Have you ever been woken up at 4:00 in the morning, after just settling down for a four month nap in a cozy nest of carefully prepared bedding products? Well, I know a bear who has.

Now this was a good time. Not only was I facing a menacing, eight foot tall grizzly bear on a remote section of a poorly paved highway, but I had also apparently released a viscous hamster on an unsuspecting, poorly equipped ecosystem; Mr. Mackerel was hiding in his skull, and I was in serious danger of needing a new pair of pants.

Enter the banana. Fumbling behind my back, in the fortunately open back pocket of my five-dollar backpack, I searched frantically for a weapon. I knew I had my swiss army knife back there somewhere, and after

See "Hamster" on page 4



**TEACHING EXCELLENCE  
AWARD NOMINATION**

**Professor:**

**Course:**

**Sec:**

**Time:**

Signatures (min 10 or 70% of class)

Student Number

1 \_\_\_\_\_

2 \_\_\_\_\_

3 \_\_\_\_\_

4 \_\_\_\_\_

5 \_\_\_\_\_

6 \_\_\_\_\_

7 \_\_\_\_\_

8 \_\_\_\_\_

9 \_\_\_\_\_

10 \_\_\_\_\_

11 \_\_\_\_\_

12 \_\_\_\_\_

13 \_\_\_\_\_

14 \_\_\_\_\_

15 \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

No person may nominate more than one professor per year. An Academic Committee member may neither nominate nor sign a nomination form. Please include a short statement (no longer than one page) explaining why you have nominated the above professor. Please return completed form to Henry Wong (Internal Vice Pres) at the SUS Office, Chem B160

**DEADLINE WED 13 NOV 1996**