

The

432

Founded in 1987.
Inexplicably
persisting to this day.

“ Maybe I’ll
just be Pope. ”
AMS President Bill Dobie

Vol 7 No 3 • 4 Oct '93

SUS PULLS AHEAD OF NDP IN LATEST POLL

“Only Schevardnadze could lose to those bozos,” jubilant President gloats

Kevin Phillips Bong
Roving Correspondent

VANCOUVER (UPI)—In one of the most shocking developments of the 1993 election campaign, a recent poll shows the Science Undergraduate Society coalition garnering more public support than the bruised and battered New Democratic Party.

According to Honest Ed's Polls & Debt Consolidation of Ottawa, national backing for the SUS has reached an all-time high of 0.04% of decided voters. The NDP, on the other hand, has experienced a sharp decline in their support, with only Audrey MacLaughlin favoring a government under

leader Audrey MacLaughlin. The polling agency reports an error margin of $\pm 45\%$.

Reaction at NDP headquarters in Vancouver-Science riding was swift. A telephone survey was conducted immediately to try to determine the underlying cause for sagging public support. Explanations ranged from a "...fundamental lack of confidence in the nature of party direction and platform," to "Audrey totally looks like Skeletor. Ewwwww!"

Within the NDP camp, spirits were high despite the news. "Well, sure, we've taken a bit of a national beating in terms of credibility and public support and good policy and stuff like that, but I think we can pull out

of it," said campaign coordinator Michael Dukakis. "You know, we'll build up her image a bit... more public appearances, do the talk-show circuit, parade her around in a tank... um, scratch that last one."

Liberal Leader Jean Chrétien was surprised by the news, saying, "Well, it certainly represents a big step for the SUS party... hey, you're touching my face, aren't you? I can feel that, you know, so knock it off."

Political pundits are predicting a strong showing by the SUS team, which has gained support steadily over recent years on a platform of better campus parties, cheaper bzzt, and blonde presidents.

"I see that the Tories have

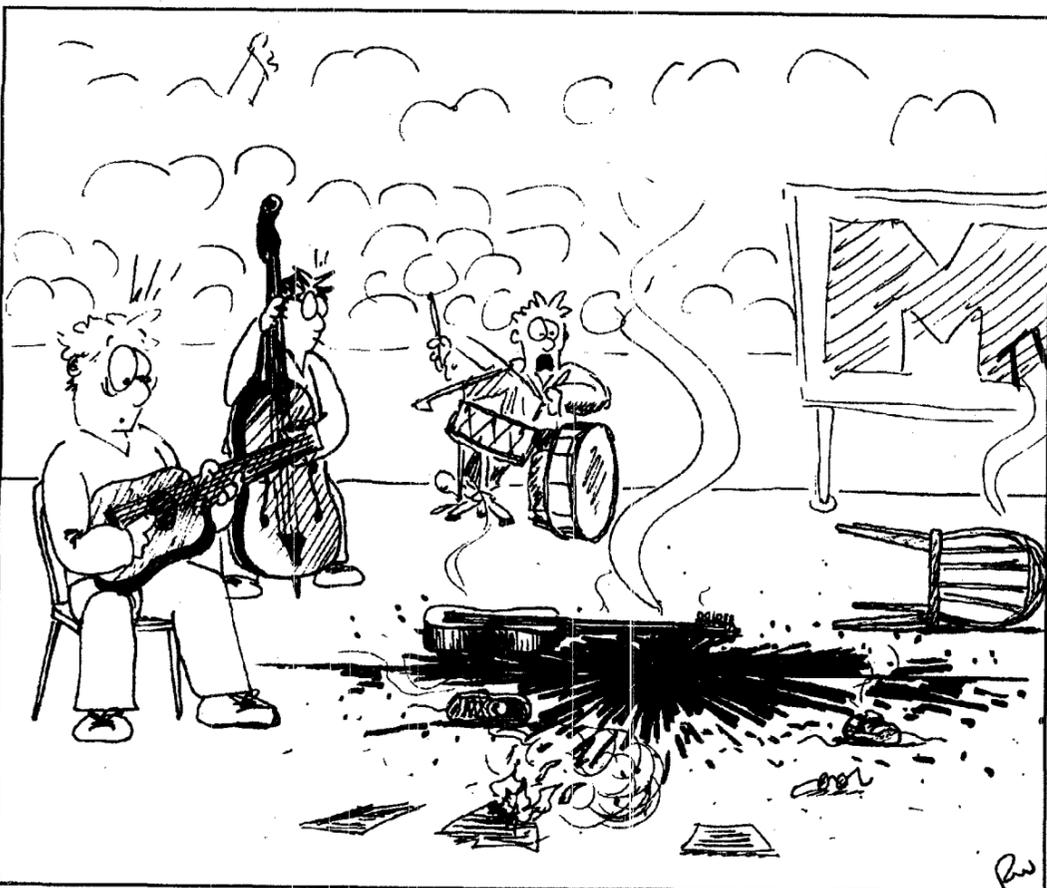
picked up on that last bit of campaign strategy," observed SUS president Sarah Thornton, flipping her bangs out of her eyes. Interestingly enough, the 1980 and '84 SUS candidates were renowned for their prominent chins.

When asked if SUS had any national plans, responses were cautious. "Well, there's this deficit thing, and we are being audited as it is..." explained Director of Finance Jason Holmes. External VP Steve Coleman voiced reservations: "This means I'll have to go to Ottawa a lot. If it's anything like my visits to the Cheeze...well...I hear the Rideau Canal gets pretty cold this time of year."

Not all of the caucus felt

intimidated by the prospect of someday becoming the government. "I'm all for it. I've been preparing for this kind of opportunity all my life. I would feel right at home," announced Jon-Campbell Dinkleheimer-Smith, SUS Director of Bureaucracy remote by satellite off his catamaran somewhere south of Tiki-Tiki.

With a few short weeks left to go in the election race, it would seem that this poll buries the NDP's chances of garnering enough public backing to make a serious bid for a MacLaughlin government. "Ah well," said the NDP leader, "I understand Ed Broadbent's still throwing one helluva defeat party. Just like in the good ol' days."



Eric Clapton... Accidentally Plugged Back In.

YEAR & DEPT REP ELECTIONS

11:30-2:30, 6-8 OCTOBER

with special guest feature
PRO By-Elections!

Polling Stations

Wed, Oct 6 — Hebb, CSCI, Wood, SUS & CHEM

Thurs, Oct 7 — Probably Wood & SUS

Fri, Oct 8 — Hebb, CSCI, Wood, SUS & CHEM

Editorial



Ryan McCUAIG

The UBC Bookstore just called me the other day, inquiring about a Customer Service questionnaire I'd filled out recently. Ever diligent, they seemed rather concerned that, as a first-year student, I not be forever saddled with a bad impression of the quality of the service that they provide. It seems I was rather disgruntled with the fact that they had specially ordered a computer for me, that, upon arrival, turned out to not be the one I had ordered. So they promptly called to set things straight.

After some momentary confusion (I must be more unconsciously dull than I thought if filling out Bookstore questionnaires is what I do during my reasonably infrequent blackout-intensity benders), I realized that I had, in fact, filed this questionnaire two years ago. The tip-off was a combination of a) knowing that I'm currently in third year, and b) reasonable arithmetic skills.

Okay, maybe we should scratch the *prompt* bit...

Once again, postering season has begun for the year. It stays reasonably calm and low-key until about January, at which point things really pick up and stay that way until late March.

If I were a tree on Main Mall, I'd find the annual poster rash a tad insulting. Disgusting, even. And I wouldn't be able to do a damn thing about it.

I imagine it would be roughly equivalent to being forced to stand there while someone stapled thin slices of pastrami, made from various bits of people I used to know at the Bus Loop, to my chest.

Insult to injury, I tell ya.

There's actually an art to postering the hell out of the campus. Having been through four elections at UBC (and already thinkin' about numbers five and six), I think I've got a good handle on the finer points. Everyone follow the bouncing ball and sing along:

RULE 1: If you can't post something nice, don't post anything at all.

Being a designer, I admit that I tend to be somewhat overcritical of most posters from a strict design standpoint. Most people come out of an encounter with a

desktop publishing system with their eyes glazed over, clutching a single piece of paper that would, in times past, have resulted in the bearer's being hauled downtown on possible kidnapping charges. It's not like Tupperware; there are no free gifts for using every font on the menu. If you want to avoid wasting your time, I highly recommend picking up a good introductory book on graphic design. And remember that DTP is not for everyone. If you don't know how to use it, a word processor and a glue stick will force better results.

RULE 2: No neon green.

Or any other obnoxious fluorescent colour. I don't think this rule needs much explanation. Besides, since everyone uses that damned green paper, white posters stand out really well. (The irony is stunning...)

RULE 3: Don't rip any other posters down until they have exceeded their useful term.

Even if in an environmental snit, this is counterproductive. Whoever put it up will just replace it the next day, thereby wasting *more* paper. Anything in contravention of Rule 2, however, is fair game.

Well, that about ends my aesthetics rant.

Hmmm... I was just thinking about what it means to be editor in the broader sense...

(ed. Very weak transition. Actually, the whole article's a bit disjointed. Maybe we should scrap it.)

No, we shouldn't. Shut up. As I was saying—

(ed. What's the matter? Feeling a little defensive about editing our own article, are we?)

Yes, we are. What are we doing here, anyway?

(ed. We're having a deadline-induced breakdown. We're developing multiple personalities.)

No, we aren't. We're filling space.

(ed. Ah, but how would we know the difference between the usual Editorial "We" and an actual problem? Maybe we aren't just filling space...)

I suppose that's a good point. How about if we just close it off soon, lest this become any more tired a humour device than it already is?

(ed. I think we like that idea.)

Right. Hope all you out there in Readerland enjoy the rest of the issue.

(ed. Oo, what a finish! What a comeback! What a finale! What a—

"Treasure" found at UBC

Blair McDonald
Columnist

Sources within the President's Office have revealed the discovery of a large cache of "gold doubloons" at the construction site outside the Scarfe Buildings.

Mr. Thomas Horne, past editor of *Treasure Hunter's Weekly*, and one of the President's Special Assistants, is quoted in a recent Administration press release as saying, "It's been a well known fact among elite treasure seekers that a significant sum in gold doubloons was hidden by Captain Rum in 1783 somewhere in the Point Grey area. Only problem was that no one knew exactly where."

Rumour has that the exact site was pinpointed by Dr. David Strangway, President of the University and noted geophysicist, using a map that turned up in the Main Library Archives five years ago during a routine inventory.

An unnamed source from Campus Planning and Development recently revealed that the much-touted Campus Plan may have been nothing but an elaborate excuse to excavate on a number of sites on campus.

"Sure, it was necessary," he confided. "You can't just walk up and start digging holes all over the place without a—" (looks both ways, whispers)

"—*Plan*. There's a... *Plan* for everything—notice how no one ever suspected we were looking for treasure while we were building Green College, CICSU, or the new Brock Hall. It's all just a part of The... *Plan*."

Details of The... *Plan* are sketchy, but from all accounts the majority of the new construction over the last five years have been part of the cover-up. Most new building locations correspond to spots indicated on the map.

By building on the sites, the Administration would theoretically be able to keep—tax-free—any objects found during the course of excavation. The treasure, expected by Administration officials to exceed \$200 million Cdn, was found on the Scarfe site, the 20th and final location marked on the map.

Recent chemical analysis of the map, however, shows the majority of locations to be marked with a mixture of Heinz ketchup and pickle juice.

Estimates of construction costs are well over \$1.1 billion Cdn over the last five years. Assessors from Christie's Auction House, London, England were flown over on a charter jet to verify the find. They priced the recently dug up treasure—"consisting primarily of gold-covered chocolate

coins and a map made of stitched-together Hubba Bubba wrappers"—at no more than fifty dollars "based on the current market price of chocolate today."

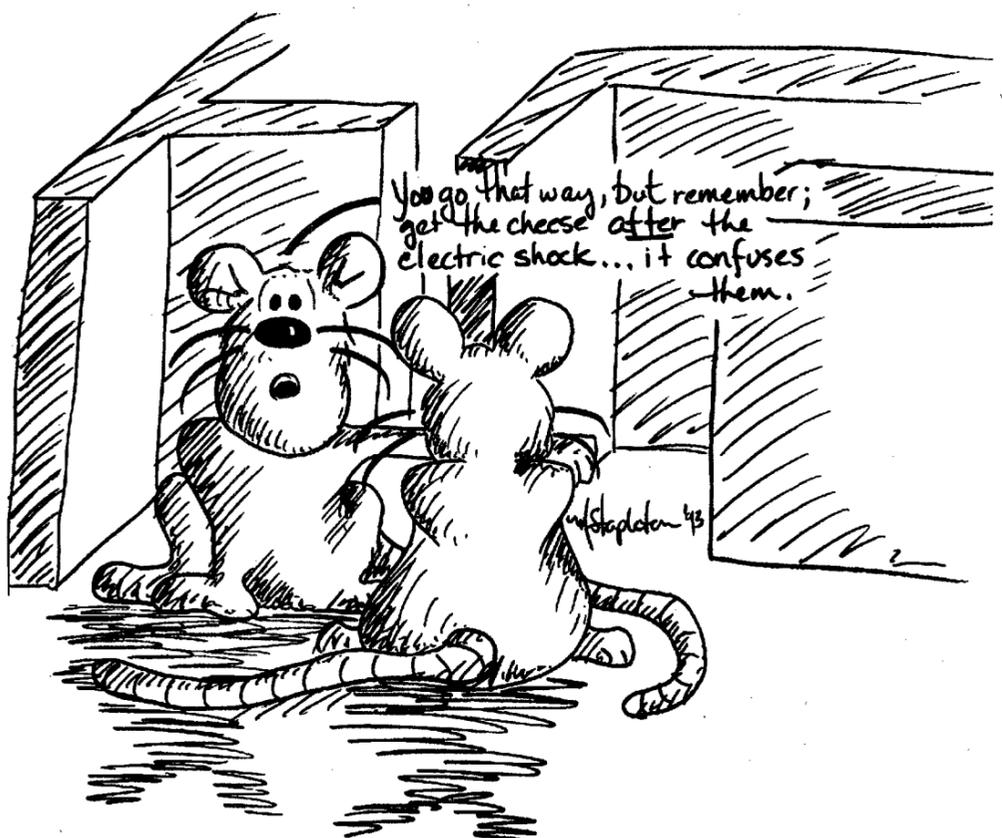
When contacted, spokesmen for the President's Office declined to comment, saying only that the confusion over the entire matter "was normal for an operation of this complexity" and that a special committee of Senate would be struck to determine what went wrong.

Upon hearing the University press releases, Todd Ablett, SUS president in 1988, made the following comments:

"Somebody believed that thing? Five years ago, we made a map showing the location of a bag of White Spot doubloons and a coupon for a keg of beer from SUS. It was going to be an annual event—after all, hunting for that free keg of beer should appeal to the 'geers and all. Builds campus spirit, right? Since no one ever bothered to collect the prize, we figured the map had been lost somewhere during the contest. Ah, well..."

The President's Office today announced the retirement of Thomas Horne, previously Special Assistant to the President.

Ablett was unable to recall if the event was repeated the following year.



The 432

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4 October 1993

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Submissions to *The 432*
should be about 500
words in length, proof-
read, and extremely silly
in nature. Serious or
sombre material will be
burned for heat and
mocked for decades by
everyone around here.



Graeme
KENNEDY

A few years ago I thought a poltergeist was abusing my TV. For no reason at all, it would change channels, turn on and off and the volume would rise and lower. Rather than submit to my instinct and just shoot the damn thing, always the skeptic, I decided to conduct a series of experiments and discovered that the driving force behind this mysterious activity was my Slinky. This is no lie. Dad was less than supportive with this amazing discovery. "Oh, sure. That makes sense. Here..." (squeezing his steak) "This makes the car start." It took years to get a real explanation. It seems that the old remote control (clickers) were based on sound, and my Slinky seemed to emulate the signals.

Some friends of mine lost their TV remote on Christmas day. After weeks of frantic searching, the poor remote was written off as lost and mourning began. About a month later, during a movie, the TV changed channels. And again. We froze. Nothing. We moved, volume! The quest began. By a process of elimination, we zeroed in on a big floppy chair, where somebody

seemed to be able to control that idiot box by various movements of her body. A search of the couch revealed nothing, so knives appeared to open the upholstery. An admission came forward that a replacement had been purchased (for an arm and a leg) and the joke was on us, as the signal was being bounced off the inside of the French glass from the kitchen. Very funny. There was some hesitation before closing our Swiss army knives.

What is it about the remote control that brings out the primitive in everybody? I have no use for the thing if I am not changing the channels or volume or whatever, and I tend to put it down. It's picked up in a moment and cradled in the hand by somebody or other within fifteen seconds. Actually, I have two: one for the stereo and one for the VCR. But, like salt and pepper, they tend to move around as a unit. The stereo remote is the jewel in the crown of my remote collection: it actually can do everything the other remotes do and more! Sometimes I stand in my room and undo whatever commands my roommates are trying to do. They turn it up, I turn it down. They change the channel, I change it back. Not exactly cerebral humour, but it helps to pass the time. Like some nineties variation from Lord Of The Flies, this little plastic

conch musters the control of the household. So powerful are these radio transmitters that they have been known to cause serious disorder in a household or even break up relationships completely. Their value is so obvious, we can see why someone would even want to steal one.

I caught a burglar in my boxer shorts. I know this is an old joke, but it actually applies here. Turns out it wasn't a roommate unplugging my stereo equipment at 3 AM (coulda been). While stepping out to help what I thought was a really rude roommate, I actually surprised a burglar. This is when the chase began. He tucked my VCR under his arm, and, remembering what he really came for, picked up that all-important remote in his other hand on the way out the door. For some reason (now, remember it was 3 AM), I followed. I sprinted after him out of the living room and into the hall, onto the porch, down the stairs, around the front to the side, into the back and it was while I was tap-dancing from sharp stone to exposed root in the old-growth rainforest which passes for a backyard, that the idiocy of my predicament became apparent. I was running around in the dark, in my bare feet, wearing nothing but the Kokanee boxer shorts my sister gave me as a joke birthday present, with neighbors from the

mental patients' halfway-house next door looking at me like we should trade places. How do I know I won't get arrested if I flag down the police? Besides, he was at least a foot taller, so what would I do if I caught him anyway? Why, in fact, was I even standing outside in the cold wondering why I was standing outside in the cold? I didn't need my remote that badly.

So, I curled up in bed again and dialed 911. The operator informed me that there was a car here already. I looked out the window to see a VPD squad car out front of my house. This led me to three possibilities:

- 1: The VPD has really, really, good service.
- 2: The 'geers have taken a new, proactive approach to Cheeze security, and have me under surveillance, with the help of the local police.

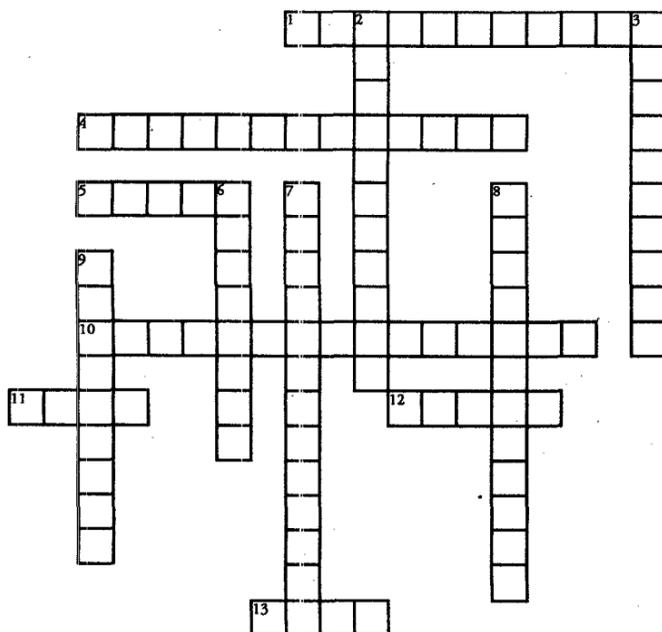
3: I underestimated the seriousness of the 'skinny-dipping in Stanley Park' episode.

As it turns out, the pinhead who was pushing buttons on my remote also took one from next door. He practically ran into the officer before I even called the police. The officers were happy to return my toys right away. But I was happier. I had my remote back. Slept with it under my pillow. Switch off.

The Conch

The Crossword

THIS WEEK'S THEME: People We'd All Prefer Not To Wake Up With.



ACROSS

1. PM.
4. Before PM. Kinda AM, I guess...
5. Sleeps with Jeff.
10. Kramer.
11. Sleeps with Ernie.
12. Sleeps with Bert.
13. Sleeps with Akbar.

DOWN

2. BC Lions Owner.
3. Julia Roberts doesn't seem to mind this one very much.
6. Sleeps with Tom.
7. Went out with JFK. Now gives just about everyone a "cold shoulder"
8. Doh!
9. Sleeps with Roseanne.

Across: 1. Kim Campbell, 4. Brian Mulroney, 5. Akbar, 10. Michael Richards, 11. Bert, 12. Ernie, 13. Jeff.
Down: 2. Murray Pezim, 3. Lyle Lovett, 6. Roseanne, 7. Marilyn Monroe, 8. Homer Simpson, 9. Tom Arnold.

Campus Wars, Part III



Kevan
DETTLE-
BACH

Meanwhile, Dobiewan confronts Vader.

Vader: Now the circle is complete. When you left, I was but a frosh. Now I have a masters.

Bill: It's only a Masters of Arts.

Vader and Bill fight. Bill pretends to fall for the old Elvis-is-behind-you trick and vanishes. This buys enough time for the others to escape. They make their way to the Science secret base in CHEM 160.

Rebel: Leah, when we heard about Angus, we feared the worst.

Leah: We can mourn later. The information in this calculator must be analyzed. I only hope a weakness can be found.

Later...

Leah: We've analyzed the Bylaws and think we've found a weakness. If we can get 1000 signatures, we can cut off the Ubysey's funding. Quick, head count.

Rebels: 1, 2, 3 ... 982, 983, 984.

Leah: Damn. Let's take a look at the SUB blueprints

again.

Later...

Leah: The *Ubysey* has discovered us and the time to strike is now. We've learned that the Editor himself will be present. Along the east side of SUB is a set of windows. Behind this one is the offices of the *Ubysey*. The glass is bullet-proof, so you'll have to use hand grenades. The target area is only 2 meters wide, and to avoid security, attack runs must be done at high speed.

DISCLAIMER: This is a work of fiction. In real life, a petition is a much better way to shut down a campus newspaper. Even if that fails, one should *not* use hand-grenades. Please do not view this story as condoning lobbing explosives at newspaper offices, even if the newspaper in question publishes offensive crap. However, if you *do* decide to lob grenades at a campus newspaper, remember it is only illegal if you get caught.

Rebel: That's impossible, even with a calculator.

Luke: It's not impossible. I used to bulls-eye hookers with pennies down on Robson Street. They're less than two meters.

Leah: Good luck, and may the Force be with you.

After a battle with security forces, Luke is preparing to make his attack.

Rebel: Luke, you've shut off your calculator. What's wrong.

Luke: (Drawing his slide-rule) Nothing. I'm all right. (Pulls pin)

Vader: The Force is strong in this one. (Pulls along side Luke) I have you now...

Bill: (Materializes beside Luke) Use the Force, Luke.

Luke: What! Ahhhhh!

Luke loses control of his car. He side-swipes Vader sending the dark lord into a ditch. The grenade flies out of Luke's hand, but guided by the Force, it scores a direct hit on the window...

Editor: And then I thought we'd do a follow up with a sex with citrus fruit article... (Crash) Well, speak of the devil. Look here everyone, a pineapple. <Boom>

The resulting explosion sets off a chain reaction destroying the entire building. Science forces are more than able to mop up any remaining resistance. Solo and Chewtobacca got their reward and drank it in one weekend, setting a new Engineering record.

May the Force be with you, but beware the Arts Side.

UBC Entrepreneurs Club
Presents Guest Speaker

**JIM "JIMBO"
PATTISON**

Friday, October 8th,
12:30 PM,
SUB Auditorium.

Public Welcome.



**BIOCHEMISTRY,
PHYSIOLOGY,
PHARMACOLOGY
CLUB**

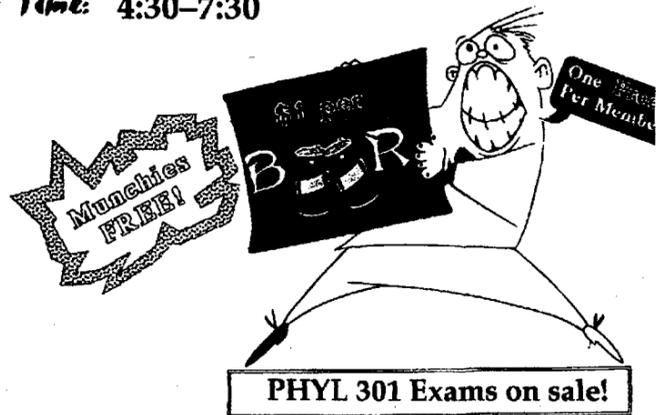
Booz Garden!

**Everyone
Welcome!**

Date: October 15th, 1993

Place: IRC (Watch for signs!)

Time: 4:30-7:30



Alternate Universes

Peter Cronhelm
Columnist

I seem to have fallen through some sort of Star-Trekkian space warp. You know, the kind that have the intrepid crew of the Enterprise on some planet that looks exactly like Chicago circa 1920 or Nazi Germany with a purple Hitler.

The planet I have warped to mimics Earth in every way except for some very strange yet subtle differences.

The students all seem perfectly normal... it's the profs that I'm not sure about.

Consider my soil prof, for instance, whose teaching style would seem to indicate that he freebases about five pounds of coffee right before class. Surely a lifetime of studying dirt would affect even the most

ordinary among us, but this guy has left the building along with Elvis. I think half the students show up only to see if he will explode during class.

To add to the entertainment: the other day he proceeded to blow me out of my seat by explaining the physical laws governing the colour of the sky. I was in shock; I couldn't believe that there was a real scientific answer to that age-old rhetorical question "Why is the sky blue?"

I had always thought that the colour of the sky was the sort of thing that every human being over the age of five could take for granted. You know, much like the generally acknowledged non-existence of a fat, jolly philanthropist in a red suit. Imagine being presented with irrefutable proof of

the existence of Santa Claus. It's enough to make your brain perform double back flips without a safety net.

Rhetoric seems to have no place in my current universe.

If what my prof says is the truth then why were my parents not notified? My father has a university education, and my mother taught high school, but the only answer that I ever heard was then one that starts and ends with "Because."

Maybe my parents knew all along, and decided it was better that I not learn the truth. After all, that was their approach to sex education (like I wouldn't figure it out sooner or later.)

I was also under the impression that microbiology involved the serious investigation of the structures and

chemistry concerned with bacteria. Apparently not, in this world. The other day we discussed the holes in Swiss cheese. Did you ever wonder how they get the holes in Swiss cheese? I didn't either, but rest assured that it doesn't involve blowing air through a straw. The Keebler elves don't seem have anything to do with it either.

Another bothersome little point is that my Animal Science prof is a little bit odd.

No, no, he doesn't have a tail, or anything obvious like that.

It's just that he keeps taking the class on tours of the University's research farms to pet the cows and sheep. This always brings back those hazy memories of a kindergarten field trip to a petting zoo

where this city boy came face to snout with all the farm animals that don't normally roam along Broadway.

Now, don't get me wrong—cuddling cows beats performing acid/base titrations any day—but I am fairly confident that in my world of origin, an institute of higher learning as prestigious as UBC would not spend millions of dollars funding a petting zoo. A quick look though the lab manual didn't turn up any colouring or fingerpainting exercises, but I am still a little suspicious.

If anybody has some old episodes of Star Trek or The Next Generation on video, I'd like to borrow them. I need to find out how to get back to my own world before midterms. Now how would Kirk handle this?...

Sarah's Science Nitpick of the Week:

by Tanya Storr

Did you know that humpback whales love to bodysurf day and night for weeks on end? Or that gray whales have been taken off the endangered species list since early 1993? Jean-Michel Cousteau, son of famous environmentalist and aqualung inventor Jacques Cousteau, detailed these interesting facts and more during his presentation at the Orpheum Sunday night.

Jean-Michel Cousteau
Rediscovery of the World
LECTURE
Orpheum
26 September

JM Cousteau

"Well, Cousteau had actually said that about the grey whales. But, hey... I mean, a fish is a fish, so we'll let it slide this time..."

Chemistry Society of Canada Presents: The First Bxxr Garden Of The Year

Friday, October 8th

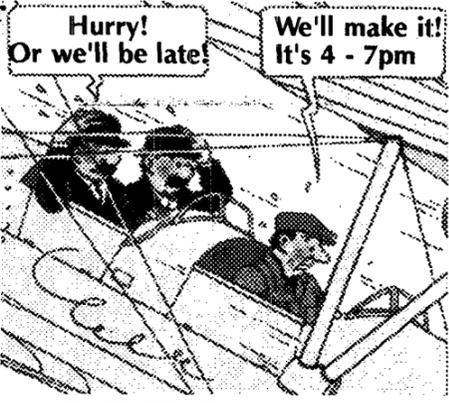
Come see our new addition in furniture!

☐ \$2.00/Bxxr

☐ First bxxr
free for
Members
(bring card)

☐ Discounts
for mugs.

☐ CHEM
D228



Battle for the Trees: Robson Square Media Centre

Peter Cronhelm

Just rackin' up
the article credits...

The only environmentally friendly way to travel to the theater to see this movie was to fire up the old black Cadillacs and walk. The air was cool and clean but not too crisp, a perfect evening for a stroll along the pusher- and pimp-lined boulevards of Vancouver's inner city. However the warm fuzzy emotions I was feeling as I communed with Nature were tempered by the knowledge that I had consumed an ecologically unsound dinner of meat by-products.

You got it. Hotdogs.

The food was just material to sustain life but the movie was an emotional rollercoaster.

My feelings ran the gamut from frustration at the continued destruction of the forest; to hope for the future preservation of the remaining temperate rainforest in BC.

Of course the joy may have been due to the fact that I was completely avoiding some messy and rather boring homework.

Anyways it was a good movie so if you missed it, and would like to know what it was all about, too bad.

I am not going to tell you, so next time get off your lazy ass and make the trip yourself, instead of just reading about it.

Oh, yeah, and some surly imperialist Club Monaco-ed dork cut me off as I tried to pass on the outside of the sidewalk. Bastard.

Dik Miller, Tree Hugger



Derek K.
MILLER

We last left our intrepid hero, Dik Miller, recovering at the side of the road after being booted off a bus on the way to the Clayoquot Sound anti-logging blockade.

It was a long walk down the twisting highway to the information booth set up by anti-logging protesters. I was hauling my trusty Dik Miller™ suitcase/emergency life raft/satellite tracking station on my back, which made it seem even longer. At last the ramshackle booth hove into view.

I saw one of the attendants look up at me. His eyes widened and he began gesticulating wildly at his companions. They all turned to look at me. Then four of them broke off at a run towards me. I stopped, wondering what they were up to.

I soon found out as they arrived, stripped the suitcase from my back (throwing me to the ground in the process), and began stomping furiously on it.

"What the hell are you doing?!" I shouted.

The suitcase burst open, spewing my Dik Miller™ thermal socks/oven mitts, Dik Miller™ long underwear/emergency sailcloth, Dik Miller™ toothpaste/door caulking, and GummiBears® all over the dusty roadside.

"Hey!" I cried again. "I said, what the hell are you doing?!"

They kept stomping.

"Oi, mates, stop that, will you?" called a voice from behind me. I turned to see an extremely tall, completely bald man striding purposefully from the info booth.

"Hey!" I said again, rather redundantly. "You're Peter Garrett from Midnight Oil, aren't you?"

"The same," he replied.

"Could you tell them to stop stomping on my bag?"

"I just did."

Right he was. And they had stopped, though somewhat reluctantly. The four were now standing somewhat despondently in a circle, pushing peb-

bles around in the dirt with the toes of their boots.

I stood. "Now," I continued, "would someone mind explaining why you bunch just attacked me and tried to pulverize this?" I picked up my bag, which was covered in dirty boot marks but, being made of ultra-tough Dik Miller™ MegaSuperMondo-Cloth®, was not much worse for wear. GummiBears® continued to dribble out in a slow stream, however.

"Er," said one, "we thought you were a logger come to trash our camp."

I looked down at myself, in my black cotton-poly pants, black shoes, black shirt, black trenchcoat, and my trusty worn fedora hat, then looked back up. "Do I look like a logger to you?"

"Well, kind of like the Lone Logger of the Apocalypse, actually." He giggled a bit.

That was a new one. "I'm actually here to join you people, you know."

"We figured that out when we didn't see any axes or anything in the bag."

One of the others held up something. "Here," she said. "I think we bent your satellite dish."

I took it somewhat brusquely. "Thanks. Now where can I start?"

"Well," said Garrett, who was still far too much taller than me, though we were both standing, "we need someone to spell off the tree sitters today."

"Deal," I said.

A little while later I was deep in the Clayoquot rain forest, standing at the base of a huge Douglas fir tree. Way up in the branches, a couple of people had set up a camping platform to discourage loggers from cutting the thing down.

They were dangling a rope down for me to be pulled up into the tree.

"I don't need that!" I shouted. "I have my trusty Dik Miller™ road flare/tree climbers handy!"

"It's a lot easier if you just let us pull you up!" one replied.

"No thanks! I'd rather do it this way!" I rummaged in my bag and produced the road flare/tree climbers, which attached to my hands and feet and enabled me to scale the giant fir in a Spider Man-like fashion. I hoisted the bag onto my back.

"That looks really dangerous!" said one of the tree sitters.

"I know what I'm doing!" I called back.

I dug the climbers into the base of the trunk and started scaling, reaching the platform in only a few minutes.

"See?" I said, spreading my arms demonstratively at the sitters as I arrived. "That wasn't so bad."

Unfortunately, I was still attached to the bark, and my lack of handgrips led to a sudden uncomfortable encounter with gravity.

When I regained consciousness, I was back on the ground. My Dik Miller™ suitcase/emergency life raft/satellite tracking station had luckily inflated, and I was still alive, if a bit bruised. It had, of course, in the process dumped all of my stuff in a large, messy circle on the surrounding underbrush.

One of the tree sitters shouted down, "Let's try that again!"

I looked up. "I meant to do that!" I said.

Just then, I heard the unmistakable sound of oncoming logging machinery.

Commemorating
Ten Years of
"...when I regained
consciousness...":

Happy Birthday,
Dik!



First Year Students' Committee

Nominations are still being accepted.

For nomination forms or more info, please contact Laurie Yee, Internal Vice President at SUS (822 4235).

Mass Confusion



Leona
ADAMS

My life in the past week and a half has been what could be best described as surreal, starting with the dreaded MCAT (my apologies to the people to whom I promised that I wouldn't use the letters M, C, A, or T for at least two weeks following the end of a certain nameless exam). I think that the weirdest part of the whole experience was being read to. I mean, for the speed they expect us to be able to write, you'd think they'd realize that we could handle reading "Do not open the exam until told to do so."

I take that back. The weirdest part was actually being informed that in spite of the fact that I had been strictly forbidden to memorize any questions, I would be expected to write to the MCAT folks when I got home about any problems. Go figure. The questions weren't all that bad, though. For example:

247. Having read the above paragraph, state which of the following is implied, but not directly:

- Leona has had a surreal week.
- "Nothing is ever eaten as hot as it is cooked."
- Leona thought the MCAT licked the sweat out of a dead man's navel.
- all of the above
- some, but not all of the above

The correct answer being, of course, f) none of the above. The author directly stated that Leona had a surreal week and a half, but she did not reveal her feelings about the exam. It is possible that b) was implied, but this is not clear, because the only person who seems to be quite sure what it means is Joseph Pauley (a great philosopher).

Apparently I have ruined the magic of publishing for some people with my last article. A number of people asked when I was writing my MCAT, then looked perplexed when I told them that I had already written it. As much as I may joke about our deadlines, I don't write my articles up the night before the paper comes out

(usually). Most of the time, I just write into the future to make myself seem semi-relevant. I just felt lazy during my study break and decided that if I was going to be dazed and confused, I wanted company.

Speaking of mass confusion, elections seem to be upon us in all shapes and sizes. The federal election is shaping up to be its usual self, the only difference from previous years being the number of evils from which we have to choose the least. On the lighter side of things, SUS is having year and departmental rep elections this week, and I have, for the first time, decided to run for something. Not wanting to deprive me of the pleasures of poster paint, campaigning seems to have been made mandatory. This, of course, thrills me to bits since I had previously made it a PPP (personal pride protection) policy to avoid running for things. Heck, I don't even run for late classes (some of you may wonder how it is that I can be an outgoing third-year rep and president of BPP without running for anything; it's called being in the wrong place at the right time).

It's too late to back out now, so let me give you my schpiel: if elected, I promise to do my best to graduate and get out of your hair as soon as possible. How's that? Oh yeah, throw in some stuff about involvement, the full university experience, blah, blah, blah. Having the full university experience has occasionally been known to have adverse effects on people, and I am one of them. Apparently, I was supposed to submit a blurb saying why I want to run for fourth-year rep. Oops. Well, now you know.

As long as I've established a theme, may as well end up with the misunderstandings between the sexes. One of the cool things about being in a department that's 88% male (at least in our year) is that you get to hear guys gripe about what they hate about girls. As much as I hate to admit it, there are things that we do agree on, and I have to agree with most of these. So, without further ado, yet another space-filler to make my article seem longer than it actually is:

Do you have a sister? and other no-nos

- You're a nice guy/girl, but ... English translation: "You're the ugliest person I've ever met and I wouldn't set you up on a blind date with a dog,

even if it had just bitten me."

- We can still be friends.

Okay, I'm going to take some flack for this one, so let me qualify. If you genuinely mean that you still want to be friends, then more power to you. However, if you're saying this to get the person to leave you alone, then feel free to tell him/her that you have every intention of getting a restraining order if he/she even sets foot within a five-mile radius of the place where your parents met.

- We need to talk.

Included with this are perennial favourites like "I need to work some things out. It wouldn't be fair to you" and "The timing is just wrong". If you don't want this person calling you up once a week to see if you've worked things out yet, then be honest. He/she should recover within a few years.

- The effectiveness of a breakup/rejection is inversely proportional to the number of people involved with it.

Hearing about your breakup from your other's best friend's sister's babysitter's hairdresser's cousin should have gone out with high school. Skywriters, megaphones, and singing telegrams are definite no-nos.

- Most importantly, do not ignore the advice of your friends. More often than not, they'll have a significantly more objective view of your situation and will not hesitate to tell you that the person of your dreams is not the sharpest knife in the drawer or, more bluntly, he/she has the IQ of shaved ice.

Remembering Brian...

Jane Ramsbotham
Former *Underground*
columnist who finally
saw the light...

On the 21st, my PoliSci 240 prof showed us an announcement from page B11 in the Globe and Mail. It was announcing Mulroney's appointment to senior partner of a Montreal law firm.

Something in me snapped. This guy was the most hated Prime Minister in Canadian history. He shouldn't be allowed to slip into obscurity this easily.

Some people say history will remember him in a more favorable light. I will remember him for the few good things he left behind. Namely, jokes at his expense. Here are just a few:

In a speech to a group of businessmen Mulroney announces "When I took office, this country was teetering on the edge of an abyss. I'm proud to say that since then we have taken a valiant step forward."

Mulroney's office screwed up and made appointments with the Pope and George

Bush at the same time. When Mulroney's secretary asked who to send in first he replied "The Pope, I only have to kiss his ring!"

A doctor, engineer and Mulroney were arguing about whose profession came first. The doctor said that Eve was created from one of Adam's ribs, so doctors came first. The engineer said that creating the world from chaos was an engineering feat. "Maybe so," said Mulroney, "but who do you think created the chaos?"

Mulroney, Bush, and Mitterrand were on a train in Europe when it suddenly stopped. First, Mitterrand went and tried to reason with the engineer. When that failed, Bush sent a CIA agent to assassinate the engineer and replace him with an American. When that didn't work Mulroney said "Leave it to me." He closed the blind and said, "Look, we're moving!"

(ed. Here's a not entirely unrelated joke... Etymology of the word *politics*: "poli" comes from the Greek for "many", and "tics" from the Latin for "annoying little bloodsucking pests.")

Impress friends.
Win enemies.
Repel marauding saucer aliens.
Next 432 deadline:
12 October.



SUS Year & Department Rep Elections

Poll Clerks Needed

One-hour shifts are available between 11:30 and 2:30 on 6-8 October. The wage is \$6 per hour.

Applications available in SUS.

Applications to be handed in to Laurie Yee, Elections Commissioner, by 30 September in CHEM 160.

For more information, please call Sarah Thornton or Laurie Yee at 822 4235.

The Drawers of SUS

Sarah's Skivvies

Sarah Thornton

OK. What's up?

The year is going incredibly fast. It's already October! But things are going well in SUS.

The office is always busy, and more people have realized where the cheap coffee supply is. Council is getting organized and events are flying. We've got good relations with the EUS and AUS this year — hopefully, our External VP will keep us informed of what everyone's up to!

In the outside world, SUS has made some new contacts. The Institute of Science, Engineering, and Public Policy from the States is running a lecture series in the Orpheum this year. On September 26, Jean-Michel Cousteau gave a lecture, to which up to 400 Science students went. The ISEPP gave SUS tickets to give away in a promotional deal, so we did. And the lecture was quite good. Unfortunately, I don't think we'll be getting tickets to any of the other lectures.

And in (somewhat) related community news, the Vancouver Recital Society recently phoned me to announce their new "Student Rush Tickets". The concerts are Sunday nights at the Playhouse, and rush tickets are \$10.75. The next concert is Oct. 17 with violinist Maxim Vengerov. For info, phone 736-6034, or come see me in SUS.

In the charity world, the Student Branch of the United Way campaign (Steve's note: Joy!) is well underway again. SUS members will be selling buttons, so support this good cause if you can.

And this week we've got elections — the positions of Public Relations Officer and First Year Reps are up for grabs. Please come out and vote: make your voice count!

Now on to something close to my heart — Science Week. Yes, that's right, Science has an entire week dedicated to us. It's the third week of January, and this year's is going to be even bigger and better than last year's. Steve Coleman is organizing it, and needs your help. Soooo, any ideas for guest speakers, special events, or sponsorship... let us know. Soon, Steve will be organizing a meeting for all those interested in helping, so come in and leave a message for Steve or me.

Treasurer's Trunks

Jason S Holmes

Hey, guess what? We have no money! Ain't that a hoot? Well, this isn't exactly true, as we are in what is termed an "operating deficit". Ooo, sounds awfully political, doesn't it? Considering that both the United States and Canada have existed in an operating deficit for donkey's years now, you should know that "operating deficit" is actually poli-speak for "Hell, we don't have the money to spend but let's spend it anyways." However, SUS has been given permission to be in an "operating deficit" by the almighty coin-gods of the AMS, namely Dean "What Are You Doing??" Leung and Mayleen "I Can't Authorize That, Go Talk To Dean" Ahoy. I won't go into details about why we are in debt, but I can tell you that we won't be as soon as the bloody Financial Department of UBC decides to transfer the student fees it has collected to the AMS which then transfers them to us. Until this happens, I am just a little bit stressed (ask my co-workers) and will be accepting donations of either cash or Roloids.

As a result of SUS being in

this perpetual state of debt-by-consent, the AMS has decided to perform an audit on our past and present finances. Ordinarily, this is a very painful procedure where the governing body delves into the dark past of a person's or organization's past and accuses the current treasurer of absconding with 95¢ to buy a chocolate bar at 4am in the morning. Well, this isn't going to happen. At least I hope not. I reeeecally hope no-one has been buying chocolate bars with SUS funds. If it's true, I swear it wasn't me: I hate chocolate. Really. Apparently the audit was announced with the following comment by Mayleen Ahoy: "It's a really beautiful budget, I must say." Well, thank-you for auditing anyways. (If the AUS desires, I can produce an equally beautiful budget for the low, low cost of \$4 324.32 including GST). However, I have been informed by the highest authority (i.e. the chair of the AMS Budget Committee) that we will have no problem.

Well, that's all for now. I'll let you know what happens when the AMS puts SUS to the rack, uh Audit Sub-committee. Time for my Pepto-Bismol!

Open Mouth, Insert Boot 3

You're about to read fervent testimonials from the only three participants in this week's year & department rep elections who cared enough to submit something. Here they are, unedited and unplugged:

Jesse Burnett—1st Year Rep

A lot of you are probably wondering who Jesse Burnett is, and why she's running for First Year Rep. Or maybe you don't care, but I do. I'm that energetic girl you might have seen down in the SUS office, or maybe you saw me helping out at the SUS barbecue held that first week of school. There's also a good chance that I've happily introduced myself to you in class or at the SUB. No, I'm not already a member of the SUS Council, but I am enthusiastic and I want to give the First Year Science students a voice that will be heard on Council. If you haven't met me already, come down to the SUS between 12:30-1:30 Mon.-Thurs. and find out what I'm about. You can now go back to your class for naptime, I'll be seein' ya. And to all of those frosh who've just skipped this section of *The 432*, I must admit that Campus Wars is a more entertaining article, but please turn out and vote anyways.

Amy Siegenthaler—Psychology Rep

Well gosh, here I am at 2 am Sunday night trying inexorably to write a blurb to publicize my position as Psychology rep for this year. In the grand tradition of SUS blurb writers, I've left it to the last minute and should be doing a whole whack of other stuff, but hey, if you're not behind, how will you ever experience the joys of 4:am cram sessions and caffeine-wired nervous systems? Have you ever noticed how you're never really ahead, only in varying stages of behindness? If not, you're either:

- a SuperKeener
- an Artsie
- looking forward to a 'Dean's Vacation' next year

This is my second year at UBC but my third year of post-secondary enlightenment. I still haven't figured out how I got talked into this by that damned Geophysics/Astronomy Rep but here I am. Drop by CHEM 160 and say "hello" (to whoever's there — it probably won't be me but someone with no class will be

Ballot Boxers

Laurie Yee

Here I am again, telling you that you should get involved with SUS. For those of you who actually came out and put in a nomination form, congratulations! Elections are October 6-8, (that's this Wednesday to Friday) from 11:30 to 2:30. I hope that you're all eagerly looking for those polling booths out there. If you're really, really keen on knowing where they are come out and be a poll clerk (you get paid to sit and ... whatever it is you do when you're not doing anything).

The elections are going to be for the positions of Public Relations Officer and First Year Rep.

The candidates for PRO (an executive position) are:

Keith Banerjee.

Farheen Rawji.

Those running for First Year Rep are:

Jesse Burnett,

Anna-Bella Carvalho,

Dianna Kyles,

Shaleena Meghji,

Tessa Moon.

Before you go out and vote for the First Year positions make sure that you have your library card and that you are in first year Science.

With all that aside now, I'm still looking for people to get involved in council from 4th year, 3rd year, Biochemistry, Chemistry, Computer Science, Geography, Geology and Math. So if you've been dragging your feet about coming out to get involved, get your butt in gear and tell me that you're out there, ready to go.

there.) Well, that's my blurb—good night and God bless.

Kevin Douglas—Geophysics / Astronomy Rep

Since my major is in Combined Geophysics and Astronomy, I figure I'm pretty qualified for this position. I'm looking forward to getting involved with SUS again. I was the Physics Rep last year, but like a few of my comrades, I decided to abandon ship and find solace in a smaller, cozier department. I like donuts a lot, so if you ever drop by Chem 160 on a Monday morning, around 10:30, I'd appreciate it if you brought me one of those sugar-frosted goodies.

Thank you all so very much.

AMS Briefs

Steve Coleman

Hey. Come here for a sec. Interested in buying a United Way button? Get back here. It's for charity, you don't have to actually wear it unless you want to avoid being accosted by me and all the other sellers. Of course, this could be a good thing if she's wearing a black dress—until you realize all she wants is your money. \$2... charity... yes, you can afford it. No, they are not the same buttons as last year. Get them in SUS or wherever black dresses can be found.

There's an opening for the AMS Tutoring service assistant coordinator that you can't apply for, because the date passed last Friday. Also past is the application date for new SACees. But if you want, you can still apply for a Senator-at-Large position. You must be a full time student to be eligible. Apply by October 8.

More dates that will have passed by the time this article gets published include the Great Trekker Awards Ceremony, this year commemorating Byron Hender, who, as AMS Prez in the sixties, was instrumental in negotiating the current SUB lease that the AMS is grinning about. Now, of course, he's dealing with it with the current AMS exec from the University's perspective. Hah! Way ta rub it in, AMS!

Included with the celebrations is Homecoming on October 2. Crowds of 200 000 people are expected by the AMS. I expect crowds of 200. This is because the SUS Oktoberfest Dance was/will be such a success that very few Science students will be able to make it the next day. Horrible scheduling on the part of the University...

Social Diseases

Matt Brzr

Mmmmmrumpsteelskin-wuzawesomemmmnodonwan-nagotoschoolwannasleepzzzzz.

The Father, The Son, and the Goalie Host



Roger
WATTS

According to AMS President Bill "Bill" Dobbie, my face was really something to see when I found out God was coming to the UBC Bookstore. You know, that eyes-as-big-as-dinner-plates-and-mouth-forming-the-perfect-O-of-surprise look that one gets when one finds out such news. Kinda like Don Knotts on *Three's Company* when the cheesy dramatic irony that had been propelling the whole plot finally hits him at about 24 minutes after, but not quite as disproportionate, and besides, he *always* looks like that.

Anyhoo, perhaps I should elaborate a tad on "God" before the pitchfork-and-torch-wielding mobs show up demanding the head of the vile blasphemer (guess who) on a large pointy stick. I mean God from the point of view of a six-year-old (which, some would argue, suits my general outlook on life rather well).

When I was six years old, there was one man - and one man *only* - that I wanted to be. And that man was Ken Dryden. Eight seasons with the Montreal Canadiens, six Stanley Cups, winner of the Conn Smythe Trophy as a rookie, and the best damn thing the NHL has ever seen between two goalposts, bar none (and that goes for Fuhr as well; I don't care

what anyone says). That was God. His Royal Kenness.

Regretfully, I never had the chance to watch Him play live, but if anyone who knew me was ever looking for me on Saturday at 5 pm, they knew without fail to look in front of my TV first. If I wasn't there, chances are I was:

- in front of some other TV,
- dragged away kicking and screaming by someone with several wild horses and a three-ton winch at his immediate disposal, or
- playing hockey. (I wasn't a total couch potato at six. The roots didn't really start to take hold 'til I was about nine.)

But I digress. The take home message here is that Ken Dryden was the be-all and end-all of human existence, and there was very little that I would not have done for the sheer honor and glory of touching one of his sweat socks to my face after practice, let alone getting a crack at his job.

But, as one grows up, one tends to move on to other things (like first dates involving a Chuck Norris flick and a Dairy Queen), and after a while, the thought of having an NHL career faded into obscurity, but I never forgot Ken. He was, and remains, my hero.

Thus, one begins to get a grip on what I was looking like when, during an idle conversation with the director of the UBC Bookstore, she mentioned that The Man Himself was going to grace us with his presence. Bill immediately said, "Oh, you *reecally* shouldn't have told him that,"

and quickly reached up and grabbed me by the ankles before I caught an updraft and floated out over Georgia Straight.

Now normally, in the interests of flexibility and my already fragile state of mental well-being, I try not to schedule too far ahead of time (twenty minutes or so seems to work as a good limit). Well, not only was the date and time of #29's appearance in my Day-Timer, on my door and branded to the back of my writing hand a full month ahead of time, but I think I told enough people about it that the Mayor of Katmandu could have called me up and said to say hi without inducing any major surprise / shock / crank call suspicion on my part.

So there I am, sitting in the Bookstore on the big day with a steadily growing mob of people. Technically, he was there to sign copies of his new-book, but there was no mistaking what everyone was really there to see. "Oh, yeah, book, right... *WHOOA, mint rookie card!* Give ya 200 bucks for it..."

Me, I had a simple request: sign my catcher. Put your name to my catching glove and turn it into an unbeatable Supreme Puck Magnet that would put a black hole to shame. That's all. Nothing fancy. Of course, I'd have brought all of my equipment (and most of my material possessions and a tattoo needle for my arm) if I hadn't had to head to a meeting directly afterwards.

Suddenly, there he was. No fanfare, no celestial bells ringing in the heavens... just a guy in a

suit. So I summoned up a good dose of courage, swallowed the golf ball in my throat and walked toward him. I thought about what I was going to say... "Mr. Dryden, I just want to say two things. One, you were right in your book... there *is* such a thing as a goalie's mentality, and two, thanks for being that guy up on my wall that I dreamed of being. Thanks for being the best. You may strike me down with a bolt of lightning now if you wish; my life is complete. Thank you."

Now, I used to laugh at all those devout Catholics you hear about that go absolutley bananas when meeting the Pope, and wonder how in the hell one could completely lose it just meeting someone. I met the Pope, and I managed to keep it together, so I knew it wasn't some kind of weird Meet-The-Pope Insanity Force Field that he was using on these people. I just couldn't fathom it.

Well, no more. I understand completely now.

You see, he turned and smiled, and there we were. I was face to face with God. And something happened. I opened my mouth and heard myself say something like:

"Nngguuuuhhh..."

I couldn't believe it. My first word to the man sounded more like he'd punched me in the gut than anything else. But it was out of my hands. The ol' brain had suddenly decided to let go of the wheel, sit back and take notes.

After what seemed like a *very*

long time, I managed to ask him to sign my catcher, God knows how. He took the thing in his hands, looked at it, looked at me, and simply said, "Jeez, these things have changed, huh? Looks more like a blocker than a catcher."

That brought me back to earth, although I have no idea why; perhaps it was just the sheer inability of my brain to cope with the idea that the greatest man ever to play the position was suddenly talking shop with me. It was just one goalie to another, nothing more.

He signed the glove, with the autograph that I had memorized very early on in life, handed the glove back and smiled. I shook his hand and started to say what I had been planning to tell him, but then I looked at him, and all I said was "Thank you, Mr. Dryden, for everything." He nodded, warmly shook my hand and said, "Good luck to you," before turning to another fan.

And that was that. I had met God, and the best thing about the whole experience was that I realized that he was just a man, like you or me. He wasn't a deity, and he had no special powers or magic; he was a human being after all. Gives one hope for oneself.

Well, okay, it was the *second* best thing. Turns out someone had brought along their tattoo needle, and, well, for ten bucks, you just don't pass up opportunities like that.

Classic MENSA/DENSA Conundrums

MENSA is an international organization for the super-intelligent that, well, upholds the rights of geniuses good and evil, I guess. DENSA is its sister organization that caters to the other end of the scale. (I am not making this up. DENSA does exist.) So, we decided to present, for your in-class entertainment, these classic brain-teasers in both their incarnations.

- Under international law, if a plane crashes in the middle of the Atlantic, where would the survivors be buried?
- Under international law, if a plane crashes in the middle of the Andes, what sauce should be used with the survivors?
- What are the next 3 letters in the series OTTFSSSEN...?
- What are the next 3 letters in the series AAAAAA...?
- You have two pencils, a good one and a cheap one. The good one costs a dollar more than the cheap one,

- and together they cost \$1.10. How much does the cheap one cost?
- You have two pencils, a good one and a cheap one. One costs a dollar more than the cheap one. Did you really just spend more than a dollar on a pencil?
- A child is injured and rushed to the hospital. The doctor takes one look at the child and says "I can't treat him. He's my son." The doctor is not the child's father. How do you explain this?
- A child receives a head injury. His voice is slurred and he has reduced sensation on one side. There is judgment difficulty, possibly he cannot remember his address. What is wrong?
- I have two coins which add up to 30¢. One of them is not a nickel. What are the coins?
- I have two coins which add up to 2¢. One of them is a penny. The other is also a penny. Uh...what was the question?

- In a strange town, there are only two barbers. Looking into the barber shops, you see that one barber is messy and disorganized, and has a terrible haircut. The other barber is neat and has a beautiful haircut. Which one do you pick to cut your hair, and why?
- In a strange town, there are only two barbers. Looking into the barber shops, you see that one barber is neat and has a lot of bandages on his face. The other is messy and has a habit of waving his arms about violently with the straight razor, or any sharp object, and is frothing at the mouth, but has a really super haircut. Which one do you turn and bolt from as fast as your legs can carry you?
- If a teenager and a half can eat a pizza and a half in a day and a half, how many pizzas can a dozen teenagers eat in three days?
- What do you want on your pizza?
- If there are twelve one-cent

- stamps in a dozen, how many two-cent stamps are there in a dozen?
- If the price of ammo goes up \$12 a case, how much does the price of a stamp rise?
- How many months have 28 days?
- How many months have 2 female menstrual cycles? You don't know?
- Complete the next two numbers: 1 6 2 7 3 8 ? ?
- Complete the next two numbers: "Number nine...number nine... number nine... number nine...number nine..."

Solutions:

- You don't bury survivors.
- Well, duh! You don't eat survivors. You only eat casualties.
- TET
- RGH
- A nickel.
- Yes, you did just spend more than a dollar on a

- pencil.
- The doctor is his mother.
- Clearly a subdural hæmatoma.
- The other one is a nickel. The one that isn't a nickel is a quarter.
- Uh...what was the answer?
- The one with the messy haircut, since the other barber cut his.
- Forget it. Your hair will be fine for one more day.
- 24.
- Wrong! Artichoke hearts suck.
- 12.
- Depends on whether you're talking 12-gauge or automatic.
- All of them.
- As many as she wants. Maybe all of them. Maaaaybe none of them. Guess we'll just never really know.
- 4,9.
- "You become naked"