

The 432

Waking up at 5 AM with the imprint of a keyboard in our cheeks since 1987.

Know what I hate about this time of year? It's cold out, and if you leave your mouth open, your teeth freeze. Then it really hurts when you close your mouth.

Darren Schlamp

Vol 7 No 6 • 29 Nov '93

CAMPUS GROUPS DECLARE HOLY WAR ON B'HARNÉ

"Kill the Lavender Lord!" says Freedom Fighter Cmdr Jeremy Hallum

Gord Van McOlundsky
Roving Correspondent

Vancouver (CPI) – In response to a call put forth on the Internet, the global computer network, campus resistance groups across the continent today declared a 'jihad', or holy war, against the entity known as B'harné.

Known to millions of children as Barney the Dinosaur, B'harné is believed responsible for the accelerated decay of society, and the metamorphosis of children into strangely bloated, purple creatures referred to as Sponge Minions.

Pockets of the Resistance have been forming worldwide, with B'harnéic Jihad Central Headquarters believed to be located at Michigan Technical University.

Jason S. Quick, Propaganda Minister for Cerebrums Against B'harné In the Northern European Theatre (CABINET), had the following statement: "The Purple Menace must be stopped! To further this goal, we have enlisted the aid of a spokesperson, both ideologically and spiritually pure... none other than Weird Al Yankovic!"

Quick continued, "Remember his videos? I am positive I saw a B'harné effigy being decapitated by a Tyrannosaurus Rex. He's truly one of us! Long live the Jihad!"

Yankovic was unavailable to comment on his acceptance of the role of spokesperson, but G. Rimace of the International Federation of Benevolent Plump Purple Publicspokepeople condemned Quick's decision, saying there are plenty of positive purple orators available.

Canadian resistance factions, based primarily at Camosun College in Victoria, support the CABINET plan, and recently

released data on the effect of various de-Spongifying techniques.

"We've found that industrial-class music works the best," said Dr. Ralph Chetwynd-Hayes of the Partnership for a Barney-Free North America. "Skinny Puppy provokes a violent reaction in the test subjects, while Ministry seems to cause extreme confusion. We can't explain why, but so long as you subject the Sponge Minions to extended periods of this music, it seems to despongify their brains."

"Blind Melon is our most effective form of sound treatment. It causes extreme nervous spasms, followed by frothing and convulsions. Profuse bleeding from the ears and nose. Eventually, the test subject undergoes renal failure and explodes from the rapid accumulation of water." Chetwynd-Hayes admitted that he had approved the use of the controversial treatment in the interrogation of B'harné's 'Special Friends'.

As a result, Jihad headquarters has ordered that all vehicles be equipped with concert-size amplifiers, speakers, and a wide range of CDs. Troops in the field predict that the mobile sound platforms will be extremely useful in flushing out pockets of B'harnism.

A giant offensive is rumored to be in the works, and resistance fighters are planning to strike deep into the heart of Barneyland, also known as the midwest United States. Casualties are expected to be high on both sides.

Members of the Jihad in Southern California announced the effectiveness of fire in destroying the Purple Menace. Code-named 'B'harné Flambé', the combination of napalm and

phosphorus have proved extremely flammable when splashed on the foam latex exterior found on most Sponge Minions. Concern has been expressed, however, that the introduction of B'harné particles into the atmosphere may accelerate the decay of the ozone layer over Antarctica.

Attention has recently been focused on Sponge Minions living on the Canadian West Coast. Researchers have noticed an upswing in the numbers of Sponge Minions around the greater Victoria region, thought to be linked to the large numbers of K-Mart and Zellers stores in the area.

Local commanders have prepared to beam transmissions to every television set in the Lower Mainland and Vancouver Island, in the hope that seeing an episode of Beavis and Barney will slow the spongification of residents' brains.



In an excerpt from the script:

Barney. Hey, Beavis, have you ever told your friends that you loooovvee them?

Beavis. Hey, Barney, have you ever stuck a shrimp fork up your nose?

Barney. Why no, Beavis YEE-OWWW!

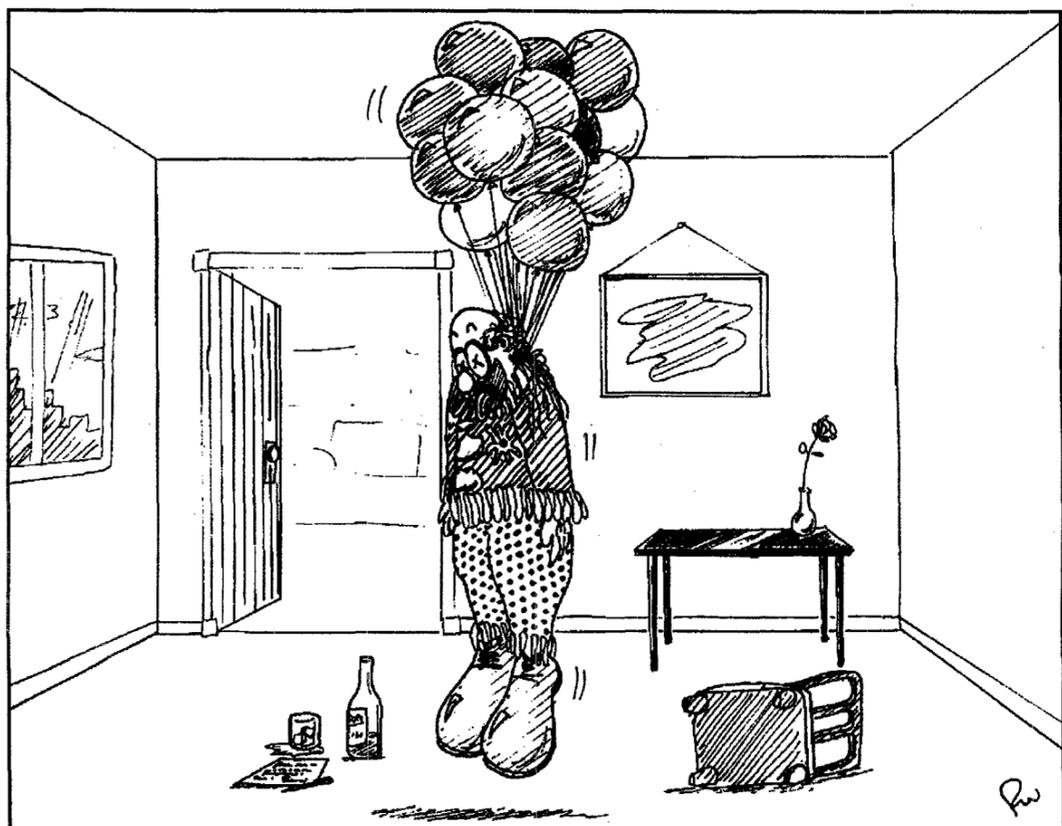
Beavis. Uhh, huh, huh, huh, huh, that's cool!

The existence of the show

was one of the Jihad's closest guarded secrets. Apparently, the show was filmed somewhere in New York, with a Cray IV supplied by Bell Northern Research animating the computer generated images of B'harné. Future projects include the reading of anti-Barney poetry over PBS.

As of press time, loyal anti-B'harné forces at the campus of

See B'HARNÉ, p.2



Editorial



Ryan
McCUAIG

There are many different methods for handling an encounter with a prof.

The first requires that one adopt the hypothesis that professors, much like Tyrannosaurs, have vision attuned to movement. Thus, if one sits very still, he won't see you, and thus can't ask you any questions.

I've noticed this behaviour in my elementary Swedish class, and have, on occasion, tried it out myself. It only results in being questioned a second time very... slowly... on... the... assumption... that... I... didn't... understand... (usually quite an accurate assessment, I might add).

Another—my personal favourite—is to completely ignore what's going on about you. This is the "Ravenous Bugblatter Beast of Traal" method. It works on the assumption that if you appear busy enough, the professor will assume that you can't see him, and it logically follows that he must not therefore be seeing you. (This is derived with Heavy-Duty First Order Predico-Logical Deductive Calculus. It's not for the faint of heart, so just trust me when I tell you it works). It's worked like a charm so far, and allows me to get a fair bit of work done for my other courses.

The last, and certainly the most challenging, is to *show no fear*. Not a smidgen. I'm told this is reasonably reliable, except when you run into exceedingly keen profs who truly care about the well-being of their students and try to give them a richly rewarding educational experience. You know, the ones that add that all-too-frequently absent human element to the undergraduate experience at this university. (Yes, Murray, this is the shameless suck-up for marks that it appears to be...)

Anyway, that idea's been about done to death. Let's move on to more pressing, timely things, shall we?

For instance, how the hell *does* one spell that noise that Homer Simpson (and now the rest of Western civilization) makes when faced with

extreme frustration? I don't feel that "Doh!" is quite clipped enough... it looks like it should be pronounced "Dough!" (which is right out). Maybe "Dho!"? Ah, it has the right imperative sense to it, but it's too Gaelic-looking. I was thinking "Då" might be the best one; it works just fine if you're familiar with Scandinavian pronunciation.

I think this raises a broader onomatopoeic issue for me as an editor. When I'm feeling grandiose and self-important, I see myself not as an editor, but as a *wordsmith*, toiling endlessly to forge the printed word that will elicit laughter, chuckles... yea, even guffaws—oops! Did I say "self-important"? I meant "romantic" (as in the Three Musketeers, not amateur poetry and roses). When I'm feeling self-important, I merely see myself as God Emperor Supreme and President-for-Life.

Where was I? Oh, right—

Over the years, I've grown tired of the textual representation of laughter as "hahahaha!". Who actually sounds like that?

Take Sunshine, for instance... those who know her are well aware of what I'm going to talk about. She would, I'm sure, be frankly insulted if I were to be lazy and use the (ha)n notation when scripting out a dialog in which she is being told a funny joke. Thus...

Anonymous Joke-Teller: Hi, Sunshine! Did you hear the one about the—

Sunshine: Whoooooooooonck! Whoooooopwhoopwhoop! Ahhhh, huh, huh, whooooo!

Anonymous Joke-Teller: Hey! I'm not done! I'm trying to tell a jo—

Sunshine: No, please... Ahawhooonck! whonk! ... no more... hooooo... snort!

Now, I'm going to switch to a distinctly unfunny, more editorial tone and talk about something that's become very important to me: SUS. I've been "around" here for all but the first week of my university career, so it's kind of homey. And, since it's so near and dear to my heart, I have a little trouble understanding why some people couldn't care less for what SUS does.

Without overstating my case, this is as intelligent as hiring someone to do a job,

paying their salary, and not caring at all what gets done. I, as well as the other exec, are subservient to Council, which is controlled by you. We are your employees for our term of office. Please, start thinking of SUS in this way, and realize that you do have a stake in what happens around here.

Two weeks ago, SUS Council considered striking a subcommittee to gather information on what Science students thought about what we're doing and what we should do. Would it be worth our while? Look at our election turnout over the last few years—it's generally in the range of 5% of the eligible voters. Considering a poll would take somewhat more time than voting, how many of you would do it? I have to be realistic here and say, not enough.

We are not politicians. SUS is not a government. It doesn't have to be that way.

But, if nobody shows any interest, you'll get politicians.

You'll get people who give nothing for a year, and get five or six flashy lines and a couple of departmental references for their resumé. You'll give your ten bucks to these people without a second thought, and you'll get nothing for a year. It happened to the University of Alberta's Science Undergrad Society a long time ago, and it remains a hangout for pre-med keeners looking for that edge.

With all the respect due from an employee talking to the bosses, I cannot allow that to happen here. I've got too much of a stake in SUS. Like it or not, I won't let you do that to this place.

Bet on it.

That said, good luck on exams, Merry Christmas, and enjoy the issue.

Science Undergraduate Society presents their Annual Christmas Party
December 3, 1993
4:32 in Chem 160
Good cheer available
Only \$5.00
Drown your sorrows.

the University of Victoria are under attack by Sponge Minion Militia, and has been forced into nearly untenable positions along the beach at Cadboro Bay.

Radio contact was made earlier today with Capt. Amelia McCallum, leader of the Frigid Environment Rapid Response Espionage Troopers (FERRET) in the area:

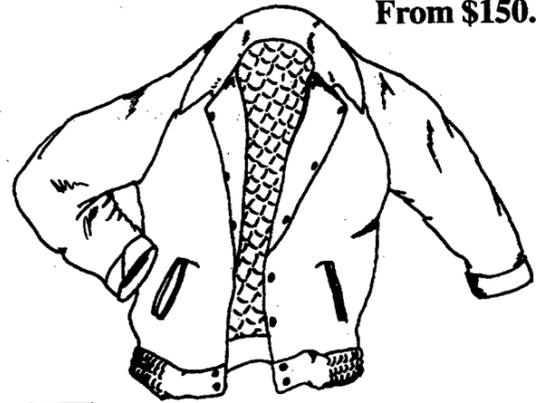
"*<static background><crackle> er surrender..... <hisssss> Message repeats.... Aid urgently required at present location.... under massive attack from Minions of <hssss>ney... We're falling back to the beach. There's no survivors left on campus... <crackle> <sounds of sporadic gunfire> <hsssss> wave assault repelled, but low on ammo... position untenable, but we will nev<static>nder.*"

The war has just begun.

Science UBC Jackets. Navy melton.

White leather.

From \$150.



Science Sales.

CHEM 160.

'Nuff Said.

THE 432 SPEAKS WITH THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOE "JOE" CLARK, FORMER PRIME MINISTER AND MINISTER OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS ABOUT SCIENCE WEEK '94

by Kevin Phillips Bong and Malcolm J. Depressed@phboards@ches@cape

Thanks for joining us today, Mr. Clark. Oooh... where the hell am I? Who are you people?

We're in your office. Please try to remain calm, Mr. Clark. Those ropes will chafe your wrists something awful if you keep writhing around like that.

HEEEELP!!!

(laughter) Your secretary's gone home, Mr. Clark. Anyway, we're from the, uh... *Globe And Mail*—uh, yeah, yeah, the *ol' Globe*—and we'd like to ask you about your life as a member of the innermost circle of Canadian government.

(sobbing) Please, take my watch. There are some photos in my desk of Mila taking a bubble bath. They're yours.

One thing that the Canadian public has been clamoring to know all these years, Mr. Clark is... why was the federal subsidy to Science Week cut? And is your back really as hairy as everyone imagines?

(more sobbing)

Hey, c'mon Joe, it's not so bad. Science Week is still going to be the number one event on the UBC campus this year... and have you maybe considered body waxing?

Well, the electrolysis works well... Wait a

minute! UBC? That bastard Fotheringham sent you two, didn't he?

Er... let's move on, Mr. Clark. How is it that a cheap pair of glasses managed to fool everyone about your true identity for so many years? And is Lois Lane as good a XXXXX as everyone says?

What? Oh... (peers around)... oh, yeesss, the *Daily Planet* was a real hoot... say, could you pass me that phone over there? I left some delicacies in the wash... if you could just dial 911 for me... that's the stuff. If you don't mind, I'd like to chat with my, uh, wife for a moment... would you excuse me?

Sure thing, Mr. C. Mind if we look through your files?

Not at all (mumbles furtively into phone).

How about a statement for the folks at UBC, Mr. Clark? Something like "Don't miss Science Week '94, as I take on the entire Engineering Undergrad Society boat race team wearing only a brief garment made of various naughty vegetable..."

Who did you say you were again? Let me see your press credentials. (Familiar sound of jackboots in corridor).

Ooo, sorry, Joe! Gotta run! My how time flies... What floor is this office on, anyway?

SCIENCE WEEK '94

You Have No Idea What We've Gone Through For It.

The Science Undergraduate Society of UBC
CHEMISTRY B160
Ph: 604 822 4235



The 432

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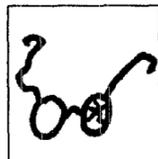
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The 432 is produced in the
Science Undergraduate Society
offices, located between Wreck
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somewhere. We're not sure
exactly where, since none of us
have seen the light of day for
the last ten months.

Submissions to *The 432*
should be about 500 words in
length, proofread, and
extremely silly in nature.
Under pain of death, do not
submit serious articles or any-
thing remotely resembling
anything found in *The*
Ulysses. Thank you for flying
our friendly skies.



Blair
Mc
DONALD

Funerals. They always depress me, especially when you're saying good-bye to someone who's been a part of your life for years.

I'll never forget Claude. Claude was the friend who was always there for me, inspiring me to new heights of achievement I'd never before imagined I'd reach. Claude never complained, never criticized my choice of music, never did anything to annoy me. Claude was the perfect roommate, and I loved Claude with all my heart. Unfortunately, my roommate left him out on the balcony overnight last Saturday, and the frost finished him off. Claude's not exactly his perky green self. I think Claude's dead.

I'm still trying to get over the grief. Every time I look out at that empty spot on my shelf where Claude used to sit, I just have to cry. I can't help remembering the time last year when my roommate almost murdered Claude when I went home for a week. I rushed back, only to find Claude dying of thirst. I spent days nursing Claude back to health, and with a bit of luck, Claude pulled through. Sigh...

Oh well. Claude's only a plant. Maybe I'm only looking for an excuse to be depressed. Maybe I'm trying to express some terrible burden suffered in my childhood. There's only a few things that seem to cheer

me up. Playing with my molecular model kit always seems to help. At the beginning I thought the kit was only to help me with Organic Chem, but quickly I discovered the thrill of constructing a molecule of LSD. In a way, it reminds of the Lego set I had when I was a kid.

Wasn't Lego the best toy a kid could have? None of those stupid red or yellow bricks; I was a strictly Space Lego kid. There were only four Blair-sanctioned colours: gray, black, blue or white. My spaceships had to be structurally sound, and completely accurate, even down to the airlocks and engines. It usually took me weeks to construct a single vessel, using every piece in my possession, but by the time I was done, I had a spaceship capable of withstanding the myriad dangers of space travel.

At the time, space travel consisted of sailing the aforementioned spaceship down the stairs into the blackness of my basement, with the musical accompaniment of the theme from *Battlestar Galactica*. I don't ever recall any model, not even the Ultimate Starship (Mark V), surviving the impact of cheap plastic bricks against uncarpeted concrete. I'd turn on the basement lights, only to find the carcasses of those little Lego astronauts lying scattered among the debris of their ship. Back to the drawing board, to design a revolutionary new hull two layers thick for the Ultimate Starship (Mark VI).

By this time, I had moved the production plant into the middle of the family room floor, quickly creating a major

asteroid belt around the couch. Production immediately ceased after my dad casually strolled through the room without his slippers on. I never did find out if the Ultimate Starship (Mark VI) would have survived its landing, although the double hull design did save it from being demolished by my dad's foot.

I guess that was why I never especially liked the idea of being an aerospace engineer. Standard procedure for any project I'd work on would be much the same as the last: build it and then throw it down the stairs. As far as I know, most satellite arrays wouldn't survive that type of testing.

I also applied that way of thinking to all the other things I did when I was a kid. Like building forts. Everyone remembers building forts. Even if your fort consisted of blankets stretched across a chair, the thrill of a treehouse was worth spending an entire day on. I was lucky than most. I lived on two acres of forest, and my dad always had tons of scrap lumber lying around, just asking to be dragged off into the bush. Plus we had the best fort-building Tree in the entire world. The Tree was four trees grown into one, alder, pine, and two big old oak trees. From a common root system, they split apart and soared into the sky. There was a good-sized river right underneath, with a deep part that was quickly turned into a swimming hole. It was as if the God of Carpenters himself had created this place to build a treehouse.

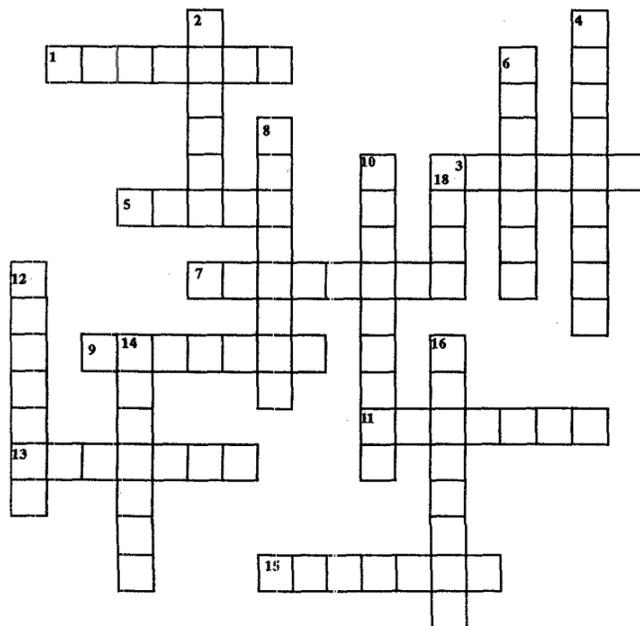
One weekend, when my

parents were away, myself and the other budding construction workers struck. Like a pack of howler monkeys, we descended on my backyard, and scavenged lumber from wherever we could find, including the concrete forms my dad had been working on for weeks. Armed with a copy of 101 Things to do with Wood, we hauled wood up into the highest part of the Tree we could reach, and happily proceeded to sink four inch spikes into that old Tree to hold the lumber in place. Cord after cord of wood was fastened to a single board stretched between two branches, until we had an enormous platform, complete with trapdoor and railings. We spent most of the weekend playing on that platform, way up in the Tree, safe from everything a group of 14-year-old boys could invent.

The next weekend, there was a mild wind storm. The branches of the Tree barely moved, yet sometime during the night, the entire treehouse plummeted down from about forty feet up, only to land smack in the middle of the river. I guess the river washed the lumber away, cause the next morning I went outside to investigate the source of the loud crash I had heard in the middle of the night, only to find no trace left of our mighty engineering marvel.

That's why I'll never be an Engineer. I'd hate to be blamed for the failure of the Hubble, or find a multi-million-dollar office complex lying in a pile of rubble early one Sunday morning. I've got enough problems just getting over the death of my plant.

The Crossnerd, Part II



This Week's Theme :

Chemistry

Across

1. 178.49 3. 114.82 5. 10.81 7. 1.0079 9. 32.06
11. 28.086 13. 186.20 15. 192.22

Down

2. 107.868 4. 127.60 6. 102.9055 8. 55.9332
10. 54.9380 12. 200.59 14. 238.029 16. 210A
18. 55.847

Answers
1. Lanthanum 2. Indium 3. Indium 4. Tellurium 5. Boron 6. Vanadium 7. Hydrogen 8. Rhodium 9. Sulfur 10. Vanadium 11. Silicon 12. Manganese 13. Mercury 14. Uranium 15. Indium 16. Polonium 17. Iron 18. Polonium

CAMPUS THE POLITICALLY CORRECT STRIKE BACK! WARS



Kevan
DETTLE-
BACH

We return to Luke and his fellow rebels, trapped at Whistler with Vader's forces quickly approaching. The story continues...

Cowboy: The rebels are at the old AMS cabin. There is a snow fort that will deflect any attack we might make.

Just then, Vader's Ethics Prof enters.

Prof: This midterm is just deplorable, Vader. I'm afraid I'll have to give you another 'F'.

Vader: You've failed me for the last time. (Uses force to asphyxiate Prof.)

(Note: Remember, this is a work of fiction. In real life you shouldn't use paranormal powers to snuff out a faculty member just because of a bad mark. Instead, you should use any latent PK talent on your lousy friends who literally forced you to go out drinking with them when they knew perfectly well that you had to study for that midterm at 8:30 the next day.)

Back at the Rebel Base, Leah and Major Devlin are giving the evacuation drivers their final briefing.

Leah: The Ubysey will be using standard blockade procedures. You'll have to drive real fast to get by them. After you escape, head directly to the rendezvous. We believe that Art Vader is leading this attack personally, so be careful.

Devlin: Eh, it's a little known fact that the name Vader was first used by the Aztecs. It literally means 'He whose head is melon shaped'.

Luke enters.

Luke: Afternoon, everyone.
Rebels: Luke!!

(For those readers who are really confused by the above dialog, a close inspection of the credits of "The Empire Strikes Back" will reveal that Major Devlin is actually played by John Ratzemberger. That's right, Cliff Claven himself.)

The Ubysey launches a massive ground assault. Luke and a brave group of Rebels defend the cabin in order to buy time for the others to escape. Science forces are able to repel the initial attacks by the cowboys. Just then, a rumbling of many marching feet is heard in the distance.

Luke: Peace Walkers. We're in for it now.

Rebel: Their skulls are just too strong for ice-balls.

Luke: Okay, everyone, use these empty beer kegs. Go for their legs.

The Rebels are able to knock down many of the Peace Walkers with their kegs, but the Walkers just keep on coming. Finally, the call to retreat is sounded. Luke races to his car, pausing only to collect his calculator. Drum, Chewie, and Leah escape on the Alluminum Pinto.

Solo: Damn!

Leah: Would it help if I got out and pushed?

Solo: Uhh, yah. I kinda left the headlights on overnight.

Leah: (After pushing the Pinto for 100 meters) We'll never get by that blockage.

Solo: Oh yeah? Watch this. (Twists valve on dashboard).

Leah: Watch what?

Solo: I think we're in trouble.

HY50: Sir, I noticed earlier that the nitro injection valve is damaged.

Solo: We're in trouble. Chewie, take over.

Solo starts to climb onto the hood, when the car shudders mightily.

Solo: What the... Something hit us!

Leah: Drum, you'd better get up here.

Solo: I see it, rush hour. Chewie, take a left here.

Leah: You're not actually going to enter rush hour?

HY50: The odds of surviving are about 10,000 to 1.

Solo: Never tell me the odds.

Meanwhile, in Luke's car, Luke is once again talking to his HP calculator.

Luke: That's right. We're not rejoining the rest of the group. We're going to McGill. No, that's okay. I'd like to keep driving myself... oh all right. We're in the prairies so I guess you can drive.

(Note: Do not try this at home. Even if you are really, really drunk, you can still drive better than a calculator. A toaster oven, no, but a calculator, yes.)

Back in the Pinto...

Leah: If we stay out here much longer, we'll be pulverized.

Solo: Hold on. I'm going to get us closer to one of those bigger ones.

Displaying his driving skills, Drum maneuvers the Pinto behind a large Semi trailer. Once they are safe, the group starts repairs on the car. However, the forces of the Ubysey are closer than they know.

Cowboy: Vader! The Editor wishes to contact you.

Vader: Move us out of rush hour so we can make a clear transmission.

A few minutes later...

Vader: What is thy bidding my master?

Editor: Luke has grown strong in the Force. He must be destroyed.

Vader: If he could be turned...

Editor: Yes, he would make a powerful ally. Can it be done?

Vader: He will transfer or flunk.

Back in the Pinto, romance is in the air.

Solo: It's because I'm a scoundrel that you like me.

Leah: I happen to like nice men.

Solo: I'm a nice man.

(All right. That's enough. There's no way I'm going to write about how Drum embraced Leah, about how their lips tenderly meet... Dob! All right, you got your sex scene. I hope you're satisfied. ... how Leah's hands ran playfully down... Stop that! Stop that!)

Leah: So where to now?

Solo: Hmm, Granto.

Leah: The Granto system?

Solo: Granto's not a system, he's a man. We'll find him over in SAC City.

Leah: All right, now how do we get past those cruisers?

Solo: We'll wait till they dump the unread copies of the Ubysey and then drift away with the rest of the garbage.

Later, on board Vader's personal limo...

Cowboy: I apologize, Art Vader. I don't know how they got away.

Vader: That's all right. These things happen.

Cowboy: Are you all right, sir?

Vader: I was just kidding. I'm really going to kill you.

Cowboy: Well, that's a relief. Wait... Arghhhhhhhh!

Meanwhile, Luke arrives at McGill safely, though his car is impounded since his calculator did not have a valid driver's license. Wandering around the campus, Luke runs into a short, big-eared creature with a strange accent.

Perot: Looking for a friend, are you, hmmm?

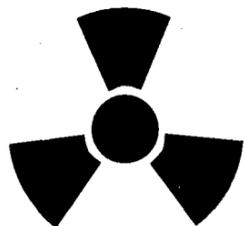
Luke: It's not a friend, I'm looking for a Jedi Master.

Perot: Yert! You seek Yert!

Perot then tears off his mask revealing the "just as short as Perot" Yert. A little while later, Luke's training begins...

Will Luke gain the skills of a Jedi? Read the thrilling conclusion next issue!

PRE-MED SOCIETY LECTURE



RADIATION ONCOLOGY

Dr. Karen Goddard
B.C. Cancer Agency

Tuesday, November 30 12:30

FNSC Room 60

Resistance is useless

Who's Coming To Town?

Trevor Presley
Columnist

I have a feeling that Christmas is close at hand.

Perhaps the recent snow flurries have triggered that warm Christmas feeling. Nah, it must be all those imitation Santa Clauses that have begun infesting the malls. Yes, that's right, boys and girls! Come on down to your local mall and meet someone who's unemployed for eleven months of the year!

How do you get to be a fake Santa Claus anyways? Is there a school? Are there courses in how to be a better Santa Claus? No, of course not... So, how does one get this wonderful job? Simple. You read your local paper and look for ads like these:

Wanted: Short, old fat guy with a full white beard. Must have a jolly laugh and be familiar with reindeer service and tune-ups. Must enjoy dealing with children and their parents. Toy industry experience an asset. Great pay and free candy.

Hah. Dream on! How about this:

Wanted: An unemployed person with a nice smile. Must not have an aversion to sweating in a hot, rented costume all day (previous experience with bowling shoes a necessity). Must have sufficient self-discipline to resist telling whiny kids to fuck off. Must be able to lie convincingly to children while smiling. Any

psychic experience relating to toys an asset. Minimum wage, no benefits.

And failing that:

Wanted: University students. Must have a history of working shitty summer jobs. All you have to do is sit and hope the little tykes don't piddle in your lap. Must be able to refrain from hitting on 16-year-old elvettes. Cannot shake down children for food money. Ability to look fascinated while your professors drone on is considered an asset. Payment is to be made in the form of McDonald's Gift Certificates.

And last, but not certainly least:

Wanted: Tattered, Tired and Left-Leaning Campus journalists, both current and past. Positions available for a Ms. Claus (née Dussault) and Mr. Subordinate-Claus. Ability to educate children about the fact that Christmas was ripped off by Christianity from the midwinter celebrations of oppressed primitive cultures will be highly valued. Opportunity to wear red. Ability to engage parents in conversations concerning starving yak gelders in North Timor is an asset. Payment is to be made in the form of BC Transit tickets.

Well, there you have it; if any of these ads appeal to you, go to your local mall and apply today! Hurry, or you'll miss your chance to influence the next generation.



Derek K.
MILLER

I was being hauled off by the Indonesian Secret Police. This, in itself was not entirely a good thing, but what I found particularly offensive was the constant prodding in the back with a nightstick.

"Ow," I said. "Stop that!"

I was in Jakarta, capital of Indonesia, and had been on my way from Clayoquot Sound to the island of East Timor, where the local population was being slaughtered by the military and the landscape devastated.

Of course, the main reason I had come was because it was warmer than Clayoquot Sound.

"Stop what?" queried one of the guards.

"Stop prodding me in the back with a nightstick."

"But we always prod people in the back with a nightstick. It's part of the being-captured-by-the-Indonesian-Secret-Police experience," he said cheerily.

Oh great, I thought. A stormtrooper with a sense of humour. Really Hogan's Heroes, guys.

"What exactly are you going to do with me now?" I asked.

"Well, we'll detain you without trial, interrogate you, beat you up and otherwise torture you, and deny to the world that we know anything about your disappearance. We'll probably kill you eventually."

World complicity with atrocities in places like this was beginning to make people cocky, obviously. Then again, I had to admire his honesty.

"I'd rather you didn't," I said.

"Well, we'll take that into consideration," he answered. "Not!"

A snarky sense of humour, cockiness about human rights abuses, and he'd seen "Wayne's World." This was turning into my own private little Hell, wasn't it?

After being handcuffed, gagged, and blindfolded, I was pitched into the trunk of a big black sedan (of course) and the lid closed behind me. Now not only were my human rights being violated, but I was uncomfortable too.

I wouldn't stand for this any longer.

Fortunately, my Dik Miller™ bottle opener/skeleton key/neck massager cufflinks were still on my wrists. All I had to do was get one of them open, then I could open my handcuffs and be...

...er, a guy without handcuffs still unable to get out of the trunk of a car. Oh well, it would at least provide some interesting suspense to the action.

Unfortunately, the Dik Miller™ bottle opener/skeleton key/neck massager cufflinks are far too well-designed to provide much suspense — and besides, they had a full money-back warranty. My handcuffs, blindfold, and gag were off in about thirty seconds.

So there I was, in the trunk of a car, without any handcuffs on. Wow.

The car stopped. I braced myself to give the usually-lethal Dik Miller™ Snuffling Wombat roundabout kick as soon as the trunk was opened, holding my body like a coiled spring, ready to strike at a moment's notice.

The trunk rattled. I tensed.

It opened. I let myself fly upward with all the fury of an uncaged piranha (i.e. dangerous, but strangely floppy and out of place slightly funny smell).

I managed to knock three of the surprised guards over before I landed on one foot,

lost my balance, and fell headlong down the heavily forested slope the car had been parked next to.

The next minute or so was a blur. I rolled and bounced over tree roots, rocks, and the occasional small scurrying tropical animal. The shouts of the Secret Police could be heard in the distance above me.

Eventually, I rolled, dirty and disheveled, onto a gravel road and into the path of an oncoming jeep. It squealed to a halt close enough that I could watch the oil dripping from its crankcase.

"Oh my!" shouted the driver, who opened the door to come to my aid.

I stood up. "Hello," I said, "I'm Dik Miller, Private Eye — I mean, Dik Miller, Eco-Warrior."

She stopped in her tracks, and said, "You're rather late."

"What?"

"I said you're rather late. And this wasn't where we were supposed to meet, Mr. Miller."

"What?"

"I said you're rather late and this wasn't where we were supposed to meet. And you look terrible."

"Pleased to meet you too." I squinted. "What the hell are you talking about?"

She sighed, exasperated. "I was supposed to meet you at the airport to take you to East Timor, but when you didn't show up, I decided to head back there myself. I'm on my way to the airstrip. Why are you here?"

"I was captured by the Secret Police and they were going to torture me." I looked up. "In fact, that's them now." I could hear voices coming down the slope over which I had so recently rolled.

"Oh! Hop in, then."

I hopped in and we were soon on our way down the road.

"Does this sort of thing happen often?" I wondered, looking back along the road.

"Usually only to really stupid tourists who start mouthing off about how they're going to East Timor to save the natives," she said.

"Oh," I muttered.

Stay tuned for more exciting and thrilling non-stop action in the next Dik Miller episode! Same Dik-time, same Dik-channel!

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December 9, 10:00 - 11:00 am
Chem D225

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A Mindful of Good Cheer



Leona
ADAMS

I'll warn you right now: I've been doing homework for my sleep deprivation course for the past few days. I haven't even been running to the shelter of Leona's little helper (read Coca-Cola Classic: breakfast and lunch and dinner of champions). I'm kinda moody, so this may turn out to be more of a gripe session than an actual article. Shoot me.

You know, it's one thing to be one of the guys, but some of my friends take it a bit far. One was asking my opinion about what to do about a certain young lady, so I told him that I had a good feeling about it. "A woman knows these things", I said. He was perplexed. Had I talked to the woman in question (whom I had never met)? Had I talked to another mutual female friend of ours (why)? Curiously enough, I was talking about myself. Weird, huh? I would attribute it to that unfeminine Science girl motif, but the other two involved are in Science as well. I give up.

Strangely enough, it seems that my male friends want to be one of the girls. I think each of my male friends has had times when he was afflicted by PMS. God only knows what the P and the M stand for, but they've got the S, that's for sure. It's one of those things that gives you the Sub-

terranean Homesick Blues:

"Look out, kid: it's something you did. Don't know what it was, but you're doing it again."

Maybe Santa will bring them some Midol or something. I must remember to include them on my letter. Here's what I've got so far:

Dear Sir,

Thank you again for your gifts from last Christmas. Alas, that third pair of bedroom slippers was not particularly necessary, especially considering all I ever wear is my cows. The donation to my personal chequing account was greatly appreciated, however. Don't let the seasons restrict you: please feel free to make these tax-deductible charitable contributions throughout the year.

All I really want this year is either a better memory or faster hands. I know from last year that you're not into the idea of sending people whole new bodies, but this isn't the same sort of thing. I'm actually trying to scam something useful out of you by telling you the unselfish reasons for wanting it.

Firstly, I implore you to grant me this for the sanity of my supervising prof. He's been very patient for the past two months, but the fact that I have bupkiss-diddli-squat in the way of results can't be pleasing him very much, and I have a hunch that the little things that I keep forgetting are to blame.

Secondly, my friends' lives are becoming much too complex for me to keep track. Try-

ing to remember who likes whom and who's doing what to whom and why is a bit much for my limited neuronal capacity to handle. Mind you, I should also ask this for one of my roommates, who recently forgot what she was talking about in the midst of a conversation. Now, normally I wouldn't be one to talk, as infamous as I am for saying, "Now where was I?" In this case, I am willing to make an exception, however, because she hadn't been interrupted or anything. She just forgot. Actually, if you're running low on memory chips, you'd better give mine to her.

Let's see, what can I ask you for? World peace? Overdone. An end to all hunger and disease? For Pete's sake, Santa, you're a gift-giver, not a magician. A sweet, sensitive guy who is more interested in brains - okay, fine, individuality - than appearance? Yeah, right. Even you couldn't find a guy like that. They just don't build 'em like they used to. How about some cds to spruce up my feeble collection? Sounds like a deal. Thanks in advance, blah, blah, blah.

*Semi-sincerely,
Leona Adams*

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It's I hate you,
And you hate me,
This creature is driving me up a tree.
It's time to go kill Barney,
And end his stupid song.

I'll rub him out
Without a trace.
I'm pumping hot lead in his purple face.
But hurry quick, 'cause Barney
Is singing another song.

I hate him,
He hates me.
Let's hang Barney in a tree.
With a kick and punch and bullet to his head,
Now that purple freak is dead!



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While supplies last! (All profits donated to charity)

The Drawers of SUS

Sarah's Skivvies

Sarah Thornton

If you read anything on this page, either you're really bored, boring, or actually interested in the affairs of SUS.

The latest news: SUS is getting a new computer, but it probably won't be here until after Christmas (we were told 4 weeks, which translates to 8+ weeks). This is to replace the "Baby", the Mac SE that definitely needs to be retired. However, the "Paperweight" (as it is known to the D of F), shall be kept alive for student use as long as we can find some necessary hardware. Hopefully, students will be able to use it to type up and print reports sometime within the New Year. Keep reading for details....

In Council recently, a motion was put forward that SUS run a Faculty-wide survey of students to find out what you think of SUS, what you think we're doing badly, what we're doing right, as well as any suggestions for things that you would like to see. The motion failed as it was deemed that it was far too time-consuming for us to do (we're students too!), but its spirit is embodied by the entire SUS council. We are in the positions that we are because you elected us to them: we are responsible to you. If there is ever anything that you do not like, tell us. Give us input as to what we're doing right and what you would like to see us

do. We can best act for your interests if we know what they are. Tell us!

There is good news on the Science Week front: with hardly any records or help from me, Steve seems to be right on track. He has a rather enthusiastic committee that is working daily on all sorts of events. How does the Star Wars trilogy sound, eh? We're trying to get all three of the best sci-fi movies ever made. That's approximately six hours of the best trilogy ever made (though Indy comes close). So mark your calendar/agenda/Day Planner/napkin/forehead NOW for the best week you'll ever have on campus, Science Week in the third week of January.

Late breaking news: SUS Christmas Party! On December 3rd, for the measly price of \$5, you too can hob-nob with the academic elite, the SUS executive, and maybe even the Dean. Admission gets you in the door and as much alcohol that you can consume including: Rog's famous "Coronary" eggnog, true Swedish glögg (truly magnificent), and Horseshoe Bay's special Christmas Ale, which is not to be missed. Oh yeah, there'll be food too. Show up with a \$5 bill in hand to our humble office, CHEM 160, starting at 4:32 PM, of course. Come celebrate with some Christmas Cheer!

Good luck on your exams, guys. And have a relaxing winter break.

Treasurer's Trunks

Jason S Holmes

Thank all things Holy that calculus is not required to balance a budget.

- me

As you have probably guessed, Math is not going so well. There are days when I contemplate (gasp!) entering the Faculty of Arts as an English major. Thankfully, I always have Ryan or Sarah around to bash me in the head and show me the error of my ways. (Actually, Sarah usually does the bashing and Ryan does the lecturing. Watch out for her right hook. And her uppercut.) However, since my communication skills consist largely of talking in artificial constructs such as Scheme and Pascal, I have great difficulty in actually forming the words "Would you like fries with that sir?"

Anyhoo, the finances of

SUS are what they usually are: we should have money, I am fairly certain of that, but as to how much, who knows? I am about a week (read: month) behind in my work due to all of the midterms I studied so diligently to fail and thus have not had the time to do much else. I did, however, manage to sleep for a grand total of twenty-two hours this weekend, which is almost as much as I get for an entire week.

Oh, I forgot to mention that we are getting a new computer! Yes, after two fun-filled weeks of wrangling with Council, the funds for a new computer were approved and it should arrive sometime within the next month (well, they said it should manage to come this year). The rather large paper-weight that this marvel of technology is replacing shall (fortunately for the general public), be resurrected yet again and be put on a special desk for explicitly student

use. Yes, this means you can come in and print that essay your English prof has always wanted to see, or if you are large enough, you could even use it to produce that essay/lab-report that you never quite started an hour before class! This service should hopefully be available sometime in January, just as soon as we work the bugs out of the network.

In summary, the key points of this article were the following:

- I need to work on my Math lest I get thrown on my arse out of my department
- SUS still has money
- I got sleep

Oh, and to those people who are probably wondering where the Hell I was during the last Budget Committee meeting, I was plotting to leave the country.

Don't tell Dean.

Sports Update

- We're in first place in both men's & women's categories! Good work!
- Sports rebates for first-term events will be available in January. Just go to the AMS Business Office (SUB 266) and tell Joan you think you've got a rebate coming. If it's there, she'll be more than happy to give it to you. If it's not, she'll come down and kick our asses for wasting your time. How can ya lose? I tell ya...

Laurie's Lingerie

Laurie Yee

Well, my job in SUS is in one of those slow times, when work is light and it's not really supposed to be. The good news is that I had 6 profs nominated for the Teaching Excellence Awards for first term. They are: Dr. Carrell (Math 120), Dr. Harrison (Biol 103), Dr. Rosenberg (Biol 200), Dr. Gerry (Chem 120), Dr. Meyer (Phys 110) and Dr. Tufaro (Micro 408). If you have a prof that you really think deserves to be recognized for their outstanding teaching, don't despair, you can nominate them next term. So for those of you that missed out on the first term nomination deadline, keep an eye out for the opening of the term 2 nominations (hint, hint) January 31st.

The Academics Committee

has been rather sparsely attended so far, which is rather discouraging. The Academics Committee is the SUS committee to which all year and department reps belong and they administer the SUS Teaching Excellence Awards. If you know someone who should be attending these meetings (and you know who you are!), then show up. Or I'll get angry and sic the Prez onto you, which is not a nice thing.

I am happy to say that the First Year Committee is off to a great start with a bunch of truly dedicated and industrious frosh. A successful Pizza Garden was held in SUS on November 18th, thanks go to all of those who showed up. Special thanks goes to those council members who finished eating all of the pizza by Tuesday of the next week (how do you like your shoe leather?)

On a truly trivial note, I have been made a member of the Electrical Engineering Club since I seem to be over there all the time. I guess one could call it "diplomacy", but most of SUS already accept Electricals as scientists who have accidentally strayed off the beaten path. As they do say, Engineers Rule The World, but Science Created Them (And The World) In The First Place.

If you don't like your profs and they make you attend class until 4:30 on Friday, why don't you come out to the SUS Christmas party and enjoy some of Roger's great eggnog and glögg. The party's at 4:32 PM in CHEM 160. It's going to be great, especially if Matt Brzzr gets to clean up again (he just loves that job!)—he even does it with a smile on his face!

Senate Shorts

Chris Woods

Things had finally begun to settle down, until someone mentioned that there is actually only a couple of weeks left until X-AMS!! Well, needless to say, I didn't stress out. What's the point, I never have before. So, I got ready to go to my Senate meeting—they are monthly, you know—only to learn that the agenda committee had decreed that due to a lack of business for this month's meeting, it was cancelled. Besides, Dr. Strangeway will be away... not a good

impression to give to a brand new Senate.

However, I really wanted to get my piece in the paper, and I am early too! I can tell you that my committees are meeting frequently (more frequently than my professors, anyway.) We are going to discuss the position of students in a labour dispute, exam invigilation procedures, and other fun stuff like that! So, um... get out and enjoy all the fun upcoming SUS events that were printed in the other columns! And an early Merry Christmas to you all. See ya in London, ...ah, January.

Social Diseases

Matt Brzzr

We're having a Christmas Party on Dec. 3rd at 4:32 in Chemistry 160. For \$5.00 you can drink all the glögg, eggnog and Christmas

ale that your liver can handle. This will be a great opportunity to meet the Dean, the head of your department, and your council representatives. Hope to see you there. Good luck on all your exams and have a Merry Christmas! hic!

The Day of Reckoning



Roger
WATTS

Y'know, I don't quite know what it is, but every now and then I catch myself doing or saying things that begin to suggest to me that I might actually be aging.

This is a possibility that I hadn't yet fully considered. Which isn't really all that surprising; I mean, who does when they're 21 years old? The average 21-year-old male, by my experience, usually considers himself to be comprised of about two parts Olympic decathlete, two parts James Bond and a jigger of Emperor of the Universe, all neatly enclosed within a sturdy bulletproof casing and lightly topped with a tangy adrenaline-testosterone sauce. The net result is this wonderful if not slightly misguided sense of immortality that says I'm sorry, you must have confused me with someone unfortunate enough to have limitations here and there.

Which in itself is not a bad thing. If it wasn't for a good healthy sense of reckless self-endangerment periodically overriding the body's perfectly rational desire to keep itself in one largely distinct piece, life just wouldn't be any fun. Such treacherous thrills as skydiving, bungee-jumping or running across Somalia with a baked ham under your arm while singing Yankee Doodle Dandy simply would not exist, and wouldn't that be dull!?

But I digress. Most 21-year-olds, suffice to say, honestly believe that you could hit them with, say, a dart, and it wouldn't even hurt. There are, of course, the odd bunch who combine this sense of indestructibility with an exceedingly tiny brain, and thus believe that you could affect them just as little by hitting them with, say, a Dodge Dart, which, needless to say, consists of several thousand more pounds of steel than the average dart. Just as long as you hit them in the head. That puts the odds of which would survive the impact at more or less even money.

But enough about Beavis and Butt-head. Such people generally don't have to worry about aging; there are still

more than enough Dodge Darts on the road, among other things, to select against this kind of thing and prove the theory of the evolution of the forebrain at work. For those of us who actually came away with half a brain and managed to survive our youth relatively unscathed (knock wood), however, this aging thing kinda takes you by surprise.

For example, while playing soccer in early October, I sprained my ankle pretty good, and was thus riding the bench (ie. got stuck with playing goal) for a couple of weeks while it healed up. No problem, I said. I'll just favor the other foot and keep throwing down the codeine, and things should be just peachy before long.

Well, we're now almost two months down the road, and you know what? The pain's gone away, but the ankle still looks kinda swollen and makes bizarre clicking noises.

This isn't right, says I. According to memory, I'm supposed to be able to cut most any appendage clean off, sew it back on and win a gold medal in the sport of my choosing a week later. Doesn't make sense.

It's a bit like when you take something in to get fixed. When you get it back, it's still generally the same, but it might have a new part or two on it and just doesn't look or work exactly like it did. Only trouble is, your body doesn't guarantee its workmanship, it's kinda difficult to take it back and bitch about the crappy job it did healing itself, and the spare parts situation kinda sucks. (Hmm... just like Dodge Darts.)

Another thing that kinda took me by surprise was my reaction to the unseasonably cold weather we (ahem) enjoyed last week. When everyone first started bellyaching about how cold it was, I heard myself start to give the proverbial Grandpa's-You-Don't-Know-What-Pain-Is speech: "Ya call this cold? Boy, you wouldn't know cold if it fell from the sky, landed on your face and started to wiggle! Back in my day, when I was a young 'un, we had cold! We used to walk to school in -35° temperatures, with the wind howling and the snow piling up and 30 pounds of books on our backs... wild dogs chasing us and eating the slow kids...

uphill... both ways..." blah-blahblah, etc.

Anyway, as time went on, I began to realize that maybe I was harping just a touch too much on how warm and balmy -8° really was. I think it really hit home when I stepped outside, 'cause dammit, it was cold.

Which of course then made me turn around and wonder why, if I had spent my childhood conditioning myself for Winters On Pluto, I was so damned cold. Jeez, I thought, I must be getting old. Before I know it, I'll be retiring. May as well just apply for grad school somewhere in Florida.

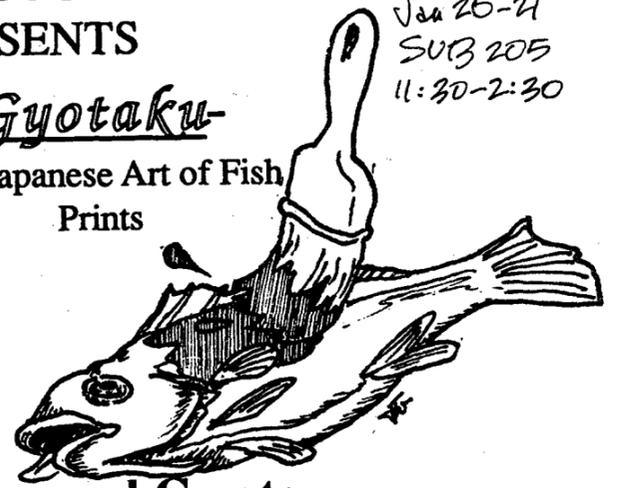
Okay, so I'm embellishing things a bit. But in essence, the things about the ankle and the cold were true. True enough to remind me that maybe I'm a little less elastic and a little older than I was when I was 15. Not a big deal... at least, not yet. 'Course, I'm almost 22, and everybody knows that 22 is over the hill and pickin' up speed, right?

Oh, who am I kidding? It's 4 a.m., I'm tired and my brain is running on Coke and half a bag of Whoppers. I'm young and I love it, and I'm gonna spend my whole Christmas vacation skiing at Mach 12 like a crazed lunatic. May as well enjoy it while I can.

Provided, of course, that it's not too cold. I draw the line at -45°. Ba ha ha ha ha! Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, see ya in '94.

BIOSOC
PRESENTS

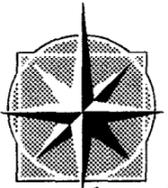
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Science Week Movie Night

Egg Drop / Twister Challenge

First Year Students' Info Night

Physsoc Paper Airplane Contest

Microbi Home Brew Contest

Science Week Dance

You have no idea what we've gone through for it.

MICROBIOLOGY

HOME BREW



CONTEST

Friday
Jan 21st
3 - 5 pm

This contest is open to all
faculties, newcomers, and to
experienced brewers.

Brew will be judged by a
distinguished panel of judges
on Friday, January 21, 1994.

Entries will be accepted on
January 21 between 3-5 pm.

Entry Fee: Only \$5.

Prizes:
First Place \$50
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If you missed the
informational lecture on
November 4, contact the
Microbi Club in Wesb 201 on
Tuesdays at noon.