

Vibrating wildly on various over-the-counter wake-up medications since 1987.

"Who cares if it doesn't do anything?
It was made with our new triple-iso-bifurcated-krypton-gate-MOS-process."

BLIND MELON LEAD SINGER TESTS POSITIVE FOR STEROIDS

"It's 95% alcohol! We've lost half the sample, though. Cheers!" claims officer.

*Kevin Phillips-Bong
Roving Correspondent*

VANCOUVER—Officials announced today that Shannon Hoon, lead singer of the popular new rock group Blind Melon, has tested positive for steroid use.

The announcement was made by forensics experts from the Vancouver Police Department, headed up by Dr. Yuri Nayshin. "After several consecutive analyses, our team confirmed the presence of several foreign elements in Mr. Hoon's system, among them anabolic steroids."

Dr. Nayshin went on to explain that a sample of Hoon's urine had been collected by an operative sitting in the front row of Blind Melon's Oct. 30 show at the Pacific Coliseum. "During the show, Mr. Hoon was ordered by the operative to

submit an "on-the-spot" sample for random testing, and Mr. Hoon complied without hesitation. In fact, he proceeded to submit samples to most anyone in the vicinity," said Dr. Nayshin.

Hoon was unavailable for comment, but The 432 has learned that there is some controversy surrounding the results. Nathan Thurm, publicist for Blind Melon, has claimed that the results were tainted due to sample contamination. "They collected the damned sample off the Coliseum floor," said Thurm. "Of course it was messed up. Blind Melon doesn't use 'roids," he said.

Reports that the urine test confirmed the presence of such elements as ethanol, linoleum, floor wax, potato chips, cigarette butts and lost car keys in Hoon's system were neither confirmed nor denied at press

time.

Today's announcement was part of an extensive investigation designed to track the steroid use of many of today's popular singers. "It is our belief that as many as one in three of all contemporary musicians use performance-enhancing drugs," said Dr. Nayshin. "It's our job to make sure that the performances being given by today's artists are the best they have to offer, but while maintaining a fair level of competition for all."

The history of steroid use among singers is well documented, as more and more veteran rockers admit to previous use. In 1981, the Rolling Stones were suspended from international performance for eight years after guitarist Keith Richards was finally caught on suspected longtime use of testosterone to bulk up. The case was especially difficult to

prove because, as Richards later said himself, "They couldn't detect the hormone level in my system underneath all the other drugs. But I'm clean now, and gradually working my way back up to my natural weight of 315 pounds."

Other noted steroid users include Ted Nugent, Ozzy Osbourne, Pink Floyd, and Boy George. None of these groups were ever caught in the act, but admitted to juice use after the ends of their careers.

"I suppose most people knew, what with my temper and all, but they just didn't care back then," said Osbourne. "Either that, or they thought the biting the heads off of the bats was just part of the show."

Said George of his experiences with the drugs, "Why do you think I act like this? I used to be a girl. I just took too many of the bloody things."

Upcoming Science Events

BioSoc Ski Trip Meeting

Nov 18, 12:30 BioSci 2449

BPP Pizza & Pop Mixer

Nov 17, 12:30 Woodward

BPP Bzzr Garden

Nov 26, 4:30 Woodward

BPP Gym Night

Nov 12, 9:30 Osbourne Gym

Geography Bake Sale

Nov 10 8:30-2:30 Geo Lounge

PacificRim/Geo Bzzr Bash

Nov 12, 3:30 Geo Lounge

Geography Bzzr Garden

Nov 26 4:30 Geo Lounge

CS3 Gym Night

Nov 12, 8:00 Osbourne Gym

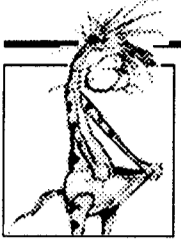
Plus all the events found in this issue!



The Heisenberg Uncertainty Kiosk

SUS IS HAVING A
BZZR GARDEN.
WE ARE TELLING
YOU
ABOUT IT.
RIGHT NOW.
THIS MEANS
YOU'RE INVITED.
SUB PARTYROOM
NOVEMBER 10TH
4:32PM.

Editorial



Ryan
McCUAIG

Normally, my articles seem to have nothing to do with the universe as we know it. However, this time I choose to use the space to warn all of you about a power struggle for the editorship of this paper.

It seems that some young

upstarts have taken it upon themselves to ban me from the responsibility of my post and attempt to relieve my mild case of carpal-tunnel syndrome by barring me from the duties normally befalling the Editor. At least I remain in control of these mountebanks, as I can determine the final outcome of this dear rag.

God forbid they catch me writing this. Oh, what am I worried about? After all, what could they possibly

CAMPUS

THE POLITICALLY CORRECT STRIKE BACK



Kevan
DETTLE-
BACH

It is a dark time for the Conservatives. Preston Manning, striking from a hidden base, has won his first victory.

Kim: If this is a councillor's ship, then where is the ambassador? Charest, tear this ship apart until...

(Oops, wrong reel...)

Following the destruction of the Ubysey's politically correctness ray and editorial staff, Science forces have been forced to retreat to the frigid wastelands of Whistler. There they find refuge in the long abandoned AMS Cabin. Luke has been studying the Force and is now able to communicate with his calculator. Leah, though worried about Luke's seemingly one-sided conversations with home electronics, has obtained a voice-equipped laptop computer—model HY50. Meanwhile, Art Vader, having survived his crash thanks to the Force (and a driver's side airbag) is conducting a large scale search of the lower mainland. Back at Whistler, Luke and Drum are just finishing a patrol.

Luke: East face is clear. I just want to check out a fallen skier not far from here.

Solo: Roger, I'll see you back at the cabin.

Luke: No, it's Luke. Remem-

ber?

As Solo moves on, Luke, chuckling to himself at his keen wit, skies into a crevice and bashes himself unconscious. Back at the cabin, Solo meets with General Al Etric.

Etric: Solo, you're back from your patrol. Where's Luke?

Solo: He's checking out a fallen skier.

Etric: With all those skiers, it will be difficult to detect Ubysey attacks.

Solo: General, I've got to leave.

Etric: I'm sorry to hear that. I thought you decided to stay.

Solo: Those Engineers we ran into on Granville changed my mind. If I don't pay my Engineering dues, I'm a dead man. Well, Leah, I guess this is it.

Leah: I guess it is.

Solo: Well don't go all mushy on me. See you later.

Leah: Drum, wait!

Solo: What do you want?

Leah: You still owe me 20 bucks.

Solo: That's not it. You're afraid I'll leave without a good-bye kiss.

Leah: I'd sooner kiss a artsie.

Solo: I... (struck silent at the impact of such a grave insult). You... (runs off in shame)

Later, in the driveway...

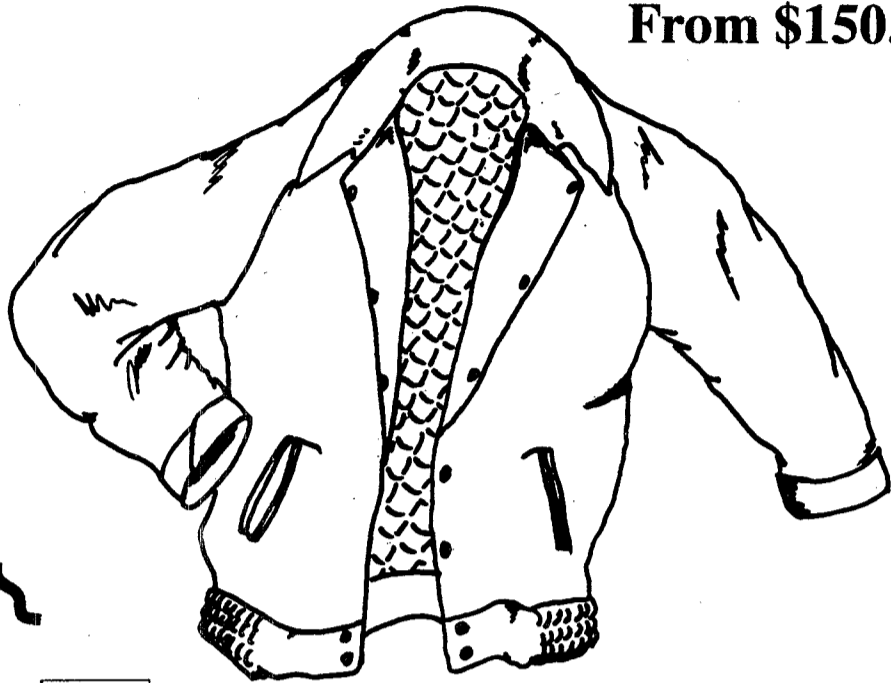
Solo: What are you doing, Chewie? We're getting out of

Science UBC Jackets.

Navy melton.

White leather.

From \$150.



Science Sales.

CHEM 160.

'Nuff Said.

here. Put those snow tires back on.

Rebel: Sir!

Solo: What do you want?

Rebel: It's Leah. She's being trying to beep you for the last hour.

Solo: I turned it off. I don't want to talk to her.

Rebel: She's worried about Luke. He hasn't come back yet.

Solo: What? Are the snow boards ready?

Rebel: No, we're having problems adapting to them. We keep falling down.

Solo: Then we'll have to go out on snow-shoes.

Rebel: The temperature's dropping too rapidly. You'll freeze your ass off before you reach the first chair-lift.

Solo: Then I'll see you in Math 101.

As Solo starts out, Luke regains consciousness and climbs out of crevice only to collapse a few meters later. Just before Luke passes out again, a familiar apparition appears...

Dobiewan: Luke.... You must go to the McGill System. There you will learn from Yertl, the Jedi master who instructed me.

Luke: Bill, Bill...

As Bill fades from sight, Solo discovers Luke. They are both rescued at dawn by a slightly inebriated (and lost) Kokanne

commerical film crew. When they return, the rebels intercept a transmission from a suspicious VW van parked outside. Leah gets her laptop to interpret the code.

HY50: I am fluent in more than 6 million forms of communication. This transmission matches none of them. There is no coherent pattern at all in the message.

Solo: Then it's either rap music, or the Ubysey's found us.

Etric: We better start the eva-

cutation.

Meanwhile, in Vaders personal limo...

Cowboy: Our agents in Whistler have found something. It could just be ski bums, but...

Vader: That's them. Move all forces to Whistler.

What awaits Vader's forces at the Rebel base? Stay tuned next issue for another exciting episode of Campus Wars - The PCStrike Back. Same Science time, same Science channel!

The Faculty of Arts announces the creation of



ARTS CO-OP

Gain valuable career experience!

Available for all Arts departments



Volume 7, No 5
8 November 1993

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Editor

Graeme the Graeme
Assistant Editor

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- Leona Adams, Steve Coleman, Kevan Dettlebach, Jason Holmes, Graeme Kennedy, Ryan Graeme McCuaig, Blair the Not-Graeme McDonald, Derek K. Miller, Sarah Thornton, Laurie Yee, Delwin Yung, and some guy named Rog.

Nice try, but no cee-gar to

Well, you know who you are... Thanks for your contributions, and keep trying!

Feedbag Strapped on courtesy of Sasamat Pizza and eaten by

- Sarah Thornton, Jason Holmes, Blair McDonald, Ryan McCuaig, Roger Watts

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- Graeme Kennedy, Blair McDonald

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The 432 is produced in the Science Undergraduate Society offices, located between Wreck Beach and Burnaby somewhere.

Submissions to *The 432* should be about 500 words in length, proofread, and extremely silly in nature. The submission of non-satirical or morose material will result in banishment of the offending writer. I know, believe me.

“Bout the same as yesterday...”



Blair McDonald

Ever feel uncomfortable in large groups? I hate being surrounded by people I don't know. It's not that I'm afraid of having a six-inch blade slipped between my ribs (unless I'm standing in line at the Granville Cineplex, with the crowd chanting "Curbstomp him... curbstomp him..."), it's that I detest all the small talk that people use to disguise the fact that they hardly know you, and couldn't care less about your problems.

Does anyone actually care that the guy upstairs owns what must be the Most Wicked Sound System Since Woodstock, and takes great pleasure in doing sound tests at three in the morning? Does anyone care that I've considered buying a gun and putting the owner of the MWSSSW out of my misery? I'll probably get a medal from NASA for returning all the off-the-shelf parts used in constructing that auditory nightmare, 'cause they must be wondering when all the electrical components of the new shuttle went missing.

Everyone develops their own defense mechanisms to deal with people. Some just ignore everyone, spending all their time locked in the dungeons of Main Library until somebody finally takes away their textbooks and sets them free. Some buy high-powered

rifles and start looking for a good vantage point. Others affect a great bonhomie attitude, making up grand stories of how great their life is when they actually live in the back of their Datsun. Case in point: just look under a table at the Cheese any day of the week, and you'll find some sorry engineer glued down with a mixture of peach schnapps and Maximum Ice. I've also seen a lot of socially inept people respond with a rude comment or two, but rudeness is uncalled for, at least until you know the person better.

Personally, I prefer "Oh, about the same as yesterday..." It works well in most cases, because the people who do know you probably have some idea how badly a math class can ruin my day. I've used this phrase for years now, and it's always worked.

Until I made the Shakespearean mistake of smiling at a person I had always detested.

After all, I was in a good mood, what with the Purple Jesus (a carefully mixed combination of Purplesaurus Rex Kool-Aid and cheap Russian Prince vodka) slowly taking control of my consciousness, and the beat of the MWSSSW replacing the pulses of my nervous system. Life was good. Until the detested one saw me across the room, and made a beeline straight towards me, arms stretched out for a hug. "Hug? No way!" I thought, as I tried to sidestep the oncoming human bullet. A hazy picture of the *corrida de toros* in Pamplona surfaced in the back of my mind.

Somehow she managed to get her arms around me, despite the table and three chairs I tried to put between us. She beamed at me, looking happier to see me than I was to see her.

"So, *how are you, anyway?*" said the pint-sized clone of Kim Campbell.

My back crawled, and the hair stood up at the nape of my neck at the sound of her voice, so sweet and gooey like the Halloween toffee left from last year under the couch. "Oh, about the same as yesterday" I replied, trying to sound cool and casual. I started looking around for an escape route. Any escape route. Usually I have these things planned out well in advance.

She sighed, with that perky, annoying shake of the head that all semi-literate blondes seem to have. (Note: For my own continued safety and well-being, I'd like to make it clear that only the semi-literate blondes have that annoying mannerism). (ed: ditto.)

"No, *silly...* How are you?" she said, obviously finding my remark to be quite witty and charming. Mystified, and getting a strange sense of *deja vu*, I repeated my standard reply, thinking she hadn't heard me correctly the first time. She shook her head again, this time putting a different spin on it that I translated into just a touch of exasperation. "I haven't *seen you for months!*" (Naturally, I thought. I've always seen you first.) "I want to know *what's new* in your life, how you're *feeling*, every-

thing!"

I couldn't believe it wasn't working. In a fit of extreme annoyance decided to give her exactly what she wanted. I took a deep breath, and started in on my complete history of the last five months.

Minutes passed, while I rambled on and on about absolutely everything I could remember doing, wishing I'd done, or heard about someone having done since last March. I was well into describing the pain of the groin pull I suffered in iaido class last week when she finally started to crack. She started to glance around the room, fidget, and shift her weight from leg to leg. I had her right where I wanted her, helpless to leave, forced to endure an endless litany of complaints. I gloated at her predicament, and delivered the coup de grace.

"—and luckily the doctor said," as I leaned conspiratorially towards her, "Penicillin can cure just about anything." So anyway, how have you been doing these last few months?"

She smiled nervously. "Oh, the same as always..." she said as she backed slowly into the crowd. "See you around!"

I haven't seen her since, luckily. Guess sometimes honesty (or a close substitute) is the best thing for getting out of unwanted conversations.

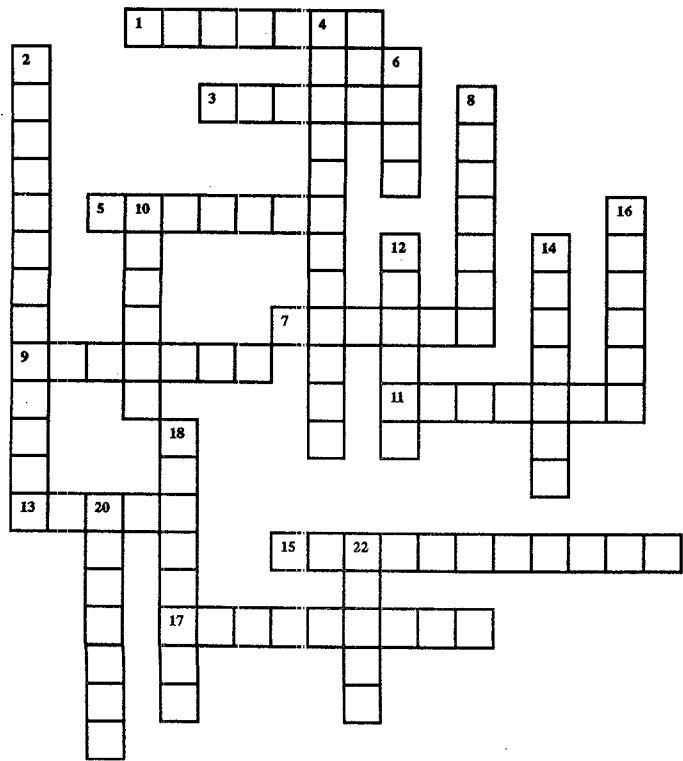
If only it could get rid of the guy upstairs.

Sigh.

Smith & Wesson will just have to do.

Der Crossverd

THIS WEEK'S THEME:
Beer. (it was only a matter of time)



Across: 1. La Chauffe D'Ardenne 3. Pacifico 5. Young's Old Nick Barley Wine 7. Moosehead 9. Ruski 11. Guinness 13. Chung Hua 15. San Miguel Dark 17. Razor Edge

Down: 2. Starnobro Leu Blonde Dopplebock 4. Sam Adams 6. Awooyo Special 8. Red Stripe 10. Frydenlunds 12. Xingu 14 Eku Heffe Weisse Dunkle 16. Okocim 18. Singha 20. Maccabee 22. Moretti

Solutions: (Provided in Eyestain-o-Vision)
Across: 1. Belgium 3. Mexico 5. England 7. Canada 9. Ukraine 11. Ireland 13. Brazil 14. Germany 16. Poland 18. Thailand 20. Israel 22. Italy
Down: 2. Czech Republic 4. United States 6. Togo 8. Jamaica 10. Norway 12. China 15. Philippines 17. Australia

IQ v. Looks. Tough Decision? Chaa!



Graeme
KENNEDY

Tuesday is my Sunday, so at ten AM I was sleeping. Nevertheless, the phone rang and I awoke from a dream just in time to avoid a horrible disfigurement at the hands of a band of Hare Krishnas, whose T-shirt printing orders I had screwed up in a summer job two years ago and never owned up for.

Me: "Hello?"

Voice: "Hi, is this Graeme Kennedy?"

Me: (considering lying and going back to sleep) "Who may I ask is calling?"

Voice: "My name is Kennedy, and I'm running for councillor in the civic election."

Me: (interrupting) "Oh, well, I'm not really very interested in city politics."

Voice: "Um, aren't you running for mayor?"

At this point, the relevance of her call became apparent.

To make a long story short, I have dropped my name off the list of candidates for Gotham City and reduced the total roll to 23, more than a page's worth, which is the problem. You see, there will be two Kennedys on the ballot, which is randomly seeded, so that I might attract her voters by accident.

Imagine the guilt.

Enough of this mayor stuff, apparently my last article was just too confusing. And, no, I do not use...ah...herbs while writing.

As far as accepting responsi-

Sales Slips

Rumours of our death have been greatly exaggerated. We did, in fact have a sort of a 'false start' after our original Sales Manager, Angela Kay, was left unable to fill the position after a fireball car accident which, fortunately, did not leave her horribly disfigured or maimed, only a little shaken. I'd like to thank her for the work she has done for Science Sales so far. This out of the way, I'll start with the introductions:

Graeme Kennedy (That's me) - Sales Manager. A 'Colonel Blake' style of leadership helps me look for new things to order, coordinate the

bility, I was persuaded to take the Sales Manager position right here in SUS. When the drugs wore off, I stuck with it anyway, and my life has had the following pattern: wake up, work, swim, do sales stuff, home, eat, watch TV, sleep. Well, I haven't exactly been watching TV per se. It seems that by the time my day has ended all the networks are showing the same boring show about some First Nations gentleman in native dress, whose head is just sort of hovering in front of a bunch of circles and numbers and things. Either this or the show with a bunch of vertical stripes in multiple hues. Boooooorriiiiing.

My friends have been trying desperately to improve my social life, and they're failing dismally. The problem is that they're trying the wrong approach: they're trying to set me up with women and not telling me what they're up to. This is guaranteed to fail. This is what my friends will tell me about my prospective date, and where I know the future problem will lie:

1) "I met her at a bar/nightclub/singles barbeque." Since I would rather walk barefoot across Lego than get involved with a woman who hangs out at bars/nightclubs/singles barbeques, the evening would not go well if I took her to the (upcoming) Porgie and Bess.

2) "I showed her your picture and told her all about you. She really wants to meet you!" This is always death. My life is chaos, and I'm a 'strange attractor', if you know what I mean. This gets to the heart of my singledom, however. As Groucho Marx once said "I would never join a club. If they let me be a member, clearly they aren't exclusive enough."

3) "She's really pretty."

orders and decide what gets ordered again, what gets sold cheaper than we paid, and what gets given away to be used for the training of family pets. I also get to make up ads, write in the 432, and draw until I inhale enough ink that I stare into space muttering "The colours...the colours".

Terence Lai - Bookkeeper. 'Radar' mails my letters, faxes my faxes, tries to get me to sign letters he claims are important, and generally keeps the place from falling into disrepair and disrepute. I have had little luck getting him to polish my shoes, however.

Jesse Burnett - Sales Rep. 'Hot Lips' is a permanent fixture in the

Disappears into the bathroom to touch up her nose powder. Takes about 30 minutes. You soon discover that the best way to get out of a conversation is to tell her that her lipstick is gloppy and you're rescued for about an hour.

4) "She's had some pretty bad relationships, and she's looking for someone as nice as you" Her ex is named Bluto. Yer toast.

5) "She thinks you're really cute." I've lived the life of a teddy bear. I don't need any more cheek squeezes, thank you very much.

6) "You two are perfect for each other." Apparently, my friends think I want to marry a duplicate of myself, only with nice breasts.

7) "Do you mind if I bring my someone along?" Proving that my friend is completely oblivious to the fact that I have been trying to get her attention for the past six months.

I think I've made myself clear. In any case, I went out with category 3 on Saturday, and... well... it could have been worse. We went to see the Rocky Horror Picture Show at the SUB, so I delegated the task of supplying toast. This is not difficult to do: you make toast, you bag toast, you carry toast to theater.

But, nooooo... She forgot, so I ended up slicing up a loaf of focaccia bread, and grilling it in a toaster oven. I began to feel that there is no justice in the world when I realized that I was throwing fine Italian herb breads about a theater at 1 AM whilst dodging dry half loaves, crusty slices and a selection of mouldy dinner rolls.

All this was interspersed with several long trips to the 'little Tammy-Fae Bakker's room' and a general lack of

SUS office and will be there to help with questions about Sales merchandise, sizes, colours, new products, and generally talk your ears off.

Tessa Moon - Sales Rep. 'Rosie' claims she has never owned a Nintendo. Never heard of Atari, either. If she couldn't lie about this to me, she couldn't mislead you.

Amy Siegenthaler - Sales Rep. 'The nurse who is new this season and nobody knows her name 'cause everybody just calls her 'nurse' will also be able to help you select items for size, colour, and inform you of special deals or packages.

Hope to see you in blue.

comprehension throughout the evenings' conversations. Ahh, the evening did end on a positive note (we didn't try to humiliate each other in a public place) and I must admit that I have spent many worse

Saturday nights.

The greatest irony of all this is that she probably has an IQ of 200 and is mocking me, right now.

I suppose a little humility is in order.

PRE-MED SOCIETY

presents

Dr. Livesley

PSYCHIATRY

Tuesday, November 9

and

Dr. McCormick

OPHTHALMOLOGY

Tuesday, November 16

All lectures held in FNCS Rm 60

at 12:30

Influence.
Power.
Caffeine.

Next 432 deadline:
26 November.

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HOWARD RHEINGOLD
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or attend one of the Exchange Program Information Sessions
 to be held around campus (12:30 - 1:30 pm)
 Nov 18 - Buch A104

Dik Miller, Eco-Warrior



Derek K. MILLER

When we last left our hero, Dik Miller, he had just witnessed a water balloon being dumped on Preston Manning's head. Needless to say, all hell broke loose. We rejoin him and his friends some weeks later.

"Good thing Preston Manning isn't Prime Minister, you know," said one of the Clayquot protesters to me as we sat around a crackling campfire in the misty fog of Vancouver Island's west coast.

"Damn right," I said, rotating a tofu weenie on the end of a stick. "You know, it's kind of getting cold here."

"It is November, you

know," he noted. "Most of the people have left because of that. I'm glad you stuck behind to lend us support. I mean, it could get really lonely here..." I noticed a somewhat disturbing gleam in his eye.

"Look, er..." I said. "Uh, it's not that you're not an attractive guy or anything, but, well, er, I'm not, er, very...um..."

He was looking puzzled. "What the hell are you talking about?"

I looked back. "I gotta go."

"What?!"

"Um, I'm kind of...uh...asthmatic, and the humidity is getting to me."

"You seemed fine during the fog and rainstorm last week."

"Uh...I'm getting a little chilly."

"You're sweating."

"I...uh...I've decided that I'm going to East Timor to defend the rainforest there." It was the only thing that came to mind.

"Really?! Great! There's a convoy leaving tomorrow for the airport. I'll introduce you and get you on your way."

"Uh..." I didn't know what to say.

"Now eat your tofu dog and get some sleep. You have a long flight tomorrow."

Damn, I thought.

Poke poke poke.

"Mmmphrlphtlth," I said.

Poke poke poke.

"Wake up, Miller."

"Grrrrmptlpthth," I replied.

"WAKE THE HELL UP!"

I cracked my eyes open. "Where am I?"

"We're about midway over the Pacific Ocean."

I looked up. The person speaking was in uniform. "Then why did you wake me up?"

"You wouldn't happen to know how to fly a plane, would you?"

I blinked. "Why do you ask?"

"We need someone to fly the plane."

"What exactly happened to the person who was hired to fly the plane?"

"He's dead."

"You hired a dead person to fly the plane?"

"No. He died a couple of

minutes ago."

"Well, I don't know how to fly a plane, so if you don't mind I'm just going to go to sleep again." I turned over and closed my eyes. "Wake me when we get to Indonesia."

"At this rate," said the attendant, "we'll never arrive there. We'll just die a horrible, fiery, painful death as this aircraft careens helplessly into the sea thousands of miles from the nearest land!"

One of the other passengers poked his head up over the top of the seat. "What did you say, miss?"

She looked up suddenly. "Oh, nothing."

I opened my eye again. "All right then." I stood up and reached into the overhead compartment, from which I brought out my trenchcoat. In one of the pockets I found my Dik Miller™ Emergency Aircraft Piloting and Szechwan Cooking Handbook.

"Lead on to the cockpit," I declared, wiping the sleep from my eyes.

Shoving the late pilot out of his seat onto the floor, I took the chair and gazed around me at the controls.

I grabbed my Dik Miller™ aviator's goggles and strapped them to my face.

I put on the Dik Miller™ leather aviator's cap.

I glanced down at the manual.

"Contact!" I shouted.

"What was that?" asked one of the other crew members.

"You know, when you start a plane, you're supposed to shout 'Contact!'"

"This is a modern jumbo jet. There are no propellers. You don't shout 'Contact.' You just use these hyper-modern, high-tech controls and take the plane to a safe landing in Jakarta."

"Oh." I looked back down at the handbook. I wished I had sent in the registration form that entitled me to regular updates. This one had a advertiser's flash on the cover that tastefully pointed out the all-new chapter on navigation by Amelia Earhart.

"Where's the choke?" I asked.

"AAAAAAAUGH!"

When I regained consciousness, I was being shoved down one of those inflatable yellow

emergency slides projecting from the side of the plane.

I landed in a shallow pool of water, from which I was plucked by a passing emergency crew.

"What happened?"

"From the radio report, some nutball tried to fly the plane after the pilot died. They managed to knock him out before he did any major damage and had the plane land itself on auto-pilot. Good thing too. Would've killed the bunch of them if they hadn't subdued him."

"Oh."

"What's your name, anyway?"

"Dik Miller, Private Ey—I mean, Dik Miller, Eco-Warrior."

"Oh, you're the guy who's heading up the East Timor Eco-Warrior Fest, aren't you?"

"Uh, I guess so."

"Right. The government death squad will see you now."

"Oh, thanks."

Will our brave hero escape from the deadly clutches of the Indonesian secret police? Or will he just bumble along another inept adventure? What would you bet?

!! If everything to do with student politics were to be obliterated tomorrow, would the earth stop turning? Who knows? It might even spin faster. (In which case, we'd all weigh less and therefore there'd be no more Jenny Craig ads...) !!

Class Act

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MICROBIOLOGY

U LOVE U LOVE U LOVE BREW

CONTEST

Friday
 Jan 21st
 3 - 5 pm

"Be a UBC Brew Master"

The contest opens on the 14th, to November, and to open on the 14th.
 Brew will be judged by a designated panel of judges on 14th, January 21, 1994.
 Entries will be accepted on January 21 between 3-5 pm.

Entry fee only \$5
 Prize Pool \$20
 Second Place \$10
 Third Place \$5

For more information on the contest contact the Micro Club Web 201 or 822-4235

Grim Tales (V 2.0)



Leona
ADAMS

Preamble: It is one thing to devote three painful hours of your life to something. It is something entirely different to do it twice. Such is the bitter irony about which revolves my existence. Welcome to my neighbourhood.

Letting go is usually a difficult process for me, but this week I did it with style (or at least I thought I did). For some time now, I have been involved in a very unhealthy codependent relationship. In spite of all of his abuses, in spite of all the hours I spent trying to figure him out, I kept coming back to him. But that's

was all over. The Roadrunner and I were no more. But now, out of patience and down on my luck, I've come crawling back again. I'm so ashamed.

Dear friends, we have gathered here today to lay to rest an undead, undead friend. Anyone who has ever read any of my articles knows the Roadrunner well, even if they don't know his name. For the record, the Roadrunner was the older and more crochety Macintosh on and at which I usually ended up writing and cursing. We had a love-hate relationship: he loved making my life a grim shell of an existence, and I hated him for doing it. He was dead for the majority of the past week, but has been resurrected for the sake of production night by Dr. Ryanstein and his Band of Merry Wreakers of Havoc.

The more astute among you may wonder why

this is the sequel to Grim Tales, when you really don't quite remember having seen the original. This is reasonable, because most people haven't seen the original, not even our trusty editor extraordinaire. Wile E. (the other Mac, naturally) has apparently taken up where his evil cohort left off and has eaten the original version of this week's creation. I was the victim of a similar ingestion earlier this week, the only difference being that in that case, a) it was a lab report and b) my computer gave it back (you never realize the importance of commands like Undelete until you actually have to use them). I once saw an episode of the Jetsons where George had been responsible for the firing of a robot, so the computers (which can think independently by this time, of course) put out a Code Blue or Red (you want colour accuracy, hire an interior decorator) on him. This meant that every single computer he encountered just did its level day to screw him up beyond all recognition. Now I don't tend to view myself as a paranoid person, but when I notice a trend...

Anyway, as you can probably tell from the title, this article originally had a morbid, dark sort of feel to it.

This is, of course, totally unrelated to the fact that I've spent the past few weeks filling out med school applications. There's nothing to work wonders for your self-esteem like trying to convince others that they should let you into their med school, and then realizing that you're not sure if they should. When I feel this way, I usually try to think of someone whose professional prospects are worse than mine. For some reason, the only person whose face pops into my head is Kim Campbell. Her whole ad campaign was just bad idea jeans with extra crap and a side of Spam. (One thing that you may or may not have noticed about me is my tendency to forge my own expressions, whether they are genuinely original or amalgamations of other things I have heard. Bad idea jeans with extra crap and a side of Spam is one of many. I should really write a glossary.)

To commemorate November as Happiness Month, I submit for your approval a pair of Mensa/Densa questions.

Mensa question: A man walks into a room in which there are two doors. He is informed that one of the doors leads to eternal peace, happiness, fulfillment, etc: the

whole she-bang. The other door leads to death, destruction, and other fun stuff. Each door is guarded by one person. The man is also told that one guard always lies while the other always tells the truth. If he is only allowed to ask one question of one guard, how can he figure out which door to take?

Densa question: Same guy, same doors, only this time, one of the guards is congenitally insane, while the other is irretrievably stupid. If he is allowed to ask an infinite number of questions of both guards, what are the chances that he will just skip the whole thing and open both doors himself?

Mensa answer: That's actually a very good question. I thought I knew the answer, but the nincompoop person who told me the puzzle said that I was wrong and refused to give me the right answer. It apparently wouldn't be "challenging" if he did. I tried to explain to the man that I had been challenged enough for one lifetime, but he wouldn't listen.

Densa answer: I tried to think of a witty response, but I'm fresh out of wit, I'm afraid. Try me again in about three weeks.

BPP presents

November 26 Bppr Garden

November 17 Pizza & Pop

**pizza 25 cents
pop 25 cents**

12:30 IRC

First Year Committee Pizza & Pop Nite

**\$2 for a pizza and pop
First Year students get
first one free!**

**Thursday,
November 18th
7:30pm
SUS CHEM 160**

Annual UBC Science Undergraduate Society

Save
With
US

Paper Sale

Looseleaf, 3-hole punched, ruler, margin!

Okay, here's some Math 100:

**SUS: 500 sheets for only \$1.50
Bookstore: 200 sheets for \$2.25
You save \$3.85 on a pack of 500!**



Bargain available only in SUS Office, CHEM 160
While supplies last! (All profits donated to charity)

Term One Sports
Rebate application
deadline:

Nov 22

No late applications will be accepted

The Drawers of SUS

Sarah's Skivvies Sarah Thornton

There's so much going on!

The Teaching Excellence award program is underway again, so get your nominations in for your outstanding profs.

We now have an almost full council, and there's hardly enough seats in the council chamber. At a rather hectic meeting on October 22, we appointed people to 7 year/department rep positions, so now only Geography, Geology, and Math don't have department reps. Then, on the 23rd, we had a Faculty of Science meeting, and approved the establishment of a Chair for Biodiversity and a bunch of changes to the core Science curriculum. Come into the office to read the full packet of changes, but the gist is as follows:

Back in Sept 92, the Faculty decided to recommend to departments to create 3 credit (rather than 6 credit) first year courses. This would allow greater flexibility for both students and departments. As a result, there have been some major changes. Physics 110, 115 and 120 have been deleted, and in their places have been put the 3 credits courses Phys 100, 101, 102, 121, and 122. Phys 100 is for students who don't have Physics 12, and Phys 101 and 102 correspond to the old 115 (121 and 122 are the old 120). Therefore, now there are some changes in other department requirements. Biology requires Phys

Laurie's Lingurie Laurie Yee

In the world of SUS I find that... joy of all joys, I only have 3 council seats remaining to be filled. You wouldn't believe how strange it is to get to the point where things like "having quorum" thrill you to your toes. Strange and such is life. You could be a winner of one my last and "going fast" council seats you must be in either Math, Geology or Geography. Come out and introduce yourself to me, say 'hi', or just make fun of me like everyone else here. I seem to be the office klutz.

For the new First Year Committee, a sort of Pizza Garden is being planned for mid-November. One free slice of pizza and pop for frosh, and

101 (which has a pre-req of Phys 100) only, so students coming in to UBC with Phys 12 will only have to take 3 credits of Physics. Chemistry requires 6 credits of Physics at 100 or 200 level. Etc... Major changes that won't affect any of us. Oh well. There have also been some changes in major and honours programs for later years. Nothing too drastic though. There's a new First year course in Earth and Ocean Sciences, which might be fun.

What else is going on? Well, we are down to one computer in the office right now. The "baby mac" (as we affectionately refer to it), otherwise known as the Mac SE, had a rather fatal harddrive crash. So we are looking into fixing it and/or purchasing a new Centris. The money is a question, but its for the use of all students, sooooo.....

Sales is off and running, with our new Sales manager, Graeme Kennedy, and his extremely helpful staff - Terence Lai as bookkeeper and Jesse, Amy and Tessa as staff. There's lots of neat clothes and hats and teddy-bears. Jackets will be available after Christmas, so come give your orders sometime before the end of the month.

Our exec meetings have been moved to a slightly more humane hour, 6 pm on Tuesdays, and council still meets on Thurs at 1:30. My office hours are M/F at 2:30 and W at 9:30. I'm often around other times too. So you've no excuse for not getting your concerns heard. We're always around.

for everyone else cheap pizza! So keep an eye out for those posters and come pig (oink) out. If you have any ideas for non-BEVERage activities leave a note for Wendy Chui (the chair of the committee) in the FYC box in SUS. All suggestions will be welcome (we will not laugh, we will not laugh...).

Academics Committee is again running the Teaching Excellence Award. Get your form in for your favourite prof. Forms are available in Chem 160 (SUS) and this issue of The 432. Deadlines for nominations is November 19, 1993. That means: get those forms into SUS by Nov 19th.

Oh, yeah, come out and help us with Science Week. Call Steve Coleman (Ex-VP).

AMS Briefs Steve Coleman

All those interested in running for AMS Exec next January - better start organizing your slate now, because you're not going to win otherwise. Of course, I'll be running on a slate with the intent to lose. Some quick background: at the AMS council meeting on 20 Oct, council passed revised elections guidelines. The one of the original intents of the guidelines was to limit the financial advantage of "slates" when running in the AMS exec elections. There was a clause that indicated that all campaign materials with a candidate's name and picture on it would count towards that candidate's total expenses (i.e. not 1/5 of the cost of the poster if 5 people were on it, but the whole cost). However, when the revised guidelines came before council, certain exec members (who have sat on slates in the past, and are planning to again) managed to 'railroad' council into removing that clause. Ryan and I therefore brought the matter back before council on 3 Nov, and unfortunately didn't manage to re-install that clause, but did manage to wake-up some of the members. But I'll shut

up about that topic now, because I've already irritated most of the people I know with it already. Even so, if you'd like to see me gripe and complain, come down to SUS and lend my your ear for a few hours. Days. Weeks. Years. Lifetimes. In spite of the disappointing result of the election guidelines issue, I think we made it fairly clear to the AMS exec that council is paying attention and that we will not blindly vote in favour of motions along with the exec like a flock of sheep.

Next topic - the Student Leadership Conference. SLC will be over by the time this issue is out, but some attendees will still be feeling the effects. SLC is an annual conference held at the AMS Whistler Lodge, intended for prospective 'student leaders'. This year, topics include the ever-popular "Perfect Portraits of Leaders", the hold-on-to-your-chair intensity of "Leadership: What is it?" and my personal favourite "Leadership and the proper use of Beer in the Hot Tub and Sauna." This last topic is scheduled during and after the CiTR dance. It's always refreshing to be reassured that our student leaders know that you shouldn't pour beer on the hot rocks. Confer-

ences like this are one of the great reasons to be a part of student councils.

Safety on campus was discussed at the last meeting, with the bike path along Tenth and lighting on campus as major areas of concern. Everyone at council was in agreement (for once) that something must be done. What that something is was not clear: should we write letters or take more direct action or what? Got any suggestions or comments, come talk to me about it. Even if I can't help you out, hopefully I can direct you to someone who knows more about the issue than I.

Comments from the SUS members who sit on AMS council:

Ryan - I don't care. I'm having an anxiety attack.

Morie - Go away. I'm sick.

Steve - Go away. I'm sick.

Keith - No, there's no meeting tonight. It's next week. I'm sure of it.

Blair (proxy for Keith) - What a load of crap. I've lost faith in them completely.

Next issue - more exciting news from the world of the AMS (tentatively titled 'More of the Same Crap.')

Treasurer's Trunks Jason S Holmes

Okay, I lied. I got totally smashed at the wine & cheese. I had a stressful week. Now I have that out of my system (along with the bottle of wine and the rather copious amount of beer I drank), I shall get down to business.

To all those clubs who submitted a budget to me on time (joy!), thank-you very much for your cooperation. Hisssss! to those clubs which submitted budgets late or incomplete. Oh, I should mention that any Science club that has a v-ball team must lose to the SUS SIUGS (the team I play/lose on) or receive a penalty cut in your funding. We will not stand to suffer another humiliating defeat like we did against MicroBi (somewhere along the lines of 14-2, 14-4 for them). I may be a lousy volleyball player, but I am a damn good curmudgeon!

On a great, fanfare-like note, we received our funding from der AMS! Happy, happy, joy, joy! (Now there's something you don't see me say everyday.) This means that SUS is actually able to operate outside of an operating deficit, which also means that I save money because I don't have to buy as many Roloids as I once did. Now all I have to worry about is that our SoCo (or Ex-VP for that matter) doesn't invite the entire EUS to our next beer garden for free. Our next beer garden (as you probably have read many times now, but I submitted my article first, at 12:49 am Tuesday morning), is at 4:32pm Wednesday the 10th of November. And guess what, you've got the next day off so you don't have to worry about going to class with a hangover. Whoopee! Maybe we'll call it the "I Can't Remember the Night Before" beer garden. Nah. Too long.

Just a reminder to the members of the Budget Committee (i.e. BPP), there will NOT be a meeting at 12:30 on the 11th of November.

Circvs Scientificvs Delwin Yung

Congratulations, Science! We won the most Sports points in Day of the Longboat, and made the event a great success with a total of 23 teams registered. Science led the pack with 1640 points, followed by Engineering at 1132, Gage with 993, and Totem with 978.

Even more amazing, we had a Science team in the top three of each category. The Total Hydraulic Head Men's team took 3rd, the Women's team Yowkalhumps placed 2nd and in first place in the CoRec division - the LLAMAS.

This brings overall Sports Point Totals as of November 3rd, 1993 to:

Men: Science 2294, Engineering 1577, Medicine 1358

Women: Science 1373, Totem 1132, Medicine 1053

Finally, avoid being on a waiting list! Register your sport team with Intermurals early! Registration dates start November 15th and go to January 7th.

The Moooon Buggyyyyyyy...



Roger WATTS

Today was a very sad day.

Today, I had to say goodbye to an old friend. That's right. I had to get rid of the Moon Buggy.

Hey! Stop giggling. This is a very tender issue for me. The Moon Buggy was one of our family's all-time greatest possessions. (Except for that black velvet rhinestone-and-cubic-zirconia-inlaid painting of Elvis that glows in the dark that we got on Home Shopping Network. We'll never let go of that.)

Allow me to explain. When I was very wee (small for all you non-Scots), I had the greatest toy of all time. Anyone who remembers those old six-wheeled Fisher-Price All-Terrain Explorers, raise your hand.

For those of you who raised your hand... pick the newspa-

per up. For those who didn't... these were little vehicles about two feet long and about 15 inches high. You could ride them, and they had four-wheel steering, a ringing gear shift, a "squeak" horn button, a little compartment in the front to hold two itty-bitty little guys, and a trunk just big enough to hold a sandwich. (Sound familiar? It should. Honda bought the design from Fisher-Price in '78, put a little engine in it, and called it the Civic.)

My grandad bought me this thing when I was two years old, brand spanking new, for a grand total of \$15.98 (obviously before the advent of the GST). And I rode that thing night and day all over the house. Everyone in the place feared for their toes (we pioneered steel-toed slippers), and the carpet had more tire tracks in it than a raccoon on the I-5. I'm not ashamed to say that I was still playing with that thing well into age six or seven, partially just so my sister couldn't play with it, but mostly because my dad wouldn't let me drive the Civic yet, even if I knew the car better than he did.

(I think it was because I had accustomed myself to flying down the driveway on my car without the capacity - or the perceived necessity - to use any brakes, and seemed to think I could do just as well with the Civic. I guess Dad was right to hold me back. That brake thing is still something I've never quite grasped.)

But, all good things must end; I eventually had to relinquish the helm to my sister. I think the final telltale signs were that when I would sit on the seat, my knees ended up higher than my head and the whole car groaned and creaked like it was in some really serious agony.

So my sister played with it for the next five years, and I busied myself mainly with hockey cards, Star Wars figures and pushing my sister down the driveway on the Explorer (all three of which I've since misplaced, except my sister). By the end of her tenure as Grand Supreme Hell-Pilot, the Moon Buggy, as it had become known, was about due for its million-mile servicing; the seat had cracked, the wheels were wobbly, the paint was peeling off in sheets, and the steering

was making a really interesting noise.

Dad's Civic, interestingly enough, was in about the same condition, and by then it didn't have any brakes either.

But you think that was the end of the Moon Buggy? Hah. That was only halftime! (It was, however, the end of the Civic.) By this time, my mum's sister had a son, and so he became the proud new owner of the sacred vehicle. Over the next decade, he and his little sister rode the thing clear through the Eighties and into the Nineties. They kinda roughed it up and drew all over it (obviously didn't know a quality piece of engineering when they saw one), but they did have a car phone installed in '91.

But alas, when my cousin Brooke decided it just wasn't her cup of tea, the end of the road was nigh. Truth to tell, she was never too fond of the thing, but I can't really say I blamed her; by the time she got a hold of it, it looked like a cross between a train wreck and a graffiti competition, with a dash of mud thrown neatly on top. After having

served twenty years on the road and travelled roughly from here to Mars and back three or four times, the old Moon Buggy was put out to pasture.

It sat vitrually forgotten in my grandad's workshed for two years. Last week he and I were cleaning it out, and it was one of the bits that got cleaned. As I pulled it out, I felt a strange mix of nostalgia, sadness, and utter disgust - nostalgia for the good times, sadness for the end of them, and disgust for the gooey remains of a large slug on the steering wheel, that was now oozing out between my clenched fingers in rather unsightly gobs.

And so, in a solemn and private moment, I quietly said goodbye to the Moon Buggy, placed it on the pavement and sent it on its way.

Its obituary in the newspaper read:

78 Honda Civic. Missing engine. Some paint damage. \$200 obo.

Hah. The poor sucker who bought it never knew the difference.

TEACHING EXCELLENCE AWARD NOMINATION FORM

Nominee _____

Course _____

SIGNATURES

STUDENT NO. _____

(10 signatures, or 70% of the class — whichever is less)

A large rectangular area with vertical lines, intended for signatures.

No person may nominate more than one professor over the year. An Academics Committee member may not nominate a professor or sign a nomination form.

Please include a short statement (no longer than 2 pages) explaining why you have nominated the above professor.

Please return the completed form to Laurie Yee (Internal Vice President) in the SUS Office (CHEM 160). Thanks for taking the time to nominate your prof!

TERM 1 NOMINATION DEADLINE: NOVEMBER 12, 1993