

# The 432

Volume 4 Number 9 The Newspaper for Science Students Wednesday, Feb. 13, 1991

## RCMP Campus Alert UBC Archives Serial

### Small male in daipers roaming campus

*Suspect considered armed and affectionate*

by Elaine Wong and Aaron Drake (now let's not make any over-ambitious assumptions, here)

L is for the way you look at me, O is for the only one I see, V is very, very extraordinary, and E is for all those enamoured, entangling, and, possibly embarrassing situations people have had to endure in the name of love.

Throughout the ages, many customs have been followed in hopes of attracting or retaining love. Byzantium times saw the eating of milk and honey cakes while, later, herbs and flowers were used to make love potions. Greek men, in ancient times, believed that tying the udder of a hyena under their arm would render them irresistible to young women. As a backup, he could also make up a love potion consisting of calf's brains, wolf tail hairs, snake bones, owl feathers, and bits of human corpses.

There have been times when what we consider today to be ordinary constituents of the

diet have been regarded as having great influences on love and mating. Ancient Greeks would shape their bread in phallic forms, while eggs were thought of as sacred symbols of procreation. When the tomato was first introduced in Spain in the sixteenth century, the Spanish were known to pay over \$1200 for a pound of it since it was considered a powerful love food. In fact, this was believed in other countries, including England. So powerful was this belief that the Puritans spread rumours that tomatoes were poisonous in order to phase out their consumption.

It is not surprising that many rituals have developed around every culture's idea of love. Historically, women of Papua would choose a man and bite him to indicate their choice. Women of the Solomon Islands, once betrothed, would be imprisoned in a cage, possibly for several years, until her wedding day. All the while her father would guard her.

On Borkum, a German island, a man risked

his life when dating a girl. His peers in the village would lock him in his house, which they would then proceed to fill with smoke. The village would celebrate if the man answered positively when asked if he was engaged. If he responded negatively, he would be dragged by a rope through a pond.

Love itself, as Churchill once said, is a mystery wrapped inside of an enigma (or something to that effect). With all that science and psychology can tell you about human behaviour, there is still no coherent explanation for the emotion of love. Theories range from the Freudian argument that love is a result of the gratification we get from having another person adore us, while some sociologists will argue that love is a "trap" that the female invented to keep the male around for those long months when she is pregnant.

There is no explanation for blind love - the tendency for battered people to love the person that is abusing them, for example. No one

knows why two people who cannot stand being around each other continue to love one another.

Carl Jung developed a theory of *love at first sight*. According to Jung, men have unconscious perceptions of a feminine side to his nature, while women have their perception of a masculine side. Whenever someone is encountered who meets this subconscious image, the attraction becomes instantaneous. Unfortunately, there is no empirical evidence to support this. In fact studies suggest that attraction develops slowly for the vast majority.

Why do people fall in love? One popular is the misattribution theory. In this, the person becomes physiologically aroused, be it through exertion, anger, or something that gets the adrenalin flowing and the blood moving. When the true cause of arousal becomes lost, the person begins looking for something to attribute the arousal to. If an attractive person is in the vicinity, those feelings of arousal can be attributed to love.

Experiments seem to support the misattribution theory. In one experiment, subjects had to meet a woman after crossing a high rickety bridge over a deep canyon, or a low solid one. Over a brook. On the other end, the female asked them to compose a story based on a certain picture they were shown. Subjects who crossed the high bridge wrote stories containing more sexual imagery than those who crossed the low bridge. They even more frequently

## SAC Stuns SUS - suspension suspended sources say

### Hot headed Hitchen harangues, hailed hero

(SUB) The SUS drew a collective sigh of relief as the Student Administrative Council voted down a motion to suspend the booking privileges of the SUS.

The motion was the result of improprieties at The Last Dance on Earth. SAC held a meeting on Monday, February 2, in part to discuss the matter of suspending the booking privileges of the SUS. Before voting, persons were invited to come and speak on behalf of SUS.

"A good dozen came to speak out for Science," said former President Ari Giligson. "I think that we did pressure SAC to vote it down. I think it gave them the idea that people were watching what they were doing."

The motion recommended suspending the booking privileges of the Science Undergraduate Society for 99 years less a day. If it

was passed, it would have been the longest suspension handed out in the history of UBC.

Observers agreed that, for the most part, the presence of students defending Science had a positive effect, but there were criticisms of certain comments. In particular, SUS Council members Mike Hamilton and Mark Hoenig fell under harsh criticism for their butthead arguments that almost sunk SUS. A motion in SUS council to have their tongues removed in order to avoid future boneheaded remarks was narrowly defeated.

In defense of his foot-in-mouth actions, Mike Hamilton said, "Look, they loved us. We made that meeting a meeting. We were central. Bigger off."

Certainly one of the bright spots of the meeting was the dramatic stance SAC member Don Hitchen took. Hitchen is also SUS

"I abstain, dammit! I abstain!" Hitchen was reported to have barked as he pounded on the table in defense of the Science Undergraduate Society. The abstention was considered a godsend by many, who feared that, as a member of SAC, Hitchen may have lost touch with his roots, and voted in favor of a retaliatory air strike on Chem 160.

"We thought he was brainwashed," said Cairen Hanert, Internal Vice President.

Elsewhere, members of the Radical Beer Liberation Front, formerly the Radical Beer Faction, grumbled in disappointment and threw away their spray paint cans. Also, rumblings were heard in the office of The 432, where editors scrambled frantically to look for articles to replace the column on SAC jokes.

## Executive nominations close today

(SUS) Nominations for positions on the SUS Executive will close today. All forms must be in Chem 160 by 6:30 pm.

The positions open are President, Internal Vice President, External Vice President, Director of Publications, Director of Finance, Executive Secretary, and Sports Director. Nomination forms for these positions are still available in Chem 160.

At press time, there was no information available about who was running for what positions, but *The 432* will provide a pull-out section in the next issue, featuring the candidates, their pictures, and what their platforms are.

Although participation this year has been very high, in the past there have been problems with getting people to run for executive positions. Only two of

the positions last year were contested, and one was by appointment.

Any SUS member is eligible to sit on SUS council as an executive.

If there are any questions, one should contact Chris Sing at Chem 160 (228 4235).

This year's SUS executive drunk and in jail, was unavailable for comment.

## Curiously, contest competitors complete captivating concoctions

(SUS) The light bulb era is upon us.

Students responded to *The 432* Light Bulb Joke Contest with over 300 light bulb jokes. Some were outrageously funny, some raised a smile, and some belonged in the toilet.

Contestants were asked, in the January 21 issue of *The 432*, to submit original light bulb jokes, with prizes to be awarded for first, second and third place.

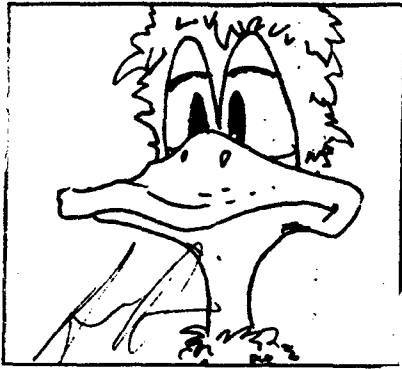
Ed Hewlett won first place, submitting over one hundred jokes to the contest. Hewlett gets a Science Sweater for his efforts.

Second place goes to Richard Stephenson for his contribution. Stephenson wins a pair of Track Pants from Science Sales.

Finally, third place was given to Michael Chow, who submitted 95 jokes. However, 47 were disqualified, being jokes that he had simply copied out of previous issues of *The 432*.

All contestants should claim their prizes at Chem 160.

Please recycle this paper



## A Valentine's Day Thought

me tell you. Then you would be guilty of Liking a Girl, a horrible transgression of The Little Boy's Code of Professional Conduct. The penalty for liking a girl was a Gonch Pull (the Gonch pull, by the way, was a fiendish torture method invented by the VietCong, but abandoned when they agreed it was too horrible. So they taught little boys how to do it to their friends).

I was The Fat Kid, and I was The Smart Kid, so I was doomed on Valentine's Day. Nobody gave me Valentine Things, except Jeff Rankin, but that was because he was The Other Smart Kid, although he wasn't The Other Fat Kid, but he was The Kid With Thick Glasses That You Could Steal And Play Keepaway With. Jeff Rankin got more Valentines than I did, if only because everyone found him to be so much fun (Hey, let's go give Jeff a Valentine and then steal his glasses!). Richard Van Horlick also got more Valentine's Things than me because he was The Other Fat Kid Who's Underwear Was Always Sticking Out Of His Pants. They found him entertaining (Hey, let's go give Ritchie a Valentine and then give him a Gonch Pull!).

See, I wasn't entertaining. Nobody wanted to give The Smart Kid a Valentine Thing so they could get close enough to ask him to solve an equation. Every now and then, someone would give me one out of pity, usually misspelling my name (Arrron, AAaron, Randy, Vladimir). But when I got them from a GIRL! Gee! It was so much fun exchanging Valentine Things with girls, because you got to stand *near* them, and if you planned it right, your hands would brush.

She: Oh, hi. Happy Valentine's Day.

(long pause)

He: Grunt.

She: For me? Thanks. Here's one for you.

(long pause)

He: Grunt.

She: Bye.

He: Grunt.

Whoa! I don't know about you, but my heart is just racing from all these erotic memories. I guess the wild rebel days of Grade Five are gone forever.

We no longer give out those Valentine Things any more, which is strange, considering

that we all took it for granted that that was what *everyone* did on Valentine's Day, from students all the way up the highest leaders of our governments. (She: Oh, hi, Mister Prime Minister. Happy Valentine's Day. (long pause) He: Grunt.) We were still young, still yet to find out that man was meant to spend years catering to their groins, and we figured that Valentines were mainly meant to be exchanged between men (Great squash game Bert! Now how about some brews and catching the hockey game on TV? Oh, by the way, here. Would you be my Valentine?). Then again, we also thought that grown men gave Gonch Pulls to each other.

Thus, there was nothing strange about Huey Freeman giving me a Valentine, even if it did say, "Let's destroy some Yankees tonight." You see, Huey was my best friend, which meant that we could beat each other up on alternate Wednesdays. In between these fights, we would Combat The Americans In Guerilla Warfare.

How about that? Not only was I The Smart Kid, but I had already finely honed my sense of Foreign Affairs to realize that the Americans were about to invade us any day. Huey and I were preparing for such an event by being ten-year old commandos, attacking armored columns with our Winchesters (he had a Winchester - I had Sten MK II painted orange so as not alarm Anal Neighbors) in my basement. When you think about it, it was the perfect ploy. I mean, what Invading Yankee, who seemed to always be named Plim or Hoss, would suspect a child? What's that, Hoss? Why, it's nothing Plim, just a couple of ten-year olds in full combat gear with orange-painted Sten Mk II's coming to ask us to be their ValentinGAAAAAAACK!!!!

We'd kill Plim and keep Hoss alive, who would tell us everything, because he *knew* that we were well versed in the deadly art of the Gonch Pull.

Aaron Drake is not at all mired in his childhood. He is merely reliving find memories. Gonch pulls is the best it gets.

## Wanted

**Sales Manager**  
for SUS for the 91/  
92 School year.

*Total control of  
purchases & mar-  
keting.*

**5% cash com-  
mission + 5%  
clothing com-  
mission on  
gross sales.**

**See Dean Leung at  
Chem 160**

Valentine's day always brings back fond memories of elementary school. Like how we had to clean our desks on the day before Valentine's Day.

God, I hated desks. I am about the anti-neatest person in the world. If you gave me one piece of wood and threw me in an empty room, I would somehow manage to clutter up the room with that one piece of wood. Now imagine giving me sixty cubic feet of school supplies, and asking me to put them *neatly* inside those tiny pukey green desks. I couldn't do it. As a matter of fact, I seemed to attract clutter. Clutter would come to my desk to die. I was the clutter graveyard of the interior of BC. I swear. There were sections inside my desk with Japanese soldiers that didn't know the war was over yet. I hated desks. Really.

(I especially hated geometry sets. I hated those stupid compasses that broke down after the first nanosecond, and the only thing left to do with it was stick the protractor in it and run around the room, pretending it was the Starship Enterprise. Actually, I liked the pointy end, because I *really* didn't like Trish Doyle.)

But we had to clean out our desks before Valentine's Day so that we could paste envelopes on the sides of our desk. Remember that? On Valentine's day, everyone would wander about the room putting those little cheap Valentine Things that all little kids gave out. They were about the size of a postage stamp and they had a raccoon with a top hat drawn on it that was saying Gee Whillikers, I'm Blue. Would YOU be my Valentine?

The boys would casually give them to all their friends, and try to discretely put them in envelopes attached to desks belonging to girls. You didn't want to be caught doing that, let

**Results for Senate and  
BoG: SUS-Affiliated  
people who got in:**

**Senators-at-Large**

Orvin Lau

Catherine Rankel

Dean Leung

**Science Senator**

Clement Fung

**Board of Governors**

Derek Miller

**Congratulations  
from The 432!**

### Editorial Forum

#### Top Ten Reasons to Shop at IKEA

by Derek Miller

10. Getting to feel like you built the furniture you assembled even though you just followed instructions and have less woodworking skill than a blob of Dream Whip.
9. Roaring over the Knight St. Bridge at 100 km/h with AC/DC blasting on the radio all the way there.
8. Getting wistful wishing you could go in the Ball Crawl.
7. Roaring over the Knight St. Bridge at 120 km/h with Van Halen blasting on the radio all the way home.
6. Laughing at all the funny names for the furniture (RINGO swivel stool, ALNARP armchair).
5. Feeling superior when some kid barfs in the Ball Crawl and a staff member has to clean it up.
4. Wondering if anyone comes to the cafeteria just to eat lunch.
3. Running behind one of the flat shopping carts and then jumping on it and seeing if you can steer before you hit that old lady.
2. Knowing that it's *not* Swedish for common sense.
1. No annoying jingle like United Buy & Sell.

### In Ten Words or Less

by Ed Short



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

**My Almost Cunning  
Plan That Will, If  
Properly Implemented,  
Appease Quebec  
Seperatists. Provide  
Canada With Complete  
Energy Independence,  
And End The Gulf War,  
Although It Might Make  
The Americans A Little  
Bit Nervous**

Trade Quebec to Iraq for Kuwait and future considerations.

Physsoc Presents

**The First Annual  
Post-Valentine's  
Day Masquerade  
Dance Party  
(Come as you are  
NOT)**

Tickets \$3 on sale now in Physsoc (Henn 307)

Friday February 15, 1991 7pm Henn 318

*The Black and Blue Review  
and*

*The Teaching Excellence Award*

Nominate your best prof for the Teaching Excellence Award! Express your opinions on your classes and the profs that teach them by filling out a Black and Blue form. Representatives of SUS Council will be attending classes to hand out and collect B&B forms beginning Feb 18. Nomination forms for the Teaching Excellence Award are available in Chem 160, also beginning Feb 18.

## Questions For Dan Quayle

What does familiarity mate with in order to breed contempt?

Listen: in the first place it isn't latin, and in the second place pigs don't speak it. Get it right.

If Noah took two of every animal onto the ark, how in the heck did the plants survive? Did he drop by Safeway and pick up those little seed packages?

Chop sticks don't.

Who is she and what mountain is she coming around?

How does Peter Piper's plant grow pickled peppers?

Did Noah take two of every insect? What about microbes?

Why do they call them logarithms? Have you ever seen a log that could keep a beat?

Why doesn't that stupid rabbit go out and buy a box of Trix? Perhaps he's a kleptomaniac.

Why in the world do they call it a rule of thumb anyway? Thumbs don't rule. You never write rules on your thumb. Sometimes

you might want to write a rule on your palm or your wrist.

Orange juice made from concentrate. I've been sitting here concentrating for hours and nothing's happening.

And breaks. Nothing gets broken when you take them.

Ivory soap is 9944/100% pure. Pure what? What is the rest of it? Plutonium?

Thumb tacks look nothing like thumbs, anyway.

Light beer weighs the same as regular beer. What gives?

We've got telephone jacks; why don't we have telephone jills? Maybe the AMS should pass a bylaw.

contributions by Dan Reinders and another "studious" Science 1 student, Rachel "the Hit Man" Farrall, Dono Shmono Hitchen, Andyman Hodgson, Aaron Drake

## Loose Canons



by Patrick Redding

### President's Choice™ Letters To The Editor

The Victoria Times-Colonialist

Dear Sir (this goes without saying)

I feel quite compelled to express, by way of this letter, the extreme state of my indignation with (one of: the existence of a skate-board shoppe nearby/the construction of a hucse in other than the Tudor style/hooliganism in shopping malls/the admission of non-whites into the Royal Victoria Yacht Club/the introduction of flavour in food). I find it most distressing that our duly-elected municipal authorities have not fulfilled their mandate to keep our quaint city safe for (up to two of: tourists/commissioners/Old-Age Pensioners/Corgis/victory gardens/steam-driven sea vessels).

Do not misunderstand, I am certainly not a (one of: racist/ chauvinist/imperialist/ Welshman/deluded old fart), but I strongly suspect that this entire situation, in fact everything from stale crumpets to shoddy tweed, is the fault of (one of: feminists/natives/ everyone between the ages 5-55/francophones/ motorists who drive faster than 35 kph). Surely, even though this is a constitutional monarchy, and everyone deserves their day in court, the police could at least take the immediate measure of (up to two of: tear-gassing the local pub/imposing an 8pm curfew/ demanding loyalty oaths from shifty-looking foreigners/closing the airport/lashings). In all my (>55) years, I must say that I have never been witness to such irresponsibility. When (I/my late husband) served with the (some obscure army regiment named after a member of royalty), this sort of thing never would have happened. Rather, all those involved would have been put up against a wall and promptly shot.

(First 4 initials, followed by hyphenated last name),  
Oak Bay

### How to Write a Letter to the Ubysey

Before you sit down to write your letter to the Ubysey, you need to figure out just who, or what it is that you *hate*, and what means you would like to see employed in its elimination. It is marginally important that you formulate an actual argument to support your position, but by no means feel compelled to do this before you begin writing. After all, the letter column is a free space for you to list all of your grievances in a seamless stream of invective, so resorting to an outline or rough draft is simply bowing to the conservative academic patriarchy, which is bad.

Do not begin with a salutation, unless it is in a language other than English. This reason for this is that modern English does not include a version of 'Dear \_\_\_\_\_' that is not either gender-specific, or directed to the attention of a single reader. The latter is bad since the Ubysey's editorial position is determined by a collective, which is kind of like an editorial review board, only more Politically Correct and without the reactionary connotations. 'To Whom it May Concern' is not acceptable

either, since if it concerns the Ubysey, it concerns everybody, and thus this opening is considered too tolerant of the pervading apathy at UBC.

Begin immediately with an eye-searing display of your capacity for sarcasm. It is a widely-known fact that your ability to be ironic is a direct indicator of your intellect and knowledge of a given subject. Don't be afraid to be heavy-handed; subtlety is for apologists who can't take responsibility for their collective male guilt. Feel free to compare individuals who hold the wrong opinion to convicted murderers, or better still, rapists. This technique is equally applicable to AMS executives and artists whose work portrays men and womyn as being different from one another. If you are concerned that your comments may be viewed as libelous, a healthy precaution would be to label the target of your condemnation a pathological liar right at the outset, so that their rebuttals will be disregarded. Be warned, those who feel threatened by your moral upper-hand may try to throw you off with repeated references to the Constitution. Don't be intimidated! This transparent ploy is crudely designed to distract readers who don't know any better from the real issue. The important thing is that you remain resolute in your convictions, and never fail to respond to a rebuttal with a lengthy counter-charge.

The editorial arena has a language all its own, and a protocol as tricky as any found in diplomatic circles. It is best, when still a novice agitator, to limit one's words and phrases to the accepted list, a copy of which is available from the Ubysey offices in SUB 241K. An abridged list includes terms like "intellectual apartheid," "ozone-ambivalent," "zooexploitation," "passive victimization," and "Valdez-esque," just to name a few. As you become more experienced, you will be able to synthesize your own jargon, safely and without fear of verbo-persecuting anyone. Relevant qualifications, such as vegetarianism or a close acquaintance with Sinead O'Connor, should be disclosed tastefully at the end of the letter, for the reader's convenience. Your major or program can be listed after your name, but be aware that some faculties bear a stigma that can mar your reputation. This can be avoided by tactfully using these alternate designations:

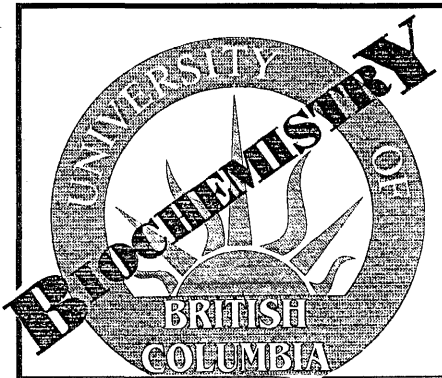
Agriculture:	Agrarian Arts
Applied Science:	Practical Arts
Commerce:	Mercantile Arts
Forestry:	Silvicultural Husbandry
Physical Education:	Somatic Arts
Science:	Natural Philosophy

Keep in mind that the collective will not publish any letters that they deem to be racist, sexist or homophobic. Now while it is virtually unthinkable that a proper letter done in your hand would be rejected on these grounds, remember that the staff of the "Vile Rag" has had a lot more practice than you at being Politically Correct. They will be able to pick out the little faux pas that can inadvertently offend, such as referring to pre-womyn as "girls." Trust their discretion in this regard; it may take years before you have fully purged yourself of your parents' chauvinistic influence, and there will undoubtedly be many hard lessons on the path to purity and righteousness.

Patrick Redding is in Honours Physics and spends his time writing scathing letters to Physical Review, lambasting the editors for their radical views.

**How many neurotics does it take to change a light bulb?  
One, but he'll do it over and over.**

**How many cowboys does it take to screw in a light bulb?  
Two: one to hold the bulb and one to lead the horse around.**



**Reminder to Physiology, Pharmacology, and other (non-Biochem) Grads interested in joining the Biochem Grad Dinner & Dance: Leave a message in the BIOC Dept Office by Feb 15**

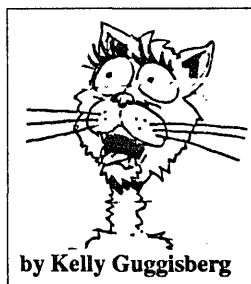
*Biochem Sweathshirts and T-shirts are available in the Biochem Dept Office Now*

Sweathshirts: \$18.50  
T-shirts: \$12.50

**A deep apology to all those who waited ever-so patiently for their much overdue Biochem jackets. We hope they were worth it.**

## The World of Science, and all that, I think

Today's Theme:  
Are you done in there yet?!



by Kelly Guggisberg

Yet again, here I sit, another 432 - but alas, someone has answered the question regarding why people sneeze when they look at bright lights. I'll answer that in the next issue. Ooooh,

I bet you can't wait for the answer to that one.

Here's some tidbits of information to brighten your day:

During an average lifetime, the person spends:

- seven years in the bathroom
  - six years eating
  - five years waiting in line
  - three years in meetings (for me, this can be upgraded to about six years)
  - two years trying to return phone calls
  - eight months opening junk mail
  - six months sitting at red lights
  - two and a half months in movie theaters
- Next week: something else I find at the last minute.

Kelly Guggisberg can be found spending time in the AMS Executive bathroom at all times of the day

## The Drawers of SUS

by Catherine Rankel, SUS President

Hi everyone. . The last council meeting was kind of short, because I had really bad gas. So we got through all the motions as quick as possible. My apologies to those who sat beside me. On top of that, I had been out all night on a fact-finding mission for SUS downtown, and I was pretty tired, so I don't remember all that much about the meeting.

I do remember that there were a lot of important things discussed. A motion was passed to appoint some yahoo temporary Executive Secretary. Also there was something about some club being given lots of money by us. A bunch of people gave lots of reports about this and that, but if you're all that interested, you can find the yahoo they made Secretary and get the minutes from her.

The clubs gave boring reports and I drifted off every now and then, but, once again, if you really want to know what happened, contact the yahoo.

I think about at that time someone beside me asked if they could light a match.

I think there was some hulabaloo about *The 432* towards the end, and everyone got mad at everyone else, and the Editor didn't want to make Senate Reports a regular thing, and some people did. I couldn't hear all that well, what with everyone around me waving sheets of paper. At any rate, it was decided that the Editor could have final say on that issue, and I guess there is no more Senate Report.

Finally, I would like to thank the Editor for his patience and kindness for writing this column for me because I missed the deadline. Thank you, Aaron.

No, no Catherine. Thank you,

My dearest Clifford,  
Surprised, heh? Here's a girl sending a love message to you on the Valentine's Day... BUT this girl is only your little elfish sister!  
Don't be disappointed!  
Don't be embarrassed!  
By the way, I love you every day!  
Love  
Michelle  
P.S. Say "Happy Valentine's" to Penny and Mr Law, thanx

♥♥♥  
Eva  
Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
Boy am I happy  
That I found you!  
(Well, it's not that original but what can I say?)

will you please please please please with sugar on top please please please please I'll promise to be nice please please please please I'll let you drive my car please be my Valentine???

Luv  
Grant (the guy with the "humble" slightly above average red car)

♥♥♥  
Anne,  
Don't you like this? Oh, sorry. I don't mean to embarrass you, but I really want to say "I like you very much ever since I first met you with Susanna."

Enjoy your Valentine's with Stephen!  
Love  
Mitzy  
P.S. Remember that you told me I could send such a letter to a girl if I know her well enough? Here you go.

♥♥♥  
To the young lady in 3rd year Pharmacy who takes the 31 bus:  
I sometimes take the same bus as you, and I think you are the sweetest and most attractive girl I have ever seen. I would love so much to meet you, but I can never seem to get the nerve to talk to you. I just wanted to say that I am so attracted to you...

love,  
An Admirer  
♥♥♥  
Otta,  
Happy Birthday, Bud,  
and  
Happy Valentine's too!  
Miss K  
♥♥♥  
C,  
Here is my spade, and here is my hammer.  
Let's start building again.  
A  
♥♥♥

Happy Birthday, Christine  
(oh yeah; Happy Valentine's Day, too)  
Paul  
♥♥♥  
Doug,  
Valentine's day is a special day for couples, but any day I share with you is a special day to me. My love for you keeps growing so each time I say I love you, it has a new and stronger meaning. I LOVE YOU.

Kisses,  
Kathy  
♥♥♥  
- Virginia -  
I love you.  
I need you.  
I want you.  
- Alfredo -  
♥♥♥

Dear Yvonne,  
How beautiful you are, my darling!  
Oh, how beautiful!  
Turn your eyes from me; they overwhelm me.  
Your graceful legs are like jewels.

Your navel is a rounded goblet.  
Your nose is like the tower of Lebanon.  
How beautiful you are and how pleasing.  
Love, Randy  
♥♥♥

To Ahnien,  
If the sun refuses to shine,  
I will still be loving you.  
If mountains crumble to the sea,  
There will still be you and me.  
'Cause since I've been loving you,  
Woman, my tears fall like rain.  
Always yours,  
Your big Boudin (Rob)

♥♥♥  
Dearest Angelina,  
I just wanted to say Happy Valentine's Day to my one and only love!  
Thankx for the past 8 1/2 months, they've been fantastic! Well, Happy Valentine's Day babe, I love you...  
Love Philip (B.H.)  
♥♥♥

Mikey  
914 days of laughter, happiness, tears kisses and love.  
I never thought that one person could change my life, or me, in such a great way. Thanks for putting up with the bad times and all my faults, and for continuing to care about and support me. Just think BAHAMAS and remember that I'll always love you.

Poolie  
P.S. You make me SWEAT!!!  
♥♥♥  
Kaaren  
Shna Fluggie (in whip cream).  
Love Ian  
♥♥♥

Mel  
Let's find a park bench, quick!  
The Evil One  
♥♥♥

To Studmuffin,  
Come away with me and be my stud.  
For you touched my heart and fired my blood;  
Your gentle hands did conquer my soul,  
Come away with me and make me whole.

Gullible  
♥♥♥  
To Cutie Pie  
Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
I'll always love you  
And Teddy will too!  
Happy Valentine's Day,  
Love, Sweetcheeks  
♥♥♥

To the Junior Mouseketeer:  
If I were Miss Muffet  
And you were my tuffet  
Boy, how the car would rock -  
Our ecstatic thrusts  
And unbridled lusts  
Would leave poor Seymour in shock!  
"Can I drive - please?"  
♥♥♥

To Duncan  
Sweet music fills your ears,  
As you wander down the pier,  
And then you see her?  
Who?  
Chris wrote this  
-sigh...Mel  
♥♥♥

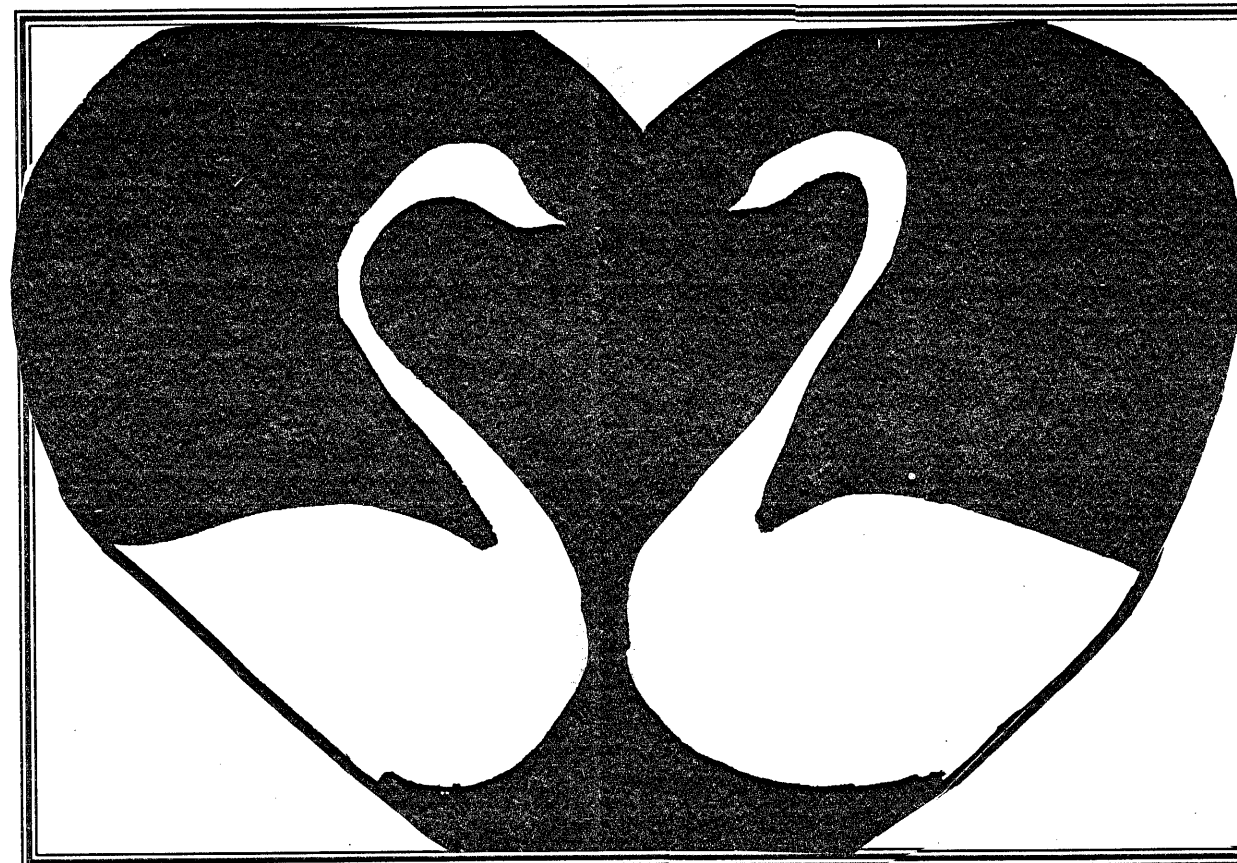
Meow Meow Purr Meow!  
'Translation: I wooly wooly love you, tortoise shell cat.  
From your tom cat (or wooky)  
♥♥♥  
Melanie  
After I wash the dishes, let's make love like crazed weasels, OK?  
Your mutant  
♥♥♥

BUNNY,  
VERY FINE ARE YOU MY VALENTINE  
VERY FINE AND VERY MINE...  
©BONBAISERS, XOXOXOXO  
YOUR BIGGEST FAN WHO SHARES LOCKER #68 WITH YOU!  
♥♥♥  
Caireen,  
Roses are red,  
And that's not the end;  
I'll always love you,  
My Special Friend  
Al  
♥♥♥  
Brad  
Happy Birthday!  
Physsoc  
♥♥♥

To Dunkman, my sweet hunkman:  
Through endless walks in misty rain,  
This 19th year I wait in vain  
For the Canucks to win the Stanley Cup,  
For you to awake and wisen up...  
You're in love with me, you dweeb -  
Admit it or I'll call you 'FEEB!'  
N.O.Y.D.B.  
♥♥♥

Dear Calvin,  
Since boys are stupid and mean, I don't want you to think this is a real Valentine...  
Love, Susie  
♥♥♥

# Happy Valentine's day From The 432



DWN (who eats tomatoes) to SDR (who can point north of Namibia):  
Four months'iffs by P2C2E are QED (wahoo; wahoo) — here's to a long, long while.  
♥♥♥

Dave  
Chem 313  
can be such a bore  
but when you walk in  
it makes my heart soar  
your wisdom and wit  
are second to none  
never have I met  
someone so fun  
Dave, to me  
you are number one  
(that's because  
you're the Dean's son)  
♥♥♥

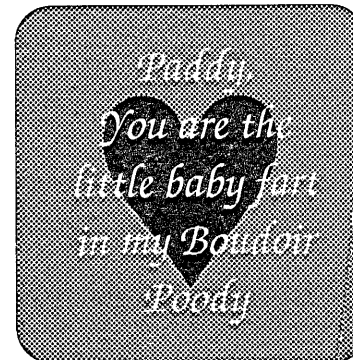
To Amanda  
From Chris  
♥♥♥  
ESP  
I hope you enjoy your Valentine's surprise trip  
Love, Alan  
♥♥♥  
To all the BPP executive women.  
Thanks for doing such a great job.  
It's been a slice.  
The ex-prez  
♥♥♥

by Jason Olson  
-never having to apologize for the movies you like to watch  
-never having a shirt of your own to wear  
-always having a warm place to put your feet at night  
-gaining a new outlook on ropes  
-never having to leave the toilet seat down  
-an easy way to kill time before Cheers  
-learning to tolerate your partner's rejection of your closest friends  
-never having to leave the toilet seat up  
-midnight paranoia  
-best experienced in private

Dear Brent:  
Rover loves you - so do I.  
Love, Kel  
XOX  
♥♥♥  
Finchen: I long for the day when my head will explode. P.S. I've got some baby oil.  
Markus  
♥♥♥  
I saw the golden sun rise today  
Slowly and gracefully over the horizon  
Rising out of my bed on a golden sun ray  
Wondering if I could fly with you to London  
Sitting by the Thames River  
Watching the boats go by  
Thinking sweet thoughts to you  
To Amanda  
From Chris  
♥♥♥  
ESP  
I hope you enjoy your Valentine's surprise trip  
Love, Alan  
♥♥♥  
To all the BPP executive women.  
Thanks for doing such a great job.  
It's been a slice.  
The ex-prez  
♥♥♥

## Love is

by Jason Olson  
-never having to apologize for the movies you like to watch  
-never having a shirt of your own to wear  
-always having a warm place to put your feet at night  
-gaining a new outlook on ropes  
-never having to leave the toilet seat down  
-an easy way to kill time before Cheers  
-learning to tolerate your partner's rejection of your closest friends  
-never having to leave the toilet seat up  
-midnight paranoia  
-best experienced in private



The post extension is nigh  
It's your call Herb...  
Back to fellow date advisors and wonder or  
Forward to grooving with authentic cacti-candle cone of silence sessions  
XO Captain of Pro-Maytag Man  
Dismissal Team  
...are you with me?  
♥♥♥

Dear Jeff,  
You will always be the only one in my life. I love you.  
Jacqueline  
♥♥♥  
My Lab Partner,  
Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
I love the way you pipette  
And titrate too.  
-the Chem Goddess  
♥♥♥

To Gord Gray  
oh Gord you doll...  
I'm too short and you're so tall  
I watch you as you read a book  
You'll always have that cute confused look  
Give me a kiss... and in a swirl of dust  
I'll turn into a princess fill of sexual lust  
The frog in the tank  
♥♥♥

An ode to Alanwulf and his trusty steeds, the Warriormobile, the Micro-mobile, and the Unhappy car:  
Happy Valentine's Day, you studly dud! May all your wishes come true (even the ones you haven't thought of yet)...  
Love & Friendship,  
"Woman"  
♥♥♥

To Kris (the bear/dog): This is Dino. I am a large yellow and orange polka dotted dinosaur who would love to cuddle up with you each night and lick you with my little pink tongue.  
Love, Dino (the dinosaur)  
P.S. Keep me away from Amy!!  
♥♥♥

To all the women in my life:  
With a war raging in the Gulf,  
Bringing untold human suffering,  
This mushy Valentine's sentiment  
No longer seems appropriate.  
So let's just make hot and sloppy till the cops come.  
Love Al  
(Boy am I gonna catch it for this one)  
♥♥♥

Hey Pancake Girl! Can I pour liquid invert sugar, whipped cream, and strawberries all over you and then lick them off?!!  
Love, the Nacho Kid  
♥♥♥

Craigy, Craigy Craigy,  
Come live with me, and be my love  
AND we will have some new pleasures  
prove,  
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,  
With silken lines, and silver hooks.  
-John Donne  
Luv,  
Bunny  
♥♥♥  
Dear James,  
My favorite lab partner.  
Lovem Kel  
♥♥♥  
RM  
I will protect you from the hooded claw,  
Keep the vampires from your door...  
Dreams like angles,  
They keep added faith,  
Love is the light, scaring darkness away...  
S  
♥♥♥  
Kelsey  
The sight of you makes my heart race  
Your muscular chest and cute little face  
Thought genetics I sit and stare  
It must be something in that Kelowna air  
You always act as if you're on fire  
Kelsey my dearest it's you I desire  
♥♥♥  
J  
Double your pleasure  
Double your fun  
Double your IQ  
And you'll get 31.  
Anon.  
♥♥♥  
Pokey: Never have I met someone who tickles and pokes so much (or should I say pickles and tokes?). One of these days I'm goping to give it real good to you in BIOL 413!  
Love, Pickles: The Slow Puppy  
♥♥♥  
T.L.  
Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
It's a great sensation  
Beating you. (as opposed to)  
S.B..  
♥♥♥  
To my Snuggle Bonnie: Wow! You're neat to play snuggle bunnies with!  
Wanna play tonight? Dino and Kris can watch!  
Love, Steve  
♥♥♥  
Dearest Emily,  
I wish you a very happy Valentine's Day and Happy Birthday too!  
Hugh  
♥♥♥  
Ace,  
Happy Valentine's Day!  
Gio  
♥♥♥

Liz...you are...  
A very special person,  
with a perfect smile to suit,  
You haven't changed since grade 7 grad,  
when you were very cute.  
Your friends include Renée who "pops" bugs to enjoy herself,  
And then there's Anna's sense of humour,  
which needs a little bit of help.  
But I wasn't teasing when I said,  
"You are beautiful", it's true,  
Because I chose Comm. faculty,  
I will be missing you.  
Pat  
♥♥♥  
JZAN'EEN,  
To my princess at Queen's. I love you and I miss you. Happy 2nd Valentine's Day.  
Love Always, Karim.  
♥♥♥

To my dearest Anne,  
I don't know what is going to happen. Will it be a happy or sad Valentine's Day? Are we able to reach our 15-month? Where is my faith? I am so scared to answer these questions.  
But there is one thing I know: I LOVE YOU. My heart is still yours. And I hope by the time you see this...  
Love forever, Stephen.  
♥♥♥

To my favourite Martian,  
Would you have caught if I threw myself at you?  
a shy Punkin  
♥♥♥  
Dear Sandra,  
Happy Valentine's Day! "Elephant Shoe",  
Amir  
♥♥♥  
GWEN,  
Happy Valentine's Day!!  
gio and dave  
♥♥♥  
Dearest T.W.,  
I Love You  
Three simple words  
With a complex meaning  
That is not said  
As often as it should  
It is not understood by many  
Yet some try to understand  
And many claim to comprehend  
But do they really know?  
I Love You  
Three simple words  
Placed together  
To bring people closer  
And to tear them apart  
Said to the point of saturation  
Yet there is no meaning  
The intent is to persuade  
Why is there so much deception?  
Love, S. Berringer  
♥♥♥

♥♥♥  
Kelsey  
The sight of you makes my heart race  
Your muscular chest and cute little face  
Thought genetics I sit and stare  
It must be something in that Kelowna air  
You always act as if you're on fire  
Kelsey my dearest it's you I desire  
♥♥♥  
J  
Double your pleasure  
Double your fun  
Double your IQ  
And you'll get 31.  
Anon.  
♥♥♥  
Pokey: Never have I met someone who tickles and pokes so much (or should I say pickles and tokes?). One of these days I'm goping to give it real good to you in BIOL 413!  
Love, Pickles: The Slow Puppy  
♥♥♥  
T.L.  
Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
It's a great sensation  
Beating you. (as opposed to)  
S.B..  
♥♥♥  
To my Snuggle Bonnie: Wow! You're neat to play snuggle bunnies with!  
Wanna play tonight? Dino and Kris can watch!  
Love, Steve  
♥♥♥  
Dearest Emily,  
I wish you a very happy Valentine's Day and Happy Birthday too!  
Hugh  
♥♥♥  
Ace,  
Happy Valentine's Day!  
Gio  
♥♥♥

♥♥♥  
Kelsey  
The sight of you makes my heart race  
Your muscular chest and cute little face  
Thought genetics I sit and stare  
It must be something in that Kelowna air  
You always act as if you're on fire  
Kelsey my dearest it's you I desire  
♥♥♥  
J  
Double your pleasure  
Double your fun  
Double your IQ  
And you'll get 31.  
Anon.  
♥♥♥  
Pokey: Never have I met someone who tickles and pokes so much (or should I say pickles and tokes?). One of these days I'm goping to give it real good to you in BIOL 413!  
Love, Pickles: The Slow Puppy  
♥♥♥  
T.L.  
Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
It's a great sensation  
Beating you. (as opposed to)  
S.B..  
♥♥♥  
To my Snuggle Bonnie: Wow! You're neat to play snuggle bunnies with!  
Wanna play tonight? Dino and Kris can watch!  
Love, Steve  
♥♥♥  
Dearest Emily,  
I wish you a very happy Valentine's Day and Happy Birthday too!  
Hugh  
♥♥♥  
Ace,  
Happy Valentine's Day!  
Gio  
♥♥♥

♥♥♥  
Kelsey  
The sight of you makes my heart race  
Your muscular chest and cute little face  
Thought genetics I sit and stare  
It must be something in that Kelowna air  
You always act as if you're on fire  
Kelsey my dearest it's you I desire  
♥♥♥  
J  
Double your pleasure  
Double your fun  
Double your IQ  
And you'll get 31.  
Anon.  
♥♥♥  
Pokey: Never have I met someone who tickles and pokes so much (or should I say pickles and tokes?). One of these days I'm goping to give it real good to you in BIOL 413!  
Love, Pickles: The Slow Puppy  
♥♥♥  
T.L.  
Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
It's a great sensation  
Beating you. (as opposed to)  
S.B..  
♥♥♥  
To my Snuggle Bonnie: Wow! You're neat to play snuggle bunnies with!  
Wanna play tonight? Dino and Kris can watch!  
Love, Steve  
♥♥♥  
Dearest Emily,  
I wish you a very happy Valentine's Day and Happy Birthday too!  
Hugh  
♥♥♥  
Ace,  
Happy Valentine's Day!  
Gio  
♥♥♥

♥♥♥  
Kelsey  
The sight of you makes my heart race  
Your muscular chest and cute little face  
Thought genetics I sit and stare  
It must be something in that Kelowna air  
You always act as if you're on fire  
Kelsey my dearest it's you I desire  
♥♥♥  
J  
Double your pleasure  
Double your fun  
Double your IQ  
And you'll get 31.  
Anon.  
♥♥♥  
Pokey: Never have I met someone who tickles and pokes so much (or should I say pickles and tokes?). One of these days I'm goping to give it real good to you in BIOL 413!  
Love, Pickles: The Slow Puppy  
♥♥♥  
T.L.  
Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
It's a great sensation  
Beating you. (as opposed to)  
S.B..  
♥♥♥  
To my Snuggle Bonnie: Wow! You're neat to play snuggle bunnies with!  
Wanna play tonight? Dino and Kris can watch!  
Love, Steve  
♥♥♥  
Dearest Emily,  
I wish you a very happy Valentine's Day and Happy Birthday too!  
Hugh  
♥♥♥  
Ace,  
Happy Valentine's Day!  
Gio  
♥♥♥

♥♥♥  
Kelsey  
The sight of you makes my heart race  
Your muscular chest and cute little face  
Thought genetics I sit and stare  
It must be something in that Kelowna air  
You always act as if you're on fire  
Kelsey my dearest it's you I desire  
♥♥♥  
J  
Double your pleasure  
Double your fun  
Double your IQ  
And you'll get 31.  
Anon.  
♥♥♥  
Pokey: Never have I met someone who tickles and pokes so much (or should I say pickles and tokes?). One of these days I'm goping to give it real good to you in BIOL 413!  
Love, Pickles: The Slow Puppy  
♥♥♥  
T.L.  
Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
It's a great sensation  
Beating you. (as opposed to)  
S.B..  
♥♥♥  
To my Snuggle Bonnie: Wow! You're neat to play snuggle bunnies with!  
Wanna play tonight? Dino and Kris can watch!  
Love, Steve  
♥♥♥  
Dearest Emily,  
I wish you a very happy Valentine's Day and Happy Birthday too!  
Hugh  
♥♥♥  
Ace,  
Happy Valentine's Day!  
Gio  
♥♥♥

♥♥♥  
Kelsey  
The sight of you makes my heart race  
Your muscular chest and cute little face  
Thought genetics I sit and stare  
It must be something in that Kelowna air  
You always act as if you're on fire  
Kelsey my dearest it's you I desire  
♥♥♥  
J  
Double your pleasure  
Double your fun  
Double your IQ  
And you'll get 31.  
Anon.  
♥♥♥  
Pokey: Never have I met someone who tickles and pokes so much (or should I say pickles and tokes?). One of these days I'm goping to give it real good to you in BIOL 413!  
Love, Pickles: The Slow Puppy  
♥♥♥  
T.L.  
Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
It's a great sensation  
Beating you. (as opposed to)  
S.B..  
♥♥♥  
To my Snuggle Bonnie: Wow! You're neat to play snuggle bunnies with!  
Wanna play tonight? Dino and Kris can watch!  
Love, Steve  
♥♥♥  
Dearest Emily,  
I wish you a very happy Valentine's Day and Happy Birthday too!  
Hugh  
♥♥♥  
Ace,  
Happy Valentine's Day!  
Gio  
♥♥♥

Dear Scarfy,  
I loved you with a passion and faith  
I thought I'd lost this past year.  
Thank you, Co-Coach.

♥♥♥

Keith,  
How long will I love you?  
As long as the stars are above you  
And longer if I can.  
How long will I need you?  
As long as the seas agree  
To follow their plan.  
How long will I want you?  
As long as you want me  
And long if I can.  
Happy Valentine's Day.

♥♥♥

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
Sugar is sweet  
And who are you?

♥♥♥

Life is great, life is fine  
'Cause each night I come  
Home to you Valentine.

I love you Christine.

P.S. I'll trade you a kiss for a kiss!

Love Charlie.

♥♥♥

C-C,

Happy Valentine's Day and Anniversary

Love Winkles.

♥♥♥

To the Hamster  
You're simply the best.

M'Fly

P.S. I've got them. Click-click.

♥♥♥

Dear C.L.R.

Together we've grown  
Into an unbeatable team,  
Each more empowered than alone,  
I think you know what I mean.

Now this time once a year  
Is set aside to reflect,  
On the one who is dear,  
To the one I respect.

To this task I have written  
This short sappy poem,  
But alas it is fitting;  
'Tis from my heart and my home.

Now my home is a suite  
As inviting as can be,  
But yet incomplete  
As there exists for you a space, a vacancy.

In good time we will sign  
Two on the dotted line,  
But to infinite time  
You will be my one, and only, Valentine.

Love Your D.D.C.

♥♥♥

Bugs,

You're my tender heart, so Wiggle It....Just a little bit?

BO

♥♥♥

Mable,

Roses are red

Violets are blue.

I hate this rhyme

But I love you.

Love, Dean.

♥♥♥

Babs,

A short message to let you  
Know how much you mean to me.  
Thanks for being there through  
Good times and bad. I would not  
Have made it without your  
Wonderful smile and comforting words.

Happy Valentine's Day

With Love,

Honey Rabbit.

♥♥♥

Dear Emily,

I LOVE YOU!

Pierre.

♥♥♥

Giovanna

Happy Valentine's Day. I'll love you forever.

Daan.

♥♥♥

The river flows through the forest glade,  
Slowly winding into the bamboo reeds.

I listen to the quiet gurgle fade

As I travel into the sleep world to see where it leads.

Perhaps to you, my quiet darling,

Life's elegant silent lady,

Cheers to you my Amanda, perhaps we'll go to Beijing.

Chris S.

♥♥♥

To everybody I didn't write Christmas cards to:

Merry X-Mas. Huh? It's Valentine's Day? Well, Happy

Valentine's Day to everyone in UBC, especially Lucia, Alicia,

Sandra, well, you know everyone.

Mr. X.

♥♥♥

Dear Jeff,

You will always be the only one in my life. I love you.

Jacqueline.

♥♥♥

Antonia

Here's hoping that the planks on which we are drifting in the  
tide do not move too far apart. I am your friend always.

Aaron

♥♥♥

Leanna L.

Aaron,

Words cannot express the love I feel for you.

Be mine

Valentine

Forever

Caireen

I really love you. I've had a crush on you for the longest time.

Your Secret Admirer.

♥♥♥

Mikky:

914 days of laughter, happiness, tears, kisses and love.

I never thought that one person could change my life, or me, in  
such a great way. Thanks for putting up with the bad times and  
all my faults, and for continuing to care about and support me.  
Just think "Bahamas" and remember that I'll always love you.

P.S. You make me SWEAT!!

Pookie

♥♥♥

Graham,

I love your firm buns

Your hard thighs aren't bad either

Babe I'm hot for you.

Rachel

♥♥♥

To all the eligible heterosexual Italian men on campus,

I cook and do windows.

Antonia Rozario

♥♥♥

Les roses sont rouges

Les violets sont bleus

Many may be hugged

But the chosen is you

♥♥♥

Caireen

I'm at La University

Doing La homework

Trying to solve La gaussian

But I can't find La answer

My thoughts are in La clouds

Thinking about L'amour

Happy Valentine's Day

Aaron

♥♥♥

Melanie

Thanks for turning my worst period into my best ever. Was it

good for you too?

David

♥♥♥

To all the students at UBC, like myself, who would like to have

a sweetheart to send a message to but don't,

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY.

One of the Facelass

♥♥♥



## 432 Choice Valentine

Dave

It is impossible to tell you how much I love you. I think that it grows every  
day and I know that without it I wouldn't be complete.

Gio

(Winner of Dinner for two at Cugini)

If I am not to believe that my dog reasons,  
loves and hates, how am I to be sure that  
my neighbor does?

Thomas Huxley

I have loved a ghost, and in loving a ghost  
my innermost self has itself become  
spiritual.

Bertrand Russell

To love is to place our happiness in the  
happiness of another.

Leibniz

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

J. Robert Oppenheimer

If the loved thing is vile, the lover becomes  
vile.

da Vinci

What is love? A nuisance to everybody but  
the parties concerned. A private affair  
which everyone but those concerned wishes  
to make public.

Faraday

We are all slaves at least of our affections,  
slaves of the prejudices of those we love.

Pierre Curie

What is the pest and plague of human life?  
And what the curse that often brings a wife?  
'Tis Love.

Faraday

Love has opened to me a view of the  
sanctity of human nature.

T. Huxley

The two great motives which regulate the  
proceedings of the brute creation are love  
and hunger.

Gilbert White

Falling in love is not at all the most stupid  
thing that people do.

Albert Einstein

To my Hunk-o-Rama,  
I love you. Hard times have been many, Good times  
have been few (lately) - BUT -  
I hope we'll be together forever  
From the Pudding-Pie-In-Your-Eye-Scoogy-Woogy

The 432 apologizes for irregularities  
in the type and font of the layout. It  
seems that the computer is going  
through mid-life crisis and has de-  
cided to take it out on us.

Certain submissions may have been  
omitted, at the discretion of the edi-  
tor. Those not appearing here were  
either too long, submitted too late, or  
the person submitted too many mes-  
sages.

Happy Valentine's Day

How many homeless people does it take to  
change a light bulb?  
1, for an imaginary light bulb in an imagi-  
nary house.

How many hookers does it take to change a  
light bulb?  
One, but it'll cost you extra.

How many Canadians does it take to change  
a light bulb?  
It depends on how many Americans it takes.

How many Chemists does it take to change  
a light bulb?  
Light bulb? Hah! Just give me some phos-  
phorous, magnesium, and trinitro-toluene.  
I'll show you a light source.

How many Engineers does it take to change  
a light bulb?  
2: One to do it and one to somehow manage  
to upset yet another minority group.

How many Generals does it take to change  
a light bulb?  
That's the job of the infantry.

How many accountants does it take to  
change a light bulb?  
We don't know - we lost count when we  
fell asleep watching them.

How many alchemists does it take to  
change a light bulb?  
That depends on what you wanted it  
changed into.

# Dik Miller, Board of Governors



As you doubtlessly remember, Dik Miller was lying on the floor of the Science Undergrad Society office (Chem 160, phone 228-4235). He had just been punched out by Aaron Drake, SUS Director of Publications. Just before he passed out, a person ran in announcing the winners of the Board of Governors campaign, in which many people mistakenly believed he was running.

The ride was bumpy. Up, down, left, right, under, over. I didn't know where I was going, or why.

"Wake up, you twit!" someone shouted.

"Mmmprgh," I replied.

"I said wake up!"

I was slapped on the cheek. I snapped my eyes open and immediately applied the Dik Miller™ arm lock to my attacker. I had been being (Jeez, what tense is that - past active pluperfect or something?) carried by two people down a hallway. Now one of them was lying on the floor, writhing in pain.

"Jeez, Miller! Let me go!" It was Drake again.

"Serves you right for punching me out," I said levelly. I let go of his arm.

"Next time you ask me to carry some jerk down the hall, Ari, I'm saying no."

A tall, moustachioed man in a Science

cardigan looked offended. "Hey, watch it, Aaron."

I stood up and brushed myself off. Just then, I noticed that I was wearing a suit.

"What's this setup?" I asked.

"It's your suit," said the tall man.

"And who are you?"

"I'm Ari Giligson, Radical Beer Faction loser in the AMS presidential race."

"You mean 'non-winner,' don't you?" I suggested.

"Yeah, whatever," Giligson said. "That suit is for the Board meeting we're taking you to. But now that you can walk, you can go on your own."

"Board meeting?" I asked. "What?"

"Board of Governors. You were elected."

I rolled my eyes skyward. "How many times do I have to tell you? I'M NOT RUNNING!"

"Everyone's convinced that you were, so you're in."

"So I'm going there now? How long was I unconscious?"

Drake looked smug. "Two days."

"Two days?!" I cried. "What the hell did you do to me?"

"Don't know my own strength, I guess," Drake said, making a fist and blowing on it.

"Anyway, here's your package." He lobbed a two-inch-thick sheaf of paper at me. It hit me in the chest and knocked me to the ground.

"I'm going to have to clean this suit pretty soon," I said. "Alright, where's the meeting?"

"Up the stairs and down the hall," Giligson said. "See you later." He and Drake left through a side door. I looked around and surmised that I was in the Old Administration Building. I vaulted up the stairs, looking at my watch. 10 a.m. *I wonder when this thing starts?* I thought.

I opened the door instructed and walked in.

There was a large group of people sitting around a table. They all looked at me. One in particular looked at me. I looked back. It was like looking in a mirror.

"Derek Miller, right?" I asked, pointing at him.

"Dik Miller, right?" he asked, pointing at me.

"Yeah," we both said. Then I took a running leap across the table and started beating him up. I needed my revenge. What this would accomplish, I didn't know.

When I regained consciousness, I was lying in a hospital bed.

"You really screwed it up this time, Miller," said my boss, who was standing over the bed.

"Thanks, boss. What happened?"

"You attacked a member of the Board of Governors, he beat the hell out of you, and now you have three cracked ribs. By the way, you're fired."

"Thanks, boss. Screw you too."

I sighed.

"Now what?" I asked myself. "No Dik Miller, Private Eye. No Dik Miller, Physical Plant. No Dik Miller, Campus Cowboy. No Dik Miller, Food Services. Not even Dik Miller, Board of Governors. And now I've made an enemy of my alter-ego and I run the risk of being injured everywhere I go."

I thought for a moment. Then a wry smile made its way across my face.

"Yeah," I said. "Dik Miller, Eastern European Explorer."

A new adventure was born.

Hmmmm. Apparently, the Dikster is running low on ideas. Derek Miller is a former editor of The 432 and is now serving on BoG.

## Sing sends some simple suggestions

by Chris Sing

Often people ask to borrow notes of other people, and the resounding number of approaches that people have is very imaginative. On several occasions, I have had to borrow notes, often with very good results. I shall now share with you some of a second year science students wisdom on how to go about this process.

In borrowing a stranger's notes first you should select a good seat at the front of the lecture that you wish to borrow a stranger's notes from. This is where all of the super-dooper neat people sit that have really nice notes.

After sitting down, you should introduce yourself to the people around you by announcing your name, (or a pseudonym if you choose) to each person around you, smiling as you do this and then try to start up a forum amongst them.

During the class, you should examine the people's writing styles around you by selectively dropping your pen. First you should drop it on your left hand side and then as picking up your pen, you should rate the persons notes on the left for legibility. Similarly, this should be done on the right hand side also.

Ah. Yes, so you ask, "What about the people that are sitting behind you?" Well, the idea for that is to glance upwards towards the back of the lecture hall every now and then, and mumble some words such as "My friends Edward and Duncan were suppose to crash this lecture, but they're not here yet." Mumble this in an audible tone to those around you so that they too will start glancing towards the back of the lecture hall too. While the people

behind you glance behind the back of the lecture hall, take a moment to savour the idea of copying the notes of the person behind you.

During the lecture, you should make pertinent comments about how messy the writing of who's note's you want to borrow are. This should be done as so to disillusion anyone else who might be trying to borrow that persons notes also.

After the lecture, comes the crucial part of the task. You should fumble around in your bag and ask the person if they've seen your notebook lying around. After this you should start shaking the person up, and screaming, "Ah, you stole my notes." (This brings out the natural sorry forgiving element in a person.) At this point, you will have totally relaxed the person into lending you their notes, and they should be willing to lend you their notes not only for that subject, but for every other subject also.

For any other additional tips on how to survive through school, you can talk to any university veteran professor, who will be willing to spend time discussing useful tips with you.

Chris Sing exists only to be elections commissioner. He has a sister, you know. Yeah, but for the longest time, she's been Miss Sing. Bahahahahahahahahaha! Hohohohohohoho!

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

It takes two: one to unscrew the bulb and proclaim a democratic republic, and the other to screw the same bulb right back in.

How many women with PMS does it take to change a light bulb?

It takes one, and no one is dumb enough to contradict them.

## CompSci Corner

A section for those who have store their testosterone on a floppy

by Kaz Kylheku and Matt Tipping

An English professor at the University of Delaware has completed a five-year study which looked at papers written on IBM compatibles and papers written on Macintosh computers. Dr. Marcia People Halio chose students enrolled in a creative writing course as her subjects. She found some astounding relationships between their writing skills and their choice of machine. Here are some highlights:

The average paper that had been produced on an IBM clone ranked 12.1 on the readability scale. That ranks as college level. The average Mac paper, on the other hand, got a score of less than 8, which is below the level of grade eight. IBM papers had four spelling errors, on average, while the Mac papers had eighteen. IBM users were more likely to tackle serious and difficult subjects, like war, the environment and teen pregnancy. The Mac users more often preferred to rite about more banal subjects, such as fast food and popular music.

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

Two: one to change it and one build a better one.

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

Two: one to do it and one to go "SHHHH!"

That's the way it was, Monday February 13, 1991

Special thanks to Jason Olson for his pasteup efforts. The good job on the last issue had nothing to do with me. Jason did almost all the work on pasting it up. Kudos, kudos, kudos.

The 432 comes out a lot, and we try and get it out for Wednesdays, but lately we've been smoking bananas. We could use your help. The 432 has no need for serious opinion or social comment. You want that, go to the bathroom walls. We need humor, humor, humor. So come on down.

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

Telephone: 228-4235

Editor: Aaron Drake

Writers and Contributors: Aaron Drake, Elaine Wong, Cairren Hanert, David New, Derek Miller, Ari Giligson, Antonia Rozario, Alan Douglas, Yolanda Leung, Patrick Redding, Leona Adams, Kelly Guggisberg, Tanya Rose

Artists: Patrick Redding, Aaron Drake

Layout and Pasteup: Aaron Drake, Cairren Hanert, Jason Olson

Copyright 1991. All rights reserved. All works are copyrighted in the name of the author. If no name is affixed to the work, it is copyrighted in the name of Aaron Drake.

Circulation: 4000, my mom, and an old friend in Trail BC. Hi Scott.

Printed by College Printers

Any similarities, in part or in whole, to persons living or dead or otherwise, is, to tell the truth, ON PURPOSE. Deal with it. Look up the laws on defamation, bucko. We're safe.

All light bulb jokes in this issue are from Ed Hewlett, Sakura Iwagami, Nancy Lee, Richard Stephenson, and Michael Chow. Michael, did you really think that I wouldn't notice that your last fifty light bulb jokes had already been printed before in previous issues of The 432? Get a clue.

Special thanks to all those who voted with me on the motion in council. Thanks people, I'm glad you saw it my way. I appreciate it. To those who voted in favor of the motion: PHLBBBBBBBT!!!! Well, actually, no hard feelings. I'm just glad that it came out in the open after all this. Now I can get on with it.

Special thanks to Leona Adams for her continued submissions, even though a lot of it doesn't get used. Keep them coming Leona, I really appreciate it. Special thanks to everyone who had a regular column for not letting me down even ONCE, and for continuously providing a high level of quality in their articles. This consistency gives to the paper professionalism and credibility. You've made this paper the best on any campus in Canada. Thank you. More your honour than mine.

Sorry Cathy, I can't thank you. Let's try and be a little more punctual, okay?

How many losers does it take a light bulb? I don't know. How many Vancouver Canucks does it take to change a light bulb?

How many stock brokers does it take to screw in a light bulb? Two: one to hold the bulb and one to wait for the economy to go spiralling.

## Comment Ari



by Ari Giligson

### A Day in the Life of a Microbiology 449/448 Student

2:00am: Go to sleep.  
 3:00am: Wake up. Curse next door neighbor for playing stereo so loud on a Thursday night.  
 3:30am: Go to sleep.  
 6:50am: Get up, search for socks in the dark, eat breakfast, etc.  
 7:30am: Wake up.  
 7:40am: Rush to Bus Stop.  
 7:50-8:10am: Watch 7 busses pass by as they splash water on you.  
 8:10am: Catch bus. Spend trip wedged up against the windshield.  
 8:20am: Run to Lab. Set up an experiment that won't need any monitoring until 2:30pm.  
 8:30am: Run to class  
 8:32am: Run back to Lab realizing that is where you left your clipboard. Run back to class.  
 9:25am: Class dismissed, wake up.  
 9:30am: Arrive back at lab and realize that the flask for this morning's experiment is still sitting on your bench. Set up experiment again.  
 9:50am: Look at data gathered last night. Realize that an essential ingredient was left out. Scream very loudly.  
 10:00am: Explain to first aid attendant who came to check out the source of the scream that it was only due to mental and not physical injury.  
 10:20am: Go to lab course.  
 10:32am: Run to Lab realizing that is where you left your clipboard. Run back to class.  
 10:50am: Left sleeve of lab coat catches fire. Lab partner puts it out.  
 10:51am: T.A. wants to know if anyone is on fire. Pretend not to notice. Spend entire class hiding left sleeve.  
 12:30pm: Leave some agar media to be autoclaved so that it can be poured into plates at 1:30pm.  
 12:31pm: Run into fellow 448 student. Decide to go for lunch together.  
 12:40pm: Order a pint of beer.  
 12:50pm: Order lunch.

1:10pm: Order a pint of beer.  
 2:00pm: Stumble back to the Lab careful not to get run over by a Physical Plant panel van.  
 2:10pm: Run into some fellow Microbi students. Chat for a while.  
 3:00pm: Beer wears off. Remember the agar media.  
 3:05pm: Find agar has now solidified in the flask  
 3:10pm: Remember about experiment which had to be monitored at 2:30  
 3:15pm: Throw away cells from experiment since they are no longer of any use.  
 3:30pm: Go to Woodward Library to look up a journal reference.  
 3:50pm: Find that Library has every single issue of the journal of interest except the one you need for your reference.  
 4:30pm: Go to seminar class.  
 5:00pm: First seminar over. Wake up. Prof inquires as to whether you have a question about the seminar. Look at list of concluding remarks and construct a question about one of them.  
 5:01pm: Get laughed at after asking a question on Yeast cells when in fact the seminar was about "B" cells.  
 5:30pm: Go back to Lab to set up an experiment involving 60 samples to run this evening.  
 6:00pm: Three other fellow 448 students show up a door to ask if you want to go for a brief dinner in the village.  
 9:00pm: Back from dinner. Everybody congregates in the hall to gossip.  
 9:10-10:00pm: Activities consist of imitating well known profs and drawing irreverent graphs on various lab chalkboards.  
 10:00pm: Decide that after all 30 samples will suffice instead of 60  
 10:30pm: Build a tall freestanding structure out of various pieces of lab equipment.  
 10:50pm: Decide that, in fact 15 samples should suffice.  
 11:00pm: Other 448 students come over to admire freestanding structure.  
 11:20pm: Everyone else is going home. You are offered a ride.  
 11:21pm: Decide that, in fact this experiment would best be done tomorrow.  
 12:10am: Help your ride push his car out of the exit gate at B-lot, where it stalled out.  
 1:00am: Finally Home. Have a snack, brush your teeth, put away today's notes.  
 1:30am: Go to sleep (Hmm...an early night tonight).

Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely co-incidental.

Ari Giligson spends his time trying to culture Agar that will laugh at his stupid jokes. Fat chance.

## A Broken Valentine



by Antonia Rozario

Any upper-level student at UBC will tell you that mid-February is the worst period of the academic year. Once tuition fees have been paid, class registrations have been finalized, and textbooks can no longer be returned, all sense of order tends to dissipate from campus for a while. For the most part, chaos arises because students are suddenly faced with a barrage of reading assignments, lab writeups and mid-term examinations (Usually, students deal with such inconveniences by pretending the homework doesn't exist and they find much more valuable things to do with their time such as making sculptures out of the lint that they have pulled from their belly button). These tiresome inconveniences can be daunting to some, but influence me little in the full scheme of things.

Personally, my greatest beef about this time of the year is that more and more young couples seem to show signs of affection in my presence. Now I am not the world's biggest prude and I have nothing against people actually being in love. However, I would prefer it if they kept their amorous gesticulations within the confines of their own cars. I find that I cannot enjoy my lunch at the library when the couples beside me are trying to clean out the other's lungs with their tongues.

Valentine's Day has always brought out the worst in me because it forces me to realize the rotten luck I have had with members of the opposite sex. Since coming to UBC, I've been missing a boyfriend and I haven't even had any one-night stands. What I have had is two dozen crushes and I have fallen in lust several times while walking through SUB, but for the most part I have remained a loner.

Groucho Marx once said, "I would not want to be a part of a club that would have someone like me as a member." In my case it seems that I would not want to go out with a guy who would want to be seen with someone like me (you know, *this* would explain why in my senior years I have written more supplemental exams than I have gone on official dates). If I think a guy is just not my type, in the romance department (ie he's married, has a girlfriend, is completely uninterested or is gay), I'm completely at ease and can behave in a somewhat normal manner. But whenever I have to deal with someone I'm actually attracted to, I either clam up, become obnoxious, or behave in such a trollopy manner that it would give my Roman Catholic mother conniptions, and she would promptly usher me into a dark room where she would keep me for six years wearing sack-cloth and eating porridge.

Ignoring the fact that I find Sylvester Stallone incredibly attractive, and that I find all blond men look like young anemic children, I am probably the most normal heterosexual female on campus. I have an incredible amount of love and respect for members of the opposite sex, but unfortunately I am unable to display it in a loving and respectable manner.

So, this Valentine's Day I foresee being as grumpy and sullen as I've always been over the last five years. You can find me sulking in my study carrell at Physsoc, and if you say hi, I'll pelt you with jelly beans.

Oh, some friends, who's company I always enjoy will come around and try and lift my spirits. However, such social bonding pales in comparison to having one true love and I'll eventually have to say adieu in a jovial and happy manner but nevertheless....alone.

Antonia Rozario is entering into the Wonderful World of the Arts Degree. I'd feel depressed, too.

Friday February 15  
 BIOL 2449



**BZZR GARDEN**  
 cheap CHEAP beverages!  
**VIII**  
 4:30 - 8:30

How many Armchair athletes does it take to change a light bulb?  
 Four: one to do it and one to criticize his delivery, and two to say they could have done it better in their college days.

How many hookers does it take to change a light bulb?  
 Two: one to do it and one to say how big it is.

How many Communists does it take to change a light bulb?  
 One, but it'll take him five years to do it.

How many British Soccer Fans does it take to change a light bulb?  
 20: One to change it and 19 to panic and trample him.

## On writing for *The 432*

by Leona Adams

"Oh by the way, you're in the Credits."

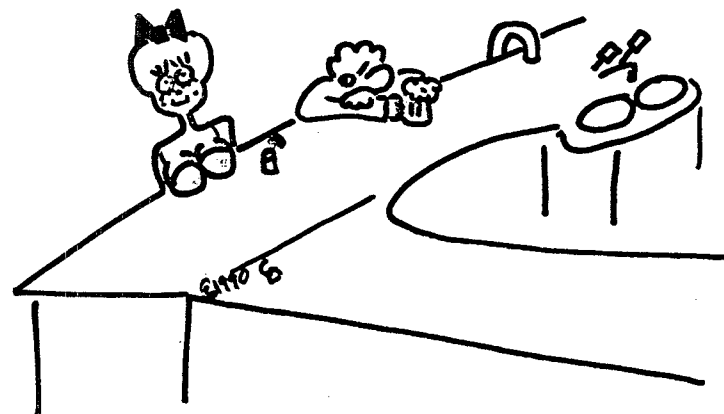
"Pardon?"

"You're in the Credits, for your Dan Quayle Questions."

When my friend told me this, I was overjoyed (Oh shut up. University in general excites me. I'm a frosh.). So, once I saw the latest paper out on Friday (why it was put out on Friday is beyond the stretch of my own imagination), I picked it up and ravenously flipped through it. My first time through, I didn't even see the Questions For Dan Quayle. The second time, I found them and skimmed over them, wondering which one of my Stupid Questions *The Editor*, in his almost infinite wisdom, had chosen. *Hmmmm*, I thought to myself, *none of these look familiar. I wonder why that is.* I read them closer. None of these questions were mine. *Hmmmm*. I went on to the Credits. *Hmmmm*. My name was there, in Gray and White. Something strange was afoot. Either:

- the combination of stress and too many cough drops was making me hallucinate,
- my friend decided that I probably would find the "copublishing" of my questions too great to bear, so he put one of his on my submission,
- The 432* people were trying to screw with my mind.

**Submit to *The 432*. *The 432* needs writers, artists, cartoonists, massage therapists.**



Masters decides on a topic for his thesis