

# Clinton Licks Bush in US Presidential Race

Washington (CUP) — By an impressive margin, Democratic Party candidate Bill Clinton was swept into the White House Tuesday.

Though the popular vote was close, there was a wide margin in the vote in the Electoral College.

Republican candidate George Bush, the incumbent, conceded to Clinton after the Democratic candidate attained the 270 College seats necessary for a victory. Major television stations declared Clinton the unofficial winner shortly after his victory in the key (albeit somewhat mediocre to look at) battleground state of Ohio.

"The people have spoken," said Bush. "We respect that there democratic system, doin' whatever that thing is that Democrats do."

Bush also, cryptically, thanked his running mate Danforth Quayle for "sticking it out." He declined to identify "it."

Clinton's victory Tuesday

caps one of the most successfully-run campaigns in US history. Less than a year ago, Clinton's campaign was beleaguered by allegations of an extramarital affair.

Clinton's accuser, Ms. Gennifer "Spot" Flowers, an actress/model, has since dropped out of the public eye and joined up with Ms. Fawn Hall, Ms. Donna Rice, and Ms. Jessica Hahn to prepare for the 1996 Presidential Election on the Snubbed-Briefly-Famous-Tarts ticket.

Ms. Flowers had no printable comment on her alleged ex-lover's attainment of the Presidency.

Diminutive Independent candidate H. Ross Perot also conceded defeat, his true contribution to the race seen as helping to pave the way for future independent candidates. Perot won approximately 19% of the popular vote, yet failed to secure a single Electoral College vote.

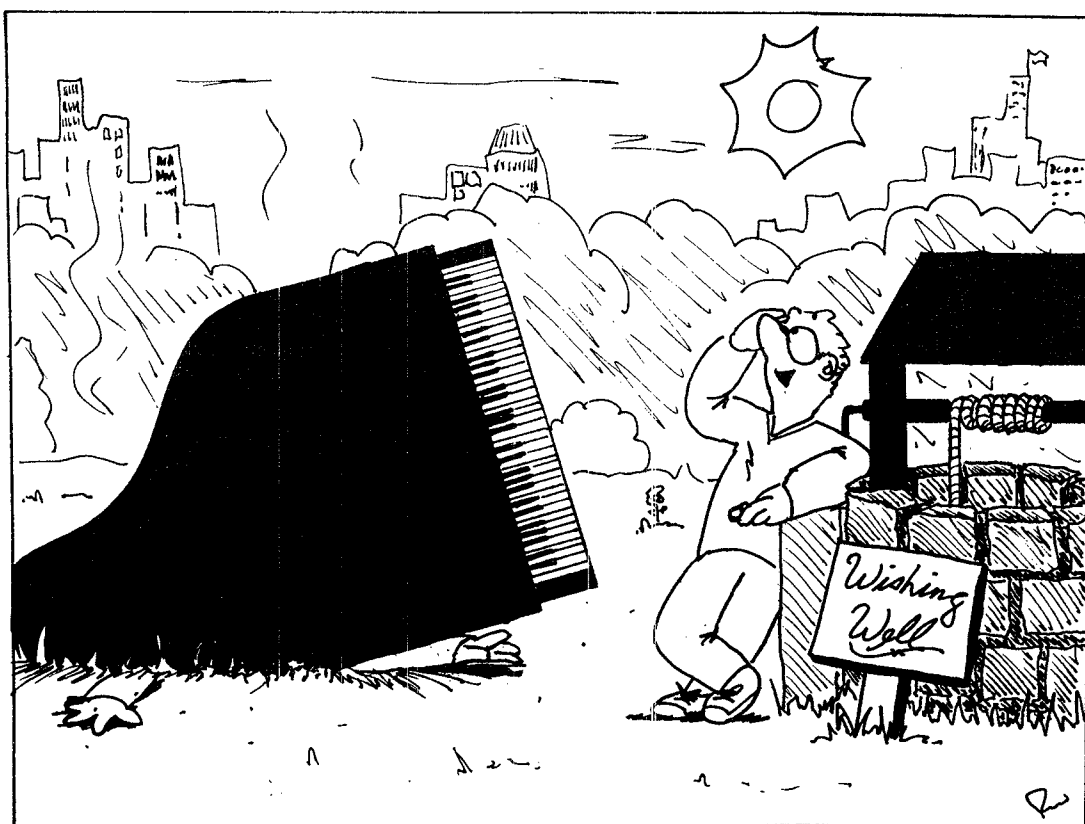
The teeny Texan called on Clinton to "turn this country

around," and blamed his poor showing on his choice of running mate, archaic Admiral John Stockdale.

"See, see, this is just sad," said Perot, as he and his supporters watched Stockdale walk into a wall, bounce off and fall mumbling into the hotel pool. "I thought I had a winner in an admiral for Veep. What the hay-ell wars was he an admiral in, anyhow? The *Napoleonic Wars*?"

At this point, it remains to be seen how this shift of power to the south will affect US-Canada relations. Brian Mulrone called the outcome a "pleasant surprise," and added that Clinton "has a chin that I can really relate to a lot better."

Johan Thornton, a contender in the Radical Beer Faction leadership race, and Erik Jensen, the spokesman for the Faction, were both inebriated, incarcerated, and awaiting arraignment at press time, and were hence unavailable for comment.



"Actually, I was just kidding, but hey, I'll take it..."

## Be there or be an n-dimensional hypercube...

Roger Watts

External Vampire

Okay, kids, listen up. Now's when I get to make up for the last couple of issues when I had zip-ola to tell you. Because this time, there's all sorts of interesting things for me to crow about.

First off, I'm very proud to say that the Science Sports Beer Garden of October 23rd was a complete and utter success, in terms of fun if not money. It's amazing how much beer one can sell at fifty cents a cup. Suffice to say that a new sales record was set — six kegs in 98 minutes flat, shattering the old mark. Our apologies to those who got there fashionably late and consequently missed it all, but we really can't afford to sell too much of it that cheap — we took a bath as it is. However, it's bound to happen again sooner or later, so keep your eyes peeled.

But now, let's talk about the future — or, more specifically, about this coming Friday, November 6th. You see, that is the day of the most eagerly-awaited social event of the year... that's right, it's the Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith Semi-Memorial Dance. It'll be in the SUB Ballroom at 8:00pm, and will be attended by Dinkleheimer himself, so come on out and meet the liv-

ing legend! Of course, there's the added attraction of these fine beverages, all for the low low price of ONE DOLLAR:

- M@ls@n Dr@
- Sh@ftsbr@y Cr@@m Al@
- peach & apple c@dd@rs
- hi@bb@lls & sh@@tr@rs (a buck an ounce)

We can't actually print the names. It's against UBC policy.

Anyhoo, the dance promises to be a real blast. But if you want tickets (which, by the way, are FREE), you'll have to hurry! They've been going like hotcakes, and there aren't many left. You can get them at SUS or from Science Council members. Hope to see you there!

And finally, here's a big nyahh-nyahh-nyahh to all you guys who didn't get involved in SUS this year, because this weekend will see the famous annual AMS Student Leadership Conference take place up at the Whistler Cabin. (And if you think it's one of those stodgy old conferences where everyone just sits around and yawns... well, I won't spoil the suspense for those who *did* come out and get involved. Let's just say that it's one of the perks of the job.)

So come get a ticket for Friday, and be a part of a truly historic event. Later.

## Hee's Baaaaa-ack!

It's official. He's back.

This Thursday will see the return of none other than Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith, former SUS Director of Sports, to the hallowed halls of UBC. SUS officials confirmed the imminent arrival of the Society's favorite son.

Jon's one-week stay will be highlighted by his presiding over the dance bearing his name, as guest of honor, on Friday November 6th, and by his appearance at the AMS Student Leadership Conference at Whistler over the weekend. Further details of Mr. Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith's itinerary were not released, but SUS External Vice-President Roger Watts did speculate that "one or two nights on one of those benches outside the Pit might

be a very distinct possibility."

From that was born the Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith Semi-Memorial Slush Fund, a private foundation that successfully raised the necessary \$448 in twenty minutes flat, mostly from friends, acquaintances and, most notably, Jon's parents, who "fell down laughing when they heard about it," said SUS Room Manager Erik "The Fish" Jensen.

The Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith Semi-Memorial Dance will be held in the SUB Ballroom, and will feature free admission, rock/pop music by Shawn & Nick of C!TR, and a variety of festive beverages (including Shaftsbury Cream Ale) for one dollar each. Tickets are available in the SUS offices, and are apparently going fast.

# (define canadian 'eh?)



Ryan  
McCUAIG

The US Marine Corps, never the most culturally sensitive of organizations, managed to pull a real *coup de grace* (or coop duh gracie if you're from the States) during Game Two of the World Series. (asst ed: By the way, did you know that the Georgian Legislative Charter defines *coup de grace* as 'to mow the lawn'? No blamey...)

For those who've been in hiding due to midterms, let me summarize: In a show of international brotherhood, the RCMP Color Guard carried Old Glory during the playing of the national anthems, while a Marine in full dress blues carried the Maple Leaf.

Too bad the only botany you tend to learn in boot camp pertains to defoliation. Otherwise, the Jarhead twit might have realized that the leaf's supposed to be pointy end up, stem down.

We were, in typically Canadian fashion, enraged... but not really.

Reflecting on it, I can't say that's a bad reaction. I mean, think about what would have happened had the RCMP had flown the American flag upside-down. Parliament Hill would have been giving a big, warm "howdy" to a couple of cruise missiles. And, of course, we'd get to watch it all on CNN.

"This is Peter Arnett, reporting live from the House of Commons in Ottawa. The big news right now is that the USS Nimitz seems to be having some trouble getting up the St. Lawrence. However, it is within Tomahawk missile range, and we expect one to come in the door any moment now. Ah yes, here it comes no—(followed by a HUSE - Horrendous Unspellable Sound Effect)"

This show of Canadian spirit couldn't have come at a worse time for the Yes-men in the government. Think how you'd feel: you've just spent three months telling Canadians that they have no national identity, and that even *thinking* about voting "No" will prompt the breakup of the country. Then, horror of horrors, the entire country rallies behind a baseball team from (shudder) Toronto. Kind of ironic, in a Stephen Leacock-ish sense (ooo, Canadian content!), considering that Toronto is the most widely reviled city in Canada. Then, the Americans give us an inadvertent slap in the

national face, prompting a show of (another shudder) patriotism.

Well, such as it was, I guess. Torontonians bought an awful lot of American flags, and were planning to fly *them* upside down in retaliation. The rest of us chalked it up the same 'American' attitude that results in such questions as "How many states are there in Canada, again?", and "Do your igloos stay frozen in the summer, or do you have to make a new one every autumn?" (I wish I was joking about the latter question. Edmonton's *cold*, but really...). I believe our beloved and brilliant leader, whatshis-chin, called the boo-boo "grave".

Had enough yet, you oppressive war-mongering huns?

Anyway, since I'm feeling so proud of my (non-Americanness ↔ Canadianness) today, I'm going to pull an Air Canada and show our Quebec countrymen that there's no hard feelings. I'll summarize my article in that most wondrous of languages, *le francais quebécois*. Anyone wishing to have a complete translation should come by the SUS office.

So, here we go—

Oh, by the way, I spent a fair bit of the summer speaking France's french, so I might be a bit off on some of the slang. Bear with me. Anyway, without further ado:

Les US Marines ont fly eh notre drapeau renvers eh pendant da World Series. Les Marines sont des twits. Nous, les Canadiens, devenaient enrag ehs ... un bit. Si nous avons flyeh da drapeau Americain renvers eh, notre weekend sera ruineh parce que les Americains envahisseront da Canada (et da bataille sera televised sur CNN). On meh prise da Toronto. Notre premier ministre, qu'est-ce-que-c'est-son-menton, est intelligent. Pas.

Well, I've done my part towards keeping Quebec's language in its present pure state. Vive le Queh bec!

(Note: just to save my own skin, let me say that this is not meant as an insult to Canadian francophones. It is intended to reflect reality. I'd be happy to discuss it in either language if you are offended.)

Oh, yeah, and to avoid any more mis-singings of our national anthem (for shame, Tom!), I'd like to reproduce the Official Language-Independent Version of O

Canada! I know, it's a pain remembering the "we stand on guard" bit when you're hosed, like Tom Co— Wait, my lawyers are saying something. Cut out that last bit? Oh, okay. And if you've just watched a game at the Forum in Montréal, well, that'll screw you up even more. A lot of you hockey fans may already know these, so come on & sing along:

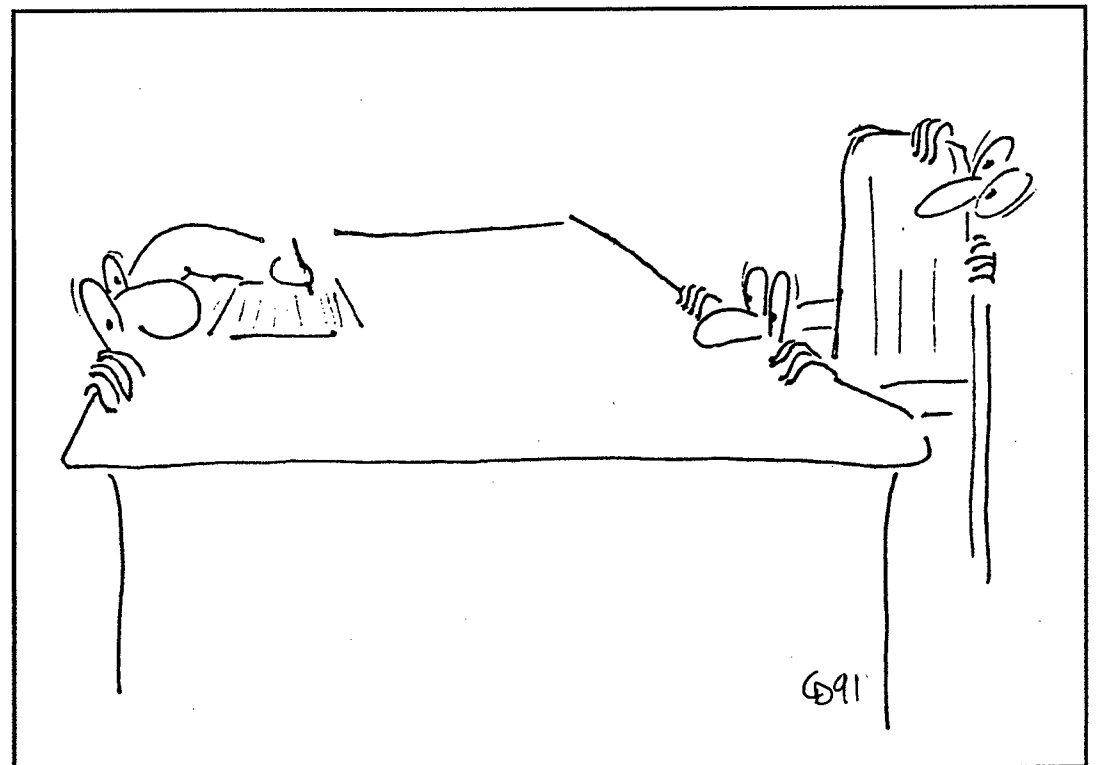
## O Canada! (Official Language-Independent Version)

O Canada!  
Mumble mumble mumble  
mumble <hack! hack!>,  
Dah dah dah dah dah dah.  
Da-a-Ah-ah-ah Do-oo-Oo-oo,  
Mumble mumble mumble  
mumble murmur mumble.  
Da mumble da da, O Canada,  
Ahh-da-daaaa-duh-da-da-da  
dAAAA! (dumdumdum...)  
Hm, hm hm hmmm  
Hm-hm-hmm de deh.  
O Canada, da-da-da Doo da  
da Daaaaa!  
O Canada, da-da-da Doo da  
da Daaaaa!

Thanks/Merci.



## Duck Soup



At the American Society of Xenophobes Recruiting Drive

## 1992/93 TEACHING AWARDS IN THE FACULTY OF SCIENCE

To promote a greater appreciation for the importance of and to acknowledge outstanding contributions made in teaching, three members of the Faculty of Science will be selected to receive awards of \$5,000 each.

Those eligible to be nominated for these awards are full-time faculty members appointed on or before July 1, 1992 in any of the Faculty's Departments. The following criteria will be taken into consideration in making the selection:

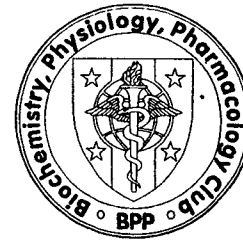
1. Development of course material
2. Presentation
3. Innovative approaches to teaching methodology or curricula
4. Responsiveness to students' intellectual and personal needs
5. Ability to motivate students and stimulate critical thinking
6. Sustained teaching excellence

Nominations for these awards may be submitted by Science Faculty, by Students and by Alumni. Each nomination must be accompanied by a statement summarizing the accomplishments of the nominee. Supporting evidence may also be submitted with the statement.

Teaching performance will be assessed by a Committee appointed by the Dean of Science. In arriving at their final selection, members of the Committee may attend lectures, laboratory sessions and tutorials, interview the candidates, their peers and students enrolled in their courses, and examine course materials.

Nominations will be welcome as soon as possible, and no later than February 1, 1993. Nominations should be submitted to:

Michael Gerry, Chairman  
Committee on Teaching Awards  
Dean's Office  
Faculty of Science



BIOCHEMISTRY,  
PHYSIOLOGY,  
PHARMACOLOGY  
CLUB

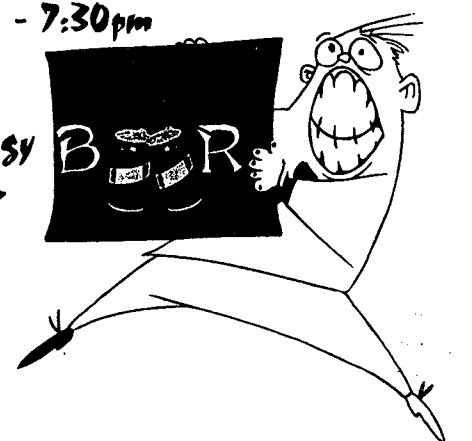
## Beer Garden!

Date: November 6, 1992

Place: I.R.C. #1

Time: 4:30pm - 7:30pm

\* Old Physiology  
exams for sale.





## Portrait of the Aaron as a young tree-planter (or, St. Aaron and the Tigger)



Angry  
DUCK

Ah, midterms.

Or, in my case, the complete and very comfortable lack of midterms. For the first time in seven years, I am not facing exams intended to gauge not how much we know, but how much we don't know (I did well on those ones, let me tell you).

It's funny though... my body has become conditioned to midterms, and even this year its defense system has instinctively kicked in response to a perceived threat. So, even though I'm not writing a single mid-term this year, I still get the associated anxiety attacks at midnight, the bouts of sleeplessness, the late-night trips to Ben's where I will read something completely irrelevant, and general distraction ad extremis.

Mind you, it's not like I wrote midterms then either.

Consequently you will understand that I will not give out any tips on how to study for midterms. On the other hand, I consider myself an expert on how NOT to study for midterms. Here are a few recommendations:

i) Write a book. Worked for me. In order to avoid an impending Physics 311 exam, I wrote the first 120 pages of a book on Nuclear War, intensely researched and pondered over (but only during the times I had budgeted for studying).

ii) Run about the halls of Hennings stark naked. After all, this is what university is really about (and you thought it was a degree — tsks,tsk). There must be a few readers out there that are sick and tired of this story. By my count, this is the fourth time I've talked about it in *The 432*, and I expect I will tell it again. I mean, I list this experience on my resume...

INTERVIEWER: It says here, under Relevant Experience, that you ran about the Halls of Hennings bare naked.

ME: I consider it a high point of my academic career.

INTERVIEWER (reviewing my transcript): I would say that's a fair assessment.

iii) Solve Fermat's Last Theorem. By my count I've spent a hundred hours working on this great mathematical problem that has puzzled mathematicians for centuries. Further, I have successfully solved it at least seven times, using seven different methods. At least, that's what I thought each time. I have a very

unfortunate friend to whom I present my findings, who must show me that I have proven:

- a) nothing
- b) Fermat's Last Theorem, provided we assume beforehand that the laws of mathematics are incorrect
- c) Brian Mulroney is a turnip (but who needs math for that?)

iv) Climb the walls. Quite literally, that is. The Physics Society, as I discovered in my fourth year (version 1.0), are traversible, and actually present a difficult challenge to an experienced climber. Hence, I spent many a late night during my fourth year (version 1.0) wasting time by turning Physsoc into a climbing wall.

There were two direct results of traversing the walls of Physsoc in my fourth year (version 1.0). The first result was fourth year (version 2.0).

The second result was Tigger.

Tigger was what we like to refer to as a Permafrosh. Tigger was nicknamed after the annoying character in Winnie-the-Pooh. Tigger was the most irritating frosh you will ever meet simply because:

- a) he wouldn't shut up
- b) he wouldn't shut up.

Tigger (who detested that nickname) got it into his head that what I was doing was indeed a cool thing, and decided that he would do it as well. However, Tigger had no experience climbing. Consequently, this led to the most satisfying conversation of my entire life.

ME: Tigger! What the hell are you doing! Get down from there!

TIGGER: Don't call me Tigger —  
AAAAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIII-  
IEEEEEEE!!!!

(Fall. Crunch.)

ME: I didn't mean come down that fast. Now look what you've done. You got blood all over the carpet.

TIGGER: (picking up nose) I said doan gall be Digger!

For my part, I slept in and never bothered to write my Astronomy 302 exam. For his part, Tigger was courteously shown the door by the Dean for a year, but not before Tigger followed me up North to go tree planting.

I will never forget those short weeks we spent tree-planting with Tigger.

The mood was set well in advance, when, on the road out of Vancouver, at Rush Hour, Tigger tried to demonstrate how he could easily drive the car and read a novel at the same time. We demonstrated what a bonehead he was.

In the end, tree planting

was very good for me, and I made a lot of money. Tigger, on the other hand, developed a crush on a girl in camp and spent two weeks trying to impress her, generally with his lack of ability to plant trees.

I imagine that this is all a painful part of Tigger's past, and one that he would soon forget and not have put forward for public scrutiny.

## Math? A Science? Yeah, right...

*Little Sparrow*  
*Retribution-Fearer*

Have you ever wondered why there are so many high school teachers out there who have a double major in Math and English? Or Math and French? What does  $v' = 1/3 \pi (r^2 h' + 2r r' h)$  have in common with "Voulez-vous coucher avec ma chienne ce soir?"

Easy. It's as obvious as the fact that the Engineers stole the E's out of bzzr for their cardigans. *They're both completely foreign to about 95% of the general population.* (Note: since this is in italics, this can be considered the entire point of this article; there *will* be a quiz at the end of the class).

How many of us (excluding the aforementioned red-coated Volkswagen-vandalizing maniacs) will ever pull out our old Idiot Math 100 text to calculate to thirteen decimals (just like good old Mr. Spock) exactly how much water is being lost per minute 'cause some damn idiot dove into the wrong end of the pool?

For that matter, how often would any of us use that marvellously well-constructed sentence above in casual conversation? (Try saying it to your chem lab instructor. "Pardonnez-moi, monsieur, mais...")

After all, since Quebec seems hell-bent on closing its

borders to anyone who can't trill their 'R's, the only real reason any of us will have to learn French will be so we can read the other side of the cereal box. (Don't deny it. At one time or another, all of us have struggled to focus on that tiny little print while attempting to get that spoonful of Cheerios anywhere remotely close to our mouth. It's either that or you start pondering exactly what diphosphoric monochloride sodium triglutamic acid is really doing to your large intestine.)

French may also still be conceivably useful for those days, when you're at home, sick as a dog, during that time slot just between the game shows and the soaps. Nine times out of ten, I end up watching some French movie about a woman in a tiny bathing suit and the problems she's having with her various lovers.

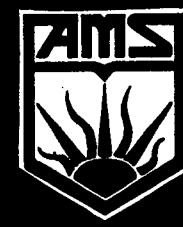
Back to the devil's creation — Mathematics. How many people can *honestly* say that being able to integrate complex equations ranks in their top ten achievements in life? Do you ever see it listed on anyone's resume right after "can use a cash register"? If it does, then there are a lot of people who spend far too much time locked away with their HP Super Calculator. Maybe someone should form a support group to help those

poor souls over their addiction. We could call it "People Like You Who Ought to Occasionally Do Something Useful 'Cause Calculators Stink," or P.L.Y.W.O.O.D. S.U.C.K.S., for short.

Another item. All Math teachers were first trained in the Faculty of Arts. How else can you explain their incredible ability to say the most obvious things in the longest time possible? (Just doin' a bit o' Artsie bashing there...) Personally, I'm not too interested in seeing exactly *why* the derivative of  $\sin x$  is  $\cos x$ . When I see that formula in my text book, enclosed by a box, I just accept it as the Word of God and leave it as that. Proof by divine right.

As in all Arts courses, you never seem to learn anything in the actual lecture. Only after hours of work (usually at about one in the morning, over your twentieth cup of coffee) do you ever understand what's going on. People tend to drift during lectures. For instance, on the rare occasion I manage to make my 12:30 class, I use most of the time to compose such elegant prose such as this. I see a couple others reading *The 432* (plug,plug), but the majority are leaving puddles of drool on those tiny little desks...

The sooner Math is sent back to the Faculty in which it belongs, the better.

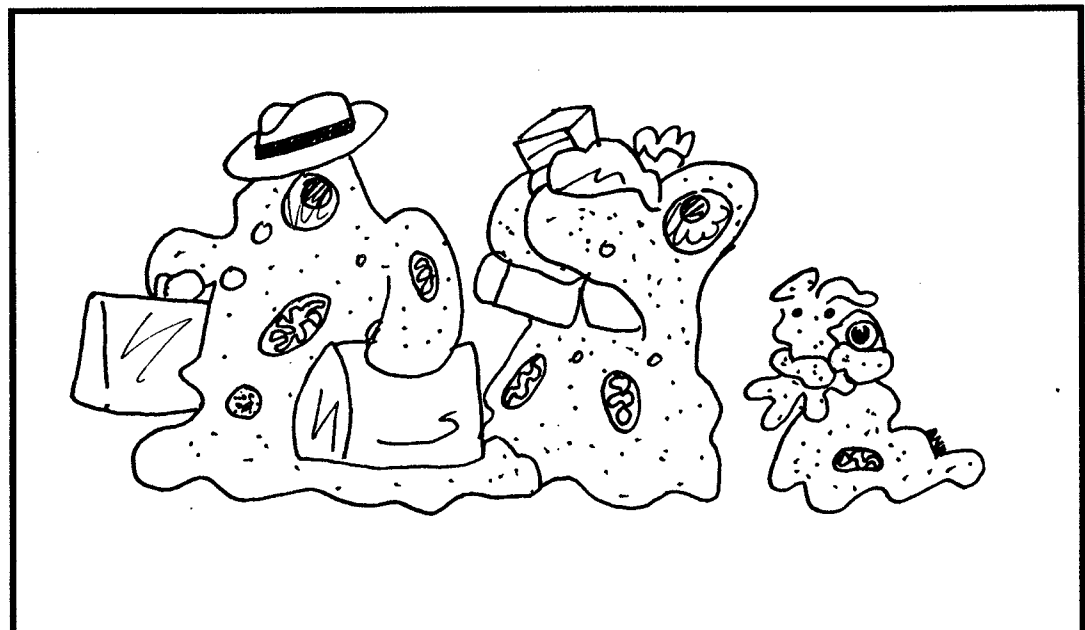


## AMS Reprogramming Weekend

November 6-8, 1992  
AMS Whistler Cabin

*"Have your hidden agenda installed by the pros. You'll come back a new you!"*

A primer on the vortex of student politics. Those interested in being sucked in should naively wander into the AMS Exec Offices for more info. Oh, and leave a trail of breadcrumbs...



How animal cells move...

**WIN PRIZES!!!**

**Science Week Logo Contest**

**Theme** → **The Evolution Of Science**

The winning logo will become the official logo of Science Week.

Entries must be:

- A maximum of two colours
- Submitted to CHEM 160 by Nov 30, 1992

# WHAT?



## You aren't wearing your button yet?

Available in Chem 160.

### NEW SCIENCE JACKETS!!!



Completely redesigned!  
**Melton and Leather Jacket**  
 Navy Blue Melton Body  
 Navy Blue & White Leather Split Sleeves  
 \$150 plus crestring, taxes not included  
(jacket not exactly as shown)

**Deadline for Christmas orders: November 18, 1992**

Order now at the UBC Science Undergraduate Society office, Chemistry building, room 160.

# Dik Miller Gets Fishy



Derek K.  
**MILLER**

"Miller!" cried a voice. "Mrphl," I replied. "Wake up, Miller!" "Mgrlmpfh."

I felt a distinct shove and awoke as I toppled from my desk chair to the floor. I banged my head. It hurt.

"I think I'm awake now," I proclaimed.

"Good," said my supervisor, standing next to my desk. "What are you doing sleeping in your office at 10 o'clock on a Thursday morning?"

I blinked as I stood up. "It's Thursday?"

"Yes, it's Thursday. Why do you ask?"

I pondered for a moment. "Last thing I remember it was Saturday evening." I looked at her. "I can only conclude that I've been in a sugar-induced coma for the past five days from gorging myself on candies Halloween night."

"That would explain your beard and the drool dried on your trenchcoat. How much did you eat?" she asked.

I counted to myself. "I'd figure...oh...about twenty pounds."

My supervisor looked rather like she was going to barf.

"I think I'm going to barf," she said.

"Why is that?"

"Twenty pounds of Halloween candies at once? I'm surprised you're not dead."

"You know, I think I might have been," I said.

"What?"

"I distinctly remember a kind of out-of-body experience. Seeing myself here in

this chair, but from above, and then some sort of tunnel with a wonderful light at the end."

"That does sound an awful lot like a near-death experience," she agreed.

"Of course," I postulated, "it could be a strange combination of my memory of the last time I drove through the tunnel from Richmond and seeing my reflection in my ceiling mirror."

She looked up. "Why do you have a mirror on the ceiling of your office?"

"I refuse to answer that question on the grounds that I may incriminate myself," I replied.

"Look," she said, "I don't mind if my employees are having sex in their offices, as long as they're discrete about it and clean up after themselves."

What an interesting idea, I thought. *Having sex in an office.* I had been sure she would have guessed my actual purpose — testing of my new Dik Miller™ super-duper hand-held laser death beam/dry cleaner/ice bucket — before postulating something as ridiculous as sex in the office. But I couldn't let my secret out.

"Oh," I said. "Thanks."

I resolved to investigate her suggestion further at the nearest opportunity — which, at the current rate, would be some years off.

"Anyway," she continued, "that's not why I came to see you."

"Really?"

"Yeah, really. You see, we've had a bit of a problem."

"What sort of problem?"

"Apparently, something very fishy is going on underneath the Cheeze Factory."

Ah yes, the Cheeze Factory. An old building, formerly used (not surprisingly) for making cheese, which was now the headquarters of my primary targets as Engineering Political Correctness Enforcer: the Engineering Undergraduate Society.

"What is it? Illicit beer making? Off-colour jokes? Bawdy behaviour?" I asked.

"Of course not," my supervisor replied. "That's all perfectly normal. I mean something literally fishy. The EUS has complained that the entire Cheeze Factory has smelled like fish for several days."

"What kind of fish?" I wondered.

"How should I know?"

"Hmm," I said. "I'll check it out."

wipe the encrusted drool from my coat, I was walking towards the Cheeze Factory. I arrived at one of the doors and barged on it.

It opened a few seconds later. "What?" asked the opener.

"I'm Dik Miller, Engineering Pol—"

"—itical Correctness Enforcer," he finished for me. "Yeah, what?"

"I'm here to investigate the fish smell."

"Oh, right. Come on in."

As soon as I walked in, there it was. A distinct, lingering, pungent odour of several-days-old fish.

"Hmm...could be halibut," I proposed.

"No, no," disagreed one of the present engineers, "too woody."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

It's fairly rare to encounter someone who can identify a fish by its smell. I had only acquired the ability after years of work at private eye training school. (You'd be surprised what they teach you.)

"Bioresource Engineering 355: Physical Properties of Plant and Animal Materials," the engineer replied. "Look it up in the University Calendar."

"Ah, but that's only introductory!" I declared. "You were probably taught to deal with ideal fish smells — you know, like frictionless pulleys and inclined planes — and don't know that halibut smell gets woodier and woodier as the fish rots!"

"You're right," he said. "I didn't know that. Now, where's the smell coming from?"

I brought out my Dik Miller™ croquet mallet/snake snare/fish smell identifier and switched it on. Along with some nifty "beep byoop" noises (which served no purpose other than to make it sound cool), the display quickly pointed me to the smell's source.

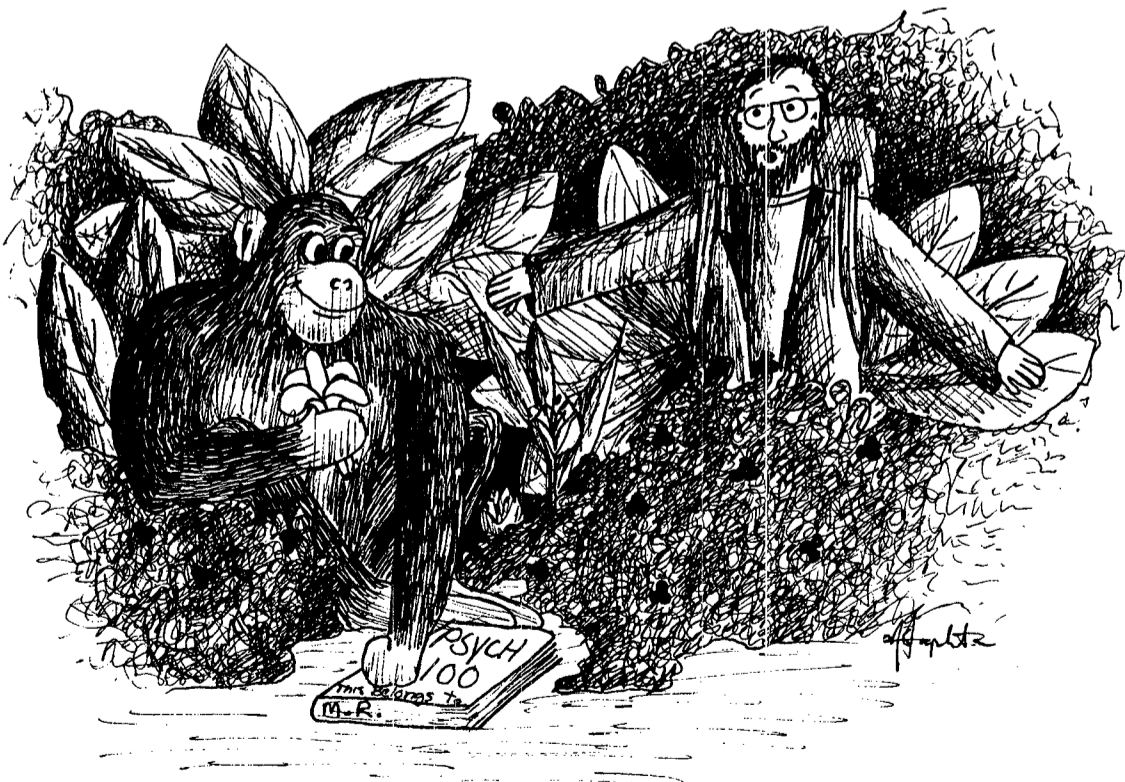
"It's downstairs, in the basement," I said.

"But there isn't any basement," someone revealed.

"Well, it's down there somewhere." I paused for dramatic effect. "And I'm going to go in and find out what it is."

Oooh, scary stuff, eh? Watch for the exciting continuation of this story in the next thrilling issue of *The 432*, everyone's favourite waste-time-in-class-when-you-should-be-taking-notes-newspaper!

A few minutes later, after a quick shave and some time to



Darwin discovers the Arts student...

## "Oh, No, Not again..."

Chapter 3 – How not to go grocery shopping

Rod Reddekopp  
Columnist

In the last fun-filled episode, our young hero was ring-around-the-rosied by a group of pests from the pit (Hell's Hamsters) and realized that the dimension he fell into is leaking into his. And now, we continue.

Ok, so this universe was leaking into the boy's home-sweet-home. What was he going to do about it? Contact the local authorities? Conduct a search for tears in the fabric of the spacetime continuum? Maybe he should run around in circles, screaming like a lunatic. Or maybe he should sit down and read something. Yeah, he should sit down and read something.

So the boy plopped his little butt down on the sidewalk and opened up his knapsack. Since falling through holes in the fabric of the spacetime continuum was a fairly common occurrence for the boy, he was always well-prepared. The first item he came across in his search for some reading material was a screwdriver. Now, don't get the wrong impression here, the boy was generally not a violent individual. The screwdriver was only for purposes of self-defense.

Next, he found the Zap-O-Kill-Em-Dead™ ray gun he had picked up in a technologically advanced dimension. Naturally, though, since he was just a boy, they wouldn't sell him a real one. This one just made impressive noises like "woop woop Woop WOOP \*BOOOOOOM\*!!!!!" and "zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz POW!", as long as the batteries were working.

"Huh? What's this? AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH! How'd THAT get in there?!"

The boy was referring to a copy of *The Ubysey* that had somehow found its way into his backpack. He looked around to make sure no one was watching, and took a look. Headings such as "Sex with Your Pets made Interesting", "Help, Help, We're Being Bashed Again", "Everybody Hates Me", "I Hate Everybody", and "You're Being Repressed and You Don't Even Know It" filled the paper.

One article in particular caught his eye. It was a

contest to write a Halloween story. The winner got — oh dream-come-true — his (or her) story published in *The Ubysey*! Oh wow! A chance to be published in *The Ubysey*! The boy was excited beyond description.

Not. Thus having had a good laugh, the boy felt refreshed and ready to save the universe as we know it. But he was hungry, and had to keep his priorities in order. So food first, universe later. He squelched a sudden urge to shoot some pool. The problem with his hunger was that he had just spent his entire allowance on Silly Putty the day before he fell through the wormhole. Besides, he had a feeling that his currency wouldn't be accepted here anyway.

Naturally, he decided to hold up a grocery store.

"All RIGHT! Everybody, kiss the GROUND!" he shouted, waving his Zap-O-Kill-Em-Dead™ ray gun menacingly. Everyone turned and looked at the boy as if celery stalks were growing out of his head. He checked. Nope.

"I mean it! Drop or I'll zap all of you!" It was times like this that the boy wished his voice didn't crack all the time. Everybody was just ignoring him now, going about their business.

The boy put the ray gun back in his backpack, and drew his screwdriver. Canadian Tire Special. Phillips. Red handle. Extra long shaft for those hard-to-reach places.

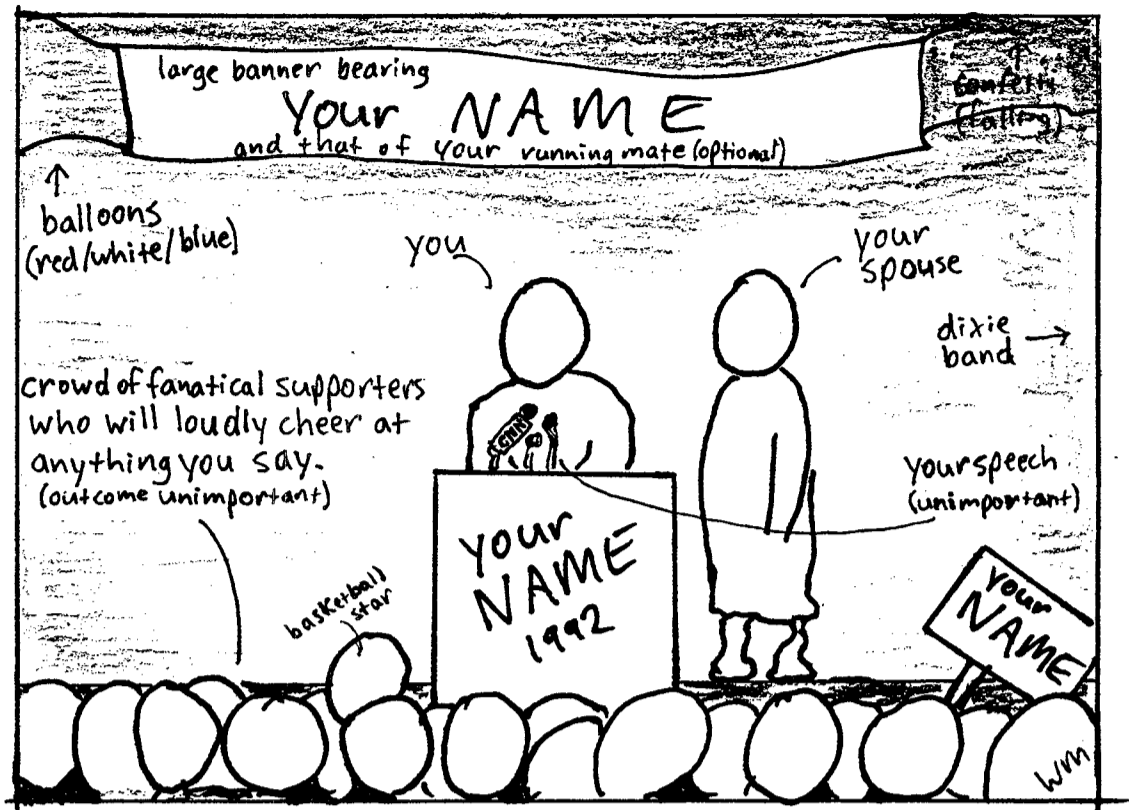
A nearby woman screamed and dropped to the ground, hands over her head, shaking like a leaf. A wave of panic swept quickly over the crowd. Some ran, some cowered, some stood frozen in place.

"All right, that's more LIKE it! I want a bag of Doritos, a six-pack of Coke, and some—"

THUNK!  
That last bit was the sound of a billy club connecting with a pre-adolescent cranium.

Hmm, probably store security, he thought.

Then everything went black.



Do-it-yourself US Election-night Speech

## Strove: A New Beginning



Leona  
ADAMS

So, I hope we were all good boys and girls and made an informed vote in the referendum. I could tell you what I voted, but there are good number of reasons why I won't:

- 1) I don't imagine that you care,
- 2) it's none of your business,
- 3) no matter what I actually voted, I'm going to get mobbed by people saying "How could you possibly vote that way? Don't you care about Canada?!"

Subconsciously, I think we all knew that it wasn't going to pass because it ignored the most important distinct society of them all. Of course, I'm talking about Stroves, as the more astute among you who actually read the title may have discerned. We have our own style, our own culture, a language unique to Stroves. I think that if this catches on well enough, I'll try hitting up the University for tenure.

**Strovedom 100 (6):** An Introduction to the Lifestyle. Principles covered include indulgence as a method of dealing with chocoholism, maximizing your Strove potential and inventing expressions for every occasion. Prerequisite: a basic knowledge of the economic, social, and philosophical impacts of Wayne's World on Western culture.

Don't laugh: I can probably pass it off as an easy Arts credit for desperate students on the brink of graduation.

Mind you, Strovedom cannot be taught: you either have it intrinsically or you don't. Should be good for filling out my bank account though.

Now would probably be as good a time as any to recognize my personal choice for Strove of the month: Stuart. Stuart is an artsie, but he actually likes my writing (go figure). So, Stu, I salute you.

I know there are a few of you out there who are familiar with my not-so-cute style of drifting peacefully through my articles, and who are dying for me to get to the point. However, if you were really familiar with the way I write, you would realize that there doesn't always have to be a point. It's nice for the sake of writing a conclusion and all that jazz, but I can get by without one. Out of the kindness of my heart (and don't pretend you didn't know I had one), for the benefit of the structure-starved among you, I will try to prove some relevance.

One of the neat things about being Strove is that we are not prejudiced against anyone, no matter how stove<sup>1</sup> (s)he is. Seriously though, one of my pet peeves (which you would have no problem understanding if you had ever met me) is discrimination. Because I intend to stay in a somewhat pleasant mood, I'm going to

stick to the kind that I encounter most frequently on campus, that being age-based discrimination. I mean, it's bad enough when you have to watch your money buy cheap BEVERages for someone else at the AMS Barbeque when you aren't even allowed inside, but when your own undergrad society, the place where you hang your hat, etc. turns you away ... , well that's really sad. I could come up with all sorts of neat platitudes, about understanding each other and working together to reconcile our differences, but I'm not that stove<sup>2</sup>. I do realize that the "No Minors" rules are there to attempt, however unsuccessfully, to prevent us young'uns from screwing up our little brains, but it's nice to rant on occasion.

1 I've never been really good at doing footnotes, but I'm not really sure why. Maybe it's because I'm not really good at holding onto my train of thought. For as long as I can remember, I've had the attention span of a hyperactive kid who just found the family supply of Hallowe'en candy. I don't think it's genetic, because neither of my parents ... Oh yeah, stove means stupid. It's kind of like Strove in the sense that it's an all-purpose word.

2 Read the last one.

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**AMS Briefs**

Janice Boyle

On October 21, AMS Council met to discuss what approach it would take towards fighting the 18% tuition increase this year. The Board of Governors had passed a motion two years ago setting the tuition increase at Consumer Price Index (CPI) plus 4.5% each year for three years.

Last year's tuition freeze is now prompting the University to propose an 18% increase for 1993-94.

The topic was discussed ad nauseam for two and a half hours. There were several points that all council members agreed upon. (ed: Wow, really?)

- 1) An 18% tuition increase in one year is unreasonable.
- 2) A continued freeze on tuition levels is unrealistic.
- 3) The Provincial government is responsible for putting us in this position. If they had not proceeded to impose a freeze last year, the University would not be trying to make up for it.
- 4) The majority of students can afford a moderate increase, but our main concern is for the small group of students who cannot.

On October 28, a motion was put forward which tried to address all of these concerns. The AMS' final position was

- 1) that it was unreasonable to ask students to pay for more of an increase than the CPI,
- 2) that the provincial government should be giving the University the amount they lost because of the tuition freeze, and
- 3) that the Government should also provide grants to all students on financial assistance in the amount of the tuition increase.

As a note of interest, Yuri Fulmer, the new ombudsperson, has been in office two weeks, and at the last Council meeting there was a notice of a motion asking for his resignation. Next meeting should be a long one...

**Senate Shorts**

Chris Sing

Senate met on October 21, 1992. There was a very brisk discussion on Dr. Resnick's motion of conflict of interest, and Orvin Lau's motion for the formation of a Senate-BoG Committee.

Dr. Resnick's motion failed by a large margin, partly because there is already a conflict of interest motion in place, and also because the vote was not held by secret ballot.

Orvin's motion on a Senate-BoG committee to look into teaching environment passed, but only after it was amended to being solely a Senate committee by Dr. Will. For more information on

Orvin's motion, you can read his letter in this paper.

People expressed concern about the loss of funding for the library's serials, possibly resulting in up to 25% of the library's present serial subscriptions not being renewed.

Dr. Cooke asked Dr. Strangway to enlighten Senate about the present talks occurring between the AMS and the Administration. These pertain to the Administration's attempts to end AMS involvement in "University" affairs, such as the running of the Aquatic Centre. Dr. Strangway said he would be pleased to do so, and acknowledged Carol Forsythe's invitation to Martin Ertl to express the AMS point of view.

**Fruit of the Lums**

Patrick Loom

Welcome to the wonderful world of SUS finances, where money is found and lost in the most interesting of places...

For those of you familiar with the workings of the SUS, our annual proceeds come from a \$10 "contribution" from each and every Science student. However, we don't get our money until a) the registrar's office determines how many students there actually are in Science, b) this number gets faxed to the AMS office, and c) the paperwork gets done. Suffice it to say, this is a moderate to very slow process, and SUS was lucky enough to get its money last week (only halfway through the term...). It's much like having a 200-foot-long garden hose — you know the water is coming, but when...?

Including the \$5000 "deficit authorization" that we had used up, all three SUS accounts (general, publications, and sports) have been deeply in the hole deeply for the last several weeks. Such was life.

Now that that 'hardship' has been rectified, I can get on with what I promised to do all along: to play accountant and embezzle all the money!!

If you're wondering where some of the money goes, well, you're reading some of it. Add upcoming socials (don't miss the Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith Semi-Memorial dance this Friday. Jon will be there, thanks to generous donations, but we still don't know how he'll get home...), and our 50% sport rebates, and there's a big chunk of it. By the way, depending on my generosity and that of the rest of council, the sports rebate may be upped to two-thirds in second term.

If you haven't dropped by SUS yet this term, you probably haven't noticed our new, improved photocopier, or our pop machine. Photocopies are 5 cents, reductions and enlargements are available, and, let's just say that the copier hasn't broke down yet. Pop is 75 cents (no one else is cheaper) and if we're lucky, we just might pay off the machine this year. Until next time...

**McNights**

Carmen McKnight

So you want to know what's happening in the basement of the Chem building...

- 1) There's a line up for our photocopier and our computer.
- 2) There are not enough chairs in the room for the number of people.

To sum it up, SUS is packed between 11:30 and 1:30 pm daily. I'm glad to see so many people involved this year. Academics Council, Budget Committee, Science Week Committee and Social Committee are in full swing with their newly-appointed year and department representatives. Academics Council is getting started on the Black and Blue Review and on Teaching Excellence awards. Nominations for teaching excellence are now being accepted for Term I courses.

Budget Committee has begun the task of reviewing club budgets. Council has appointed some new ex-officio members, including the Academics Council Coordinators

(Terence Fan and Anita Carlson), and the Sales Special Orders Coordinator (Eric Seewald).

Upcoming appointments include Food Drive Coordinator, Sales Book-keeper and Blood Drive Coordinator. If you still want to get involved there are lots of ways to go about it.

The whereabouts of Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith has been discovered. He has been spotted in Thunder Bay, Ontario. The Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith official search party, funded by donation, rescued him from his abductors on Thursday, November 5 and he will be present as a guest of honour at the dance on Friday. The Science dance will be a fine event with cheap bzzr, boats, fun and prizes. This weekend we are sending a few delegates to the student leadership conference at Whistler.

We need your help... Just Desserts is coming up and SUS wants to know of any Faculty or Staff member who has provided outstanding service to science students. We have some ideas, but we welcome any ideas from you.

THE SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY  
YEAR-TO-DATE STATEMENT  
MAY 1, 1992 to OCT. 21, 1992

REVENUE:	ACTUAL 1992-93	BUDGET 1992-93
Prior Fiscal Year Surplus	12831.31	12831.31
Student Fees	0.00	45000.00
Pop Machine	251.00	2600.00
Photocopier	599.50	2000.00
Sundry	0.00	30.00
Loan Repayments	0.00	1000.00
	-----	-----
	13681.81	63461.31
<b>EXPENSES:</b>	<b>ACTUAL 1991-92</b>	<b>BUDGET 1992-93</b>
1) Prior fiscal year bills	360.69	0.00
2) Telephone	297.57	720.00
3) Office Supplies	242.41	888.88
4) Sundry	53.02	216.00
5) Pop machine/pop	986.36	3800.00
6) Xerox photocopier	1332.01	2654.32
7) TV/VCR rental/purchase	74.48	500.00
8) Academics	447.59	654.32
9) Office of Dean of Science	.00	500.01
10) Academic Entertainment	72.80	500.01
11) Computer/Laser printer	89.27	234.32
12) Interdepartmental relations	68.56	750.00
13) Election expenses	269.67	432.10
14) Club grants	.00	4750.00
15) Social (net)	314.43	4324.32
16) Science Week (net)	.00	3454.32
17) AMS Loan Repayment	5000.00	5000.00
18) Loans to constituent clubs	.00	0.00
19) Special projects	.00	100.00
20) Sports	1874.18	10987.65
21) Publications (net)	293.11	12343.21
22) Summer Guide	4121.96	3949.21
23) Grad Rebate overpayment	386.00	0.00
	-----	-----
TOTAL EXPENSES	16284.11	56758.67
<b>NET SURPLUS</b>	<b>( 2602.30 )</b>	<b>6702.64</b>
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**Sales Slips**

Michael Chow

Science Sales has been very busy lately. First of all, our new Special Orders Coordinator is Eric Seewald. If you need some cool-looking clothing for your club or team, just ask for Eric or myself.

- **BIG NEWS:** Science leather-melton jackets now have a totally different look! You've got to see it to believe it! Navy blue melton, with navy and white split-sleeves, all for only \$150 (plus cresting), taxes not included. Orders must be placed by November 18 to bring in the jacket before Christmas.

- Brand new Science fleece shorts! Ash shorts, 13-1/2 ounce fleece, 2 pockets, elastic waistband, 50/50 cotton/poly, only \$13.50 (taxes included!)
- Wondering where you can get one of those big 3-inch cool-looking United Way buttons? Pick one up from us for only \$2.00, all of which goes to the United Way.
- Is your team or club looking for clothing or uniforms? Most orders require one week. Compare our prices: 1 dozen, 100% cotton Fruit of the Loom standard-weight T-shirts, with a full-front 2-colour logo, and 2-digit 8-inch numbers, all for only \$13.50 each (all taxes

- included!)
- We sell the new Entertainment '93 Coupon Books. The books are packed with half-price coupons for restaurants, theatres, sports, attractions, and much more. The Entertainment book also offers 50% off on many hotels throughout the world (in fact, the book pays for itself if you take advantage of this offer). All this for only \$42.80 (taxes included).
- We also sell the new Gold C Savings Spree coupon books: \$12. Use the coupons to save on merchandise, recreation, movie rentals, and fast food.
- Our Annual Paper Sale is

- still on! We sell 200 sheets of looseleaf for only \$0.75. All proceeds will be donated to charity.
- Look for our pre-Christmas Sales Booths on the week of November 16, 1992. Pick up some great gifts at unbelievable prices. Booths will be set up in a Science building near you.
- **CONTEST:** Solve the following puzzle to win: There are only 2 exits. One door leads to freedom, the other one leads to a dead end. Also, these doors can talk, and one of the doors always lies while the other always tells the truth. You can only open one of the doors, and you can ask only one question. What question

should you ask to find freedom? Write the question on a slip of paper along with your name and number, ask a SUS council member to sign your entry and to write down the time that you submitted your entry, and to place your entry in the Sales cashbox (for safekeeping). Winner receives 50% off any Science sweatshirt, second place receives 50% off any Science T-shirt, third place receives 50% off a pair of white Science boxer shorts. Feel free to drop by and check out our UBC Science clothing display, and inquire about our special package deals, which offer incredible savings.

## Venison à la Corvette and other tasty dishes to go



Maybe you guys out there in Readerland can help me out with something here... last week, I got all ambitious and decided to really treat myself to a fancy dinner. Enough bare-bones student fare for the time being, I said. This cat is steppin' out.

Well, relatively speaking, anyway; it wasn't Il Giardino, but I tell ya, considering how I'd been eating prior to that night, it was indubitably the best damned can of ravioli I've yet had the pleasure to savor.

That is to say, right up until the part I got a little sidetracked. While happily gulping down my feast, I decided to casually glance at the ingredients, and something a little odd caught my attention. One of the contents listed was something by the name of 'mechanically

separated beef'.

Now call me twisted, but doing as much highway driving as I do, I find the term *mechanically separated*, especially when used in reference to a recently deceased animal that I've just consumed, a tad disturbing to say the least.

It almost reminds me of one of those Orwellian doublespeak terms that politicians like to spend hours on end conjuring up. I can just see ol' George Bush putting this one to good use:

"Barbara? Honey? Bad news... *not* good... *bad*... had a little *accident* with the limo... sorta *mechanically separated* Millie... didn't see her lying in the driveway... a tragic, tragic event."

"Oh dear. Well, send Fitzwater down to the pet store to get a new dog right away, before Dan notices."

"You're right, dear... that's a prudent move... poor li'l tyke'd be heartbroken if he found out..."

Of course, by the time you read this, Curious George may or may not even have a job

anymore. The way things are looking now, at time of writing, I'm thinking he oughta get together with Gorbachev and Thatcher and open a Burger King franchise somewhere in northern Wyoming. (Well, why not? Open spaces, fresh air, no lives for them to screw up for miles around except their own... sounds great. And so what if they don't pull down much business? If they can't run a business at a deficit, then by God, *nobody* can.)

But enough about those guys... I wanna get back to this mechanically separated beef thing for a sec. I mean, it makes sense from a logistical point of view, doesn't it? I don't know if you've ever laid eyes on an animal just mechanically separated by, say, a nice heavy Mack truck, but boy oh boy, no other meat product ever invented would lend itself so well to being poured into little individual pouches of pasta. No time or money spent on slicing, dicing, chopping or even making sauce. One good solid

broadside, and that's about it, really... of course, you might want to tie a few green peppers and onions to the grille, or throw in some fresh garlic, just to spice things up a bit. Maybe even feed the thing some oregano and red wine about twenty minutes beforehand. This last one would, of course, help in soothing the animal's perfectly natural reservations about stepping out in front of a rapidly approaching semi-trailer.

(Just a quick note to all you PC watchdogs out there... no, this is not a senseless promotion of wholesale slaughter of perfectly innocent cute little fuzzy pedestrians by the general public. I like marmots and groundhogs as much as the next Joe, so folks, don't go gettin' any funny ideas. Let's leave it to the pros down at General Foods, OK?)

And, of course, this whole thing explains why our insurance rates keep going up and up and up. You know how single-vehicle accident tolls always stay so high? It's these

guys driving the Peterbilt Mechanical Separators. I can hear the conversation at the ICBC office now...

"So, Mr. Boyardee, you're claiming \$7500 in body damage due to collision with an animal?"

"Si, si, datsa right."

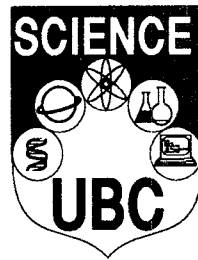
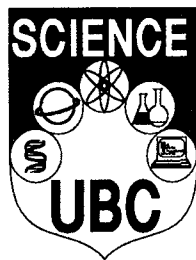
"Are you aware of the fact that this is the 382nd such claim that your company has made this fiscal year?"

"Si, si."

"Mr. Boyardee, our company, quite frankly, has a big problem with your accounts of these accidents, especially considering that our experts have never been able to find any trace of animal tissue on the vehicles in question."

"Well, wasta not, wasta not..."

Anyhoo, I suppose you've heard quite enough of *that*... but just thank your lucky stars I didn't tell you where those little cans of chocolate pudding come from. I don't think the world's ready.



### The Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith Semi-Memorial Dance

Friday, November 6  
SUB Ballroom

Free tix available at SUS

A Buck a bzzr... 'cuz Jon woulda wanted it that way.

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