Smokers Banned?

"Are alcohol and sex next?" asks student government.

In a four-three decision, the Supreme Court of Canada ruled last week that it is unconstitutional to prevent tobacco companies from advertising their products. The lifting of the advertising ban allows tobacco products to be displayed on billboards, in newspapers, and on television.

Ironically, less than a week later, the City of Vancouver has announced its intent to ban smoking throughout the city. Originally, the ban was to affect only indoor public areas, but ant-smoking groups are pressuring the city to include private homes and outdoor areas.

The result of all this is that while tobacco companies will be allowed to advertise their wares, it would be illegal to smoke in Vancouver. City police and bylaw enforcement officers would be responsible for the enforcement of the new law, probably with a $100 fine that would translate into an immediate increase in city revenues.

Lawyers have claimed that the ruling by the Senate last spring that euthanasia should remain illegal sets a precedent for the decision, in that smoking can be considered a form of assisted suicide.

This interpretation has been challenged by the tobacco industry. David Steward, Vice-President-for-recruitment-of-impressionable-teensagers of AJ Reynolds immediately condemned the anti-smoking initiative, drawing a parallel between cigarette and gun sales.

"It's not the cigarettes that cause horrible cancers, it's the people who smoke them," said Steward. "Guns don't kill people either."

Steward claims image as the main motivating factor for smoking "much like wearing designer jeans", and expects that, for this reason, cigarette sales would only slightly decrease in the Vancouver area, despite the proposed ban.

"Listen, as much as we like to say it is, smoking isn't about enjoyment. It's about image. It's about being able to walk into a 7-11, hold <cough> your head high and say 'gimme some Player's Extra Tar, Non-Filtered. I'm immortal and I'm damn well going to prove it.'"

People will still be able to buy cigarettes, and that's what's important both to them, and to <cough> us. Listen, you got <cough> a light?"

Analysts are forecasting a serious decline in local economic activity as hundreds of stockbrokers, middle-managers and account executives begin to migrate to the outlying regions of the province in order to avoid the ban.

"The millions of dollars lost by the region by not being able to tax these people is staggering," states Keith Clinton, Head of Figurative Analysis of Trivial and Insignificant Data at StatisticCorp.

"And the really annoying thing is that, because of telecommunications technology, they can continue to do their jobs over the modem at their homes in, say, Hope, or Spuzzum."

Companies such as Bayer Pharmaceutical welcomed the potential increase in nicotine patch sales that would accompany such a law, but warned of massive influxes of black market patches.

 Customs Canada have already detained several people attempting to smuggle batches of cheap imitation patches into the country.

Dr. Michelle Deagle, Professor of Evolution with the Biology department at UBC is a leader in the fight against the ban, on the grounds that it is unDarwinian.

"I'm in favour of banning smoking in public places. It would be great to walk around without having to breathe someone else's cigarette smoke, but banning smoking in people's homes? That's going too far," said Deagle.

"As far as I'm concerned, it's against natural selection; weed out the weak and the stupid, to leave more resources for the strong. That's what evolution is all about. If an individual is stupid enough to smoke despite all the warnings, let 'em do it, I say. If I had my choice, we'd face the damn things with cyanide."

Coffee Shortage Predicted!

In what may be a repeat of the proposed cold beverage deal, the AMS has opened negotiations on a hot beverage deal with Nabob Incorporated of New York.

The deal is to serve two purposes: to update the Blue Chip coffee blend in use since the late 1970's and to generate much needed revenue for the student society.

Currently, AMS Council has only authorized the President to enter negotiations, approving the deal only "in principle."

Despite this provision, some students are worried about a shortage of their favourite morning drink.

"It was awful! I went to go get a drink of Blue Chip, but they were all out! They said they were making more, but I didn't believe them. All they could offer was that Nabob crap," said a student who wished to remain nameless.

According to internal sources, Blue Chip has ceased purchasing beans from Canterbury Coffee, In anticipation of the deal.

"It's all part of facilitating a deal," claimed a management official, "We don't want to have sacks of Canterbury beans around when we're supposed to be selling Nabob."

Critics have been quick to jump to the defense of coffee drinkers, claiming the deal violates freedom of choice.

"Look, I'm just following orders," said the management source. "I've been told this shows good faith in this deal, and if that means we have to remove every damn bean in this place first, that's what we'll do."

Students are advised to stock up on Blue Chip coffee while it's still available.
Another Boring Editorial.

Blair MCDONALD

Wow... a twelve page paper. Folks, you're witnessing a bit of history. I think there's an old adage describing my current situation - be careful what you wish for, 'cause you just might get it. I wished for many columnists, thinking that this would solve many of my woes in dealing with this paper. Lots of writers, I naïvely thought, meant the paper would be finished earlier.

Then the columnists started showing up. And contrary to the normal rule of one good article for three that made no sense, all of the material submitted was proofread, coherent and often really quite funny.

This puts me in a spot. Do I run an eight pager and hold back lots of material, or a twelve pager and increase my work load? Obviously, I went with the 12, and put myself right back to square one.

Now I need more cartoonists to get the written:graphic ratio back on track. You'll see I compensated this time by inflating all the ads. I shared this observation with Ryan McCuaig, editor emeritus and we agreed on a theory for writers honey? "You know, if I were gay, Matt would be just the type of guy I'd like to go out with. Right, honey?" I'm not gay. Neither is Matt. But she's been suspicious of Matt ever since I said that.

I'm also one of the annoying SOBs who correct all your tiny mistakes, or purposefully misunderstand an innocent question. "What are you watching?" she asks.

"A television," I answer, knowing full well she wants to know what program's on. Heheheh.

I love you, sweetheart. You too, Elana.
Drawer One

Elvis on how to win a woman's heart.

Tracy MacKinnon
Peacock

Hello out there. Blair forces me to write an article for every paper. I'm not sure it's worth it. I mean, what's happening on this page? Probably not very many people since this page is entitled "Mundane Dumpster" (thanks a lot, Blair). But I used to read this page of the paper, so maybe there are other twisted people out there like me, who need a break from the amusing articles that pervade The 432. Yep, we need a bit of reality. A very little bit. So here goes.

This year we're working on some constitutional changes in SUS to grant the ex-officio clubs (Pre-Dent, Pre-Med, Pre-Opt, Pre-Chiropractic (!!!), Science One Survivors and Students of General Science) voting rights in council and also to give them club funding. As it stands now, only clubs affiliated with a department (e.g., BioSci within the Biology department) receive funding from SUS. But we're hoping to change that later this year. And those astute individuals who noticed the Pre-Chiropractic club, they were ABSOLUTELY constituted just before club funding! The newest science club!

Coming up on October 6th is SUS Octoberfest. Cheap pilsners and bzzr from 8 p.m. to midnight in the SUB ballroom. Dancing, drinking, frolicking and fun. For UB Open House SUS, the Faculty of Science, and UB Food Services will be holding a Salmon BBQ. There's going to be several local news people there, so come by on October 13-15 if you want to see Tony Parsons flip fish. Anna's hoping that Squire Barnes will be at the BBQ.

Stop by SUS (Chem 140) if you want more details on the above article, how to get involved and the latest Simpsons episode. Please ignore the obnoxious men reclining on the couches.

Hah! Tracy wrote this article when she thought it was going to be published straight off of the back of the paper. So I fixed it. I placed it right here on page three so everyone has to read it.

Unfortunately, placement isn't everything. There just ain't that much you can do to make a report funny and entertaining. Informative, yes. Witty, no.

So everyone out there give a nice big hand to all the exec who take the time to tell you what's going on. Most of the time, I tend to nag them incessantly to get anything written, so it's nice for them to know people do read their reports.

You'll find the rest of the reports buried in their common place on the second last page.

Sam Arnold
Columnist

It is with no doubt and with slightly less than no hesitation that I say this: Women are weird, strange and illogical. While many people think that I'm the weird one, this just isn't true. I'm a perfectly rational, logical guy who knows where his towel is. Garfield warned us to avoid fruits and nuts because "you are what you eat." From this perspective, I can only conclude that women must eat a lot of both. Naturally (and I mean that literally), I'm a big fan of women. However, I feel that I must make my stand, regardless of the personal consequences, in defense of Truth, Logic, and Fool Tools.

Of course, I can't just list all the things that make women so incomprehensible; I don't have enough space here. More importantly, I don't really want to be beaten senseless for making silly cracks like that last one. I'll just focus my wrath, uh, monologue on the oh-so-befuddling subject of women and flowers. Women like flowers. They think of them so much that flowers are a form of legitimate currency with them. Thus, men have proof of the irrationality of women. It doesn't matter what offense a man has committed - the most common being that the man has actually done nothing at all - a gift of flowers will heal all (figurative) wounds. It's plain to any man that this makes no sense. But suppose that you - as a man - have actually done something (forgotten an anniversary you didn't even know existed, or a birthday that isn't yours). Even if you haven't - you may think they've done nothing wrong but women "know better" - the time is right to give her flowers. Why? Because it works, they like it. There is no reason for this strange behavior; they just do it. As a man, you now know that you must give flowers, but you must never get the name of the flower right. Use your ignorance the way Luke used the Force. In this way you will be scoring points (hockey-value points, mind you, not basketball-value points) by:

(a) giving flowers at all,
(b) trying to be sweet and cute and
(c) by being so Ignorant, proving yourself in desperate need of a "woman's touch.

Some men are in the situation where they are giving flowers to a woman who shares a name with a flower (Rose, Daisy, Violet etc.). Warning! Don't get her that same type of flower (except roses; for some reason known only to women and Industrial florists, roses always work). Give her some other type of flower and vigorously claim that it is the flower she's named after. This will get you an automatic overtime goal in category (c) above. Beyond the standard bouquet, there is another type of flower that further symbolizes the difficulty that surrounds the man-woman relationship: the Corsage. The difficulty with the corsage is that it must

(a) match the dress worn by the woman and
(b) be affixed to said woman by the man.

The first problem arises in trying to determine what color dress the woman will wear; odds are, she doesn't know yet. Further complicating the matter is the simplicity of the male color spectrum. We just don't have that many colors to deal with, so when the woman decides that she will wear a "red" dress, the male then gets a "red" flower for the corsage and then discovers that he has acquired a "burgundy" or "fuchsia" flower. To this day I still have to take it on faith that "red" and "burgundy" clash. If the male somehow survives the color-matching stage, you must then be forced to pin the flower on the dress. To frustrate and befuddle those men clever enough to get to this point, women have devised the spaghetti-strap dress or, even more diabolical, the strapless dress.

At this point, the man has less than a 1% chance of surviving the encounter. He may as well save face and run away screaming until hit on the head by a bus. Having been able to rant away about such a silly topic as I just have (see above), I still consider myself fortunate. It's not that I don't offend women - any woman I know will correct you on that - and it's not that I've never grossly offended a woman (by the way, I find that saying "I'm only male" seems to help; it appeals to female logic). Then what is my secret to calm and happiness in this wonderful world? Just filled with equally wonderful women? I live just across from a florists' shop. I can identify with Sam on this one, folks. Currently stuck trapped enjoying a relatively long term relationship, I can vouch for the Ignorance method's success. In fact, if Ignorance is the Force, I'm Yoda, Ignorance Master.

Where's my light saber gone, anyway?

Did I just talk my way out of my relationship? Ah, shit. Not again.

Sick of all your Calvin Klein designer t-shirts?

We've got a deal for you...

Signups for Science Cardigans happening now!

The trendiest clothing on campus, Science cardigans are presently worn only by a select few. You could be next!

Designs also being accepted now for the 1995/96 Science t-shirt.

Contact Alister at SUS for more info

SCIENCE SALES
**Death.**

Jeremy Thorp

*The Plated Columnist*

Scientific evidence supports the existence of a particularly strange human phenomenon - in which the subject can slow down his or her heart beat enough that they are pronounced dead. Personally, I think this sounds like a hell of a good excuse for missing an exam.

"Well, Mr. Thorp, I'm afraid I'll have to give you a zero again this time."

"But sir, I have a perfectly good medical excuse, you see...

"It better not be your pancreas again. You only have one. I checked."

"No, sir, it's not my pancreas. You see, I was declared dead for a while..."

"Dead?!"

"Yes sir, here's a note from my doctor."

Of course, there are a few drawbacks - stopping one's heart for extended periods of time simply cannot be good for one's circulation, and I'm sure even a little bit of decomposition is enough to ruin your social life for much more than a week. And then there's the complications involved with arising in the emergency ward with no pulse. Chances are, a handwritten note on your chest reading 'Dead. Back in two hours' will not be enough to convince the friendly medical staff not to give you a complimentary 'Go to the morgue. Go directly to the morgue. Do not pass Go, do not collect two hundred dollars' card."

Even if we assume you do escape the hospital with nothing more than a toe-tag and a few holy water stains, be ready for a few interesting phone calls from health care - last time I checked, my Care Card didn't cover resurrection services, and rising from the dead can hardly be passed off as a 'minor illness or injury.'

Now to some of you, this may seem like the perfect opportunity to milk some cash from your friendly neighborhood insurance salesman, but believe me, not even Norwich Union is going to let you collect your life insurance claim in person.

Still, despite the obvious drawbacks, taking a little jaunt to the underworld may prove less hazardous to your health than a whole term of Math 101 with a teaching assistant who bears a more than coincidental resemblance to Genghis Khan. There may also be a few Chem 230 for whom the secrets of the afterlife may be slightly more understandable than the chemical structure of 1-chloro-3,191-zoro-dodeca-1. To these people, I wish the best of luck in their quest for Disposable Immortality.

Oh, and kids - don't try this at home.

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**Psychology Students’ Association**

**GETTING INTO GRAD SCHOOL:**
Lecture by Dr. Linden
If you want to get into grad school, you want to come to this lecture. It’s never too early to plan... 1st and 2nd year Psychology students very welcome!

12:30 pm • Wednesday, October 4th • Suedfield Lounge

**PSYCHOLOGY BZZR GARDEN**
Come out to have some fun and see why Psych Bzzr Gardens have such a great reputation.
Friday, October 6th • 4:32 pm • Buchanan A200

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**‘Fresh gerbils! Get ’em while they’re hot!’**

Nicola Jones

*“Squeaky” Columnist*

O kay, I did inform my immediate superiors that I don't exactly have the well-worn cynicism and biting humour (at least, not the kind that jumps out and nips you from 50 feet away) of the trademark 432ist. But nonetheless I seem to be half-committed to writing at least one article, so here it is. And I have been promised that the second half of the "commitment" doesn't come till the men in white drag me away from my 1000th submission, which shouldn't happen till sometime well into grad school— if I make it there at all.

Actually, it's not a question of missing it there or not - it's a question of whether I'd want to. You know, it never struck me as odd that nearly 30,000 students actually pay for the privilege of sitting through the kind of lectures that sometimes turn your brain into a hyperactive gerbil, scrambling frantically in teeny-tiny circles; or even the kind that thwacks the poor thing over its head and puts it out of its misery for a good hour of well-needed rest. It seemed to make sense, somehow. I, for the good first 19 years of my life, truly believed in the process of education. I clearly saw the whole thing as less a learning experience and more a course in mental gymnastics for your little team of gerbils. We weren't here to actually learn that $e = i = 0$, we were here to do cartwheels wondering at it.

No one really expected us to derive satisfaction from reciting the names of science's great theorists (my brother and I actually had a competition over who had the stupidest fundamental common sense theory named after them. He claimed it was in finance - "people only spend as much as they have", or alternate-ly, and even more subtly - "people only spend as much as they think they have." And these guys weren't even related. See how genius manifests itself.

No, the whole point was to learn how to think; to give your mind full p' gerbils a good stretching routine in the morning, and work up to the cardiovascular stuff before dousing them in a cold shower of mind-drowning television. I believed so fervently in all this that I could enjoy doing other people's work, since that counted for just as much brain-exercising calorie burning as doing my own.

Well, that theory just started to get heaved out the window. When Axworthy decided to hike tuition, the main argument he had to save himself was the whiny "well, loans will go up too," Great. So now, only the really dedicated ones who intend-ed to actually get a job with their learning would dare to attend university. You've seen them around - they're the ones who think they're in pre-med, study hard for grades but will cheat if they can, giving oh-so-helpful false notes to those who miss classes, they think 432 is a typo and look at you funny if you mention the 432 because they don't know it exists. They're in for the money, and that's it. Yeah, that really coincides with my whole theory of education.

As a side rant, pre-med doesn't exist! Thank you.

When I walked into my math class, and the prof said "if you don't have a reason to use this stuff, you'll be a bored little gerbil!", I quivered and another teeny spring of hope and wonder died. Hello, I'm taking it as an elective.

And when I read in the Vancouver Sun that "the purpose of school means... having the ability to find employment", the last little happy gerbil in my cage stopped running on his teeny wheel and decided to go for a typo of his own.

But I have hope - there's still nearly 30,000 of us here, not all of us are asleep, my cynicism isn't even well-worn yet, The 432 does exist, I'm not in Tibet (but that's another story), and the pet store's still open.

I think I'll go get some fresh gerbils.

Editor's Note: No gerbils were harmed in the making of this article.
The Twinkie way.

Steve Fukada
Columnist

Like many of you out there, I am tired. Yes, I am tired of those nauseating bumper stickers proclaiming that “My Shop-Vac has more horsepower than yours!” and of those nauseating QM-FM ads (“It’s all you need to put on...” until the car between you and the camera drives off unexpectedly.) But these are all trivial when you’re really tired.

I am talking about life draining, will-shriveling, coffee bean-obliterating exhaustion. This is the kind of exhaustion that turns you into an irritable...thing. Not that you become permanently evil, of course. But it’s probably quite possible that you’ll squash any twinkies you happen upon. I don’t know why, but squashing twinkies in the plastic wrapper is a strangely merry little experience. Maybe it just isn’t as much fun when you are fully awake since that is when your brain is functioning rationally. When your brain works rationally, you just can’t help but think that all those twinkies are going to waste getting squished and discarded never when they could just as easily be getting shipped to places where people might conceivably consume the vile things.

The problem with being tired is that it tends to mess with your ability to make decisions.

For example, today I had three classes, which took up three hours of the day. No labs, no big tutorials, nothing. First and second classes back to back, 8:30 to 10:30. Last class at 4:30. Do I want to drive all the way back to White Rock, even if I do go four hours to do things?

Naahnaahahhh!

Should I skip the last class? Not if I’m making up for the one I failed last year. But I still have six hours to do something with, and I even brought some Math texts to do problem sets out of! Did I see a blatantly obvious chance to get things done?

Naahnaahahhh!

See what I mean?

Still, I have yet to actually dedicate any appreciable amount of time to plotting the demise of those apparently cute little sponge cake things. They remind me of cockroaches in that they are nearly impossible to destroy. They probably have a shelf life of eight years. (How do you think the shopkeeper on The Simpsons cuts down on overhead costs?) But I wonder sometimes. What, hypothetically speaking, would happen if I put a twinkie in a microwave oven pumping 900 Watts into the little bug?

Wanna find out right now?

People tell me that I’m paranoid, and I’m often convinced that yes, this is connected to being tired. What if the Hostess Company seeks damages? What if I’m found guilty? Why is everybody staring at me? Stop it, all of you! Stop it, I say! I haven’t even microwaved the twinkie! It was a thought experiment! Schrodinger’s Cat, except with a twinkie and a pretty fair idea of what would happen to it! Stop jumping to conclusions about me, all of you!

Have you ever noticed that when you ask someone how much sleep they got last night, the conversation turns into a nasty little competition? “I got three hours and you got four. Nya nya nya nya.” Or “I got up at four this morning. (Yeah, I’m cool. I know it.)” Is self-imposed exhaustion a badge of strength? Gosh, I sure hope so.

I think I’ll go to bed now. Wait... make that the microwave. Mwaahahahahaa!

Editor’s Note: No twinkies were harmed in the making of this article, although we did make a gerbil or two after reading Nicola’s article.

Canucks Challenge

The challenge will pit the Science Plasma Super League team versus a team to be announced from another faculty before a Canucks game in either February or March.

We need 20 people to purchase $164 Adult Pack of tix, consisting of:

- one pair tix to a Canuck game
- one pair tix to a Grizzlies game
- one single ticket to another Canucks Game.

That’s five tix, in the mids!

Then, we need to sell 140 tix to the Canucks game we play at, and these tix include a pregame tour of GM Place.

If you’re interested in this, contact Anna at 9US.

Phil.S.A. Bzzr Garden • Fri, Oct 13
Arts 200
Phil.S.A. Discussion Groups • 4:30
Every Wed at International House

Check out the bulletin board on the third floor of Buchanan E1.
Driving Miss Scott.

Scott Thompson
Columnist

In the many years that I have lived, I have slowly (very slowly, some might add) learned a few of life’s lessons... Simple things like always say please and thank-you”, “always remember to flush and put the lid down”, “always remember to raise the lid first”, and “never tell a girl that she’s a rich prostitute” (she won’t take the intended compliment very well).

Recently, however, I have stubbornly learned a new lesson. It is perhaps the most profound thought that has ever come to me, and will doubtlessly save me hours of pain and torment in the years to come. I thought that I would help you avoid this same pain and torment and so I will pass this bit of wisdom on to you: never let anyone drive your car.

This has not been an easily learned lesson. It has been slowly beaten into my head by mistake upon mistake upon mistake.

My first mistake was in letting a 13-year-old, whose only previous driving experience was on a Nintendo, drive my car for $5. My reasoning was that if I had to (which I was quite sure I wouldn’t) I could always pull on the e-brake. After trying to start my already started car 4 times, (and laughing at the “CoOl” sound that it made) the kid’s first move was to take his foot off the clutch and try to put it in gear... perhaps an explanation on the workings of a car was in order. Then again, it probably wouldn’t have helped, as the rest of his drive resembled Flight Simulator, as played by a three-year-old.

The day wasn’t a total loss though... I did learn a few things, like two people pulling on the steering wheel in opposite directions causes the car to go straight. Pulling on the E-brake while doing 50 in a crowded parking lot causes the car to fish-tail and hit an unruly pedestrian, and never give out your real name.

I suppose that my second major mistake was not so much in allowing someone else to drive my car, but in surrendering control of my car. It was at a car rally and I was in a somewhat less than coherent state, (i.e. Drunk) where I made Justin (someone I had met 3 minutes earlier) promise not to let me do anything stupid with my car. I vaguely remember a few things from that night:

(a) using my shoe to measure, in feet, (go figure) a big red Canada-post mail box to see if it would fit in the trunk.
(b) Trying to figure out why all the other cars stopped at that last intersection.
(c) coming to the sullen realization that I was doing five times the posted limit. That was the first and last time I drove drunk. My only defence is that I was too intoxicated to realize that I was drunk.

My next mistake was performed downtown. I was attempting to teach a somewhat baked 13-year-old how to drive in an underground parking lot. She was actually doing remarkably well; at least until I tried to teach her to parallel-park between a BMW and a Lexus. After getting a quarter of the way in, she proceeded to slowly inch my car forward up to the Beamer until we just bumped... then, without turning the steering wheel, she would pop it into reverse and slowly back up to the Lexus, which happened to have an alarm. She would set it off, which would elicit a short, high-pitched giggle from her. The alarm would last all of 20 seconds, at which point she would stop giggling, turn deadly serious, shift back into first and move back towards the Beamer.

This continued for some 15 minutes until we were invited to leave by a guy in blue over-alls and a cute little oval name-tag with a name so un-pronounceably long that, in order to fit, it had to be hyphenated and embroidered in 3 point text. Seeing as I would not have been very likely to drive much better than the current under-age driver, (See above note about never driving drunk again) I chose to let her drive... using mostly side-walks.

I innocently tossed one of my best friends my keys and asked him to get my car out of the driveway. That he did, by the most direct and efficient method possible: Straight back into a ditch.

It still baffles me as to exactly how he managed to accomplish such a feat. The driveway was curved, so he first, without turning, brought my car right to the edge of the ditch, then he stopped, adjusted the radio, looked up at me, gave me something along the lines of a smile and a thumbs up, then accelerated straight into the ditch.

So if you’re lucky, you’ll learn from my mistakes and never allow anybody to get a hold of your steering wheel; and if I’m lucky, you won’t, and someday when I’m baked out of my mind, I’ll wrap your car around a totem pole and get the revenge that I so rightfully deserve.

Scott’s learned a basic lesson of life – never let anyone else drive your car. Borrow my clothing, maybe. Use my toothbrush, fine. But borrow my car... never. And that rule applied even when I drove a ‘75 VW Bug that was worth $50 as scrap.

S.O.G.S.

Attention all Science students: this is an important announcement, so listen up!

We want you. Nope, we’re not that desperate, but if you’re still reading this that means you’re cool and all cool people belong in SOGS. So come on and find out what we’re all about.

Monday Morning
8:30 • Chem B160

BPP BppR GARDEN
Friday October 6
SUB 205
4:32pm

Members get one free beverage

A typical problem at UBC’s Central Kitchen: a fly in the pudding.
School.

School is one of those mysterious things that nobody understands. Take, for instance, how you talk about it. In first year, I (much like everyone else) made sure that every time I referred to my life at UBC, I used the word ‘University’. I thought that it was important to make the distinction between school and University since, at the time, I believed University to be a greater, better extension of the grade school education system.

All that wonderful ideology has been beaten out of me, however, and now (in third year) I refer to UBC (much like everyone else) as ‘school’.

What happened? Well, for starters, I started looking at UBC as a vast reservoir of cheap bzzr rather than a great fountain of knowledge. I also reverted to my high school philosophy that the best way to excel in a course was to attend as few classes as possible. That way, you quantized your exposure to information, and maximized your absorption potential.

Try it, it works. You can optimize your academic performance through this method by ingesting vast quantities of alcohol between classes, as well.

Something I respect is that this particular method isn’t for everyone. Some people have actually reported a drop in academic performance during implementation of this method. I know it’s hard to believe; I would have dismissed these findings completely if I hadn’t witnessed them first hand.

At this shrine we participated in the sacred worship of the two Gods Bzzr and Pale Ale. Much rejoicing soon followed as we wound our way back to Kim’s next class. We were so enraptured with our newly found sense of community that we felt the need to lean on one another to help us walk.

FIRST YEAR STUDENTS

The First Year Committee of SUS is looking for new members to help plan and present activities to first year Science students.

If you’re interested, wander into SUS (CHEM 1160) and talk to Jay.

FINEST YEAR COMMITTEE

Page Seven
I've got that gnaaawing feeling...

Don Rhee
Columnist

My brief foray into the vegetarian lifestyle ended tragically last week when I succumbed to the intense pressures of my body and mind. All in the name of meat. For the record that I was a vegetarian for the week and a half prior to the "chicken incident" but nevertheless I cannot go back now having succumbed to the dark meat.

I envy you vegetarians 'cause no matter how much tofu I eat, it will never fill me up. I could probably eat a metric tonne of tofu and not even make the weight room scale flinch provided there are bathroom breaks of course. But somehow you guys manage to do it. Sometimes there's a little salad dressing and a couple of croutons but one green salad and you're stuffed. It's mind boggling.

No one forced me to become vegetarian for that week and a half but to sustain it any longer was just too much for my body to handle. Sure it was a period of great moral consciousness as I potentially saved half a cow from extinction and a short afterlife between two sesame seed buns but my personal physical discomfort included a constant never ending craving... that I had never felt before. I felt a continual craving for meat much like pregnant women mythically crave dill pickles and pistachio ice cream. Bowls of cheerios and Instant noodles just weren't doing the job. And the feeling in the good ol' tummy was always an empty one as if something important was missing. Something juicy. Something that would make everything well again. Something that a nice thick t-bone steak with gravy couldn't fix in a jiffy.

Of course none of this would have came about if I wasn't cooking for myself this year and paying for all my own groceries. My mom even insisted that I get a telephone line this year so that I could have 24 breaks of course. But somehow you guys manage to do it. Sometimes even make the weight room scale flinch provided there are bathroom breaks of course. But nevertheless I cannot go back now having succumbed to the internal pressures of my body.

I guess the day that I decided enough was enough was the day that I sat down at the table and examined this culinary masterpiece. I'm not allowed to bash "meat" here as it is the old "A word in your ear" that's been around for decades. So I'll instead proclaim as I sat down at the table and examined this culinary masterpiece complemented with a nice side dish of rice:

I added some pepper and oregano and with the meat nice and cooked I turned off the stove. "No e.coli or salmonella here!" I triumphantly proclaimed as I sat down at the table and examined this culinary masterpiece complemented with a nice side dish of rice. But the smell of the meat still lingers in my nostrils and my mouth runs dry.

So the big moment came and I closed my eyes to savor the taste and popped in my mouth the first of many chicken hearts that I would have that night.

They're actually not that bad. They taste a little like meatballs but are a little more chewy and the real kicker was that they were on sale that week and I went back and bought some more! Now I wonder what tongue tastes like.

Instant, powdered insanity.

Sapphaera Murray
Columnist

After reading the last issue and hearing all about everyone's back-to-school-holiday-classes-telereg rant, I decided I'd give writing my own rant a go. I decided to get Telereg to work for me this year (despite the fact that it couldn't decide what faculty I actually wanted). You see, I have a problem (actually, many, according to my mother). Due to lack of sleep and some days spent on over-heated buses during the summer, I decided to make the jump. I reformed. Took the plunge. Altered myself (not physically - or at least that's what my friends think). I switched faculties. As a result I'm now a first year Science student and a Second year Artsie simultaneously. Hence my problems.

I decided to reduce my financial problems this year by getting a job. So this summer I got a job at C.A.A. - Caffeine Addicts Anonymous. This noble institution is also know as "stellar-dol-lars" (due to contractual agreement. I'm not allowed to bash the institution by name). This wonderful factory gives unmet penurious students work while using their product to make their employees completely dependent upon their good will.

I have managed to withhold from the domination as I don't drink coffee (yet, but according to other Science students it's only a matter of time). Still, due to vast number of employees they manage to "process" they are good about sharing their employment opportunities with all of us oppressed zombi...students. Back to the title. Due to fiscal constraints (few hours of work for literally beans), I am required to work again through this academic year. As the general consensus of my pals is that my life is completely insane - always was, always will be - here's my how to list. That's how to go insane, by the way.

1. Get a job. Preferably off campus, with a required minimum of hours that you need to work that is higher than the hours of lecture and lab time that you have each week.
2. Work more than the required hours.
3. Don't drink coffee. Eat chocolate instead - that way you get a sugar and a caffeine rush at the same time. (Chocolate and coffee have about the same amount of caffeine).
4. Become a Science student with aspirations of getting into physiology. (For any Artsie this step alone could certify you. If you want to do this with flair, apply for Lang Phys.)
5. Get yourself involved with many clubs as you can - preferably from other faculties (so that you can prove how open minded and well rounded you are).
6. Live at home. Trying to explain to one's parents that you were studying Biology and Chemistry in a car with one's SO until 3 am on a "school night" will really help.
7. Learn how to bounce and how to become hyper at a moments notice.

This final step in conjunction with the others will have the Loony Bins coming to you and begging you to enter. Barring that, you might manage to survive the next few years of this place. I sure hope that this works.

For those of you who didn't figure it out, the institution in question is Starbucks. You hear me... Still have rmbuaaakkssss! She may have to keep quiet, but I don't. Starbucks!

Just had to slip that in one more time.
Y ou know, up until recently, I was under the mistaken impression that sheep were docile, friendly, and easy going, if only lacking a little in the intelligence department, but let me tell you, nothing can be further from the truth.

In keeping with the tradition that I am always the last to know important things, no one told me that sheep are not the docile, easygoing, somewhat vapid creatures that I believed they were. I found this out in Scotland. Poor, unsuspecting me goes to the Highlands, quivering in excitement at all the cattle around (city life had deprived me of simple pleasures), but the sheep rooked. There were lambs frolicking around, and I just lapped it up, a typical chick weakness, until I had the misfortune of getting up close and personal with the damned beasts.

This happened on the road from Glen Nevis to Loch Lomond. The mad Scot driving the bus stopped next to a remote, well populated sheep field, challenged any one aboard to leap the barbed wire fence, charge across the field, throw himself in the lake at the end of it, and run back in under two minutes. All this for six beers. Now, i'm no athlete, but this looked really easy. Strangely, no one went for the bait, but I was feeling particularly reckless that day (probably the result of the earlier visit to a whiskey distillery) and I volunteered. The crazy Scot laughed, muttered something about gullible Americans - which really bit my butt and yelled go. I ungracefully vaulted the fence, ripped my new jeans, but carried on anyway, muttering something about gullible Canadians for my apparently reckless action.

The mad Scot who tricked me into this produced six Buds, for Christ's sake! He couldn't even buy me a decent Scottish brew! And then, he laughed at me for being the only one who ever fell for the whole thing, and blamed Canadian genes for my apparently record gullibility. I protested weakly that night over a strangely comforting meal of mutton and whisky in a story about a breed of local mountain goat that had the legs on its right side longer than those on its left in order to navigate more easily laterally along the steep Scottish slopes. I have to believe that I'm not the only one who wondered what happens when the unfortunate creature tries to turn around.

Question for the audience - when you read the phrase "mad Scot" does an image of Groundskeeper Willy flash into your mind's eye?

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Blurs from Election Candidates

Matthieu "Frenchy" Maftei
General Officer

Greetings, fellow students. My name is Matthieu "Frenchy" Maftei, and I'm running for the position of SUS General Officer. If I were really running in the elections, I would make big politically and socially acceptable promises in exchange for your votes. But since there are four positions available for General Officer, and there are only three people running for them (including myself), I'm already in. So you'll have to accept it. And to hell with democracy. HAHAHA.

As General Officer, I will begin by taking over the Faculty of Science. Then, I will form my personal army and declare myself Emperor. A bit like Napoleon did before the Brits got him (I fart in the face of democracy. HAHAHA!)

I'm Warrick. Don't ask for much from you people. I just want to vote, and preferably, for me. "Yes, of course!"

First Year Rep

Hello...Hi...How are you?? A minute ago I was sleeping in that Pink Floyd song. So start reprinting, all you eternal alphas. The French are taking over the universe.

Warrick Yu
General Officer

My name is Warrick Yu, and I'm running for General Officer of the SUS. Some of you might have met me before, but for those who don't know me, well, I'm Warrick! I don't expect much from you people. I just want to vote, and preferably, for me. "Yes, of course! Always!"

Kevin Ping
First Year Rep

I'm Kevin Ping. This is the first and foremost, I hope, inaugural blurb in my career as a student. I mean it here, I can understand where your politics as far as I could throw 'em. Another thing that really annoys me is political correctness. And I am an excellent listener. I promise not to offer you the "shrink couch". But, I assume that you having experienced the anxieties and frustrations in your years here, I can understand where you are coming from. I have had experience in student council, and I am an excellent listener. I don't have solutions for everything, but I'll do my best to address your concerns.

All this is great but nothing can happen without your coming out and voicing your concerns. Being informed is the key to unlocking many doors in order to get ahead. Use me as that key (Ooh good! I'm beginning to sound like a politician.)

So what's my point? Take advantage of all that I have to offer. Start by making sure you vote in the SUS elections. I promise not to let you down!

Mark Deeby

I'm Mark Deeby and I'm running for Psych Rep for the Science Undergraduate Society. I am concerned about student involvement (or lack of it) in the science faculty. I believe that students (especially first year students) should be aware of events and opportunities awaiting them. I would encourage simple changes such as distributing memos to professors of upcoming events so everyone is aware of them.

Suman Jasual

I am a third year student currently working towards my B.Sc. in Biophysics. I am running for Psych Rep. for the Science Undergraduate Society. I am concerned about student involvement (or lack of it) in the science faculty. I believe that students (especially first year students) should be aware of events and opportunities awaiting them. I would encourage simple changes such as distributing memos to professors of upcoming events so everyone is aware of them.

Chalkboards always attract you people since you persist to copy everything written down by your profs. Therefore, notices on chalkboards work for me. Having trouble approaching a prof? Don't worry! I'll be working with the Science Undergraduate Society. I will be working with the Science Undergraduate Society and the Department of Psychology. So, since elections are on October 16th to 18th, please vote for me!
Hi! This is your boring exciting, stimulating Senate report for this week. I've promised myself (probably in a drunken stupor) that I would write one for every 432 pages this year (ouch!). Considering I have absolutely nothing to say this week, though, I don't know what the hell heck I'm going to say.

Anyway, judging by the amount of Senate-related email I have received today, and the multiple Odyssey articles on the same, I figure the last Senate meeting (Wednesday, Sept. 20) was rather interesting. Of course, this is all second-hand information: being the studious Senator I am, I realized all too late (12:30 am over a pint at the Pit) it's a little late even for interesting and stimulating Senate meetings. I had missed it. The worst part of this is, there's only one a month anyway. If this happens again, needless to say, you won't have to read a boring Senate article from me again!!

Getting back to the point. The Big Brou-Ha-Ha over at Curtis last Wednesday centred around the MacEwen report (what else?). The Faculty of Arts is still trying to get the ban on admissions to the Political Science department lifted; Dean (of Graduate Studies) Grace is holding the line and protecting the rights of the students and the disenfranchised all over the world (supposedly). Me, I believe that although the MacEwen report sounds flawed (I haven't actually read it per se, but I trust the common judgement of my fellow Senators), there is a problem there. From my experience with other controversies of this sort, whenever a $200,000 report is commissioned, hundreds of minutes of testimony given before lawyers, and admission banned by the Dean, there must be something a little skewed.

Anyway, we shall see what happens. As long as the powers that be don't unduly influence the system, everything should be resolved through normal channels. The Dean's Advisory committee should look extensively into the issue, and until it recommends to Dean Grace that the problems have been or are being remedied by the PoliSci department, admission should be banned.

Hopefully the Senate will support the Dean in this respect (although pressure will be high not to from different camps, Arts being the largest). Of course, the CBC and Globe and Mail's articles on this issue don't help either.

Bork! Bork! Bork!

SUS Report
CiTR 101.9 FM
Thursdays at 5:30
My first pet.

When I was a younger kid, I read comic books. I was never a complete comic nut, but at any given time between the ages of four and ten years old, I had at least two or three Batman comics lying on my floor. Time has faded my memory of the stories, but in an illustration of the power of advertising, I can still remember those mail order ads in all of their Technicolor glory. You know the ads I’m talking about, the ones where kids could order various wonderful items like x-ray glasses, telescopes, and Bat Man™ Utility Belts. But the best were always the full page ads for Sea Monkeys™. There was that picture of the king and queen sea monkeys, surrounded by their loyal subjects in their aquarium kingdom. "Teach them to do tricks!" said the ad.

At the bargain price of $14.95 plus shipping and handling, I figured I could afford them by scrounging, saving and doing odd jobs inside of twelve weeks. My parents, ever the opposition to any good idea tried to dissuade me. "You'll just be disappointed," said my father. But my mind was made up, and my heart was set. Fourteen weeks later, I sent my money order off to the Sea Monkeys company, and immediately began awaiting the arrival of my new pets.

During the 6-8 (actually it was more like 10,) weeks it took them to come, I had plenty of time to inflate and glorify them in my mind; By the time they finally did appear in my mailbox, I was sure I was getting an army of pre-trained, miniature circus seals. The actual contents of the box I received, however, included a large oblong drinking glass with magnifying glasses built into its sides (a bad sign,) a small package labeled "Sea Monkey™ Food," a very small instruction book, and another, postage stamp sized package labeled "Sea Monkey™ Eggs" (a very bad sign.) I think I was pouring the dust out of the egg package when I began to realize I had been duped. I tried to come up with a list of animals that were born invisible and grew up trainable. The only entry I came up with were fleas, and even at eight years of age, I knew that flea circuses are frauds.

Two weeks after hatching, my Sea Monkeys™ were visible without the aid of the magnifying glasses, so long as one assumed that the little particles suspended in the water were alive, and not dirt. Looking through the magnifying glass, it was apparent that I was the proud owner of glorified aquatic bugs. I recently looked up for Sea Monkeys™ in my biology text. They're called beuchampia crucigera, which further research showed to be aquatic bugs. They belong to the lowest animal rung on the freshwater food chain, and have few predators because most higher animals don't consider them worth eating. As for teaching them to do tricks, well that was doomed from the start. The instruction manual I received with them contained no information on training the damn things. It wasn't until first year biology that I learned that even the simplest animals will move towards or away from light, or an electrical gradient, or whatever. It doesn't matter, such information would have been cold comfort to a kid expecting to one day put on shows, with Sea Monkeys™ jumping through miniature burning hoops.

And so, depressed and disillusioned, I gave my Sea Monkeys™ their freedom with a flush of the toilet. Who knows, perhaps they went on to colonize the local lake. As for me, I must have learned some sort of lesson from all of this, but I think it only went as far as "don't buy Sea Monkeys™." Imagine my disappointment when I learned the x-ray glasses I ordered the next week didn't actually let me see through walls. But imagine the delight of all the young women in the neighbourhood.

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