

Creativity is more important than knowledge.

Albert Einstein

The
432.

Volume 9 Number 3
4 October 1995

Smokers Banned?

“Are alcohol and sex next?” asks student government.

Kilgore Trout and Juan Carlo
Roving Correspondents

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 lift 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 anti-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-teenagers 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 Clint, Head of Figurative Analysis of Trivial and Insignificant Data at StatistiCorp

“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 batch loads 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 lace the damn things with cyanide.”

Coffee Shortage Predicted!

Olund McGordvansky

Caffeine-free Correspondent

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.

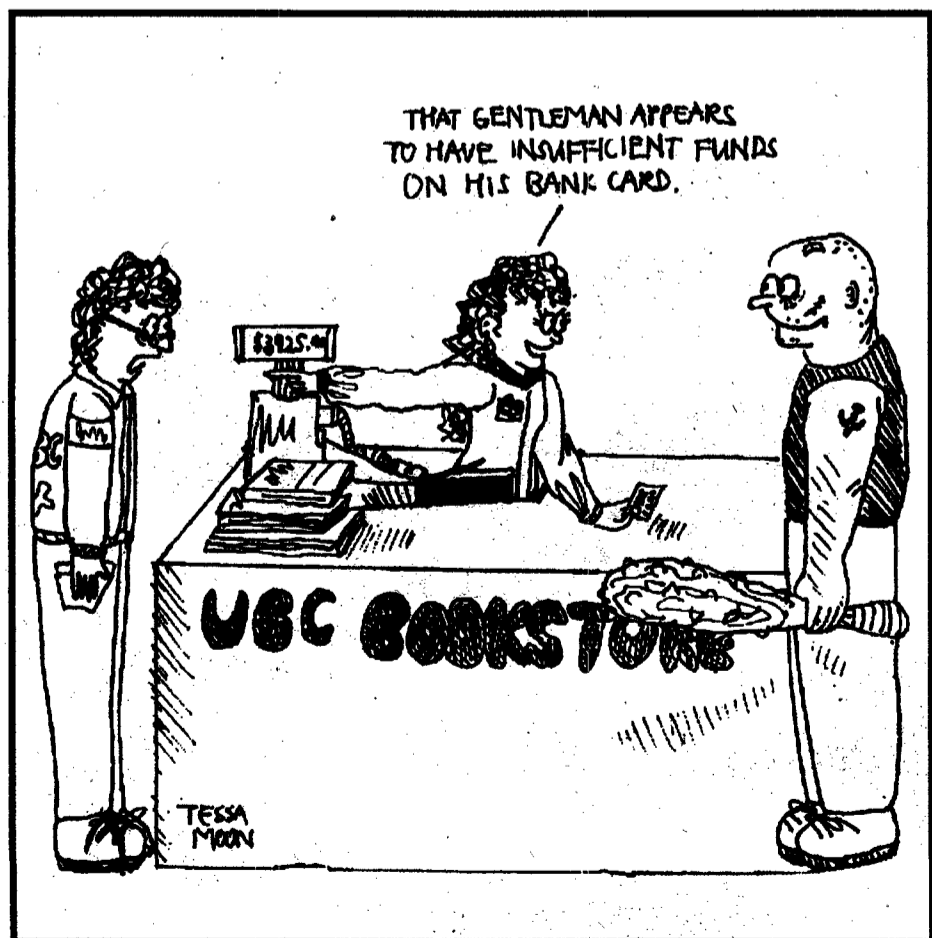
According to internal sources, Blue Chip has ceased purchasing beans from Canterbury Coffee, in anticipation of the deal.

“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.



A new method of payment at the UBC Bookstore

The 432.

Volume 9 Number 3
4 October 1995

Chief Cynic and Pessimist

Blair "Just leave me alone" McDonald

Counter-optimists

Jay "Just don't call me Juan" Garcia

John "Just don't call me" Hallett

Matt "Just call me the Pope" Wiggin

Ink on paper by:

College Printers of Vancouver BC

Pickup and delivery

Elana's red VW Passat

Contributing Realists

Sam Arnold, Anna Carvalho, Bella

Carvalho, Steve Fukada, Nicola

Jones, Dave Khan, Tracy MacKinnon,

Tessa Moon, Kathryn Murray,

Donald Rhee, Scott Thompson,

Jeremy Thorpe, Carin van Zyl

Other stuff

The 432 is published every two

weeks by the Science Undergrad

Society of UBC, offices located in

CHEM B160. All opinions expressed

herein are those of the individual

authors.

Unsolicited articles and cartoons

gladly accepted. Please bring arti-

cles on disk (IBM or Mac) and a

hard copy. All material must contain

author's full name and phone num-

ber in order to be published.

Submissions from all UBC students

welcome. All rights reserved 1995.

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 naively 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 and other people who work for the paper.

Writers are like locusts. They multiply without warning and for no apparent reason. Then they wreak havoc all around, drive everyone insane, and die.

At any rate, there seems to be lots of keen people with things to say and a desire to help with the paper. That's great to see, although I'm scared they'll all vanish into the wind if I turn around too fast.

And they're *all* funny. I'm hoping this is due to some innate talent, not six months of polishing before getting around to submit-

ting their work.

Now where can I find some more cartoonists?

...

By the time you read this, I'll have passed another milestone in my life - the dreaded one year mark with the girlfriend.

If anyone remembers last year's articles, yes it is the same person. Amazingly enough, she decided to stay despite some of the things I did.

Apropos of nothing at all, if you ever find yourself in a position to publish nasty things about a loved one, don't do it. It causes more personal grief than it generates laughs.

But she's still around, thankfully. And I'm thinking about every word I'm writing before I type it in. And I'll be getting Matt to read this article before it goes to print, just in case.

Wouldn't want to destroy a relationship on the 366th day.

It's been a great 365 days, with very few exceptions. She puts up with so much of my sarcasm and annoying behaviour, it's amazing she hasn't pushed out a window.

Here's a typical example of the garbage I deal her.

"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 misanswer 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.



Vancouver School Board

Elementary Student Mentorship

Do you have an interest you'd like to share with a talented and gifted elementary student and 10 hours to spare?

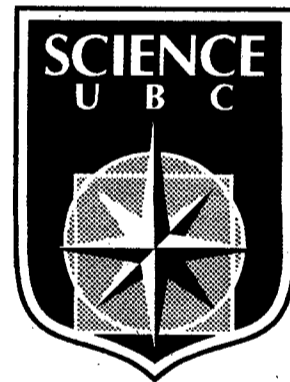
The Vancouver School Board is looking for volunteers with good communication skills to act as role models, guide, tutor, coach and confidante to a less-experienced person.

Examples of interests include geometry, dance, photojournalism, electronics, music, video production, law, and every other interest in between.

You will be listed in a mentor bank, and matches will be developed as students' interests are registered.

Contact the Gifted Education Resource Teacher at the Vancouver School Board at 732-1117.

Or talk to Anna at SUS for more information.



The 432.
October 18, 1995
NEXT DEADLINE

Drawer One

Tracy MacKinnon

Peachident

Hello out there. Blair forces me to write an article for every paper. I'm not sure it's worth it. I mean, who reads 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., BioSoc with 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 AMS constituted just before club days! The newest science club!

Coming up on October 6th is SUS Octoberfest. Cheap psider and bzzr from 8 p.m. to midnight in the SUB ballroom. Drinking, dancing, frolicking and fun.

For UBC Open House SUS, the Faculty of Science, and UBC 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 160) 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 buried strategically placed at the back of the paper. So I fixed her! 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 need 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.

Elvis on how to win a woman's heart.

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 Power 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 ~~rant~~, uh, monologue on the oh-so-befuddling subject of women and flowers. Women like flowers. They like 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 colour dress the woman will wear; odds are, she doesn't know yet. Further complicating the matter is the simplicity of the male colour spectrum. We just don't have that many colours 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 colour-matching stage, you've still got 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, anyways?

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

"Fresh gerbils! Get 'em while they're hot!"

Nicola Jones

"Squeaky" Columnist

Okay, 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 making 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 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 o' gerbils. We weren't here to actually learn that $ep + 1 = 0$, 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 alternately, and even more subtly - "people only spend as much as they think they have". And these guys weren't even related. Eerie how genius manifests itself.

No, the whole point was to learn how to think; to give your mind

full o' 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 intended 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 bzzr 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. Hell, 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.

Death.

Jeremy Thorp

Tin 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 clinically 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 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 arriving 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-3191-zoro-dodecahedrol. To these people, I wish the best of luck in their quest for Disposable Immortality.

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

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

Please pick up articles from lockers by October 5th. If not claimed, everything becomes the property of the Chem Club. No exceptions!

The Twinkie way.

Steve Fukada

Columnist

Like many of you out there, I am tired. Yes, I am tired of bumper stickers proclaiming that "My Shop-Vac has more horsepower than yours!", and of those tasteless 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 tolerable 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 squish 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 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 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 get four hours to do things?

Naaaaaaahhh!

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?

Naaaaaaahhh!

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 thingies. 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 of course, would happen to a Twinkie in a microwave oven pumping 900 Watts into the little guy?

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 really 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. Mwaaahahaha!

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



Jay GARCIA

Interestingly enough, the older I get, the weirder and more interesting life becomes. Part of this can be attributed to the fact that, as you get older, you have more memories to draw on. This makes your average day a strange melange of Simpsons flashbacks, Babylon 5 quotations, and X-Files-like situation (come on now. how often do you go D'Oh! in a day, as compared to the number of times you say "gee, this is just like Kafka's 'The Hunger Artist'"). And let me tell you, people who so much as mutter "the truth is out there" or "Kosh! Kosh!" in conversation get more strange looks than do the loonies on the bus.

Additionally, and somewhat paradoxically, the older you get, the more difficult it is to actually access those memories correctly.

I mean, just the other day, while I was waiting for the bus to show

up, I hear this voice from somewhere behind me yell "Hey, Jay!"

Normally speaking, such a greeting is not one of the best you can give me (it's not the worst, though — that one would have to be reserved for the act of grabbing me by my shoulder, spinning me around and asking me in a low, growly voice, where the *hell* is the money I owe you). Usually, being greeted like this leaves me jittery and nervous. I mean, I like to know where my salutations are coming from.

Anyway, by now, the speaker (an attractive young lady) had come up to me and began a conversation in which I gamely tried to follow along. As we got on the bus, we wound up speaking about classes that she had taken last year, and what she was doing this year, and how much fun we used to have hanging out together. It should have been a fairly pleasant conversation. The only problem was, I had no bloody clue who the hell she was.

Now, this is rare. While I may forget the occasional name or detail, I had never in my life, up until that point at least, completely forgotten the existence of somebody. And an attractive somebody at that. So, desperately, I tried dropping some fairly obvious hints, trying to see if I could localize a time or a place when we had been together by stacking some loaded queries into our conversation. "Um, remember Mr. Joubert's grade 12 physics class? When he brought in the goldfish tank, and put in exactly as many fish as there were people in the class, then tossed in a piranha, saying that the number of goldfish left at the end of the term would roughly match the number of people who passed the course? Wasn't that a hoot? Hah, hah..."

Unfortunately, she never seemed to get the hint that I had no idea who she was, and, at that time (some half and hour into our conversation), I didn't exactly have the courage to stop and ask her for her name. She ended up getting off the bus somewhere near 41st and Main.

(PS. if you're out there reading this, I'm sorry I forgot your name. And could you please drop by Chem 160 sometime? I still have your copy of "The Grapes of Wrath".)

The next time you see me wandering around Chem 464 with my copy of Moby Dick muttering "I coulda sworn that my english discussion group was around here somewhere!", be kind. After all, you could end up just like me in a few years...

As an aside, if any of you end up like Jay... shoot yourself. You'll eternally be glad you did.

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
and one single ticket to another Canucks Game.

That's five tix, in the mids!

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

If you're interested in this, contact Anna at SUS.

Philosophy Students Association (Phil.S.A.) finds itself alive and well after a two year hiatus...

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 E!

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'd be 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 unwary 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, (ie. 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 15-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

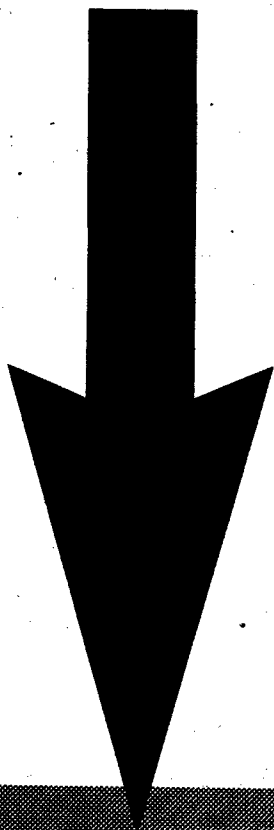
BPP BppR GARDEN
Friday October 6
SUB 205
4:32pm

Members get one free beverage



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

**SUS needs another
Room Manager. Help!**



Go to SUS.



**John
HALLETT**

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

School.

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.

<begin flashback sequence>

It was a beautiful, sunny Tuesday in September. I had just walked into SUS and was busy in the process of greeting my old friends when something glinted in the sunlight and caught my attention. I quickly adjusted my gaze to rest upon that which had so abruptly pulled my focus away from my friends. It was a glass bottle containing Psider. The Gods themselves must have sent this sacred holy bottle to me as a sign that I was the chosen one to drink it. I grasped the glimmering glass in my hands and sighed as the familiar phssist echoed through the room signaling the impending guzzle.

I left SUS shortly there-after on my way to my first class of the day. I was saddened, however, by the stark lack of alcoholic beverages on my person. I wept a single tear to show my dismay. My dear companion Jay heard my stifled sniff and graced my hand with an unopened Apple Psider to consume in class.

The class passed quickly and, at the end of it, I found myself enroute with my friend Kim to the ethanol shrine of North Campus known to the masses as Koerner's.

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.

<end flashback sequence>

Um... yeah, right, that overly descriptive type style gets grating fast, eh? Anyway, Kim later reported that she had troubled doing simple academic things in that class like: paying attention, taking notes, not drooling on said notes, and avoiding overt giggling. After the class she reported having trouble with such elementary motor tasks as walking, but those are hardly related to learning, right?

Anyway, it's clear that more research is required on this and related subjects. So I'm off to The 432 Laboratories to volunteer as a subject. The results should be published this issue.

The experiment John's speaking of went off without a hitch. While I was out hiking around the boonies with my Ecology class, John smuggled about \$300 worth of booze and proceeded to get straight pissed up.

I returned three hours later to find an entire bar set up where I normally do the paste up, and John Hallett reeking of cheap rye whiskey.

Needless to say, the written material on this experiment (copious that it was) made absolutely no sense at all.

So I've put it on the back burner until next issue. I'm hoping John can make sense of it after he sobers up a bit.

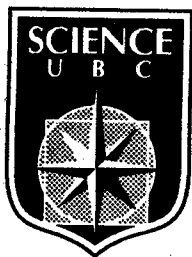
By the way, I think John has a drinking problem. After all, he went to all the problem of setting up a fictitious experiment, down to the safety goggles just to give himself an excuse to get plastered.

Get help, John. The phone number's in the book.

FIRST YEAR EVENTS FOR 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 B160) and talk to Jay.

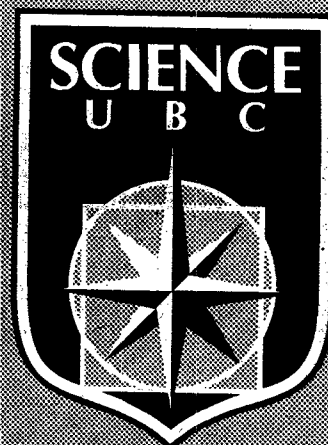


**FIRST YEAR
COMMITTEE**

**OCTOBER COUNCIL
ELECTIONS**

Oct 16 - 18

Kenny Building



"I've got that gnaawing feeling..."

Don Rhee

Columnist

My brief foray into the vegetarian lifestyle ended tragically last week when I succumbed to the internal pressures of my body and ate some meat. It should be noted 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 come 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 hour cooking help whenever I needed it (but I don't think that's the primary reason for the phone cause she's the one bothering calling me all the time). For a person with no real income, meat in general is quite expensive and is almost a luxury item. On my first trip to the meat department at Safeway, I quickly came to the conclusion that unless I acquired an appetite for cow tongue (\$1.19/kg) or chicken hearts (36 for \$1.69), meat would be a rare and an infrequent menu selection for me in the weeks ahead. So I shifted over to the wiener and luncheon meat section and after a second pondering plates full of hot dogs and pepperoni sticks for the next couple of weeks I decided that I wasn't as desperate as I initially thought I was. At least not yet. Tofu and beans anyone?

I guess the day that I decided enough was enough was the day that I found myself circling the local Kentucky Fried Chicken establishment on my bike trying to keep downwind of the chicken fumes. Quite simply I snapped. With my stomach growling I swallowed hard and entered Safeway and broke a twenty dollar bill with my anti-vegetarian meat purchase. Such extravagance and rebellion on my part but it was well worth it. I even noticed that the cashier had paused during the transaction as if this was no ordinary purchase of meat and that perhaps there was some kind of evil afoot. Nevertheless, the trip home was uneventful as I protectively carried my prized food on my back much like my ancient cave dwelling ancestors did after a long hunt for food in the wilderness. The only difference being that they had a freshly skinned raw sabre toothed tiger slung over a shoulder and I had processed meat wrapped up in saran wrap on a styrofoam tray in my backpack.

The snapping of the juices as the meat cooked on the stove sent my taste buds tingling to another level. Acid levels in the stomach reached fantastic new heights and saliva production went into double overtime. It was just another case of the mind saying no but the body saying yes yes yes!

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.

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.

Sapphaerra Murray

Columnist

After reading the last issue and hearing all about everyone's bookstore-back-to-school-holiday-classes-terereg rant, I decided I'd give writing my own rant a shot.

Believe it or not, I managed 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 known as "stellar-dollars" (due to contractual agreements I'm not allowed to bash the institution by name). This wonderful factory gives umpteen 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 complete 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 Eng.Phys.

4. Get yourself involved with as many clubs as you can - preferably from other faculties (so that you can prove how open minded and well rounded you are).

5. Find an significant other (SO) of your choice. If they live near enough for you to see them almost once a week but not more often, the frustration will drive you around the bend!

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... Sttttaarr rrrbuuuckkksssss! She may have to keep quiet, but I don't.

Starbucks!

Just had to slip that in one more time.

50/50 DRAW

Fundraiser for the United Way
Campaign

If interested, contact Anna at
SUS

A gullible Canadian, eh?

Carin van Zyl

Columnist

You 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 rocked. 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, defiantly singing O Canada at the top of my lungs.

Then I hit the peat bog. This nifty stuff is really black, thick, smelly organic mud which later becomes oil. I was running toward the lake, politely avoiding the sheep, and the next thing I knew, I was waist deep in this crud. Of course, there was a loud explosion of laughter from behind. I gamely hauled myself out of the morass, and dutifully threw myself in the frigid water. That's when I decided that the white T-shirt had not been the brightest choice of clothing. Nonetheless, with patriotic fervor, I started back.

I should have picked up the bad vibes right away, but my feminine intuition was not doing its usual overtime. All the sheep were looking at me racing back up the slope, but not in that endearing, vacant way they usually did. The combination of out-of-tune national anthem, reeking mud, and now transparent t-shirt must have been more stimulating than they could bear, because

they all started running for me, bleating crazily. They ran up to me on all sides, and butted my legs, bellowing and snorting. With my life flashing before my eyes, I leapt inexpertly over the fence, just barely evading a particularly enraged hell-sheep, incoherent with fear, and begged for an immediate intravenous infusion of the six beers I had just won.

To add insult to injury, 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 Molson, all the while engrossed 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?

Day of the Longboat

10 people per war canoe on a 2km route

Salmon BBQ follows finals

Sign up through Science and be eligible for rebates!

Registration deadline:
Wednesday October 11

Register at SUS • Chem B160

Oct 20 - 21, 1995



**A Triple Crown
Event**



The Trek for Education

Universities and colleges play a crucial role in creating and communicating the ideas which continuously shape our society.

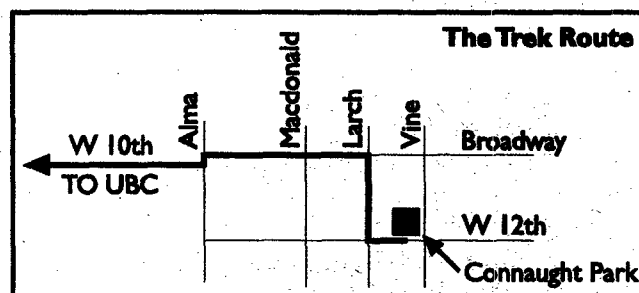
We call upon Parliament to balance the federal budget by reducing the \$7.2 billion in corporate tax breaks and subsidies rather than cutting \$6.6 billion from post secondary education, healthcare and social services.

We call on the provincial government to introduce legislation restricting the increase of tuition

FREE CONCERT BY

**13 engines AND treble charger
WHEN THE TREKKERS ARRIVE**

RAIN OR SHINE • SUB SOUTH PLAZA • 12:30



Organized by the Alma Mater Society, UBC Student Union.
Call David Borins at 822-2050 for info

Support the Trek!

Blurbs from Election Candidates

Matthieu "Frenchy" Maftel General Officer

Greetings, fellow students. My name is Matthieu 'Frenchy' Maftel, and I'm running for the position of SUS General Officer. If I was 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. HAHHAHA!

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 their general direction). I will take over the world and magically transform all living creatures into small furry animals. I will then bring them all together in a dark cave and have them groove with a pict (a bit like in that Pink Floyd song). So start repenting, all yee mortal earthlings, the French are taking over the universe!

Warrick Yu General Officer

H! 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 ask for much from you people. I just want to vote, and preferably, for me. "Yes, of course! Always!"

Kevin Phung First Year Rep

Hello...Hi...How are you?? A minute ago I was sleeping but Jay Garcia called and demanded a 200 word "blurb" as he calls it. "What am I supposed to write about", I demanded. "About yourself", he barked back to me. Oh okay, that should be simple enough. I view myself as an active kind of guy. You know the guy that takes risks and looks like James Bond only better... The only problem is when I look in the mirror, the image I see is kind of guy that listens to mothers. I got up and decided to sleep on the couch in my living room instead. The next day I spent trying to do homework while watching Green Bay play Jacksonville. Boy did I have several adrenaline rushes. I did get some physics work done because I am Chinese and have an incredible ability to understand Professor Ng. Enough of that, I'm getting off topic.

It is about here where I make promises that I couldn't possibly keep. But instead, I'll believe that as "First Year Science Rep" I am in the same position you are. "I don't know anything about this place." But what I do know is that we're a bunch of dedicated and bzzr loving individuals who have a responsibility to do what we can for you as a student. I mean it when I say that if you have any problems, other than with your

boy friend or girl friend or even with same sex friend, you can come to us. Usually I'm at the sub arcade playing that cool Daytona game with that cool little shifter but I do have a box in the S.U.S. if you need to reach us. By us I refer to Hiro Izumi and myself. So again if you have any comment, recommendations, or complaints please don't hesitate to find Hiro and talk to him.

After I tell you about what I will do for you, I must stress what I will not do. I will not give you any advice. Unlike others who will insist that you join clubs and save that animal or forrest. I will tell you to do what you want to do. Do what you like and not what others want you to do. Oh, no I just gave you advice and contradicted myself. I better leave.

Thank you for reading and please have a good year while getting those Med school marks...)

email at Kphung@unixg.ubc.ca

Hiro Tzumi First Year Rep

First and foremost, I would like to thank all those who voted, and a special thanks to all those who voted for me. Thanks to your votes, I've won an overwhelming victory over all the other candidates.

Well, let me tell you the reason for my participating in student politics:

1. I was told I could get a free UBC Science T-shirt.
2. Seeing that I might fail-out this year, I thought I might as well get my name immortalized.
3. I was told you get free donuts.

Now that you know how dedicated I am to serving you, I'd also like to tell you that I believe I can fairly and effectively represent most first year students because:

1. I don't understand a word any prof says.
2. All my texts still have the plastic wrappers on them.
3. My notes are illegible.
4. I've failed my first Calculus test.
5. Need I say more?

So there you have it. My partner Kevin and I will be at your service (or disposal).

Comments, Concerns & Complaints should be directed to Kevin. Commendations should be directed to me. Well, thanks for reading, and congratulations if you got this far. Good luck and, if you don't see me this term I'll probably see you in Math 100 next term.

Parisa Mehrlehoduvandu Biochemistry Department Rep.

Hi. I'm Parisa Mehrlehoduvandu and I'm your Biochem rep for the Science Undergrad Society. I'll be working with the Science Undergrad Society and the Department of Biochemistry. I'm very approachable, and if you need any help at all, feel free to come on down and talk to me or

leave me a message at Chem B160.

Sia Adjudani Biology Department Rep.

Hi. My name is Sia Adjudani, and I'm running for the Biology department representative on the council. I transferred over from Langara College this past September. Being part of the council is very important to me and a great opportunity to represent all of you intelligent, life-loving, environmentally conscious, fellow biology students on the council. Part of my duties will include voting on decisions and matters that effect all of us. As you know biological sciences are one of the most important of all sciences, and decisions regarding funds to our clubs and events and other things are equally as important. I plan to make my duties as your biology department rep. one of my top priorities, and hope to have your support all the way. I invite all of you, especially the first year biology students to take part in different events this school year. I thank you all and wish you luck.

Troy Loss Chemistry Rep

Hi, my name is Troy Loss, and I am running for the position of Chemistry Rep (after hanging out in the SUS office too much, they pushed me into it). My campaign for this position has been tactful, I have already won it (by acclimation). Seeing I am going to sit on the council, the public should have some idea of what kind of person I am.

For starters, I am taking the Honours in Chemistry Environmental Option program. Some may think that I would not have much time to spend on other things besides studying, this position is going to be one of two extra activities to keep me from going crazy. Generally, I am liberally minded, but a fiscal conservative, and I don't trust politicians as far as I could throw 'um. Another thing that really annoys me is political correctness.

During this year, with being on council, hopefully we can pull off a few good pranks on the 'Geers an the Artsies. If anybody in science has any good ideas, write them down, and put it in my box. In addition, if anyone has general bitches and moans, let me know about it.

Remember to vote, and thanks to everyone who signed my nomination.

Tsun-On Carmel Chan Physiology Rep.

My name is Carmel Chan and I am a second year transfer student. My major is Honors Physiology and I am the department representative of Physiology this year. If you have any questions or problems related to the physiology program, or you are concerned with the welfare of the physiology majors, please feel free to contact me through the Science

Undergraduate Society. I will be glad to offer any possible assistance. I would like to thank all those who have nominated me and I'll try my best for this post. Your support is cordially appreciated. Thank you.

Marc Deebay Running for Psychology Rep.

Hi. I'm Marc Deebay and I'm running for Psych rep for the Science Undergrad Society. I'll be working with the Science Undergrad Society and the Department of Psychology. So, since elections are on October 16th to 18th, please vote for me!

Suman Jasual Running for Psychology Rep.

I am a third year student currently working towards my B.Sc. in Biopsychology. I am running for Psych Rep. for the Science Undergrad 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 opportunity awaiting for them. I would encourage simple changes such as distributing memos to professors of upcoming events so everyone is aware of these events. 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? ...with courses?...finding a building? Experiencing social problems? Do you feel as if no one is listening? Arggg!!! Trot on over to the SUS Office Chem 160B so I can help. Agreed, I'm not a professional councillor and I promise not to offer you the "shrink couch". But, I assume you that having experienced the anxieties and frustrations in my years here, I can understand where you're coming from. I have had experience in peer counselling and I am an excellent listener. I don't have solutions for everything but I will try 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 (Oh god! 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!

Most of the above people are being acclaimed, with the exception of the biopsychology rep, which will have an election on Oct 16-18. The following positions are still vacant and can be filled by wandering down to SUS and talking to Tracy.

Geography
Geology
Geophysics / Astronomy
Microbiology
Oceanography
Statistics

The Drawers of SUS.

Anna Carvalho

Still the Public Relations Officer, despite an attempted coup.

First off, before I start yammering about all sorts of things going on in the world of Public Relations, I should explain why I'm still the one writing this five-column-inches worth at the back of the paper.

If you read The Summer 432, you know that I wasn't going to be PRO this term. Well, things have changed, and your Council has graciously allowed me to finish my term of office ("you like me! You really like me!"). So I've tossed my \$10 into the ol' SUS pot, and here I go!

The United Way campaign is in full swing. Science has raised \$6 by entering a team in the Tug-O-War held last Friday. It would have been a lot of fun, I'm sure, if only the Geers hadn't let the swimmers steal the rope. Ah well.

With a still a little to go to reach our goal of \$2000, we will be holding a society-wide 50/50 draw (all money raised from ticket sales will be divided—50% goes to the winner, 50% to the United Way). Tickets are \$2, and you will be seeing ticket sellers cropping up everywhere.

SUS has recently teamed up with the Vancouver School Board in an Elementary Science Mentorship programme. The idea is for people with an interest in Science (presumably you folk registered in our fine faculty) to get together with a gifted elementary student who is interested in a particular field of science. The program requires 10 hours of your time between now and December—not a whole lot of

time to give to what will be an incredible experience. If you'd like more information or an application form, contact me at SUS (822-4235) or by email (annacarv@unixg.ubc.ca).

For those of you in your graduating year, you may be interested to know that the Class Act campaign is underway. I've skillfully passed the buck to Dave Khan, who will be the Science Rep to Class Act.

(I suppose I should insert some sort of AMS Report here, since that is part of my job at the present. Hmm...well, AMS Council formed another ad hoc committee and then moved to adjourn to go to the Senate meeting, so last Wednesday's meeting was quick and painless.)

Finally, to keep you up to date on all SUS happenings, tune into CiTR 101.9 FM Thursdays at 5:30 for the SUS Report on "Bork! Bork! Bork!"

Dave Khan

He'd like a catchy title to go right here.

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 paper 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 *Ubysey* 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 is a little late even for interesting and unending Senate meetings) that 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

Bella Carvalho

Our somewhat flighty External person.

Centurion's on October the 6th at the Cheeze Pub. You know I'll be there! Anyhoo, this involves taking in about 100 bzzr in 100 minutes.

Translation: Bella will be over at the Cheeze, drinking her face off and generally making passes at all the Electricals.

As well, there's a blood drive from October 3rd to October 6th. The Red Cross really needs your blood so go donate, even if it is for the E's!

See what I mean. Engineering this, engineering that... doesn't she care about all of us here at SUS?

Oh, oh yeah! The Tanking Pond will be out of Commission for one more week while it's being, uh, renovated... so do whatever you want to them now... They can't getcha!

Actually, the Pond is functional. Even if the 'geers are putting on padding to satisfy the draconian demands of the administration types, they will tank you if you ask nicely enough. Besides, a lack of a tank probably wouldn't even slow them down. They'd just toss your ass in the nearest water filled pothole and

call it a day.

Nothing ever happens at the AUS, so let's move on.

Nothing ever happens at the AUS, except for the County Fair, which I might add, they're advertising for already. A mere six months before... is it overkill? Yup.

As for our AMS, there's the Great Trek, which is going to take place on October 13th, at Connought Park. The Trek is being held to make a statement, specifically that UBC students (and especially us Science students) want to fight unfair, unreasonable tuition hikes. There's also a petition for referendum, which you should sign if you're willing to hold a referendum. This doesn't mean you need to support the ideas behind them, only that you want there to be a forum where all voices can be heard.

A whole bunch of political type stuff which only about 3% of you will ever care about. It would be a really neat switch if lots of people went to the Trek, and voted, but I'm not going to hold my breath anymore.

On to lighter stuff, SUS is hold-

ing our annual Oktoberfest on October 6th, in the SUB Ballroom. At a buck-a-bzzr, can you beat that?

Nope, you can't beat buck a bzzr. It's a lot cheaper than Arts or just about anyone else.

By the way, buck a beer means we'll probably lose our shirts on this event. We're trying to beat our record loss of \$3000, set at the 1994 Oktoberfest.

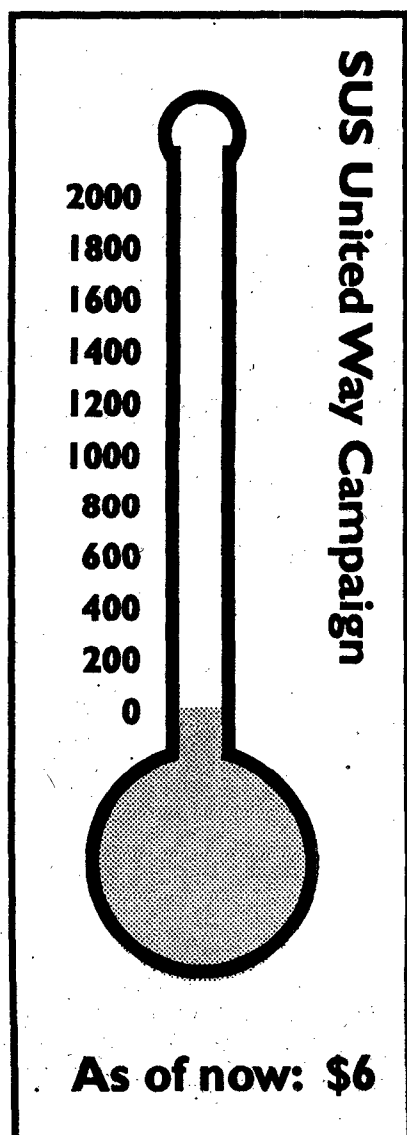
But hey, if that's the only way Science students can get drunk for less than \$10, so be it. That's our job.

Volunteers are needed for the planning and execution of Science Week this year. Since last year's Science Week rocked, we want this one to be way more keen! Volunteers are always welcome.... see me in SUS!

Volunteers? Don't you mean suckers? Regardless, hanging out in SUS is pretty fun.

<Italicized comment courtesy of Blair in an attempt to fill up the rest of this page

PS Bella will probably kill me, but hey, I've got a deadline!>



My first pet.



Matt
WIGGIN

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 scrimping, 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 appeared that I was the proud owner of glorified aquatic bugs. I recently looked up for Sea Monkeys™ in my biology text. They're called *beauchampia 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.



\$1 a bzzr

\$1.50 a psider

Music by CTR 101.9

Friday, October 6

8:00 - 12:00 pm

SUB Ballroom

Oktoberfest