The cdxxxii

The Newspaper For Science Students

Vol 6 No 4 ✗ 19 Oct '92

*Imagine, if you will, a Xerox of Erik "The Fish" Jensen's butt in this space. Scary, eh? Now don't you sleep better knowing that I correct the proofs of this rag before it goes to press?*

# Remembering Jon...

*Eulogy (sort of) to a fallen comrade*

**Rog**

*God of the Quick Article*

As you may or may not know by now, the November Science dance has, this year, been named the Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith Semi-Memorial Dance. This is in fond memory of our dearly departed Director of Sports, who first graced our hallowed halls with his presence one year ago today, and who was tragically taken from us all too soon last April. But, for those of you who were not lucky enough to know this legend among men, allow me to share with you a few passages from his meteoric rise to fame...

What can we say about Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith? I can honestly say that the mere mention of his name brings a smile to my face. (I mean, doesn't it make *you* laugh?) Born Jon Campbell-Smith to a well-to-do Ontario couple, Jon felt the urge to migrate westward after finishing high school, and so found himself within the friendly confines of UBC.

Having been here hardly a month and a half, and seeking his own niche in the UBC social echelons, Jon wandered happily into SUS this very day one year ago. It didn't take Jon very long to involve himself in the goings-on in the office, and quickly became a SUS Sports Rep. But Jon didn't stop there; he went above and beyond the call of duty in assisting Jaret Clay, SUS Director of Sports, to such an extent that he virtually assumed Jaret's position and performed the entire job himself. Thus it came as no great surprise when Jon was elected Director of Sports for the 1992/93 school year.

Jon's flair for public relations, however, were not only evident in his work. From Blackcomb to Bellingham, he was known as a consummate partygoer, a social wizard that delighted and enriched everyone that knew him, and a beer drinker par excellence. Many a weekend was spent by Jon at Blackcomb, where he worked as a ski instructor by day and haunted Garfinkel's and the Savage Beagle by night. And anyone who knew Jon knew that the Pit was never safe from him, day or night.

The name 'Dinkleheimer', of course, comes from the old song that goes, "John Jacob Dinkleheimer Smith, his name is my name too..." and was sung for Jon at least once every SUS meeting last year. It has recently been suggested that the name be bestowed upon all SUS Directors of Sports from now on, an honor that any SUS official would be proud to bear.

But, just as Jon was destined for greatness, tragedy struck. (He got his transcript.) And so, as quickly as he had come, Jon was gone, but not forgotten by any means. It is in his honor that we invite you to come have a brew for Jon at the dance on November 6th. It's what Jon would have wanted.

By the way, rumor has it that he's hitchin' a ride out here with Elvis and comin' back next year. We can only hope.

# SUS Council To Undergo Surgery

*Members go under knife to correct "colonic anomaly"*

**Kevin Phillips Bong**

*Roving Correspondent*

Early next week, members of the Science Undergraduate Society will undergo emergency surgery at University Hospital, for excision of what doctors have described as a "colonic anomaly".

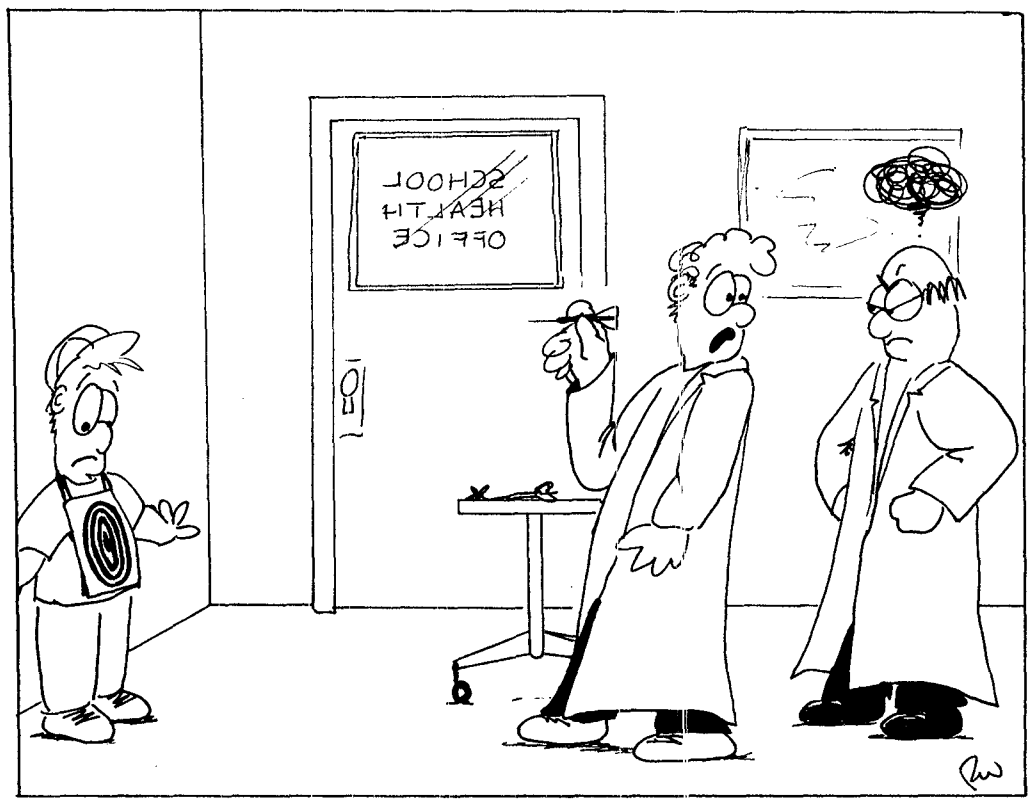
According to chief of staff Dr. Carl Marks, the decision to operate was made after careful testing and deliberation. "It started out with the affected members complaining of severe lower abdominal pain, difficulty in walking or sitting, and just about everything else in their lives, actually," said Marks. "Other members noticed abnormal behavior... irritablility, overparticularity, reticence and stubbornness. These symptoms pointed to the possibility of a stricture or blockage in the lower intestinal tract. Further radiological and proctological tests confirmed this diagnosis."

Marks went on to describe the nature of the problem. "As best we can ascertain, the culprit appears to be a long, narrow, cylindrical object, of some 50 cm in length, lodged in the lower colons of the affected individuals. Bruising and sphincter damage suggests rectal insertion, and examination of the wounds helped give us some idea of what the object is... possibly a fencepost, or perhaps a broomstick."

The three-hour procedure to remove the foreign objects is being given top priority "not because it is a dangerous condition, but rather because a quick remedy will mean rapid recoveries for the patients. As a result, we expect that SUS Council may then resume business as usual, in a productive, harmonious and enjoyable manner."

Reactions to the announcement were mixed. Said one patient, Sales Manager Michael Chow, "Well, I'm just glad the doctors have studied this. I'd like to commend them for it."

"I don't know," said ex-SUS official and medical student Ari Giligson. "Sounds to me like they've just got an enormous pole stuck up their collective ass. We had ways to fix that, back in the good ol' days, and it wasn't with a scalpel..."



"But sir! You said to make the immunization program more fun and exciting!"

## INGREDIENTS:

OVER 95% OF CONTENTS CONSIST OF SODIUM HYPOCHLORITE, GRAPHITE, POLYMERIZED HYDROCARBONS, AND ~~HEMP~~ TREES. LESS THAN 5% CONSIST OF BROWN-NOSING FOR ENGL 203, SOCIAL DISEASES (PAGE 2), THE DANGER OF TETRIS, RABIES' TRIUMPHANT RETURN (PAGE 3), ANGRY DUCK (PAGE 4), DIK MILLER – CAMPUS ENFORCER (PAGE 5), OH NO NOT AGAIN PART 2, THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING STROVE (PAGE 6), MUNDANE DUMPSTER, (PAGE 7), ROG ON EXTRATERRESTRIALS (PAGE 8).

"I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT... I DON'T HAVE MUCH EXPERIENCE IN RUNNING UP A $4 TRILLION DEFICIT."
H. ROSS PEROT

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THE FOUR-HUNDRED THIRTY SECOND BOOK OF SCIENCE, CALLED

# EDITORS

Ryan McCUAIG

1 IN the beginning the AMS created the Council and the SUB.
2 The Council was without stigma, and possessed of reason; and enlightenment *was* upon the face of the campus. And the Council of AMS moved upon the corridors of Brock Hall.
3 The AMS said, Let there be a Student Union Building: and there was a Student Union Building.
4 And the AMS saw the SUB, that *it was* good.
5 And the AMS said, Let there be businesses in the firmament of the concourse to divide the student from the silver, and let them be for coffee, and for pizza, and for beer, and raspberry-flavoured father-of-nation-preventers.
6 And let them be for businesses in the firmament of the concourse to give money upon the AMS: and it was so.

2 NOW every profit-making venture of the concourse before it was in the SUB, and every business of the concourse before it grew, for *there was* not a student to patronize them.
2 And the AMS formed a member of the cash of his wallet, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of ambition and anal-retentiveness; and the AMS member became a Council Hack.
3 And out of the bankroll the LORD AMS formed every constituency of the campus, and every organization in the SUB; and brought *them* unto the Council Hack to see what he would call them; and whatsoever the Council Hack called every bureaucratic menace, that *was* the name thereof.
4 The Council Hack gave names to all clubs, and the Ubyssey of the SUB: but for the Council Hack there was not found an help meet for him.
5 And the LORD AMS created Pit Night, causing a deep stupor to fall upon the Council Hack, and he slept: and he took one of his agendas, and closed up the briefcase instead thereof;
6 And the agenda, which the LORD AMS had taken from Council Hack, made he a Council Hackette, and brought her unto the Council Hack.
7 And the Council Hack said, This *is* now ambition of my ambition; she shall be called Woman.
8 And there was dissent upon the face of the campus.
9 And the AMS took the vowels of the Council Hack: and gave him instead two like *vowels* and a consonant.
10 And the Council Hack called the hackette's name Wimmin.

3 IN process of time it came to pass, when Council Hacks began to multiply on the face of the campus, and AMS-types were created unto them.
2 That the AMS saw the AMS-types that they *were* fair, and it took them Ubyssey Editors of all which it chose.
3 There were giants in the Ubyssey in those days; and also after that, for the same *became* mighty journalists which *were* of old, journalists of renown.
4 And the AMS saw that the leftness of the Ubyssey was great in the SUB, and *that* every every imagination of the thoughts *was* only irrelevant and hypocritical continually.
5 But the Campus Times found grace in the eyes of the AMS.
6 And it repented the AMS that it had made the Ubyssey on the SUB, and it grieved it at its heart.
7 And the AMS said unto the Campus Times, The end of all campus advertising in the Ubyssey is come before me; for the campus is filled with birkenstockism through them, and, behold, we will destroy them with the SUB.
8 And, behold, we, even we, do bring a flood of paper-shuffling upon the SUB, to destroy all newspapers wherein lacks the best interests of every student.
9 And the Council Hacks did amend the course of the AMS, and the Campus Times found no rest for its stacks, and the Ubyssey returned unto the SUB, unscathed.
10 And the Young Conservatives said, We will destroy the Ubyssey whom the AMS has created from the face of the SUB: both collective, and contributors, and the creeping thing; for it repenteth us that the AMS has made it.
11 As *it is* to this day.

4 AND the Ubyssey was threescore and eighteen years old; *these were* the years of the life of the Ubyssey.
2 And it came to pass after these things that Science did say unto Derek, Take now thy Mac, thine only Mac Lucifer, and create thee a paper into the campus, and offer it there for an offering upon the Science buildings which we will tell the of.
3 And Derek worked until late in the morning, and saddled his ass, and went unto College Printers.
4 And Derek said unto his assistants, Abide ye here with the ass; and I will go yonder and get the papers; and come again to you.
5 Therefore the students of Science read of the 432 unto this day.
6 And Derek lasted a year, and begat an editor not in his likeness, nor after his image; and called his name Aaron.
7 And Aaron lasted a year, and begat Dave.
8 And all the days of Aaron were two years, and he stepped down.
9 And Dave lasted but half a year, before Aaron returned once more.
10 And Aaron lasted yet an half year, and begat Patrick.
11 And Patrick lasted a year, and begat Ryan.
12 And the days of Ryan are as yet unnumbered.
13 Yea verily, *right*.

SCIENCE SPORTS BZZR GARDEN

friday **october 23**

4.32pm — 8.30pm

**biosci 2449**

"bzzr at an even more unbelievably low price, and we *really* can't tell you this time."

*(alright, alright! it's 50¢.)*

# Social Diseases

***Roger Watts***
*SUS Soco & ExVP*

Well, I'm afraid I don't really have much to talk about this week *too lazy to write*, in most part because they're not much afoot *haven't organized anything*. So, I'll just take this opportunity *free PR* to talk a little *spout off at the expense of SUS* about the importance of helping out with the SUS Social Committee *lazy sods*. It's a very rewarding *thankless* job that you'll treasure forever *why'd I let him sucker me into it* , and that offers hours of fun *slavery* and many perks too *the free bzzr myth is only so much sucker bait*. So come on out *just step a* bit *closer* and sign up *contract for life*. You'll love it *to death*.

Anyhoo, I guess while I'm here, I'll remind you of the Sports Bzzr Garden on Friday the 23rd, at preeecisely 4:32 pm till 8:30 in Biol 2449. Only 50 cents for a cup of the amber nectar. Can't beat that.

Other fun things to do: Oktoberfest 2, Sunday Oct. 25th at the Lunatic Fringe, 315 E. Broadway. Music by The Love Bugs (you saw 'em at the AMS BBQ, featuring our very own Derek K. Miller!

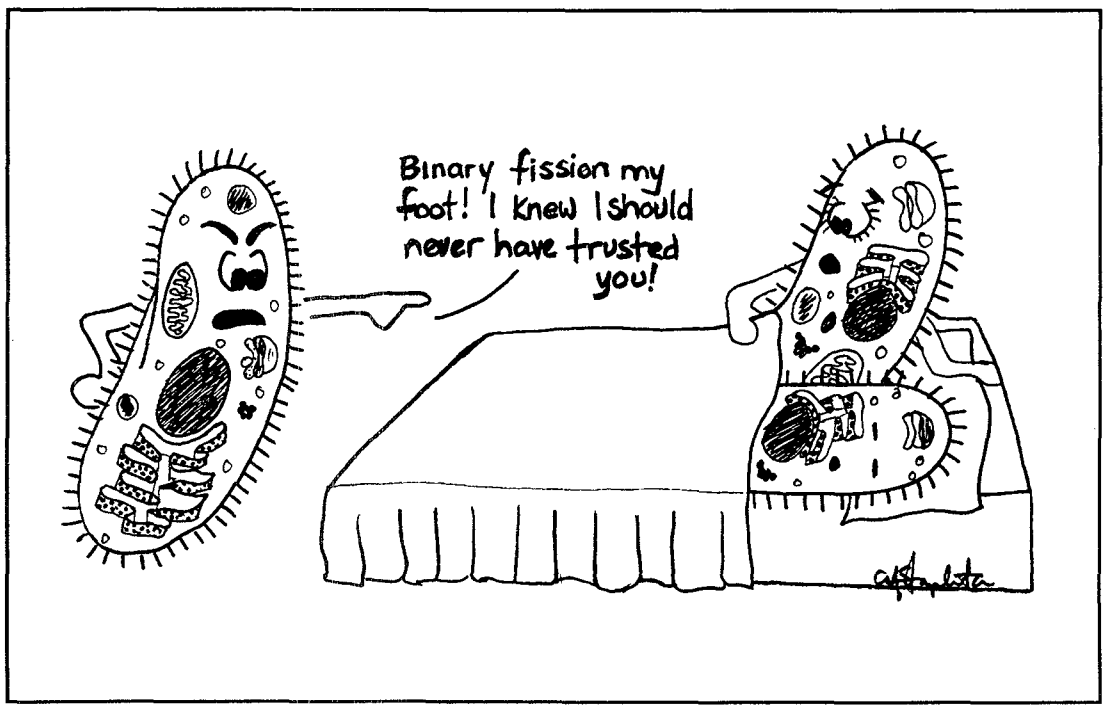
Or, of course, the Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith Semi-Memorial Dance, Friday November 6th, 8:00pm 'til 1:00am in the SUB Ballroom. A buck a bzzr, and other beverages available too. C'mon out and have one for ol' Jon. (By the way, in case you're wondering who the hell Jon *is*, check out *Jon Remembered...* on Page One.) Later!

## RECYCLED JOKES

**Q:** How many engineers does it take to change a lightbulb?
**A:** Five hundred. One to remove the old bulb, ninety-nine to dig the hole, one to throw it in, ninety-nine to fill the hole with concrete, two hundred and ninety-nine to erect a cairn over it, and one to replace the old bulb with one painted red.

**Q:** How many first-year Artsies does it take to change a light bulb?
**A:** None. It's not covered in the curriculum until fourth year.

reprinted from *The 432*, Vol 3 No 2.



# RABIES Returns...

*The 432, contrary to what is stated in the very tiny print at the bottom of the credits section (as if you've read it), we do welcome letters. So go for it. Next deadline is October 26.*

Right now, I should be studying for midterms, but I'm not. Instead, I am going to get on everyone's nerves with yet another long-winded criticism of the university experience. Supposedly, one comes to university to get an education in some specialized field. Unfortunately, the education one receives has precious little to do with one's specialization.

The first thing one learns in university is that you had better get to class early if you want to be one of the lucky 400 students who actually get a seat for the lecture. Second, one learns that it is quite possible to get through a course without ever finding out what your professor's name was, or even what they looked like. As well, one learns is that studying for exams is pointless because they really don't test your understanding of subject matter. All that exams test is the student's ability to remember something long enough to spit it back out during the time allotted for that exam.

Whose fault is it that the Canadian university system is such a poor educator? Usually the blame is given to the students, since they seldom stand up for themselves. If it doesn't land on the students, the blame lands on the professors because most are foolish enough to try to be educators without getting any training in education. If both the students and professors manage to dodge the blame, it lands in the lap of the university administrators, who shift it to society.

Unfortunately, no one single group deserves all the "credit" because it is partially everyone's doing. The students are to blame because they don't shoulder any of the responsibility for their education. If students don't make themselves heard, then nobody is going to know — or even care — that lecture size is determined by how many people the fire department will allow in any single room. If students refuse to get involved in student government (by voting), how will student government have any credibility in the eyes of administrators and legislators? Students should realize that their responsibility for their education doesn't end when they hand over their tuition cheques.

Professors are also to blame because, like students, they have stopped complaining loudly. It seems professors have bought into the "publish or perish" mentality. It is rare to find professors who see their role as educators as being as important as their role as researchers. This is only reinforced by the administration, which seems to appreciate the corporate and government research money that professors attract more than the student tuition they attract.

The role that administrators play in the declining quality of a Canadian university education is one of a lack of leadership. It is true that administrators are vocal in expressing the need for more support for the university system, yet they do little else to improve the system. Instead of innovating and finding creative solutions to the immediate problems, they sit back and perpetuate the problems. When the Buchanan buildings were built, they housed classrooms, when the Instructional Resources Centre was built they housed "lecture auditoriums". The administrators build bigger classrooms and expand for the future, yet they do not hire more professors or teaching assistants. Administrators also fail when it comes to showing society how valuable the university system is and how it has an important role in Canada's future.

The university system has changed little since the institution first appeared in the early eleventh century. Does nobody realize that the lecture and examination system may work when professors and students have personal contact, but fails when a student and a professor must introduce themselves to each other whenever they meet.

Perhaps the entire way material is presented is not the most effective. Perhaps students' memory skills are being tested more than their analytical skills.

Perhaps it is time that administrators, faculty, and students all begin to work together to change an antiquated system. Canadian society must be made to realize that the need for a good university education outweighs the need for a "degree", and that the university system is important to the future of Canada.

Rocco Liegghio

Dear Mr. McCuaig,

While the Campus Times appreciates your support (in your editorial October 7, 1992), we would like to object to one part of your comments.

In your editorial, you referred to the Campus Times for "being pigheaded and divorcing itself totally from the AMS."

This, I must argue, is not the case. In fact, the Campus Times, for a good part of July and August, did attempt to set up a relationship with the AMS.

A number of options were discussed with various members of the AMS Executive. Allow me to list some of the options and why they were not further pursued:

1) The Campus Times set itself up as a club: Both the AMS and the Campus Times seriously considered this option. However, it was not viable. In order to set ourselves up as a club, we would have to turn all financial assets over to the AMS. Considering that almost $10 000 in personal income was invested in this venture, that would not be wise. The AMS, on the other hand, gave no indication that it was prepared to reimburse the investors, but obviously, there is no reason why they should.

2) The Campus Times donate all or part of its profits to the AMS: While this is a moot point (considering that the Campus Times does not *make* any profit yet), this is not feasible. The AMS was not prepared to accept this. After all, that would be a serious conflict of interest. How could the AMS support an independent publication at the same time they support the Ubyssey?

3) A club be formed to create another AMS newspaper, which then contracts out the desktop publishing to Avenue Ten Publishing (us), which secures advertisers in order to pay for the publication of this paper. In my opinion, this seemed quite feasible. However, there were certain drawbacks. First, the editorial control would have to reside in the club. At the same time, we were told, the owners of Avenue Ten could not be members of that club (that would be a conflict of interest). That is, we could never edit the newspaper. Yet the Campus Times was formed, in part, because we very much wanted to edit a quality campus newspaper. There seemed little point in our building a newspaper in which we could have no input.

In essence, the position of the AMS was this: as long as editorial and financial control did not rest solely with the AMS, there could be no relations with the Campus Times. While this is regrettable, it is neither unexpected nor is it unreasonable.

And in case any of you wonder, yes, we are disappointed that the AMS has banned us from SUB. However, we also understand why they did it. I know the entire AMS Executive, and count them as friends. It is my belief that they are doing what they think is the right thing for the AMS and for the members of the AMS. I do not fault them.

The SUB is but one building on campus. We can be found everywhere else. Enjoy.

**Aaron Drake**
Editor-in-Chief, Campus Times

# Deadly Commie Virus Threatens Campus

***Jeff Haas***
*Token Artsie*

TETRIS.

What connotations are associated with this word for you? Does this word send images flashing through your head of simple blocks connecting in complicated patterns? Or is it just the name of a mindless video game that you have on your computer? You probably think that TETRIS is just a game. If you are one of the millions who believe this, then take this article as a warning: You are not only mistaken, but you are in DANGER!!!

TETRIS is not a game. It is not a toy. It is not meant for children. It is a deadly communist virus that is spread through subliminal bio-messages that flash on a computer screen while playing what appears to be an innocent video game. This virus changes the coding of your DNA and has the potential to obliterate your mind and fill it with endless images of senseless blocks. As it spreads, it is meant to destroy all national initiative, reduce GNP and, worst of all, override our national desire for bzzr.

TETRIS was engineered by bio-computer-scientists of the USSR during the Cold War. Intended to invade the minds of North Americans, TETRIS was supposed to lie dormant until Moscow was ready to awaken it. Unfortunately, the TETRIS virus has become active and is now out of control. The meltdown of many student minds on the UBC campus has already become apparent.

While walking through the halls, I am sure that many of you have noticed dazed and empty expressions on the faces of quite a few people. You have probably also noticed doodles on walls, desks and even lab reports that represent the blocks inherent in the lives and thoughts of those with TETRIS. It is a sad thing to see in so many, with so little hope. Luckily, though, they are blissfully unaware of what they have become. They are not cognizant of the fact that their lives do not actually revolve around the pinnacle of a four-line score.

Dazed and confused, these poor creatures have been taken over by this Soviet "game". The purpose in creating a virus that would subvert and limit the thoughts of the

continued page 4

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**Ryan McCuaig**
Editor and Executive Whip-Cracker

✗

EDITORIAL
Contributing Writers **Leona Adams, Janice Boyle, Michael Chow, Aaron Drake, Jeff Haas, Rocco Liegghio, Carmen McKnight, Derek Miller, Rod Reddekopp, and with me as always is Rog. Party on, Rog.**

✗

ART AND DESIGN
Layout **Ryan McCuaig**
Contributing Artists **Aaron Drake, Mike Ewert, Amy Hillaby, Ryan McCuaig, Roger Watts, and someone whose name couldn't be read. Sorry. (She's blonde, about 5'5" and drew the facing cartoon, tho).**

✗

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**19 October 1992, Vol 6, No 4**
*The 432* is published biweekly by the Science Undergraduate Society of UBC, somewhere close to Main Mall and University Blvd. We generally make cute hats out of our mail, especially the politically correct stuff, so don't bother sending any.

# Blown Away...

Angry
**DUCK**

I read an enlightening article the other day. So enlightening was it that I swore off Mexican food.

A physicist at an American University wrote a very thought-provoking letter in the National Review to William F. Buckley (motto: *I'm more right-wing than you are*). It addressed a very touchy topic of today. Let me quote some of his letter:

"I'm a physicist at a small midwestern college. I never believed any of the stories I read in your letters section, until one of those stories happened to me. I was studying in the lab naked one day and —"

Whoops! Wrong letter! Hah hah, how'd that get in there? I blame the computer.

Actually, this professor's letter addressed the Greenhouse Effect, or what he claimed to be the mystery of the Greenhouse Effect.

In essence, this professor proved through very simple mathematics that the known increase in atmospheric $CO_2$ since 1950 could not possibly have been a result of human activity. As a matter of fact, simple math showed that human activity could account for only six percent of the total increase.

This is not to say that he claimed there was no Greenhouse Effect. All he said was that the increase in $CO_2$ was not a result of humanity. He then posed the question: Where did all this $CO_2$ come from? He had no explanation, and no explanation has been offered elsewhere.

I have a number of theories, however.

**Theory #1: Politics:** Suspicious eyes seem to always look towards the national capitals, but this time there is good reason. By my calculations (very scientifically done on a coaster at the Yale Pub), one political speech releases into the atmosphere twelve cubic meters of noxious vapours, the majority of which is warm $CO_2$.

This is a great theory, especially when you consider that the solution would be to shoot the politicians.

**Theory #2: Spotted Owls.** Actually, I don't know why, but my father is a logger, and he insists they're to blame.

**Theory #3: Something else.** Actually, something very specific, but this is (or is supposed to be) a PG-rated paper, and I can't say the word. Suffice it to say that it's the thing Monty Python shows hamsters doing in cartoons (with an accompanying "POOT!"). I will call it by a code-word.

I am talking about *fZZrts*.

In addition to methane, there is a great deal of $CO_2$ contained in fZZrts.

I am certain that if scientists became serious about monitoring the number of fZZrts emitted by the world, it would blow them away (no pun intended).

Why has this suddenly become a problem? You might be led to think that it has to do with the fact that there are more people than ever before. But the truth is more sinister.

It's only been in the past twenty or thirty years that the so-called professionals have been trying to change our diets. Instead of healthy, meat and potatoes, with plenty of meat on the side, what have they been trying to shove down our throats? Roughage!

To be more specific, over the past thirty years, the world has seen an unprecedented and cataclysmic jump in per capita consumption of bran. Bran, as we know, is a harbinger of the fZZrt.

It all becomes crystal clear, doesn't it?

Worse than all that has been the rise of *vegetarianism*. I mean, look at what they eat. For instance, there's Tofu, which is *bean curd*. Hear that? BEANS! Beans are pretty much *compacted gas*. Have you ever shared a bed with a vegetarian? It will wake you up sometimes, as if they have an entire Tuba section hidden under the sheets.

There you have it. Vegetarians and the bran industry are the real culprits of global warming.

Now is the time to call for action. Everyone has to make a concerted effort if we are to halt the process of global warming. I will outline here my plan to do this:

1) Shoot the politicians. I mean, it can't hurt, can it?

2) Eat Fruit Loops. Or Sugar Crisp. Whatever, but ditch the Healthy Breakfast Kick. The worst thing that happened to the ecosphere was bran muffins, I'm telling you.

3) Get Mike Harcourt to set up an Emissions Program for Humans, just like *Air Care*. We could call it *FZZrt Smart*. Okay, it's a stupid idea, but I bet he'll go for it. Or did we already shoot him?

4) Make Beans available by prescription only.

5) No more fZZrting! Or at least only do it in the bathtub.

There you have it. The truth behind global warming. Sure, they'll tell you it's really because of automobile emissions. That's because they don't want you to know the truth. But check the facts yourself. You'll find the truth.

Something smells rotten.

TETRIS, from page 2

Western world was, in the Cold War era, understandable for the USSR, because it would have enabled them to control the world and make it Red. Now, however, with the West in the position of power, the former Soviets have recognized their grave error and are attempting to save those who have not yet succumbed.

In a recent press release, Vadim Gerasimov, concept designer of the vicious virus, informed world media that the subliminal messages relayed by the "game" have successfully entered the minds of the millions who have played it.

"This virus," said Gerasimov, "was intended to lie dormant indefinitely until a decision was made to awaken it, and then it could only be activated by a special code that would be bounced to North America off a Soviet satellite."

"The code was originally held by the leader of the Communist Party. When Gorbachev began his program of reforms, he ordered the code destroyed. His instructions were apparently followed explicitly," explains Gerasimov. "Unfortunately the code was inexplicably entered when Boris (Yeltsin) was playing with his computer. We are very embarrassed by this incident and we hope that our warning is in time to save whatever minds have not yet been destroyed. We are very sorry."

Barbara Bush, who was tending her own mindless husband, said that she too had her regrets. "If George had known, he never would have accepted the vodka and video games from Mikhail." She was also sending condolences out to the Canadian government, who collectively succumbed to the mindlessness of TETRIS on August 28.

A bunch of things you probably didn't know about

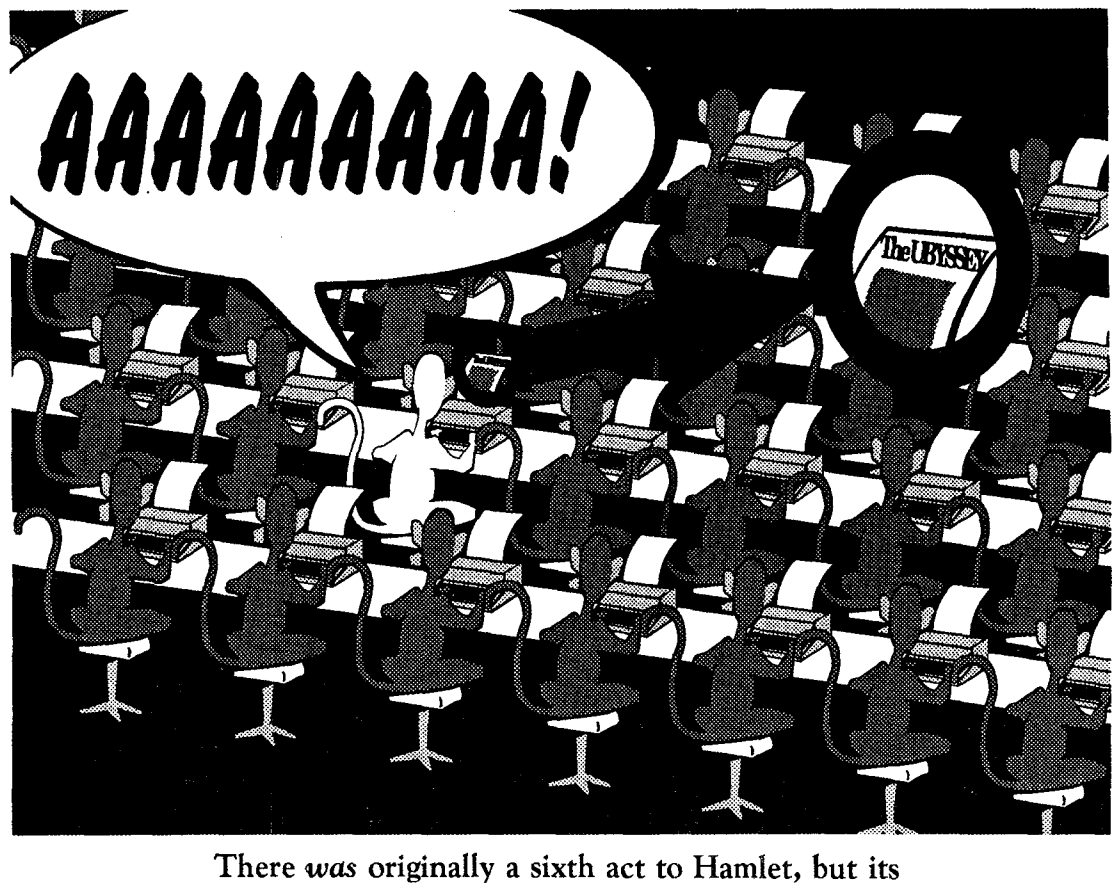
**Physsoc**

THE UBC PHYSICS SOCIETY

**1.** The Physsoc Choral Group practices on Thursdays from 12:30 to 2:00pm. For more info, contact Lucy at Henn 307.
**2.** Physsoc has a new Tutoring Registry. Good tutors, reasonable rates. You can register as either a tutor or tutee, so come on down...
**3.** Physsoc's membership is only $5, which gets you access to:

**A fridge and microwave**
**Study carrels**
**Drop-in tutoring**
**Cheap pop and juice**
**Cheap doughnuts and coffee**

**Physsoc is also sponsoring ($$$) two delegates to CUPC. If you have a paper, *short talk or poster you'd like to present, talk* to us in Henn 307 ASAP.**

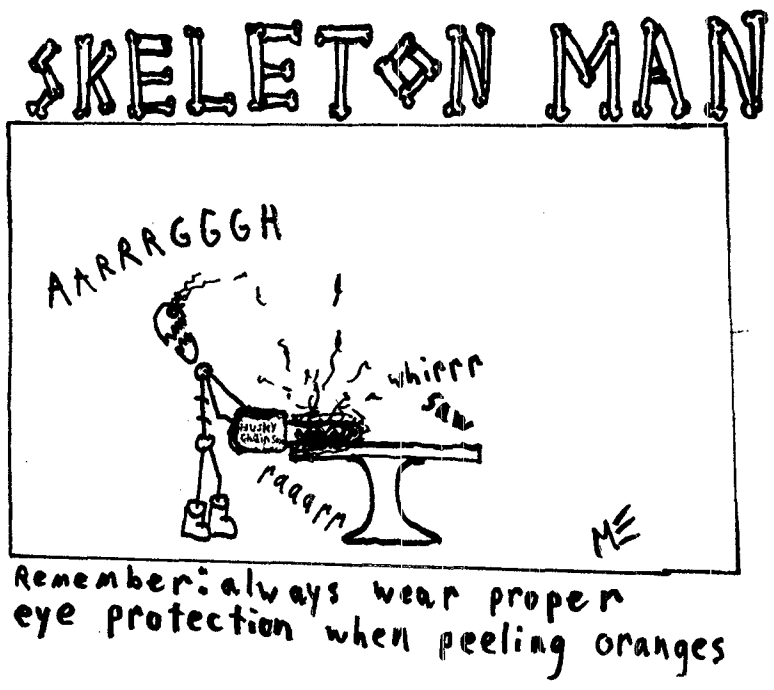



There *was* originally a sixth act to Hamlet, but its transcriber met with an unfortunate random error...

RBF 93

SCIENCE UBC
University of British Columbia
Science Undergraduate Society's
ANNUAL PAPER SALE
200 sheets only 75¢
Hurry! While quantities last!
Compare to the bookstore:
200 sheets for $1.49 plus tax
400 sheets for $2.95 plus tax
Stock up at the S.U.S. office in the Chemistry building, room 160.
Plus All profits will be donated to charity

WIN PRIZES!!!
Science Week Logo Contest
Theme ▶ The Evolution Of Science
The winning logo will become the official logo of Science Week.
Entries must be:
• A maximum of two colours
• Submitted to CHEM 160 by Nov 30, 1992




Win a free T-shirt!
Design a T-shirt for the UBC Department of Statistics
Entries must be:
• A maximum of two colours
• Submitted to:
Anona Thorne
Dept of Statistics
Ponderosa C
2021 West Mall
V6T 1Z2
By November 16, 1992

# Dik Miller, Campus Enforcer

Derek K. **MILLER**

I was walking along University Boulevard, on my way to purloin a steamed almond milk and a ginger snap from the SUB. It was a crisp fall day, but I smelled something sinister in the air.

I'm trained to smell these things. I'm Dik Miller, Engineering Political Correctness Enforcer.

I soon determined that the smell was coming from a particularly unsavoury-looking young man in a long trench coat who stood handing out leaflets.

"So," he began, "which way are you gonna vote?"

"Vote?" I asked, looking at him blankly.

"In the referendum," he said.

"The referendum?"

"Yeah. Next week. You know, the referendum."

"I thought they picked the Elvis stamp already," I said.

"No, no," he hissed, holding up one of his pamphlets. "The referendum on the Charlottetown Accord."

"Sorry, I don't drive. I used to own a Ford Pinto, though."

He looked askance at me. "The Charlottetown Accord is an agreement on the Canadian Constitution. It's not a car."

"Oh, *that*." I smiled knowingly. "Anything to do with the First Amendment?"

"That's the *American* constitution." He was getting exasperated. "Where have you been for the past few months?"

"I don't know about you, buddy," I retorted, "but I've been working."

"And you haven't heard about the Charlottetown Accord? Where have you been working?"

"Over there," I pointed vaguely in the direction of the Civil and Mechanical Engineering Building. "In the basement. I'm Dik Miller, Engineering Political Correctness Enforcer."

"How can you work at a university and not know anything about the constitutional debate?"

I put my hand on my chin. "I don't get out much, I guess."

"Here then." He pressed one of his pamphlets into my hand. "This is a copy of the agreement and some information on its impact."

"Er, thanks," I said half-heartedly and trundled off to stuff my face.

Over the next several hours, I drank the steamed almond milk, chowed down on the ginger snap, read through the Charlottetown Agreement and its accompanying info, scanned some newspapers to get the lowdown, ran back to my office, and pounded out the "Dik Miller™Guide to the Constitution."

Proud of my accomplishment, I took a copy back to the young man who had originally gotten me interested in the topic.

"Here you go," I said, walking up to him and handing him the booklet.

He looked at it. Then he looked at me.

"You must be insane," he declared.

"What?"

"A few hours ago you thought the Charlottetown Accord was a Japanese car, and now you've written a guide to the Constitution?"

"Hey, I learn fast."

He shook his head and opened the slim volume. "Uh, this isn't very helpful."

"What do you mean."

"Well, all it says is, 'Never mind the Constitution, it's all screwed anyway.'"

"It is, you know," I replied.

"You call that a guide to the Constitution?"

"I'm guiding people to avoid it," I said proudly.

"But what about the referendum? What about the future of the country?"

"Look," I said. "I've done quite a lot of reading in my lifetime - well, okay, in the past three hours — and I've come to the conclusion that what with tropical rainforest destruction, global warming, famine in Somalia, war in Bosnia-Herzegovina, economic collapse in Russia, a possible Planet X that sends in comets to destroy the Earth, and that Dan Quayle–Murphy Brown thing, this damned Constitutional conundrum is just small potatoes."

I paused. "There is an E in 'potatoes,' right?"

"Yeah," he said. "So you're willing to risk the dissolution of one of the greatest countries in the world because you think the Constitution just isn't that important?"

"Let me put it this way: if people vote Yes and the subsequent argument breaks the country up; or if people vote No and the subsequent argument breaks the country up; then the rest of the world is going to look at us and think we're the stupidest nation in the world. And they'd be right."

Before he could answer, I added, "Pretty neat how I could capitalize Yes and No while talking, eh?"

"So you think both Yes and No will break the country up?" he asked. "See, I can capitalize in speech too. Mlah mlah."

"I have no idea," I replied. "But I figure if people would quit arguing and actually *do* something we'd better deserve our reputation as a cool place to live. Hence, 'Never mind the Constitution, it's all screwed anyway.'"

I grinned. "I think that about sums it up. If you'll excuse me, I have to distribute copies to my co-workers."

I left the man sputtering "But, but..." as I walked off back to the office. *Strange type*, I thought. *Doesn't think things through very carefully*.

As far as I'm concerned, that's another case closed for Dik Miller, Engineering Political Correctness Enforcer.

Physsoc
THE UBC PHYSICS SOCIETY
Has gotten its act in gear and presents its...
Halloween Bash '92
Wed, November 28
8pm — 2am
Level 5 Cabaret
Tix $5 in Physsoc

# "Oh, no, not again."

## Chapter Two — "It's Leaking"

**Rod Reddekopp**
Columnist

*In the last episode, our hero inadvertently leaped through a freak wormhole in the spacetime continuum, was scared silly by a six-foot tall grinning bumblebee, wet himself, and ended up on a sidewalk surrounded by large, mean-looking men. And now, the next chapter.*

First, the boy noticed the boots. Big black ones, with silver studs. He looked up a little and noted the black leather pants, with chains attached.. Then there was the T-shirt, which had "Hell's Hamsters" written on it in large, imposing letters, along with appropriate symbols. Fire breathing hamsters with fangs, and the like. The man wasn't smiling. He looked about as friendly as, well, a hamster from hell. The boy then looked around him, and swallowed. Multiply this man by ten and you get the idea.

Before the boy could say a word, the ten rodents from the rift simultaneously broke into idiotic grins, exuberantly joined hands, curtsied daintily, and skipped merrily around the boy in circles singing "Ring Around the Rosie". After collapsing to the ground at the "we all fall down" part, they all ran off in different directions, laughing like lunatics.

The boy realized he was most likely going to have an ulcer before he hit puberty. He also realized that no one had paid any attention to what was going on. It seemed this world had the same problem with the I-don't-want-to-get-involved syndrome as his. When a society reaches the point where a group of Satan's pets can ring-around-the-rosie an innocent boy in broad daylight without anyone lifting a finger — well, that's just really sad.

With his meditation on morality finished for the day, he decided to start his exploration by walking down the street. Some of what he saw confirmed one of his own long-standing pet theories, a theory which is really just common sense if you stop and think about it. The idea is that there a good many things in the world that can be explained only by leakages between dimensions. A few examples are:

- The pyramids in Egypt
- The statues at Easter Island
- The huge circles in farmer's fields (which, by the way, are NOT caused by peanut butter cups)
- "The Ubyssey" at UBC, and those who enjoy reading it
- Ronald McDonald and his gang (who are in every dimension)
- "Billiards and Souvlaki" establishments in Vancouver

Surprisingly few people actually seem to know about that last one. It's one of those that has crept in silently. There are definitely at least two of them in Vancouver, one is on Fourth. Watch for it. It's there. Honest. In fact, it's the item that prompted the boy's formulation of his theory. What other explanation could there be? Is there some sort of traditional connection, like baseball and hot dogs? Not likely. An English sport and a Greek food don't seem to be a naturally occurring winning combination. It was definitely a "D-leak".

Confirmation of the theory came after walking ten blocks or so. In this relatively short distance, the boy noted several sport/food establishments such as "Lawn Darts and Sushi", "Lacrosse and Quiche", "Cricket and Calamari",and "Bingo and Seaweed". There was no doubt that this dimension was one which leaked into his. The question was how often did these leaks occur and were they intentional? If they were intentional, then that meant there was away for the boy to get home.

More importantly though, from what he'd seen so far of this dimension, leaks from it could only be dangerous to his world. The insane asylums were full as it was. The boy knew this, because he had tried to get in one and they wouldn't let him, which was too bad because he would never have had to worry about going to school until he was fifty just to get a job. He'd have been set up with free room and board for life. And the shock therapy — that's an extra bonus. Then it hit him like an out-of-control truck full of imported ostrich eggs careening down a steep embankment — the full insane asylums were another piece of evidence of the leakage from this dimension. Even if the leak wasn't intentional, it was frequent, and had to be stopped...

SCIENCE WEEK
Coming Soon...

# The Importance of Being Strove

Leona
ADAMS

Here I am, writing yet another last-minute article, still somewhat drowsy from counting drips from a gel filtration column. If this makes no sense to you, thank the deity of your choice that you don't have a major that requires you to take Biochemistry 301. For verily I say unto you, I didst attend ye olde pre-lab lecture, and yea, I didst slumber. Sleeping in the lab lecture is not generally viewed to be a good idea, because one tends to miss all the neat little helpful hints about how to avoid spending twelve hours writing up the report. However, if one had not spent twelve hours writing up the report, one would probably have been awake during the lecture. Ah, the ironic vicious cycle that is my life.

I really think the "experts" worry way too much. I mean, did any of you see what was on the front page of the Vancouver Sun last Wednesday? It wasn't people starving in any number of developing nations. People were in an uproar because Mattel came out with a Barbie doll that says "Math class is tough." This supposedly discourages girls from being interested in sciences.

First, to all the women's groups that are having conniptions over this, here's a bulletin: math IS hard, and even more so for someone who doesn't have a single neuron to her credit. I don't think that girls, however young, are gullible enough to buy everything told to them by someone a foot high. I really have trouble buying into the ultimate power of suggestion. The whole concept of Barbie, however twisted it may be, is for girls to have someone to identify with. Period. The thing that I find interesting about all this is the fact that Mattel supposedly talked to girls and asked them what they thought Barbie would say if she could talk, and the controversial phrase was apparently one of their choices. If you asked me what Barbie would say, I would have guessed something like "I'm hopelessly anorexic. Someone please feed me."

The "experts" are way too uptight. They need to practise Strovology. Ah yes, the importance of being Strove. Strove is not held within the bounds of mere nouns, verbs or adjectives (if you think that Strove is just the past tense of strive, someone's been picking your mental pockets). Strove is an attitude, a way of life — no, more than that: Strove is a state of being. It's the sort of mindset that allows you to walk to the SUB in your longjohns, because humiliation rolls off you like duck off a water's back. Well, you know what I mean. Anyhow, Strove is a mere state in the land of Bohemia. You know, Bohemia: footloose, carefree. I recently was made aware of the fact that despite my beliefs to the contrary, Bohemia actually is a geographical location (or at least it was; I never really liked geography). There's no cure for an enjoyable belief like the truth. Perhaps Calvin is right: maybe ignorance is bliss.

**Canadian-for-a-Day Kit.**
*Directions:*
1) Clip, 2) Wear, 3) Pack yer bags...

**Fzzk the Referendum... I'm moving to the States. They've got all the good hockey players anyway...**

**Task Force on Appropriate Use of Information Technology**

The Task Force is seeking input from the University community on how UBC should deal with offensive material appearing on UBC's computing equipment in the context of sexual harassment and human rights policies.

Concern has been expressed about pornographic and other offensive materials being found on UBCnet, and the Task Force has been formed to recommend guidelines for dealing with this and similar matters.

Students, faculty, staff, and other interested parties are invited to submit written comments to the Task Force. Submissions that reflect a familiarity with both the operation of computer networks and the relevant policies will be of more benefit to the Task Force than those that do not.

***Submissions should be addressed to:***

Dr. Maria Klawe, Chair
Task Force on Appropriate Use of Information Technology
Computer Science Department
CSCI 333
Campus Mail Zone 2

or e-mail to: TFsubmissions@unixg.ubc.ca

**Submissions must be received by Saturday, October 31, 1992**

# mundane dumpster

## Sales Slips

*Michael Chow*

Quite a few things have been happening with SUS Sales. As of the writing of this article, the position of Sales Bookkeeper may soon be filled. We are still looking for someone to fill the position of Special Orders Coordinator, so if you know anybody who may be interested, we can arrange a meeting to outline the details of the position. The deadline for Intramural uniforms is looming, so I've been busy rushing their uniforms to them. It usually takes about a week to deliver the goods, plus we've got the best prices around.

We are always looking for cool Science designs to place on our clothing, so if you have a design in mind, feel free to submit as many as you like. You may see students wearing your designs around campus!

- The big news is that we are planning on changing the look of our Science leather-melton jackets. We would definitely appreciate your opinions, whether you're interested in ordering a jacket or not. Why change the design? Because the nature of Science is change, from the discovery of new chemicals and experimental techniques, to the onslaught of increasingly powerful computers. We have until the last week of October to decide on the new style, which is the deadline for jacket orders, so please place your order for a new Science jacket by October 26.
- Is your team or club looking for clothing or uniforms? We deal directly with the manufacturers and wholesalers to get you the best prices around. Most orders require one week. Compare our prices: 1 dozen, 100% cotton Fruit of the Loom standard-weight T-shirts, with a full-front 2-colour logo, and 2-digit 8-inch numbers, all for only $13.50 each (all taxes included!)
- We are selling the new Entertainment '93 Coupon Books. Unlike previous years, these books are valid now! That's right, the sooner you buy one, the sooner you start saving. The books are packed with half-price coupons for restaurants, theatres, sports, attractions, and much more. The Entertainment book also offers 50% off on many hotels throughout the world (in fact, the book pays for itself if you take advantage of this offer). All this for only $42.80.
- We also sell the new Gold C Savings Spree coupon books: $12. Use the coupons to save on merchandise, recreation, movie rentals, and fast food.
- Is your paper supply running low? Our Annual Paper Sale is still on! We sell 200 sheets of looseleaf for only $0.75. That's half the price you'll get at the Bookstore, plus all proceeds will be donated to charity.
- Look for our pre-Christmas sale on the week of November 16, 1992. Pick up some great gifts at unbelievable prices. Throw on a warm pair of sweats this winter!

Feel free to drop by and check out our UBC Science clothing display, and inquire about our special package deals, which offer incredible savings. We are in the Chemistry building, room 160.

## McNighties

*Carmen McKnight*

Ahh, another busy two weeks full of exciting events like elections, Thanksgiving, midterm exams and bzzr gardens.

Elections were held on October 7, 8, and 9. Lica Chui, the so-called PhUS traitor, did an excellent job as Elections Commissioner. As a result of her efforts we have some new council members (see this page for details). At the SUS council meeting of Thursday, October 15 everyone signed up for one of three committees: Budget, Science Week and Social Committee. Non-council members are also welcome to sign up.

The Science Week Committee met last Tuesday at 1:30 pm. Sarah Thornton, Science Week Coordinator, is doing a fine job this year organizing the week. Lots of fun, exciting events are in the planning stages already including a Logo contest, "Beyond the BSc." and a play, along with all of the usual events like: the CompSci Car Rally, Gyotaku, the Microbi Home Brew Contest, the Physsoc Paper Airplane Contest, the BPP Trike Race, and the Chem Magic Show.

We're still looking for a couple of people to fill some positions: Food Drive Coordinator and Blood Drive Coordinator. These are both short appointments. The SUS Food Drive takes place during the month of November. The Blood Drive is during Science Week (third week in January). We will be appointing people to these positions this Thursday. If you're interested let us know in the SUS office (Chem 160) or phone us at 822-4235.

Upcoming "sloshal" events include the Sports Bzzr Garden on Friday, October 23 in BIOL 2449 and the Jon Campbell-Dinkleheimer-Smith Semi-Memorial Dance on November 6 in SUB Ballroom. SUS will be semi-remembering Jon, our departed (in a different sense) Sports Director, in true Jon fashion (ie. lots of cheap bzzr).

The 1992 United Way Campaign is under way. Glen David, the charity coordinator, will be distributing buttons on October 23. There are prizes for the people who sell the most buttons (I think they said a trip for 2 to Hawaii). Prizes are also available to the constituency that sells the most buttons. Support your Faculty and the United Way Campaign, buy a button. Or, if you are good at sales, why not sell some yourself? Buttons will be available at the Bzzr Garden on Friday.

Oh yeah... It almost happened again. An SUS Executive was *almost* dragged struggling out of Council Chambers by Internal Affairs to be duct-taped to a bench in front of Main Library. Fortunately for him he had a tutorial to attend and the motion failed.

*(ed: Actually, we felt sorry for him, and supposed that duct-taping him to a bench might cause irreperable scarring of his psyche. The motion? A mere formality, really ... He did have a tutorial, though. A bit ironic, considering that one of the charges was excessive studying.)*

Love your sweet innocent doe-eyed dictator, Carmen.

## AMS PRESS RELEASE

On October 26, 1992 there will be a polling booth in the SUB Art Gallery at which Point Grey residents can vote. Residents of Point Grey, which include students living on campus and on the University Endowment Lands, will be required to vote 'Yes' or 'No' on the constitutional question.

The constitutional question is as follows:

*"Do you agree that the Constitution of Canada should be renewed on the basis of the agreement reached on August 28, 1992?"*

The deadline for all Canadians to get their name on the Voter's List is October 19, 1992. IF YOU ARE NOT REGISTERED, YOU CANNOT VOTE.

For those interested, the AMS has copies of the Consensus Report on the Constitution (Final Text). Please come to SUB 238 for a copy (quantities are limited).

***Information:***
Carole Forsythe 822-3092
Marya McVicar 822-2050

***To register for your $60 Federal Referendum Tax Credit:***
Greg Wickens 224-6617

## Ballot Boxers

*Lica Chui*

What is wrong with all of you !?! Don't any of you care about what happens outside of the academic slant of life at UBC? Really. After three days of having voting stations nearly everywhere, SUS has again succeeded in wasting *your* fees on elections poll clerks.

Don't get me wrong though, I'm not bitter. I have only words of praise and admiration for those intelligent and wonderful 102 First Years and 56 Second Years that came out to vote. You are all VERY VERY SPECIAL! For all the ones that didn't vote; next time, VOTE (even if it's only to get some marks on your AMS cards... yes, you get MARKS if you vote).

Well, enough of my tirade, the "winners" of the elections, who will be managing your student university affairs for the 92/93 year are:

*First Year*
Terence Fan & Jason Holmes
*Second Year*
Keith Banergee, Matthew Brear & Morie Chen
*Third Year*
Tricia Choice, Stephen Coleman & Glen David
*Fourth Year*
Carl Foo, Ed Ronyecz & Nicky Sample
*Biochemistry*
Graeme Kennedy
*Biology*
Delwin Yung
*Chemistry*
Colin Duong
*Computer Science*
Anthon Pang
*General Science*
Tim Lam
*Geography*
Polly Stokes
*Geology*
Julie Gee
*Geophys & Astr.*
Pauline Barmby
*Microbiology*
Emel Akkurt
*Oceanography*
Sarah Thornton
*Pharmacology*
James Chin
*Physics* Kevin Douglas
*Physiology*
Patrick Kerridge
*Psychology*
Laurie Yee

Any questions or complaints about school, you're welcome to see the above representatives and receive their enlightened help. After all, you Science students elected them.

*Nope, don't understand it...out of 2400 students, only 158 vote ... makes you just want to hide out in Pharmacy...*

## AMS Briefs

*Janice Boyle*

Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah committee appointment. Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah five more committee appointments. Blah blah rubber stamp. Blah blah blah blah blah blah approved the referendum questions. The referendum questions discussed were 1) a new fee levy of $4 to establish an independent Ombudsoffice, 2) a fee increase of $1 for the WUSC fund, 3) a $3 fee increase for AMS Programs, and 4) a new $7 fee, to be paid only once by those registered in first year.Blah blah appointed Yuri Fulmer the new Ombudsperson. The next AMS meeting is on October 21 at 6:30pm.

**Hallowe'en Geo-Pit**
(Geography's Bzzr Garden)
Friday, October 30
Geography Lounge

# Ross Perot — Last of the Jedi?

Jolly ROGER

**PEN PAL WANTED:** *Expansionist, God- fearing, carbon-based civilization seeks correspondence, exchange of technologies, meaning of life, etc. with advanced extraterrestrial race. Proficiency in radio frequencies of 1 Hz - 10 GHz an asset. Send message & photo to Planet Earth, Orion Arm, Milky Way Galaxy, V6T 1K2. No invasions, please.*

Oh, by the way, in case you're wondering what *that* was all about... you may not have heard that last Saturday, NASA began history's most intensive search for life beyond the surly bonds of Earth. The SETI (Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence) project, a $100-million endeavour that could continue well beyond the ten years already scheduled, will attempt to prove the existence of alien civilizations, if not make contact with them.

In short, a waste of time, money and minds of biblical proportions. Why?

*Because they're already here.*

No, I haven't been sniffing ether in the lab again. I'm serious. They've been here for ages. Numbers don't lie.

Allow me to explain... according to a Tulane University mathematician, it would take 30 million years for an advanced society, starting from any point in the galaxy, to completely colonize it. Hence, he concludes, because Earthlings have never heard from any aliens, they must not exist. This logic, however, leaves itself wide open to three *other* possibilities:

**1) They've been and we just don't know it.** Just because there are no recorded encounters with alien life (lonely Midwest farmers excepted, of course) doesn't mean that they've never been by. Maybe they dropped in at a time when the most intelligent lifeform on Earth ended up stuck to the bottom of their spaceboots:

*"Well, Xarqon, I don't know why we're here, stuck on Developing Planet detail..."*

*"Oh, izzatso? Does something about the Fleet Admiral's daughter and the back seat of his astrocruiser sound familiar?"*

*"Yeah, ha ha. Anyway, it's 5:00, there's nothing here, and I've got some sorta muck on my Nikes. Let's go get a brewski."*

Another equally credible scenario is that they stopped by more recently, took a quick look around, and weren't tickled pink by what they saw:

*"Jeeezus, look at this! They're overpopulated, uneducated, they still burn and waste everything in sight, and they want to irradiate each other to smithereens! Let's get outta here, in case whatever they've got is catching! By the way, what have you found out?"*

*"Gulp... I just watched something called* **Aliens**. *No sudden moves, now... Just put 'er in reverse, and back away* ***reeeeeal*** *slow..."*

And who knows? Maybe a few of 'em decided to scare the hell out of those lonely Midwest farmers just for kicks..

**2) They're here *now* and we just don't know it.** This is my favorite theory, largely because it makes the most sense. You see, the best way to control a system is to become part of it and influence it from within. So, if a few of these clever spacemen were hanging about, they'd just blend in with everyone else, making sure we were behaving like good little apes and not pointing enormous nuclear devices at the sun or any such nonsense.

There's even one or two folks around that fit the description of an alien in disguise, wishing to steer Earth society. For example:

a) take Yoda.
b) sand off his ears *just enough* to get rid of the pointy bits.
c) give him white skin, a suit and a Texas accent.

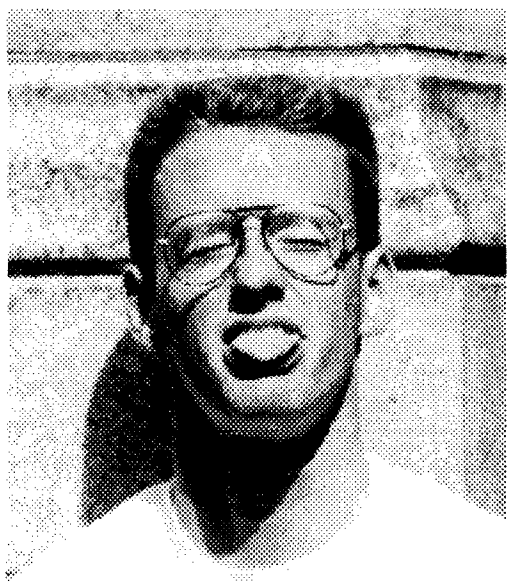
There you have it. It's Ross Perot.

Oddly enough, I wouldn't be surprised if he was paying for SETI himself. Why not? He can afford it, and a hundred million smackers would make one helluva tax writeoff. Plus, not only would monitoring interstellar transmissions divert humans' attention from searching for him and others on Earth, but it would also make a great way to pick up some movies and sports on cable from the home planet. (And you thought HBO was expensive...)

**3) We're them.** Now, just forget all your Darwinian knowledge for a spell, and entertain this: they ditched us here. The human race is descended not from Koko the Gorilla, but from a bunch of guys that they simply wanted to get rid of. Maybe our ancestors were interstellar criminals that were exiled (that would explain where the Brits got the idea for Australia), or maybe they were freaks — unwanted genetic nightmares that their society was better off without. Anyhoo, for whatever reason, they dump us here, light us a fire and say adios. Naturally, we'd never hear from them again, until of course we sailed back and beat them at rugby like the Aussies did. Which brings us to the final question: what if this overpriced boom mike they call SETI actually picks up something conclusive? The religious implications alone boggle the mind. They say that anything detected will be released publicly...

...and it can be yours for only $285,000 a month, courtesy of Perot Cable! Have a nice day.


SCIENCE UBC



SCIENCE UBC

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

**Friday, November 6**
**SUB Ballroom**

**Free tix available at SUS**

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



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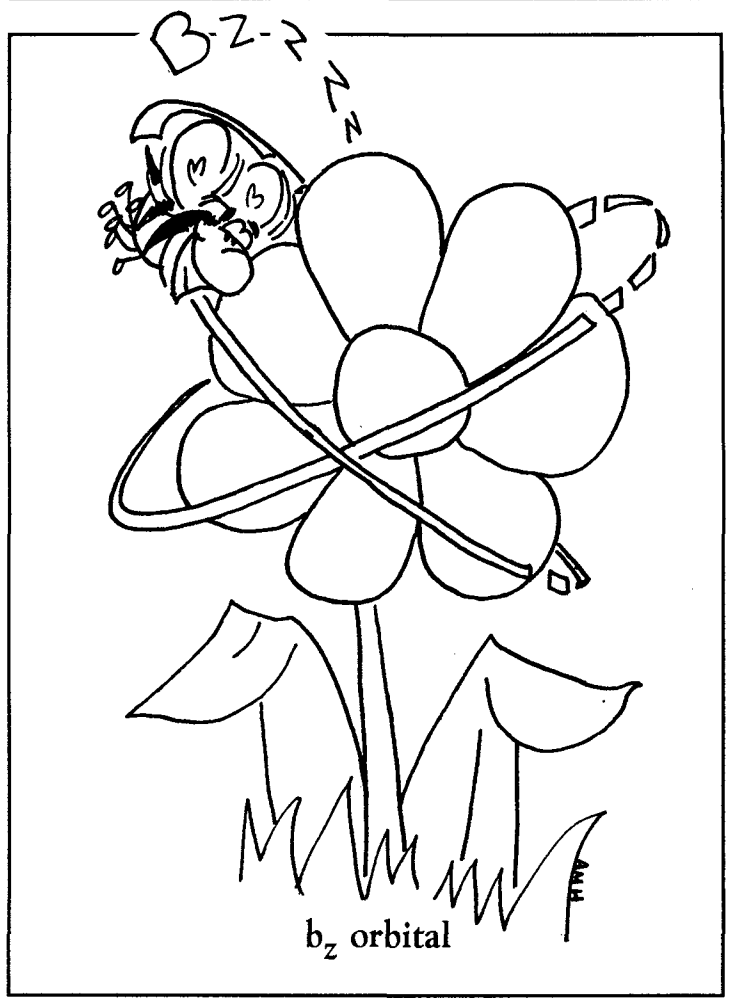
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