Not one shred of eveidence supports the notinon that life is erious. Threat it accordingly.

The AMS President, quoted from the very late 1995 *Inside UBC*, on what's either the stupidest joke or the worst example of proofreading in history.

The 432.
Volume 9 Number 2
20 September 1995

UBC Incorporated!

Strangway to receive a $10 million signing bonus!

Dough Raymee & Gord McVanOlundsky
Roving Correspondents
VANCOUVER (Reuters)

In a surprise news conference earlier this week, the incorporation of the University of British Columbia into a public stock-offering company was announced by Dr. David Strangway, the chief executive office of UBC.

This move is seen as a solution to the impending money crisis that looms over the university and all other public universities at this time as federal transfer payments to the provinces are continually decreasing.

The plan would see large corporations buy 49.9% of the initial stock offering with the province keeping 50.1% to remain the majority owner. These corporations would be encouraged to make UBC more efficient. It is hoped that UBC will eventually turn a profit under the new stewardship.

Canadian real estate baron Albert Reichmann has already hinted that he would like to develop UBC into a Canary Wharf type of real estate development.

"It's got an seaside location, it's miles away from downtown, there's no subway connection yet, it parallels the London development in every way, it's perfect!"

When confronted with the fact that it nearly forced him into personal bankruptcy he replied, "second time's the charm." Critics point out this would not be the first time a complete idiot would be placed in charge of the University's finances.

Professional estimators put the value of UBC near $800 million dollars. This figure consists of individual assessments of various assets and liabilities.

For instance, Professor Michael Smith's Nobel Prize for Chemistry has been added to the list of university assets while President Strangway has been listed as a liability after his blind adoption of the highly critical McEwen report on harassment in the Political Science. Luckily, the two balance each other out.

Unfortunately, there are many more liabilities than assets listed in the official assessment of UBC. Recent "pruning" activity along University Boulevard has reduced the aesthetic value of the campus.

The long term effects of privatization of UBC can not be accurately predicted. Short term positive aspects include the revamping of the student newspaper system to combine all student papers into a daily paper on par with local community papers.

One likely buyer, Conrad Black, suggested that the whole student staff be replaced by skilled monkeys with typewriters. The monkeys are available as they have recently reproduced Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* with only one misspelling of the name Laertes. Critics consider this to be a vast improvement over previous standards.

Additionally, local banks will be placed in charge of the financial aspects of running the University.

Due to the increasing costs of university, it is expected that student loans will be available instantly through Telereg to increase the number of students tied to the prime rate.

"Customers for life," said Ima Richer from the Bank of Montreal, "and if they can't pay off their loans during their lifetime, we can always claim their souls. Read the fine print. We have a *contract!*"

Buildings and streets will be renamed to reflect the nature of the new ownership. Shareholders will add their names to the existing names on campus as sponsors.

Potential changes include the Aaron Acceptance Arts '20 relay, the Coca-Cola Chemistry Building, and the McDonald's Main Library. This last purchase is considered to dovetail nicely with the new McDonald's in the Village.

When average students were asked about the impending university incorporation, answers ranged from "What's a UBC?" to "Yeah, but will it get me onto the Internet?"

Clearly public opinion remains divided over this issue but the fact remains that it will change the way we view campus forever.

The real reason Engineers learned to walk upright.

Netinfo Virus Discovered!

Gord Olund Mcvansky
Illiterate Correspondent
VANCOUVER (CP)

Officials responsible for the maintenance of the University of British Columbia's email system today released the results of a comprehensive study of health problems reported by users.

"We're pretty sure of the cause," said Mikel Johnstone of University Computing Services (UCS) "and the only scientifically plausible cause is a complex computer virus."

Industry analysts are hailing the landmark study as a breakthrough in the study of how computers affect their users.

The study discovered that symptoms of the Netinfo virus increased exponentially with computer use.

Of the complaints listed, the most common symptom of the Netinfo virus was sore eyes and a stiff neck. This problem is magnified once Netinfo use increases past 1 hour per day, leading to chronic back difficulties and bladder control problems.

Researchers discovered low dosages of a simple compound (Al I_2Fe) took care of most of these initial symptoms, but was ineffective in the treatment of advanced cases.

These victims reported a complete lack of sexual drives, blindness and increased weight gain. The study found that Netinfo usage peaked at 7.6 hours per day in the worst cases.

Researchers suggest a complete reformat of the hard drive to remove the virus from a person's system.

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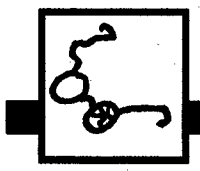
Consul of the Roman Empire
Blair McDonald
Senatus Princeps
John Hallett
Primus Pilius
Jay Garcia, Matt Wiggin
Centurions in charge of distribution
VACANT
Granite chipping by:
College Printers of Vancouver BC

Legionnaires of the Roman Empire
Leona Adams, Sam Arnold, Deanna Braaksma, Anna Carvalho, Bella Carvalho, Dave Khan, Phil Ledwith, Tracy MacKinnon, Tessa Moon, Donald Rhee, Ken Satake, Jeremy Thorpe
Trivicus Materivs
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 articles on disk (IBM or Mac) and a hard copy. All material must contain author's full name and phone number in order to be published. Submissions from all UBC students welcome. All rights reserved 1995.

Why I'm not a cook or a salesman.



Blair **MCDONALD**

"Hi, I'd to order one number 4 dinner for one, one number 1 dinner for one, and a half dozen egg rolls." said Matt.

"Get the boy!" said the guy on the other end of the phone.

Matt patiently repeated what he had just said.

"Get the boy!" shouted the guy on the other end of the phone.

By "get the boy," it was obvious the guy meant "what's your phone number."

After passing the first test, Matt moved on...

"Do the egg rolls have any meat in them?" asked Matt.

"We have spring rolls," said the guy on the other end of the phone.

"Do the *spring* rolls have any meat in them?

"Little bit of meat."

"Do you have any spring rolls *without* any meat in them?"

"We got spring rolls."

"No meat!"

"Little bit of meat!"

Sigh. At least Matt didn't ask if they had anything with water chestnuts in it. He probably would have been told that it's very warm in Miami this week.

I guess English is just one of those learned skills. Direction finding also:

"Can you send this order to the Chemistry Building, Room B160?"

"Bus stop."

"How about the Biology Building?"

"Bus stop."

"Ok, how about the Bookstore? That's just across the street from the bus loop."

"Bus stop."

"Alright, alright. We'll meet you at the bus loop."

"Bus stop."

Right. Serves us right for being so lazy.

Of course, I could have warned Matt how difficult it is to order anything complex from the Varsity Grill, having been stuck with that thankless task when I was working with Ryan two years ago on this very rag.

Seems only fitting that I pass on the same lessons I learned – don't order anything from the Grill except their combination dinners – and never, *ever*, ask what's in the meal.

If they're honest, you'll hear "MSG." If not, all you'll get is "No meat" or equally illustrating: "Very little cast iron."

Also, stay away from their Shampoo Beef. It's carefully masquerading as Szechaun Beef, but don't be fooled. The main ingredient is good ol' Head and Shoulders.

Some of you might be asking why I persist in ordering such vile slop from a place notorious for the worst Chinese food in th e city.

Stupidity perhaps. But probably tradition.

Actually, the Varsity adds a special ingredient, some mystical Asian herb that I can't live without.

Chemical dependency is a large part of working with *The 432*. Not "controlled substances", mind you, just plain old, good fashioned dependency on the ambrosia of the Gods – Dr. Pepper.

Those of you who guessed a tall dark pint of Lord Granville win the consolation prize – I'd drink nonstop during production time if wasn't for the fact that my stories would be rather incoherent.

...and i shaid that the weal weason dat the thing went there was it aways wanded too...

You get enough of that in other papers, right?

As with most chemical dependencies, one suffers withdrawal pains when it is abruptly taken away.

Which finally brings me to my rant. Dr. Pepper is on the way out. You might have noticed the distinct lack of Pepsi machines in the SUB; this lack will soon spread across campus since UBC's gone completely corporate.

I don't know about you, but being treated only as a market pisses me off. For example, the AMS has signed, is signing, will sign (depending on whom you believe) a deal with Coca Cola giving them a monopoly in the SUB.

Ergo, no Pepsi machines, and therefore no Dr. Pepper. The AMS pockets $10,000 a year for 10 years in exchange for depriving the students of the right to choose from a wide selection of cold beverages.

Sure, the AMS will use that money in worthwhile ways. But I've seen too many examples of how one exec's worthwhile ideas become the next's fiscal irresponsibility.

Everyone treats students as a market. *The Ubyssey* (a long time bastion of anti-capitalism) lists you as a "concentration of 18-24 year olds" on their advertising rate cards. ACC Communications is everywhere, peddling their snake oil and grass charms as a massive savings in long distance charges.

I suppose I'm no better, as this very paper is chock full of enducements for you to get involved in SUS.

I consider myself a realist, and accept that marketing and consumerism is only going to rise as costs skyrocket. The trick is going to be to maximize your return from all the goods and services being thrown in your face.

After all, if this was an ideal world, none of us would be here.

We'd all go fishing.

The Science Bzzr Garden Circuit

Physsoc/Chem	BioSoc	BPP
Friday, Sept 22	Friday, Sept 29	Friday, Oct 6
HEBB 12	BIOL 2449	SUB 205
4:32pm	4:32pm	4:32pm

Breaking down early.

Jay GARCIA

Coolness. The summer's been long, but, oddly enough, the first two weeks of school have been longer. I was, initially, looking forward to coming back. I mean, I've got a good friend living in res now (hi Mandy!) and I've got another good friend coming back to school. Not to mention that, for the last few weeks of work, I was counting down the hours before I came back — which just goes to show exactly how excruciatingly boring work was.

So there I was, first week of school, all in keener mode — front and center, four-color pen in hand, bright, eager smile — you know, keener mode. And there I was, happily taking notes, listening to my profs blather on, when I had a sudden flashback...

April 20th, 1995. Past midnight. Four days before my Chem final. Sweating my brains out trying to figure out stereoisomer configurations and IUPAC naming conventions. Haven't slept in, oh, days now. Already gone through sixty sheets of paper, six pots of coffee, four four-color pens, and most of my friends (really, who wants to hear someone bitching about how difficult it is to be a Science student?). Look up blearily at my clock. Thought it was midnight. It's really four in the morning. It's at this point that I mutter "Boy, I can't wait for the summer to start."

Anyway, by the time I revive from my flashback, the class had ended, and I was left alone in a darkened lecture hall. After bumping my knees and scraping my shins for a bit, I eventually managed to find my way out of Wesbrook. In the intervening period, though, I'd figured out exactly what I'd forgotten about being in school.

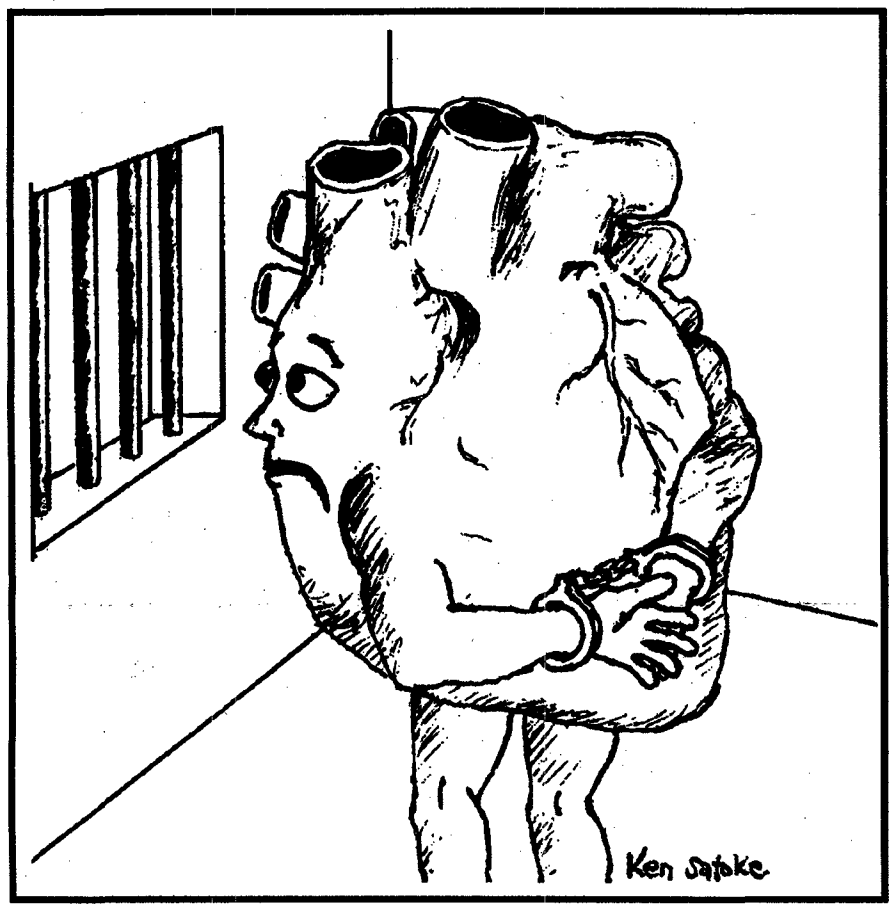
For one, there's the bookstore. Now, I know it's the largest in Western Canada and I have no problems with bookstores in general, but the idea of shopping for my texts generally fills me with that foggy, befuddled, giddy feeling that can only be brought about by extreme physical exhaustion or by the rapid absorption of too many fermented fruit (or vegetable) juices. Bookstore shopping is kind of a rite of passage. I mean, first years usually go shopping for their books beginning two or three weeks before the start of school ("Gotta do all that reading ahead..."), whereas most other UBC students generally wait until oh, more or less right before their first exams ("Ahh, most of that stuff's taken from the lecture anyways..."). And the lineups (or just UBC lineups in general, of which the bookstore is an exemplary case) are excruciatingly long. And boring. And more or less pointless. I mean, just the other day, on my way to Wesbrook, I witnessed the somewhat amusing spectacle of a lineup to get in to the bookstore. And I'm not talking about the returns line.

Another minor thing that I'd forgotten was studying. I mean, when you working during the summer, it's pretty bloody rare for you to take your work home with you (I mean, if you're flipping burgers and asking your mom and pop and little sister if they'd like fries with those, then you've definitely been absorbed by the McSystem). For some reason, your profs actually expect you to come to your next class more or less prepared (which more or less explains those odd looks I got when I walked into my English discussion group wearing a lab coat). And studying during the first week, as I've come to realize, is damn difficult. The actual physical effort required to pull yourself to your desk and lift open the cover of your textbook is enormous. And even when you begin to read, you discover that, individually, the words have meaning, but taken together, they make absolutely no sense.

And how about them aforementioned lecture halls? Anyone out there taking Biol 200 or Microbi 201? If you are, you've got my condolences. If the lack of air doesn't kill you, the excess light will.

Ah well. Christmas break is only a couple of months away.

Jay Garcia is currently going through withdrawal pains from his summer job as a data entry clerk. Please bear with us as we all suffer with him.



Cardiac arrest.

Spaghetti – a feast fit for a King.

Sam Arnold
Columnist

I've spent over three years at UBC and I regret that I have yet to see an article devoted entirely to spaghetti. It is now time to fill this existential void. Spaghetti is, as Garfield *almost* said, nature's perfect food. It is easy to prepare, economical, tastes good and is easy to locate in the grocery store (as opposed to, say, a squad of baboons).

Preparing spaghetti for consumption is a simple task, made even simpler if you prefer it crunchy. Anyone can make spaghetti, even the truly inept chef who can burn water. This is because you start by burning some water (hint: you can tell when you've got the water burning properly because a thin steam-like smoke rises from it and it begins bubbling in the same fashion as your average household dollop of lava). When the water is burning nicely, throw the spaghetti in with it for a while. It is recommended that you leave the spaghetti in there until it lacks the crunchiness that it didn't lack before. Then you extinguish the burning water, separate it from the spaghetti, and place the spaghetti on a plate upon which you then deposit a quantity of that marvelous substance known as "spaghetti sauce".

Just about any substance with the consistency of mud (preferably the sort of mud that you happen to like the taste of) can be considered spaghetti sauce. If you're in a hurry then I recommend that you go to the store and purchase any type of red mud that you can find in a glass jar that lacks the word "ketchup" on the label (unless you _really_ like ketchup). As a special warning to those who still have taste buds, *never* add anything made by McDonalds to the sauce (I still have nightmares).

Now that we have contemplated the preparation of the holy noodle, we can now discuss the more refined topic of spaghetti-eating ritual. The True Spaghetti Ritual involves the following essential components: People, Purpose, and Positively Comfy Lounging-about Furniture. The People are there for moral support and to pass the parmesan cheese. I recommend roommates as an excellent source of People and rampaging Ostrogothic hordes as a bad source of the same.

The Purpose is what sets the time of consumption, perhaps a cult TV program such as Babylon 5, Red Green, or any British comedy (under *no* circumstances allow yourself to watch any TV show set in California).

The Positively Comfy Lounging-about Furniture is there because, if you've consumed the proper amount of spaghetti, you won't feel like moving around for a couple of days. I have now enlightened you to the wonders of the magic food spaghetti land, in doing so, filled a great emptiness in my soul (and/or stomach).

I feel much better now and I hope that, if there is any greater sense of fulfillment in this occasionally fruit-stained occurrence known as life, that it shows up pretty quick or else I'm going to end up writing something entitled "314 Silly Things to do With Duct Tape".

Common rumour has that Sam Arnold is the third reincarnation of Elvis Presley. We're all waiting expectantly for him to spontaneously starting singing "Hounddog" so we can crown him King.

Sellin' out the farm...

Donald Rhee
Columnist

When I finally flip my calendar to September it can only mean one thing and that is that it's already the third week of September. The school year has once again snuck up on me, grabbed my shoulder, turned me around, and slapped me in the face with a good backhand of reality.

It's nice to be back in these comfortable surroundings though. It's nice to see the hustle and bustle of people scrambling not to be late for class, the Moscow-like queues at the bookstore where the capitalist penchant for monopolization and bleeding wallets dry thrives and of course the familiar feminine voice of the maiden Telereg which is always the first greeting I receive here at UBC. She was kind to me this year in that she gave me all the classes I wanted without rejecting me once. So feeling good about myself and with a minty mouth freshly scoped, I went to my first class. With all the similarities though, there's also been a heap of changes over the summer.

To my great surprise there was a ice cream stand by the bus loop. Good idea but wrong place. I thought since I thought that only UBC and other student food services had the right to sell food on campus and charge us inflated prices.

My friend later told me that UBC and the AMS is selling out to corporate interests. Coke will soon be the official drink of UBC much to the dismay of the card-carrying communist-Pepsi-drinking population out there. I don't remember any consultation with the students about this issue but I fear that given the choice, bzzr would be made the official drink of UBC. But hey, why not sell out?

The Rolling Stones finally did it this summer and Bill Gates got the song he wanted for basically money he probably scrounged up from cracks of his couch. Mr. Koerner has graciously donated umpteen millions of dollars to have his name immortalized in concrete and steel in the form of a new library which currently sits on what used to be a pleasant grassy area where I liked to sit and eat Quaker Oat Squares sans milk

That's a shameless plug for a cereal that should be repackaged as little cookies instead.

I guess selling out's alright though. However, I do have one request with regards to the ice cream truck. Don't let the ice cream truck start playing the jingly version of Ludwig Van Beethoven's Fur Elize.

I can't believe the piece most played by beginner pianists, and perhaps the most famous piece in the world, has been reduced to nothing but a shameless jingle trying to attract people to buy frozen coloured sugar water that costs twelve cents to make but is sold for three bucks. Capitalism at work, I guess.

Ludwig's probably rolling over in his grave as we speak and the same goes for Wolfgang (as in Mozart) in his pauper's grave everytime that bouncing blue ball jumps around the television screen to the tune of Eine Klein Nachtmusik with every beat exclaiming the word BIG trying to hock 6/49 lottery tickets. Silly but *damn* the classics are always catchy somehow.

On a less critical note, did anyone notice this summer that in the lower mainland there were basically no bugs at all to be seen or swatted? I didn't get one mosquito bite and no ticks attached themselves to my scalp to suck my blood.

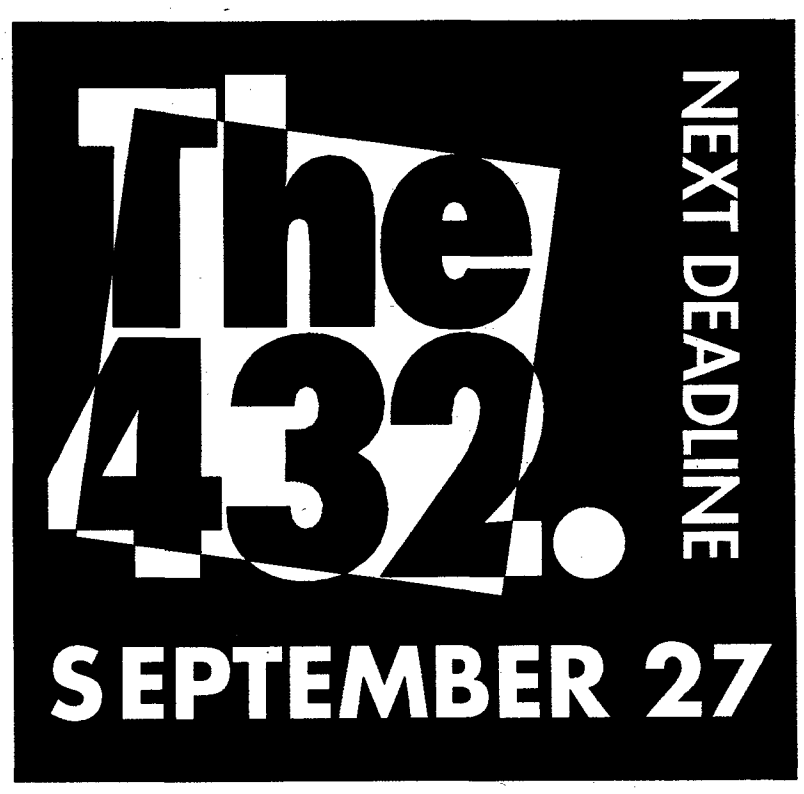
However I see that the *worms* are once again descending upon UBC. You've probably seen them by now or maybe I've been hallucinating about them my last three years here. They're little yellow larvae-looking things on thin silk strings swaying underneath big trees with most hovering at just about eye level. Has everyone here seen *Star Trek II - The Wrath of Khan*? You know the scene where Khan inserts that worm into Chekov's ear canal and then has it take control of his mind? Well, if it should happen to you then don't worry cause I'm sure they're harmless 'cause I feel fine!

But don't go on a hero trip by eating them as a Captain Scott O'Grady appetizer either. As this could well possibly be my first and last article ever published, I would like to say hi to my Mom who presently suffering through a slight bout of "empty nest" syndrome.

Hi Mom! Send money!
And don't ask me what bzzr is.

Don's one of the new ~~suckers~~ columnists that just walked in the door last week. I'm sure Don's quite surprised to find his article nearly untouched – the only part I deleted was the bit about women having hairy arms.

I'm sure Don will be happy to share that story and many more throughout the year.



World domination made easy.

Jeremy Thorpe
Columnist

World Domination: It is a common misconception that world domination is limited to the very smart and the very rich. The truth is, you don't have to be very smart or very rich at all; all you need is a little ingenuity and a lot of hard work. Of course, the list of successful world domineers in the last century or so is very limited, but don't let this get you down. In three easy steps, you can soon be resting comfortably—with the world at your fingertips.

Every aspiring conqueror needs a clever plan. In comic strips and cartoons, this usually involves the creation of a 'great big nuclear-powered-laser-guided-fuel-injected gun'. Size is important—big enough to blow a hole the size of a small Mack truck into the side of Fort Knox, but small enough that you can tell your mother that it's 'just something that you picked up at a yard sale.' Unfortunately, there are those of us who don't have the technical know-how and/or access to Radio Shack which is required for such an endeavor. In which case, we are left with a more subtle, less violent, and infinitely more cunning approach—inducing mass confusion. In a world that relies so heavily on mass media, it is possible for an individual to reach audiences of millions of television viewers. With their ability to think for themselves already reduced to that of a small tropical fruit by sitcoms and late-night infomercials, couch potatoes everywhere are vulnerable to your control. To force them into servility, all you have to do is to first catch their attention, and then, while they are held in pathetic fascination, to bend their wills with subliminal references. The first step is simple: tell them you're Elvis, sell them a vacuum-powered hair care system, or run for President. As long as you keep them occupied long enough to convey your message (approximately 5.4 minutes)[1], your success is ensured. The subliminal message is up to you. Although it can be something as simple as "You are weak. I am strong. Bow to me as my servant," this tends to show an inherent lack of creativity. A much more ingenious message is one that undermines the collective emotional security of the world, and forces everyone to realize that everything they have believed in is false, leaving them grasping for order and control (which you, of course, will graciously provide). A few suggestions for such a message are: " Santa Claus is real; he just doesn't like you," "The Beatles were lip-synching," or "Ward was gay, June was a prostitute, and Wally and the Beaver were adopted."[2] Soon the whole world will be groveling at your feet, begging for your guidance, and with the completion of the next step, you will have assumed your inevitable role—as supreme ruler of the world.

Once you have turned the world into a bunch of mindless, confused idiots, you must then turn

World Domination
continued next page

Matt WIGGIN

The tool.

Ever since the invention of the club (or sometime shortly before that,) humankind has had a fascination with tools. Granted this is especially true of heavy machinery, but it extends right down to the simplest of hand tools; if a neighbour has his or her hammer out when I come walking by, if I'm not being chased by another lynch mob, I'm sure going to stop to find out what they're doing. We love to buy tools; we love to hold them. We really love to turn them on, hearing the noise they make and use them on scrap pieces of wood, just to get a feel for how they handle.

The question is: why?

What is it about tools that makes them so damn fascinating to us? Well, there's a whole whack of possibilities (that's a lot.) Freudians, and a number of disgruntled wives would say that the tool is just a phallic symbol, a symbol of a man's sexual prowess. Two words: bloody idiots. I disagree for two reasons. First up, while I agree that the majority of tool people I know are male, there's a hell of a lot of women out there who know the difference between a Phillips and a Robertson screwdriver, and can make a router sing. They can't be in it for the phallic thing, unless... But there's another reason, too. Why would the guy with the 4 1/2 horse motor on his table saw be better hung than his neighbour with the 1 1/2 motor? Never in my life have I ever been asked to state the length of my penis whilst purchasing tools. Granted, I haven't bought too many, but I haven't even heard of it. But this is getting rather vulgar, so I'll move on.

Another, more likely explanation is the attraction to raw power. You have to admit that there's a real attraction to steam shovels; anything that can dig a hole the size of the Rose Parkade has got to be pretty cool. Even hammers can smash things. Tools allow one person to do the work of ten, (unless they're a road maintenance crew, in which case they allow ten people to do the work of one.) That and they're loud. Really loud. (Admit it. Nobody really grows out of a love for making deafening noises.) Best yet is that element of danger that every one of us craves. There's always the possibility that you're going to cut your own index finger off with the table saw, right Dad? Let's just say that I learned a lot of new words that day.

What attracts me to tools, however, is the act of creation without all of the usually accompanying culture. Go to a painter's exhibition, and you'll encounter a room full of pseudo-intellectual, upper class snobs who really need to be mugged, if only to put them in their places. When the year's new cars come out, however, the people you see ranting about them are covered in grease, drink beer, and know how to spit. I'm not trying to argue against being cultured (well, maybe I am a little bit,) but the whole get in there, get dirty, and don't come back until you've turned a small rain forest into a dining room suite line of thinking really does appeal to me. Working with tools makes me feel like God playing at the sand centre.

Perhaps the nature of our love for tools falls into the same category as why a cold beer tastes so good after a hard day; maybe we should just accept it, and stop questioning things, lest we wreck 'em. Who cares? They're big, they're loud, and they make me happy.

This story is dedicated to my parents, who bought me my first tool kit when I was five, Lee Valley tools, for providing excellent quality tools to connoisseurs everywhere, and to 220V outlets, for making it all work.

When I first saw the title, I though Matt was finally writing his autobiography. Guess I was wrong, though.

And yes, I know that was incredibly mean for me to say that of Matt. Sorry.

About that last bit? I was lying. I'm not really sorry at all. Hah!

World Domination

continued

them into *your* bunch of mindless confused idiots. Promise health care reform, pass out free Smarties, or dress up as a purple dinosaur; it doesn't matter. As long as you establish yourself as a leader, people will flock to you like lawyers to an ambulance, and soon you will be in a position to make your move. While eating dinner at the White House, or mediating at UN peace talks, use your newly gained popularity to suggest that "it sure would be nice if we got rid of these wishy-washy country thingies and made the whole world a dictatorsh... I mean a *global village.*"

Inevitably, someone will take notice of your subtle remark, and one thing leading to another, will suggest that you would make a splendid leader. After a few meaningless elections and maybe a war or two, you will have control of the entire world—or most of it, anyway.

Rome wasn't built in a day, and it follows that you can't expect to conquer Earth in less than a week. There will be a few people, believe it or not, who will refuse to submit to your awesome power. They will probably attempt an annoying little rebellion or something or other. Fear not, however, because with the multi-million grape-peelers that will obey your every command, there will be few coups d'états which will progress beyond the 'kill-a-few-people-blow-up-a-few-buildings stage.' Sure, one or two might get to the 'capture-the-president's-dog stage,' but even these uprisings are nothing that a few well-placed nuclear missiles cannot quash. Within a month, all of these nasty self-concerned rebels will have been captured or killed, and you will finally be the 'big cheese,' 'el presidente' — the guy who rules the world.

So why, you ask, if it's so easy, hasn't anyone done it already? The answer is simple— no one has given it a good shot. Let's face it. Alexander wasn't as great as you think, and Napoleon had his hand stuck in his shirt most of the time. Hitler was insane, and Barney's just too darned cute to be effective. It's time for someone to take the initiative, to quest for power, and to do it right. And that someone could be you.

[1] All information *<I am strong>* contained in this essay is *<you are weak>* completely farcical, and anyone stupid enough to attempt world domination through subliminal messages is obviously *<bow to me as your leader>* a complete lunatic.

[2] It's true. So is the thing about Santa Claus. See above.

Hmm... Jeremy the Great? I don't think so. If anyone wants to hunt down this tin plated dictator with delusions of grandeur, count me in.

Guess I really should adjust the Prozac dosage for the water supply in the writers' cage.

SOGS (Students of General Science)

If you're a Science student, you're in! Come find out what we're all about. Meetings Monday • 8:30am • CHEM B160

Physsoc

The Physics Society is a social and academic club that has everything you need to survive at UBC. Come and kick back in our lounge, use our microwave and phone, study in our library or quiet carrel room, or indulge in some nutritious donuts and pop. We also participate in Intramurals and organize a heap of social functions.

Membership is only $5 and you can see it all for yourself in Hennings 307.

Hey!

Are you a keener frosh?

Well, we've got a place for you...

First Year Committee is looking for new members

Simply drop by SUS and show some interest

We'll do the rest.

Weather's here; wish you were great...

Leona **ADAMS**

Dear Blair,

Hope this catches you in time for the first issue. Did I forget to mention that I'd be in the Caribbean with my mom for most of August (well, 18 days is more than half...)? Now, I know you're going to ask where exactly I went. The reason why I didn't just say straight off that I spent 4 days in St. Kitts before heading to St. Vincent is because whenever I mention my itinerary, people ask one of two things: a) Where is that? b) Is that anywhere near Jamaica? (for the record, Jamaica is near Cuba and Haiti: St. Vincent is near Barbados, Grenada, and Venezuela. If you're more curious than that, head to the library. What do I look like, an atlas?)

The afternoon of our flights started out innocently enough. The idea was to catch a bus to Seattle at 4:00 to leave us plenty of time to catch our 11 o'clock flight (did I mention that I was traveling with my mother? Have I also mentioned that her punctuality fetish causes people to question her Caribbean heritage? Seriously. As far as she is concerned, the only times of day that exist are "o'clocks" and "almost o'clocks". For example, 10:07 is "almost eleven o'clock", to be used in sentences such as "You'd better get to bed: it's almost eleven o'clock".) At any rate, when the bus finally arrived at 5:30, there was a taxi in tow. Apparently, the word "reservation" causes the employees of "Billy Bob's Fast Shuttle" to pull out their dictionaries. To make a pending lawsuit short, we ended up riding to Seattle in the taxi, while our luggage went on ahead in the bus. I spent part of the ride wondering what would have happened if the taxi got held up at the border for some reason: picturing my clothes lounging on the beach without me in them. I really need to get out more.

The flights themselves went very well under the circumstances. Anytime when I spend more than twenty-four hours straight either sitting or standing, traveling/studying companions tend to disappear under mysterious circumstances. Throw into the mix the fact that, well, how can I put this delicately...well, let's suffice it to say that our chosen travel time was not the most ... biologically convenient. You see, while half the guys reading this are sitting scratching their heads, looking like Elizabeth Hurley after having heard about Hugh Grant's episode, I almost guarantee you that all the women are nodding, some even adding a "Been there, done that."

Both Sea-Tac and O'Hare are equipped with the CNN Airport Network. To the untrained eye, it might seem desirable to have a news source available. Take into consideration a few important details, however:

1) While staying near to the gates (desirable while waiting for a flight), it was physically impossible to have a monitor out of earshot (or for the more conspiratorially-oriented among you, to be out of earshot of a monitor).

2) Although the news and weather reports were occasionally updated, the entertainment reports were repeated ad nauseam. I now know more than I could ever wish to about Catherine DeNeuve, and could tell you incredible details about the performance of Netscape on the stock market in its opening day.

3) This informational diarrhea fell primarily between the hours of 5:00 and 7:30 a.m. (central)

In spite of my eventual distaste for the whole experience, I did pick up a few things. For one, CNN anchorwomen tend to be, well, unattractive. The one who kept trying to engage us had some weird thing going on with her nose. Then there's that blonde one. I always get the impression that she's trying to hypnotize me or something (but maybe that's just me). But then I thought about it more in-depth. I guess if ABC can have Sam Donaldson, Ted Turner can hire whoever he wants.

The Network also let us in on another little secret. Seems that a hurricane was hovering just east of Puerto Rico, which, inconveniently enough, was exactly where we were headed. As you can guess from the fact that you're actually getting a postcard, we didn't actually meet up with Felix. You can, however, probably imagine my delight, on no sleep, at 6:00 a.m., being advised of the existence of a major tropical storm coinciding with my desired whereabouts.

I guess I've run out of room, which kind of bites, since I haven't gotten to anything about the vacation itself yet. That's probably for the best, since it isn't nice to taunt people by telling them how much you're enjoying the 31 (but feels like 40)-degree heat when they're at home, probably getting rained on. See you all when I get back.

Leona

Check out your Science Club!

Details at Clubs Days, the *Inside UBC*, or at SUS (CHEM B160)

Phil's rant against the Machine.

Phil Ledwith
Columnist

This article doesn't have a theme yet, and I have an hour left to write it. Lost, aimless, completely without direction...sounds like a Madonna movie...and if I keep quoting him like this I'll end up sounding like Berke Breathed. I'd heard that he had a big chunk of Hang glider sticking out of his head, wouldn't want that. Still don't have a theme though. I can't keep this up for a year. Hell, I can't keep this up for three weeks.

I hate the first weeks of school. Why do I hate the first weeks of school? BECAUSE EVERYTHING GOES WRONG. I mean it. look at this mess. For one thing, you are dirt poor; For me this is a permanent condition but I understand that many people share my predicament at this time of year. Even if I could afford to register (I'm hoping that by the end of next week my loan will come through, but who knows what will happen next when you are in.....*the twilight zone*), There is no way I would try and use Telereg. Telereg; the administrations first, biggest, and only joke of the year. There are species of deep sea snail that crawl along the ocean bed faster than information down the telereg phone lines. The only real difference is that you know what happened to the snail; try and find out what happened to your attempt to register in Math 302. Try. I hate telereg. The last time I successfully used telereg to register in a course was '92. Someone fetch me an axe.

I did this rant last year. But I never mentioned the bookstore lineups. I can't afford my books anyway (ever try and do your homework without the textbook, which has all the questions in it? takes a *loooong* time) but even if I could afford my books I would find it hard to relish the prospect of joining a chain of people that could stretch across four continents. Bookstore lineups; endless fun, but without the fun bit. The dinosaurs never became extinct. They just joined a bookstore lineup somewhere and are still in it, all green and pale from eating too much McDonald's food. I hate bookstore lineups.

I hate pointless building structures. Before the year 2000 the University will employ more construction workers than profs. Don't spend years of your life learning advanced computational plasma physics or recombinant dna techniques. Forget about med school. Become a construction worker, and then you will really be in demand, and you'll probably get paid more, too. Hell, you might even stand a chance of making as much money as you have given/still owe to the administration. (Wow, getting money back from the university. Now that was funny.)

Have you seen how many buildings there are on this campus? I'm going to school at a construction site. If the dust doesn't clog my lungs and give me asthma or I don't get hit by falling debris, or run over by a cement truck, then I'll probably just step on a rusty nail somewhere, contract gangrene and die horribly in a deserted motel room watching David Lettermen re runs. I really hate construction, except that I hate those little green worms that hang from all the trees even more, and hopefully they will manage to kill a large number of them off before they leave.

Nothing works here. This article is taking too long to write. The computer is three years old and wants to save what I am doing every three minutes. In approximately three minutes I will be late for class.The class I will be late for is Chem 121, which is by coincidence the last course I ever successfully registered for through Telereg. Now I need it to graduate. Of course, by the time I actually graduate I will no longer be able to find the building that the degrees are kept in because of all the cement trucks and by then even the Administration assistants will look like construction workers because there will be so many of them. People will think it's a fall fashion show and the line up will be impossible to enter anyway because it will have met and bred with the bookstore lineup producing baby lineups that hang from all the trees. Oh, why *bother.*

Phil's one of those students you always hear about but never meet – entering his nth year but still struggling through his first year requirements. He deserves our pity, not our scorn, so everyone in his first year Chem class give him a great big hug.

We love you, Phil. Please smile.

The Mundane Dumpster.

Tracy MacKinnon

Sunshine and Peaches

Welcome back. Since we've all spent countless hours in lineups all over campus, we definitely know school has started. Isn't it great?

As per usual, the SUS has lost some executives over the summer. If any of you science undergraduates are interested for Internal Vice President (aka Party Whip) or Social Coordinator, please talk to me about it before September 28, 1995. I'd be happy to discuss the position or current moview or the latest Simpsons episode. We also have some unfilled department rep positions on Council.

Now's the chance you've been waiting for to get involved! But even if you don't want to be a Council member, feel free to drop by and microwave your lunch or use the phone. Soon it will feel just like home.

If you see someone looking frantic and scurrying around the office – that's me. Please be kind.

Dave Khan

One small fish...

Read this, very important. Cindy Crawford is enrolled at UBC. Isn't that great?

Ok, it's just the boring Senate article... but the Senate can affect your life. For example: the outrageous tuition increases for the new accelerated MBA program. Or, more importantly, the FULL WEEK reading break/spring break we will all be enjoying this year. Both these things are Senate-related. Although to most students the Senate is some nebulous entity floating around somewhere in the upper reaches of the university bureaucratie, it does serve a useful function. It governs all academic aspects of the university. It is composed of nearly a hundred members, including the President, Chancellor and Registrar, professors, and of course students—one from each faculty and several at-large Senators. I represent the 4600 or so science students. With this large a constituency, I need input from individuals. So if something is pissing you off, or you have a problem with your classes, Telereg, the Library, the Registrar, etc., then please let me know. You can most likely find me in the Science Undergraduate Society office in Chem B160 (below the big lecture hall Chem B150 in B-Block). If you don't have luck there, then leave a note in my box or email me at *sus@unixg.ubc.ca*. This year the student Senators have several ideas on the agenda including a universal exam bank resource centre where copies of participating prof's exams can be examined. Hope you all have a great year, and don't forget—Friday afternoons are reserved for SUS bzzr gardens.

Anna Carvalho

Ghost writer

Blair here. I'm writing Anna's blurb because she's off inquiring about the real meaning of "below the belt". She's also giving guidance to Tessa, who's currently freaking out about the printer. I think Tessa's a bit unstable, personally.

Anna wants to know if we should talk about the United Way Campaign, since it's apparently going on. She's muttering something about needing to raise over 12,000% more than last year. I hear Tessa whining about the printer. Oh well, I'm going to ignore her for now.

Tug of War September 22nd, says Anna, by the Cairn (2-5pm). She's not actually speaking in complete sentences, so forgive me if this gets a bit choppy.

We're all laughing at Tessa now. She just kissed the printer. Dear *lord*.

I'm also supposed to mention the aprés tug of war hot tub party. Anna will be the one turning into a giant prune.

Anyways, that's all for now. Maybe Anna will actually write the next blurb herself.

Deanna Braaksma

Chancellor of the Exchequer

We don't actually have money of our own quite yet, but thanks to all you wonderful Science students who paid $10 of your student fees to us. We'll be receiving your cash in October, so in the meantime, we are spending money from an AMS loan.

I have submitted this budget to the AMS, and printed it here to give you a better idea of what exactly we spend your money on. If you have any questions or suggestions, or you just want to chat, I'm usually in the SUS Office, Monday, Wednesday and Friday early in the morning.

REVENUE	
Prior fiscal	2000
Fees	45000
Misc revenue	100
Photocopier revenue	2300
Pop revenue	2200
TOTAL	**51600**

EXPENSES	
Telephone	720
Office supplies	600
Miscellaneous	1000
Photocopying	600
Travel	200
Photocopier expense	3000
Open House expense	500
Computing	500
Public Relations	200
Elections expense	800
Club grants	6400
Special projects	1200
Pop machine expense	2300
Academic	500
Academic entertainment	700
Social (net)	3500
Science Week (net)	4000
First year committee	1000
SUS Sports	10000
SUS Publications	8000
Summer Edition	4000
Martin Fruaedorf bursary	1000
TOTAL	**50720**

NET SURPLUS (DEFICIT)	**880**

SUS Report
Thursdays at 5:30pm
on Bork! Bork! Bork!
CITR 101.9

Bella Carvalho

Whaddya mean... *school?*

Greetings, earthlings! Welcome back from your much deserved, and I'm sure, too short summer vacation! It's September, and we all know what that means! Yes, it's time to trade that social life in for textbooks and labcoats. Kinda reminiscent of selling your soul to the devil, isn't it?

But, fortunately, there is an up side to this bleak season of torture and torment we see before us! SUS is back in full swing, and ready to make your school year as enjoyable as those cruel courses will allow. (why won't telereg let you be a student without registering in any courses? They get in the way of all the things I want to do!)

But I digress. As I said, SUS has a number of events planned for this year. The very next one coming up is Oktoberfest, which will be in the SUB ballroom on October 6th.

Another big event will be Science Week, the biggest, bestest week on campus. There's lots of stuff planned, and lots to do. If you want to help out, and be part of preparing the just-gosh-darn-most spectacular week on campus, drop by SUS, and talk to me! *<recruit mode off>*

Well, I could tell you about all the exciting things I do as ExVP, but since you can read about Social events in Matt's article, and AMS reports in Anna's or Tessa's, and since I doubt you all want a detailed description of how to book a room in the SUB, I'll just go back to my chemistry* problems and allow you folks to continue on with the rest of the paper. Besides, I don't really believe anyone reads these exec reports. In fact, I'm sure of it. Blair makes me write one every issue, and then shoves them to the back of the paper! If there is anyone out there who reads these, please let me know. Or next issue I'm going to fill my space with random words of various languages! (Tee hee)

*isn't there some rule about making a calculus course and naming it Chem? that can't be legal. It's cruel, I tell ya! You take a course, expecting chem, and Math 200 jumps out at ya. It's just not right...

Life.

John HALLETT

Something terrible happened to me over the summer. Most people have relative understandings of the meaning of the word terrible, but what happened to me is so universally terrible that I think everyone will understand. It's one of those things that has happened to almost everyone out there and will happen to everyone else barring some very unusual circumstances.

So now that I have your curiosity up and running rampant, I guess I have to tell you what this horrible event was. It happened on August 13th. I turned 20.

At this time, everyone out there who is not aged 20 ± 4 months has let out a huge groan and is turning their attention to the cover comic, another article, or worse yet, their prof's lecture.

So what's the big deal with turning 20? For starters, you aren't a teenager anymore. When they said that I was responsible enough to drive at age 16, I wasn't concerned because I knew better and disappeared for days at a time. When they said I was responsible enough to vote at 18, I snickered and voted twice in the federal election to show my irresponsibility. When they said I was responsible enough to drink at age 19, I laughed and finished off the whiskey I had bought the day before.

But now I'm 20. And I am responsible. I find myself pondering deep philosophical stuff like: Does life has meaning? Given the supposed existence of a compassionate God, how can the church account for the immeasurable suffering in the world? Why do the bad guys make the most money and get all the girls? Is there more bzzr in that keg?

When you're 20, things dawn on you that you really should have realized a long time ago. Stuff like the fact that I've been living on my own since I was 17. That's three years without my parents. You'd think that you might notice that kind of thing quicker.

Then there's the stuff that you've known all the time but have just realized. (Known = People told you at an early age. Realized = You figured it out by yourself.) Stuff like: Sweet stuff really is bad for you, the government really is comprised of lying self-serving bastards, you can pronounce "pizza" no matter how drunk you get, love is worth both the time and the effort, skipping classes and/or showing up for classes drunk isn't conducive to higher and better grades, and life doesn't suck; it's just life.

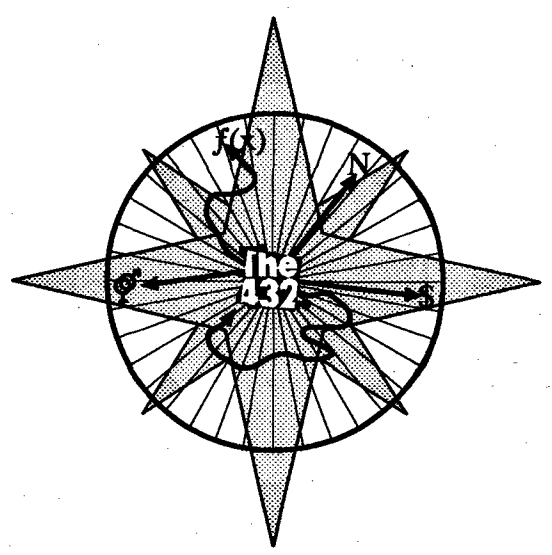
So what wisdom has my aged bestowed upon myself? Not much. I'm afraid I'm still just as alone and confused in this world as the rest of you. <Pulitzer moment> That's why I'm offering, at a special discount price, The Official *432* Life Compass. It's tells you everything you need to do with your pathetic existence on this planet. No decision making required, it tells you what to do and when to do it. No thinking required, yes, it takes all the pain, anguish and confusion out of reality.

Enough of that blatant plug and on with the rest of my article. Being 20 isn't just about dropping the suffix "teen" from your age. It's about changing how you look at the world. Everything is just that extra bit surreal (as if my life needed it). You start pondering where you will be in a few years, like: Will I have a job? Will I have a degree? Will I have a wife? Will I have a life? Will I even be alive? Or will I be forced to wear a purple foam dinosaur costume and sing to kids on national television to make enough money to eat? (As if he does it willingly...)

I guess I might have to change my career plan of winning the lottery at 23 and retiring in Barbados. I think I may have to take a realistic and/or rational approach to life. Last year I would have panicked had I said something like that. And although the reflex action to scream, run to the Pit, and necessitate another student loan is strong, I'm going to have to choke my pride and admit it: I've grown up.

There's no way around it: John is a responsible adult. A responsible adult with an aspiration to take over the world and place everyone in forced labour camps manufacturing spatulas, but a responsible adult none-the-less.

Now I must ask you to leave me alone to contemplate my grown-up-ness with my friends. They're so understanding and they buy me so much bzzr. Hey, we can't be responsible all the time, can we? Pass the bzzr...



SCIENCE SPORTS

Science Sports teams now forming for all leagues and events.

Deadline for most teams is Sept 22
Rebates available.

Contact Nareeta and check out the Sports Board in SUS

SUS Elections

Nominations extended to Sept 22
Positions still available
Hand nomination forms to Jay Garcia*
(*And if democracy doesn't work, we're considering trying a theocracy.)
Also needed:
Social Coordinator
Internal Vice President
Sales Staff
Sports Reps
Talk to Tracy for more info.

SUS • CHEM B160

OKTOBERFEST

Coming Friday, October 6 to the SUB Ballroom