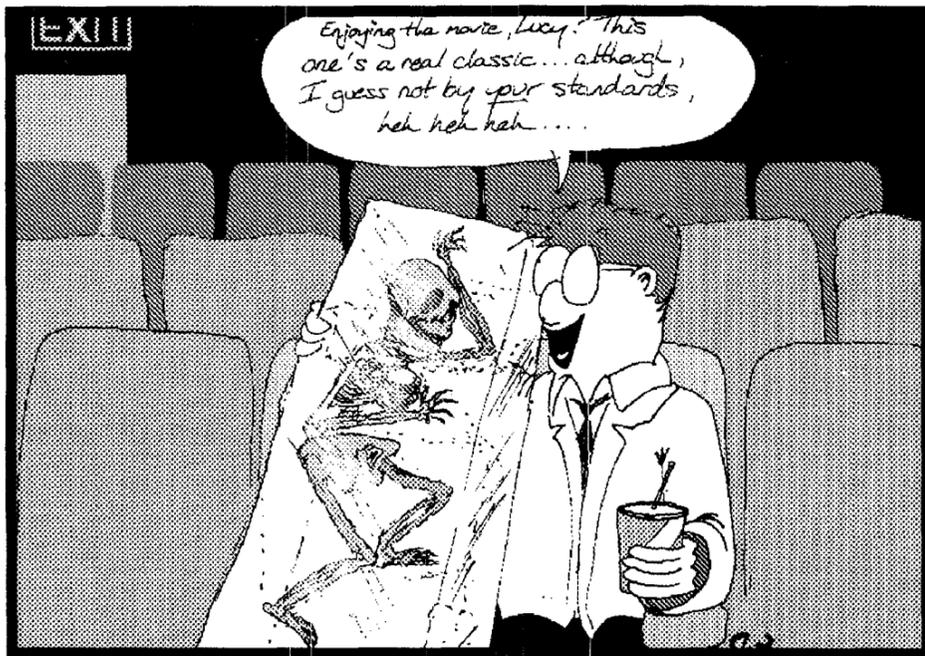


Carbon Dating.



The 432.

The Newspaper for Science Students
Vol 8, No 04 • 17 October 1994

New Interactive Media!

With new technology coming into the market, *The 432* thought it appropriate to finally unveil the latest innovation in media formats. We've taken our story, and with the help of state-of-the art equipment personalized several editions for unique segments of our readership. Our writers, Washington Irving and Fibble (so his ID says) put in the long hours for research and design, resulting in a superior product everyone can enjoy for different reasons. So, simply follow our fictional hero "Bob" through a typical day, depending on your individual faculty. We're so sure you'll love our work, we're offering a money-back guarantee.

Engineering.

Bob, with a feat of personal strength rarely seen in mere mortal men, tosses off the obviously huge hangover incurred at the Pit the previous night.

Bob hops in his classic red 1975 Ford 4x4 and enjoys the view from atop his customized 12 inch lift kit. In defiance of local noise laws designed for senile old bastards, he revs his over-bored 524 big block to insane rpm's before laying a twenty-foot rubber patch over top of his neighbor's cat.

Bob chats with his hunting buddies about Friday's plans. After much discussion, they decide to buy a flat of Bud and go down to the local dump to shoot some rats.

Bob drinks way more bzzr and enjoys an entire Pie R' Squared pizza while laughing out loud at Robotman.

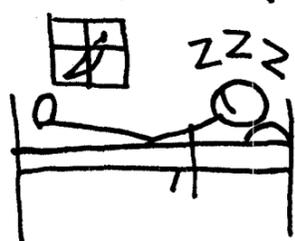
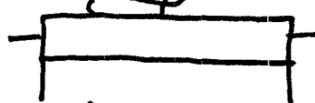
Being unable to avoid his co-workers on the way to his office, he is forced into a conversation and feigns interest in dull office story's long enough to convince them that he hasn't been drinking.

Not being able to think long enough to deal with real words, Bob stamps and signs the first piece of semi-official looking paper that is put in front of him. He then asks to be left undisturbed for a couple of hours so he can "do zometin' emporent."

After curling up on the couch in his office, Bob grabs a Calvin and Hobbes book and reads two pages before the colors mix into one homogenous whole.

Bob passes out on his couch in a puddle of his own drool.

Arts.



Science.

Circadian rythm completed, Bob's sensory organs returned to full conscious state and he could again hear, see, smell – the latter a source of strong stimuli – and he awoke. Incidentally, urine is released from the body by contraction of muscles in the bladder, and not by gravity as commonly believed. This means you can whizz upwards. Try it!

Ignition, here. Internal combustion, the natural successor to steam power, is a reasonably efficient method of converting chemical energy (originally fixed by microorganisms in the pre-cambrian period, which we now burn to a crisp with abandon) into mechanical energy. It is important when designing a device of such velocity and mass to incorporate a method of ensuring safe deceleration. Walls won't do.

Did you know that Alexander Graham Bell was Canadian? It's a fact! Bob is now using the latest in fiber-optic laser micro-processor-networked communications to summon his secretary who, incidentally, is within shouting distance. It's nice to have a president who doesn't shout.

Bob, as any animal will do, must seek his food. More specifically, he stalks and kills a Tex Mex Double Meal. *E. Coli* is likely a fundamental ingredient of the meat, and will be on its way to the Coli Community already homesteading in his bowel.

As the speed of sound is 330m/s in air, if Bob was chucking wiffleballs to his associates as fast as he was sending words, they would be really busted up. You never hear the wiffleball that kills you.

Bob examines numbers that would boggle the economists at Revenue Canada. Fortunately, they will never see these numbers, as Bob knows how to save the students money and avoid taxable income like the plague. Not that it would matter, since he had calculus IV students cook the books and some batch of economists with their useless B.A.'s would just go into conniptions trying to find the bottom line.

Offset lithography is a fascinating process, taking advantage of the fact that oil and water don't mix. This is due to the nonpolar nature of oily chemicals, contrasted to polar water. Saponification is a process whereby polar phosphorus is bonded to long fatty acid chains, forming molecules and blah blablah blablah...

As any biologist will tell you, almost all higher mammals require sleep on a regular basis. After decades of sleep deprivation studies, scientists have concluded that lack of sleep makes people tired. And grouchy.

Ex-Ubysey.

Bob wakes up with the thoughts of his most recent dream in his head. A source close to Bob leaked that his "dream" was a plan to have all women students at UBC transferred from their current faculty to his own personal harem.

Ignoring the increased need for role models to use public transit to set an example, Bob hops in his gas guzzling car and drives his way to work. Mortgaging our children's future every foot of the way. We have reports that he also hit a kindly octogenarian somewhere near Alma and didn't stop.

Dialing long distance and charging it to student funds, Bob talks to his political "friends" in order to assure his re-election this January.

Bob dines extensively on red meat. This only proves the inherent desire in every single, Caucasian male to Bar-b-que the entire spotted owl population.

He holds a secret meeting behind closed doors with his fellow "elected" tyrants and plans the destruction of more bastions of student free speech.

Bob goes over a perfectly legitimate budget and makes a few "corrections." Our source tells us that these corrections involved the addition of a section titled "Bob's Cut" that turned a \$500,000 profit into a \$200,000 loss.

Bob sits back with a copy of one of the student newspapers that conform to his view of the world. Seeing nothing objectionable to him, he decides to let this paper publish for another month.

Bob settles down to a nice nap in his overly plush bed while hundreds of homeless try to stay warm in the rain.

Stereotype Genes Pinpointed!

*You knew it was genetic, and now we have proof!
The age-old mystery has finally been solved!*

Ever since Morgan's famous genetic experiment with fruit flies, scientists have searched for the answer to the universe's most critical question: what makes the sexes so different? Why does it seem that a male and female can't hope to communicate on any level higher than "Pass the remote, please."

We at *The 432* were just as baffled as everyone else, so we put our research labs to work on the problem early in the spring of 1990.

Years passed. And the problem only got worse. We realized that if a solution was not found, it could mean the end of life as we know it.

But then a breakthrough!

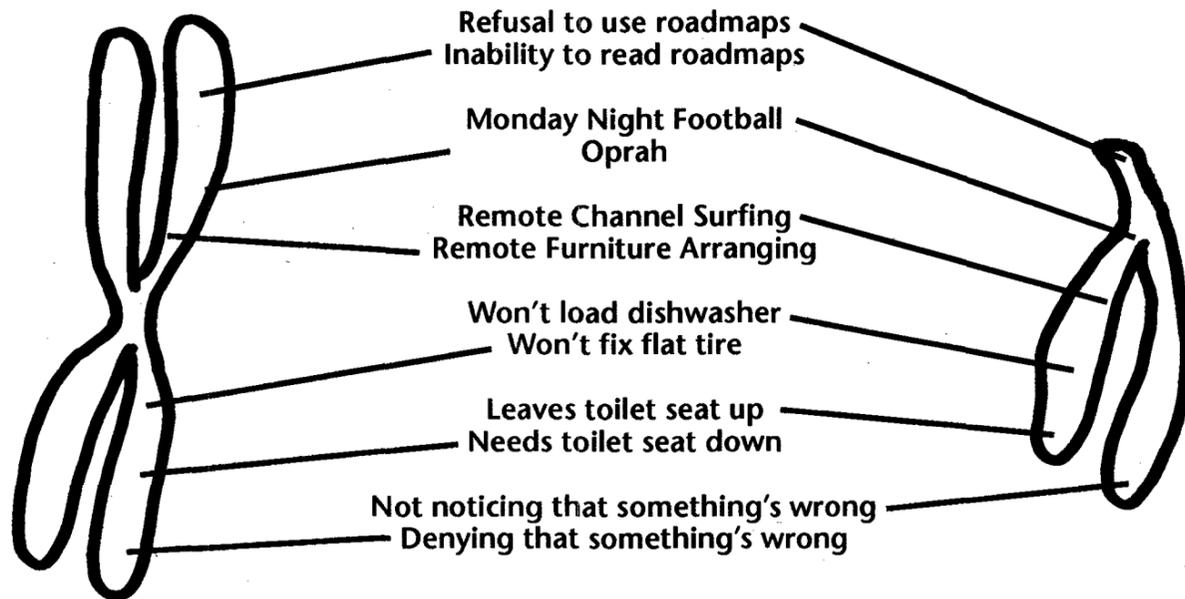
Our team of highly-trained professionals identified the genetic reason for the most difficult arguments men and women have been forced to endure.

This isn't the final solution. But we hope the next time your boy/girlfriend yells at you, you'll have the basis for an understanding.

X Chromosome

Stereotype

Y Chromosome

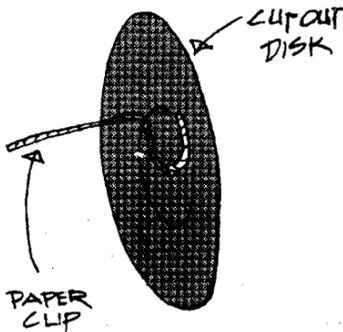
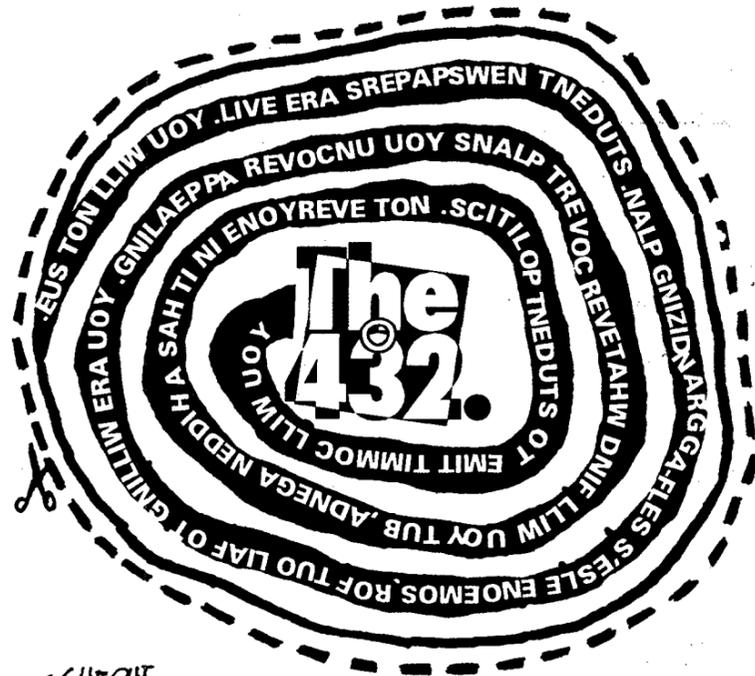


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For more information about this or any of the other exciting development from *The 432* Research Labs, send \$35 payable to Editor, *The 432*, c/o Science Undergraduate Society

Just in time for the Whistler
Reprogramming Weekend, it's
**The 432™'s Student
Government Mind
Control Device!**

It's fresh from the SUS test labs in Room 101!
It's hip! It's now! It could get you a cool resumé!

It really is like those friendly people from
Mindspeak said: your student government really
is here to control you!



1. Ask Mom for the scissors, and cut along the dotted line. Careful, now! Remember, never run with the scissors.

2. Bend a paper clip into the super-secret shape shown above. Paper clips aren't toys, kids, and it's dangerous to dare your friends to see who can shove the most of them up their noses. Punch the paper clip through the middle of the disk, spin the disk in the same direction as the hands go around a clock, and stare at it without blinking for at least 30 minutes.

3. Now you can impress your friends with your new 432™-controlled mind and show off your newfound breezy insouciance!

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Opinions expressed herein are solely those of the individual writers, not the SUS, AMS, CSIS or GEAS.

If you'd like to write, cartoon, produce, or distribute *The 432*, drop by CHEM 160.

Please keep articles to a maximum of 650 words, proofread and preferably funny. Drop off a 3.5" disk at SUS (Macintosh or IBM) and include a hard copy. Please drop by and check for other style constraints, or risk "editorializing" Your full name and phone number must be included for your article to be printed.

"Where's my elephant?"

Em-Bare-Assed

Embarrassment is a part of life. Unfortunately, it's a very big part of my life. Very big. Other emotions seem to be pretty much eclipsed.

And I'm *always* the one embarrassed.

This situation has persisted from day one. Take my birthday, for instance. Sitting in a hospital, buck naked in front of a dozen doctors, nurses, floor cleaners... Talk about embarrassment. I cried incessantly, finally falling asleep. Yep, my nineteenth birthday was *pretty bad*.

THE MASAUD WAS NOT IMPRESSED

When you are a lifeguard at a religious summer camp (I needed the work) you are charged with the responsibility of leading by example. The utmost in decorum and respect is expected of the staff, and naturally I was nothing but a disappointment to my employers.

Seeing that young hormone-saturated teens abounded at the camp, I accepted the chore of buying... ah... latex on my days off. I made a quick duck into Save-On-Foods for the



usual surgical strike required to buy condoms, laxatives, and Preparation H.

Whizzing past the dairy aisle, I thought "What could go better on my hot chocolate than whipping cream?" Picked up a can. You can see this tragedy developing. Stop now, if you can't bear the sight of human suffering.

My plan was to perform a cashout of military precision. No eye contact, cash payment. Unfortunately for me, the conveyor belt didn't have one of those little chunks of arborite that hurried customers use to stake out their possessions. My condoms ended up in the bag of the 900 year old man ahead of me.

"Those aren't my condoms. They're his: the guy with the whipping cream." He even pointed. I was the guy with the whipping cream staring at my toes.

A BUILDING FELL ON ME
Went to 24 Hour Video with a girlfriend once, and after applying the usual divide-and-conquer search strategy I had pretty much abandoned the idea of choosing a film. As a joke, I sneaked up behind her, and said: "Screw it! Let's just rent a porno and wreck the couch."

I looked at her for a moment, and determined that something was definitely wrong. Same hair? Check. Brown leather bomber jacket? Check. Buffalo jeans? Five foot nothing? White sneakers? Check. Check. Check. Aaaaah! I had it. Wrong face. ie: wrong girl. My girlfriend was not in this body, instead it was host to one very peeved lady.

Another difference between this woman and my ex is that she had a boyfriend who was quite distinctly tall. Frankly, I mistook him for part of the architecture. Some sort of ceiling support or something.

CAUGHT WITH MY PANTS DOWN

Quick story. Swim meet. I'm finished swimming, put

on my trackpants and am standing by the side of the pool watching. Some young competitor has just had too much water to breathe and is heading to the bottom when I decide to use my newly-acquired rescue skills (previously attempted only on rubber dummies).

I was no longer wearing a bathing suit. Or underwear. Just sweatpants suspended around my knees. For what seemed like about a minute but was only about... a minute. Okay, I was stunned. Mortified, in fact.

Pulled the kid out, but for some reason the parents weren't too enthusiastic about meeting me in person.

So, Blair, when you think you've been too embarrassed and you life sucks, just think about my experiences and your situation won't seem so bad.

Now, don't print this note or anything. That would be embarrassing. Haha.

Um, maybe I shoulda said that at the beginning?

Ahh... dear.

Lately, I've been feeling rather insecure about my position in the grand scheme of the universe and how exactly that relates to the average price of carrots in a small outdoor market in Belgrade.

I considered seeing a shrink for some advice on how to proceed, but I didn't want to spend a small fortune being told that additional counselling sessions would be an excellent idea for my mental stability. I also didn't want to run the risk that the doc would start prescribing any under-the-counter drugs.

After pondering the situation at hand, I realized that the entire problem revolved around the fact that I had lost my mental image of myself.

You see, everyone has a mental image. You might see yourself as an incredibly cool, suave individual with women/men hanging on you every word. That will change just as soon as your liver processes the excess alcohol from your blood,

Or you might see yourself as a complete nerd, afraid the one morning you'll wake up and be unable to resist the temptation to stick a pencil behind your ear and wear a vest that looks like it might have

been skinned from a diseased yak.

Everyone has a mental image, and I had lost mine somewhere in my ramblings over the last two weeks.

So I travelled to the self-help section of the local bookstore, and luckily enough found a book entitled "So You've Lost Your Mental Image?", from the writers of "25 Fun Things to do with Wood"

I remembered all the excitement I had with the latter book in my youth, so I knew I had found the book for me. Opening to the first page I found the three major symptoms of mental imagus misplacement.

1. You hear the words "Muuuffffinnnn" over and over.

According to the book, this represents my inner self expressing an emotional hunger that must be fulfilled to regain my equilibrium. Right. When I hear "Muffin" I'm thinking about a great big bran muffin smothered in low fat margarine, not the state of my social life.

2. You think people are following you around.

This shows that my basic personality type is based on an egocentric view of the

world. People with that worldview expect that everyone and everything should be describing an orbit about their cranium. 3. The phrase "-6, -5, -3, -1" actually means something to you.

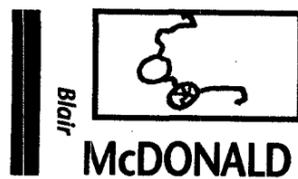
Unless you're in honours math, there's no way you'll ever be able to come up with a logical explanation of that series. So, either you're a mathematical genius moonlighting as a burger flipper, or you've got some serious problems that need to be resolved.

So I needed a mental image. And I had no idea how to find one. The search was on.

Where does one find a mental image these days, anyways? Can you find them in the local supermarket. Or do you have to go to one of those trendy organic vegetable stores?

Is a mental image something you can trade your old model in for? Or do you just get issued one at birth and you have to get through life the best you can with the one luck dealt you?

As you can probably tell, I've got a lot of time to spend on these deep philosophical questions. Far too much time.



So, the obvious solution is find a new hobby. Maybe I should take up pigeon breeding. I hear Switzerland will be selling off their fleet sometime soon.

There's not a lot I can really do about finding my mental image. I really should accept the loss and get going on all the important things coming up.

Or maybe I can steal someone else's mental image. All I need is a psychic who'd be willing to help me out. Then, I'd roam about campus, stalking likely candidates until their guard is down and I can steal their mental image.

It makes sense that I would be comfortable with a mental image close to my own, so I should be looking for guys with blond hair, blue eyes and glasses. Or was that girls with curly brown hair, brown eyes and a really strange sense of humour?

I can never quite remember that distinction...

The Lesson of the Day.

Carin van Zyl
Columnist

Here's a word of advice: don't leave inflammatory scientific trivia opening messages on your machine, and don't make conspicuous, overt gestures behind peoples' backs while walking behind them.

It all started when my mom sent in my tuition cheque by mail and it sat on the Registrar's desk for two weeks before they felt like opening it. In the meantime, I called Telereg every day to see if it had come through yet. Well, predictably, Telereg started blithely telling me that I was now accruing interest at the rate of 1.5% per month, but I figured, like the fool I am, that any day now, they would check the mail and put that cheque through. I got tired of hearing that maddening voice, you know, "please enter your student number, the star key, your birth date....." ad nauseam, so I gave up.

'Round about the same time, I got my phone hooked up, and I decided to go for broke and get that nifty Call Answer thing.

Me 'n My Brain.

Matt Wiggin
Columnist

Ever had the urge to swerve your car into the headlights when you're driving home late at night? It happens to me every time I drive. I seem to spend an unreasonable proportion of my time trying to curb self destructive, socially inept, or just plain stupid urges. I know why, too, and it's not my fault; it's not me that has all of these ideas, it's my brain. I figure that my brain and I are separate entities, stuck sharing the same body. This poses a rather uncomfortable question, then. If I'm not my brain, then who the heck am I? I try not to believe in an eternal soul, mostly because if there is one, I'm in some serious trouble. I figure "I" am made up of two things: pain receptors and my memory.

This is an imperfect relationship at best. Me and my brain really have no common ground from which to compare points of View. Hammy (this is what I call my brain) comes up with all of the ideas, and although very creative, he doesn't learn very well from his mistakes. This is where I step in. I spend the better part

of my time asking myself the age old question "What is the worst thing that can happen to me if I do this?" Hammy is so dumb he helps me come up with ever more painful and embarrassing answers. And so, when I hear the Hammy telling me that this would be an excellent time to go rollerblading across campus naked while singing Beach Boys tunes, I remind him that:

I don't know if you've ever had your life ruined in a single second, but it's not pleasant. Well, I reregistered by phone that instant, and when I asked for a fee assessment, Telereg ecstatically thanked me for paying the first installment of fees. Hell-bent, spitting fury is not the word I am looking for to describe my state at the time. But it got much, much better then. I was informed that I owed \$16 by October 7, and it was for Telereg overuse fees. So, they expected me to pay for reregistering after their monumentally, galactically daft error, and you might say that the sixteen bucks

was not worth the fight, but it was the principle of the thing. So I ground my ax in person the next morning to a young-looking blondish boy and he gave me as much sympathy as I would give to a Melrose Place fan whose TV was struck by a meteorite. I demanded they get back to me with an apology, and that's where the inflammatory scientific trivia message comes in.

I concocted a message explaining in detailed, unsailable scientific language just what sort of lower life form the denizens of the Registrar's were, and suggested an efficient method of extermination, making particular reference to the death of all offspring and questionable parentage. I was pleased with myself, and bided my time. One

afternoon, I got a message from them saying that the sixteen bucks had better be in, or I would find myself racking up more Telereg charges trying to reregister. I'm still trying to figure out just how much the message they heard soured them up...

Which brings me to the conspicuous gestures behind someone's back. I have a few classes in Woodward, and I noticed not long after the message incident that there was a young-looking blondish boy in many of my classes, and he looked suspiciously like the twit who chomped my bit at the Registrar's. Being the vengeful type, I tried to track him down so I could tell him off right proper, but I always lost him in the crowd that pours out of lectures. So I

enlisted the aid of a friend, hurried after him when the class was over, and managed to end up walking right behind him and to the right. My friend hadn't seen me yet, so I wildly flailed my arms around and pointed enthusiastically to the target. Well, it got her attention all right, but I guess I wasn't far enough out of his peripheral vision, because I got his undivided attention too. He turned around and fixed me with this withering stare, like I was losing it or something. That's when I realized I had been chasing the wrong guy. Scrambling to salvage whatever dignity I had left, I fled in the opposite direction, feeling like an even bigger tool than at the Star Trek convention...I just can't win at anything, can I?

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- a) no clothes equals no protective gear.
- b) this is not a good way to develop a meaningful relationship with members of the opposite sex, and
- c) what happened last time.

As for who needs whom worse, it's definitely Hammy that needs me the most. Granted, I need my brain to think, which is always an advantage come exam week, but hey, there are always arts degrees. But without me, however, poor Hammy wouldn't last a day. As far as he is concerned, the following three plans are equally good for a Saturday morning:

- 1) Go down to the aquarium, steal a puffer fish, and eat it alive. That way when it's in my stomach,

it would inflate and I could see what I'd look like with a pot belly.

- 2) Stay in bed until noon get up, eat, and try to study at least a little bit for the three midterms I have on Monday
- 3) Take my bike up the biggest, steepest hill I can find and ride down. When I hit about 65 MPH, jump off, just to see if a human being can actually run that fast. If I pull this one off, I'll make Guinness for sure.

I am pretty good at catching those moronic thoughts that will either kill me or make me look immeasurably stupid. Again. But occasionally my brain slips something truly idiotic by me, like the time I jumped out of a second story win-

dow to prove that I can't fly. Or the time I made myself a flaming hat out of a cornflakes box liberally doused with lighter fluid (*Don't try this at home. An explosive fuel/air mixture forms inside the box, making something resembling a bomb out of your hat. Trust me.*)

My brain means well; most of the things it wants to do are just experiments. I just wish it would do its testing on a different subject than me once in a while.

No, you can't say anything... Look, we already discussed this. You provide the ideas and I get to choose them... No, I won't write that... Because it's not nice to kill the pope, that's why... Oh, all right. And now, in closing, (and I only did this so you could see what I mean,) a heretofore

new and unedited message from Hammy:

Matt's brain here - You know what would be really cool? Cow powered cars. What you do is get a cow, and hook up a hose to the shipping end. That way, you can trap all the methane they produce and use it to power your automobile. Sure, cars would have to be bigger, but I figure that if you had two in the back of a vehicle shaped like cross between a pickup and a horse trailer, you would be able to run your car without ever going to the gas station. And, you would be helping the environment by reducing methane emissions, and the best part is that methane is a completely renewable resource. *What? It could work...*

John, 4:16



HALLETT

We all do stupid things from time to time. I am no exception. In fact, if you were to average the stupidity of the population, I'm pretty sure that I do enough stupid things in the space of a week to allow the rest of us to show excellent judgment for the next seven years.

For instance, just recently I decided take it upon myself to go take in the view from a rather overgrown hill called Little Mountain near where I live on Vancouver Island. I think the "little" part is there simple to fool the weak. Now, it's not such a monumental task to reach the summit, in fact, any vehicle can do it due to the paved road. (Do you like how reaching the top is getting to be less of a feat all the time?) Oh yeah... I wasn't driving, so it was even easier. In fact, I was asleep in the back seat and just sorta woke up at the top.

So there I was finally at the top, after all that work, peering over the side of what I would calmly call an *uneasily large* cliff at the distant forest floor nearly 100 meters below. At the bottom, a couple of hikers were making their way along a winding trail through the trees. The scene was truly idyllic.

Suddenly I was filled with an overwhelming desire to conduct a short physics experiment directly related to the acceleration of the earth's gravitational field. (In reality, I just wanted to hit them with rocks... *big* rocks... but this way I can say that my motive was *education*.)

I instantly noticed something: there were no rocks anywhere near the edge, in fact, the whole mountain was devoid of any stones much larger than a grain of sand. Mostly due to other people like me.

So I tried to call down the wrath of God, instead.

After being thwarted in my attempts to call down hail from the heavens, I and my friends decided to hike to the bottom of the cliff via a rather steep and exceedingly long trail around the side. This is where the stupidity comes into play.

Going down was easy, and thus we were soon enjoying the complete lack

of view one normally experiences at the bottom of an extremely large cliff. And I discovered the only problem inherent in going down a very large hill and leaving your vehicle at the top... you have to go back up eventually.

What compounded the matter was the fact that another group of rowdy locals showed up at the top of the cliff with the same express intent we had in the beginning. There was only one difference... they brought rocks. So we ran to the cover of the trail and were nearly half way up before two of us dropped dead from cardiac arrest. Then it started hailing...

You'd think after that I would learn from such an experience to think things through *before* I actually attempt them... not a chance.

Another topic rattling around in my head...

After being passed time and time again at blistering speed by some fool who somehow thought it logical to attach wheels to his feet, I decided to take it upon myself to learn how to roller blade in order to dish out some well-deserved roller... er... *justice*.

So I borrowed my brother's blades and pads and set about ending my life. First thing I noticed was the discoloration in my fingers and toes. I applied strict scientific method, and realized that the knee and elbow pads were just a *little* too tight. After regaining feeling in my extremities I came to the conclusion that those pads would do more harm than good, so I ditched them.

I made my way into the twisty-turny alley behind my house and made it about a hundred feet before self-preservation kicked in and I decided to return home.

Now, one thing about this particular alley is that it's not safe to travel faster than 20 kph owing to the presence of idiots like me in the neighborhood who can't seem to find parking lots. But no one pays attention to that speed limit, including the guy that hit me with his mid 70's Chrysler. In conclusion, I'd like to thank all my friends for the lovely smelling flowers and point out that, on account of me, people can wander about making fairly sound decisions for the rest of October. (See 3rd sentence)

It's actually very simple to describe John in five words or less. In fact, only two are normally necessary. Brain and damaged.

Informal Lunch Meeting For WOMEN IN SCIENCE

Wednesday, October 26, 1994

FNS Room 40, 12:30

(bring your lunch, juice provided)

The AMS Tutoring Service is looking for

NETINFO ASSISTANTS

to lead drop-in sessions for students new to Netinfo.

\$9 per hour up to 5 hours a week

Start week of Nov 6.
Positions continue until Mar 31, 1995.

Preferred Availability:
9:30am Mon, Wed, Fri
4:30pm Mon-Thu
6:30pm Mon & Wed

What does a Netinfo Assistant do?
Introduce small groups of students to the basic services netinfo offers (e-mail, Usenet and Clarinet news, WWW, View UBC etc.) answer questions and refer students to other resources. Provide feedback to AMS tutoring and the library about ways to improve Netinfo.

Skills required:
- Familiarity with computer networks/information systems (knowledge of netinfo specifics **not** required—you will receive training)
- Strong interpersonal skills, good at communicating ideas
- Independent worker, able to encourage self-sufficient learning

Drop off a resume with your schedule and e-mail address by Fri, Oct 28 to:
Assistant Director, Netinfo • AMS Tutoring Service • Room 249D, Student Union Building

ALMA MATER SOCIETY
UBC STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Jointly sponsored by AMS Tutoring Services and UBC Libraries. Funding provided by the Teaching and Learning Enhancement Fund.

The Drawers.

Kevin Douglas

Science Senator

Doesn't that Lloyd Axworthy character just crack you up? Trying to Americanize the post-secondary educational system here in Canada; so funny the whole nation is in hysterics. Well, the Student Senate Caucus isn't taking this lightly, let me assure you. That's just one of the many issues your 17 student senators are looking at at the present time. We have recently added Stephanie Chan from Law to our ranks as a Senator-at-large, so we're now a full family again.

Last May it was recommended that the faculties try to reduce the number of departments with very few faculty members, i.e. those with about 15 or less full-time faculty. As Science students this may affect you if you are in one of those smaller departments. It is rather nice to see that the Faculty of Science is handling this better than other faculties which I won't mention.

Another relevant issue is the Teaching & Learning Enhancement Fund. The purpose of the fund is to encourage students to propose a project which will be of great benefit to all or at least a handful of students. The AMS has been considering a proposal to get all undergraduate societies access to Ethernet. Surely someone out there has a better idea than that. If you think you've got a good idea, visit the Office of the President at the Old Administration Building and pick up a copy of the criteria and guidelines.

One other thing the student senators are trying to do is create an information pamphlet for any of you out there unfortunate enough to be caught cheating in a course. Most students who go through the discipline process are unaware of what they should do. For now, you should all just be good students and stay out of trouble, but if something does happen, JUST SAY NO. See you later.

If anyone out there interprets this article to mean Kevin is saying there's a lot of cheaters out there, I'd like to go on record as saying "What? Kevin who?"

Tracy MacKinnon

Public Relations Officer

Another scintillating AMS meeting has passed and have more information to impart to Science students. First, the chronic issue of the Ubyssy is again at the forefront as the second Editor-in-Chief candidate resigned. This leaves the AMS in a quandary as what to do with the paper, so we'll be discussing the options at the next meeting. Joy.

Anna and I spent a grueling Saturday with the AMS President scoring the compensation process for the AMS. Forty-three positions to evaluate and only one Saturday to do it.

The '95 Budget passed. There will be a roundtable discussion on child care at UBC in the near future. Various Science reps were appointed to AMS Committees - Blair to chair Code and Policies, myself to chair Nominating. Anna is now on Services and Appointments, and Laurie's on Renovations, so you're well represented. Thanks.

The 432. Introducing
The 432
Classifieds.

**THREE LINES
FREE!**

All ads accepted.
Next deadline
Monday, Oct 24

UPCOMING EVENTS...

Tie-dye your lab coat day: Oct. 14.
drop your labcoat off • D222
(the whole process takes 2 days to complete,
so we're doing it over the weekend)

Next Bill Garden: Oct. 31 in 4th floor lounge
(It'll be another steal: lousy buck • a • bzzr.)
(\$1.25 for sider)

PROJECTS...

We would like to purchase a
microwave for the club lounge.

Would you be interested?

Would you use it? YES NO

Come by
and tell
us what
you think

(We need to know if there is a demand for the wonderful,
complicated world of Administration to have something to do.)

*We were thinking of participating in the
sponsorship of a child in a 3rd-world
country. As a member, you have a say in
this decision, so if you don't think its a good
idea, come discuss it with us*

Radical Species



Our meetings are every **Tuesday @ 12:30** in the lounge,
so come on out to find out what else is going on
(.....or if you want to help out.....or if you are a creative
genius, with an over active imagination and an intrinsic, deep
desire to contribute. ... and lot's of free time....)

Give back the
elephant or the
toaster
gets it.



Blind Date.

Elana Promislow
Columnist

I feel... ill. Maybe it's the way he's shoveling huge pieces of spinach into his mouth, talking incessantly. I can't quite focus on what he's saying because I'm thoroughly engrossed in watching that spot of dressing slowly glide down his chin. Apparently it doesn't matter much, since he's directing his entire conversation to my breasts. I feel as though I should formally introduce them. "This one's Bibsy, and this one's Toodles," I proclaim with a flourish. His face turns as scarlet as my dress, and he wipes his mouth, averting his gaze. He offers me more wine. I smile demurely and ask him if he usually gets his dates drunk so he can get laid. He gets that bewildered/offended look all men get when you figure their game plan before they've had the chance to execute it. The waiter conveniently comes with our entrées.

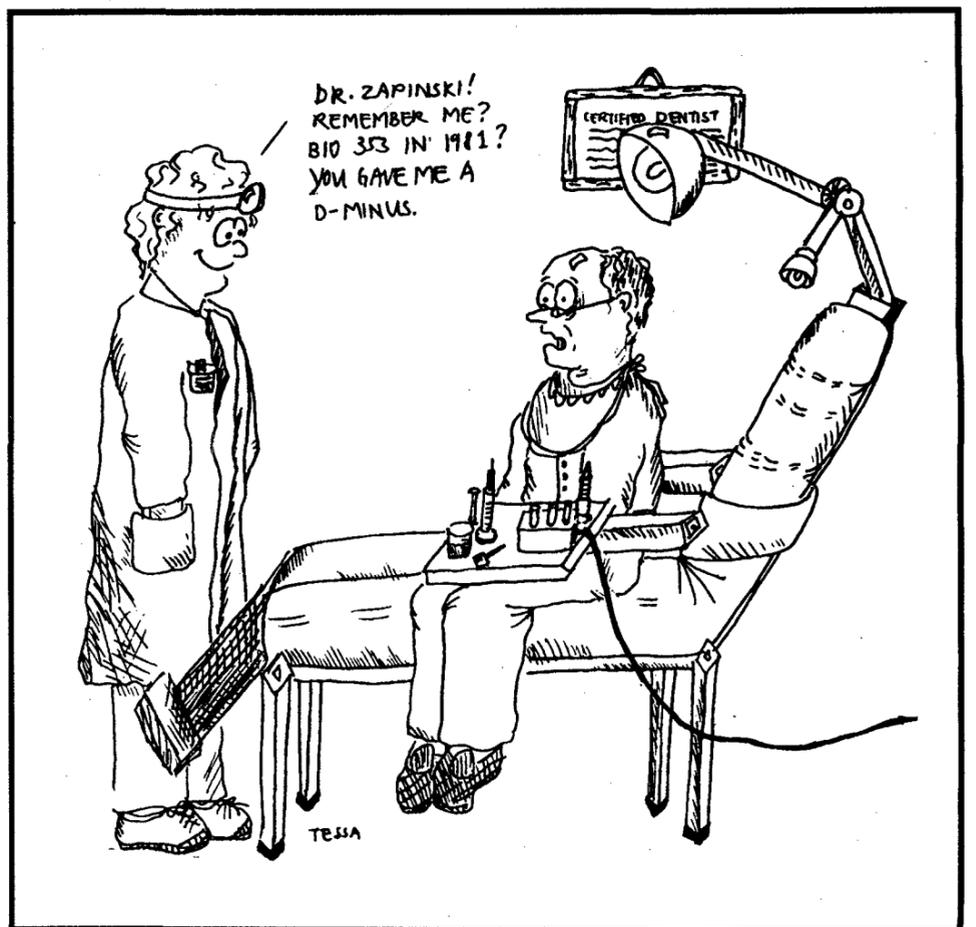
This man obviously eats out of a trough on normal occasions. I casually peruse the restaurant to assure myself there is no one I know. He starts telling me about all the politicians he's met. "How fascinating," I say. "Are they as egocentric in person as they appear in the media?" I abhor politics. He shifts uncomfortably then digresses to sports. I cut my chicken slowly, precisely, pretending to be sincerely intrigued with hockey statistics. "I'm afraid I don't know all that much about sports," I interject. He beams. He is in his element. I don't believe for a second that he doesn't sense my distaste for him, but I can tell the only sex he's been getting lately is ambidextrous. Unfortunately for his libido, I would sooner drown myself in a pool of chicken livers than get it on with this guy.

"So, Marcia tells me you paint as a hobby." He shoots me a drooly grin. I am going to kill Marcia for this one. He starts in on how therapeutic watercolours can be. I nod vaguely, thankful that I can let him drone on for a while. He finally stops talking, and stares at me intently. "You know," he says, "you have the most incredible eyes." I nearly choke on a combination of laughter and asparagus. I quickly cover my eyes with my palms and ask him what colour they are. He pauses before he says, "Green." I take my hands away. "They're brown," I say. "That's what I meant," he stammers. "Greeny-brown." Sure.

He tries to press me with dessert, but I make up some excuse about expecting an important long-distance phone call. He foots the bill, surely motivated more by his gonads than any chivalrous intentions. I don't say much in the car as he drives me home. He keeps glancing over at me, but I stare out the rain-spattered window. He plays around with the radio, changing the station every couple of minutes. I hate it when people do that. We finally reach my building. "I'll walk you to your apartment," he says. "Oh, that's all right, thank you," I say, reaching for the door. "No, no, I insist." He slides out and is at my side of the car before I even have it open. His attempt to remedy his previous boorishness irks me to no end.

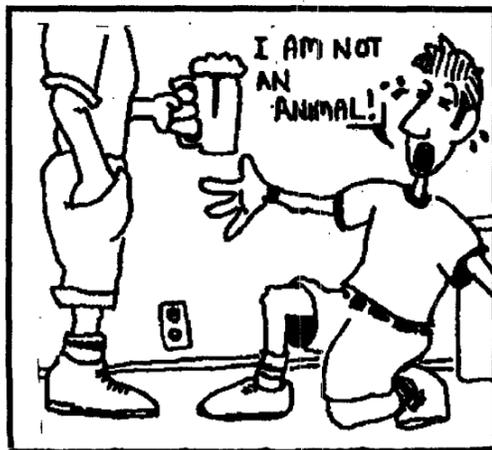
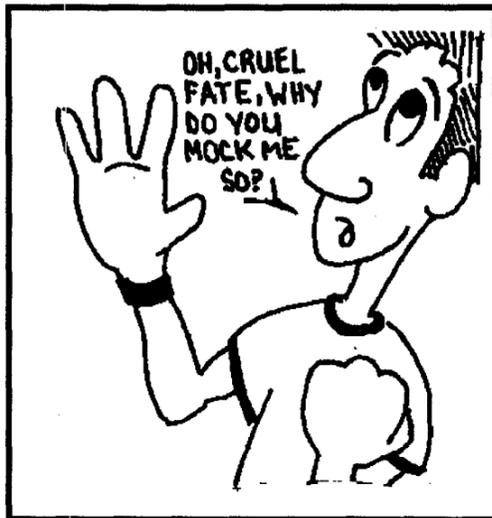
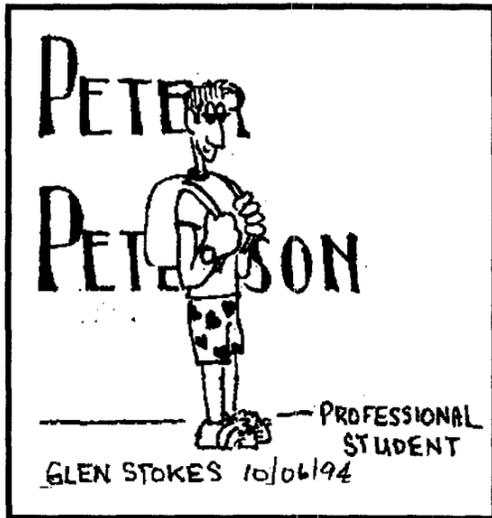
He walks in the building with me and up the stairs to my apartment, where I say good-night. He asks if perhaps he could come inside and talk to me until I get my phone call. He is very anxious. I tell him I forgot my gloves in the car, and could he please go get them. "I'll make us a couple of drinks," I add. He gets this "I'm going to get lucky" smile and runs down the stairs, promising to return in half a minute. I slip inside, bolting the door with a wry smirk. Less than a minute later, he is knocking on my door, apologizing that he can't find my gloves. He must have the intellectual capacity of a dead house plant to believe I'd be wearing gloves in the middle of July. I let him knock and call my name while I plug in a kettle of water to boil. He finally takes the hint and gives up, and I lazily sip my peppermint tea, vowing never to go on one of these blind dates again.

Amazingly enough, Elana has gone on other dates since this experience, and has considered buying a set of green contacts to make life easier on all the similar guys out there who make the fatal error of replying "greeny-brown" to the dreaded "What colour are my eyes?" question.



A dentistry prof's worst nightmare.

Peter Peterson, Professional Student.



The Truth of It All.

Jay Garcia
Columnist

Well, it's officially fall. The sky's grey and cloudy most of the time nowadays, and there's a nip in the air (probably from all that stray liquid nitrogen leaking from the tanks just outside Hebb). And the animal species of UBC are once again engaged in their frenetic pre-winter activities. The squirrels are starting to boldly venture out of their trees and into the Chem buildings in search of munchies (it's pretty well-known that squirrels are partial to the leftovers found in the SUS fridge). The raccoons are busy raiding the garbage bins around Gage and Vanier. And the undergrads are out, wild-eyed and frantic, muttering incoherently about the various horrors inflicted upon them by Those Who Stand Between the Projectors.

I speak, of course, of that ever-popular seasonal activity, Mid-term madness.

Very shortly, many of us are about to experience that, ah, unique thrill of being faced with a sheaf of papers the size of the New York State phone directory, upon which will be inscribed the various arcane formulae which are somewhat tangentially related to those mystifying and obscure texts which we call lecture notes. Many of us can very well envision that ever-so-joyous moment when we crack open our test booklets and whip out our nifty four-color pens and pricey scientific five-thousand function graphic calculators, only to spend the remainder of the hour staring vacuously at a page filled with incomprehensible symbols. It may even lead to doubts as to whether or not we are in the proper examination room taking the proper test — after all, we may have wandered into a Grecian Languages class by mistake.

So, as a public service to all those out there paralyzed with visions of impending doom (you'll

never get into med school now!

you'll be forced to be a chiropractor the rest of your life! you've been a keener and you have nothing to show for it!), we offer this helpful guide to cramming.

Firstly, it's nowhere near as bad as it sounds. All it means is that you'll be losing a little sleep (well, you'll lose a little sleep and a lot of sanity, plus any of the social graces that you may have learned over the years, and, consequently, any friends that have the misfortune of being around you after cram night). In exchange, you get the option of exercising damage control on your grades! And all for just one night's sleep!

Just one night's sleep, you ask? Well yes. And here's how:

You'll need drinks. Jolt Cola. Nothing else will do. Long the secret ingredient behind the late-night insights that have

led such scientists as Polykarp Kusch and Hannes Alfvén to Nobel Prizes (well, granted, they were examining Jolt Cola, not guzzling it, but that's beside the point), it has been widely available to the student body for over two decades. Jolt Cola will not only keep you awake because of its caffeine content, but the sugar rush that immediately follows may provide just enough energy for you to skip breakfast later that morning, allowing you an extra hour or so to study!

Next comes food. You'll need some salted peanuts. A high-energy snack guaranteed to keep you going — to the bathroom, if nothing else, thus preventing your legs, not to mention your bladder, from falling asleep on you at a critical time in your cramming.

So, on to the actual cram. In a word: Chapter Summaries. Well, okay, two words. But still you can't deny that almost everything you need is right there. Even stuff you don't need. Doesn't

matter, memorize it anyway. You could probably throw them in as answers for any questions that you didn't understand. Who knows, in five to ten years, that garbled hodgepodge that you put down as a response might be proven right by the finest scientific minds of the twenty-first century!

Then, you'll want telecommunications facilities. In other words, a phone. Don't understand something? Call up that genius keener in the front row! (you did get their phone number on the first day of school, didn't you? didn't you?!) Who cares that it's three in the morning? Even if you don't get any useful help out of him (or her, to be perfectly PC here), it'll still improve your chances of passing if Those Who Stand Between the Projectors grade on a curve. If the keener you called can't sleep, and then does poorly on the midterm, then goody for you!

On the day of the test, you may want to skip such extraneous activities such as breakfast (see above) or baths in order to gain more time. Don't forget, if Those Who Stand Between the Projectors grade on a curve, then the more odious you are to the people around you, and so much the better if you can distract them away from a better grade.

Finally, you might want to wear sunglasses. More likely than not, your eyes will be so tired and sore that light of any intensity might burn out your retinas. Plus, sunglasses can hide the fact that you are crying as you come to realize that you studied entirely the wrong chapters for your test. If this happens, buck up, and don't worry. Finals are only two months away!

Jay Garcia recently attempted the first rite of surviving university — the first set of midterms. The results on whether he passed or not were not available at press time.

Good luck, Jay...

A Tale Of Two Turkeys.



Roger

WATTS

Thanksgiving... a time for being thankful... a time for spending precious moments with loved ones and friends... a time for chowing down on a turkey dinner that could choke a horse...

There isn't a student out there that doesn't appreciate Thanksgiving. After a blissful six weeks of living on Cup-a-Soup, Kraft Dinner and the occasional meatball sub to break the monotony, you know that there's nothing for which a student would give more thanks than a home-cooked meal par excellence (except, perhaps, a suitcase full of small, unmarked bills, but that certainly doesn't happen once a year).

Ah, yes... you feel the breathless anticipation explode into a joyous smile as Mum emerges from the kitchen with a turkey big enough to be seen from space... to say nothing of the wonderful supporting cast of mashed potatoes, stuffing, gravy, vegetables, pumpkin pie... brings a tear to the eye, doesn't it? Actually, what really brings a tear to the eye is the crowbar they have to use to pry you out of the chair after

the dust settles, the plates are cleared and it suddenly dawns on you that you can now be seen from space.

Most families have their own particular Thanksgiving ritual. We used to have one when I was little that also involved a total of about six or seven other families that we knew. Every year, we would all pack up the kids and head off to a tiny little fishing resort at Echo Lake, just east of Lumby.

(For all of you who aren't up on your geography of infinitesimally small B.C. towns, villages and other specks of civilization, Lumby is about 30 clicks east of Vernon. The place is so small that they had to put a mirror at one end just so you don't miss it as you drive past. Don't get me wrong, though; it's a very nice little place - in fact, they recently had the whole town carpeted.)

The Echo Lake resort itself is even smaller. Situated on a cozy little bit of Nowhere on the northwest side of the lake, the whole joint consists of about a dozen lake-front cabins, a boat launch, a couple of little grassy areas and an itty-bitty office/general store. Now, when I say cabins, I'm not talkin' about some posh, milquetoast little condos in the middle of the sticks. Ooooo no. These are real fishing cabins - no electricity, no running water, no central heating,

and no locks on the doors. Just cozy little log cabins with an ancient iron wood stove, a table and chairs, two or three sofa-beds and a mouse hole in the corner.

Now before you get that look on your face and start feeling really confused/repulsed/sorry for me, allow me to point out that I quite enjoy this sort of thing. No, really; Echo Lake has a lot of good memories for me as a kid. Every fall, we'd spend three days up there with all of our friends, terrorizing the other resort guests and having a wonderful time in general. This usually consisted of moving around the camp at ridiculously high speeds (whether on foot, bikes, motorboats or tree vines) until we got tired. At that point, we would go make a brief pit stop at the cabin, fuel up on lunch and cocoa, and then immediately resume frenetic activity, much in the spirit of, say, Stand By Me meets the Indianapolis 500. Needless to say, the re-emergence of the Junior Hellions on the scene was always much to the chagrin of the other guests, who were just getting used to the remarkable sense of calm that had suddenly come over the camp not half an hour before.

A propos racing, the motorboats were particularly fun. (For any of you out there who may find the following story offensive in its

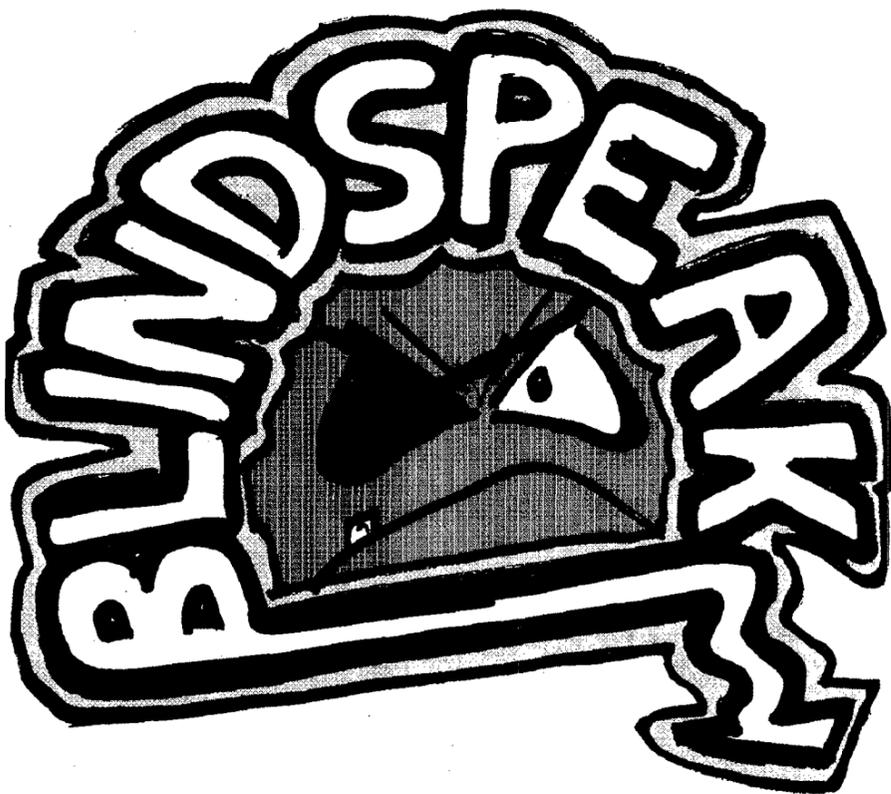
impetuous, reckless abandon, keep an open mind and remember that this was the Eighties we're talking about here.) There were five families that always brought motorboats with them (ours included), and it was never long before the quiet, tranquil lake was beset upon by the dreaded Western Fleet. Shortly thereafter, a once-dulcet fishing area was instantly transformed into a blinding cacophony of several kid-commanded motorboats careening along at full tilt (and when you're ten years old, you'd be surprised how fast six horsepower feels), playing Chicken with each other and making waves big enough to surf on. Truth to tell, I don't think the idea of us screaming around the lake really worried the resort owner very much, because every year several parents would show up on Saturday afternoon wishing to buy gasoline for their suddenly-empty boat tanks.

Of course, when we weren't busy running around playing Flashlight Tag and scaring all of the fish 300 feet deep, there was that Thanksgiving Dinner thing to worry about... I mentioned before that the cabins were all heated by wood stoves - you know, those big ol' iron things that are roughly the size of Buicks and which also happen to double as your cooking surface. According to my mother, cooking a turkey in

one of these things is something of an inexact science - I believe she described it as "trying to paint a Rembrandt with a roller".

Due to the large annual turnout, there were always two turkeys cooked, which actually worked out rather well, as it happens; you see, one of the ovens was always too hot and one was always too cold. Consequently, we used to occasionally catch a Sunday glimpse of two mothers frantically running the turkeys back and forth between the two ovens at regular intervals, in a desperate effort to avoid having one turkey still gobbling and the other looking a touch more like a hockey puck than a bird.

And somehow, as only mothers can, they succeeded, because dinner was always a huge success. As I said, I have some great memories of that place, which is why I was very pleased that we decided to go back this year. After a seven-year hiatus. It was good to see everyone again and rekindle all that old nostalgia. Needless to say, we didn't spend the weekend screaming around the lake this time, but we weren't bored - there was something somewhat appealing about spending Saturday afternoon quaffing Caesars and beating the parents at Hearts. So that's what they've been doing all these years...



Speak out NOW!
Plenty of time to think about it later.

Wake up, students of UBC! Do you know that your student government is attempting to control you? It's true! It says so, right there in the AMS Constitution! We're not exactly sure how they're controlling everybody, but we know they're trying, and we're gonna find out real soon, too!

Uh... until then, make sure you speak out against those racist fascist bigots, 'cause that's what they are! And one of these days, we're gonna find the stuff to prove it! We don't actually have anything yet - in fact, we've never even seen any of it. But it's out there, man. Trust us on this one, okay?