Much the same since 1988

The 432.

The Newspaper for Science Students Vol 8, No 01 • 6 September 1994

SCIENCE U·B·C

Events

•

SUS BZZR Garden
4:32-8:00pm
Wednesday, Sept 7
SUB Partyroom

•

Science BBQ
Cheap food, volleyball
11:30-2:30
Wednesday, Sept 7
Main Mall outside Chem

•

SUS Open House
Free munchies!
11:30-2:30
Week of Sept 6-9
Chem B160

•

SUS Council
Nominations open
Friday, Sept 9
Forms available at SUS
or on back page

•

Copies of *The Guide*
available now
for pickup at SUS

•

Plus much more
to come!

Ingredients

Happy thoughts. Plus tons of ink, all of Thursday night and most of Friday morning. One hundred and one dalmatians. Pixie dust. Dreams, wishes and hopeful fantasies. Fumes from the spray mount cans, and, of course... Other stuff.

Printed at College Printers, Vancouver BC

Feynman Declared Saint!

Pope makes surprise PR move!

Gord Van McOlundsky, Washington Irving
Roving Correspondents

VATICAN CITY – In a bold manuever hailed as the greatest concession to science of all time, the Roman Catholic Church today announced the canonization of Richard Feynman, noted nuclear physicist.

Scientists all around the world are going on record supporting the actions of Pope John Paul II, claiming the aging pontiff has finally taken steps to make amends for the Church's actions during the 15th century.

"I've always thought John Paul would be the one," claimed one unnamed geologist. "It'll go a long way in healing the wounds created when the Church had that big fight with Galileo over whether the world was flat or round. It's not flat, you know. It's actually shaped like a really big waffle. *Really* big."

Other members of the scientific community echo similar sentiments.

However, the canonization of Feynman is causing a stir in the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Close advisors to the Pope are at a loss as to how Feynman's name was ever brought forward for consideration.

Normally, a group of senior cardinals meet at the Vatican City to discuss the merits of each nominee. From these debates, a list of three suitable candidates are presented to the Pope for his final decision. This process is extensive, delving into every aspect of the recipient's personal and public lives, and can last for several years as the research is completed.

Members of the nominating committee have been quick to assert that Feynman's name has never been under consideration, and are at a loss to explain why the Pope might have made such an radical departure from accepted guidelines for sainthood.

"He's making a farce of the entire process" claimed the senior cardinal from Iowa. "Feynman was a nut, who blundered from discovery to discovery. He never went to church, never even celebrated Christmas. Cripes, he was *Jewish*."

Despite the apparent errors in the selection process, the decision made by the leader of the Roman Catholic church will stand. Pope John Paul II made the following comments to an Italian radio station earlier this morning:

"Mistake? What mistake? I just read out the name I saw on the teleprompter last night. I've got to support the recommendations of the cardinals, who obviously feel this Feynman character is worthy of the highest honour the Roman Catholic Church can bestow. Keep in mind that the pope doesn't make mistakes. Computers make mistakes."

Much of the confusion over this matter can be contributed to the internal communications of the Vatican City and its inhabitants. The problem seems to have started last year, when the Vatican converted to a sophisticated electronic mailing system from the old system of carrier pigeons and messenger boys, which seems to baffle not only the near-octogenarian pontiff, but the greater part of the complement of staff at the religious capital. Recently, a "sysop" was hired to manage the system, which was when the trouble started. The Computer Science graduate is currently under investigation by an ecclesiastical court, and therefore unavailable for comment. It is believed that the unlucky computer science student may have also been responsible for similar problems at his previous place of employment, located somewhere in Western Canada. The following press release was released following the speculations:

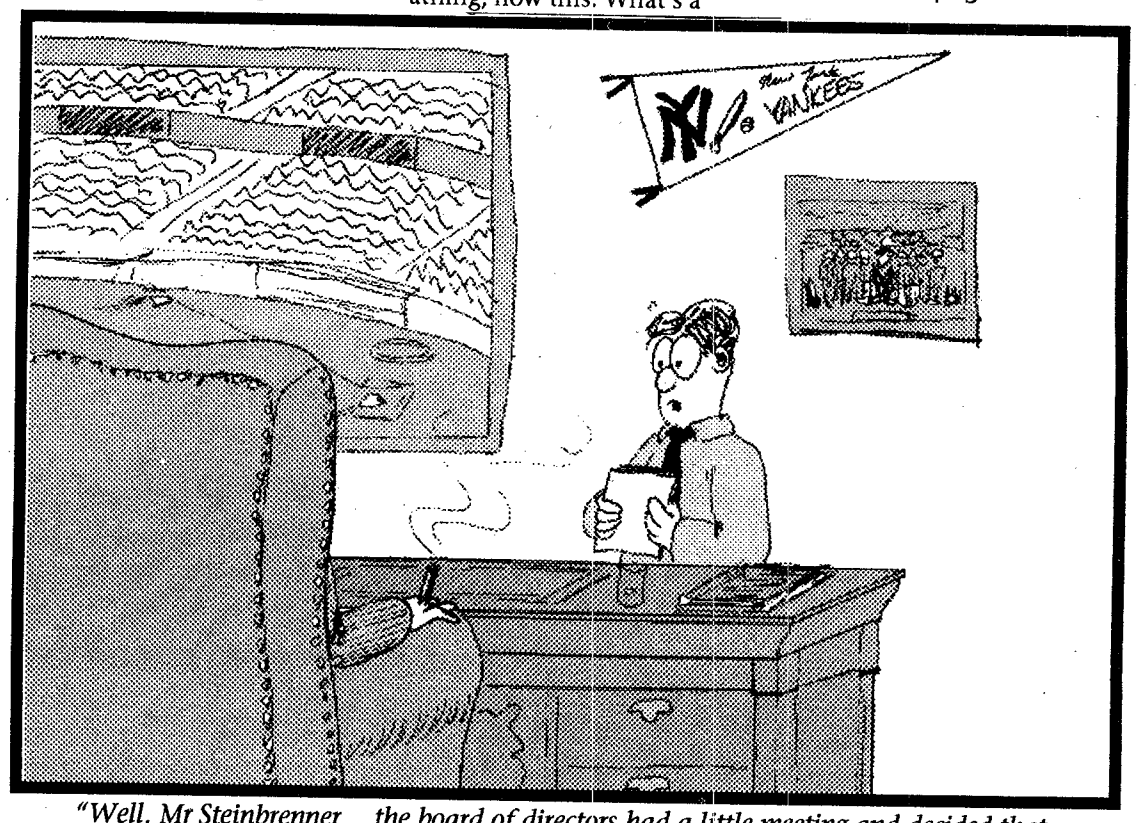
"Issa like this," explains Vatican spokesperson Father Guido Sarducci, "His Holiness, he no lika those science guys. I mean, he lova everybody, you know. But he lova them nerds a little less than the rest. Firsta we get the evolution athing, then thata flat worlda athing, now this. What's a popa gonna do? We can't burn them ata the stake anymore, you see. We hava more *subtle* ways nowa."

Also in the news, and possibly related, the Louvre has announced the opening of a new "Feynman Family Fotos" Wing, Russian news reports the approval of May 1st as "Feynman Day", and NASA has published plans for placing a space station in geosynchronous orbit for the express purpose of broadcasting telescopic images of the late Scientist's 1949 Buick Roadmaster, still parked outside his widow's home, on a brand-new satellite channel called FeynTV. All of these new projects are now being verified for authenticity.

In Feynman's hometown of Far Rockaway, NY, plans are being laid to welcome the famous scientist home. Mayor Mikey Oppeleren explains:

"It's been so long since we've had the honour of recognizing an outstanding citizen of the city. Why, the last person who made the head-

Saint Feynman
continues on page seven



"Well, Mr Steinbrenner... the board of directors had a little meeting and decided that ... well,...three strikes and you're out, sir."

The Editor's Daily Rant.

Blair McDONALD

There's only a few days in the year that you can predict exactly what's going to happen to you. One of them happens to be Christmas; people celebrate by giving each other presents. Birthdays are another; people celebrate by giving presents. Moving Day is the third; people go out of their way to give you a solid kick in the head.

Personally, I think I prefer unwrapping presents than unwrapping bandages. I'll take Christmas for 200, Alex.

For better or worse, I've lived in residence all my university career. I've tasted both the eat-at-your-own-risk cuisine of Totem Park and the do-it-yourself gourmet food of Fairview. Ironically enough, quality of food seems the same in both places – in Totem everything looks, smells and tastes like bland gooey pasta, and in Fairview everything *is* bland gooey pasta 'cause that's all I learned how to make before I left the safety and comfort of my parents' house. Whenever I tell my dad this story, he laughs and laughs and laughs. Somehow he find my eventual death via starvation and amusing topic. Great sense of humour, Dad.

Room size also seems to be constant through the residence system, a small (they call it *snug*) brick lined shoebox more reminiscent of Tolkien's *The Hobbit* rather than a living place for a normal-sized university student. It certainly doesn't look like the rooms they show in the brochures, does it? We oughta sue 'em for false advertising. You bring the lawyers, I'll bring the party favours... it'll be a blast!

So September 1 finally made its long-expected appearance, and I resignedly made preparations to move my entire life's accumulation of stuff, paraphernalia and plain old-fashioned junk to the other side of campus.[1] In typical University fashion, one hand had no idea the other hand even existed, let alone was doing anything, so I was facing the following problem:

Letter from Fairview: "Dear resident, Please ensure departure before Aug 30. Departure time is schedule between the hours of 10:00am and 2:00pm"

Letter from Gage: "Dear resident. Welcome to Gage Towers. Your residence accommodation will be ready for your occupancy the morning of Aug 31. Move-in time is schedule from 4:00pm to 8:00pm."

So what am I supposed to do during the intervening hours? Spend the night sleeping on the streets with all my junk loaded into a friend's car? Naturally, I called both residence areas for clarification of what was obviously a minor misunderstanding on my part.

Naturally, they both claimed it was the other residence's responsibility to provide a roof over my weary head, and refused to even confirm that I still had a room reserved at Gage.

Screw it. I eventually decided to ignore both letters and just move in when I felt like it. Problem solved.

That about sums up the fun of Moving Day, if you discount the back-breaking labour, the excitement of waiting ten minutes for the elevator each and every time you want to go down for another load, or the sheer stupidity of the clerk who refuses to believe you're actually an University student, let alone one who wants to sign in for his room.

But that's life, right? All I can do is deal with it.

So I am, by telling the entire world, or at least the 0.000000009% of the world population who reads *The 432*.

Consider yourself in a privileged minority. No other university has *The 432*, which may actually be a good thing for all I know.

Consider yourself lucky.

Consider writing a story yourself.

Like the way I've slipped a standard plug for the paper? Are you going to be one of our many ~~victims~~, I mean, *volunteers*?

It's very easy. You don't even need a temporal lobe to put together an intelligent sentence or two, although the neuroscientists in the reading audience might disagree with that statement. [2]

All you do is get out a pen (or any other suitable writing instrument) and start writing. Take whatever comes out down to the SUS Office and throw triumphantly down in front of me. Scream "See! I can write for *The 432*! Hah!" and then storm out. Make sure to slam the door for that special touch. Really slam it good.

I'll spend the next three hours deciphering your miserable handwriting, two more correcting the worst of the spelling mistakes, one hour attempting to decide whether your story is actually funny or not, and as the final deadline approaches, I'll realize I need some gratuitous filler in a bloody quick hurry and put your completely unedited, uncensored and unintelligible story in that very place. And you thought I'd actually edit it? What do I look like to you, an *editor*? ...wait just one second ... ah, never mind. [3]

It's that simple. What's stopping ya?

So come on down to SUS, ideas and/or paper in hand. I'll need all the help I can get. Thanks for the time.

([1] Junk. Everyone has it. especially grandparents and young children. It's a bit like athlete's foot; you can never get rid of it completely, and it will always grow if you give it even an inch of space.

Living in residence keeps the junk to a bare minimum, a regular sized apartment means the junk will grow into IKEA style furniture, and anyone sharing a house... well, let's just say I'm very glad I'll never have to help you move.

[2] Any disagreeing neuroscientists should refer to *Scientific American*, Vol 5 Issue 4, page 178 on the article titled "Temporal Lobe – Another Appendix?" by Dr. A. Meseran. It's a great piece, brilliantly written detailing all the work done to prove the temporal lobe is completely useless in 99% of the human population, and in 45% of alligators. [4]

[3] Actually, this entire paragraph is a complete lie. I'd much prefer it if you give me your story on a disk, spellchecked. I can take Macintosh or PC, so long as the stories are saved in a standard format. I'll be more than happy to help you edit it, or if you'd like, I'll even help you find a story idea. I'm full of them.

And, a final note, I'd be quite upset if you slammed the door on you way out. I hate loud noises. So no sneaking up behind me late at night and shouting "boo!" I'd probably react poorly (ie. kill you on the spot)

[4] This is another blatant lie I just made that up to fill up some more space. This is not an uncommon practice for *The 432*, since we finish the paper as the morning sun is slowly rising over the mountains to the east. How poetic, eh? Poetry only's one of my many artistic talents. Hah!)

SUS Open House

All week long, the Science Undergrad Society will be holding an Open House to welcome Science students back to UBC and invite them to visit their undergrad lounge and office.

SUS offers 75¢ pop, 5¢ photocopies. free microwave, fridge, phones, computer use, and a great place to catch a few ZZZ's or socialize with friends.

Hopefully, we will have completed the office renovations by then and will be able to offer you a place to sit. If not, there's always the floor.

Free munchies will be served between 11:30 and 2:30. See ya then!

THE SECOND CLASS BASH

Bzzr goes for a buck and two bits!

Psider for a double loon!

PRESENTED BY THE SCIENCE UNDERGRAD SOCIETY

COMING WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 07 SUB PARTYROOM 4:32-8:00

The 432.

Blair McDonald
Editor

Ryan McCuaig
Editor Emeritus

Graeme Kennedy
Roger Watts
Assistant Editors

Contributors
Steve Coleman, Graeme Kennedy, Dr. Barry McBride, Ryan McCuaig, Blair McDonald, Derek Miller, Patrick Redding, Roger Watts

Techno Lingo
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Who knows? These things seem to happen all on their own.

Coronaries during production night provided courtesy of the Varsity Grill.

The 432 is printed twice a month by the Science Undergraduate Society of UBC for the express purpose of achieving nothing in particular.
The Science Undergrad Office is located in the Chemistry Building, B160. All visitors are welcome.
All submissions gladly accepted. You don't even need to be a Science student.
All articles should be typed up and submitted on either a Mac or IBM disk. Most standard formats accepted, as with most major credit cards. Please include a printed copy of your work in case we accidently melt your disk down during a freak late night food run.
Drop the whole bunch down at the SUS Office, in the box marked 432 Submissions. Deadlines are posted in the office and the paper, always at 4:32pm.

And now... the Dean.

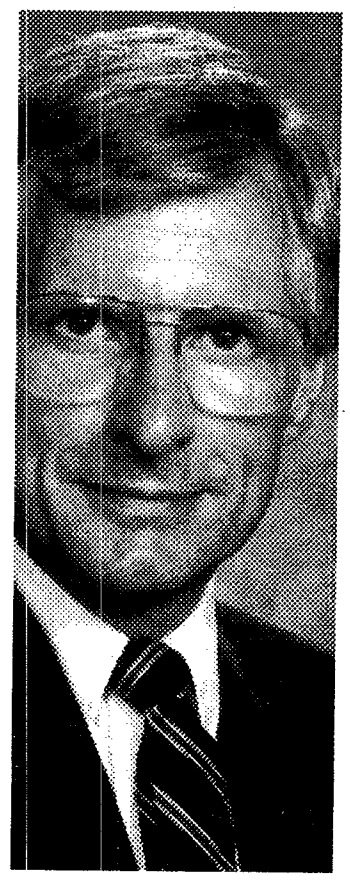
It is a pleasure to welcome those of you who are at UBC for the first time and those who are returning to the Faculty of Science.

You are part of only three that excels in all major areas of the Biological, Mathematical/ Computational, Physical and Earth Sciences. Our wide range of programs means that you will have the opportunity to learn about many different facets of the world we live in. Our professors are interested in conveying the excitement of science to students, and their lectures are complemented and enlivened by their varied and active research programs. I encourage you to get to know them and take advantage of the educational opportunities provided by a major research university.

Science is hard work, requiring dedication to your studies. The professors, lab assistants, departmental staff and the Dean's Office personnel (in particular, the senior Faculty Advisors) are here to help you. Talk to them, to your fellow SUS members and to other students–discuss your academic interests and problems. I encourage all first year students to sign up for our Mentoring Program: an opportunity to get to know a professor or graduate student and to find out, first hand, what an academic research career is like. UBC's motto is *Tuum Est*, and it is "up to you" to interact as much as possible within the academic environment, if you are to derive maximum benefit from it.

UBC is a community, which offers many opportunities to meet a variety of people, and to participate in both academic and non-academic activities. When you are not involved in your studies, take the time to attend performances, seminars and lectures by world renowned artists and scientists, join the science clubs associated with the different majors programs, and participate in or enjoy sports events. I hope that the years you spend at UBC will be productive and worthwhile. I wish you success in all aspects of your academic life.

Dr. Barry McBride
Dean of Science



A Cautionary Tale

Patrick Redding

Ex-ex editor returns

Listen up, my friends; listen *close*. As you read this delightful newspaper, you are preparing to begin the academic year, or are already a few days into what right now feels like the beginning of wondrous, slightly frightening post-secondary odyssey. Many of you know that this elation will pass. Many of you are already tensing your abdominals in anticipation of the Mid-term Slump, the November Depression and the Exam Season Gauntlet of Banal Death. You folks know that on some unspecified but inevitable night, at roughly 2 am, after a few double capps, while stalled out roughly 50% of the way through an essay on a topic whose secrets still reside within the stack of freshly borrowed library books sitting on their desk, you will stop typing, grab slick handfuls of matted hair in both hands and hoarsely vow: "I wish I was working in the Real World and could be asleep right now." Of course you will survive this trial, finish cramming for exams, and drag yourselves into the end-zone that is Christmas Break. But the whole pathetic cycle begins anew first week in January, and by about March, professional hot dog sales begin to look more and more inviting. Summer finally comes, and with it, the bliss of forgetfulness. Until the following fall.

So it should come as no shock to you that by the time graduation rolls around in *x* years, you will be only too happy to kiss the Pt. Grey Gulag adieu. In fact, you'll be swearing up and down that you'll never even set foot on UBC soil again. There you'll be at convocation, cloaked in your quaint graduation frock, still clutching your new machine-stamped degree in its naughahyde folder. Horrified parents and embarrassed visitors, jaded faculty members and administration officials complete in their self-deception; *all* will be looking on as you and your fellow FORMER classmates swear like sailors that you'll never spend another day in school, thank you very much, and when do I start my 80 K/yr job, and where's my complimentary condo in Whistler? Ah yes, about *that*. Here's where Reality intrudes.

Rather than exploring everything dark and spirit-crushing about having a nine-to-five job, let's take one aspect of contemporary post-academic life; a facet that even cloistered university students occasionally have to deal with. Banks. When I first came to UBC, practically my first act was to walk into the BoM in SUB and open a chequing account. The main purpose of this account was to enable my parents to transfer money to me when I became *broke*. This account would also allow me to purchase textbooks without having to drive a forklift load of cash bills into the bookstore. My initial impression of the UBC branch of BoM was that it was pretty typical of banks, based on my limited experience. I eventually realized that a good many of the tellers and staff there either were or had been UBC students themselves and that even the older, veteran staff were uniquely acquainted with the sorts of financial difficulties university students can encounter. In that I did more "banking" in my first year at UBC than in all my previous years combined, I figure that I established a pretty good rapport with that branch, to the point that individual tellers knew me by name, could recall all the specific times I'd lost my ATM card and knew in advance which tacky design to order for my personal cheques. For close to six years, the UBC BoM branch was the bank I called home, and regardless of how I may have felt about Interac fees or the Byzantine system set up for paying tuition directly through a teller, I regarded most bank personnel as helpful and generally saint-like.

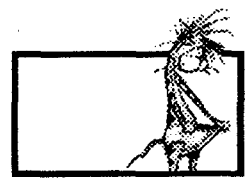
Needless to say, the world of university/small-community banking is not representative of most of the developed world. My first clue to this effect came after Grad, when I ventured into the BoM Student Loan Office to arrange delivery of my pound of flesh into the government coffers. I walked up to the counter designated "Loan Repayment" (now *that's* presumption for you), and waited while the person ahead of me was being served. After about five minutes, the other customer completed her transaction and walked away. The teller who had been assisting her did not invite me to step forward. She simply walked away from the counter and returned to her desk, one of many desks arrayed behind the Impassable Counter, and sat down, ignoring me completely. Other tellers worked at their desks, oblivious to the fact that someone might actually be interested in arranging the repayment of a $7,000 + debt. I stood there, like a good Canadian, without so much as a heavy sigh, for another five minutes before one of the nearer bank employees came to long enough to realized that her bank was being called upon to deal with someone from *the outside*. When I informed her that I wished to make a loan repayment, she reacted as though I was trying to pull a fast one, as if thinking 'when was the last time one of these dead-beat college kids actually made a legitimate attempt to get out of the red?'

That was discouraging enough. In more recent months, I established a commercial account at a branch near my home, so that I could keep track of any finances associated with my freelance design work. Recently my sister in Seattle sent me a cheque in US funds so that I could purchase some needed equipment for my work. I entered the local branch of BoM and asked to deposit this cheque into the commercial account. Now, even though this account is still under the name "Patrick Redding", apparently this is a different Patrick Redding than the one my sister wrote the cheque for. The keen young man behind the Plexiglas told me that "sorry, but you'll have to deposit this into your personal account." Fine. Annoying, but not a huge obstacle. "Oh, but wait. Since this cheque was written from a US Bank branch in Seattle, we'll have to put a 10-12 day hold on it until we can send the necessary paperwork down to Washington. Sorry." At this point I had to remind myself that I was in a

A Cautionary tale

Continued on page seven

The Science Manifesto



Ryan McCUAIG

Welcome back. I'm sure you're all wondering what your merry legislators in SUS have been up to since you started slaving away to earn your tuition back in May. If you aren't already wondering, you should. After all, we've got your ten bucks, and there ain't nothin' you can do about it.

The Guide

Once again, *The Guide* came to be, without too many unexpected hitches. Blame for its general lateness has been pinned on the Office of the Registrar, which was lagging four weeks behind normal schedule on Admissions. Sorry. If you didn't get a copy and still want one (it has a very bohemian photo of me with longish hair, by the way) just come down to CHEM 160 and ask one of the friendly hacks if you could please have one.

Quest for Gyproc

During August, myself and a couple of other past and present exec worked ourselves up into a righteous froth over the gaping hole in the south wall of our office. The hole, you see, had been installed by Plant Operations in an effort to get at a leak in our ceiling (don't ask). The hole originally joined our cozy office back in July of 1993, and we've been staring at the studs ever since.

In a testosterone-induced frenzy one Saturday, we packed up, went down to see the friendly chaps at Irly Bird, and procured some gyproc and power tools (a couple of months earlier, I got a bit depressed about turning twenty-one. Then I discovered the upside: I have both a major credit card and no further need of adult supervision).

The end result is that CHEM 160 has a nice finished wall, and there was minimal loss of life. Okay, so someone will probably get ticked that we contravened some union contract or other, but in our defense we *did* have two foremen supervising one drywall taper for a while. Another mitigating factor is that we made a point of not reading the instructions.

My only regret is that I never did get to use our new acetylene torch. One of the guys did thwomp his thumb something awful, but didn't care for my eager suggestion that we try cauterizing the wound.

Phone Campaign

For the second year running, several SUS-types were rounded up by the Dean's Office in August to sit around and phone up every first-year Science student on the Registrar's list. Our mission was to welcome everyone and find out if they had questions about the University. Reactions on the part of our frosh quarries ranged from extreme indifference to "uh, yeah, when do we get our textbooks?" to mild hysteria because someone from UBC was calling.

That latter reaction was a bit depressing to get. Has this university become so faceless and impersonal, I would ponder as I listened to this new denizen of our academic idyll hyperventilate, that students should automatically expect the worst when someone takes notice of them?

Then I would cheer myself up by saying "I'm calling to inform you that your registration has been cancelled, and advise you to call 822-4403 as soon as you can! Thanks, goodbye," and trying to tell if that gurgling sound at the other end of the line signalled a stroke or a coronary.

I spent the better part of the summer thinking of neat things to do to make SUS a supremely organized and benevolent "parent"—if you will—to each and every one of you out there in the Faculty of Science. I thought up new initiatives that would take this Society in directions never before taken—nay, directions never before *dreamed*.

Unfortunately, I kinda forgot most of 'em.

However, there are some things I plan to do, given that a whopping hundred and fifty or so of you out there thought I'd make an okay president:

Volunteering for SUS

One of the areas where many people perceive SUS to be deficient is in its treatment of volunteers. Having been around SUS for most of the nineties to date, I've lost track of the number of times someone has mustered up the nerve to trot up and say "I really want to get involved," and ended up on SUS Council.

To be honest, SUS Council meetings are not for everyone, but in the absence of any other obvious task for a prospective volunteer, that's where everyone ends up. This is not to say that there *aren't* some people who just wouldn't be whole unless they could second motions and indignantly exclaim "point of order!" once in a while (you know who you are).

For the rest of you, however, we'll be sure to try to find something a little more to your liking. So, if you've got some spare time, please drop by and ask one of the exec what there is for you to do. We'd love your help, and I've laid down the law to everyone: anyone who bites new volunteers has to answer to me. Everyone except our SoCo, John Hallett, who seemed to respond well to the threat.

Speaker Series

Something that was suggested to me by the past President, Sarah Thornton, was the idea of a speaker series similar to the one held at the Orpheum last year. For those who missed those lectures, the speakers talked about science for an audience interested in science but not necessarily trained in the speaker's field. As such, it was perfect for science undergraduates—particularly first- and second-years who have the mathematical, physical, and/or biological grounding to understand quite a bit if it's phrased properly.

It occurred to Sarah that while many departments run seminars with guest speakers, these are generally so specific as to be completely uninteresting to anyone but a graduate student. She also thought that it might help more students see the point of a bachelor's in science (the liberal arts degree of the twenty-first century) if SUS were to sponsor a speaker series in which we encouraged some of the Faculty's best instructors to get undergraduates *excited* about a field they might know little about.

Currently, the words you read above are as far as the idea has gone. If you too think this is a good idea, I could use some help, so come talk to me about it.

The (this might hurt) "Info Superhighway"

As a computer science student who believes about half of the hype about the Internet being such a great tool for democracy, I'm somewhat dismayed that in exchange for providing free access to the Internet for students, UBC has decided to blitz most of its public terminals. Since SUS has some hardware dedicated to use by our members, I've been attempting to get a direct connection to the campus network installed in CHEM 160. The end result will be that SUS will provide you with a place where you can read your electronic mail and network news if you don't have a computer, don't have a modem, or don't have either one. As SUS now has a newsgroup (ubc.sus) in which you can publicly declare your animosity for the silly git in charge of it, I want all you kids out there to go forth and sign up for a Netinfo account. Off you go...

How to get a hold of me

Deadline is fast approaching, and I'm told by the new guy in charge of this paper (whose ears will someday dry, I'm sure...) that I'm running low on space. (ed. Huh? What the $#%& is that old fart complaining about now? Won't he ever get off my back!?!) So, I'll sign off by telling you how you, one of of my wonderful, *wonderful* constituents, can get a hold of me, the President, if you have any comments or ideas. I can be reached by phone most days at 822 4235, or you can find me in CHEM 160 (currently, I have a beard, but that may not last). Alternately, if you've got one of those Netinfo accounts that I mentioned, my e-mail address is dday@unixg.ubc.ca, or you can post something to ubc.sus.

Ta. *(ed. This means goodbye...)*

SCIENCE UBC

SUS Council Elections

Nominations will open
Friday, September 9
Forms available in Chem B160

Department reps open only to students registered in that department, first year reps open only to frosh, and the general officer positions can be filled by any Science student

Biochemistry • Biology • Chemistry • Computer Science • General Science
Geography • Geology • Geophysics/Astronomy • Mathematics/Statistics
Microbiology/Immunology • Pharmacology/Physiology • Physics • Psychology
Science One • 2 First Year Reps • 4 General Officers

TS · CARBONATED SUGAR WATER · SIMULATED KETCHUP FL
· FLATTENED BEEF PRODUC

FIRST WEEK BBQ

Frosh spend $1.50 for a burger and a pop
Everyone else pays $2

Play a game of volleyball

Wednesday, Sept 7
At the grass between Chem and Angus
11:30 - 2:30

AVOUR · OTHER · ROASTED DOGS

Feeling Lucky?

Graeme KENNEDY

McArthur said it first. And so shall I. "I shall return." This has special meaning for me, because I am the reincarnation of McArthur. Or is it King Richard? Well, anyway, I am the reincarnation of somebody who went away and came back stronger, leaner, more competitive. I just remembered who I am: mosquitoes. Ya see, DDT just makes me stronger.

So why am I away? Here's the lesson: *get it in writing.* Those of you who know me, will know exactly what I mean. Those of you who don't should take the advice. Those of you in the Dean's office who don't practice this hobby can just go and chew some tinfoil for awhile. You know who you are.

Here's the other lesson: *studying really is part of university life.* I highly reccommend it over, say, Streetfighter as a way to improve your educational standing. This actually reduces your odds of flunking astronomically. Nuff said.

Now that I've given you the mom lecture, and talk about odds, what are the odds of mom being right? 'Till now, I would have said none. I lose. The day mom calls and tells me to wear my bike helmet is the day somebody opens his car door without looking. I am lucky because:

1) I am wearing a helmet? Not necessarily. I landed on my ass, which was protected only by twenty years of Quarter Pounders with Cheese.
2) I landed on my ass? Lucky. Soft landing.
3) I managed to roll out of traffic? Lucky. Have you seen all those busted coolers on the beach, mangled and demolished by mere waves? That's the same stuff they make helmets out of. Cars are harder than waves. Cars are harder than heads. Well, Jell-O is probably harder than my head, but we move on.
4) The guy was insured? Lucky. This means I get a new bike.
5) I was in a lot of pain? Not lucky. This is good for ICBC settlements, but I'd rather walk than have a fistfull of dollars.
6) I have the same name as the very helpful bystander? Not lucky. He asks me my name and I say "Same as yours, only with two e's.". He suspects head injury.
7) I work in St. Paul's Emergency? Not lucky. When the Emerg attendant asks where I work I respond with "Same as you." A quick wink in the direction of the MD and he explains "Bad mentition." He had to ask. "Weren't wearing a helmet, were we Meester. Confuuused?"

So, now I have a box of bicycle parts, and a new metal sculpture that I used to commute on. Advice? Strap on the brainbucket, tuck & roll. Then sue his little caddilac-driving *ass.*

Now for a poem...

'Tis September Seven and Point Grey is weeks from winter frost.
First day of class at UBC and all the Frosh are lost!
Profs lecture in the empty halls, and think this not so queer,
They just lament that skipping habits begin earlier every year.
Is it 'cause Hebb looks like a sugarcube, and T-Bird's incomplete?
Will we ever hear the pitter-patter of frenzied Freshman feet?
Searchers are dispatched to every site within reach.
Tho' we never do hear back from those we send down to Wreck Beach.
Science commandeers the telescope, but these efforts are in vain.
Budget cuts. Old telescope. It sees about to Main.
"Tuition's paid," says Strangway, "Hey, how 'bout those Habs?"
No one checks the VD clinic. I mean they couldn't *all* have crabs.
Engineering builds a beacon to guide them to the site.
Medicine wants to do their part, but has lots of studying tonight.
Music writes an opera, and Fine Arts creates a mime.
Arts only writes a poem. Quite the waste of time.
This story's only fiction, so you have nought to fear.
Personally, I'd rather be nursing a tall, dark, frosty beer.
I'll save you MTV'ers from my amateurish rhyme.
Dancing, drinking at the Pit. They were with us all the time.

That's all for now...

Dik Miller, The Final Mission.

Derek K. MILLER

When we last left our intrepid hero four months ago, Dik Miller had just signed on as bass player for The Grateful Circumcised, forgoing his previous job as UBC B-Lot parking attendant and moving on to what seemed sure to be a life of adventure, blistering volume, and really bad dressing room food. As he has discovered, all that is really lacking is the adventure.

"Mmmm," I said, "stale cheese on Wonder Bread again. Tasty."

"And don't forget the warm beer," added the guitarist. "Yum."

"You know, despite the great thrill of being out there on the stage, thrashing my hair around, pounding the crowd with 110 decibels of sheer, raw, sonic power, somehow I'm not content."

He arched an eyebrow at me, wiping the last of the Wonder Bread crumbs from his lip. "Not feeling enough intellectual stimulation?"

"Naw, that's not it. It's the adventure I miss."

"Running the band van waaaaay below 'E' on the gas gauge not adventure enough for you?"

"No. I'm used to gunfights, rope swinging, intrigue, spies. I mean, I haven't used a Dik Miller™ gadget of any description for three months!"

"Wait a minute," he interjected. "What about your Dik Miller™ perm teaser/string stretcher/thumb screw?"

I sighed. "It's just not the same."

"Bummer, man."

Just then, the wall of our dressing room caved in with a huge, crushing explosion of bricks, mortar, and drywall. Two black-garbed Ninja warriors burst in, kicked the guitarist across the room, and grabbed me, tying me up in a sophisticated series of knots of rock-climbing rope and dragging me back through the hole.

Just before one of them clubbed me unconscious, I had time to shout back to the guitar player, "Now this is more like it!"

When I regained consciousness, I found myself strapped to a cold metal chair with a bright light shining in my face.

"So, Miller, we meet once again," said a voice from beyond the light.

"Sorry?" I said. "Who's that?"

"Gerbilwibbie."

"What? Who?"

"Dr. Thurston J. Gerbilwibbie, your arch enemy."

I thought for a moment. "Sorry, doesn't ring a bell."

The man emerged from behind the light. "Do you recognize this scar?" He pointed to a long, zigzag scar on his right cheek. "Do you remember how I got it?"

"Uh, no. In fact, I don't recognize you at all."

"What?! How about this?" He indicated his mechanical left arm.

"Nope."

"Or this?" Missing fingers on his right hand.

"Er, no, sorry."

"This?" A tattoo-like scar on his right shoulder blade.

"Why are you showing me these things? I have no idea who you are."

"Then maybe this will jar your memory!" He withdrew from a pocket a gold amulet, encrusted with precious stones and bearing the initials 'MM' carved exquisitely into its face."

"It's nice, but I don't recognize it."

Gerbilwibbie was getting quite agitated. "Your own amulet, and you don't even recognize it! Augh! I suppose I must resort to torture."

Oh great, I thought.

Two hours later, I was in considerable pain. In my gut. I had been relentlessly tickled for the last fifteen minutes, and my diaphragm was quite sore.

"Hee hee hee hee," I giggled. "Look [hee], I really [haw] don't know who you are or where [hee hee hee] I'm supposed to know you from."

"That's it!" Gerbilwibbie raged. "Unless you can remember who I am, this will be the last day in the life of the great Mick Miller, Private Eye!"

"Did you say Mick?" I asked [hee hee]. He turned. "Yes, of course. You're Mick Miller, Private Eye."

"Uh, no, I'm Dik Miller, Private Eye. D-I-K, not M-I-C-K."

His eyes widened. "What?!"

"Dik Miller. You know, Dik Miller™ truncheon/salad fork/candle stick holder. Dik Miller™ fish cleaner/projection TV/spam grinder. That stuff."

"Oh my. I'm so sorry. I have the wrong man." He turned. "Guards! Release him!"

The Ninja warriors picked me up, blindfolded me, manhandled me down the corridor, and dumped me in the street.

I picked myself up. I was in a dark, rainy city roadway, and was improperly clothed for the weather. (My Dik Miller™ trenchcoat had been discarded in favour of a muscle-displaying Iron Maiden tank top and ripped jeans for the proper rock star look.) I was just about to turn and hail a cab back to the gig when I was unceremoniously hit by a bus. Bummer, I thought as I slowly lost consciousness.

So ends the saga of Dik Miller, Private Eye after almost eleven years of thrilling readers everywhere...

Over the years, Dik's managed to get out of many scrapes. Does he happen to have a Dik Miller™ teleporter/orange juice maker/hot glue gun. Or will he come back as Dik Miller, Poltergist.

Or is this finally the end?

The 432.

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THE LEGEND CONTINUES...

So you want to go to Med School?

Congratulations! Here we are, sitting in Biology 115, ready to take that first of a thousand steps on the path towards becoming an MD. So take a deep breath, grab your four-colour clicker pen, and let's go!

THE BASICS

The key to making it into medical school is to put yourself into the right frame of mind.

The first essential tool you'll need in your quest is a healthy disdain for those less ambitious than yourself. You might find your aimless undergraduate colleagues will envy your drive. This is normal, so don't worry about it. They could get into med school too if they had any sense of purpose...well, they'd also have to go soak some ridges into their cerebral cortexes, too, but that goes without saying. You are going to med school, regardless of how much your classmates scoff. You can have plenty of time for such pursuits as friendship when you're clearing a quarter mil as a dermatologist.

Next, buy yourself a pager. It doesn't matter if you don't feel important enough to need one right now; if you can get yourself a good rating with your service while you're still a student, you'll be miles ahead when you do graduate. Besides, having one at your side will give you an everpresent tactile reminder of your commitment to humanity.

Finally, get yourself a top-of-the-line leather Day-Timer™. One of these can give you that all-important edge in terms of saving time, your most precious resource. A fun exercise is to get your younger brother or sister to hand it to you, shake his or her hand, and practice saying "Well, thank you very much, Clive. If there's anything I can do for Bristol-Myers, you be sure to let me know."

LECTURE TECHNIQUES

• The cardinal rule in lectures is, if they can't be published as is, they just aren't notes. Now you see why we need the four-colour pen, right? Good!

• No matter how obvious something seems, it never hurts to make sure you've understood correctly. Remember the phrase "there is no such thing as a stupid question?" Well, it's true. There isn't. And believing that there isn't is sort of like a Hippocratic Oath for professors. Besides, even if it seems obvious to you, having a bit of consideration for your less attentive classmates and asking the question anyway will make people resent your most honourable of callings a bit less.

• In the lecture hall, there is a careful system of establishing hierarchy among all those who would, like you, become a healer. You must master it in order to someday become the alpha-keener and take over the ranks of the first-year worker-keeners, who will spend endless hours fetching audio-visual materials for you and then wondering why you simply stuff it in a drawer, never look at it, and then return it three weeks overdue on their cards, forever sullying their good library names. This will all be good practice for taking on residents. The key is to always try to get the seat nearest the front. If you should ever show up to class late, you could end up having to sit in the dreaded fifth row, or worse. This is inexcusable; if it happens you may as well just go into chiropractics right then and there.

LAB TECHNIQUES

• If you should ever drop glassware, it it appropriate to cringe mightily and become obsequious before the stores supervisor. You should promise to never, ever do it again. Offer to pay restitution and even compensate the supervisor for any mental distress you may have caused. Don't worry, though; they won't make you pay. They will merely be impressed by your honesty.

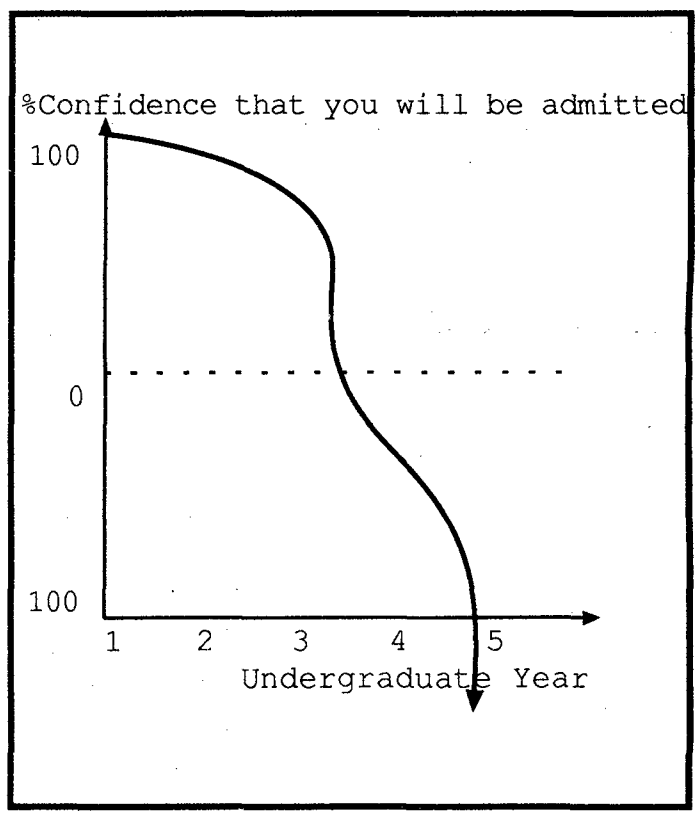
• Try not to enjoy pithing the animals too much. It might someday show through in your bedside manner (which would be bad).

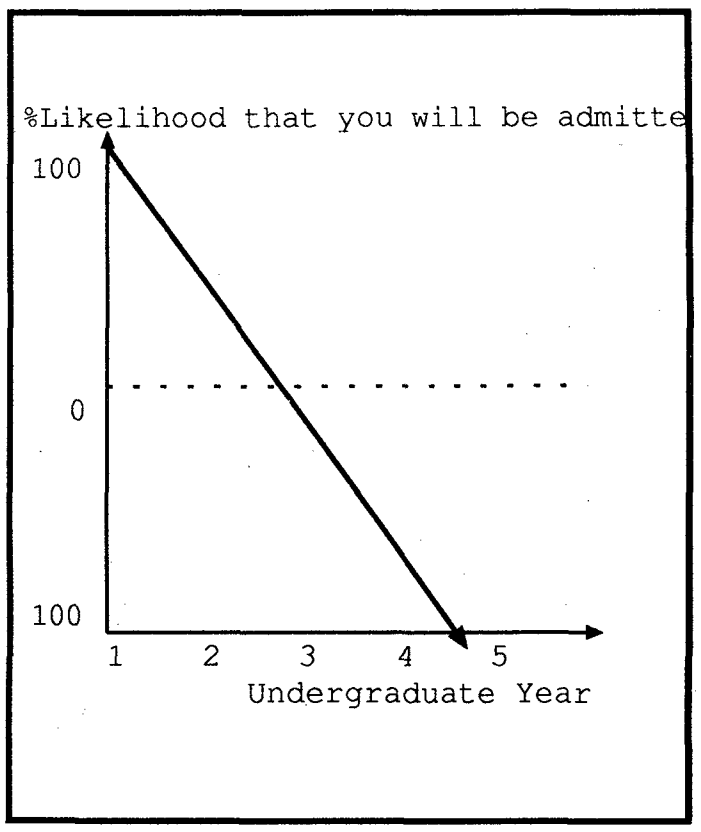
GENERAL HINTS & TRICKS

• Try to plan your third-year courseload around a mid-November nervous breakdown. It's good to beat the April rush, when Student Counselling is packed to the rafters with other students who just don't have the discipline to plan ahead and go stark-raving bonkers whenever it happens to suit *their* schedules.

Best of luck...

Some Handy Graphs





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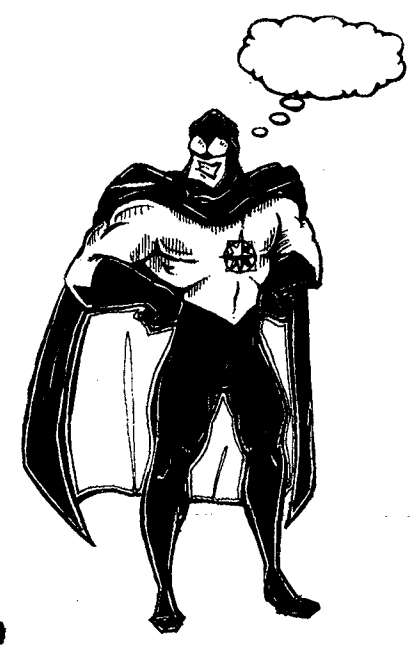
Everyone else pays $2

Play a game of volleyball

Wednesday, Sept 7
At the grass between Chem and Angus
11:30 - 2:30



For one of the following reasons, you did not receive *The Guide '94:*

a) you weren't on the list.
b) you were living in Sweden
c) Canada Post. 'Nuff said.

At any rate, The Guide '94 contains messages from the Science Undergrad Society, blurbs from all the Science Clubs, and the world-renowned Faculty Teaching Review. Come by the SUS Office (Chem B160) and grab a copy while they're still around.

Saint Feynman

continued from page one

lines here was Luigi Moramoari. He was famous for inventing that nifty Red Dye Number Five popular during the eighties for that sweet and sour pork dish. I tell ya, when he came home, we threw one hell of a party. Red dye everywhere. Too bad lab testing proved it to be completely toxic. Luigi just hasn't been the same since. He just never recovered from the shock, I guess."

Oppeleren was shocked when informed that Feynman was buried in 1988, and therefore would not be attending the victory parade, nor the complimentary pancake breakfast.

"So lemme get this straight. We gonna go to all the trouble and expense to throw this gig, and the bum can't be bothered making an appearance! That's show biz for ya. One little award, and it goes straight to their head!"

A Cautionary Tale

continued from page three

bank full of witnesses, being recorded by roving video cameras, so that perhaps reaching over the counter and garroting this drone with his own power tie was not a sound strategy. As if sensing my darkening mood, the teller-with-too-much-gel-in-his-hair brightly suggested that I take the cheque to the branch where my personal accounts reside since "they probably know you better." Good idea, you doorknob.

So off to UBC I went, down into the depths of SUB and into the antiseptic familiarity of the BoM. Eventually, I made my way to the teller, who looked to be a couple years younger than I, and probably a student. I politely asked her to "please cash this cheque."

"Sure–do you have an account here?" I told her the number.

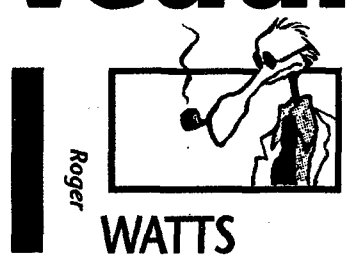
"Great. The exchange rate today will be 1.27. Here you go." She handed me a wad of bills. No muss, no fuss.

So I went and bought this thing I needed for work, and felt that perhaps I had been taught a valuable lesson about my old campus. Out in the Real World, no big surprise, the machinery that runs everything treats you like, well, the number you are. And certainly the institutions at UBC are guilty of much of the same anonymity. But at least sometimes on this campus you get to deal with a "fellow number", and that person may at least be sympathetic to your plight. When you are enduring your scholarly stress, praying for the relative safety of a nice, boring Joe-job, just remember that all those banks, auto insurance agencies, credit card companies and various branches of the Federal Government will be more than happy to fill the shoes of sadistic professors. Have a good year, everyone.

Five Weddings and a Roger.

Marriage is a wonderful institution... if, of course, you like living in an insttution.

Groucho Marx



Roger WATTS

It's official. I'm the Last of the Mohicans.

(I should explain here that the preceding statement was not in any way an attempt to compare myself with Daniel Day-Lewis. I say this in the interest of protecting anyone reading this who knows me, as the mental images such a comparison might conjure up would probably cause them enough shrieking, breathless laughter to cause a pretty good aneurysm or two, let alone a fair amount of internal hemorrhaging. There. That oughta keep any would-be pain-and-suffering lawsuits at bay...)

What I meant was that of all of my old friends from high school, I think I'm pretty much the only single person left. You've all heard the song, Those Wedding Bells Are Breaking Up That Ol' Gang O' Mine... well, it's my belief the guy who wrote it was vastly understating his point. Those same bells spent the summer doing to my gang what the RAF did to Dresden, just with less napalm.

To put things in a bit more perspective... between family members, friends of mine and friends of my girlfriend, I attended no less that nine weddings this summer. By my reckoning, that's gotta be some kind of a single-season record (except, of course, for Elizabeth Taylor's astonishing mark of 13 weddings in 1977, but that doesn't really count, considering that they were all *her* weddings).

Of those nine happy occasions, a solid five directly involved high-school friends of mine. My theory is that I missed the day in school when the rest of the class was told that we were supposed to do our wedding in 1994. Serves me right; I was never big on homework. It's either that, or my book had a rather unfortunate typo telling me to do my weeding in 1994. A cruel twist of fate, yes, but on the bright side of this, you should have seen my garden this summer...

In retrospect, I should be probably be auditioning for the sequel to *Four Weddings And A Funeral* this fall. My experience this summer pretty much paralleled the first film in every respect, except that:

a) I dare say my toast to one of the brides was not quite as elegant as that of Hugh Grant,

b) none of my friends actually died at any of these things (so I guess my toast wasn't that bad), and

c) I sure as hell *never* ran into Andie MacDowell.

The most interesting thing about the whole exercise was the number of different ways in which people interpret the whole wedding gig. We had everything from a simple, intimate little country-churchhouse-and-justice-of-the-peace affair to a full 75-minute Catholic ceremony, complete with Bible readings, communion and the whole ball of wax. The latter case was kinda grueling; the whole thing was so damn long, I thought there was gonna be a halftime show with stats and highlights from the first 30 minutes. Mind you, the priest was kind enough to offer everyone a glass of wine on the house, although he looked at me kinda funny when I asked if they had any salsa for those little white potato chips).

I think the biggest loser out of the whole affair was my suit. I only have the one that's really suitable for formal weddings and the like, and it got more mileage this summer than Madonna's mattress. (That is to say, the latter certainly made fewer appearances at weddings than did my suit. Except maybe hers; I missed that one...)

Oh, ha ha. Did I say my suit was the big loser? No, no, that title would in fact go to my poor old MasterCard, which ran the gauntlet of nine different wedding presents and lived to tell about it. I wonder if Buckets O' Wedding Gifts would stand up as an acceptable basis for a student loan application?

And so here I am, watching all of my childhood friends picking partners for life, wondering if whether this isn't a little hint to get on with it myself. I've just about reached that turnaround point where my mother has stopped telling me I'm way too young to get married and has started collecting childrens' movies on videocassette "for the grandchildren". Subtle, non?

She must know something I don't; truth to tell, I'm not in too much of a hurry at this point. This is partially because I've still got a lot of school and other things to accomplish first, but mostly because I'm still attempting to ascertain the most suitable candidate for the position of Wife. However, I'm not too worried; I figure I'll know when it's time to take the plunge. I'll get this little feeling deep down inside that says, Rog, look at yourself. You're feverish, breaking out in cold sweats, white as a sheet and babbling in tongues. Your motor coordination is shot, you're shaking like a madman and you just about killed yourself walking into a door. Either you're having a major stroke or you're in love.

So who knows? Could be tomorrow, could be never. Whatever the case, I've done my field research, the conclusions of which can all be distilled into one simple truth: using high-nitrate fertilizer in your soil will keep pesky weeds to a minimum—

Damn. Sorry about that. Mental block.

Nomination form for the Science Undergraduate Society October Council Elections

Name of Candidate _____

Year _____

Department _____

Student Number _____

Address _____

Telephone _____

I am aware of my nomination and am willing to run for the postion of: _____

DATE _____ SIGNED _____

We, the undersigned, bona fide members of the Science Undergraduate Society, nominate _____ for the position of _____

Date	Signature	Name	Student Number
1			
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
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8			
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There will be an all-candiates meeting at a time to be announced in the SUS Office that all