Welcome Dr. Tiedje

Not only did September mark the introduction of a hundred or so first years to engineering, but also of Dean Dr. Thomas Tiedje to UVic Engineering. As the new Dean, Dr. Tiedje has notable aspirations for the future.

Dr. Tiedje started his engineering career at the University of Toronto in the Engineering Science program. He focused on electricity and physics, being unable to decide between the two, through his degree at UofT. A dedicated student, Dr. Tiedje managed to carefully manage his course load around not taking labs which, although relatively informative, lacked the technology and interest which is so often neglected in laboratory work.

His time at UofT was spent both playing hockey and chairing the Eng. Sci derivative organization of the local engineering society. He played his fair share of hockey through his university years, playing for his particular college’s team. Much as is the case with UVic’s own co-op program, Dr. Tiedje did notable amounts of undergraduate work. The most memorable of his five terms being work for WestCoast transit, where he worked with communication systems on the transit line, and for Cominko prospecting for lead and zinc. During his time with Cominko, Dr. Tiedje had the unusual experience of being able to work near Resolute Bay in Northern Canada. His work here, with only a driller, a cook [the driller’s wife], and a geologist, involved him spending 2 months in the high arctic.

As a new Dean, Dr. Tiedje is immediately tasked not only with learning the reins he will manage for the next five years, but also to set into motion his particular goals for the faculty. He sees great opportunity in broadening the scope of engineering at UVic, potentially working with students, faculty and the community to introduce new spectrums of engineering to the campus. This broadening of the engineering program, and the choice of which paths to pursue, he notes will come down to the opinions of both the faculty and the students – that new sections of engineering at UVic will need to be desired by the masses beneficial for the school itself.

His advice for all of us struggling to keep our heads above the semi-viscous fluid which perpetually drowns us is that ‘you get out what you put in’ as an engineer. While the pursuit of a degree and the dedication to achieve this is, in itself, extremely important, it is also important to take advantage of the opportunities you have exclusively while in university, because there is only so much time these great opportunities will stick around, and you most certainly don’t want to miss them.

Looking for something more productive to do in class than Facebook? Take note of the funny quotes your profs rattle off in class and send them in to essa-com@engr.uvic.ca. Here are this week’s contributions:

“In my day, thruster was two words” - Shea RE: Life
“I’m done, I got laid” - Jamin in GRS 200
“There was all this penetration happening all over the place” - Perkins in ENGL 135
WAR!

Like that kid with bad breath on the playground during recess, the CScU has taken quite a beating. It was confirmed shortly after the release of the last Fishwrap that 8lbs of balloons were carefully inflated and placed in the CSCU, many bearing the famous ERTW symbol. It was also noted that a reportedly tasty muffin was used to refuel the energy stores of the prankers, and once replaced with a less tasty balloon, was not noticed missing until days later.

Then, only several weeks after the CSCU managed to find the last of the shrapnel left by the balloons, did the now famous UVic Black Hand Society (UBH) strike again. This time, in a feat of magnificence, they managed to leave an impressionable mark on the ECS and CSCU that will forever resonate the superiority of engineers over the computer scientists. Gracefully draped from the window washing rails and off the top of the building were two-four story tall banners reading ‘ERTW’. Like adding salt to a wound, they also placed four beautiful banners each bearing a letter to remind any studiers who really rules the world. The icing on the cake? The true showing of greatness? This all took place while the CSCU hosted a LAN party into the depths of the night. They discussed the importance of ‘turrets’ all while not knowing how their reputation was to be forever tarnished (who would’ve thought it could be).

How the UBH managed this exhilarating feat will forever remain a mystery, but if the CSCU manages to hoard the courage to retaliate after such a brilliant gesture it had better have phenomenal results or it will remain, not temporarily, but forever, in the shadow of the engineers who, at UVic, will have finally proven that they truly do rule the world.

Unfortunately due to complicated circumstance far beyond their control and in the best the interest of the all students, the CSCU’s Ninja Strike Force prank group has requested a temporary cease fire. Perhaps there really is an issue, but more probably the computer scientists need to scratch their brains for days, weeks and months to come up with something even within the same order of magnitude as the UBH. In the meantime, the Fish-eye has learned and informed us that the UBH has a new target intent on rekindling the rivalries of old. Those considered to be commies should surely fear for their pride.

Engineering Jackets

The next order is going out very soon, so if you don’t get your order forms in promptly, then, well you’ll be SOL for another few weeks, and it’s getting cold and wet out.

Come to the ESS Office with your chequebook/cash to drop on either a burgundy and gray jacket or a black one for $110 and $65 respectively. They’re sweet, and warm, and provide serious water protection, and to be honest, everyone else is buying them so you ought to as well.
I found a fisherman’s true friend on a desk in my WRIT 102 class, which, for reasons known only to the bureaucratic hive of UVic Admin, is in the ECS building. This eight page rag had me sniggering in the back row of the lecture hall like a twit snorting Gatorade powder. Then I promptly brought it back to my dorm and used it as a placemat while eating berry pie. I needed to write for this paper - somehow, my illegible mental scribbles would show up on these pages.

So I fired up 4H63187NU9B (Macbook1,1 1.83GHz) and got over to ~fishwrap, where I found archives packed with nothing but pandering artsy-bashing (among admittedly hilarious faculty quotes and x-ecutive x-poseds). Well it’s all good and fun to hoist up VW Beetles and encourage healthy ridicule of the CSc faculty UVic ‘geers would do well to consider not only the differences between you and your fellow students but also the similarities, and herein lies my coming out: I am the son of a P.Eng: Picard > Kirk. I took pneumatic lego classes in elementary school; my collector’s AT-ST is proudly standing in my bookshelf at home. I went to gears and bridges summer camp. I read the only philosophy book engineers actually like (Atlas Shrugged) and it wasn’t for a course. I can’t say I understand thermodynamics but I didn’t say I wasn’t impressed. I’ve got a No Velociraptor shirt. Anathem is going to be badass. I read Wired religiously. I have a token M.Eng friend Yeah. It’s true. But I also have a social science faculty student membership. Maybe we’re few and far between, I don’t know - but LB, no matter how hilarious stinking butcher paper is when wrapped around a decomposing coho, it’s still boring in comparison to how much meth I piled on top of it. We professional writers will be the first to tell everyone when you finally invent that useful jetpack, but piss us off and we’ll be the first to skewer you for building some new analog of the Tacoma Narrows.

So let’s be bros; give me that gamecube controller and challenge me to Brawl, I don’t mind if you slaughter me. But I’ll only play if you unlocked Snake.

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DODGE THE BALLS

Interestingly enough, it isn’t some sort of ‘avoid an engineer’ competition, but rather a friendly tournament of DodgeBallin’. Sign up starts at noon in the ESS Office on Friday the 10th. If you already signed up a team, you have to do it again because it wasn’t fair before, you cheaters you’s. The tourny will be the 17th of October from 2:30pm - 5:30 at McKinnon Gym (sorry first years, Buckham will miss you).

THE BURDEN OF BEAUCRACY

by Ledo Vobis

Like a piece of bread left in a dark, damp locker full of sweaty gym clothes, bureaucracy is quickly danking up the world around us. Masked behind human resources, information technologies, liabilities, and many other names, our world is engulfing itself in its own filth of uselessness.

For every hypothetical situation possible, it would seem we create a new career for yet another employee, giving them nothing to do but create even more useless forms and pointless rules for the rest of the world to follow. And here we reside, in the epitome of our own bureaucracy, the institution of the University - where it requires an enormous fight and one exceptionally long haul to get anything changed. We’re told that we pay only a fraction of the cost of our education, but my question is, why does it cost hundreds of students tens of thousands of dollars to take some courses? Meanwhile we pay an administrator the better part of a half a million dollars and yet most students on campus couldn’t even tell you his name. In an ironic twist, the UVSS picks the government regularly to further subsidize tuition without anyone questioning the financial structure within their own institution. Ultimately, we have a system that protects and houses the weak, and pays them handsome salaries too. We have allowed the weak to become experts in undermining Darwinism.

Take unions for example. In a day where exploitation was rampant, a union was necessary to protect the always burdened little guy. When we’re talking about a thirteen year old kid working a ninety hour work weeks as he gets beaten with a trudgeon, a union is necessary. Even when talking about modern day wrongful dismissal, a union has its place. But what if the dismissal isn’t wrongful? What if Joe got fired because he’s incompetent? What if Mary lost her job because she couldn’t be bothered to be a professional and do her job like she’s supposed to? There is no reason that in these cases a union should be interfering, but they do. A union, in its beaurocratic ‘fairness and equality for all’ and detached view of the average worker, protects what shouldn’t be protected, and lets the weak stay afloat.

When you look at it however, whose fault is it but our own? We’ve let ourselves become so disenfranchised with society that what else but this could have happened. So many individuals look for any reason to shift responsibility from them over to the institution that the institution has had to spend more time protecting itself than it has serving the purpose for which it was constructed. And while we were consumed with our narcissistic lives, everything that made our world worth living in has been departmentalized and reviewed for social liability and bastardized ‘fairness.’

The question I beg to ask is when will it end? When will it be popular to question society and its very fiber again? When will we manage to push back? Will people ever take responsibility for their own actions again? When a child gets hurt on a city playground, when will the parents finally accept that it was the fault of their child and not the government who owns the playground?

Like Ledo? He’s an opinionated guy who’ll write about most anything if there is passion involved. Just send him ideas at essa-com@engr.uvic.ca
There was a time when a kid in a bucket hat with some ratty clothes would have told me that total war was upon some small European country halfway across the world. I would have relied on this sandwich boarded champion to keep me in the loop, so when I was drinking port with my wife’s family, I could have made educated comments on the state of the world these days; I’d over use words like surreptitious and be very precocious. That kid in the bucket hat works at Sport-Chek now, and so we talk about menopause with the in-laws.

My blatant lack of concern for anything which isn’t lying between my iPod and a bag of Doritos quite seriously appalls me. How can I so blissfully ignore things that don’t directly concern me? How can you? How can the 80% of the world who didn’t know there was a declaration of war in early August, or the equal number of you who still don’t know that the US stock market is pulling a Great Depression on our unknowing a**es.

It really is a reflection of our societal pursuit of carefree self-protectionism, and don’t write off that mouthful as noisy drivel that doesn’t concern you, like you probably are. This typifies my point. I’d wager my EL-510R that more than a few of you saw societal pur… and skimmed it. What I mean to say is that we don’t put the effort into understanding things which initially don’t make sense, and certainly don’t delve into these complex issues wielding a lightsaber of enthusiasm. There is no real gain in being up to date on Russian politics, because how often does that come up around the beerpong table? And this is a shame. We’re blissfully ignorant because we can be; because it isn’t nearly embarrassing enough to be caught unaware; and because so many of us are. This should change. There should be an accepted method of public shaming for idiots; something with pudding and a bag of hair.

There is rarely understood, or known, is the face value of a few small bits of fragmented knowledge. Things that you don’t really need to know, but you do, and that come up maybe once in a baker’s dozen fortuiights. Being able to discuss, as forced and artificial banter, the socio-political platforms in neo-communist Taiwan may not seem like it’s as important as out drinking a CENG, but the principle couldn’t be more important, or more widely disregarded.

I personally relish the opportunity take up the façade of knowledge and practice my tactful guess-work - and what better way to furnish your repertoire of bullsh*t than to read something for the sole reason of repeating it to sound intellectual? It’s worked for the arts faculties for years now and it seems to work for them.
No doubt that we’ve all been in a class where there is a group of individuals who; in spite of the professor’s pleads for silence; who in spite of their classmates’ pleads for silence; who, with reckless disregard for respect and for maturity, talk incessantly through every class. You know exactly who you are, you know exactly who I am, so please take this personally, as I fully intend to publicly embarrass you to the point of the pity you so richly deserve.

There is nothing more disrespectful to a speaker than to talk while they do. It shows nothing but your childishness and high-school-like disrespect for people who deserve much more respect than you give. Your chatting and laughing, and ceaseless noise making portrays the image of that arrogant jock prick in all those teen movies - the one who beats up nerds and who the audience is morally obliged to hate. For some very strange reason, this image seems to be desired by you happy few talkers. You seem to not realize that this is the image you maintain, ignorantly. You cannot be respected because you seem unable to observe the concept of respect. And as you read this and think that you may change. Past experience has shown us all that you are such a creature of habit; or rather such a fiend for attention; that you will not change, and after reading this will continue to noisily squawk.

For this reason, I propose some prompt, universal changes to ‘appropriate classroom etiquette.’ But rather than target you monsters of routine, I’d like to ask you silent note takers to take the stand. As follows are ‘Ledo’s Rules of Classroom Behavior.’

1. It shouldn’t be the responsibility of the professor to waste their valuable time asking insolent children to quiet down, but should be your responsibility to shame your peers into silence. I propose that we ignore the rules of social etiquette in lieu of the rules of mutual respect. Next time you’re in a class with a group of noisy peers, either put your hand up and politely ask the professor to ‘please ask those in the back row to kindly shut the f*ck up’ or turn around, and, without concern for the tone of your voice, turn around and politely ask them to grow a pair and have some respect.

2. Let’s disallow laughing at the fruitless and wistful pleas as an even remotely appropriate reaction. Some way down the line, this was a cool way to respond to an attempt at public shaming, as it should still be. How could this have been maintained? How can this maintain its viral proliferation? No longer is that response to be considered even remotely suitable, or rather socially appropriate.

3. Let whispering be most certainly acceptable. However much you’d care to whisper, more power to you, but once your voice crosses that threshold of vocal clarity, beware of the nightsticks that will soon come crashing in. For generations, mostly as a thankless result of the cane and the strap, those back-row talkers would have either had the fear-sense or the shame-sense to respect those around them and not disrupt an entire class. I say we bring back shame. I say, let them say what they will in retort, laugh at your requests for silence, or speak rudely as they were. But more importantly, I say that, as a group of adults that we need to lose the threads of respect that remain connected to this people. We need to band together as conscientious university students and look down our noses at these children who disrupt our classes. Then, maybe, they will realize just how stupid they look even thinking about speaking to each other during class, or how exponentially their respect is deteriorating because of their habits.

So this one’s for you, you noisy bastards: You don’t want to listen? Bring a fu*king GameBoy. But don’t you dare show that kind of disrespect for our professors, and don’t you dare infringe on my class time. You should already be ashamed, but appear to not be, that your maturity level seems to have had some hindrance since puberty.

To all of y’all talkers, take note of this less than idle threat - that this is my way of counting to three before I officially get angry, except that I’m not counting and I’m already pissed. Your peers will no longer tolerate your insolence, so kindly STFU or get out of my classes.

And don’t you dare take this as a joke. I could not be more serious about how vile your talking feels, or how impatient I’m about to become.
I’m pissed every time I’m at the bar, just trying to get my grind on, and there are all these hostile chavs with their popped collars laying on everything in life I want. And I’m also pissed whenever I see a pack of 17 year old girls dressed to the nines in expensive napkins talking about how drunk they are. Why isn’t there any shame in being so consumed with the tomfoolery that is the ‘barstar.’ The chatty bimbos with the badly dyed hair and the rich girl attitude, taking pictures of themselves pre-bar and then strutting THROUGH lines, and laughing at the creepy old men they attract who buy them drinks. I also don’t care to see wasted girls in mini-skirts clogging up my sidewalks. How about we step away from the b*tch pops, fold down our collars, and stop letting Soulja Boy get famous.

You know when you just want to have a nice, fresh baked bun, and you want a little bit of butter/margarine on it? Then you get the butter, and it’s harder than R. Kelly at Toys-R-Us? I hate that! You just want to spread that sweet buttery substance all over your buns, but it’s just too solid and congealed to get anything like equitable distribution. F*ck! I guess I’m hitting the microwave with this sh*t.

Damn all you fair weather hippies! I was longboarding today and got honked at by a khaki wearing, hemp adorned hipster in a crappy jeep. The tridem of mangy dogs and the ratty cotton shirt oozed hippy, but the ‘tude didn’t. You can’t preach fairness and tranquility with your hand wrist deep in your horn. This goes out to all you hippies who socially appear all HD (hippy-dippy), but deep down are just a bit post-graduate with a degree in environmental law and sociology. You want to tell me about your political agenda and the rainforest? Well then park the SUV, relax a bit and go re-evaluate yourself in your blissful haze. All least I act AND look like a prick; no surprises, that’s what I like.

What turned our heads from our EL-510Rs this week

**Music**

**Blazing Arrow by Blackalicious:** < is Hip-Hop

This phenomenal album is the epitome of hip-hop. Mixing smooth flow and catchy beats with intelligent lyrics and original sounds. The album from Gift of Gab and DJ Chief Xcel manages to both make you bob your head to a solid rhythm and tug at your head & heart by the next track. Blazing Arrow is the perfect blend of cognitive hip-hop and toe tapping music.

**December by George Winston:** < is Electronica

Who knew that Christmas music layed against electronica would be so clutch? The album which is sold as Christmas album is so good that it should be and is enjoyed year round. George Winston’s smooth melodies can tame even the harshest of feelings after back-to-back assignments. This album has even been able to convince women that an engineer can be sophisticated.

**Mr. Beast by Mogwai:** < is awesome Study music

It’s like Album Leaf meets Iron and Wine, and they had a beautiful daughter who just so happens to play the cello.

**Else**

**TV: Entourage, Season 5**

Seriously, the only TV show I watch other than Mythbusters. Great writing, great vulgar humor, great characters. The show gets even better when you know that it’s about Marky Mark’s life. Definately give ‘er a shot, all episodes are on torrents.

**Movies: Watch 1 of 3**

None of us have time to watch 3 movies, so just watch the best of the 3. This week’s theme: F’d Up Movies. Choices:

1. **American Beauty** with Kevin Spacey
2. **Eyes Wide Shut** with Nicole Kidman and Tom Cruise
3. **Memento** with Guy Pearce and Carrie-Ann Moss

So Eyes Wide Shut is a fail mostly because of the creepy old man orgies and Tom Cruise, and American Beauty is straight f**ked WRT the ending. Memento is a thinker, and it’s pretty amazing. It’d be a toss up between American Beauty and Memento, and American Beauty had better acting and that famous rose scene, so watch American Beauty and hate on Tom Cruise
Sudoku, fun to say, fun to do

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Hey Jeff, how's it going?

I How'd your date with
Mindy go last night?

Great.

Date
with
Mindy,
Hmm...

Bla bla, force vectors!

Bla ba bla, right hand rule!

Hahahaha!

You got biligerently drunk and
talked about force vectors
again didn't you!

I'm so desperately lonely.

Are you interested in:
- the hunt
- WEC
- Getting rid of a couch
- Dodgeball
- Squash

If so, come by the ESS Office and inquire/demand

WHAT GOT DONE THIS WEEK

- WE BATTLED FOR A NEW OFFICE
- WE BATTLED FOR MORE TRAVEL FUNDING
- KARL FOUGHT A BEAR, AND WON
- THE ENGINEERING JACKETS ARRIVED, AND ARE AWESOME!
- SEAN SPELT DINNER WRONG FOR THE 4TH WEEK IN A ROW
- MARNIE PLANNED AND EXECUTED A MOUSTACHE RIDE
- JP SMACKED LIAM IN THE HEAD AND IT REALLY HURT
- Wiki’s were discussed, and will soon arrive
- Bribes changed hands, Bodies were used as currency
- The hunt was proposed, and will run shortly
- Pleads to be invited to girls night were DENIED!
- The Foos ladder was re-written, Games were played
- Trevor killed the plant
- Trevor killed a man, with a trident, and a spoon
- Fryer nursed the plant back to life
- Short and Easy lived up to her name
- The gruesome Twosome flailed a Philosophy dude
- The Stock Market Crashed, seriously
- DeHaas brought us a cake! (y’all should take heed)
- BugPush ran, and was sweet, and raised lots of $$
- Liam missed his deadline and cried because of it