The 432.

11 OKTOBER 2000

VOLUME FOURTEEN ISSUE THREE

In this issue:

Council!

Departmental!

Elections!

and so much more...

"Technological progress in like an axe in the hands of a pathological criminal."
--Albert Einstein

South Campus Vapourized in
TRIUMF Nuclear Accident

No more ACFs for 14,000 years. SOTW signed for 1409th ACF.

South Campus Vapourized in
TRIUMF Nuclear Accident

British secret agent James Bond.

Fidel Goldfeld; his henchman Jorgie, and dollars worth of research and equipment. The blast, felt as far away as the barrens of the Yukon, obliterated everything in the blast radius, which reached as far north as room 155 in the Macmillan Building.

UBC administration has now admitted that there was a secret nuclear weaponry testing laboratory in the basement of the facility that remained hidden from student eyes under the guise of a particle physics research laboratory. The secretive nuclear testing lab had reportedly been operating for 6 years without incident. However, this impeccable safety record ended with a blast that destroyed billions of dollars worth of research and equipment.

The death toll from South Campus is still climbing, and, at press time, had reached over 1,200 frosh and frosh-like students in the Totoro Residences; roughly 10 miscellaneous nuclear technicians, evil mastermind Fidel Goldfeld; his henchman Jorgie, and British secret agent James Bond.

UBC President Martha Piper, trying in vain to distract attention away from the devastating blast with stories about her early-life bed wetting problems, finally conceded that, "It turns out that we never had a cyclotron under all those blocks after all. Maybe we should have been tipped off by the fact that [the scientists in TRIUMF] were able to turn a $400 million profit per year from theoretical research. To prevent a similar accident, all research on the UBC campus, practical and theoretical, will cease immediately."

The Arts Undergraduate Society, completely unaware of the blast due to the large distance between the Arts section of the campus and TRIUMF, and the large amount of acid they were dropping at the time, were informed by UBC Administration that they would be unable to hold another Arts County Fair for the next 14,000 years. Local band Spirit of the West has signed an exclusivity contract to be cryogenically frozen until the year 16001, when they will be thawed and headline the upcoming festival with as of yet unannounced special guests. Tickets for the spectacular event are now available at Ticketmaster.

In a surprising turn of events, Irish rock band U2 has flown into Vancouver International Airport to do a benefit concert for the survivors of the blast. "It's our responsibility as human beings to help the poor children of West Point Grey," said Bono, lead singer of the band and leather pants model. "Seeing the devastation of the vast, windswept plains of Russia makes it even more worthwhile."

When asked by 432 staff if he was not conferring the UBC nuclear explosion with that in Chernobyl, Russia in the 1980's, Bono was hustled out of the press conference by his handlers.

Reaction has been mixed to the news that the province's academic and research lab had been blown to its constituent atoms and the surrounding land, air and water poisoned with nuclear waste. Erich Vogt, former head of the TRIUMF facility, was spending some time in Montreal when reached for comment. "It is indeed unfortunate that the whole building exploded, taking UBC with it. Such a thing would never have happened when I was the director of the program. Now, of course, this opens up the way for my new cyclotron program in McGill to flourish, and get those 'government' dollars that UBC kept getting, riding on my laurels. Construction on the cyclotron under the old Montreal Expo site begins next Tuesday."

Prime Minister Jean Chretien was apparently 'annoyed' that the investment of so many federal tax dollars had been lost in the explosion. "`Ere we `re, in the twenty-first century, an' ain't nothin' much happenin'." Prime Minister Jean Chretien was apparently 'annoyed' that the investment of so many federal tax dollars had been lost in the explosion. "`Ere we `re, in the twenty-first century, an' ain't nothin' much happenin'."

Professor George Chapman of the University of Calgary. "We've always wanted to see the effects of such a huge nuclear explosion, but weren't allowed due some stupid health and safety regulations. Now we get to see what happens, and plus the money doesn't get taken out of my research grant! It's a safety thing!"

Simon Fraser University is expected to take in the now-schooled UBC students who were not irradiated by the TRIUMF blast. "Now you see why SFU is built from three feet thick concrete," said newly appointed SFU head architect Michael Kingonull, formerly of the AMS. "Nothing gets through concrete, baby."

GM Tomato Eats
Scientist

Reuters, Stanford, CA

The rapidly expanding field of genetic modification of commercial foods was turned on it's ear late last Friday night.

Dr. Irving P. Holly, a renowned leader in GM research, was eaten by a tomato he had been working on.

The results of genetic manipulation of foods often have unpredictable results. In this case the results were fatal as a bunch of common tomatoes which Dr. Holly had reportedly transfected with African Lion (Panthera leo) DNA, took on the carnivorous characteristics of the alien DNA.

Dr. Holly was working late in the lab when the tomatoes became acrolic and communally hunted and killed their creator.

Const. Jeff Mall issued an official press statement today, "Blood and ketchup were everywhere. We'll have to do a DNA test to figure out which is which, or we can just taste."

Several of the tomatoes escaped through an open window into the nearby Stanford university fair, where sweet and unsavouring children were playing on the many rides. The jovial scene quickly became one of carnage and destruction as the marauding herd of fruits attacked nearly at will until campus police arrived and promptly squashed the tomato uprising.

"He really loved tomatoes," his grad student Denise Kilraye cried in front of the camera.

Dr. Mort Feldman, Holly's fellow Stanford faculty member, reacted to the death with initial shock, but then heightened at the opportunity for a unique research opportunity. "This is so interesting. There is so much research that should be done on these Tomato Lions. Are they animal, vegetable, or slime-mold? Is there a communal structure, did the Alpha-tomato feed first? Can they be domesticated? What traits do they use as basis for sexual selection? How much CK One could they consume before half their bodies create more and study them for the betterment of human-kind?"

Dr. Feldman is rumored to be building research complexes on an island off of Costa Rica, to study the new fruit-beasts in a contained environment.
Jingle Bell, Jingle Bell Roq!

Dan Anderson
Scary Like Cheddar!

The artists are gaining. Seriously. Look at the AUS - they actually organized and have a web site! (and that means they had conscious thought!) a campaign and referendum to get more social space. Now, I'm all for more social space. It's right front and centre in Trek 2000 as a priority to get more social space for all the Arts. (Besides, who is getting old (and green?) and I'm sure they wouldn't mind the money (or materials, they aren't) after all.) for a new pop/beer/vodka/moonshine/beat-nap dispenser, and maybe some form of cleaning supply, please, for those of us who aren't used to it. A lot of clubs would love furniture that didn't come from the reject bin out back of Value Village! AUS, well, for as many students as they have, I'll admit that they could use a bigger office, though A280 (that lounge thing, the one between Micro and Macroeconomics) is huge enough as it is, especially with the coffee/snack/beer bar they have set up there. Education has decent space, something special that I've seen mind you, but it's nice. I'm sure they'd love some more, though. As a matter of fact, I think the only faulty with enough social space is commerce—but if you (or your overpowering, all-including and all-paying partner) are shelling out $35 to student fees a year, you'd damn well want somewhere to figure out your net worth during the ten minutes between Micro and Macroeconomics too. And then there's Science. But more on that wonderful subject later.

So, what are we all doing about this world of existence, where social space for a faculty of 6000 is the size of a broom closet, give or take a mop and bucket or two? Sitting on our asses, for the most part. Arts, legions of sloth and woebegetter mindlessness—that they may be, still get around to holding a referendum that will cost them a whopping $6 a year per student ("oh, no!" cry the frosh, "That's a night's worth of Dance Dance Revolution! What will I do on Thursday, November 19, from 4:29 to 6:12? I'd better mark that in pink highlighter as study time in my agenda!!!") And how much will this $27,000 a year cost them? A whole shadload, hush just the main floor of Buchanan D, after all. It only cost a few million to build that building, after all. Actually, this could lead to good results—"Hey guys, we want to put this 16 meter by 8 meter expressionist painting of a duck standing on its head in here. We think it should go right there...". Please, can you help us take out those ugly bars and walls and pipes and stuff? They're, like, totally in the way.

The engines never took into account the possibility of the armies removing the walls and support beams, did they? Huh? Still, arts is one up on us. SUS is moving, for all those of you who haven't been reading the 432 or dropping by enough, luck to us. You know we're moving into a closet? What's more, a closet between two bathrooms. I'd suggest against using either one—odds are there will be pee caps in both by the time a week has gone by with us next door. We're 'friendly' neighbors, is all. Trek 2000—more space, remember? Ugh. Closets and solvents and soap nails, oh my!

So what's the hell is this going on? (Just asked that—paraphrased Carol B.) Well, it is clear that there are only three options. One: Kill the artists. All the artists. Then take down all those pub buildings and use them as pool halls, pubs, and jacuzzi rooms. This would be great, except that we should really be happy for the artists and try not to despise them for their good fortune (and/or candy bribery). Two: Kill the administration in a bloody mass eradication and run amok shacking add/drop forms and cut our sheets everywhere. (mnm, blood... oh, yeah...) Oh, wait... sorry about letting the daylight slip in there. Some other person most likely to occur because of the squeamishness of the general population here—hey guys, gonna be a doctor? Get used to slipping — at least fucking up— with your scalpel and killing people already! Start soon, practice often!—uh, but yeah, third: we could basically do the same thing as the artists. Come, revote? If we get a majority vote, we can pull an Arts, and take over math and maths annex. No-one really uses them. (Fed up?—Ben W.) The math classes are mostly in Buchanan anyways. Just because the math buildings are old and decrepit and ignored doesn't mean that we don't want them! Our couches are old and decrepit too, and we still love them dearly (though we try not to sit in the off-coloured parts). Get off your collective asses and... oh, who am I trying to kid. Keep on being apathetic sheep. It'll get you exactly where you're destined to go—you'll have a suburban house with 2-4 kids, an SUV, and no soul. And all because you had no where to sit and down a brew between classes! Of course, there's always option one... mnm, dead armies...

And above all, when in doubt, fuhah.
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2) "Hey! it took me 12 minutes! are you making fun of me for being slow? It's not my Fault, my parents are forcing me into a program I detest!"—John Chu
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Lost Her Computer

Bree Baxter
Bitter Woman

Hi everyone! How are you? Good! Sho o me.
I'm not sure why this time last year seems so damn so much? Probably with the massive amount of school work the stupid cold I've been fighting off.

Hey, are you sick of paying $1.45 for eight measly ounces of coffee goodness? You're in luck! SUS is once again having its cheap cheap coffee. 5$. will net you a cup of coffee/snack/strip bar they have set up there. Where they have their beer gardens—I think it's 260—is huge enough as it is, especially with the coffee/snack/beer bar they have set up there. Education has decent space, something special that I've seen mind you, but it's nice. I'm sure they'd love some more, though. As a matter of fact, this could lead to good results—"Hey guys, we want to put this 16 meter by 8 meter expressionist painting of a duck standing on its head in here. We think it should go right there...". Please, can you help us take out those ugly bars and walls and pipes and stuff? They're, like, totally in the way.

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averages out. For everything wise that is written, a tonne of crap like this is thrown out. Not a single person. Now people are just don't get it. That and the increased tendency of drunk people to do things.

I have often wondered about the phrase, "mind-altering drugs." Isn't that the definition of "drug"? A mind-altering substance? Ah, screw it; what's the point?

Good night everybody! I'm going to bed. I'm already written (and quite possibly failed judging on the basis of it). I don't care. When I tell people that I am taking Astronomy, they look straight at me and say that it is interesting, and then they say, "What's the point?" I don't know. I don't care. I find it interesting. In case you missed the brochure, I am here to learn and to expand my horizons and all that-not just to get a good high paying job. Lots of money is nice, but I would just as happy getting a little money for something that I would have done anyway just for fun.

What about paying for my education? Isn't that expensive as hell? Won't I need a high paying job for that? Well, I think those things are a little peripheral to the point, but I will say that it is only expensive if you have a goddamn cell phone for which you have to pay, and that you have to maintain, a tonne of crap like this is thrown out. I'm digging through my backpack! Not only are people giving me their seats left and right, I even got two minutes to point me in the right direction. And so now, I have all that-knowledge. I think you need some photography lessons. Please do not take the vertical picture of the clock tower with you standing in front of it. I've seen people do this over ten times. It is only expensive if you have a goddamn cell phone for which you have to pay, and that you have to maintain, a tonne of crap like this is thrown out.

I was walking by Koerner and I gotta ask what's the deal with the hotdog guy? I see a 20 per cent line waiting to pay four dollars for a hotdog. This doesn't make one iota of sense... yeah I'm forking out four dollars for a tube of intestines wrapped in a bun... oh wait you get onions anyway. I mean it. It really is great to be a student. I'm very happy with my tickets, you really need a good solid toilet one that doesn't fall over when you sit on it... trust me I've been to Surrey. What I wanna know is what's with the grungy stuff? How OLD ARE WE ANYWAYS? I mean this thought was left behind at High School which I thought would of been left behind in Elementary School. How long do you go on for? I mean if I go take a dump at Microchip perched on top of one of their gold plated toilets I am gonna read about "Bill Gates sucking cock for wooden nickels??!"

To you all you aspiring Stingl's (Dennis Miller reference made to make me look smart) I am here to learn and to expand my horizons and all that-not just to get a good high paying job. Lots of money is nice, but I would just as happy getting a little money for something that I would have done anyway just for fun. I'm very happy with my tickets, you really need a good solid toilet one that doesn't fall over when you sit on it... trust me I've been to Surrey. What I wanna know is what's with the grungy stuff? How OLD ARE WE ANYWAYS? I mean this thought was left behind at High School which I thought would of been left behind in Elementary School. How long do you go on for? I mean if I go take a dump at Microchip perched on top of one of their gold plated toilets I am gonna read about "Bill Gates sucking cock for wooden nickels??!"

Okay to all you aspiring Stingl's (Dennis Miller reference made to make me look smart I really am), I think you need some photography lessons. Please do not take the vertical picture of the clock tower with you standing in front of it. I've seen people do this over ten times in the first 4 weeks of school!!! If you want to get a grimmie you go into the 1st year transfer student that I am and see if you can get a grimmie. You get the idea. It showed up about five times over a twelve hour shift. Pure evil.

To the guy who rides the unicycle COME ON! It's a unicycle for Pete's sake it's gotta be hard enough to ride around with everyone looking at you going "Hey look a unicycle guy... let's wait to see if he falls." If you want attention dye your hair red, get one of those lying down bikes, and I think we have a compromise.

Good topic of bikes there is a hilarious bike attached to the Koerner Library bike rack. It has no wheels, and it's all bent and rusted but is still locked to the rack. I just know some moron lost his bikey key one day and had to take the wheels off to make a little money back. If you have any questions about the unicycle I am here to help answer. I mean it. It really is great to be a student. I'm very happy with my tickets, you really need a good solid toilet one that doesn't fall over when you sit on it... trust me I've been to Surrey. What I wanna know is what's with the grungy stuff? How OLD ARE WE ANYWAYS? I mean this thought was left behind at High School which I thought would of been left behind in Elementary School. How long do you go on for? I mean if I go take a dump at Microchip perched on top of one of their gold plated toilets I am gonna read about "Bill Gates sucking cock for wooden nickels??!"

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Speaking of evil, the SUS office is supposed- we really have to move it. We only sort of know where and when people are only sort of know where, but it might happen yet.
Ramblings version 6.3

m gramma mmmmmm  
no grammer checker

it's been proven that second hand cigarette smoke causes all the damage that first hand smoke does, only more, since most of it doesn't go through the filter first. here's my question: why isn't smoking in the same residence as a child considered child abuse? why are people still allowed to smoke on public property like sidewalks and parks that are near schools? i'm waiting for the first lawsuit of some asthmatic young adult against his or her parents for what will be called environmental child abuse. did your parents smoke? do you find yourself inopportunely dying of lung cancer and heart disease? sue their fucking assets! so yeah i'm moving out with a friend. (see if you can find out who! hint: if you read this entire paper, you'll find the answer) trying to find a place to live is unrelentingly stressful. i mean, this kind of stress is the kind that i've never experienced before. i can handle school, i've been here what will be 6 years. i can handle my job and interviews and resumes and stuff like that. i can't handle relationship crap, but thankfully i haven't had to in a long while. but this is different, it's a brand new kind of stress in my life. i can only deal with it by staying up really late, typing crap and waiting for the anxiety to leave me.

i've been spending quite a few sundays and thursdays in the sus office talking to people. i try to hand them 432s and guides. they're scared of me i think. i yell too much. maybe i yell because they're not even talking. my theory has always been that if i'm crazy enough maybe people will come out of their shells for just an instant and ... i don't know. communicate. or something. why are people from the same age group (first and second years) so much more shy than they were when i was just out of highschool? i'm taking a grad class right now, and it's really sad. no one talks, or asks questions. i can't remember the last class i had where people actually talked and asked questions and interacted with the prof. i can't remember the last class i had where people actually talked and asked questions and interacted with the prof. her classes are tiny. she went on a field trip this weekend with 12 people, a prof and a la. why is the demand on ubc's undergrad programs so large? are the people at other universities always so completely shocked when you single them out and talk to them in their science students society office? i don't think so. we're becoming soulless. at least it's sunny. just wait until the monsoon season begins, then you'll see some depressed-ass writing.

love,

mmm

if i were a first year, i would be so scared of mmmmmmmmmmmmm that i would run for the hills. the reason that people are so scared of him is that he's so fucking enthusiastic for his own good. "hey, you want some candy?" he screamed at first years of all faculties back on imagine ubc (does that stand for imagine a university where you are treated like an adult?). this guy i just got just got a full sized accordian from a yard sale. there are two kinds of men who play accordions; those who have the nimble fingers and those who don't. me. 

NEXT DEADLINE: OCTOBER 18th

B.O.O.

A articles and cartoons welcome. Just make the editor laugh at least thrice, contain your true contact information, and he longer than 700 words.

This coming issue is a about Halloween. Be scary. Stay as the Exorcist.
A contributions must be made by 4:32, OCTOBER 18th. Email to homonot@exchange.ubc.ca

Dead Pool V:  
The Contest Begins

The Reaper  
Hard at work

it's been all over the news for the past week. every tv station and every radio station and every newspaper and every magazine in the country. media outpouring of emotion, sobbing in the streets and renaming of mountains. for those of you who have either been living under a rock for the last two weeks or have your heads lodged firmly up your asses, i am referring to the recent death of pierre elliot trudeau from prostate cancer. according to his sons (one of whom teaches at a local point grey school), the former prime minister died peacefully on the last thursday of september.

and in the streets (across this fair land), people wept. across the campus, people wept, because they had their written list of dead pool enamir sitting on their desk at home, too lazy to bring the list into sus or email it to the reaper at deadpool_432@hotmail.com. and then what happens?

number three on their list, a stunning man who brought the constitution back to canada, approaching, if you want to call the sus office (822-4235) and leave a dark and mysterious noon tea social.

those guys made the apec thing out here in '97 seem like my grandma's church lady after an autopsy.

back when rosie was in mcgill, he and some of his studential cohorts protested. ministership later on, i'll be around. drop me a line, we'll get some coffee.

Dumb Assed Easy Contest #2

Winner!

Chris Struik

We asked Chris what issue he read the contest in. He replied "Issue 2". Chris is a winner.

What does Chris win? Check out these cool prizes!

A lifetime supply of 432's!  Free Coffee in sus for the month of oktober! and a 432 gift pack!

You should enter the next 432 contest! It's that easy!

Stay tuned in issue 4 for the next Dumb Assed Easy contest!
We're coming to see you Oct 23!

Dr. Joshua Samanta of SCU will meet with UBC students to share information and answer questions at the Vancouver College Fair at the Delta Pacific Resort & Conference Centre on Monday, Oct 23, from 6 pm to 9 pm.

Southern California University of Health Sciences, (SCU), internationally recognized as the leader in scientifically-based health care education with its Los Angeles College of Chiropractic, now plans to bring the same innovative curriculum style and dedication to excellence with its new College of Acupuncture and Oriental Medicine starting January, 2001.
Wild World of Departmental Elections!

Every year, SUS and it’s constituent members (being you) elect several departmental and year reps to represent you and your various interests. There are first year reps for various programs, and departmental reps for all of you in second year or higher. Make your way to a voting booth and vote! You will need your valid student card to vote. Take part in democracy! Don’t be so damn apathetic! Rock on!

First Year

Ted Lal

Congratulations, First Year Science Students!!! Feel proud to be a member of the group of 1st year Science students to step into the new millennium from 2000 to 2001!!! It will be my greatest honor voting for your CSP Representative. Because...

Juliana Lam

Math 109, Homework As. #1

1. For the function:

\[ f(x) = \frac{Juliana}{Hardworking} \cdot (creative)^2 \]

a) Solve for Juliana where \( f(x) \) equals...

May Tee

Science: The Spice of Life! Of course! Well, at least we all like to think so (I don’t exactly get turned on by evaluating derivatives or memorizing formulas, though). I do, however, enjoy volunteering and helping students of the finest faculty at UBC—the faculty of science.

One Responsible First Year Rep.

Answer: Juliana = (P+R+C+E+F)

b) Using your observation above, who will you vote for as First Year Rep. on election day? Answer: JULIANA LAM!!!

Jaisun Garcha

Hi, my name is Jaisun Garcha and I am running for the position of General Officer for the Science Undergraduate Society. As science students you deserve to be represented by people who care about your needs and concerns. As General Officer my goal will be to provide a strong supportive role in all S.U.S. activities and make sure that science students have a year filled with fun and excitement. The Science Undergraduate Society makes an effort to provide for science students and I am ready to help take on that task.

Scarlett Yim

Hey, all you hotties and smarties in SCIENCE! How are you enjoying being back or being new to UBC? If everything is practical, I’m here to make it even better for you to be in the BEST college.

Biochemistry

Jason Elliott

Hey Biochem students, listen up! It’s time for to help re-elect me, Jason Elliott to the position of Biochemistry Rep on SUS Council. I’ve held the position for the last two years, and will continue to work hard for biochem students from my behind-the-scenes position. Just a quick bio: I’m in a 4th year major that lives in Gage and knows the ins-and-out of the Department.

Kristin Lyons

Hi, I’m Kristin Lyons, I’m a second year biochemistry student and I’m running for the position of Biochemistry Rep in SUS. I was a member of First Year Committee last year, and I was a Mag Leader this year. As Biochemistry Rep, I plan to promote science and science events, and I plan to keep biochemistry students informed about what is going on in the department. Hope to see you all come out and vote Wednesday, October 11th to Friday, October 13th.

Biology

Paul Dhillon

Wassup y’all! pd throwin’ it down for a Deze on SUS council. They just suck ya ya in after first year and don’t let you go. I don’t know what to write because the only person I was gonna run against is too nice of a person to run against me, thanks Miyako. I’ll finish it up wit a little quote cuz I’m outa room. “I do not know what your destiny will be. But one thing I do know. The only ones among you who will be truly happy are those who have sought and learned to serve others.” Tru Dat.

Chemistry

Sameer Wahid

Hi there! You’re probably bored from reading election blurbs by now, so I’ll make mine short! My name is Sameer Wahid and I’m running for Chemistry Rep. I’m a third year chem rep, so I’m not exactly new to the department, and I spent a lot of time in SUS where I’m Sales Manager. So if you want to buy cool Science T-Shirts, come in to SUS! No one ran against me, so come on out and vote YES for Sameer Wahid on election day.

Computer Science

Mike White

www.hiheyah. word to the department of computer science, without which this position would not be acclaimed. I promise to show up to sus meetings, I promise to hang out in the sus office and yell at people.

General Science

Adam Wright

General Science Representative
More Departmental Elections

Geography

Dan Anderson

I promise to do my utmost to curtail the ambition and to ensure that ISP students are represented fairly on science council. My goal is to ensure that ISP students are represented fairly on science council, and to make sure that ISP students are made aware of the dire issues affecting us.

[white space that Bree hates]

Integrated Science

Corisande Baldwin

I am Corisande Baldwin and I am running for Integrated Science Representative on SUS Council. My goal is to ensure that ISP students are represented fairly on science council and to ensure that ISP students are made aware of the dire issues affecting us.

Valerie Wong

I want to be hands-on involved as your ISC rep! My name is VALERIE WONG, and although I'm aware that the chances you know me personally are tremp tiny, I just want you to know that I'll be dedicated to making sure you and everyone else in our department will be informed, and hopefully, involved, in all of the science events which will be occurring throughout this year. Make 2000/01 an exciting one with YOU as the centre!

Pharmacology/Physiology

Rajesh Pachchigar

VOTE YES TO RAJESH PACHCHIGAR FOR PHARMACOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY DEPARTMENT

Physics and Astronomy

Benjamin Warrington

As the representative of the Department of Physics and Astronomy on the Science Undergraduate Society Council, I promise to do my utmost to curtail the ambitions of the ambitious, the officiousness of the officious, and the abuse of the abusive. Most importantly: vote for me because I am a Physics and Astronomy student, and no one else wants the job.

Half-Page o'Dictatorship

Social Coordinator

Katharine Scotton

Well, Oktoberfest should be done with by now. I hope it went well. I really really hope it went well. If you showed up, thanks! Come again.

The next event planned is on November 3rd in the SUB party room. The event is called Nothing Ever Happens in November, because nothing ever happens in November. Yeah, so come on out and join us! Once again, I still need to help with the social committee, so if you want to help, contact me at kscotton@interchange.ubc.ca.

I'm also usually in the office from 10:30 to 1:30. Come by and visit! Thanks to everyone who helped out with Oktoberfest, you all rock!

Senate

Timothy Chan

A new man, another one?!! Hey all! Looks like it's elections time again so make sure you get out there and vote for your friends (or against your enemies). Other than that, I hope everybody is surviving the midterm blitz. You know what the best way to relieve the midterm stress is? By having a big long needle stuck in your arm. You get to lie on a bed and have people serve you milk and cookies too! If this issue comes out on time (Oct. 11), Golden Key is hosting a blood donor clinic as you're reading this right now! So hurry over to the SUB and save a life! And eat a cookie!

Sports

Sara Stamm

key everybody. Register now for Day of the Longboat, Innerube Water Polo, 3-on-3 Volleyball, and something called the Halloween Hash Run. They're fun and if you're a Science Team, you get money back after you're done! Speaking of money, I am giving, money-provided, 60% rebates for all science teams who give me sufficient proof. I will also give money back for team uniforms. If there are too many sports fanatics asking for money, I will cut the rebate to 50%. The proof that I need is a copy of your registration fee receipt and your uniform purchasing receipt, a team roster, and the full name and email of the person who will receive the money on behalf of the team. So, go and register now! (goldmann!) Over-and-out!

Internal Vice-Prez

Reka Sztopa

ELECTIONS. ELECTIONS. ELECTIONS. Yes, Science Council Year and Department Rep Elections are underway. Please come out and vote from Wednesday, October 11th through to Friday, October 13th. Poll booths will be alternating throughout most Science buildings and will be open 9:30-2:30pm.

Each candidate has a blurb in this issue of the SUS newsletter. You have the right to vote, so use it! Remember to bring your student card.

On another note, FYC is going really well. There are 10-15 people who meet every week, and we are planning an awesome event for November so stay tuned. If you still want to join, come to our meetings on Monday at 3:30pm.

Until two weeks from now, have a good one and good luck with your midterms.

Give Blood!

Wednesday, October 11th, 2000
SUB Ballroom
10 am - 4 pm

Bring photo ID with your signature.
Call 707-3438/9 for eligibility requirements
Oh GREat...

Andy Martin

Comfortably Hung

So, you just got your first midterm grades and you aren't exactly that great this year. Okay, they make your ex-girlfriend's final evaluation of your intelligence as that. Despite this, a few generals of evolution higher than what grad school's gonna think when they look at your transcript. But you have out. You know that you're smarter than a termite, even though a termite can build huge intricate structures out of spit and fungs, can follow directions perfectly, and could probably remember where they left the goddamms car keys...but that's not the point, the point is, you get one last chance to prove it: the GRE.

The GRE is basically a test that acts as a measuring stick by which grad schools measure your actual mental ability. Your grades alone aren't exactly the best representatives of how smart you are. We all know that, and we've argued it in front of many a potential employee who raised an eyebrow to our Math 101 mark. The news flash is that profs actually know this too, and got together to put a standard test together to select grad school applicants. This test tells them if your A's are real or just a con made good time despite the specific breed of Murphy's that apply to me in traffic. In the final English section, I was contemplating just putting my head through the screen, thereby ending both of our miserable existences.

There was no more a good 146% on the test. If only the registrar's office knew about you, they'd knock my average down a few GPA's...

"...and there's a stall in the tunnel that they're just clearing out now."

Shit. Get the shirt on quick! There, well, I felt myself lose time, I'll be able to get through the traffic and arrive with enough time for a good staring contest or two with the SAT writers. "But what's not clearing up is that accident just beyond that, expect a thirty minute delay if you're heading East." That'll be cutting it close, but I trust in the shirt to get me there in time. "And we just got a report of a stall on the Lougheed..."

"Oh Lord! Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?"

"Andy? Why are you yelling at your shirt?"

"...No reason. Gotta go."

Thank the good Lord for the lazy now truck drivers that sit on either side of the North Shore bridges. Though they make more than most of us and sleep for their eight hour shift, they do come in handy every once in a while. I made good time despite the specific breed of Murphy's that apply to me in traffic.

Then I hit Coquitlam...

You know, someone has got to be really, really stupid...yessiree. Needless to say, I arrived at the testing center twenty minutes late, out of breath (did I also mention my hate of important buildings that don't display their address numbers?) and left by my constant repetition of the term 'ass-cramping city planner'.

I was able to convince her to let me take the test, locked my stuff in the complimentary locker. Then she stopped me...

"Please put ALL your belongings away."

"Huh?"

"Your calculator, please put it away." "But there's a math section." "Yes." "A very hard math section." "Yes."

"I didn't read anything about no calculators."

"If you had a shirt here in this brochure."

"Boy, I wish I had seen that brochure about three months ago, when I started studying the math section WITH MY CALCULATORT."

"Please put your calculator away, sir."

Wordly taken by the following string of par- trooohh, I picked up my math. Damn! At Patern Saint of Those Whose Profs. Gave Them Tests Way Harder Than They Should Have, don't fail me now! Uh, "D" feels lucky to me, so I'll mark C. E, A, B, P, F feel lucky...no F...okay E, B, D minor, A, ES. Done! Damn. I had twelve seconds left, I coulda thought about one of them. Hey the test's over! "All done then?"

"Yeah, but I think the computer screwed up. It gave me 4 sections. I thought the test only had three."

"Oh, an exact random section is put in to test your experience, don't you get a mark for that."

[skeward silliness, broken by an almost indecipherable switch of the left eyelash as the blown out brinells comprehends that the test was 1/3 longer than it had to be]

"You SON OF A- Whoa, even I wasn't write that down - Andy - SLIMEMOSSDO-DO- [Hm, hmm, hmm, Da, da, da. I amaaalmost done...] UUUUUUUUUCER!!!"

The supervisor, clinging in fear and crossing herself frantically, hits the key to show my marks.

"Oh...say, that isn't that bad, is it?"

"Uh...no sir, that's quite good."

"Uh, say sir.

"Well, thank you. I'll get the marks in two weeks then?"

"We'll mail them to you."

"That's perfect! Thanks again, and have a nice day."

I walk out into the noon sunshine. Man, it's a wonderful day to be alive. Two weeks of laid-back researching for possible grad schools, followed by a two week road trip down the West coast to visit some pros and I'm sure that there's relevant research to be done on spatial distribution of humanoids in Disneyland or the average crab density in Vegas. It's a beautiful day.