

In this issue:

Twelve Pages!

Porn! Porn! Porn!

Wacky Olympics!!

and so much more...

"University politics are vicious precisely because the stakes are so small."

-Henry Kissinger

## UBC Campus Declared No Fun Zone

### Ant-like conformity at all time high

CP, Vancouver

UBC has been declared a "No Fun Zone," according to *the Ubysey*, the official student publication. On Monday, the story broke about the new alcohol policy; the cutbacks to the RCMP detachment resulting in stricter bylaw enforcement; and increased enforced longer library hours.

As part of a continuing policy stand at the University of British Columbia, a new alcohol policy has been passed by the University's Board of Governors. The new policy will prohibit the advertising of events serving alcohol, to the extend of banning the familiar 'bzzr' and 'psyder'. Further restrictions will limit the event's liquor license to the amount of alcohol available to the equivalent of one drink per person per hour.

Reaction to the policy has been mixed, when *the 432* contacted several student leaders and the University itself. Mark Fraser, AMS Vice President Administration, is in charge of the bookings within the SUB. He says that "since the Student Union Building is under the lease of the Alma Mater Society (AMS), we do not fall within the jurisdiction of the University's policy on alcohol. This won't matter to us and our bzzr gardens. However, the Pit will be turned into a juice bar, the Gallery will be turned into a Starbucks, with entertainment

specializing in Beat poetry readings, and the Pendulum will remain as an over-priced bistro, only with no alcohol."

However, according to the University's President's office, the AMS interpretation of the policy is incorrect. "The SUB is on University land, and all policies that we hold cover them," said an assistant to the President. "This alcohol policy is vital in the new vision plan that Martha Piper is introducing, *Trek 2001*. The plan focuses on the University as an academic body, more so than any other thing the University has put forth, including our much ballyhooed *Trek 2K*."

Corporal Bill Smith, speaking for the UBC RCMP detachment, was more blunt during his weekly press conference. "In times of a funding crunch, we need to cut down on expenses. By supporting the University's no tolerance policy, we can half our staff after 4pm on weekdays. This means we can spend our time on the really important criminal elements that happen at a university, like running down those little rat bastards on those stupid scooters."

Libraries will now be open 24 hours a day, seven days a week. The University's plan is to automate the libraries after 6pm, freeing up personnel resources for other areas and allowing students to study "all of the time," accord-

ing to the new Head Librarian, Angus Svensen. "By doing this, students will never have an excuse to party. And with the new implementation of 23 hour a day quiet hours in all residences, the kids will need to go somewhere to breathe. We hope they pick one of our ten brilliant and well-lit libraries."

Also planned in the beginning of term two are the introduction of late night labs for all first and second year courses. The rationale behind the rescheduling is that with more lab space, the University can reintroduce the labs that have been steadily cut since 1995, and since the labs have been made "optional" to the graduation requirements, there is a lab-fee for all new labs that will quite possibly reach into the hundreds of dollars on top of normal tuition, thereby sneaking around the tuition freeze. Having a lab that lasts until one o'clock in the morning will not be unheard of, even in first year courses.

The reaction of the students themselves, who the new policies will affect the most, has been swift. The Engineers have formed a strategic alliance with members of the Agricultural Sciences, gaining control over the South Campus potato field. When asked what they intend to do with such an abundant crop of potatoes, the main ingredient in home-made moonshine, *the 432* was summarily dismissed from the

Cheeze. Engineers were later seen to be burning a copy of the alcohol policy on top of the newly whitewashed and hermetically sealed Cairn.

"First they took away our Lady Godiva ride, then they took away our stripper in Hebb Theatre! We refuse to give up any more of our god-given rights as Engineers," said Andrew Tinka, president of EngFizz and spokesman for the horde of rampaging red-jackets. "We will carry on for we are the Engineers!" The interview was cut short as members of the Vancouver SWAT team flooded the area with tear gas.

Koerner's Graduate Centre has turned into the scene of an armed stand-off with Campus Police. Late Monday night, when word of the impending policy reached a closed-doors meeting of the Graduate Student's Society, barricades were swiftly erected around Koerner's Pub. A list of demands were nailed to the door, detailing how the graduate students would never "give into the demands of the Man", nor "ever shut down Koerner's Pub, the last stand-out of freedom and democracy on this university!"

In a related story, Frat Row is scheduled to be demolished during the second week of October, to coincide with the end of Rush.

## BC Ferry in Search of Larger Prey

Reuters, Strait of Juan de Fuca

**T**he *Spirit of Vancouver Island*, coming off its dominating victory over Jim Blough's amateur 30 foot boat, is looking at bigger and better opponents to take on. *The Spirit* is now ranked No.1 in the Juan de Fuca Amateur Circuit after the victory over Blough and is looking at moving up to the Pros.

"With the ease that '*Spirit*' handled Blough's, she shouldn't be waiting around here, fighting mediocre competition. An average ferry's career is less than 25 years, and *Spirit of Vancouver Island* is turning 17 in November. It may be her last chance for a shot at the bigs," commented *Spirit's* manager Dan Miller during Tuesday's press conference. "All we ask is for the blessing of the commissioner to make the move."

"I feel good, I'm in my prime. I think I'm ready and my manager thinks I'm ready. The time is right to turn pro," the *Spirit of Vancouver Island* added when asked for her own thoughts. "I've proven myself against the best that the Strait of Juan de Fuca has thrown at

me. I think the more open environment of the West Coast pros would benefit me due to my strong ramming keelhaul game. I'd like to try taking on a cruise boat or trawler and work my way up the ladder and become a superstar like my childhood hero the *Exxon Valdez*. That bitch could really do some damage until her career-ending injury in '86."

Previous prodigies from the B.C. Ferries camp have not fared well, and the recent large investments into the promised, but never realized potential of the '*Fastcat*' trio, have tainted the once stellar reputation of the corporation. The West Coast circuit is understandably cautious about admitting any BC ferry. However, many scouts like the plucky attitude and the mature way in which the *Vancouver Island* handles herself on the water. Rumoured collusion with the State of Florida may lead to a job putting its skills to work for the Department of Immigration and Naturalization to head the new Cuban Immigration Control division, if the turn pro doesn't come through.

The ferry was last seen headed towards Port Angeles. The ferry is considered to be armed and dangerous.



# The 432.

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## Legal Information

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All views expressed in this issue are strictly those of the individual writers, and as such are not the responsibility of The 432, The Science Undergraduate Society, or the Faculty of Science. Writers and cartoonists are encouraged to submit their material to The 432. Submissions must meet the requirements of making the editor chuckle thrice, and contain the author's name and contact information.

Once upon a time, there was a little story that I told to you, and you believed me, and you went and told him, and he told her, and she told an extra, who told the director who told the producer and together they all made Urban Legend.

God bless the little children.



Andrew Tinka!

## Spike and Dive

Olympic Women's Beach Volleyball... mmmm... now THAT's the spirit of the Games! Yeah baby, bump it. C'mon, set! Now SPIKE! Yes! Yes! Oh man, I think I need a cigarette.

Why do those women beach volleyball players wear such skimpy, bouncy outfits? One acceptable answer is "Shut up and WATCH, fool!" But there's another, more interesting reason: The rules said they had to. That's right! This year's Olympic regulations for female beach volleyball restricted the women to those wonderfully tight two-pieces we know and love. But were the men forced to dig and set in Speedos? Control your gag reflex, everyone, we're having a serious discussion here. No, of course not. The men got to wear long boxer-style shorts as usual. Sure, the Olympic committee tries to come up with reasons for this, but we all know what it's about. Ratings go up when we see titties.

The funny thing is that there is precedence for this. Back in the day, the original Greek Olympians all competed naked. I'm sure we can all predict what would happen to the Games if that particular tradition were resurrected: Ratings for the female sports would quadruple; men's sports' rating would plummet, except for the hurdle runs, because there would be a loyal contingent of sadists just waiting for the hilarious antics of the poor slobs who clip their danglies on a solid piece of wood while moving at sixty kilometers per hour.

The marketing whores are, of course, busy squeezing every penny they can out of the

Games, but it's important to remember that underneath it all this is a meaningful event for us. Along with the World Cup, the Games are one of the truly global events; unlike other national hobbies like nuclear arms races or ethnic cleansing, the Olympic Games allow everyone to play on a level field where no one really gets hurt. But it's always amazing to see the degree of nation-to-nation competition that goes on. Why do we stake so much pride on the number of medals Canada wins? Everyone I know was moping about the fact that the States was walking with six or seven medals while we had just one or two. C'mon, guys, the U.S. has ten times our population. When you think about it, they should be producing ten times as many random superhuman genetic freaks as us. Besides, what the fuck are we doing at the Summer Games anyway? Hmmm, maybe the reason we suck ass at beach volleyball is that there are no beaches in the Arctic Tundra. "What is this stuff you call sand? And why is there that huge ball of fusing hydrogen in the sky? Ahh, the Sun! I'd heard talk of it, but you see, I'm from Canada, eh..."

Back in the Cold War days, this national rivalry almost made sense. Self-important sports critics would say that when Russian and American athletes competed, they were in some way determining whose training system and/or national philosophy was superior. And yeah, that seems right; in a way, it was settling the question of whether the carrot or the stick was a better way to motivate an athlete. Who would do better: Joe, who would get millions of endorsement contracts as cereal companies lined up to put his face on packages after a gold medal; or Boris, whose beloved granny would get a .22 slug in the back of the head if her grandson didn't win? As you might expect, the medal count was usually 50-50; all we ended up with was arguments, dead Russian

grannies, and a whole shitload of idiots on my cereal box.

The funniest part of the Games, of course, is the pseudo-sports; the rhythmic gymnastics, ballroom dancing, synchronized swimming, etc. A buddy of mine thinks that the Olympic committee adds a new bogus sport every year, just to give hacks like me something to bitch about, thus causing more columns to be written about the Olympics, increasing the mind-share of the Games in everyone who reads this. Mind you, this is the same friend who keeps a throwing knife duct-taped to his ribs "just in case it all goes to shit"; I think we can write him off as being a bit paranoid if we want to. Still, I think it makes more sense for new sports to be based on skills that are applicable to the real world. Accuracy shooting, for example, isn't really new to the Games but definitely meets my definition of a "useful" sport, unlike rhythmic gymnastics, which essentially boils down to twelve-year-olds twirling a pretty ribbon around as they writhe and gimbol on a mat. That might be a useful skill in the porn industry, but I don't see the applications in the rest of society.

What sort of new sports do we need for the new world? Competitive beer drinking, for example, would test the chemical stamina of athletes, definitely important in today's polluted world. Like running, there could be speed beer-drinking events and endurance beer-drinking events. Instead of idolizing the unnaturally sculpted muscles of a weightlifter, we would come to respect the prowess symbolized by a majestic beer belly. As for drug testing - well, providing urine samples would never be a problem at one of these events. Best of all, "training" would take on a whole new meaning. "Going for the Gold" would be a popular campus weekend activity. See you at the Games.

# Rez Dispenser

## Rollin' on the River



Bree Baxter

## Brionic Woman

Issue two of anything always sucks. The first issue is full of wide-eyed exuberance, in pure anticipation of all kinds of wonderful things to come. Then the weeks between issues pass, and the editor becomes increasingly disillusioned. Welcome to my life. Although, I grudgingly must admit that this issue is great, thanks to the wonderful contributions of many writers, some new and some old. We even have returning hacks! It's gratifying to see words upon words in a paper that aren't written by me. To all of you, god bless. If you're not christian, as I am not, then I may go to hell for that blessing, but as it's already been determined that I've broken 9 of the commandments (defined strictly by vegans), I've got a seat reserved three steps up from Judas Iscariot.

## Harry Potter

What's the big deal with Harry Potter? Is Harry Potter going to convert our children to paganism and against the Lord? First off, I read those Narnia books when I was a lass, and I never seriously searched the house's wardrobes and closets looking for Aslan. I watched Peter Pan and never leaped off the roof to fly to Never-Neverland (although I know a few kids in first year who did it last

semester). I ate apples after I read Snow White. We jumped around on the playground apparatus during recess trying to smite each other with imaginary He-Man swords (I got to play Teela and She-Ra varyingly because I was the only girl who would put up with the boy's crap when I was 6) but never buried the kid playing Skelator under a hail of rocks. Why? Because of a tiny thing called imagination. Kids have it. It's inspired by the fiction kids are exposed to. And if anything will get the kids of today away from their mindless tv viewing and internet hunts for porn, all the better.

Why yes, I have read the Harry Potter books. And I want an owl.

mYk

Bastard stole my editorial style.

## Move da Room

Sus is moving. Yeah, you may have heard about it already, in place X or from person Y, but it's becoming more real. For your continued enjoyment of the SUS experience, there is a map detailing the path to the new SUS on page seven of this same issue. An actual date isn't quite set, but we have a vague week noted so look for even more signs and stuff. Fret not, for *the 432* will continue to produce for you on its regularly scheduled schedule. Maybe a day later than normal for issue 3, because when I was making up the schedule I missed the fact that we can't drop the paper off

on Oktober 9th because it's a holiday Monday, so I suspect it will come out on Thursday of that week. Keep your eyes peeled.

Please don't take me literally.

## Help Us

Please come into SUS and help us. We love you. Volunteering is so rewarding to all involved. You get a chance to help out your student organization doing stuff you love (sports? social? sweet!) and we don't have to do it all ourselves. If you're really cool, we'll let you play with Dan. We accept all takers, no matter your faculty, age, gender or gpa.

## Insects

Insects really should rule the earth. Those exoskeletons of theirs enable them to do almost anything, and their diffuse nervous system allows for far faster movement than a corresponding internal skeleton being.

But gravity foiled their nefarious plans. To have a large enough body size to seriously wipe out mammals as the dominant genus on earth, their body size would have to be fairly large. Gravity will not allow that because the sheer mass of the cuticle would crush the insect.

But enough about me. Enjoy the issue.

**Best irony in a name: The Spirit of Christmas on Bute Street. Nothing signifies the true spirit of Christmas like a commercial outlet open year-round.**

**-Georgia Straight, Best of 2000**

**Hey, are you sick of paying \$1.45 for eight measly ounces of coffee goodness? You're in luck! SUS is once again having it's cheap cheap coffee! 50¢ will net you a cup of coffee. You bring the cup, you pay the money, and everyone is happy.**

**Starting Wednesday, September 27th at 8:30 am in SUS. That morning and every morning!**

*(please bring quarters, we like quarters)*

*(all proceeds to charity)*

# Kat's Article of Frosh Fun

**Kat Scotton**

**Holy Frosh, Batman!**

I, too, was a bright-eyed frosh last year, just like the ones this year. The exception was that I was in a sheltered program called "Science One". Unfortunately, I failed, and am now redoing first year in real sciences. This gives me a chance to witness hundreds of frosh attending huge lectures in places like Chem B150 and Hebb Theatre. Now, the majority of these frosh are science majors, as you can tell. Especially the med school keeners. You can tell the keeners because they are the ones who come barging in the room as soon as the first person leaves from the previous class. They fight their way to the front, against the flow of traffic leaving the hot and

sweaty lecture hall. The keeners, once at their desired row, then push their way through more people to get to their desired seat, whether or not it is still occupied by someone from the previous class or not.

Before the class starts, the keeners start setting up. Out come 4 different coloured pens, highlighters, notebooks, white-out in those funky iMac-esque rolls and other essential keener gear. Once class has started, the pens start flowing. Every word or bodily function that comes out of the prof is noted. Key words are written in one colour, definitions and formulas in another. If you missed something the prof said and try to glance at a keener's notebook, be prepared for a sharp glance and an arm frantically covering their notebook. (This is because you are potential med-school competition and there is no way you are going to beat them in by 0.0001% 4 years after they

share a key term with you.) Trust me, it happens. Science One is a breeding ground for med-school hopefuls, and they do not share answers. Not that there is anything wrong with med-school hopefuls, or Science One, it's just that they know the statistics. The competition's fierce, and for whatever reason, each one is determined that they are going to be a doctor.

Another thing bright-eyed frosh are not used to is walking on campus. I biked around campus during the summer when the campus was dead. (I worked for housing, so trust me when I say this, don't use the blankets!) I biked last year and it was crazy. Once again, the campus is alive and there is a whole new crop of people to avoid. I swear, the majority of UBC students never learned how to cross the street. People randomly turn and walk off the sidewalks. I don't understand it. I used to bike

down East Mall last year, but now I take Main Mall. Along East Mall, people on the sidewalk will follow a straight path and then suddenly turn and walk off the sidewalk right in front of you. Now, if you have ever ridden a bike in the rain, you know that if you want to stop, you're just going to have to wait until you slow down. Welcome to Vancouver, it rains all the time! Stop falling off the sidewalk! There are a lot of students who use bikes on campus, as you will observe by looking at the bike lock stations on a dry day. Dammit, watch for bikes when you're walking to class! Walk in a straight line. Walk on sidewalks.

So the lesson for the day is, calm down, you aren't going to get into med-school. Face it now and enjoy the next 4-6 years of your undergrad life, and watch where you're walking.

Out of paper? Need to take some notes? Use this!

**Artichokes should not be eaten with butter, no matter what they tell you at etiquette school. Artichokes should be seasoned, steamed, and served to vegetarians. Then you eat the vegetarians.**

-Winston Churchill

## Relax!

## Don't Do It!

**Miyako Hewett**

goes to Hollywood

**W**anted: Motivation. Hours flexible. Low pay. Smiles are free. Serving billions.

Three weeks of school have passed, and I am apathetic as hell. Take now, for instance. I should be working on one of two term papers, or my term collection, or any of the miscellaneous work ahead of me. Forget the readings, maybe I'll do it before midterms. But instead I am writing this article.

So for all you out there that can relate, what can be done about this? Well, you can force yourself, with a great amount of coffee and self criticism. But chances are, this is not going to work. Trust me, I have already tried. In the first term of first year, I stressed and I forced. In second term, I mellowed. The results? Better grades. My advice to you: don't do work if you really don't feel like it, unless it is due the next day.

Problem: Still apathetic? Yup. After all, I am still sitting here, vegging in front of the computer screen. And you are still reading this article. So, here is my list of pseudo-motivations to get your shit done. By the way, I am still am looking for the right motivation.

1. When in doubt, sleep. Chances are your lack of motivation is due to the fact that you are wandering around the hallways like a decapitated zombie. It really is hard to give a shit when your body has abandoned all non-essential functions.

2. Eat. Preferable healthy. You body doesn't function so great on grease, nor on pure sugar. If you find yourself farting periodically, chances are it is time to change your diet. Frequent gas release can not be good, nor does it smell great either.

3. Exercise. No time for that morning jog? Hate gyms? Not motivation to exercise? Well, there is always sexercise. I heard that the average bout burns as many calories as a 20 minute jog. At least it will get your blood flowing.

This takes care of your health. By now, you may have found your motivation. But maybe, it is still a tiny ball, locked away in one tiny brain cell, sobbing. Why, oh why, can't I get

out ?!

4. Cuddling. That cute boy in your chem class would be a good candidate. Or for all of you lucky people with a S.O ( take the abbreviation to be anyway you want), that'll work do. Not only does it boost your ego, it feel good. If you hate touching people, there the soft, cushy, big eyed teddy bear.

5. Do crack. Mmmmm.....crack.

6. Think of failure. Are you going to fail the course if you do not do this? If you care at all, even a bit, this will serve as a kick in the ass to get going. This sometimes works on a lesser degree with grades. How many marks will you lose if the assignment is not going to get done.

7. Bums and losers: do you really want to end up like them? Nuff said.

8. Send cryptic e-mails to your self in the dark hours of the night, threatening to push you down the stairs and bash your head on the wall, when you are least expecting it. That is, if you do not get your shit down. Remember, our subconscious can be a powerful tool. Remember: alien hand.

Hey, the list can go on. You get the idea. But among all things, Get involved. I know you have heard this plenty before, but it's true. The more you enjoy University, the more you may feel motivated to stay in it. Yeah, that's my problem. Epiphany! Well, there are a bunch of people getting ready to go beer gardening. I think I'll go with them, after all being social may give me back some motivation.

"Careful, I'll kick you in the groin and you'll become impotent" says a fellow male hack to another male. Uh maybe, I don't want to go the beer garden after all. "Eat the monkey" sings another hack.

See what University does to you. Isn't it great?

( No sperm were hurt in the production of this article. All monkeys were properly cooked to ensure death of *E.coli* and sexercise is a perfectly cromulent word...)

*And on that note, I hearby refute the advice Miyako gives in her first point. Sleep is bad.*

*Don't sleep unless absolutely necessary.*

*You'll thank me in the morning.*

-ed.

**The  
432.**

## Intellectual Property Management for the Information Age

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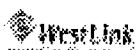
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# Ramblings version 5.4

mYk

still beta testing

## On School

Being a part time student is strange, i have this feeling of disconnection from reality. I'm at work two days a week, so i'm not really there. I'm at school the other two days of the week, taking one hard course and one easy course and trying to graduate. Wait... missing a day. See what i mean? The first couple of weeks at school and work were fine, because the novelty of not having to go to work every day, and the novelty of going to class and learning cool things from profs, but now, it's getting to me. I feel trapped between two lives. I feel i don't really belong at school or at work. I even have fridays off so that i can do homework and write 432 articles, as i'm doing right now. I'm sure i'll get back into the swing of things after these initial stressful weeks.

## On SUS

SUS is different this year. Maybe it's because they're taking away our office and we're moving into a different, smaller one. Maybe it's because there's a strange Kerry-Adam-Reka trio of intensity. Maybe it's because a lot of people graduated last year. Maybe all of this is exactly what we need.

## On Arts Courses

I love arts electives! They're so fun. I'm not trying to be patronizing, they're academic and

difficult, but the profs and the students have such an intense and unique love for their subjects. Maybe it's because i'm in computer science, at the opposite end of the spectrum, where 97% of the students hate the subject and are just there to get good jobs when they graduate. All that noise in classrooms does something to one's soul. Next term i'm taking all arts courses! All the stuff that i've always wanted to take, but I didn't because i was trying to get my compsci requirements out of the way (and good thing i did too, between super-crowded and canceled classes, i'd probably have to spend another year here taking the classes i need to graduate.) Film, English, Anthropology, Philosophy, Psychology. I laugh at people that use the phrase "when are you going to use that in a job?" These are the people that are going to have a university degree but can't string three sentences together coherently. These are the people that are going to wake up at 35 and realize that they're desperately clinging to pop culture because they don't know about anything else.

*(There is a reason that I'm taking more poli sci courses than biology. And it's not because of my preponderance for Law Skool.*

-ed)

## On CompSci

Here's a cool way to stir up some shit if you're a compsci student. It came to me in the shower this morning, like many other evil plans that don't become implemented. Many, many people cheat on compsci assignments, way more than any other department. There are a couple reasons for this, such as the fact that it's very easy to do, and the desire to get

high marks in courses to GeT a Go00t JoB upon graduation. Here's what you do: write a simple perl or shell script to go through all of the undergrad account home directories, located in something like /bown1, /bown2, etc and look for people that have opened up the permissions on their course assignment directories so that others can access them. These are the people that are likely to be cheating on assignments. Then, use awk or grep to get a list of account names, and feed those into finger. Now you have a list of the real names of cheaters. There will be about 100-200. Turn on fan. Throw shit. Post this list to ubc.cs.undergrad. Also On CompSci: rick thrust, you rule. Everyone else, stay tuned for some h-o-t compsci boy action.

## On The People Upstairs

You're very loud. You throw cigarette butts onto my sidewalk. I'm going to move out of this basement! hah!

## On The Summer

Seeing the Pro-"Life" club table at Clubs Daze in the SUB with their absurd life-size replica of a third-trimester foetus made me think of something i did this summer. I was in Ottawa outside the Parliament buildings, right after the tour. I saw a single middle-aged white male with a sandwich board with the usual pro-"Life" stuff about "Life" and abortion and babies. I gave him the finger. Right there on the front steps of the Canadian Parliament buildings. He gave me the finger back. It was funny, and then it was sad and pathetic. Two white males swearing at each other, each having strong opinions and trying to influence the law with regard to the position of women

in this country, in the place most symbolic of Canadian democracy. We're in the middle of the post-feminist Right-wing backlash, aren't we?

## On First Years

I met all of you on the first day of school. It was very very fun.

## On Concerts

I saw the Mighty Mighty Bosstones wednesday night at the Commodore.. It was amazingly amazing. I've been a fan ever since i saw them at like Lollapalooza '93 or '94 or something. <checks tshirt in back of closet> 1995. I thought it was earlier than that. Oh well. The new Commodore continues to be awesome. We didn't get the floor bouncing up and down but we did skank to the rhythm until we were exhausted. We were right up front near The Dancing Guy. I was glad they played a bunch of their old stuff, some really old stuff, and the good stuff from their new album. I love the Bosstones.

## On Linux

To appease Jeff Steinbok i must mention Linux and Microsoft in every article that i write for the 432. Linux is cool and it will get you laid. Microsoft is for the weak, the ignorant, and the stupid. For further rants on this topic see the 432 back issues from last year.

## On Coffee

Finished the article. I'm going to go get some.

i love you all.

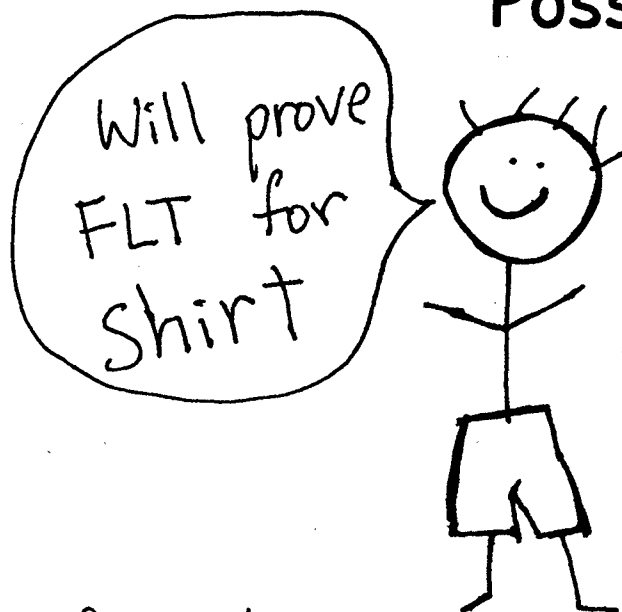
mYK

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Get it.

Possibly.



(your favourite prof →)

There's something missing here.  
 Come to the Math Club, Math Annex 1119, to find out how you might win a good lot of money.

## Dumb Assed Easy Contest #1

What issue of the 432 does this contest appear in?

(Yes, it's that easy. That's why we call it a dumb assed easy contest.)

The winner gets a mid-term caffeine pack, courtesy of those of us who have been there and done that.

e-mail the editor at [bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca](mailto:bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca) by Oktober 4th at 4:32pm to enter. Correct entries will be entered into a draw for the grand prize!

# Be Nice, or I Kill You!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**Corrie Baldwin**

Lost an electron

**A**right, this is my first article. Can you tell? Perhaps you can. Or maybe you are just thinking that I am a total pansy when it comes to writing articles. After all, I'm not bitter, and I'm not unmotivated so... you are totally aghast that I'm a student now aren't you? However, there is a point to this article. I am on a special journey. You see, I am feeling very blue about all the negativity on this campus. I'm not talking about the type where you bitch and complain about all the shit we take as undergrads. No, I'm talking about the negativity you are venting, if not at this very moment, not long before, certainly not shortly after you finish reading this article, about your fellow homo-sapien(s). So, shut your trap! Haven't you ever heard the famous saying: "people who live in glass houses, shouldn't throw stones?" Well, let me tell you, there is a whole lot of broken glass on this campus. And I'm not talking about any specific one of the many examples that have taken place on this peninsula in the past three weeks of school. It's everywhere. In class, in hallways, in social space, in meetings.....EVERYWHERE!!!!!!!!!!!!!! So my question is this: why are we all being soooooo mean to everyone.....even people we have had as friends????? Mean people suck. As that strange guy on Ally McBeal would say....."this troubles me." And I am not excluding myself from this one. I know I need to change my ways. I have been mean about plenty of people behind their

backs.....people I find annoying, selfish, mean, etc.....so I'm not preaching from a pedestal now. Fellow friends, colleagues, students!!!!!!!!!!!!.....lend me your ears! (I meant that metaphorically, I have my own you see.....)....**BE NICE! BE TOLERANT! SWALLOW YOUR PRIDE!** And basically, don't sweat the small stuff! After all, in a hundred years from now, no one will even know your little "cool people's club" ever existed! Is the fact that someone did something very inconvenient, really worth hurting their feelings, and spreading the word to all their friends? Is the fact that you don't understand a person, such as the weird guy in your class who keeps trying repeatedly to chat you up, real cause to torment him and embarrass him and make him feel like crap? My answer? No. And if that fact that you are unnecessarily hurting people, doesn't make you question your ethics and help that good fairy on your right shoulder win the argument with the devil on your right (presuming these dudes keep popping up now and then.....I really hope they do.....), then perhaps the thought that this attitude and behavior may be hurting you might, at the least, help you to make the effort to be a nicer person. I hope the latter isn't the only reason because that would make you very selfish in my eyes. Sorry. Ooops. That would count as being mean wouldn't it? Oh well....you understand my point. Please try to make the world (and our little campus) a better place. Give people the benefit of the doubt, take a deep breath, and relax. Your heart will thank you for it. Don't be a punk. :)

*God bless Corrie. She wrote this for me because I needed articles. What a nice girl.*  
-ed.

# Dead Pool V: Ding Dong, the Witch is Dead!



**The Reaper**

**Sister Soul**

**D**ead Pool update: Get your dead pools in! I think I neglected to mention that while we suggest that you get your dead pool in before Oktober 1st at 4:32pm, it isn't really necessary. You just can't name any

already-dead people.

That said, I was in the AUS office the other day and saw not one, not two but **THREE** completed dead pool forms that have not been sent in to me. Why not? Are you using them as decoration? If so, why not e-mail me at [deadpool\\_432@hotmail.com](mailto:deadpool_432@hotmail.com) with your list? That way, you can keep the pretty paper on your wall.

The draw for that t-shirt will still happen on September 28th at 4:32pm. Since I have so few entries, there is a good chance you'll get that prize. So enter today.

No one is dying in the news, at least no one very famous. Trudeau is still hanging in there, but maybe not for long. Why not have a list o' power? List prime ministers and presidents galore! Or an Olympic theme! Or a SUS theme! We've gotten quite a few of those so far this year. They may not get many prizes in way of points, but they are cool to look at.

Remember, if you murder someone, you don't get their points.

God bless, and don't fear the Reaper.

## Dead Pool V Entry Sheet

Your name: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Your e-mail address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Your phone number: \_\_\_\_\_

Your entries: \_\_\_\_\_



Drop off your form in SUS or e-mail to [deadpool\\_432@hotmail.com](mailto:deadpool_432@hotmail.com)

From the 432 archives:

Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffet, eating her curds and whey. Along came a spider and sat down beside her,  
 And frightened Miss Muffet away.

## First Year Committee

Are you in First Year Sciences?  
 You can still join the First Year Committee!

# FYC

Meetings are every Monday at 3:30pm in Chem B160. Drop by and see what we do!

E-mail [rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca](mailto:rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca) for more information

# Fulfill your Dream of Becoming a Physician

*Your Future is in Your Hands*

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.

## Los Angeles College of Chiropractic

- the *leader in scientifically-based and evidence-based approach* to patient care
- the **only chiropractic college accredited by the Western Association of Schools and Colleges (WASC)**
- a leader in **sports medicine** programs with emphasis in **sports injuries, nutrition, radiology, pediatrics and pain management**
- **state-of-the-art audio/visual and computer-assisted learning resources**

## College of Acupuncture and Oriental Medicine

### Curriculum abilities include:

- Effective Communication
- Reason-Based Use of Science and Evidence
- Patient-Centered Disease Management
- Illness Prevention and Wellness Focus
- Diagnostic Skills

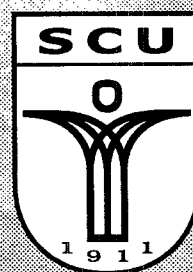
### Programs Offered:

- Acupuncture
- Traditional Oriental Medicine
- Western Sciences and Orthopedics
- Herbal Studies
- Ethics and Practice Management
- Clinical Training

***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



Los Angeles College of Chiropractic  
College of Acupuncture & Oriental Medicine

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Page of Porn: For all the Lonely Boys...

Porn and Chips: The Untold Story

Porn Music and Britney Spears

Matthew Laird

Surfing the 'Net

I feel like a groundhog, coming out of his hole to find the sun, rubbing his eyes and looking around at what has changed since he began his nap. Yes, I have finally reached the point where I leave this fine [sadtistic] institution and make my way into the world. The first order of business is finding a job, to replenish my now empty bank account and pay off those bill collectors who seem to find me no-matter how many times I change my number, address, or gender... I find myself scanning through the job postings, "Fry cook wanted," "Chicken plucker needed," "Corporate asswiper required," you know, the usual. Then one jumps out at me, and I say to myself, THIS IS IT! "Web application developer needed immediately!" My little comp-sci heart starts pounding as I read on, "good pay and benefits, flexible work hours..."

A week later, after I have long since forgotten about this job, I receive an email, and here is where my adventure began. You see, one very important detail was neglected from the job posting, the kind of thing that would have had every horny little 17 year old boy lined up around the block to apply for this job. The email read, "Applicants should note that [company name] is in the adult entertainment business and employees will be exposed to adult content." Now if that doesn't cause an instant erection, I don't know what does. Yes, I now had an interview with a pr0n company. I had a chance for every guy's dream, to be paid to look at pr0n! So did I accept the interview? What do you think!

The day came and I arrive, expecting to see what every teenage boy fantasizes the inside of the Playboy mansion to look

like, naked women walking everywhere, wet t-shirts, and crusty old men walking around in kimonos. Instead I find a dark, sterile conference room with 4 fat middle-aged guys around it. Yes, it's apparently obvious why these guys work here; it's the only chance they'll ever have to see a naked woman without forking over large sums of money.

To my surprise however, the leader of this company did not turn out to be the hairy-palmed fellow I was expecting, but an attractive young woman who obviously has learned to use her charms to manipulate those of us with three legs into doing her bidding. I had come expecting a good laugh at all this, but left actually considering accepting this position (and any other she asked me to assume).

Later that day I receive a phone call. They were offering me the position! Obviously I had some charms of my own. And had it not been for the insultingly low salary, I might now have an endless supply of pr0n. Yes, a pr0n company that is bilking saps for thousands of dollars a day in an attempt to get them some satisfaction didn't know how to pay their employees. I suppose they hoped that the thought of being surrounded by pr0n all day would be payment enough, hell, I'm sure there are guys out there who would do the job for free....

Speaking of jobs people would do for free, wait until I tell you about my friend's job! But that's a story for another time...

While I know that half of my reading audience is female, and this article isn't exactly aimed at your areas of interest, I decided to throw the guys a bone and let them switch off the brains for a few minutes.

You're done now. Back to work. -ed.

David Swanton

Swallowing Goldfish

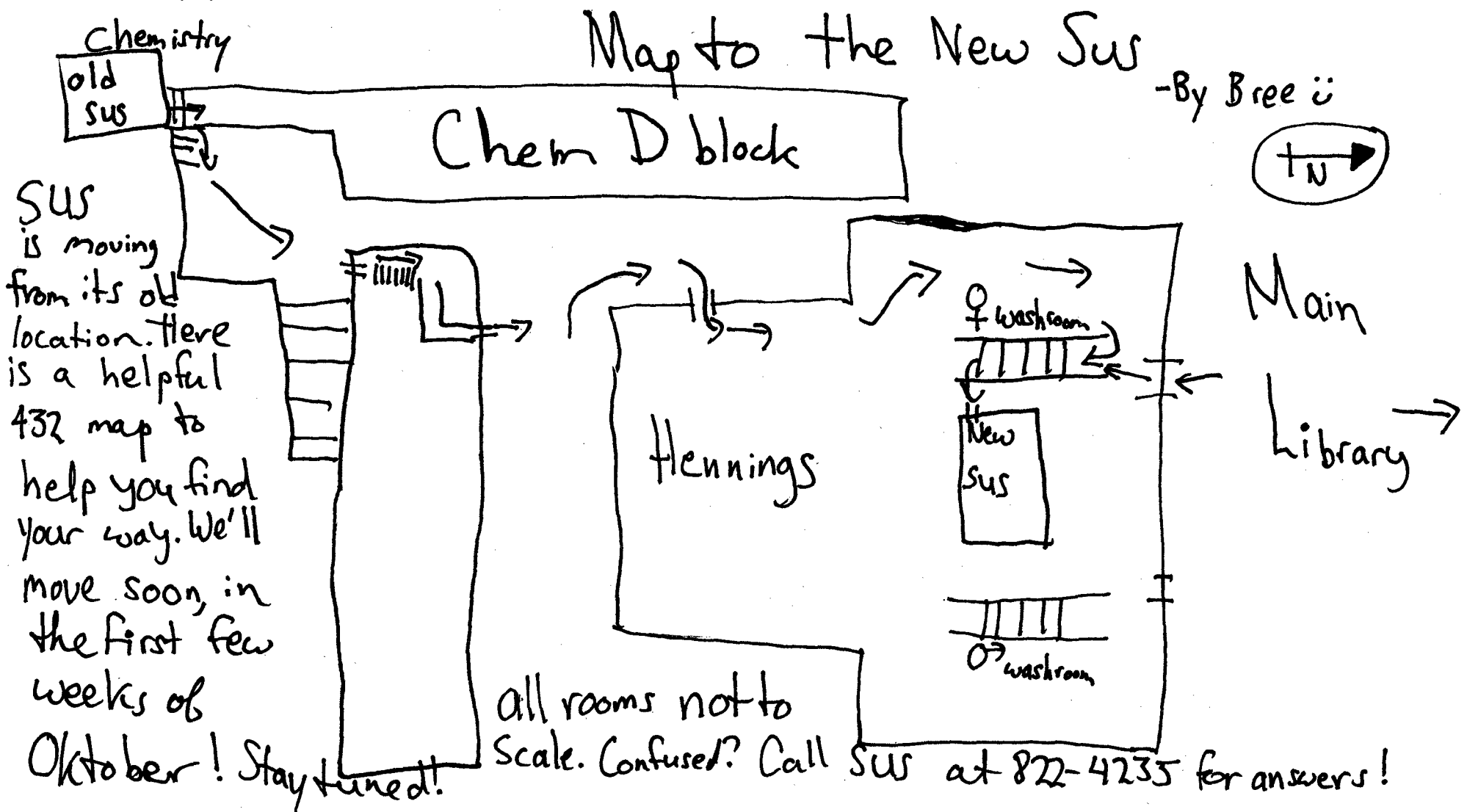
Pop music as we know it is dying. Before you all start jumping up and down and yelling "yea!! No more crappy pre-fab, choreographed, teenybopper music", just wait until I tell you what's next.

Did any of you watch the MTV video awards? Probably more of you than will admit to it. If you watched, then you probably saw Titany Spears do her lip-synched strip show. Let me tell you boys and girls, that's the future of popular music. Porn. But it won't be like the porn of today (and don't pretend that you've never watched it)... The background music won't be as good. Mark my words, the next S-Club 7 video will be an orgy scene. Think about it, to keep the audiences, those talentless lumps of silicon and bad dancing that pass for pop stars have to keep doing more and more. Christina Aguilera (how the hell do you spell that??) will have to do something to top Titany at the next big awards show. MTV will slowly become a porno channel. It's inevitable. Who's going to stop it? The record producers? They're nothing but pimps without the people skills. Soon, they'll realize that in order to combat the fact the all the real music the world will soon be gotten off Napster, iMesh, etc, they have to do something new. Porn Music will make them tons of money so they'll push with all their might. (no pun intended... get your mind out of the gutter) The Pop/porn stars won't do anything. They've already sold their bodies and souls to popularity. The few almost-artists that are popular? Metallica sold out so long ago that I doubt they can remember what principles are. The Chili Peppers are usually half-naked themselves. Pearl Jam doesn't get invited to those kinds of things anymore. Somehow, I doubt Eminem is going to have any complaints about more naked women in his videos. Of course there will be parents groups and religious right fanatics who complain about the degradation of morals and all that, but they never have any real effect. All they do is let the kids know where the best smut is to be found.

Now that I've convinced you beyond a shadow of a doubt that Ms. Spears will be a porn star within the year (within a year? -ed), I must ask the question, what does all this mean? Survivor, Who want to Marry a sort-of Millionaire, Big Brother, Porn music... are these all heralds of the cultural apocalypse? My Magic 8-ball of the future tells me "all signs point to yes". I for one welcome the coming fire-storm. The old culture was starting to get boring anyway. So, as long as the new order doesn't close Koerner's and the Gallery, then I say Viva La Revolution!!!

I love this article because David talks about pimps without people skills. I think they were a band back in the 80's. -ed.

Hey you! Are you any good at filling these random awkward spaces? The 432. Write for the 432







# Road Rage: A Primer



**Ben Warrington**

**Road Runner**

A little known fact, the car horn was originally developed as a safety feature. Somewhat similar to the bell on a bicycle, it was designed for the purpose of warning other drivers when you are overtaking them, not to mention for generally scaring the crap out of their horses. It is a testament to human ingenuity in this world where cars have completely replaced the horse drawn wagons that this device has been converted to the invaluable purpose of saying a big "Fuck you!" to other drivers. It is also a testament to human greatness that we have come up with so many more places to use this particular phrase. It seems, also, to be widely believed that honking one's horn can somehow magically dissipate traffic jams. On at least one occasion, I have witnessed an individual leaning on their horn, apparently trying to combine both uses into a "Get the fuck out of my way, you twice goddamned piece of donkey humping horse-shit!" This capability is rather less well documented.

Despite the tone of the preceding paragraph, I am usually much less prone to road rage when I am driving than when I am a pedestrian. In the car I may grumble a little at all the idiots, but I give them plenty of room. If they are going to roll their car (and I sincerely hope they do), I would much prefer that they went careening into the ditch than into the side of my car. At least one incident comes to mind. I

was driving in downtown Edmonton, and I was making a left turn. There was plenty of traffic, but it thinned out about the same time the light turned yellow, perfect timing in other words. But wait, a fire truck with lights flashing and siren blaring was coming the other way down the street, so I waited. The fool waiting to turn left behind me, however, honked his horn at me, and waited about 1.5 seconds before pulling out around me. He turned, cutting off not only me, but also the fire truck. Of course, since we were both going the same way, we wound up side by side at the next light after the fire truck had gone by. I looked over at him and he was saying something to me. I decided to leave my windows rolled up. I really didn't want to know what he was saying. He did not look terribly irate and probably would have stayed cool, but if I had rolled down the window, I would have raged on him. How do explain to the insurance company, anyway, that you were side swiped by a fire truck on its way to a call?

When walking, on the other hand, the amount of collateral damage that I can cause is limited, so my rage is mitigated only by the fact that the people I am mouthing off are in control of a tonne of metal that can travel ten times as fast as I can and can keep the speed up for somewhat longer than me. In other words, they can crush me. I still consider myself safer when walking, though, because generally the drivers cannot hear what I am saying to them. I did however manage to illicit a finger from a driver at least once when I pantomimed that I was a pedestrian in a crosswalk and thus had the right-of-way. Maybe as

a pedestrian, I should carry around an air horn of the annoying type usually found at ball games. I would then be able to communicate more effectively with the drivers that almost hit me when I am crossing the street. It would also come in handy if someone were walking too slowly in front of me. Hold that sucker up to someone's ear and give it a short toot. It would then be easy to get by when the other pedestrian was collapsed on the ground, hand clasped over his ear, blood leaking out between his fingers.

Another little known fact is that the shoulder of the highway is not a turning lane. In fact it is illegal to pull over on the shoulder of the highway except in an emergency. Also, if someone is pulled over on the shoulder, it is illegal to pass them without giving them a full lane, so it really shouldn't make any difference. There are some pragmatic reasons for doing these things however, so I am not going to get too upset about it. There was one time, however, when I was turning off of the highway at a point just before a hill. Someone was riding my bumper fairly closely, obviously wanting to pass. I felt bad about holding him up, but there was no way I was pulling over to let him by as was perfectly my right. Like I said, it is not that I care about the law so much, but if he were beside me when another vehicle came over the hill in the wrong lane (a pretty good possibility in rural Alberta), odds are high that I would have been involved in the collision. I was watching out for my own ass. Besides, if he really needed by, he could have whipped by on the solid line -- illegal, it's true, but fairly safe as I was slowed up for the

corner. Anyway, the moral of the story is that I finally turned the corner, and I looked in my rearview mirror. The woman in the passenger's seat looked like I had just offended her mother in the worst possible way. She was absolutely raging at me. Of course, I am not sure what see was trying to accomplish other than the raising the entropy in the cab of her truck as both her and my windows were rolled up. Did she really think I could hear her, let alone that I cared. Maybe car manufacturers should include passenger side horns in their cars, so that angry spouses can say, "Fuck you," to other drivers too.

Anyway, it is time to stop discussing symptoms, and get to the real root of the problem: The world is full of idiots. I keep trying to convince myself that this is not entirely true, but just when I gain some level of confidence in the general intelligence of the species something happens to tear it down again. Take for instance the woman at the superstore who was pushing her cart towards the exit. There were three doors. Two were automatic, one was not. The sensors on the automatic doors were not the tiny discreet ones that might be easily missed. They were honking huge black boxes as wide as the door and at least 3 or 4 inches high and deep. In place of the sensor on the third door, there was a gaping empty space, so towards which door did the woman push her cart? The manual one. The woman's companion, being somewhat more intelligent, stopped her.

"Not that door," she said. "It never works. I don't know why."

## WANTED

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### THREE TERRIFIC TEACHERS

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Have you been motivated and challenged in this course or that lab?

Have you been encouraged to think for yourself?

Has learning been a treat?

Nominate your most inspiring instructor;

All it takes is a letter by Oct. 20th!

REWARD OFFERED!

The Faculty of Science will award three Killam Teaching Prizes for 2000-2001 to acknowledge outstanding contributions made in teaching in the Faculty of Science and to promote a greater appreciation of teaching in the Faculty of Science.

Deadline for nominations

Friday, October 20th, 2000 for nominees teaching First Term

Friday, January 26th, 2001 for nominees teaching Second Term

Nominations should be made in writing to:

Faculty of Science Killam Teaching Awards Committee, Dean of Science Office, Biological Sciences building, Room 1505

#### Criteria

Among the criteria taken into consideration will be the ability to motivate students and stimulate critical thinking, sustained teaching excellence and development of innovative approaches to teaching methodology and curricula.

#### Eligibility

UBC Science faculty members, including lecturers, sessional lecturers, and laboratory instructors, appointed on or before July 1, 2000 in any of the Faculty's departments are eligible to be nominated for the prizes. Each award carries a cash prize of \$5000.00!

#### Selection Process

The prizes will be awarded on recommendation of a committee of faculty and students appointed by the Dean of Science. Members of the committee will attend nominees' teaching sessions and interview nominees' students as well as review all supporting documentation.

Prizes will be announced and presented by the Dean of Science at Spring Congregation.

## Rez Dispenser

**Dan Anderson**

**Silverfish-man**

Ever lived in rez? [No.-Andy] If you have, then you know exactly what I'm going to talk about. [I won't which makes this article completely and absolutely moot (Moot is another word for pointless, but it also means other things such as...Dan, could you hand me the dictionary?...That's not the dictionary, that's not even close!...The fucking dictionary cumwad!...I'm waiting, stop talking with Bree!...Thank you. Dump...partake...motor...monoxide...mon-eyed...wait, M-N-O Okay. Ah! Here we are! Moot, as an adjective, is to have no practical significance, but it also means open to question, or as a verb, means to bring up for discussion. I am so ready for the GRE.)-Andy] The drunken debauchery, the drugs and sex [Woohoo! - Andy], the guitar smashing... no, wait, that's rock and roll. Rez... oh, right! Rez, that place where vacuums are as scarce as good music, where no-one has a stereo with volume settings that go below 80 decibels, where memory lapses are a good thing because you don't need to remember how stupid you were (or are), where they put spices in the food for the same reason that spices were used two thousand years ago. (To mask the taste of meat gone bad, for those of you who aren't in the know.)

As an aside, anyone near Vanier last weekend would have noticed people wobbling around in white shirts with scribbles all over them. Anyone near Gage would have noticed people stumbling around wearing just bedsheets (and I mean just bedsheets). It's the fault of the aliens, right? Note that they weren't wearing straightjackets. Maybe they should have been, but... As we all know, rez rats on Friday nights are the hair on the mole on the butt of the titan that holds up the world.

Talking about rez can only really consist of talking about alcohol (or various substitutes), sex [Woohoo! - Andy] (or lack thereof), food (kinda), and living conditions (if you can call them that). Back to the start, to alcohol, then?

Well, let's see... what do I remember... (fine, so that's a stupid question. So what?) Well, there was Graffiti night (drunken scribbling on shirts in Vanier, see above). That was a blast. At about 9:30 pm I was curled up in the payphone alcove on the hallway of my floor, shirtless, not quite able to pass out (thought I really, really wanted to) with a sign somebody handwrote saying "Exhibit A: Drunk Fuck" taped to the wall above me. Then I went to graffiti night. Alcohol? Nooooo. Not, in rez. Couldn't be. You know, perhaps I should stop ranting about Rez. I mean, I love it, it's a heluva lot of fun, but when your eggs taste like rotten potatoes, and the potatoes taste like spicy rotten eggs, it can be hard to not get food poisoning complain.

Fine, so I won't stop ranting about rez. After all, there's still living conditions and sex [Woohoo! - Andy] to talk about, right? On the subject of both of the above, I know they've got budget problems, but couldn't they fix those squeaky beds with the rusty springs sticking out? It's bad enough to wake up your roommate (I hear, that is) but to have little red scabs on you the next day... "hey, sweet stuff, you said you were clean, right? RIGHT?" It's a good thing they brought in this extended health plan, because paying for tetanus shots would get expensive. Besides which, given the choice between paying \$25 for the shot on the off chance that you'd catch something that isn't even normally fatal, or paying \$25 towards vodka for Tuesday, most rez rats wouldn't think twice.

See you Tuesday!

This article contains

60% Article

40% Editorial Rant written two hours before press time.

(Of which 90% Andy venting

5% Andy not venting

5% Dan venting or not venting)

Article contains 69% of your recommended daily filling rant requirement.

The Surgeon General recommends that Dan write longer articles, or suffer chronic pain.

# Run in the SUS Council Elections!

## Positions Available:

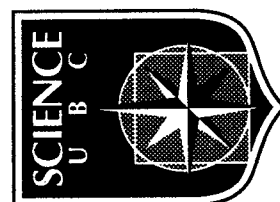
- General Officer (4)
- First Year Rep (2)
- Coordinated Science Rep
- Science One Rep
- Biochemistry Rep
- Biology Rep
- Comp Sci Rep
- General Sciences Rep
- Geography Rep
- Geology and EOS Rep
- Geophysics and Astronomy Rep
- Integrated Sciences Rep
- Math and Statistics Rep
- Microbi and Immunology Rep
- Pharmacology and Physiology Rep
- Physics Rep
- Psychology Rep

**You are responsible for the personal promotion of all Science Events, to liase with the appropriate people in your department, year or program in order to adequately represent the students indicated by the title of your position, to sit on one (but usually two) committees appointed through SUS council, to attend SUS meetings and events, and to post and maintain regular office hours.**

**You must be in the year, program or major indicated by the title of your position (except for the General Officer positions with are open to all undergraduate Science students). You must be available every Thursday at 1:30pm to attend weekly SUS Council meetings**

**Stay tuned for Science Election Voting Days October 11-13.**

NOMINATION FORM FOR THE  
SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY



### 2000 Science Council Year and Department Rep Elections

Name of Candidate: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Year: \_\_\_\_\_ Department: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Email Address: \_\_\_\_\_ Student #: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

I am aware of my nomination and am willing to run of the position of: \_\_\_\_\_

DATE: \_\_\_\_\_ SIGNED: \_\_\_\_\_

We, the undersigned, 15 *bona-fide* members of the Science Undergraduate Society, nominate the above for the position of \_\_\_\_\_

	NAME (PRINT)	SIGNATURE	STD.#
1			
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Deadline for nominations is Friday, September 29 @ 4:32 pm in Chem B160.  
 A mandatory-attendance all-candidates meeting will be held September 29 @ 4:32 in Chem B160.  
 If you cannot attend (must be valid reason) you MUST make PRIOR arrangements with Reka Sztopa.  
 Questions? Contact Reka Sztopa at [rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca](mailto:rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca).

# Page o' Repression

This week in the 432, a friendly reminder that sports are cool; your President is from Ontario; the Senator ran his Palpatinesque ass off; Science Week is still coming; the Secretary loves to barbeque; FYC stands for First Year Committee, and there is absolutely nothing you can do about it. Run for your lives, kiddies!

## Senate

Timothy Chan

Aw, man! another one:)? Um, I've really got nothing to report. Senate met once or twice, and I represented all Science Students to the utmost of my abilities, at perilous risk to life and limb. I did the Terry

Fox run. It wasn't that bad. Come out and donate blood in the fall. Math is fun. Jag is on crack.

*It's actually worse than I thought. The execs are running for fun, not because they are being chased by campus cowboys or 'geers.* -ed.

timchan@interchange.ubc.ca

## External Vice-Prez

Ajay Puri

Hey there boys and girls, Ajay the silly-billy here. First I would like to thank Bree (DoPub) for the wonderful write up for me last issue =). Okay, school has now just got underway and it's time to do some serious work.

Science Week — January 22 - 26 — is one of my major projects as being VP Ex so you better watch out for that. Now if you would like to help in organizing the week - We would totally love you!!! Email me at

apuri112@yahoo.com ASAP and we can work from there. There will be a Science Week Committee set up soon so look out for that as well. In case you are wondering what happens during Science Week all you need to know is that it will KICK ASS! We will be having Science clubs will set up booths/displays to show off what they do; Cold Fusion - our annual concert (a reason to get buzzed); and Gamesday - an event where science challenges all other faculties and groups to some friendly challenges (another reason to get buzzed)

Alright that's all for me, until next time the sillybilly signing out!

apuri112@yahoo.com

## Internal Vice-Prez

Reka Sztopa

Well, I can safely say that the past two weeks have been way too busy for one human to handle, but here I am, still alive and typing no less.

Meet the Dean at Imagine UBC was great, as was the pep rally. We bought long blue balloons for everyone to shake around, but alas, no one could blow them up. Next year: Air pumps.

The First Year BBQ was the biggest success it has ever been. Over 500 first years ate yummy burgers and drank yummy free pop.

Another huge success was First Year Committee (FYC), with a group of over 20 people at the moment and still growing.

If you are in first year, you can still join FYC. Come to our meetings which will be at 3:30pm every Monday in SUS Chem B160. Or you can get involved in the Science Undergrad Society by running in elections.

Election nomination forms are available now in Chem B160 or in this issue of the 432. Make sure you hand all nomination forms in by 4:32pm on September 29th in Chem B160. This means that everyone should stay tuned for SCIENCE ELECTIONS coming soon.

That's all for now. Have a great two weeks.

rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca

## Sports

Sara Stamm

Well, if you were slow, you missed out! The last day for league registrations was Friday. Sorry if you didn't get a team in. Those of you who did, however, will be able to get a 60% rebate from me.

There are still tournaments and fun one-time

events to register for now, in particular Inner-Tube Water Polo! That is a fun time to be had by all and I would seriously recommend it.

Look for registration forms outside SUS or at the SRC. Come out and play for Science.

If you have any questions about anything, just email me. I am here for you (sometimes)

PS: IF you feel like being on the Sports Committee, email me 'bout that too.

sastamm@interchange.ubc.ca

## President

Keri Gammon

Week three, down already. I've gone through all the stages - "Wow! I LOVE my classes! It's great to be back!" to "Damn, it's tough to get back into the whole schoolwork thing after four months off" to "WHY AM I HERE?" to "I'm ready to drop out, move back to Ontario and become a bar slut". And I'm just kidding about that last one, before the rumours get started. It is actually pretty great to be back at school, seeing friendly faces, the familiar and the new, and feeling that SCIENCE SPIRIT!

My role as President is basically to keep the other execs in line, lay the smack down when things get wacky, work on most things external to the society, and be the "official spokesperson". I just love that last part. There isn't much to report from the last couple of weeks, so I'll just remind you that Department Rep elections are coming up, and we'd love to see some new faces among the candidates! At the very least, make sure to cast your vote. And importantly - the SUS lounge is moving to make way for a new laboratory, so come out and visit us in our temporary location - Hennings 102. See you around!

kagammon@interchange.ubc.ca

## Secretary

Sherry Yang

Hey hey everyone! It was awesome to see so many of you out for the first year bbq! Aside from pleasantly stinking of burnt meat afterwards - I quite enjoyed it.

In more exciting news - SUS is finally mov-

ing. Look to find us in Hennings 102 at the beginning of October. Hope you all had a thrilling first few weeks back at school - even if it was a bit of a shock to the system to be back! And a quick note for those of you who are interested in coming out to a SUS council meeting - if you have any questions, feel free to email me or come talk to me! I'm more than willing to give a detailed description of our meetings; after all, I do take the minutes.

sherryyang@yahoo.com

## Social Coordinator

Katharine Scotton

At here, just to remind you all to come out to our concert on Friday, Oktober 6th at 8:00pm (doors at 7:30pm) featuring speedbump and 3Fly. Non-alcoholic drinks will be available, and for all of our

wonderful designated drivers, the coffee and pop is free! Bring your friends and have rawkin' good times with speedbump and 3Fly.

Also, I need people to join my social committee, so if you are interested in helping out, drop me a line.

kscotton@interchange.ubc.ca

## Publications

Breeonne Baxter

Nothing much has changed since my editorial on page two. Nope, not even that. Isn't it nice how crisp and clear autumn is in this part of town? The trees are so very pretty. For some reason, I want to put on a big sweater and picnic on a New England estate porch. Martha Stewart would be making pumpkin pies and we would be making arts and crafts from dried corn husks and pasta shapes. Then the turkey would come out of the oven and we'd eat Thanksgiving dinner until the light faded. Then we would light the Jack

O' Lanterns that the children had made and sing songs.

Then I realize that I have a group project due in a month, rent is due, I need to get a job, I'm moving on the 1st of November, AMS Council meets on the day this paper is due out, I'm out of meat and baking soda. Does this mean a trip to the local grocer's for sustenance?

This space is almost filled, to let me tell you how much fun it is to be alone in the Chem building late at night. It's so much fun. Especially when they turn off the lights upstairs.

Did you hear something?

I have to go make sure everything's ok.

Maybe I'll not wear these high heels.

## SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY OPEN HOUSE

WEDNESDAY,  
OCTOBER 4TH,  
8 AM TO 10AM

LOCATION: SUS



MEET YOUR SUS EXECUTIVE.  
COFFEE AND DONUGHTS.  
PROCEEDS TO CHARITY.

4 OKTOBER 2000

GIVE IT TO US, NOW!

ALL ARTICLES AND CARTOONS WELCOME. MUST MAKE THE EDITOR LAUGH AT LEAST THRICE, CONTAIN YOUR FULL CONTACT INFORMATION, AND BE LONGER THAN 700 WORDS.

WRITE ABOUT ANYTHING, INCLUDING THAT. WE'LL TAKE ANYTHING. JUST LOOK AT THIS ISSUE.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS MUST BE SUBMITTED BY 4:32 PM, WEDNESDAY, OKTOBER 4TH.

EMAIL TO  
BMONIQUE@INTERCHANGE.UBC.CA

NEXT DEADLINE

# A Very Olympic Christmas Special



**Andy Martin**

**Flipper Baby**

**H**ey Sports fans! This is Darren Ditishun. A special feeling is in the air this week. Why are we so excited? Why is everybody walking around with dreams of victory in their heads and illicit drugs in their blood? Why do my lips look extra freaky tonight? That's right, it's that time of every two years again, it's the Olympic games.

While the rest of the sports world concentrates on Sydney, Australia, I seem to have lost a bet and am here in Sidney, B.C., as athletes of a different variety gather to show the world exactly what they can accomplish. They may not be the fastest, the strongest, the fittest or the most attractive, and they definitely aren't the mental giants of the sports world. Yes folks, this is the Men's Olympics.

On the grounds of an abandoned military compound, the competitors will gather for the next 12 days of intense head-to-head-to-barfloor competition. The lack of media attention, corporate funding, and the reports of uranium contamination of the grounds and water supply has not deterred the athletes or the organizers, who still hope to turn a profit on these budding games.

Roughly five hundred athletes from around the globe have shown up. The opening ceremonies last night were punctuated by an outstanding performance by Uncle Joe's Air Band and the subsequent, now infamous episode we are now told stemmed from someone spiking the Prime Minister's wine with a cocktail of LSD and Speed. I tell ya folks, Canadian-German trade will be sour for a while after this. But it's their fault, they made those kinds of movies, we just never thought the consequences would be so public.

The Discus, Hammer Throw, Shotput, Pentathlon, Ski Jump and Javelin events have been accreted into one 'Smash it Up Real Good' event, located at the Sidney Art Museum, where world famous artist Robert Bateman is hosting an exhibit of his latest works. The Olympic officials have reported that they still don't know how they're going to score this event, but they'll figure out something on Monday morning. Though they were recently heard yelling 'two points for baby beluga!'. Any way they score it, it makes for one hell of an entertaining Friday night

And that's what these games are really about. Forget the thrill of competition, the majestic feelings of training hard and doing your best. These games are about winning and making your opponent feel bad about it, while accomplishing things one normally couldn't under the common judicial system.

Women's groups have nothing to complain about with regards to segregation in the games, thanks to the Wrestling event. Women are fully involved, and are among the best contestants to step into the chocolate pudding arena. And yes, 'piledrivers', 'Rock Bottoms' and 'Wallses of Jericho' are allowed and encouraged.

*(Just as an aside: This is actually a return to the original style of Andy's writing. The blatant sexism is indeed supposed to be there, and I'm making the judgement that this kind of article can indeed have a place in this paper. If you wish to differ, please contact me, the editor, at bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca, or drop off any letters concerning Andy Martin, United States Fisherys Observer, in SUS or at the Dean's Office for SUS. Do not expect the Deanery to deal with complaints about the 432, as they and we are not connected when it comes to this paper. That said, we do love them over there. They make learning fun.*

*Back to the article. -ed.)*

At the Sidney LapDance-A-Go-Go, which is doubling as the Olympic village, we stop in on the bar games portion of the competition. The 'Pickup' event is in full swing. The young Canadian competitor, Johnny Hoover, who showed promise in the primaries, makes his first move towards the redhead in the corner, a sly grin hiding what must be an unbelievable amount of pressure. Let's listen...

"Hey baby, are those space pants?"

"I'm wearing a dress."

"Because that ass is out of this world."

...and NO! That Malibu and Coke in the face is gonna cost him style points. Undeterred, he turns to the short brunette on his right...

"You know, that dress is very becoming on you..."

...and NO! Despite these recent setbacks, Hoover has been doing rather well, due to the fact that most of the other competitors can't speak English.

Across the bar, Johnny's Canadian teammates are doing well in the Drinking Decathlon. The Canadians are ahead after eight events, but it will take a strong showing in the 'Moonshine' and 'Gasoline' portions of the competition to vanquish the Irish team, who traditionally do well in these events. They'll have to finish quickly, though, as the first round of the Football round robin is slated to start in just over an hour at the table behind them.

Down by the pool, the Tanzanian synchronized swimming team looks to be headed for the gold, thanks in great part to their pre-training in their home country to avoid the crocodiles. Another twist is the music selection restriction to a random Pantera, Judas Priest, or Fear Factory song, selected just before the competition by the judges, as they pelt the water with cow entrails. It seems that the Spaniards had no such luck in this event, and it appears that only one of them will be receiving their 9th place finish.

The Equestrian event, with its newly added flaming and surprise booby-trapped obstacles, will be keeping the Sidney Glue Factory in business for a while, while earning the pentathlon competitors a little pocket change for their trip. And looking at the current survival rate, the games may save some money in not having to distribute quite so many medals.

At the firing range, several athletes seem to be on the verge of boycotting the Olympics. Both the American Badminton and Ballroom Dancing teams are extremely agitated by the fact that, not only will they be sharing the field with each other's competition, but that they will also have to share the field with the Archery competition. Combined with the fact that they have been issued team uniforms that look remarkably similar to bull's eyes, these conditions may cause the spoilsports to walk out of the games.

As the sun sets on the Olympic flamethrower, another day of competition draws to a close. As it dips under the horizon, the twilight brings with it the promise of a night of boozing and panty raids. But by noon tomorrow, competition will heat up once more and another day of death, destruction, and gymnastics will await us here in Sidney, B.C. For TSN, this is Darren Ditishun. Goodnight.

*When you read this article, did you ever think that those pick-up lines were real? I've not seen them in action, but I have heard of their use. I think the reaction of both the people in the audience and those on the playing field was similar, and involved a kick to the groin.*

*I say we have the Hollywood Olympics. Set the athletes down in the middle of Disneyland After hours and let them try to get away from the mechanical mouses and dwarves and Caribbean pirates before sun-up.*

*What? Don't think it happens?*

*It could just happen to you.*

*-ed.*

## OKTOBERFEST

FRIDAY, OKTOBER 6TH

IN THE SUB BALLROOM

### 3FLY & Guests

**Only \$5 to get in!**  
**\$5 flat, then 25¢ a drink!**  
**That's right, 25¢ a drink!**

**Quick quiz, brainiac:**  
**\$10 gives you 20 whats?**

25¢

= 1



**Free pop and coffee for designated drivers!**