

The 432.

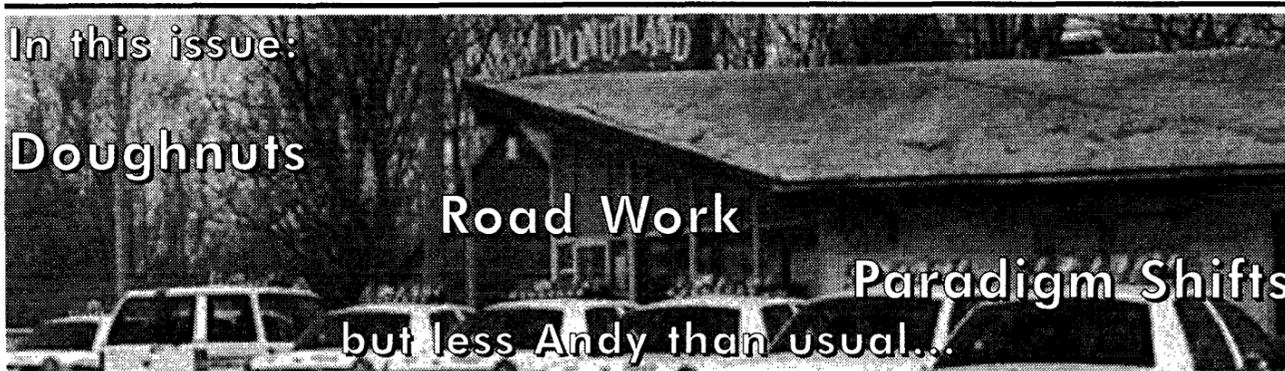
In this issue:

Doughnuts

Road Work

Paradigm Shifts

but less Andy than usual...



"I can picture in my mind a world without war, a world without hate. And I can picture us attacking that world because they would never expect it."

-Deep Thoughts, by Jack Handey

Geek Gene Discovered

Genetic Engineering Already Under Way

Vancouver - Reuters

An exciting press release was issued last week at the Center for Human Genome Studies in Vancouver, BC. While decoding the human genome, approximately 30,000 genes long, a single pattern was found repeatedly in over 7,400 volunteers. This sequence, twenty-five codons long, has now been dubbed the "geek gene."

Researcher, Dr. Jean Poole, first noticed the striking similarities between the volunteers possessing this sequence. "I noticed, while reviewing their biographies, that all persons possessing this gene had at least one university degree, and in approximately 60% of cases, a second upper level degree, such as a Masters or Doctoral degree," proclaimed Poole. Further statistical evidence backed up the idea, that this was indeed the "geek gene."

Before proceeding with this evidence, researcher Dr. Perry Dime clarified the meaning of this gene. "Persons possessing this gene are by no means anti-social or lacking in skin pigmentation, but rather they display a great keenness for a particular area, and in most cases have strong background in secondary areas. These people are highly educated and although seem to be less skilled on the athletic side, have well-rounded personalities." When the reporter asked what percentage of people in a bar would possess the "geek gene," the

answer was surprisingly high. According to Dr. Dime, in bars approximately 5 kilometers radius from educational and research institutions, up to 85% of persons may possess the geek gene. It should not be too shocking, as Dr. Dime pointed out, as every Friday and occasionally Wednesdays, his whole team would "piss off early" and go for drinks. Also, he notes that quite frequently good research ideas are conceived in bars that lead to advanced research and amazing discoveries.

After discovery of this "geek gene," many correlations were studied between various activities, fields of work and persons possessing the gene. It was found that there was a 89% correlation between persons possessing the gene and working in the areas of astrophysics, biochemistry, and Latin studies. Also, historical scientists, in such areas as paleo-biostratigraphy and planetary geophysics, as well as classical musicians had a 78% correlation. Alarming, only 43% of medical doctors in this study were found to possess the "geek gene," 87% of which were research doctors.

A second study, was aimed to draw correlations between activities of interest and

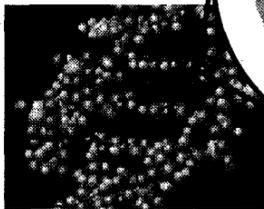
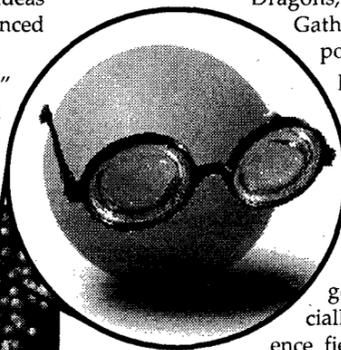
possession of the "geek gene." Many persons possessing the gene enjoyed such television shows such as Star Trek, Monty Python, and Friends, and enjoyed authors such as Tolkien, Asimov, Sagan, Niven, Pratchett, and Canadian authors, Guy Gavriel Kay, and Farley Mowat. It was also found that 65% of "geek genes" played role playing games such as Dungeons and Dragons, Magic the Gathering, and popular role-playing computer games such as EverQuest and Neverwinter Nights. Many "geek genes," especially those in Science fields, played a classical instrument such as piano, 58%, violin 33%, French horn, 41%, cello 15% and tuba 8%.

The "geek gene" has raised much debate in the scientific community. The largest question being posed is that of the nature versus nurture question. Is the "geek gene" purely genetic? Or are there environmental factors? Dr. Poole pointed out that there are many potential avenues of follow-up research in areas such as sociology. In a rapidly changing society, bombarded with

new technology and gadgets for the every day person, it has been remarked by many sociologists that Western culture is shifting towards a greater percentage of so-called geeks. If the gene is caused by environmental factors, it is speculated that younger generations would have a higher percentage of "geek genes." Poole and his colleagues hope to get more funding to do a comprehensive demographic study of persons possessing the gene.

Doctors Perry Dime and Jean Poole speculate a very busy year to come. Already, their team has received volunteer applications from over 1,200 people wishing to take part in further research on the "geek gene." However, they note that they would like to have more participation from people that do not consider themselves geeks, as the researchers do not wish to bias results in their effort to obtain a better understanding on the effects of the gene.

It has also been suggested that other "personality genes," may be out there. This discovery further widens the long standing argument of personalities being the result of genes versus the result of culture and environment. The emergence of other such "personality genes" may further shed light on this argument. The research team and the Center for Human Genome Studies will be opening up a trust fund to receive donations toward their "personality gene" research. Further details will be released in future press releases.



THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

<http://www.plif.com>



If you die and go to Heaven, thousands of people up there will be better than you at anything you try. Think your life down here is depressing? My friend, you have no idea.

New Bomb Reduces Unusable Footage

Washington - Reuters

According to Pentagon sources, the final testing stage for a new generation of high yield guided ordinance, or "smart bombs," has been completed and approved for deployment in the likelihood of war against the nation of Iraq.

During Operation Desert Storm, the previous US led attack against Iraq, a large portion of the dramatic TV footage received from guided bombs successfully destroying their targets were unusable due to the fact they displayed a large amount of potential "collateral damage" on the recorded images.

Commented one Pentagon spokesman who declined to be named, "Even though the footage itself usually did not show anyone being shred to pieces by flying debris or being incinerated on the spot, silhouettes of civilians in the blast area were still clearly visible before detonation. At the time, we could not trust our otherwise patriotic citizens to not make the connection and grow sentimental for the enemy. Our entire war effort depended on it."

As claimed by the same source, more than 60% of the footage recorded by the military

was rendered unusable for public viewing due to the weapons' inability to destroy their targets without exposing the presence of nearby civilians. What remained were recordings showing only the destruction of facilities in isolated areas, giving the average citizen back home a very limited view to the whole scope of the war.

To counter this potential media crisis, the US air force has already begun to outfit aircraft with the newly developed 5,000 pound laser guided bomb, dubbed "Flying Patriot." If this new generation of smart weapons performs to expectations, ground targets can now be destroyed by bombs detonating at altitudes too high for on-board cameras to reveal the presence of civilian bystanders. US citizens can then expect to see exciting footage of successful air strikes without the military lowering camera resolution to unsatisfactory, blurry levels. As an added advantage, any nearby Iraqi civilians will also be instantly vaporized by the bomb's increased load of explosives, instead of leaving behind horribly burned and mangled victims to be exploited by Saddam Hussein and his state controlled media for the sake of swaying public sentiments.

The 432.

VOLUME SIXTEEN
ISSUE TWO
17 SEPTEMBER 2002

Win

Benjamin Warrington
the432@hotmail.com

Place

Miyako Hewett

Show (Photo Finish)

Sameer Wahid
Frank Yang

Runners-Up

Albert Chen
Gill Gunson
Miyako Hewett
Graeme Kennedy
Jo Krack
Kristin Lyons
Andy Martin
Angelique Myles
Kevin Nottle
Kat Scotton
Annes Song
Ben Tippett
Benjamin Warrington
Dan Yokom
Eggy Yuh
Chris Zappavigna

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Legal Information

The 432 is published fortnightly from the pancreas of the Colonel Klinck Building. 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.

The editors of the 432 would like to encourage reader feedback. If you have something bad to say, disregard your mother and say it (if you have something good to say you may also say it)!

Contact us at: the432@hotmail.com

Editorial Rantings



Ben Warrington

Tired

Hotmail is Evil

Hotmail recently filed our Director of Sports's exec report [see page 7] in the junk mail folder. "Consolidate your debt," "Restore your bald head," and "Increase your penis size by 3-4 inches," get through, but "Exec Report" doesn't. I could write a better email filter. Anyway, if you send an email, make sure it has a descriptive subject line like, "432 submission," or "Death threat for the editor of the 432," to ensure that your mail gets read. This is especially important if you have a really whacky email address. If you have sent a message that you thought deserved a response, but you didn't get a response, send the message again because I deleted it as junk.

Secondly, Hotmail has been taking it's sweet ass time getting mail to me. A couple of submissions that were sent on time did not show up until Sunday morning. I can't exactly say, "No, your club ad doesn't get in because Hotmail decided to fuck you over." It is a real pain in the ass for me, though. I guess it is one more reason to get your submissions in on time because you never know when Hotmail will strike.

Hopefully, sometime this year, we will move beyond Hotmail and get new email services that will help with these problems. The drawback is that if you want service, you have to pay for it. Damn it all to hell.

and so on.

-Ben W.

Mandy's response:

thanks..lol

but i am already in nursing :)

the article was good cheers to those who wrote it and i think you should have to take nursing to get into med school :p but then again thats my opinion

thanks again

mandy

I like praise whether I deserve it or not.

Letter to the Editor

After last issue, I received the following email:

hi

really dumb question.. your newspaper isn't actually news is it?

Its more like a national enquirer type thing?

please respond back.

thanks

mandy

While I resented the comparison to the *National Enquirer*, I tried to reply as honestly as I could:

We aim for satirical comedy. You don't have to switch to nursing, though some of us think that it is a good idea.

As far as "real" news goes, we do have genuine reports from the Science Undergraduate Society under the title, "The Drawers of SUS," which usually appears on page seven. Advertisements are also genuine for the most part (it should be pretty obvious when they are not, such as the coupon for "slightly used grapes"). So, even if you are not into satire, it is worth picking up to find out what events are going on,

Jinx Horror-scope



Albert Chen

Byline

♈Aries

March 21 to April 20

You'll get xeroderma pigmentosum. Don't ask me why. Well, don't worry about it: it's just an extremely rare disease that affects less than 1% of the global population with absolutely no cure in sight, so stop fussing. The chance of people being hit by a bus is much higher than that. Heck, the chance of winning the lottery is even higher than that (1/54, to be specific), so I guess you are REALLY lucky.

♉Taurus

April 21 to May 21

It's time to focus on your priority. The stuff in your fridge is probably producing new stuff, so a thorough clean-up is necessary. Pick up all those coins, for you shall need it in the near future. Who knows, there are people who get \$50 by just picking up loose change, so keep on picking.

♊Gemini

May 22 to June 21

The stars were aligned to get you bad breath, but seeing how unpopular you are already, they shall leave your own skills to shine. Sorry, I am just telling you what I've read from my crystal ball. Don't blame it on the messenger.

♋Cancer

June 22 to July 22

You shall go to bed with a slimy green

monster, at least that's what you will think after a quantity of beer and vodka. Need I say more?

♌Leo

July 23 to August 23

The stars will be aligned few days from now and you shall walk away with the perfect prank. To tell you the truth, the alignment will only last about 5 seconds, so I don't know if it is worth it anyway...take a rubber ducky for good luck.

♍Virgo

August 24 to September 23

Believe it or not, the best thing you can do for yourself right now is to start pickling stuff. In fact, the more you pickle, the luckier you shall get. Think about it: the price of produce is about to go up now that we are approaching winter, so wouldn't it make sense to act now? So what are you waiting for? Grab that bottle of cheap vinegar, toss in some mushrooms and eggs, and let's pickle.

♎Libra

September 24 to October 23

The worst thing you can do for yourself in the next two weeks would be pickling. Avoid it at all cost. No, you can still enjoy your pickled eggs, but just don't actually do it. Think about it, the sharp scent of vinegar is so out of the window by now, so give it up before bad luck hits you.

♏Scorpio

October 23 to November 22

Some juicy details shall be revealed about your ex, but I wouldn't be too excited about it yet. Something tells me that the

outcome won't be that simple. The last time we had this alignment, one of my co-workers found out her supposedly dead "true love" was actually alive, gained 200 pounds, and changed his name to Fifi.

♐Sagittarius

November 23 to December 21

I don't normally say this, but I think you KNOW too much. The government is after you, watching every single move of yours and trying to zap you with the truth serum. Wait, I see agent approaching, so I shall tell you no more.

♑Capricorn

December 22 to January 20

You shall have a messy breakup that prompts you to join the witness protection program. I would love to tell you more, but if I reveal too much I shall have to join the witness protection program, too, so I can't help you in this area. Take care.

♒Aquarius

January 21 to February 19

You need to start paying attention to people, or else people won't pay attention to you...wait a minute, did you say something? I wasn't paying attention.

♓Pisces

February 20 to March 20

I wouldn't bet on getting a loan from your parents. Chances are they have to look at your transcript first, and the screening process will get a lot harder from there on. So why take that risk? There are a lot of jobs out there that pays equally well, say, \$8/hr.

Write for us. Please.

We are skipping a week to line up Issue 3 with Council Elections:
The Next Deadline is October 2 at 4:32pm.

The Other Side

Angelique Myles

Surreal

The other side' was how he described it as his voice trailed into oblivion. I stood inches away from him with only a park bench separating us. I had stopped to put something in my backpack and he approached me and said "Hey kid." Surprised at being addressed by a complete stranger, I acknowledged his presence with a "hello" followed by a brief stare, and then he started to talk. It was as though a swarm of bees were sitting in his mouth just waiting to escape. Each bee carried with it a word, a phrase, a lyric from a song and they all came buzzing out of his mouth in a steady flow: one tumbling over the next.

I had just spent the better part of my day trudging all over the city handing out my resume to numerous restaurants, shops, laundromats, and cafes. At this point, my head felt fuzzy. I was parched with thirst, tired, and my feet were sore from blisters. I longed to sit down and read a magazine about people I would never meet and things that I would never buy. But blocking my escape into the lives of the rich and famous was this Socrates impersonator standing in front of me, declaring that I was a lamb amongst the masses and that I was just part of a herd doing exactly what I was supposed to do.

I was transfixed by his propositions, his articulation, and his enthusiasm at what he was asserting. I had thought about these same issues myself. During moments of reflection just as I am about to nod off, I have pondered my existence until my thoughts swiftly jump to what I am going to have for breakfast. I am sure that most people have wondered what would happen if we didn't follow life's unwritten doctrines. When you are waiting for the subway during rush hour among the masses, and as exhausted bedraggled people push by you, you can't help but question if this is what we are really supposed to be doing? Rushing from one place to the next, in and out of one tunnel and then onto another train, until you reach your final destination and hope that someone at the other end has started to make supper and has remembered to take out the trash. That is not to say that you cannot be a success if you don't live within the societal bounds. In fact, I am almost positive that some of the most prosperous people did not "do as they were told", so to speak. But let's just say that on average most people play it safe. They pay their bills, mow their lawns, and tidy their sock drawers. Maybe not to the same extent, but in general most people seek some sort of normalcy so that they feel comfortable and secure.

So, on this rather monotonous day, my normalcy took an abrupt sojourn when Socrates started his rant. It wasn't like a lecture because his ideas were sporadic and jolted out of him, spanning the gambit from rock music to Shakespeare. It was as though he had ingested copious amounts of black coffee and was now allowing his mind to unravel from the immediate caffeine inebriation. Indeed he was holding a coffee cup. He sputtered and spewed out notions about institutions, declaring that universities teach by using stress as a method of educating. I nodded my head in agreement having just completed my second year. Stress was perpetually at my doorstep no matter how many sticks of incense I burnt or long runs I took. It never went away.

I am not sure how long I stood there listening to him go on. But for some strange reason it seemed as though time had stopped and I was standing in a nebulous

cloud, listening to this voice instructing me that once I had started to see things his way, I would be reborn. My thoughts jumped from thinking that he was trying to get me to join a cult (which I still haven't completely ruled out) to being profoundly curious as to what would happen if I joined him. The idea that I could be one of the special people who see the world in a new form was intriguing but also somewhat disturbing. It appears to be less complicated to accept the world as it is and just follow the well-trodden path than it is to enlist in some kind of crusade in order to find the true meaning of existence. It is so much easier to remain part of the flock and move along the assembly line hoping that nothing breaks until we reach the average Western life span of 80. By then if we have the energy to voice our inner opinion about life's conspiracies, people will politely listen and grin while silently think that old age definitely brings about senility.

I became aware that we were in a very public place, and I began to feel somewhat self-conscious. I didn't really care if people thought I was talking to a lunatic; rather, I just didn't want anyone to approach us and accuse him of accosting me or disrupting the peace. So I asked him a question in order for it to appear as though we were having a conversation and not as though he were preaching to me about the errors of society and how once on 'the other side,' life would never be the same. My one question to him was "What do you do?" It was the prescribed question. He responded by telling me that I was attempting to place him, to categorize him in some way so that I would feel more comfortable. He accused me of doing what everyone else would do, in my fear, trying to make an awkward situation into something normal. I knew he was correct; I had realized that as the words came out of my mouth. Would finding out that he was actually a doctor or a professor make the situation? his words? ideas? rant? more acceptable? Perhaps it would, but what if he told me that he was homeless and unemployed? Would I then quickly recoil and run away to the nearest public washroom? My mind was now abuzz with all of his ideas, and I really began to feel like a disciple. Ignoring my question, he began again; famous quotes and lyrics rolled off his tongue. He serenaded me with rock songs and poetic stanzas. I was transfixed, and each time I began to think that I was talking to someone who was on a day pass from an institution for 'people who colour outside the lines,' I was quickly reassured. Witnessing the fight or flight dilemma written across my face, he stopped for a moment and declared that he was quite sane.

After a brief handshake, I was able to walk away from him only to have him chase after me with one final lesson about the symbolic meaning of the moon. It wasn't that I was scared of him or that I had to urgently be somewhere else, I just felt the whole situation was very overwhelming and surreal. Standing in front of me was a man who contained a world of knowledge and wanted to share it. Unfortunately, it all came out in one big unintelligible spew, and now, I can only remember fragments. However, I remain truly amazed at his urgency and devotion to change the way people think. I was, and still am, attracted to his ideas, and the thought of being on the other side of the mirror seems tempting. When we parted, I knew he wasn't crazy at all. In fact, I believe him to be the most real person that I have ever met. I may never see him again, but his image will stay with me forever. He will be that little repressed voice in my head which tells me in soft whispers that life is not all that it appears to be and that it is okay to think these quizzical thoughts. At least until the car behind me honks, and it is my turn to proceed through the lights.

What I Did On My Summer Vacation

Planes, Training, and an Automobile



Graeme Kennedy

He's not dead?

My chick and I have gone 'bi'.

Coastal, that is. Locations in Vancouver and Halifax. And it's a pain in the ass. She got her residency at Dal... five years. Ouch. So, I plunked down \$800 to fly out there and help her get settled and have a look around (I'll probably move when I graduate). And I'll probably head out again in the Fall, and she's heading back for Christmas. Back and forth. Looks bad.

I felt strangely at home in Halifax. It's like a little Vancouver, but with more students. It was August, and - swear to God - the city was still half populated by frat boys, pissing off the locals, barfing their keg of Keith's right back up and onto the pavement outside their 15-student shared accommodation. I'll fit right in.

Run, Forrest, run.

I spent a decade as a competitive swimmer, managing to ruin the statistics in high school fitness testing strictly by having good cardio but absolutely no team sport skills to speak of. Nevertheless, these days, I'm trying to compete in triathlons, and my

running splits just don't cut it. So I've been trying to train lately, running a few kilometers a week, and it's just killing me.

No, I mean that literally: I think this will kill me. My flat feet ache, I have shin splints, the shoulder I broke in Maui feels like Vin Diesel tried to give me a purple nurple, but seized my collarbone instead and just keeps twisting...

Dude, where's my car?

I have a transportation problem right now. I'm biking to work in Richmond from North Vancouver. It's insane, and I'm living in fear of that Vancouver phenomenon: "inclement weather".

Why am I biking? I mean, I have a job, a good income, I haven't killed any old ladies in fireball vehicular manslaughter disasters, so I can get insurance and have a licence... What, you ask, is the problem?

My car is frickin' missing, that's the problem. It's infuriating. I left the car at my mechanic's to get a new motor and when I come back from Halifax the guy's out of business and my car is nowhere to be found. And my insurance will have nothing to do with it until I can prove that it's either stolen or destroyed. They point out that I gave the man the keys.

BIOSOC'S ANNUAL ICEBREAKER!



When: Sept 26th, Thursday night

Where: Woodward

A chance for execs & members to meet...and to get

FREE pizza & a movie!

Members free! Non-members \$3.

Welcome to Vanderhoof



Jo Krack

City Wuss

Returning home after nearly twelve hours in a van with my boyfriend, aunt, and dirty laundry, I can now safely say: I survived the boonies. I'm sure some of you are from the country, or the interior, or up north, or back east, or some such hellish place. Not me. I am a city girl, born and raised. Even though I had the misfortune to be born in Alberta (the family photo that stands out in my mind is me, in a snowsuit, surrounded by snow, bawling), my mom quickly realised that Calgary was too much cowboy, not enough city, and moved us to Vancouver, where we've been ever since.

So. To recap: City Girl.

Yet for some reason, I had promised my aunt that I'd come see her sometime this summer, since I've never been to her place in Vanderhoof. Yup, you heard me right: Vanderhoof. Population 5,000, and they all know each other. It's an hour or so east of Prince George, for those of you who know where that is.

So, like a good niece, I kept my word. And then my boy said "no way you're leaving me for a week, then jaunting off to Japan!" and decided to come with me. So the two of us made the loong drive up, interrupted only by logging trucks, a bighorn sheep (right on the highway!), and assorted red-necks in trucks.

Once in Vanderhoof, boy, did the fun begin! We found out they had a Tim Horton's and a 7-11, and that pretty much saved the day. You can walk through "downtown" Vanderhoof in about 15 minutes or so, so of course the locals drive everywhere. It's never hard to find a parking spot, and there's no such thing as pay

parking! Which brings me to a list of Things That Rock About Hick Towns:

Vehicles rule. It doesn't matter if you drive a truck, a gutless wonder, an ATV, a motor-bike, or one of those rider-mowers. In a small town, you will be permitted to (a) drive it everywhere and (b) park it anywhere for free. You can even take it "mudding," which (near as I could figure out) consists of driving assorted vehicles through muddy back roads until they flip, become stuck, or both. Then you round up some good ol' boys and haul your vehicle out again! Hours of endless fun!

Staring is OK. Ever feel like Vancouver was a little uptight, with everyone sizing you up using peripheral vision rather than marching right up to you and giving you a good hard look over? Welcome to a small town! The locals are sniffing something city, and they think it's coming from you! They're none too subtle 'bout checking you out, neither.

Wildlife is everything. Yes, there was a bighorn sheep standing at the side of the highway, checking out traffic. Later a brave (or stupid, probably on a dare) deer decided to bolt across the highway. Then my aunt and I went visiting one evening, and as we were all sitting around in the living room, one of the guys suddenly said, "Oh look, a bear." And there, right outside the picture window a few feet away, was a black bear. I was a little awed at first, but must admit I lost my awe when it sat down and started scratching its armpit with a hind leg.

Nature is your playground. Yup, it's true. My boy and I went kayaking, ripped around in an ATV, and cooked steaks over an open fire. We also played volleyball in cold sand until our toes became numb, tennis in the rain until everything became numb, and squash and racquetball indoors where nothing would get numb (we eventually learned our lesson).

And now, I feel obligated to announce that there are also some drawbacks (throwbacks?) to small town life (based on the small glimpse of it I've gleaned, anyway).

Bugs. Bugs bugs bugs. From mosquitoes to black flies and wasps, if it bites or stings it awaits you north of Vancouver. Mother Nature severely stress-tests those hardy souls who venture out of Vancouver's carefully-controlled environment. The hicks, er I mean, relatives, laughed at me as I retreated indoors after one too many bug bite. "C'mon camping with us," yelled my uncle. "A few doses a' mosquito-clouds would set ya straight!" Which brings me to Point Number Two.

Small town folks constantly feel the need to prove that size isn't everything. You don't hear city folks listing off all the reasons why the city is superior to the country. You know why? Because it's common knowledge. Everyone knows. But when people live in small towns, they have to prove their sanity by coming up with more and more outlandish reasons why they just absolutely could not give up such gems as mosquito clouds and 40-degree-below weather. The one I kept hearing was that it "toughens you up." For what? I live in the city so I don't have to be tough! You want tough? Join the army or something! But spending your whole life "toughening up"? For what? Death? Believe me, you don't need to be tough for death; death takes anyone!

Anyway, the long and the short of it is: I went. I shivered and got eaten by bugs. I returned, more set in my city ways than ever. Wanna try to convince me that a small town is really the place to be? Send me an email: gimmekrack@hotmail.com.

And stay tuned for my next column, coming at you from the big city of Osaka, Japan, where I begin my "studies" (ooh, sake!) in just a few weeks!

The 10 Rules of Road Work:



Andy Martin

Hardly Working

1. The road to be worked on must be blocked off at least one week prior to work beginning. This ensures that the asphalt will lie fallow long enough to make it fertile for construction.

2. There must be at least one person per job site who is responsible for doing what the pylons and road signs do by themselves.

3. Any sign-holder must make at least as much as the person currently driving by.

4. During the aforementioned work period of 10AM-3PM, no more than half of the road crew is permitted to work at any one time, as it would cause tiredness, dislike of the job, and other sources of workman's comp.

5. Watching the work being done counts as working as it causes the worker to be assaulted with images of labour. However, it is important for half the road crew to do this, as it assures that they too know what work looks like.

6. Government contracts go to the lowest bidder, so your company must make an insanely low bid, which will grant you the contract, upon which you can have immense overruns that the taxpayer will begrudgingly pay you for.

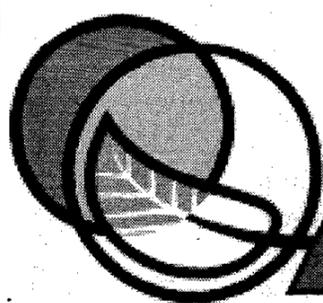
7. Frequent naps are encouraged.

8. Hard hats are required while on the work site, especially when you are outdoors, above ground and no equipment will ever be above waist level.

9. The employer must have equal opportunity hiring of bulbous ugly sexist freaky people practices.

10. No alcohol or drugs are permitted on the premises if there's anybody watching.

Good At Filling Awkward Spaces Like This? Write For *the 432*.



**Alternative & Integrative
Medical Society**

AIMS

AIMS is a non-profit group consists of students and faculty who recognize the increasing popularity of integrative, complementary and alternative treatments and have taken the initiative to bring this branch of medicine to UBC.

Our mandate is to provide quality, unbiased information to the UBC community

Benefits of club membership include:

- Free admission to lectures
- Access to an existing and expanding journal/magazine database (library) in alternative and integrative medicine
- Membership discount on annual AIMS conference (in spring)
- Discount or free admission to AIMS social events/nights and much more!

Join us at our booth during club days or come to our office located at B80A Woodward Building

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Biology Required?

Gill Gunson

Morning Masochist

This past summer I had the privilege of taking a first year biology course that was compressed into a three week period. This privilege was granted to me by the science department of UBC who in its infinite wisdom decided that every student in my year or later must take a term of biology, but yet didn't find it necessary to provide the classroom space for all of these students during the regular terms.

After my experience I can highly recommend that you not take any 3 week long summer class, unless you're the sort of person who enjoys that sense of urgency otherwise only found during final exams. I blame Biology 111 for my inability this summer of finding the time to tan my pasty whiteness at Wreck Beach; but at least glowing in the dark has its advantages.

I should say that the instructor of this class did warn us on the first day that the course was masochistic. Of course, some of the students didn't know what masochistic meant. For those of you who may not know, masochism is like being in an 8 am class five days a week where there's a quiz and as much as 50 pages of reading every

day, and a midterm every Friday; but with sex involved. And finding pleasure in the whole experience, somehow.

I was actually able to enjoy some aspects of the course, such as the interesting facts hidden in the depths of the textbook which have no bearing on one's life whatsoever but are nevertheless interesting. Such as the fact that turtles can breath through their asses. Now that's evolution! Humans, at the most, can only talk out of theirs.

I found myself, within a week or so of the torment, having to curb my sarcasm during the midterms and not answer my test questions with "by magic". "How does a fish breath under water?" "By magic." "How are you planning on passing this course with answers such as that?" "By..." This is generally how I felt all of life worked anyways, and I was in some ways quite annoyed to be told otherwise. Heck, it's a valid theory; like religion, it inherently requires no explanation. Mind you, it would make biology textbooks rather short; but who would complain?

In any other situation I might have been excited to learn so much about sex in a classroom setting. Some plants, for example, are quite kinky, involving a third party, such as a bee, in order to copulate. It all seemed wrong, somehow, to not be turned on by the mention of all this wild and uninhibited fornication. Is this what happens to biologists -- burnout similar to that of overworked porn stars?

CF Journal II: Administrivia



Kevin Nottle

Byline

01/07/02

What a delightful Canada Day. After tossing and turning all night, I have to get up at fucking 5:30. It's partly my fault, I got heat stroke playing soccer in the hot sun without a hat and felt like crap for the rest of the evening. Still, getting up so early sucked ass, but at least I stopped dragging my ass.

Today was actually pretty easy. No PT, some marching, but a fair bit of times spent in air conditioned buildings sitting around filling out paperwork. Plus our sergeants more than make up for the dourness of our Warrant Officer.

Sgt. Richie is quite a joker, and so far has not dumped on anyone too hard. Sgt. Des-Greux is a Francophone who started learning English last year, and constantly jokes about his thick accent. He's also quite shy, which is why when we're standing at attention, we always have to look to our front, never at him. Capt. Bonoparte, our platoon commander is quite serious, but we rarely see him, so it doesn't matter.

The platoon is coming together quite well, even though we've only been formed for 24 hours. Hopefully we'll keep this up, and get weekend liberty soon. Ooh la la, Montréal.

05/07/02

Fuck, I've only got time to say, damn are they running us of our feet.

It's now after lunch, and I have 5 minutes

to write, so a few quick points.

-The weather is so hot, you're always swimming in your combats, and that's no joke. The humidity doesn't help much either.

-Drill is a snap to understand (marching, going from attention to at ease...), so long as you're awake. What takes the real effort is to make it all perfect. And when the CF does drill, everyone can tell if you got it right or not. Any drill movement that has us moving our feet, we stomp them down. So if the platoon was in synch, you hear a great big bang, which sounds really cool. If you got it wrong, you hear a machine gun clatter, and damn is it ugly.

-The fucking paperwork never ends. Since enrolling I've filled out a few forms at least three times since I enrolled. Thank God the paperwork tapers off after the first week.

-Our two sergeants are the best. The other Civi U platoon (made of officer cadets taking tertiary studies at a civilian institution) has at least one right bastard for a sergeant. We may only be seeing that side of him because they're just a bunch of fuckups. Later in the course, we would find out that One Platoon could really screw the pooch, and that their male sergeant could also be a funny guy. (They had the only female instructor I saw at St. Jean.)

10/07/02

Fucking amazing, it's 21:30, and I'm ready for inspection tomorrow morning. Inspection is the centre of our universe at this point in time. All this week we've had an inspection every morning, or the rumour of one. This generates a last minute panic the night before, keeping people up past the 23:00 lights out. (Since reveille is 5:30,

this is really bad.)

Tonight, it's different, we've done this shit enough, we only have to fine tune some small stuff. So while I'm running around a bit, I'm still free to write this out. (Ah, the innocence of inexperience, I soon learnt one is never ready for inspection.)

Well a shit load has happened since Friday. Two people have left the platoon. One because an injury was taking too long to heal. The poor guy busted his ankle real bad in the first few days of the course. The second because she couldn't handle the PT, and she wasn't trying worth a damn. This girl couldn't handle the simplest PT, and wasn't indoctrinating herself. For example, she strutted along rather than marching like the rest of us, so she's gone.

She went before a progress review board. They have three options, let you continue on the course, recourse you (make you start again next summer) or release you from the CF. They made her sign a Voluntary Release form (VR), so out she went. She said that she'd try and come back next year, but damn she's got a lot of work to do if she means it.

And I would say more, but I feel real tired right now. So I'm going to try and hit the sack early, like say 10:45

Glossary

DS: Directing Staff, our instructors, includes officers and NCM's

NCM: Non-Commissioned Member, all the ranks from Private Recruit to Chief Warrant Officer.

VR: Voluntary Release, get me out of this army now

Recourse: When you have to take the

course again, due to injury or PRB's decision.

PRB: Progress Review Board, the people you talk to when you've screwed up bad. They can let you continue the course, retake the course next summer, or kick you out of the CF.

CF: Canadian Forces, my employer.

Jacking someone up: Lecturing someone, a very bad thing to have happen to you. Sgt. DesGreux usually said that he'd: "Jack up you."

Bunny Dust: The bane of our existence in the quarters. The Mega bred the stuff. Also known as dust bunnies.

Mega: The big building we lived in and did some of our training. Has 13 levels, but avoided the 13th floor problem by having two third floors.

CPC: Candidate Platoon Commander, the Officer Cadet in charge of the platoon for the day. Gets dumped on when the platoon screws up.

2IC: Second in command, runs things while the IC plans.

IC: In Command, the top dog who gets all the blame, and has to pass off all the praise.

Syndicate: A small group of OCDTs who worked together.

OCDT: Officer Cadet, me.

Section: The next smallest unit after a platoon, lead by a sergeant.

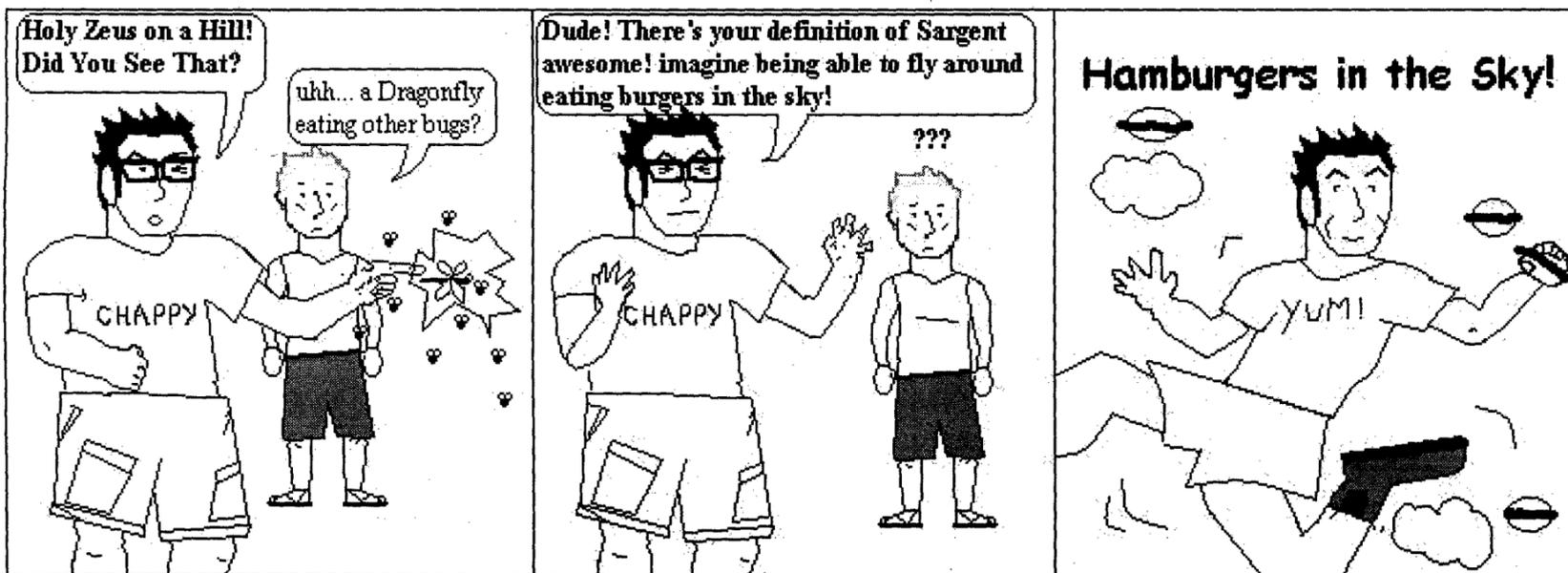
SPT: Small Party Task, a training assignment such as build a field laundry in 90 minutes with eight people.

IMP: Individual Meal Package, field rations, actually quite decent eating.

MIR: The medical clinic on base.

TIMMY MAKES FUN OF THINGS

-BN



Don't know what to do for your future?
How about making people smile?

We are the Pre-dentistry Society!

Join us to.....

- familiarize yourself with dental school requirements
- get help with DAT preparation
- socialize
- attend monthly seminars with special guests
- and much more !!!

Check us out in the SUB during club days (Sept 18-20) or our FREE pizza luncheon (Sept 26@IRC 4) ubcpredent@canada.com

HEY EVERYONE, IT'S BACK!!!

Buck-a-Beaker
BEvERage Social

Friday Sept 20
4 to 8 pm

Outside between
Chemistry A-block and Hebb Theatre

Brought to you by The Undergraduate Chemistry Society

Too Lazy for a Title



Eggy Yuh

Grouchy Old Student

You know it's that time of year again when your morning commute is marked by placards and posters all along the UBC highway, bathrooms and hallways are plastered from floor to ceiling with posters, and the SUB seems to be bursting at the seams with people united in their interest in swing dancing, beer, the BC Liberals, beer, hiking, beer, juggling, beer...you name it, there are people doing it. And willing to let you join them, for a price. You guessed it-it's clubs days. It doesn't really matter if you love it or hate it, or if you just desperately need a cup of Blue Chip coffee. You will be accosted by random people, you will have flyers and paraphernalia thrown in your face, and you will be groped by unseen hands in the crowd.

Now, I'm the first one to sing the praises of joining clubs and getting involved. It definitely makes life more interesting, more fun, and infinitely less lonely. Suddenly, campus isn't a cold, anonymous place for 30,000+ students; it's your home, your school, and where your friends are. And for those of you who are whining that you have too much work to do, school or otherwise, well, I guess you have the right to be boring and scared of new things.

Did you ever notice that the busier you are, the more things you have to do, and the less time you have to do them, the more you'll get done? Given four weeks to turn in a lab report, I will definitely be up until 6 a.m. the night before it's due, trying to explain my observations or answer inane questions that the TA has posed. But if it's a case of four midterms in three days, I'll somehow manage to study (well, cram) for them all, and somehow, just somehow, do well.

Part of it is learning how to manage your time, or maybe just to procrastinate until there is definitely NOT enough time to procrastinate any longer. Making lists definitely helps, especially on post-it notes. Take glorious pleasure in crossing things off your lists (it helps if you put things like "brush teeth" on there, just so you can count on crossing off at least one thing), and then ripping up the list entirely when it's finished. Make a burning pyre of your completed tasks, or maybe scatter them to the winds to inspire other resourceful students.

So you should definitely join a club. Whether it's academic or purely for fun, it's always nice to weasel your way into a new group of people who have yet to discover your faults and despise you for them. Or better yet, to infiltrate a group of people with a friend and then dissect them in the privacy of...well, wherever the club happens to not meet. Hey, you never know. You might even meet someone you like, or (gasp!) learn something.

Having said that, though, I hate clubs days. I loathe the idiots who get in my caffeine-deprived way, the zealots who think that my soul needs saving, and the misguided fools who really think that I would like a discount to the myriad of bubble tea places in Richmond. Or better yet, the clubs that invest in cheesy t-shirts primarily for recruiting purposes. Since the majority of the people at clubs days are first years, let's lull them into yet another childish adolescent environment where everyone looks the same, wears the same shirt, and thinks exactly the same. Big Brother would definitely approve.

Plus, I'm suspicious of any club who has the funds to be buying recruiting t-shirts. Or any one of the many clubs who have turned the UBC highway into one big billboard. Why are these clubs excessively spending money on recruiting? Don't they have better things to do with the money? Or is it simply a matter of getting as many members as possible, and then rolling around in the money while laughing gleefully? Any club that advertises to that extent is either wasting perfectly good money that should be spent on social events or liquor, or is completely starved for members. In either case, I'd be more than a little hesitant to join.

Then there are the crazy lengths that some people will go to in order to get new members. Sometimes it's fun to play along with people, and then fuck them over while you run away laughing maniacally. Like the time an acquaintance of mine who wandered drunkenly into an Ambassadors for Jesus mixer, hit on all the not-horribly-disfigured girls, and then proceeded to go into a 15 minute diatribe about all that was wrong with organized religion, Christianity and God. Or the time I listened to a girl animatedly discuss all the super fun things her club did ("we go bowling! and we play volleyball! and we see movies! and we do this! and this! and all of my sentences begin with lower case letters and end with exclamation points! like this! and like this!"), and I told her that I sacrificed young goats every year on the summer solstice. That shut her up pretty quickly.

Let's think of it this way: no one in the real world is going to recruit you to do anything. You will have to push and shove your way to get what you want, and you might as well start now. Screw clubs days. People should be handed an Inside UBC, pointed in the direction of the clubs pages, and figure out what the hell they're interested in. Then go find the bloody club that you'd like to join.

But hey-UBC likes to deceive people into thinking that it really is a welcoming place, where you are just more than a number, and where Martha Piper really isn't completely bonkers. So yes, we will have clubs days; we will have our lunches and breaks disrupted by crazed recruiters, and next year, we will do it all over again. Too bad I won't be here to slag it.

The Cat's Meow

Miyako Hewett

No Poo for You

A co-worker recently reconfirmed the stupidity and frivolous nature of some of our fellow humans. As if paying \$4 isn't enough for a cup of coffee at Starbucks, there are those who not only will pay over \$200 dollars a pound for coffee, but seek it no less from cat poo. And yes, it really does exist: cat poo coffee. Apparently, the coffee beans are obtained from an animal related to a mongoose called a palm civet, a tree-dwelling creature found in South-east Asia. According to Manila Coffee House, this animal is a picky eater, picking out the ripest and reddest coffee beans, which also happens to be the best for brewing. However, after a little research, I discovered that the Palm civet, *Paradoxurus hermaphroditus*, is an omnivore, and picks out other foods at their ripest including insects, palm sap, birds, voles, spiders, squirrels, and frogs. Well, isn't that great, coffee picked out from digested animal pieces, insect chitinous material, seed pits, squirrel bones...mmm. Ripest coffee beans my ass; I'm sure that the animal picks out the best beans when they are available, but c'mon, if there aren't any there, it may settle for less. Chances are, the \$200 coffee beans aren't the "best" all the time. Another thing, very few people like eating picked over leftovers, let alone the waste excreted from any animal. It doesn't matter how good it tasted on the other side people, poo is poo. Give it half a year and cat poo coffee will be worth less than cat poo itself.

I wonder how good this coffee tastes. This coffee is rare, yes, expensive and apparently a novelty. That is what, my friends, is driving the price. It's people like those who collect Beanie Babies that drives this market. A few weeks ago, as a present to a parting co-worker, I was searching for a small stuffed spider, the type that Beanie Babies would have made. After searching in over six toys stores, I came up empty handed. However, not before I found a store with a cabinet crammed with Beanie Babies. The store owner, preying on either the stupid or the rich, had stashed away several of each Beanie Baby that was put out. You see, Beanie Babies are sold for a short amount of time, then after either become worthless (found in bargain bins and reject piles in toy stores) or to a small number of people, "collector's items". So as it turns out, to get the spider, it would cost over \$30. Funny thing is, is that my boyfriend later found and bought the same spider in a reject pile for \$8 in the Ty™ store on Tenth.

Many things seem to drive the market these days. I like how every one seeks out the unique, the novel, and the priceless for his own. Because, quite ironically, in the process, you become one of the crowd. Lots of people have Beanie Babies, many may try the Cat Poo coffee (apparently, it will be appearing in places like the Urban Well, in Vancouver), and so many brides have the same solitaire ring, and design the same unique wedding. Me, I opt for the kimono-kilt clad ceremony, in a small church on the prairies, complete with the reception back drop of barns, combines, and canola. Oh yes, and bag pipes.

MEDICAL ADMISSIONS DAY

Representatives from medical schools across the country
(University of Toronto, Queens University, McMaster University,
University of Calgary, University of British Columbia)
will come to discuss their admissions policies.

Tickets can be obtained from the Pre-Med Society:

1. In the Woodward IRC lobby between 12 PM and 1 PM
2. In the SUB ballroom during Clubs Days
3. At the club office in Wood G30

Space is limited so get your tickets NOW!

September 21, 2002 from 1:00 to 5:30pm in Hebb Theatre
\$5 for UBC Pre-Med Society members.
\$10 for non-members

<http://www.ams.ubc.ca/clubs/Premedical/mad.html>

CLUB CONTACT INFO:

Office Location: Woodward G30
Office Phone: 604-822-8084
Club E-mail: Premedical@club.ams.ubc.ca
Webpage: <http://www.ams.ubc.ca/clubs/Premedical/>

Computer Careers Fair

September 25th
10am to 4pm
at the Chan Centre

ten (or more) high tech companies will be in attendance, so bring your resumes.

for more info, see <http://www.csss.cs.ubc.ca>

brought you by

CSSS
Computer Science Students' Society

The Dawson Club Presents:

Back from the Bush

Hamburgers, Chips, and
Liquid Disinfectant for the new year

Cheap drinks for any student

Friday, October 20th, 5pm
Management of the
Natural Sciences Building

The Drawers of SUS

Kristin Lyons
Director of Sports

I hope that the first two weeks of school have gone well for you all! The intramural deadlines are coming up fast. All outdoor intramural leagues (ultimate, touch football and soccer) have their registration deadlines at 5pm on Wednesday, September 18 while all other leagues (ball hockey, ice hockey, volleyball and basketball) have their registration deadlines at 5pm on Friday, September 20. Try to register early to avoid the line ups and to make sure there is still room for your team.

For any of you snowboarders or skiers out there, the SRC has an excellent deal for you. For only \$349 plus GST, you can buy four season passes for Whistler. This is a great deal, and some money from all passes sold goes to support the UBC intramural program so come on out!

As for other upcoming intramural events, they include: the Ivor Wynne 3 on 3 Outdoor Basketball Tournament, the UBC Broomball Championships, and the Great

Trek Adventure Relay. These are all going to be great events so get a team together and come on out.

As for getting teams together, there are still sign up sheets up in SUS for all intramural leagues and events. Any teams that are formed on the sports board in SUS play for free so it's definitely to your advantage to come and sign up. Singles can also sign up on the web at www.legacygames.ubc.ca. This site also lists teams looking for players so it's a great resource when looking for teams.

As for rebates, they will be due near the end of November, check out the next 432 for an exact date. Remember, to get your rebates, you need to be a science team, and you need to hand in your intramural receipt, your team roster and the name, phone number and email address of the person I am to write the rebate to into my box in SUS.

Last, but not least, there is now a ladies only night at the SRC's three gyms. It is from 7-9pm and women only are allowed. Come on out and make this night worth while!

Kat Scotton
Social Co-ordinator

I quit!

Annes Song
Internal VP

Hi, how's everyone doin in school? I hope first years enjoyed our nice warm welcome on the first week of the school.

Our Imagine Day was a success! The nice big blue balloons and our awesome cheer showed how we're Proud to be in the SCIENCE FACULTY at UBC! Congrats!

Just a reminder that SUS Council Election Nomination Forms are DUE on SEPTEMBER 27th at 4:32pm, and the All Candidates Meeting is also on SEPTEMBER 27th at 4:32pm in SUS Lounge - LSK (Klinck) 202. You can also join SUS Committees; it's a great way to get involved!! All you have to do is contact the person who is in charge and ask him or her about the meeting times. The contact and committee information are in the *Guide 2002*. So please take a good look at it and come out to the meetings!

Student Interconnected will be hosting a Forum on International Volunteer or Job Opportunities on October 24th at 12pm in the Dodson Room. If you would like find more about SI or the forum please contact Annes Song at annes1202@hotmail.com or visit www.howlingsheep.com.

Also the UBC Learning Exchange's Trek Volunteer Program is currently accepting applications. The Trek Volunteer Program provides opportunities for UBC students to do community service in a variety of schools, non-profit organizations, and community centers in the Downtown Eastside and other inner-city neighborhoods of Vancouver. The program gives students real-life experience in the community while raising their awareness of health, social, economic and political issues. I have done volunteer work at MUSIC APPRECIATION 101 and my experience has been unbelievable! To apply to the program or to learn more about volunteer opportunities visit: www.learningexchange.ubc.ca.

Chris Zappavigna
Senator

A big WELCOME BACK to all Science students!! I hope everyone had a good summer. I had an exciting summer chasing after a Brit the entire time!! (Luv ya, CB)

Anyways, general senate did not meet over the summer, but some of my committees did. Thankfully, I did not see any science students in front of me at student discipline appeal hearings. It's always refreshing to know that the cheaters on the campus are not science students.

That's it for me.

Due to the Resignation of our Under-Appreciated Social Coordinator, the Position is now Available for any Enterprising Student.

Become our Organizer of Events and Provider of Beer.

The Position will be Elected Along with the Council Elections (Oct. 9-11)

Nomination Forms (see page 8) are due September 27 at 4:32pm.

Contact Annes Song (annes1202@hotmail.com) for More Information.

The outgoing SoCo has Promised to Train Whomever is Elected to this Position.

Get Involved with Science Intramurals



Indoor Leagues Deadline is Wednesday, Sept. 18 at 5pm
Outdoor Leagues Deadline is Friday, Sept. 20 at 5pm

AMS Report

Dan Yokom
SUS External VP

11 September 2002

Student Financial Support Initiatives

There was a presentation regarding Student financial support initiatives that are taking place. It was reported that over \$113 000 000 were received by about 34000 UBC students last year in financial aid. This amount includes government and university awards, bursaries, loans, and work placement opportunities. Although some cuts are being made from the government, the University is increasing its support to equal the amount cut.

They are also attempting to increase outreach to give more students access to these opportunities. This includes distribution of information to secondary school guidance councilors and students, financial support workshops on campus, and improvement to the website, www.students.ubc.ca/finance. So look out for more information.

Charities

AMS was recognized at our meeting on 11 September for our contribution to Red

Cross following the 9/11 disaster. Our contribution went towards support for the families of Canadian victims, as well as towards people who were on flights that were redirected to Canada on that day. Furthermore, United Way recognized AMS for our continuing support of their many great causes including fighting hunger and poverty locally as well as abroad, especially South Africa. Finally, the Shinerama campaign, which was supported by AMS, was very successful with fundraisers including Stop the Pop, a car wash (both which SUS was actively involved in) and Round Up, although the final amount raised is not yet totaled.

AMS Mini-School Fall 2002

The AMS Mini-School Course list is now available. There are lots of really cool courses from African Drumming and Belly Dancing to Introductions to the Film Industry and Website Design. Last year I took Bartending to get my Serving It Right Certificate, and it was a lot of fun. It is also very cheap, so check out their website, www.ams.ubc.ca/services/mini_school for complete information or email minischool@ams.ubc.ca. Registration begins on Monday, 16 September 2002 and spaces fill up quickly so don't miss this great opportunity.

Want to Get Involved?

SUS Council elections take place on October 9-11, 2002. Nomination forms are due by 4:32 pm on September 27, at which time the All Candidates Meeting will take place. Each of the following departments/programs elects one student representative (that could be you!):

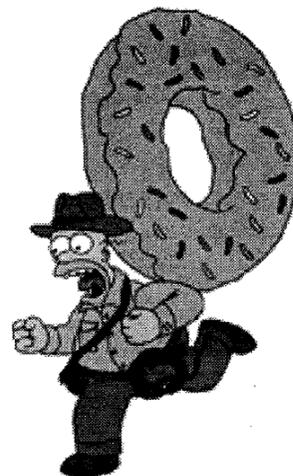
Biochemistry
Biology
Chemistry
Computer Science
Earth and Ocean Sciences
General Science
Geography
Mathematics and Statistics
Microbiology and Immunology
Pharmacology
Physics and Astronomy

Psychology
Co-ordinated Science Program
Science One
Integrated Science Program

Also to be elected are two First Year Representatives and four General Officers. So get 15 undergraduate science students to sign a nomination form, and we'll see you at the All Candidates Meeting at 4:32 pm on the 27th in the SUS office (LSK 202). The All Candidates Meeting is mandatory. If you have a really good excuse as to why you cannot make it, please inform Annes Song (annes1202@hotmail.com) before September 26th. A copy of the nomination form can be found on page eight of this paper, or can be picked up in the SUS office (LSK 202). Any questions should be directed to Annes Song (annes1202@hotmail.com).

SUS OPEN HOUSE
LSK 202
Thursday Sept. 26

Drop by SUS (LSK 202) between 8:30-11am on the 26th to meet the SUS Executive, check out the office, and enjoy some good 'ole Tim Horton's doughnuts!



Questions? E-mail Sameer at wahid@interchange.ubc.ca

Just Because You're Broke . . .



Ben Warrington

No, I'm not Andy

Now that you have paid your tuition and bought your books, you realize that you have spent your year's budget in just two short weeks. What to do? How are you to live for the next seven and a half months, and still maintain a reasonably comfortable lifestyle? The solution that more and more students seem to be resorting to is to leech off of their parents. That is great if your parents can afford it and are so inclined. It does kind of put a damper on your independence and sex life, though. For those of us whose parents cannot afford it or whose parents are not so inclined, and for those of us who think that we are adults and should wipe our own asses, I have some advice. Most of the tips that I am going to suggest are things that I have done personally, or things that someone I know has done in order to live as comfortably as possible on a tight budget.

Traditionally, many free things are passed out as marketing gimmicks during the first week of class. Shaving cream, soap, deodorant, cereal, condoms, and much more are available. It is a great way to stock up on toiletries and other necessities. Admittedly, I did not see as much of that stuff being handed out this year as in the past. I blame the economy. Personally, I haven't really noticed the supposedly struggling economy. I guess stock market crashes don't effect you as much when you don't own stock.

Anyway, back to the topic at hand. Another way to score free stuff is to sign up for

credit cards. Throughout the year, MasterCard especially, and also Visa send out representatives to get students to sign up for credit cards. The reward? Free stuff. Sometimes it is just a crappy CD, but sometimes it is a packet of cereal or something else (like a good CD). Don't want the credit card? Well, I didn't tell you to use your real name and address. Be creative, Homer Simpson lives at 742 Evergreen Terrace, for example. A friend once obtained five boxes of Maple Mini-Wheats using different names and addresses.

Another place to pick up life's little necessities is at fast food restaurants. I know that it is a bit counter-intuitive to think of anything beneficial to life coming from McDonald's, but bear with me. You see, salt, pepper, sugar, ketchup, and other condiments can be obtained from McDonald's and other fast food outlets. Just grab a handful of packets each time that you are in. Plastic cutlery, chopsticks, and napkins can also be obtained in this way.

While fast food places are great for condiments, you need to look elsewhere for actual meals. You may have noticed that a lot of television shows and movies are filmed in and around UBC. Where there are film crews, there are catering tents. Don't worry about being caught. There is no possible way that the people at the catering tent could recognize every grip, every truck driver, and every extra. Besides, they are just as bored with their jobs as anyone else, so it isn't as though they care. Just avoid any obvious giveaways like a knapsack full of textbooks. Otherwise, your average poor student (as opposed to the average rich ones) probably looks much the same as a teamster.

There are other ways to score a free meal. Many information sessions use pizza as an inticement for students to come. It doesn't matter if you aren't a second year student interested in the microbiology program; they don't ID you. Departments, clubs, and so on also often use pizza as a bribe to get free labour. As long as you are willing to tote some stuff around, you will often be rewarded. Work on the 432. It is a lot of work, but you get to see your name in print, and we are not going to make you buy your own lunch, or supper, or mid-night snack.

If you are truly desperate on the food front, you can turn to hunting and gathering in Pacific Spirit park. There are enough berry bushes to support a small population of students though you may have to compete with other residents of the Westside. You can also steal apples from the trees in peoples' front (or back) yards.

I would say that the biggest issue facing students at UBC is not tuition. In fact, tuition is a fairly small concern for me. By far the biggest problem is housing. There is no where near enough student housing on campus. Instead of building more, Campus Planning and Development builds condominiums and high priced houses. Great. While some housing can be found off campus, it costs twice as much for a space that is half as good. I spent the summer in Saskatoon, and I could have rented a house within walking distance of the University for less than what we are paying for a one bedroom basement here, and nothing is within walking distance of the Univeresity. The solution: live in a camouflage tent in Martha Piper's back yard. Yes, it has been done by someone I

know well.

Once you have a place to live, be it a tent, a cardboard box, or an actual appartment, you will want furniture and other creature comforts. The best place to get this stuff is gifts from relatives. Surely, there is someone in your family with an attic full of old junk. You can get dishes, cutlery, maybe a toaster that only catches fire occassionally. This stuff will probably look old and crappy because it comes from the seventies, but as long as it works . . . If your parents do have a little bit of money, they might actually buy you new stuff out of guilt for not taking care of you at home.

For the stuff that you can't convince someone to give to you, there are two main sources, garage sales and thrift stores. I have purchased a great many things at garage sales. CD's and books tend to be on the order of \$1 or \$2, though they may not be the newest releases. In my time, I have purchased 3 televisions for \$10 or less. One of them was only 2 years old. At that price, I just treat them as disposable. For you people who are trying to sell your television for over \$100, I just laugh at your posters. Thrift stores are just like permanent garage sales. You can buy all sorts of useful crap there if you are willing to be patient and look for good deals.

If you have a little more money, Ikea isn't quite as cheap, but they have stuff that looks like it is worth more than they charge for it.

There are a few other things that I haven't tried, but you are more than welcome to use as suggestions. There is always drug dealing to make money, and for milk and eggs, try a midnight stealth milking and egg stealing from the University Farm.

**NOMINATION FORM FOR THE
SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY
2002 SUS Council Elections**



Name of Candidate: _____ Department: _____
 Year: _____ Student Number: _____
 Email Address: _____
 Telephone: _____

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

DATE: _____ SIGNED: _____
 We, the undersigned, 15 bona-fide members of the Science Undergraduate Society, nominate the above named person for the position of _____

	Print Name	Signature	Student #
1			
2			
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Deadline for nominations is Friday, September 27 at 4:32pm in LSK 202.
 A mandatory all-candidates meeting will take place at that time.
 For more information contact Annes Song at annes1202@hotmail.com.