UBC Archives Serial

Pick me up! Pick me *up*!

The 432.

The Newspaper for Science Students Vol 8, № 03 • 03 October 1994

SCIENCE UBC

Events

Science Elections
start this Wednesday
Oct 05 - Oct 07

•

PSA Bzzr Garden
Buchanan Lounge
Friday, October 07
starts at 5:00pm

•

PreMed Lecture
BioSci 2449
Tuesday, October 4
starts at 12:30pm

•

GenSci Lecture
BioSci 2449
Thursday, October 6

•

Octoberfest '94
October 14
SUB Ballroom
starts at 8:00pm

•

More writers!
More cartoonists!
More! More!
If you wanna volunteer,
drop by CHEM 160

•

No hockey.
No more baseball.
Maybe *we* should try
holding out for
more money from
the owners, too.

•

Ingredients

First kicks at the can from some eager beaver columnists. Pathetic pleading for your votes by prospective Council members. Pathetic stuff, in general. Plus a ream of tutoring ads. Messages from two or three execs. Other stuff. Warning : Radioactive.

Roster Announced!

Local fan quoted, "Whadda mean, they drafted carnivores? What a great idea! Even more violence for the sport!"

Kilgore Trout
Roaming Correspondent

VANCOUVER (REUTERS):

In a recent press conference, Arthur Griffiths announced the Vancouver Grizzlies' starting lineup for the 1995/96 season. In an unorthodox, but not surprising move, Griffiths announced that the entire team would be comprised of members of the species *Ursus horribilis*.

The 500 pound carnivores were added for the following reason, according to VP Basketball Operations Stu Jackson:

"Sure, the defense presented by a bunch of police officers would have been great, but what we were looking for was a team that could go out and play *very* offensively, and we just felt that Grizzlies are better suited to that style of play."

Further clarifying, Jackson said, "We felt it was really important that we keep as much Canadian talent as possible on the team. A couple of Kodiaks tried out, but their range is strictly within the U.S., so we cut them the first day. We were hoping to draft a polar bear, but they were all a little too overweight. We were lucky enough to pick up Bobo, a performer with the Ringling brothers circus. We're hoping he'll bring some experience to the team. Other than that, they're pretty much all rookies, picked up fresh out of the woods."

As a team, the Grizzlies have had to step away from many of the more conventional facilities of a basketball team. For example, the team is planning on building a huge pool for the team to bathe in after practice, rather than the more conventional showers. This was for two reasons: the first, that many of the players said that they felt much more comfortable bathing in a setting much more like a lake. Extra durable filters have been added to prevent the excess hair from clogging the drains.

Also, the bears much prefer dead salmon to Gatorade, the sport drink that most teams give to athletes at practice and game days.

The coaching staff has encountered some unique training problems with this team.

Said Jackson, "We really had to start with the basics with this team. The first thing we worked on was teaching the team to stand on their hind legs. We tried one practice with all the team on four legs, but we found that they had a lot of trouble dribbling, passing and shooting. The coaching staff all agreed that these skills are pretty much essential for any ball team, so we basically concentrated on stance for the first three weeks of training camp. We're also been holding a lot of jumping practices. Although they're tall, bears don't have a lot of vertical, owing to their extremely high mass to muscle ratio. None of them can dunk yet, but there is one that has gotten pretty good at the two foot take off. I mean hey, how much can you expect? They're *bears* We're gonna have to be a defensive team.

Asked about what he thinks of the team's chances, Jackson replied, "Well, we're pretty optimistic. The starting line sure has size. And a heck of a lot of power. Of all the teams in the NBA, this is the only one that has every player scaring the pants off Charles Barkley." He went on to explain that the team will certainly be the toughest in the NBA, and that none of the players have any reservations about eating players on the other team.

"This is a *team* in the true sense of the word. If any one of these guys has to take a hunter's bullet for the good of the team, they will, no questions asked. We're just having some difficulties convincing the bears that fouling out by eating opposing players is not one of the *best* choices in conflict resolution."

One of the biggest problems that the Grizzlies face in 94-95 is that the season lies in the hibernating season for bears. As yet, the coaching staff has made no official statement regarding how the team plans to get around this.

Rumors have been circulating about moving the bears to Antarctica during the off season, in order to induce hibernation in the summer. Another option being examined is slipping amphetamines into their food. Asked about the hibernation dilemma, the management would only say that with the present plan, "...the team is hoping that there won't be a whole lot of drug testing going on during the season."

It has been suggested that the rivalry between Vancouver and Toronto will be extremely fierce, despite the fact that both teams will be new next year. Owner Arthur Griffiths went on record predicting that a team like the Grizzlies should have no problems beating "a team of imaginary carnivorous dinosaurs with poorly developed forearms."

In a related story, the Grizzlies have decided to change their uniforms, to a singlet with a big G on the front. Fred Manfrenjenson, fashion manager for the team was quoted as saying:

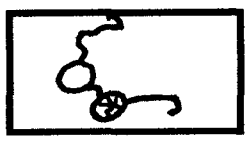
"We had to come up with a way to keep the team from overheating, what with all that fur and all. In the end, the best plan seemed to be to shave the bears. We did, however, decide to leave a shirt shaped patch on their torsos, with a "G" shaved into the front, and their names and numbers shaved into the back. Overall, it works well. If you think a grizzly bear looks tough with fur, you should see one naked! The fangs stand out a lot more, and they sure look powerful with no hair covering their muscles."

Marketing representatives for the team and the National League expect high sales based on the fact that Grizzlies merchandise will be done almost exclusively in false fur.

Editor's note: No animals were harmed in the writing of this article.

"Gee, that Tilt-A-Whirl sure was scary, wasn't it, boys?"

Radiation Equals Vests.



Blair McDONALD

Have you ever noticed how people change over time? You lose a friend or two from high school. You make a few new ones here at UBC. Seasons pass, etc...

Hairstyles, clothing styles, expressions all change, and then a few years later are back in vogue.

I think I changed a bit this summer as well. Most of it was the continual exposure to frosh (like radiation, *not* flashing) over the summer. In a lot of ways, the summer was like a good dose of chemotherapy; it was fun, exciting and probably really good for me, but near the end of August, I could hardly wait to get the hell outta Dodge and return to my life as an "senior" level student.

"Senior", hah! I'm still trying to complete Math 101. Wait... that means an entire additional term with first years, right? Aaaaahhh!

(Note to all you frosh out there – I'm mostly joking. Please don't take anything I say seriously, ok?)

Being taken seriously has always been one of my problems. Sure, I have a tiny tendency to be a sarcastic, nasty person from time to time, but that's no reason to get mad. Seems every time I try to be sincere and give someone a compliment, I get a *"Yeah, right..."* It's just not *fair*.

So perhaps my mental attitude has been slightly readjusted over the last four months. Maybe not. I'm still prone to massive mood swings. It's kinda fun. I can get up grouchy and irritable, go through a period of happy, bouncy fun, and get back to being grouchy before dinner. It certainly keeps people of balance. Not to steal John's act or anything – but I think the correct term is *maniac depressant*. Maybe it's time to visit a doctor or something.

I've also changed my wardrobe. You see, after a couple of years of involvement in the AMS, my entire collection of shirts is eleven Orientation shirts (7 participant, 2 guides, and a couple from 1993/94) an AMS Council sweatshirt, and that really cool t-shirt from the recently failed AMS BBQ.

You could say this creates a major fashion challenge.

So, armed with my trusty debit card, I went forth and bought a new collection of apparel.

I added a bunch of long-sleeves shirts, and, my new favourite, three *vests*.

Vests are very cool. Everyone should have at least one, as far as I'm concerned. They add that touch of class to anybody's wardrobe.

And let me tell ya, I need all the class I can get.

You see, I've given up being a sensitive, caring guy who happens to be hiding in a white t-shirt and jeans. Image is everything in this decade of MuchMusic and Beverly Hills 90210.

So, I'm trying a new tack in the ongoing social quest – being a complete idiot in moderately decent clothing. I think it will be far more successful than my previous image.

I've also discovered the critical key in a new image – been seen. For me, this involves that good ol' bzzr gardening circuit. Most of my friends are usually there, so I'm always assured of seeing a friendly face or two. It's great fun.

Friendly faces are one thing, but how about an identical face? During the last circuit, I met up with a few friends who solemnly swore that there was an identical looking person also on the circuit that evening. *Poor bastard*, I thought to myself. Apparently my friend had embarrassed herself thinking this evil twin was me. I couldn't get any details from her, so the only course of action was to find this mysterious doppleganger.

Lo, and behold! After the second or third bzzr, the stranger made an appearance.

I immediately leapt to the conclusion that my dear friend might have a wee bit too much alcohol coursing through her veins. This guy looked *nothing* like me.

Sure, he was wearing glasses, blondish hair, blah, blah. He, too appeared to be cursed with eyes that required the lenses from the Hubble Telescope to fix. Where did you think my byline came from?

But that's where the similarities ended. Go figure. At any rate, I couldn't get this guy to share the embarrassing moment with me. He obviously wasn't anything like me, 'cause I would have leapt at the chance to embarrass a complete stranger.

So, in order to prevent this from reoccuring, I had to lay down a few simple rules for identifying the real me.

I'm grouchy and I wear a vest.

Faculty of Science Teaching Awards

The Faculty of Science will award three Teaching Awards for 1994/95 to acknowledge outstanding contributions made in teaching in the Faculty of Science and to promote a greater appreciation of the importance of teaching in the Faculty of Science.

Full-time members of the Faculty of Science appointed on or before July 1, 1994 in any of the Faculty's departments are eligible to be nominated for the awards. Nominations can be made by students, alumni or faculty.

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

The awards will be made on recommendation by 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.

Nominations should be made in writing to:

Committee on Teaching Awards
Dean's Office
Faculty of Science

The deadline for nominations is **Monday, October 31, 1994** for nominees teaching first term and full term courses and **Monday February 6, 1995** for nominees teaching second term courses.

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

The 432.

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03 October 1994

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Here's the legal stuff: "All opinions expressed within are the personal opinions of the individual writers, not of the Alma Mater Society or the University of British Columbia."

If you're interested in writing for *The 432*, please submit your article on 3.5 disk (IBM or Mac) and include a proofread hard copy. Please keep your article to a maximum of 500 words. Drop your submission off at CHEM 160, no later than 4:32 pm, alternate Mondays between distribution.

For a detailed style sheet or for more information, please contact Blair at SUS. Thanks.

A Raven-haired Beauty.

Graeme **KENNEDY**

A funny thing happened to me on the way to the word processor... For those of you who may look forward to my biweekly column as a source of good cheer, I'd like to warn you off. Until moments ago, I was in a foul mood, and I didn't care who knew it.

Usually, my bad temper is a thing that can be easily reversed. It only requires a raven-haired, brown-eyed cutie to precipitate a period of positive attitudes. Brown-eyed cuties, however, are neither abundant nor at my disposal, so rehabilitation is ultimately out of my hands.

The symptoms of an incoming storm cloud were all there: laundry piling up to the ceiling, then crammed into the closet. Excessive playing of Cleo Lane albums. At *all hours of the night!*. Using the second-to-last square of toilet paper, leaving my roommate with nine square inches of wipe. Single ply, too. I planned to carefully measure out a teaspoon of milk and leaving just that tiny drop in the fridge. Oooh, I was out of control.

How did this start? I don't know. How does it ever start? I just woke up one morning last week with an attitude. Not a nice thing to wake up to. Of course, it beats waking up to Rosanne Arnold, or just plain Rosanne as she wants to be called. Nevertheless, I showered with that attitude, and the water temperature was all wrong. I ate breakfast with it, and the cereal was soggy. My waffles were quite ruined by the global threat known as 'toast dew' and the attitude was there to laugh in my face. You get the picture. "Ah," my conscience told me, "you're just in a snit. Things aren't all that bad: it's merely your imagination. After all, it's not like there's a conspiracy out to get you by dewing your waffles."

As you can see, my conscience is quite rational. But fairly stupid. But my imagination felt that the above accusation was unwarranted and demanded an apology from my conscience. The disagreements between one or another of my personality traits can drag on for days, so I left them to work things out on their own.

I went out and acted grouchy.

I snapped at friends, roommates, and the newscasters on TV. I scowled at people on the SeaBus. I returned an undercooked burger at Red Robin. I watched a big crow swipe a bug out of the mouth of a sparrow, and did nothing to interfere. I was downright ornery. Just when my parents were telling me that I would never meet a nice young girl and settle down and have grandchildren for them, I realized that I had to do something to curb this was of recalcitrance. If for no other reason than to fool my folks into thinking that grandchildren were just around the corner. I needed help.

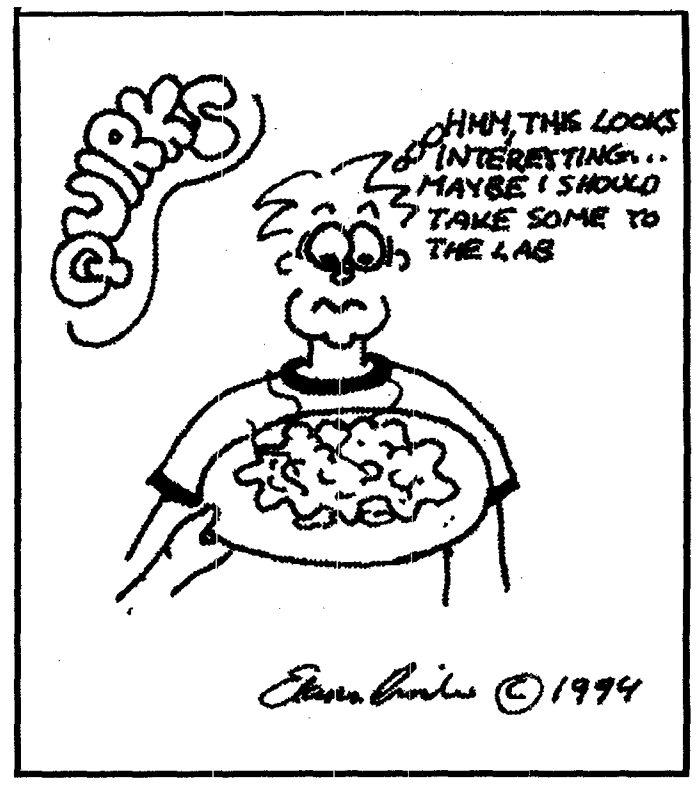
Failing to have any sway over raven-haired beauties, I am reduced to two other possible cures: food, and shopping. Now, I had spend most of the week running around, trying to get forced into full class sections, finding labs from cryptic campus maps, and lining up at the bookstore to buy overpriced texts and Bic pens at a king's ransom. My chequing balance was considerably less than my shoe size (and I have small feet). So *food* was the only option left.

First, I nabbed some leftover burger patties from the SUS BBQ. Next, I went forth acquired myself some charcoal to cook on. Then I pigged out on the best batch of yum-yums I've had in years. Bavarian smokies, salmon, steeeeeak! By the end of the week, I was the best-fed cantankerous-mean-old-bastard you could find anywhere. Jackie Gleason, eat your heart out. (with HP sauce) This cornucopia of charred delights did nothing to assuage what seemed to be a simple testosterone overdose, and just when I decided to accept the fact that brown-eyed cuties had gone extinct, the unexpected happened.

A raven-haired brown-eyed cutie asked me for my phone number.

My, the clouds look especially... fluffy today, don't they?

Graeme has been cursed with a personal weirdness field that warps the laws of reality within a ten foot radius. You have been warned.



Residence food.

YOU WANT MONEY?

Rate of pay is $6.00/hr
Applicants will be working the Science Council Elections
Please see Jesse in CHEM 160 before Monday, October 3.

WE WANT POLL CLERKS.

Science One Snobbery.

minyee@unixg.ubc.ca
Columnist

Hang on to your seats, folks, because I'm about to break a fundamental law of *The 432*, this article will actually be *informative*. So for all of those with queasy stomachs and delicate sensibilities, you better go on to the next article. For those who are brave (or stupid) enough to venture on, then by all means do so. You might actually (gasp) learn something.

There's something about the educational system that really bugs me. Throughout my education, I along with just about every other student in the world, wondered why I was learning the stuff I was in school when I had no idea when I would use it. "Science" to me was just a bit of useless facts and weird equations that were independent of each other and had nothing to do with the world I live in. "Math" was just another form of torture that never made it to Alcatraz. With my high school graduation from one prison to another, I resigned myself to another four years or so of learning useless facts I would never use again. I mean, Science is Science, right? Even though I am officially registered in the Faculty of Science, I really have no great affinity for the subject. You see, unlike some lucky ones whose strengths and weaknesses are already well-defined, I'm just living in limbo. I feel like a mongrel amongst purebreda whenever I'm around "Science" people or "Arts" people. I'm actually a mixture of Arts, Commerce and Science. Please don't stone me! I know I've just committed another heinous crime by not being a science fanatic, but hey, that's just the way I am.

So there I was, on the verge of crossing one of the major thresholds of my life, and I couldn't even decide on the faculty I wanted to go into, let alone any area or major. To be honest, by this time I wasn't even sure if I wanted to be at UBC. What was the point in learning more useless facts in impersonal and formidable classrooms? I was assailed with rumours and nightmares about campus life (engineers always seemed to be in most of them) I wasn't especially excited about venturing into an unknown world when I wasn't sure what I was going to get out of it.

But then a funny thing happened. You know that great program over at Arts. The one they hid from everyone else because they didn't want to share the wealth? Science finally got around to catching up with Arts One, and created Science One. From their brochure:

"An alternative first-year program with an interdisciplinary method of teaching, in a community of learners"

As you can see, I have no life and actually read the brochure. (Confession time, my third sin was to seriously consider the Arts One, but they tried to force me to choose between Fine Arts and Humanities, so I rebelled and went to Science. At least in Science One they stuck all three major sciences plus math together)

So now I'll tell you a bit about my first week at UBC, made bearable because of Science One.

On the first day of classes, while former classmates were busy getting lost, I went up to the Science One classroom (only one for all four classes). I was then directed to the music hall, where I and the other 64 classmates listened to a lecture by Dr. David Suzuki. (Just a note about Dr. Suzuki – he's intense, inspiring, passionate about his work, and he swears a lot, which really surprised me since I faithfully followed his PBS specials and don't recall him saying anything offensive.)

On the second day, instead of being stuck in big, impersonal lecture halls, our math class went to ride bikes at Spanish Banks to study calculus (points of inflection and all that) I ask, did you get to do that? I think not.

On the third day, we all went to a party at Julyet's house. I can't seem to remember her last name or position, so I should be ok printing her name. Anonymity has its virtues.

But in Science One, the class is so small and you see each other day in and day out, so you tend to develop a certain rapport with other classmates you normally wouldn't get. And finding professors and TA's is as simple as going to the Science One Office.

Science One is great. I might tell you more, if I don't get arrested for the crimes I've committed, beaned by an irate reader, and if I survive those monthly mid-terms. Until then.

minyee@unixg.ubc.ca is a mythical columnist invented by the Devilbunnies. No one knows who minyee actually is. It could be you.

A New Age in Sports

Matt Wiggin
Columnist

In a unanimous vote by the WVTF (World Virtual Triathlon Federation), Vancouver has been awarded the first ever World Championships in the sport, scheduled for September, 1995. Perhaps the biggest surprise in the decision is that the City of Vancouver never made an official bid for the race. When asked about this, Vancouver Mayor Philip Owen's response was cautious, "All I want to say is some stationary with City of Vancouver letterhead on it went missing last month. Any fraud would never be supported by City Council" When informed of the city's victory, Owen hastily added, "Damn. Well, I guess we have to do it now. Can't let Toronto have another event."

Virtual triathlons is a new sport, invented after the early success of the VR technology pioneered by the US military in the early 1980's. It contains the same three events as a regular triathlon, with the major difference that virtual triathlons are held completely indoors. Competitors don a virtual reality helmet, and then do the equivalent legs of a regular triathlon - swimming in a wave pool, riding stationary bikes followed with a run on treadmills. This ensures the VR triathlon is as difficult as the real thing.

Still in its infancy, virtual triathlons was invented only 8 months ago by Boone Danielson, a Canadian triathlete, currently president, and to date, the only official member of the WVTF. He claims to have invented it because, as he put it, "Unless it's a really hot day in the middle of

Virtual Triathletes

Continued on page 8

LOOK, FREE POSTERS!

By donating to the 1994 United Way Campaign, you'll be helping local charities with a number of worthy projects. Plus, you can get a bunch of really cool posters, for your room or your friends. Donations can be made at the Science Undergraduate Society, CHEM 160.

AMS Tutoring Services

TUTORS WANTED

AMS Tutoring Service invites applications from undergraduate and graduate students for part-time positions as AMS Tutors. You will work with first year students on a drop-in basis in core subjects.

AMS Tutoring Service is an education project of the Alma Mater Society and is partially funded by the Teaching and Learning Enhancement Fund of UBC.

QUALIFICATIONS:
- Excellent knowledge of one or more 1st. year subjects such as Math, Physics, Economics, Chemistry, Biology, English (composition) and French.
- Good communication and interpersonal skills.
- Ability to convey subject knowledge effectively.
- Ability to work under minimal direction.
- Previous experience helpful, but not essential.
- Registered as a UBC student for the 1994/95 academic year.

Hours of work will vary, including evenings and weekends. The wage is **$9.00** per hour to a maximum of 8 hours per week. The successful applicants must agree to work the full term, including exam periods.

Please submit resumé, including a copy of your transcript and class schedule, to Director, AMS Tutoring Service, Room 249D, Student Union Building, by October 7, 1994.

Nerd Alert! Shields *up*, Mr. Spock!

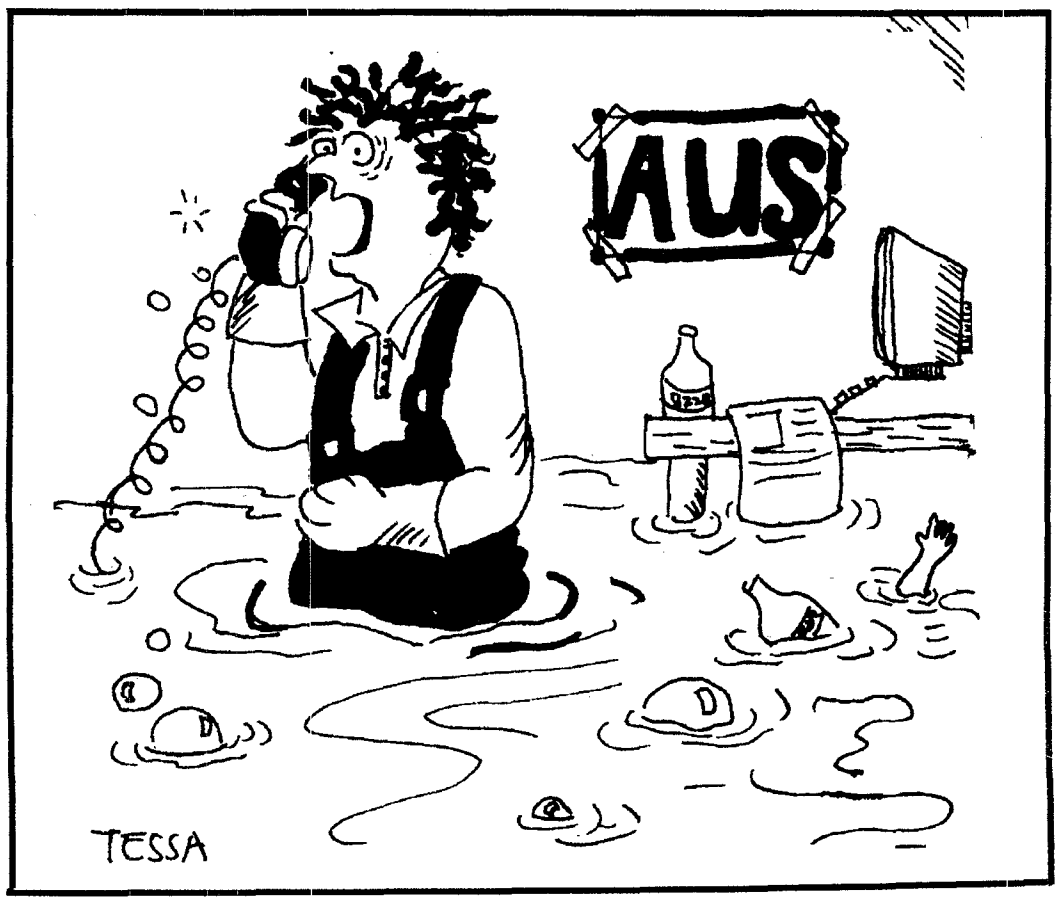
Carin van Zyl
Columnist

Believe me when I say that I am, despite all that transpired, still a devoted, adoring Trekkie. It would take a lot to shake the faith of *this* Enterprise addict, but I can, however, pinpoint the exact moment when I became disillusioned with my special species, and it wasn't when the full-scale model of a Romulan Warbird dropped from the ceiling over my bed and smoked me in the face while I was recovering from Pit Nite....

It all began the night I was raving about Data in the episode *The Mask*, and those cheesy plugs for the next Star Trek convention came on. You can imagine the unadulterated joy that gripped me when they announced that Brent Spiner, the actor playing Data, *a.k.a. My Hero and The Sexiest Android Alive*, was to be the star attraction. To the immense disgust of my friends, I was actually moved to tears of elation (I kid you not) by the prospect of meeting my idol face to face. Concerns about articulating my adoration between drooling and slavering aside, I bought the ticket the next day.

I quivered with anticipation that lovely July morning and I didn't even mind that I had to get up early in order to line up for a good seat, and that the only coffee left in my spartan cupboard was decaf (and what really is the point of that cruel joke, coffee with no caffeine?). I got off the 246 bus downtown and trotted happily to the Regency Hotel, eager to commune with others like me, those united by the common, noble bond of appreciation for sound entertainment, creative sci-fi and great aliens. Yea, today I would feel like I belonged somewhere, with my penchant for Star Fleet communicators that twitter authentically when touched, and a burning desire to find a respectable Bajoran nasal prosthesis (the tacky ones don't match the color of your skin, or extend up too far on your forehead, and I'm told Bajorans find this a major genetic defect. It's akin to that mysterious one that compels millions to watch 90210 when Deep Space Nine is on).

The first clue that this conference was not to be the Mecca of sophisticated, discriminating Terrans of taste was the silly piece of fluff wearing a polyester Next Generation command uniform, with really bad piping, and a disconcerting gap between the bottom of the jersey and the belt of the pants. She was standing in front of me, and was spewing out this unbelievable drivel about the Cardassians and the Romulans having a secret alliance, when any Trekkie worth his salt knows that it's the Klingons and Romulans up to their intergalactic tricks. I ignored this particular disgrace, but it became more difficult when the conference started with a weird music video tribute to Chekov, followed by an auction where some cheaply becostumed crazed fan paid $200 for a tacky denim jacket with DS9 on the back. Really, the two hundred smackers would have been put to better use toward the purchase of a couple flats of Prozac. The *coup de grace* came during the trivia contest when I realized that the people I believed to be my brethren were, in fact, a legion of sniveling, obsessive, shameless, tasteless techno-babble geeks with no more dignity and honor than the traitorous Duras sisters, Lursa and B'tor (who really should, incidentally, look in to a more conservative neckline. I am as comfortable with female anatomy as the next guy, but we're talking *formidable* cleavage here).



I was speechless, and my friends will attest to the fact that this is indeed rare. Atom by atom, my fierce defense of the group I was proud to be part of was falling apart, and for a horrifying few minutes, I saw Trekkies as everyone else saw us: hopeless, genetically disadvantaged dorks with way too much time on their hands. I just about tossed my Klingon *hgragh* cookies when a reedy, rather unkempt girl leapt to her feet in a state of great agitation and corrected the not-so-suave host on an obscure detail involving the exact layout of the engineering plasma conduits of the *Enterprise*. Now, I'm no slob when it comes to meaningless Trek trivia, but this was unreal. The only thing that kept me from reeling and staggering out of that conference in complete dismay was the arrival of Mr. Spiner.

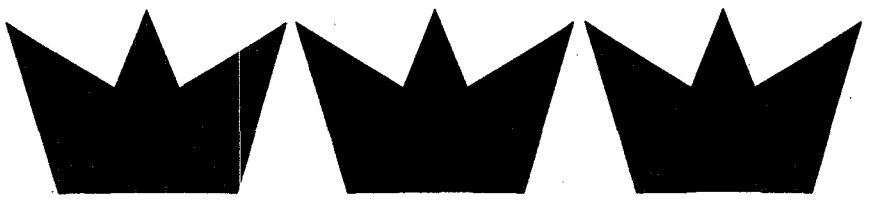
Lucky for you, I don't think I have the words to describe the ecstasy of seeing him up close and personal, and I wouldn't want to debase the only good thing about that day by even trying. Suffice it to say that I left the conference delirious with delight, tempered only by the distressing realization that perhaps my brothers and sisters of Trekdom were not the pillars of coolness I believed them to be.

I wish to make it quite clear that I don't intend on changing loyalties just yet, and this candid article should in no way be construed as an admission of the commonly-held opinion that we need a collective lobotomy. I still plan to champion the rights and recognition of downtrodden and outvoted Trekkies everywhere. It's just that it hadn't dawned on me that the "where no-one has gone before" part might have meant the hitherto unsuspected vast wastes of nerddom. In the meantime, I've got to fix my newly acquired working facsimile of a tricorder I got at the convention dealer room....

Carin may be one of those brave souls who actually admit in public that they love Star Trek, even at parties and other social events. Or she's completely raving mad. Take your pick.

Science? We'll get you for this, you hear? We'll get you!

100% rebates for any team able to win



Intramurals Triple Crown

Council Elections 1994.

For Election.

First Year (2 positions)
Susan Mao
Eloise Jillings
Warrick Yu
Alexandra Gosden
Fahreen Dossa
Selena Billesberger
Donatella Ciampi

Biochemistry
Michelle McLeod
Natalie Kondor

Biology
Marvinne Braun
Carolynn Stevenson

General Officer (4 positions)
Talieh Shahrokhi
Gwendolin Valentic
Farshad Abasi
Ali Sadeghi
Ali Behmard

Science One (1 position)
Guy Davis
Trity Pourbahrami

Vacant.

Geography
Geophysics/Astronomy
Math/Statistics

No Contest.

Chemistry
James Li

Computer Science
Jason Holmes

General Science
Dianna Kyles

Geology
Mike Papageorge

Microbiology/Immunology
Jamieson Chan-Clark

Pharmacology/Physiology
Kamran Kheirani

Physics
Orin Del Vecchio

Psychology
Tessa Moon

Social Coordinator
Dave Khan

Party!!! Now that I have your attention, I can tell you about myself. My name is Donatelli Ciampi, and I'm running for First Year Rep. I'm an energetic and outgoing person so I can definitely get the job done. Vote for me and your year will definitely be one big party!

Messages from the Candidates.

If you want a dedicated, responsible, and highly motivated individual to represent you, then voting for Talieh Shahrohki for General Officer is the best choice. Qualifications include University Transfer Rep at Langara, Math and Science Rep at the King Edward Campus, Executive Officer of clubs through high school, and I'm friendly, easygoing, and very hardworking.

Hi. My name is Carolynn Stevenson. I'm running for Biology Rep. As Biology Rep I can get you... free pizzas delivered during lectures, cheaper bzzr, and more bzzr gardens. I've alread infiltrated the EUS, any ideas? Revenge? Do you want Biology Co-op, more career speakers, a ban on montone profs, (whatever you can think of) – then vote for me!

Hi, my name is Eloise Jillings, and I'm running for first year science rep. Come out and vote (hopefully for me) because as your rep I'm going to try and get more things for first years to do without being id. Thanks. Have a great year

I've been told that I don't have to funny, entertaining, or even somewhat amusing which is good because I suck at that stuff. I'm Dianna Kyles. I'm your General Science Rep, and didn't even have to campaign. Pretty good, huh?

Hi, we are UBC's (A.L.I.)^2 Great spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds. So go crazy and vote for us, because if you don't you either die in sleep or awake.

Well, wouldn't you know – as yet another SUS campaign rises to meet your hungry eyes! Yep, I'm running for SUS Council 1st year rep. I don't make promises that I can't keep, but I can say my ideas include fun, your input, your involvement, your opinions, and more fun.

So choose this lean, mean, 1st year rep machine and vote Farheen!

SCIENCE UBC

SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY

COUNCIL ELECTIONS

WEDNESDAY OCT 05 – FRIDAY OCT 07

Come on out and vote for the following:

- ☐ Elvis
- ☐ R. Feynman
- ☐ A. Einstein
- ☒ Bigfoot
- ☐ JFK
- ☐ _____

POLL LOCATIONS
CHEMISTRY
HEBB THEATRE
HENNINGS
WESBROOK

BRING YOUR STUDENT CARD TO ONE OF THESE LOCATIONS
POLLS OPEN 11:30 – 2:30

The Drawers of SUS.

Important Notice!

Yeah, right...

The Drawers of SUS is an area of the paper meant to inform Science students what the heck the SUS Council and Executive are doing with your ten dollars.

Unfortunately, lots of people complain that it isn't nearly as funny as the rest of the paper.

It's not meant to be funny. Finance, sports, and the AMS just aren't subjects you can easily amuse people with. We've tried, trust me.

So, I'd like to hear some suggestions from you, loyal and intelligent reader *(note the blatant play for your ego here)*. What do you want to see? How do you want it presented? Do you care? Let me know, ok? Or I'll keep on presenting the same budget over and over until you can't take it any longer. Hehehehehe...

Bella Carvalho

Director of Sports

Well, it's once again time to sign up for Day of the Longboat, which will take place on the 21st and 22nd of October (Friday and Saturday). Registration deadline is Wednesday, October 12th. The deadline to sign up for the clinics is Friday, October 14th and they run from the 14th to the 16th.

Also, in case you haven't yet seen the posters, SUS is offering a 100%, yes that's 100%, rebate for the science team who manages to win the Intramural Triple Crown! Just come in first in all three of the special events (Arts '20, Longboat and Storm the Wall). Last year, this prestigious title was won by the Medicine Men (obviously not a Science team), and this year I'm hoping Science can prove that we truly are the best in Sports.

Other deadlines coming up in the next two weeks are: Mad Melvin's Mountain Bike Challenge (Oct. 5) and Hash House Harrier Mystery Run I (Oct. 19).

Also, there are some drop-in activities provided free by Intramural Sports. Most Fridays there are noon runs, Tuesday nights there's V-ball and B-ball and Wednesday nights there's Badminton and Table Tennis. Something for everyone.

Bella may be one of the best Science athletes to be Director of Sports over the last twenty years. She can run a hundred miles without even breaking a sweat. Jump tall buildings in a single bound, and all that super-hero stuff.Says a lot about the rest of Science, doesn't it?

Tracy MacKinnon

Public Relations Officer

Congratulations to the multitudes of students who feel that a petty two day break in February was not enough. It's been decided by Senate that we deserve a full week in which to have our nervous breakdowns and anxiety attacks. That's right, a full week in February, but unfortunately it won't go in effect until the 1995-96 academic year.

The ninety-seven resolutions of the Committee for Organizational Review and Planning (CORP) were passed by AMS Council a few weeks ago. This will entail major restructuring of your Alma Mater Society. Now some positions which were previously volunteer will be remunerated. In addition, the structures of the AMS Executive, SAC and AMS committees will drastically change.

The United Way Campaign is officially on. You might have already seen the cool poster you will get with a donation to the United Way – well, you can make donations in CHEM 160, for which you will get a poster. So come by and support the United Way.

Finally, there will be a Student Leadership Conference in Whistler on October 21-23, so if you want more details or if you're interested in being sent on behalf of SUS, please come see me.

Tracy is well-known in SUS for her incredible rages against anyone who spells her name with a Mc rather than a Mac. Speaking for all the Mc's out there, phhhhtttt!

SUS Budget.

Lynn van Rhijn

Director of Finance

It's amazing how many people become your friend when you get the keys to the vault. I'm not just talking about having cash available for general use when I'm at work, but the whole shebang: combinations, security pass and keys. My travel agent has actually asked if I wanted to elope with him (providing, of course, he is allowed to take his wife, three children and the family dog. No lie.). In the meantime, here I sit in SUS trying to balance the books. I say trying because I really don't have any records to reconcile thanks to the wonderful world of technology. Those of you dealing with the AMS business office will know what I am talking about. The good news is that we had a carry over of funds from fiscal '94. The following is a copy of the 94-95 budget submitted to the AMS.

NOTES ON SUS 94-95 FISCAL YEAR

1. Prior fiscal carry over is actually 6600.00
2. This constitutes the $10 each of you fork over to us. Thanks.
3. Lost pennies
4. Three telephone lines @ $30.00/month
5. Including housekeeping supplies, etc.
6. This is where you get to eat free food on the house.
7. Bzzr Gardens. Need I say more?
8. SUS renovations, new furniture, other special purchases not otherwise classified.
9. Rebates for Science sports teams in intramurals.
10. *The 432.* 'Nuff said.
11. Misc. photocopying at the Dean's office.
12. Fundings for student leadership conferences, etc.
13. Promotion and advertising.
14. Publication of The Guide.
15. I'm not sure what this is, but if we have it, you didn't hear if from me.

In addition to her other duties, Lynn is also responsible for the Canadian national debt, plus the World Bank. All of this for a person only halfway through a Bachelor's Degree. Impressive, eh?

Revenue	**Budget 94/95**
Prior Fiscal Year(1)	4,500.00
Student Fees(2)	45,000.00
Pop Machine	2,200.00
Photocopier	2,300.00
Sundry(3)	100.00
TOTAL REVENUE	54,100.00
Expenses	**Budget 94/95**
Telephone(4)	720.00
Office Supplies(5)	800.00
Sundry	600.00
Pop Machine/Pop	2,300.00
Photocopier	3,000.00
Academics	750.00
Academic Entertainment	400.00
Computing/Laser Printer	500.00
Open House(6)	450.00
Elections Expenses	800.00
Club Grants	6,400.00
Social (net)(7)	3,500.00
Science Week (net)	3,800.00
Special Projects(8)	1,000.00
Sports(9)	10,000.00
Publications(10)	8,000.00
Photocopying(11)	600.00
Travel(12)	200.00
Publicity(13)	100.00
Public Relations	100.00
Summer Mail-out(14)	4,500.00
Interfaculty Relations(15)	200.00
Martin Fruaendorf Memorial Bursary	500.00
First Year Committee Grant	1,100.00
TOTAL EXPENSES	50,320.00
Net Surplus	3,780.00

A *Strange* Relationship

Phil Ledwith
Columnist

And so, once again, the mighty UBC engine has come wheezing and sputtering into life for one last *(please God, let it be the last)* year for me. By now, all the familiar hallmarks of student life have made themselves apparent. From our new batch of first year hopefuls, still naively trying to find their TA's office in the expectation that he will actually be there, to the returning once again fourth year students, still hungover from the Pit Night they swore they would never again attend. Our lecture halls teem with vibrant pulsing life. The cafeterias have dug into the trash cans to grace our plates with culinary delights. Residence is still the same thing as living in a shoebox. Campus cowboys still can't do much more than ticket stationary cars. And of course, that one great bond that unites us all, that shining symbol of our beloved buerocracy, the UBC Telereg system.

You may find this difficult to believe, but over the years I have developed something which I can only try in these few words to describe for this dear and blessed institution. To begin with, I had thought that it was something of a boyhood crush; I am after all British, and in the British public schools girls are something of a fiction that we rarely see until "Getting outside" . The deep and sonorous yet somehow nasal tones of the male figure on Telereg that I heard over the phone were reminiscent to my troubled mind of an old, but much-cared for gym instructor with a bad cold.

Then I found a girlfriend and I knew that my clandestine phone relationship was not meant to be. The angels would never sing for us as the object of my affections informed me for the thirty second time that all the lab sections were full for first year chemistry. Things cooled for a while, but In recent weeks I have felt a rekindling of this old and cherished flame, still smoldering in the depths of my memory.

It's the time we spend together that makes these moments so precious, you see. Even my wife does not speak to me with the same frequency. *(sorry, dear)* Day in, day out, hour after hour we talk. I would not hesitate to concede that from time to time the conversation gets a little repetitious, and I have admittedly resorted to the occasional expletive while attempting to explain once again the necessity of being in the first term component of a second term course that he refuses to deregister me from.

But I am told that we all have our little ways, and if from time to time my unseen companion wishes to repeat the phrase "I am sorry, you are not eligible to register in that course" for two or three times, or even for seventeen or eighteen times, then who am I to complain? Even when I attempt to register for a course that I know has been full every day for the last three weeks, still I am greeted in the same even tones. Such consistency is hard to find in our ever-changing world. But then, by now there can be very few of you who have not been exposed to the culinary miracle of Pie R Squared pizza, so you will understand what I'm talking about.

As a final note on the subject of consistency, I would like to take the opportunity to advise against taking a walk in the Endowment Lands at this time of year. Summer time, without any rain is a better time for peaceful walks through the bush. If you do go, please be careful. Take precautions. That is, don't go without at the very least chest waders, an umbrella, guide ropes, and several tons of sonar equipment. The latter of these items is perhaps the most useful, as it can be used to give advance warning of "trail bikers", who reach rather alarming speeds while attempting to restructure the ground into something more amphibious. If it is peace and nature you are seeking, try the Main Library instead. There are whole floors which have not seen a single human face in centuries. Speaking of which, there is an urgent need building in me to complete the assignments I have due the day after tomorrow, and so fulfill the promise I made to the Associate Dean earlier this year. Goodbye.

And if you see my wife, tell her I'll should be home for the weekend, would you? I've still got some courses to register for.

I can't figure Phil out. He's under the mistaken impression that Telereg is a man. A man that Phil seems to be harbouring some affection for. Add to that mix the fact he's British, and the only answer seems to be that Phil Needs Help. Mrs. Ledwith, if you read this, please increase your husband's daily dose of Valium. And consider seeking some professional help for Phil's problems.

Monday.

Carlee Price
Columnist

Today is Monday. But more importantly, today is also Laundry Day. Laundry has become an institution, especially for today's student, that quite often inspires Monday-like fear and dread. It's like homework. You put it off (wouldn't life be grand if we could put Monday on hold) as long as possible. It's amazing what laundry-laziness (or laundry fear in some cases) leads us to do.

For some, the idea of having to pay for the chore is enough to put it off. After all, for so many delightful years of living at home, there was free and nearly effortless laundry. Suddenly, we were faced with those horrible quarter-swallowing, do-it-yourself machines in residence or the local Laundromat. It's like them asking us to take on all the housework. No one would ever pay for the honor of scrubbing toilets.

First you have to collect the dirty clothes from the nether regions of your room, sort the stuff (you only have to create one batch of pink T-shirts to learn the value of this skill) and haul it to the nearest washing facility. From this the bathroom-sink approach developed, which is not only free but suitable for emergency single-item washings as well. So long as you don't mind clumps of undissolved laundry detergent in your collar (none of us are quite as thorough as those high-tech machines, anyway).

Hand washing is the solution for those who can't operate a washing machine, as well, which is the most fundamental fear and the largest reason for laundry-procrastination. You've gotta pick wash cycle, water temperature, water level, and then there's the whole fabric softener vs. dryer sheet debate. Some university courses require less thought than this.

So why do laundry, other than the basic hygiene question? Because there's nothing better than having fresh-smelling, soft and fluffy jeans/sweaters/socks to greet you in the morning. A basket full of laundered-and-sorted socks means you can focus on other things besides laundry-aversion for at least a week. Until next Monday.

Carlee may or may not be in Science. I can never remember anything except that she took first-year Biology.

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at Prices so low, we're
not allowed to
advertise them!

Science Undergrad
CHEM 160

DEVILBUNNIES
ARE COMING!
DEVILBUNNIES
ARE COMING!

The clocks! Will they ever stop?

Jay Garcia
Columnist

UBC has an inordinate number of identical, white-faced, black handed clocks. I first began to notice this fact as I stood in line this summer, waiting for an audience with He Who Might Be Helpful, one of the many faculty advisors from whom I was seeking to cull favour. As I languished in that hallway under the enervating yellow light (more on that some other time), I heard the strangest grinding above me. It was an annoyingly reedy "click", immediately followed by a heftier "ka-chunk!". The clock, I muttered to myself (an unfortunate habit which remains uncured despite many, many whacks to the head by various acquaintances throughout the years). I studiously tried to ignore it, instead focusing my attention on my moving and heart-rending speech which would no doubt win the sympathy of He Who Might Be Helpful. But the noise of the clock was incessant and could not be ignored. Each ominous click and ka-thunk would reverberate through the hall, reminding all those trapped within that the minutes were slipping by, that time, and, indeed, life was passing us by. Minute by minute, the noise ground into me, and I found myself having difficulty in concentrating. Needless to say, I was so vexed by this that the delivery of my speech was far from exemplary, and the reaction of He Who Might Be Helpful was not the one I had expected (and decidedly unhelpful, though I've been told by others that have survived similar ordeals that was to be expected). Another time, some few weeks later, after classes had begun for the fall, I found myself in the cavernous expanse that is Hebb Theatre taking Physics 101. The lecture, like so many that I had attended (and like many that I will still be taking, long after the government has decided to recall my student loan for surpassing the National Debt, long after my parents have stopped nagging me to quit churning out this infernal drivel at all hours of the night) was academian in the extreme; that is to say, somewhat dry and informative and extremely disorienting. It was in this frame of mind that I experienced my second revelation as I stepped out into the lobby. As other students brushed their way past me, out into the bright sunshine, the clocks above each door were quietly, busily, rushing forward through time, their minute hands sweeping past the black, obscure numerals in quick arcs, a motion resembling that of somewhat laggard airplane propellers, while the hour hand steadily incremented, until finally, they both came to rest at the four o'clock position. And it was noon at that time. These two revelations, taken together, prompted me to take better heed of the clocks at UBC. I've found that many of them are either too fast, or too slow, or simply not at the right time (for some reason, the four o'clock position seems a popular one for many an hour and minute hand to get stuck in). I would have dismissed the entire process as yet another bungle on behalf of the Physical Plant, had it not been for the unusual... suitability of these individual errors with respect to their settings. I mean, it's a terrible coincidence that the heavy ticking of the clocks distracts those poor souls attending on the pleasure of those like He Who Might Be Helpful. It's a terrible coincidence that the disorientation of a lecture is further heightened by the clock's strange behaviour. In fact, it is the most unfortunate coincidence that these occurrences aggravate situation which, by themselves, might be considered innocuous. So go ahead. Chalk it all up to bizarre coincidence. But I've noticed that the clocks have an unusual tendency (or at least, a more than unusual tendency) to speed up and slow down as I pass by them. Some of them spin their hands so fast that they threaten to fall off their fastenings. So I've taken steps to insure my own safety. My paths don't cross those of the clocks anymore. I'm always on the lookout. So I should be safe. Still, my clock radio has been acting kind of funny lately...

Amazingly enough, Jay has never be late to anything in his life. He's one of those keeners who show up to class at least ten minutes early and always sits right down in front.

We're trying to get him some help...

The 432.

NEXT DEADLINE

OCTOBER 11th

AMS Tutoring Services

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

AMS Tutoring Service invites applications from well-qualified undergraduate and graduate students for the part-time position of Assistant Director, AMS Tutoring Service.

AMS Tutoring Service is an education project of the Alma Mater Society and is partially funded by the Teaching and Learning Enhancement Fund of UBC.

RESPONSIBILITIES INCLUDE:
- Assisting in the advertising, interviewing and selection of tutors.
- Advertising tutoring sessions.
- Scheduling and supervising tutors and tutoring sessions.
- Maintaining payroll and program records.
- Organizing training workshops.
- Preparing program evaluation reports.

QUALIFICATIONS INCLUDE:
- Demonstrating ability to perform administrative and supervisory functions.
- Previous tutoring experience.
- Excellent communication and interpersonal skills.
- Ability to use database and word processing computer applications.
- Ability to work under minimal direction.
- Registered as a UBC student for the 1994/95 academic year.

Hours of work will vary, including evenings and weekends. The wage is **$9.73** per hour to a maximum of 10 hours per week. The successful applicant must agree to work the full term, including exam periods.

Please submit resumé, including a copy of your class schedule, to Director, AMS Tutoring Service, Room 249D, Student Union Building, by October 7, 1994.

*Introducing a new newsgroup, from the creators of alt.devilbunnies...**

ubc.sus

It's your place to post messages of a Science-related nature and make your opinions known to SUS executive and your fellow Science students.

Check out ubc.sus for info about upcoming events in the Science Undergrad Society.

(And maybe, just maybe, you'll find The Electronic 432. Oooohhh!)

** Just joking. No one knows who did it*

Vaseline.

John Hallett
Columnist

Today I'd like to talk about a rather amusing topic: **Embarrassment.** What's funny about embarrassment (aside from its spelling, which is a riot in itself) is the fact that everyone fears it like the plague, unless it happens to someone *else*. I myself can't quite understand this little quirk in human nature that allows people to instinctually avoid the emotional equivalent of being burnt alive while at the same time allows us to seek out and exploit *any* opportunity to put our dear friends through it. This fact brings an ancient saying to mind: *"Never trust a friend if you can see a pole-axe over his shoulder."* What am I trying to say, you might ask. Just never trust anyone more than you would trust a used car salesman.

Now, if you ask: *"Why not trust a used car salesman?"* Just look in your driveway and you will understand. Now if you ask: *"What's wrong with my '72 Dodge with rare Ferrous Oxide Highlights?"* Just kill yourself, it'll be easier that way.

Back to embarrassment. If one is subjected to embarrassment in sufficiently large portions, I have come to the conclusion that death is preferable. Let me give you an example:

Last year during my campaign for Social Coordinator, my PR guy gave me the idea that if I held a press conference from the balcony of that old run-down barn on the south side of campus, it would improve my chances. "Great idea," I thought.

The first problem arose less than two minutes before I would emerge onto the balcony. I got rather nervous about saying something stupid in front of the hordes. So I leaned on a railing for support; it broke, I fell. The worst part is that my shirt became entangled on the railing and didn't fall. Or maybe the worst part was that I landed in a large pile of cow manure, I can't decide. In order to get back up to the balcony and continue as scheduled, I took off my remaining clothing and tied them together in order to form a rope which I would use climb back up.

When I was almost halfway up a chicken landed on the beam above me and began to peck at my looped clothing. In a desperate attempt to save myself from another unfortunate experience in the manure, I began to shout stuff like "So you wanna peck it, eh? Come here and I'll show you how to *really* peck something!"

Once again, this would have been a good plan had the press corps not heard me and come to see what all the excitement was. I have no idea what they possibly thought I might have been doing chasing a scared chicken up a rope in the nude with manure smeared on me, but they thought it was worth taking pictures of.

And that concludes my most embarrassing moment. Unless, of course, you want to talk about what I've done to *other* people. *<insert satanic laugh here>* You see, the most important part in constructing a fatally embarrassing event is the selection of the proper victim. In my case, this was easy. I happened to know several easily embarrassed folk living in Totem. The next stage was the set up: All I needed was several jugs of Vaseline, which was readily available at my local pharmacy.

After only a slight bit of embarrassment for myself at said pharmacy, I proceeded directly to Totem. Using my recently created Totem Master Key, I gained access to a certain building around 2 AM and positioned my tubs o' lubricant over top of my dear friend's bed in such a manner that even a slight touch would cause it to tumble.

At this point I feel it necessary to provide some background information on my victim. After living in Totem for only a short time, she had gained quite a... uh... *reputation* after spending the majority of one alcohol-filled night asking every male she came into contact with if he would rather have watermelon jello or sex with her. 'Nuff said.

Anyway, now came the fun part. All I needed to dump petroleum by-product all over her was a slight disturbance. "How to create a slight disturbance?" I wondered as my gaze drifted over a fire alarm. With that problem solved, all that was left was to wait outside with my Polaroid 40-frame a second camera ready for some very serious memory preserving. All I can say about it to this day is this : I've never seen such lovely shades of red.

So, in conclusion, no matter how embarrassed some one makes you, it will fade in time. Unless, of course, they got pictures, in which case they'll be sure you *never* forget.

John Hallett is not a good role model. In fact, we're pretty sure he'll never be a model for anything, unless you want to count that class over at SFU in Criminology.

We're doing our best to get rid of him. We've tried all the local mental hospitals, so now we're calling all the zoos. Anyone want a large-sized maniac? Anyone? Pleeeaaaseee?

P R E M E D L E C T U R E

"The Timeline to Medicine:
What to do When"

Tuesday, October 04, 1994
12:30 in BIOSCI 2449

If you haven't joined yet,
sign up in our office WOOD G30

P R E M E D L E C T U R E

Virtual Triathletes
Continued from page 4

July, and you're swimming in a really warm lake, sometimes it can get sort of umm... well, cold. I don't like it when it's cold. I thought to myself if I could figure out a way to do triathlons inside, then I wouldn't have to go outside. And that would be great!"

The sport got off to a weak start June 5 of this year when, in the first ever virtual triathlon, all 27 contestants were electrocuted. Says Danielson, "Who would have thought the helmets weren't waterproof? Thank goodness *I* wasn't racing."

Unable to find a company that manufactured waterproof helmets, he decided to design one himself. The prototype was a very much "the same as a regular helmet, with the addition of a garbage bag sealed around the victim... I mean... athlete's neck with duct tape." Says Danielson, "That didn't work too well. I tried some modifications such as holes in the garbage bag so the athletes could breathe, but in the end, I had to go out and invent a unit with a waterproof case."

As far as Canada's medal chances go, Danielson is very optimistic, mostly due to the fact that Canada has been the only country not banned from competition in the WVTF. When asked about the bans, he said,

"Well, I did have trouble coming up with reasons for excluding some countries. New Zealand was especially tough. Eventually we had to make a rule that countries entirely surrounded by water must be up to no good. It worked out perfectly; that way we got to give Australia the boot as well, and they could have been difficult to beat in the pool component. We also had to get rid of England, so we made a rule that any country that previously ruled an empire was also ineligible for competition."

The WVTF has also fomally requested that the city build a complex especially for the triathlon.

Blueprints for the building recently leaked from the Office of the Mayor include a special warmup area for athletes, seating for 25 000, and a large arena to house the competitors with a large area in the centre labelled "Alligator Pit" that Danielson refused to comment on. A site has not yet been chosen, but the arena will be named Campbell Place, after the multinational soup company. Critics have been quick to point out the possible link between the corporate sponsor and the area marked "Alligator Pit".

According to rumour, Matt has an extensive Wiggin collection and intends to take it on tour sometime in early 1995.

Students of General Science Club

1st Event

"Career Options in General Science"

Meet the Dean, talk about life
after graduation, eat food, have fun.
All students welcome.

Thursday October 06, 1994
BioSci 2449

A Full Moon.

Tessa Moon
Columnist

Everybody knows the Faculty of Science consists of the most unarguably brilliant species of university life forms. But, armed as we are with our analytical minds and far-reaching insights, we do manage to perpetrate the occasional blooper.

"My, for someone who's supposed to be smart..." – which of us has not heard that dreaded sentence, which reveals to all within earshot that we have finally allowed our intelligence to run ahead of itself? Any student who hasn't heard it by university age is either lying or an Arts student.

Students from first year biology may fondly recall a particularly good example. Barely finished his first degree, trembling before the horde of rapacious students who really didn't want to spend a sunny afternoon in a biology lab, the hapless TA had valiantly climbed onto a tottering stool to reach a plastic skull resting on the top shelf of a storage closet. He grabbed it, pulled, and screamed as the mandibles snapped shut on his fingers. He gamely tried again as soon as he confirmed that all digits were still attached to his hand, but each attempt only seemed to strengthen the skull's resolve to stay on the shelf and amputate his fingers. Viciously, he grabbed a meter stick and shoved one end under the jawbone. His intention was obviously to apply some leverage to the obstinate skull, while rotating it and easing it out of the jam with his other hand. However, as he executed the maneuver (proving he had a good grasp of physics as well as biology, like all good science students), his pants — unaccustomed to the lack of tension in his equator — dropped gently to the floor.

The class froze for a brief second while he stood with his pants heaped ingloriously about his sneakers, then erupted into polite hiccups and coughs as the TA gathered up the fragments of his dignity and skeleton parts which had fallen during the fray. Nobody was quite cruel enough to tell him that he might have achieved his laudable goal by simply lifting off the removable top panel of the shelf.

And then there was the unlucky student who discovered a bunch of ants in her drawer of bacterial cultures. Faced with the knowledge that insecticide would destroy her microbial subjects long before it got the ants, she devised an ingenious plan for summarily dispatching the invaders – she vacuumed them up.

However, after contemplation, she realized that the ants were probably alive and well in the machine and still presented a threat to her experiment. Accordingly, she decided to asphyxiate them by holding the end of the vacuum cleaner hose above an unlit Bunsen burner. Vacuum cleaners have electrical motors. Electrical motors give off sparks. Sparks and inflammable gas are incompatible. The vacuum cleaner exploded.

Fortunately, nobody was injured with the exception of the ants, who are presumed dead (but may only be missing in action).

Then there was the student who took a sip of microscope. immersion oil while carefully placing a drop of decaf Colombian on his slide. There's a good reason why food and drink are banned from the labs.

And the prof who absently dropped a sample bottle into his goldfish tank, crystals and all, while lecturing on how any contamination could kill an organism as delicate as the goldfish.

The foibles of science are infrequent reminders that scientists are as imperfect as anyone. These little things make sure we don't get too comfortable in our complacency, justified as it is.

By the way, the aforementioned TA ended up as a permanently traumatized street artist painting pieces called "Frog Descending Dissection Pan," He just couldn't hack teaching a class, I guess. Luckily, he seems the only serious casualty. And the fish are seem to be doing fine.

Tessa is one of the few survivors of the 1993/94 Ubyssey, which exploded spectacularly late last year. The effect of that trauma are yet to be fully documented.

TUTORS NEEDED

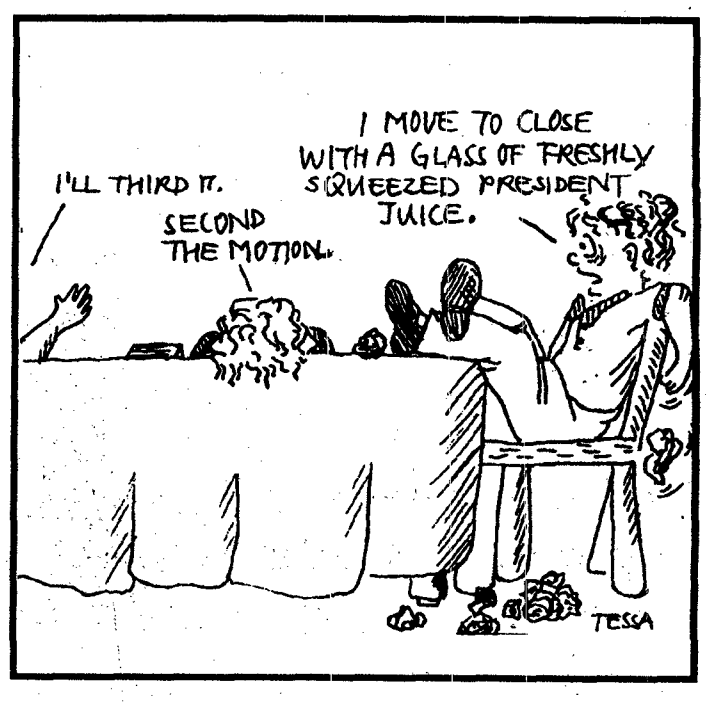
Earn extra cash by becoming a Physsoc tutor.

For information, or to sign up see Bonnie Wootten at Physsoc (HENN 307) or e-mail bwootten@physics.ubc.ca (Higher level students preferred.)

BZZR GARDEN
5:00 – 9:00PM
BUCHANAN LOUNGE
•ARTS 200•
(PRESENTED BY THE PSA, AFTER ARTS STOLE THEIR ROOM BOOKING FOR THE 30TH. SNARL. GROWL.)
NOW FRIDAY OCT 7

NEED A TUTOR?

"Meet-a-tutor" Session
Thursday, October 6
Hennings 200
12:30 – 1:30pm
(Primarily for 1st and 2nd year physics courses)



A typical six hour Council meeting.

The Wardrobe That Ate Manhatttan.

Roger
WATTS

It has been brought to my attention several times that I own a few too many clothes. A number of friends and aquaintances of mine, as well as people visiting the house who got lost on the way to the bathroom and somehow ended up in the closet, have produced rather singular facial expressions when confronted with my armoire. After a few deep breaths and a nip of brandy, they're usually coherent enough to voice their findings.

Nonsense, I usually counter; *everyone has their passions, so what's the matter with having a varied and colorful wardrobe?*

Nothing, they invariably reply. *This, however*, they exclaim while pointing at the linen leviathan before them, *is not a passion. This is a concerted attempt to acquire every piece of fabric in the Western world. Gawd, there's more cotton in here than in the entire state of Louisiana. What'd you do, hijack a truck or something?*

And so forth. It's funny, actually; I never really noticed the buildup until people started pointing it out to me. I've always liked clothes (in much the same way, I suppose, as fish 'like' water), and I've never been bashful about spending a healthy portion of my savings on them. It's just recently that I've begun to consider my collection... well, to put it politely, *complete.*

Of course, I didn't notice this all on my own. Besides the invaluable observations of my colleagues which I've mentioned above, there are one or two other little points which tend to really drive it home.

There is, first of all, the logistics involved in *putting* the things somewhere. As you know, clothes command a fair amount of closet space; they're not the kind of thing you can stack out back by the woodpile. Which, I suppose, is why I have a closet that looks like it might have been a separate bedroom before we moved in - I haven't seen too many closets with *windows* in them, for example. It's nice to have that kind of space to work with, but I think I'll have to keep my eye on it; I have a sneaking suspicion that my roommates are eyeing it up to build a bowling alley in there.

As telltale signs of wretched excess go, though, the Pacific Closetseum sort of pales in comparison to the rather awesome spectre that we like to call "Mt. Laundry," or simply "Mont Blanc."

The problem with having too many clothes is that you get lazy. Instead of wearing a few articles of clothing and then promptly washing them, you just keep on digging other things to wear out of the closet. Consequently, nothing gets washed for three weeks, at the end of which you're faced with a pile of cloth that more or less resembles the North Face of the Eiger.

Naturally, the only way to deal with this behemoth is to find yourself a few good sherpas, several metric tons of Tide and launch an all-out assault on the summit. A skilled laundry washer can usually establish a workable base camp up around the 900-metre mark within a few days, and barring accidents, the peak can be conquered from there in a matter of a couple of weeks.

The true workhorse of this whole operation is, of course, our washing machine. The little trooper never fails to deliver, and has in fact been decorated twice for bravery and meritorious service above and beyond the call of duty. Occasionally, the Maytag man comes by to engage in a little bit of trauma therapy, usually consisting of playing a few surfing tunes just to get it in the mood, or reading the timeless, inspiring tale of *The Little Tsunami That Could*. Other than that, however, our washing machine comes through in the clutch better than Michael Jordan. (Not only that, but it's better at getting out those tough ketchup stains, too.)

But that process is just the half of it. Once the laundry is actually finished, and the dryer toddles off to the fridge for a Gatorade break, the mental battle begins in earnest. Allow me to explain: a stack of laundry such as the one I've just described can be expected to include, oh, about 2.74 million white socks. The interesting part is trying to match each sock up with its twin.

And thus begins the great weekly game of White Sock Concentration, a fast-paced, challenging game of memory and skill that's fun for the whole... oh, who am I kidding? It's about as much fun as a colostomy. You thought trying to play that game with 52 playing cards was tough? *Hah.* A half hour of this little exercise, and partial differentiation calculus just won't be the same mental logjam it was before. There's nothing worse than picking up that one funny-looking sock and wondering if:

a) you didn't just pick up its partner two minutes ago in Row 37 at the other end of the room,

b) its partner isn't here at all, but is in fact being washed down with Gatorade by a certain nameless disgruntled clothes dryer, or

c) this is indeed your sock.

For all of those socks that end up orphaned at the end, though, take heart; they can still serve a variety of household uses. For example, they make excellent little white puppets - at this point, all I need is some fake fur and about 70 or 80 talented puppeteers, and I think I could put on a pretty decent production of *Cats*, full chorus and all.

And so goes the continuing saga of *The Wardrobe That Ate Manhattan.* Oh, by the way... if you have any spare moth repellent lying around, drop it by the office, will ya?

Roger Watts is one of the original four Beatles. He's also legendary for his incredible ability to get stuff to the editor at least two days late. The editor, being a novice, usually has a coronary about this. It's not actually Rog's fault.

OktoberFest '94

14 Oct 94

SUB Partyroom