

Is it legible? No? Well, it's good enough, print it!

Words often overheard at The 432

**The
432.**

Volume 9 Number 1
5 September 1995

French Invade Greenpeace!

"Will no one rid me off those troublesome activists?" cries Chirac

Kilgore Trout
Roving Correspondent

VANCOUVER (CP)

In a surprise announcement yesterday, French president Jacques Chirac announced that the French nuclear tests scheduled for this fall has been moved from the South Pacific to the head office of Greenpeace Canada, located in Vancouver, BC.

"Let no one say France is not a progressive nation. We listen to the concerns of the international community and will always act in a spirit of world unity," said Chirac from his Paris offices.

Many critics view the move as largely symbolic of France's frustration with Greenpeace, one of the

world's largest and most vocal environmentalist organizations. Greenpeace has been in opposition to the tests since they were first announced, prepared to take any action to prevent the megaton blast from destroying the delicate ecosystem of the South Pacific.

Chirac appeared unconcerned about the opposition, saying that a certain amount of protest is to be expected of any governmental decision. Questioned on his motives for moving the test, the French president said that there were a number of reasons.

"First of all, we're hoping to kill two birds with one stone, so to speak. Not only will we get to con-

duct our tests, which we consider essential to French security, but we're expecting it to help us avoid a lot of negative publicity for future tests."

Political analysts are predicting a slight rise in the French government's international popularity, pointing out that the move may win the support

of many companies known for their dislike of Greenpeace. Since the announcement was made, Exxon, the Oslo Whaling Inc., and The Kenyan Big Game Hunters' Union have expressed support for not only the location, but the test itself.

There have, however, been a num-

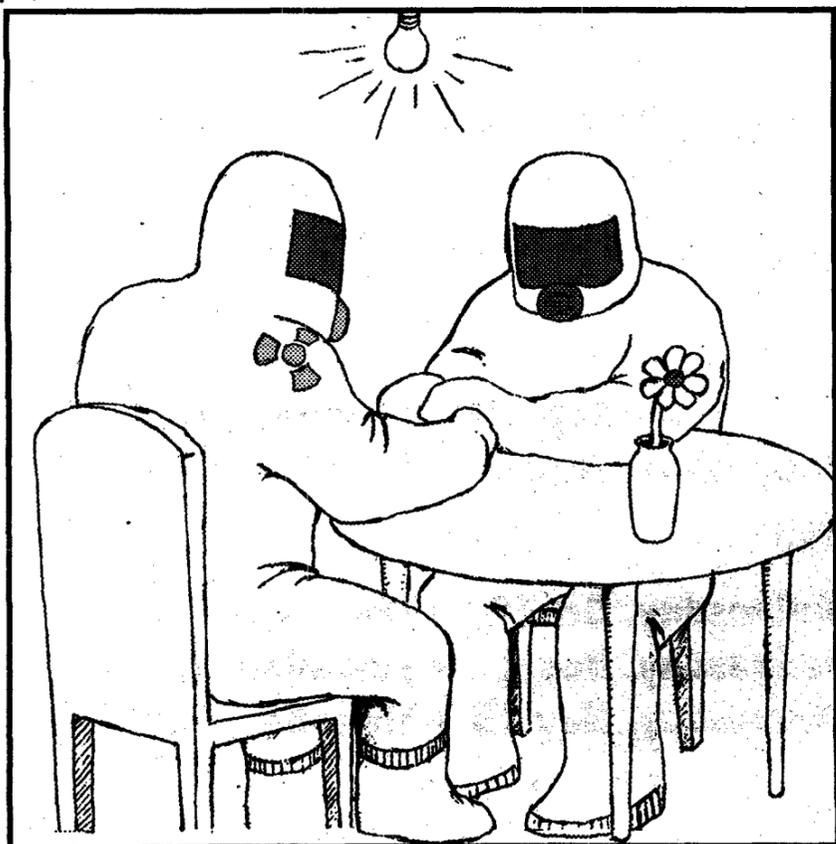
ber of significant criticisms of the choice of location, primarily, that it is located in the middle of a major city. French officials have been downplaying these concerns, claiming it's just a case of "not in my back yard syndrome." Chirac admitted that he did "feel a little bit sorry for people whose homes will be wrecked," but added that his government is planning to provide free rail service in order to evacuate citizens whose homes lie within the area of the blast.

In a phone interview yesterday afternoon, an anonymous Greenpeace representative expressed mixed feelings about the test.

French Nuclear Testing

continued on page three

C'est la guerre, mon ami!



Radioactive dating.

Marketing Rights Sold!

Gord van McOlundsky
Roving Correspondent

VANCOUVER (Reuters)

Following the trend set earlier this year by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the UBC Parking and Security Services (PASS) today announced the sale of their marketing rights to Bob's FunHouse of Mission, BC.

"We're just sick and tired of seeing second rate images of our officers spread all over the place," said Jack Thompson of Parking and Security, "it was just getting out of hand."

By selling the exclusive marketing rights to Bob's FunHouse, Parking and Security hopes to crack down on the black market use of their distinct images.

"It had gotten to the point that

you couldn't go into a single downtown bar during business hours without recognizing one of our officers," said Thompson.

Parking and Security estimates nearly \$200,000 is lost annually in black market sales of the wildly successful Campus Cowboy™ action figure line. At least 2/3 of that amount is directly linked to the sales of the Cycle Cowboy™ line, depicting older, slightly overweight law enforcement officers sitting on tiny mountain bike seats.

"It's a hit with the kiddies," claims Jacques LeBlanc, the agent responsible for marketing the Cycle Cowboy™ line to local discount shopping centers.

"All you need to do is to put up a

Cowboys Marketing Rights Sold!

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The 432

Volume 9 Number 1
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Editor
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Assistant Editors
Jay Garcia, Matt Wiggin

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Unsolicited articles and cartoons eagerly accepted. Articles should be no longer than 800 words in

length, be spell checked and submitted in both electronic and paper copies. IBM or Mac acceptable. Articles should not, under any circumstances contain actual news. Satire, opinions or outright lies preferred.

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First inning... warp one!



Blair
MCDONALD

“Hi, this is Howard Cosell, the new voice of UBC Science. We’re about to kick off the 1995 season with a home game here in the basement of the Chemistry Building...

“...just as soon as the starting lineup for *The 432* takes the field. And they’re coming out of the dressing room now... here we go!

“Starting at first base, Matt Wiggin! Liiiiike the new hairstyle, Wiggin! With all that hair on top gone, expect to see Wiggin’s steal percentage go *waaay* up. Wiggin hits both left and right, so we’ll be seeing a lot of Wiggin throughout the year.

“At second base, it’s Jay Garcia. Garcia’s always been a steady player, even during his minor league duties. It looks like the management’s decided to give Garcia the critical second base position on a full time basis.

“Covering the left field, way left field and way, *way* out there, past the fence left field is John Hallett. Hallett’s always been a bit on the strange side, so here’s hoping the extended break’s settled him down a bit. You can expect erratic, but often brilliant play from

Hallett.

“Finally, we see McDonald taking his customary position out on the mound. He’s there for the second straight year, and there’s some doubts about his endurance, but he took most of the summer off, so we’re hoping his arm will last through the season.

“That’s the main starting line up of the 1995 team. It’s yet to be seen how well they do. After all, they lost most of their big hitters over the summer. McCuaig’s being transferred to the team in Calgary. Kennedy’s still injured and may be able to only play a few games. And of course, they lost Watts, batting at an amazing .768 to the team at UVic.

“But the prospects from the farm team look promising, and it looks like most of the critical spots can be covered. A few big trades may be in the future, but this team has everything they need to take the pennant.

“Besides, it’s not like there’s a lot of competition in the UBC League. Now back to the control booth for these messages...”

I don’t know about you, but for the first time, I’m actually looking forward to classes.

It’s probably ‘cause for the first time in the last three years, I

don’t have to take first year math. You’ve heard the story time and again, failed it four times, blah blah blah. But I finally passed it, albeit with a 50%. But I’ll happily take the 50% and run... straight to BIOL 300 (Biometrics).

Sigh. Will this mathematics thing ever end?

But enough about that #%&*@ course, and back to me enjoying school.

It’s been a curious evolution over the last four months. I guess something just snapped (the elastic band driving my brain, no doubt) and suddenly I cared about what I was doing.

This had several visible effects. I started watching A&E, TLC and the Discovery Channel. “Time well spent” indeed, there’s actually a lot of really interesting shows on zoology, ecology, evolution and the like. So far, I’ve learned about dung beetles in Africa and seals in Antarctica.

I’m actually interested when Desmond Morris talks about human evolution. I guess there’s a first time for everything.

My reading habits have also changed. Instead of working through the exploits of Capt. Jean-Luc Picard and his valiant crew, I’m now chugging through Richard Dawkins’ “The Blind Watchmaker”. By chugging, that’s

exactly what I mean. Evolutionary theory isn’t exactly something you can just skim through. After all, you can pretty much predict what happens in a Star Trek novel. Here’s the generic framework that’s standard issue for all Star Trek writers:

Scene 1: Crew is travelling along, minding their own business, when suddenly...

Scene 2: ... crew discovers new species, artifact, planet, astronomical body, hazard to navigation (pick one). Crew is completely caught off guard. In original Star Trek, this is where the unsuspecting Security ensign buys the farm.

Scene 3: Crew investigates, to no avail.

Scene 4: Crew invents some new radical procedure, instrument or varies existing procedure or instrument in an unexpected way.

Alternate Scene 4: Kirk seduces female leader.

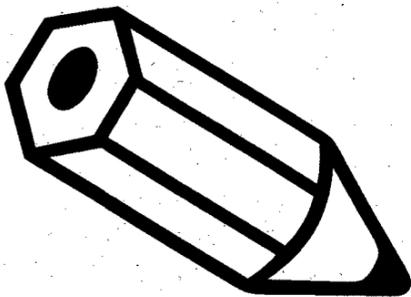
Scene 5: Crew is saved, life returns to normal. End of book.

Star Trek in a nutshell. You certainly can’t compare it to Shakespeare.

Anyways, I’ve more or less lost the thread of this story. Time to go home.

See ya next issue.

1995 Production Schedule



Issue 2 • Wednesday, Sept 13 • Thursday, Sept 21

Issue 3 • Wednesday, Sept 2 • Thursday, Oct 5

SANITY BREAK

Issue 4 • Wednesday, Oct 18 • Thursday, Oct 27

Issue 5 • Wednesday, Nov 1 • Thursday, Nov 9

Issue 6 • Wednesday, Nov 15 • Thursday, Nov 24

(first date is copy deadline, second is when it’ll hit the stands)

Ask Tommy.

Dear Tommy Science,

Could you please help me? I have a small problem.

I seem to have a small black hole in my bathroom between the shower stall and the sink. It's already consumed the toilet, shower curtain, all the toilet paper and the \$105 textbook I threw at it. It's also causing gale force winds in my apartment as it sucks out all the air. Can you help me?

Stan Kusinsky

Dear Stan

As black holes of a size small enough to fit in your bathroom are highly unstable and normally explode after a few seconds, what you probably have is a miniature neutron star, which has considerably less mass.

First off, stop throwing things at it, as you're likely to annoy your neutron star. Pissing off a neutron star is not a good thing to do.

Try to see the silver lining in this one, Stan. You can always move and sublet your apartment to the Astronomy Department. I bet they'd pay good money to be able to study this phenomenon up close.

Thanks for writing.

Dear Tommy Science,

Why does the smoke from a campfire always follow me, no matter which side of the fire I go to? I can't get away from it! Make it stop! Make it stop!

P. Sheridan

Dear P.,

All smoke, whether from a

campfire or a cigarette will be attracted to the person who most hates it. This "magnetism" can only be detected using sensitive medical equipment, so I suggest seeing your doctor about this immediately.

Just tell your doctor what you told me, and I'm sure you'll find yourself in a completely smoke free environment shortly.

Thanks for writing.

Dear Tommy Science,

I've noticed that 432 (your paper's name) plus 234 (the inverse of your paper's name) equals 666! I've determined that you are being controlled by Agents of the Anti-Christ, and am writing Jimmy Baker to see if he can arrange for an exorcism the next time he's in town.

Mrs. Agnes Jones

Dear Agnes,

Your concern is completely misplaced. None of the people here at the paper are Agents of the Anti Christ, we're just normal people just like you.

I can't help but wonder where this fear of Science has come from. I thought this problem was overcome in the early eighteenth century.

By the way, if you happen to notice any headless chickens stapled to your door, don't worry about it. It's just a scientific experiment being conducted in your area.

Gnitirw rof sknaht.

Cowboys Marketing Rights Sold!

continued from page one

great big poster saying 'Power Rangers' and boy, do those suckers, I mean *children* come running. I'm hoping to have the BlueBus™ out sometime in late November"

Bob of Bob's FunHouse explains his choice to bid on the marketing contract:

"It was the chance of a lifetime, man! It's not everyday you get to buy the exclusive marketing rights of the Dallas Cowboys. And such a low price, man! Only \$1000 down and 35% of the gross profits! I'm gonna make posters! I'm gonna get celebrity football games here at my FunHouse! I'm gonna host the Super Bowl party, man! I can't believe my luck, man!"

Parking and Security was questioned about the apparent miscommunication.

"Huh? Dallas Cowboys... are you sure? I could have sworn I wrote 'Campus' Cowboys on the contract. Must have been a typo or something."

French Nuclear Tests

continued from page one

"Well, naturally we're disappointed about losing our office; I mean you just get everything the way you want it, right down to a self sustaining aquarium with extensive biodiversity in the lobby, and something like this happens. Naturally, we want to prevent the bombing, especially since that would drive our insurance premiums through the roof! A lot of us do have martyr complexes, however, and we're pretty sure that something like this would make headlines everywhere, so there's at least a silver lining."

Greenpeace protests are planned at French embassies all over the world, and there is talk of a plan to chain activists to the warhead itself, although it is unlikely that it will make any difference, given the French position.

A source close to the French President released a confidential memo from Chirac to his military aide, characterizing the "collateral damage" from a nuclear detonation in the Vancouver area as "the price of war."

The memo also leaked the plan for setting the bomb.

"We'll send in the secret service agents while the entire crew is off on shore leave, I mean *lunch break*," wrote Chirac, "Just like last time."

Also joining Greenpeace in the fight against the tests is the BC Provincial Government. Mike Harcourt warned that detonation of a nuclear warhead within his country would "might do irreparable damage to relations between France and British Columbia."

Premier Jacques Parizeau of Quebec, still smarting unified opposition to the Quebec position at the recent Premier's Conference was swift to denounce Harcourt's statement as "another example of English Canada ganging up on Quebec"

Most analysts agree the two premiers' comments have nothing to do with the issue at hand.

THIS YEAR BANQUET

**SEPTEMBER 6TH
(WED) 12:30 - 3:30**

**BETWEEN CHEM &
ANGUS ACROSS FROM
TREKKERS**

**BURGERS! HOTDOGS! AND
MUCH, MUCH MORE!**

FYC

Sponsored By
**SCIENCE
U B C**

A typical day

First year.

There's nearly 8000 new students at UBC this year. Most of you frosh have no idea what to expect. You just don't know. Accept that and move on.

So, we'd like to give you a quick idea of the typical frosh day. You can expect these habits to last, oh, about three weeks. After that, you'll have the optimism and keenness beaten out of you by the system, and you'll be ready to start learning the really critical lessons of life.

Here's a quick checklist for you, just to make sure you've got everything you need.

- 5x 2 inch binder full of looseleaf paper
- lunch prepared by Mom
- super clicker pen (now with brown ink!)
 - all your textbooks
- campus map and list of courses
 - money
- a determination to get A's

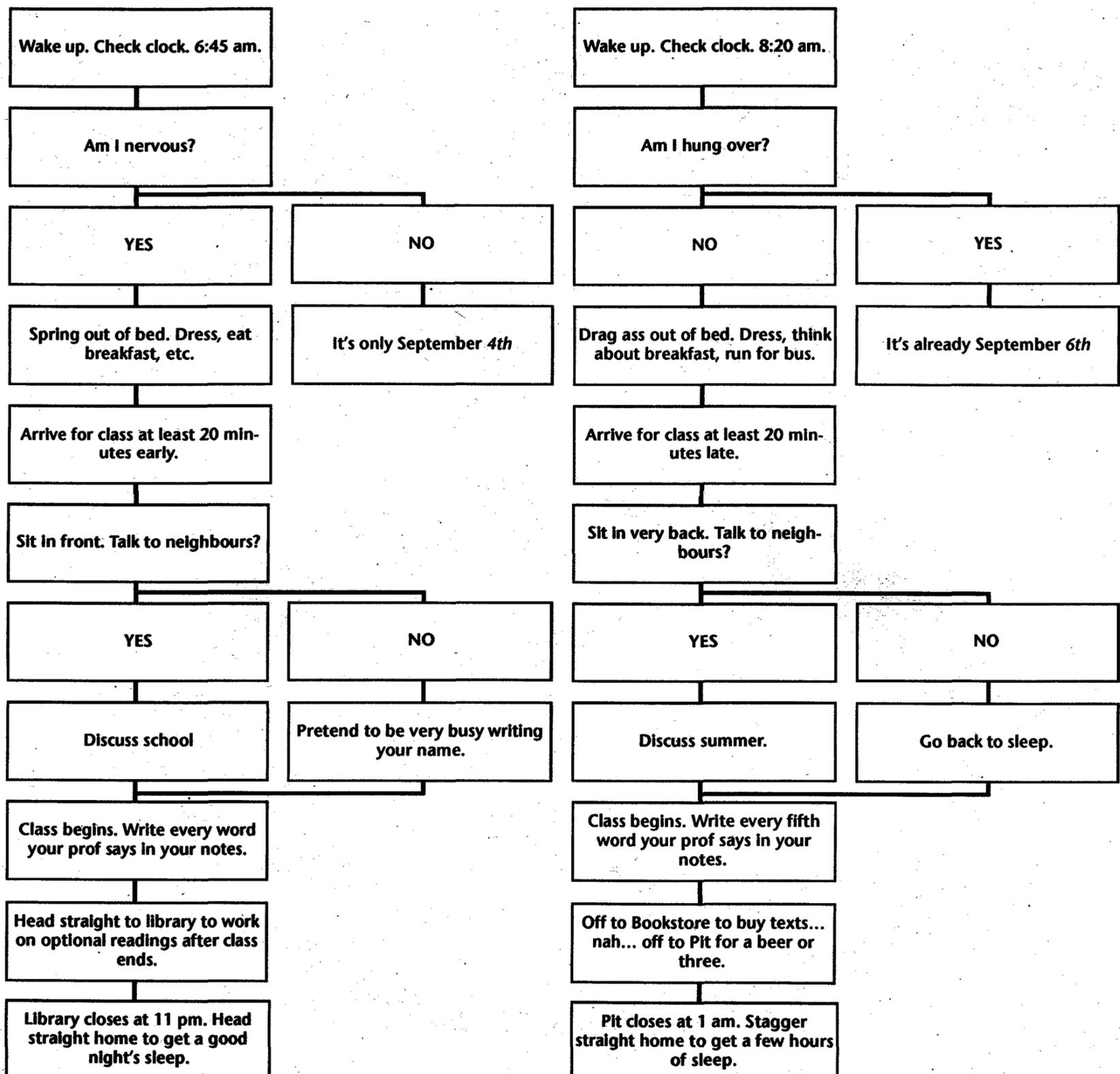
Last year.

There's lots of almost graduating students out there. Some for the fourth year, many for the fifth, and a few complete morons still trying to get that all important 3 credits of electives out of the way.

You already know what to expect, having had all your optimism beaten out of you long ago. The system has ground you down and spit you out, and you go from place to place just looking for a bit of enjoyment to make the day worthwhile.

Keep looking. It ain't gonna be any better once you're gone.

- a few pieces of looseleaf paper in your pocket
 - No solid food, just coffee
- beat up blue pen that may or may not crap out halfway through class
 - you didn't bother buying any textbooks
- cell phone to call Telereg to find out what your courses are
 - _____
- a determination to pass and get the hell out



The Evolution of Bias.

Blair McDonald

Desperate for more columnists.

WARNING: THIS STORY CONTAINS SOME SERIOUS MATERIAL AND MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR SOME MEMBERS OF OUR AUDIENCE. READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED.

I am not a politically correct person. Everything I say can easily be placed on a simple scale of one to ten for humour value. This humour scale is also the inverse of my sensitivity scale – what seems a 10 for humour to me is often perceived as a 0 on the sensitivity scale by others. As a result I tend to stumble through such hot PC issues as human rights, religious freedom, environmentalism and the like.

I'm supportive of human rights – it seems self-evident that people all around the world are entitled to the same rights. What those rights are is another question I won't dwell upon except to mention in passing that it would mightily ethnocentric to assume the American version is the standard that should be applied globally.

I'm less supportive of those people who extend "human rights" to those of animals and plants – especially people who condemn scientists using live animals for medical research. Don't take that to mean that I enjoy learning how many animals die each year to further our knowledge of the universe. In an ideal world, animals could live free, etcetera, etcetera. This is not an ideal world, and I believe the gains from such studies far outweigh the costs.

But I am digressing from my point. Let's just assume that society accepts the use of animals in scientific experiments but insists that all people are entitled to the same rights no matter where they live.

Now I'm going to share with you a scenario from Richard Dawkins, currently my favourite author.

What would happen if we discovered a "human-like" animal on an isolated South Pacific island? It's obviously not human, but not ape either. Maybe it's a living example of homo erectus – maybe an unknown missing link. Or maybe it's just a "super chimp." After all, we share 99% of our genes with chimpanzees.

The discovery of such a creature, besides being an evolutionist's dream, would put the entire human rights movement on its ear.

"Votes for chimps" is how Dawkins summarizes it. Would this newly discovered species be entitled to all the rights you and I

enjoy. Or would the new species be considered "animal" and therefore suitable for research?

Or would we, in Dawkins' words, set up "an elaborate apartheid system of discriminatory laws, with courts deciding whether particular individuals were 'legally' chimps or 'legally' humans?"

The basic truth is that each and every one of us, in one way or another is a bigot. Webster's Ninth Collegiate defines a bigot as "one obstinately or intolerantly devoted to one's own principles"

We're pretty dedicated to the idea that our species is better than all the others. That 1% difference in our genetic code makes all the difference in the world.

You might have gotten the impression from this article that I'm against animal testing, zoos, and keeping household pets. I'm not. I support the humane use of animals in medical experiments mainly because I'd rather some rat died than my best friend just because doctors couldn't test the latest cancer treatment properly. I rather enjoy going to the zoo, although I prefer to see animals in their natural environment. And if it wasn't for the fact I'm living in residence, I'd own a great big German shepard.

I guess I've stumbled far enough through this issue to offend enough people. It's just comforting to think that everyone's "politically incorrect", if only a little.

ed. Why did I write this article? Partly because I wanted to see if I could, partly because I'm a fourth year ecology student with a serious interest in evolution.

However, the main reason why is that I had space to fill, and no one to fill it. The rest of the SUS Exec are off doing god knows what, most of my old columnists have scattered to the four winds and it's only twelve hours 'till press time.

Take pity on me! Write something for the next issue! Or I'll force you to endure another one of my "serious" articles. You've been warned.

Hmm... blah, blah, blah, gotta fill up this tiny bit of space with something.. Just sitting here, typing random thoughts into the computer. Hahahah. More random thoughts. Am I done yet, can I go home.

Well, I've just about filled this lousy little space, wait, get away from that computer – Matt here. You know what Blair really hates? Those people who hide the last piece of the puzzle just so they can be the one to finish it. Boy will he be pissed when he wakes up!

WRITERS NEEDED

Do you write like this?

*Ask not for whom the bell tolls.
It tolls for thee.*

Or like this?

*Their goes my knew, dog down
the block.
Its out off sight now.*

**We'll take you
anyways.**

**The
432.**

New columnists meeting: Wednesday, September 15

Meet Matt Wiggin – star of *The 432!* Matt will be signing autographs and table dancing from 4:30 to 5:30. See Jay Garcia run naked... no, let's not do that.

Genuine interest: Seriously, bring any ideas or articles, sit down with the people stuck doing this *&^% paper now and find out all about *The 432* and how you can get involved.

Plantive begging: Even if you don't think you could write your own name properly, let alone an article, show up anyways. Please come. Please?

Bribery: Refreshments may be available.

Threats: Anyone who's interested but skips the meeting anyways will be hunted down and shot. Twice.

4:30 in CHEM B160

If you're a Science club, this blatant filler could be a free ad from your club to the students of UBC!

How I (mis)Spent My Summer Vacation.



Jay
GARCIA

It was all going so well. It was a warm, clear Saturday night. My last exam had come and gone, and, amazingly, I hadn't been reduced to gibbering insanity.

My friends and I had decided to hold a poker game to celebrate the start of the summer. So there I was, facing down one of my best friends across a huge pile of chips. The game was Seven-toed Pete (of which, the less said, the better) and, as things progressed, I found myself feeding insane amounts of chips into the pot. As the last cards were being drawn, it dawned on me that the majority of my not inconsiderable finances were riding on that last card.

Needless to say, as the cards were revealed, I ended up being thoroughly skunked (a term borrowed from cribbage, and applied, somewhat appropriately, here). Also (for those of you who have the mild misfortune of knowing me), I did not take the loss of most of my cash very well. I bristled. I blustered. I swore. I offered threats of immediate physical harm.

My friend stared me straight in the eye. "Okay, Garcia", he said "one more game. Just you and me. You win, you get back everything you lost and half of what I've got." An ominous silence filled the room. Then: "But, if you lose, you lose big."

Wordlessly, I nodded.

"Deal." He said.

The game went by far too quickly. The last words I remember were "Too bad, Garcia. You lose."

The next thing I knew, I was a cabin boy on a tramp steamer bound for Hawaii. It was anything but an uneventful voyage. From the beginning, we were besieged by several scores of cocaine-smugglers trying to board our vessel. We ended up shipwrecked on some uncharted Pacific island, running for our lives as we were chased by hordes of shaggy and unkempt island savages, bloodthirsty dinosaurs, and malicious insurance salesmen. In the process of escaping, we discovered the lost city of Eldorado, flew by airship to the sunken Isle of Atlantis, and recovered that elusive treasure known only as "Truth in Advertising".

The above is, of course, complete and utter bunk (although, scarily enough, most of the card game is true), thrown in to enliven an otherwise dry narrative. I mean, come on now, really. How many of you out there are truly interested in hearing how my summer actually went?

The following is for those few of you who are either a) still awake, or b) naturally prefer to wade through the purposeful arrangement of syntactically stacked and somewhat purplish prose.

Okay, then. <deep breath> After my last final exam, I started work the following monday, working straight through (with the odd Sunday off) for two months, at an obscure and very um... private government department. Because of certain papers that I had to sign at the beginning of my employment with this particular department, I can't divulge much

information about what I did during this time, though I can say that it involved the application of unusually large amounts of coercion upon the usually reluctant subjects, and that I had to keep rather irregular hours (hours which in no ways matched the hours kept by my friends working in the public sector). The score thus far, Job 1, Social Life 0.

Upon cessation of my service to the Canadian government, I endured three weeks of intense, gruelling hell as my family and I moved (slowly, v e r y, v e r y s l o w l y) into our new house. And let me tell you, anyone who says that moving into a house over a period of weeks is easier than moving in over a period of days is either on drugs, or lying through their many (and no doubt pointed) teeth. Job (or semi-job, depending on how you look at it) 2, Social Life 0.

And registering for my courses immediately afterward proved to be a far from pleasant experience. Being saddled with a somewhat late-ish registration date, I discovered that, wonder upon wonders, none of the classes that I wanted were available at the times I wanted them. This particularly

onerous little task took me the better half of a day, and it wasn't until the first of the night-time mosquitoes began to wander into my room and drain what little was left of my blood that I got off Telereg with a schedule that I was more-or-less satisfied with (emphasis on less).

And then, the following day, I began my first day of work for the administrative wing of a certain Vancouver-based theatre company, the details of which the less said, the better. Job 3, yer out!

So here I am now, sitting in front of this terminal, hammering out on this story on these well-worn keys, my fingers going numb, my eyes growing dim, as my Editor hovers over me, making sure that I finish this thing. So there, I'm done, Blair. Can I go now?

Aieeee! Please! Not the whip!

Ed. Whip? I never, not even once, had to apply the whip. In fact, we don't even have a whip in the office here. Sure, I might have employed the occasional thumbscrew once or twice, and I did put bamboo skewers under his fingernails, but I never, ever, ever applied the whip.

You're sick, Jay, did you know that?

Still looking for The Summer 432?

formerly known as the Guide
or the Black and Blue Review

Copies are still
available in CHEM
B160.

Contains statistics on pro-
fessors and courses and
blurbs on who's running SUS
this year.

NEXT

Wednesday
September 13

Submissions to
CHEM B160

DEADLINE

October Council Elections.

Are you looking for a quick and painless way to get involved? Well, today only, we've got a special deal for you - the annual SUS October Council Elections.

SUS Council is made up of the 10 Executive (elected in January), the Department Reps, four General Officers, two First Year Reps (to be elected now), and club reps.

Council is supposed to debate issues of importance to Science students and generally undertake projects to benefit Science students here at UBC. (In practice, SUS Council's weightiest discussion is the price of bzzr at our "social events")

Council also approves budgets, minutes, et cetera *ad infinitum*.

But the most important aspect of being on SUS Council is the unofficial ones - a chance to meet other people, help out with the bzzr gardens and generally raise havoc on behalf of our fellow Science students who have important things like classes and exams to worry about.

Here's the stuff you need to know in order to run.

1. You must be a Science student. Obviously.

2. You need to cut out the nomination form below and get at least 15 valid signatures and student numbers.

3. Nominations are open from Tuesday, Sept 5 to Friday, Sept 15 at 4:32 pm. Forms must be handed in before the all candidates meeting.

4. There will be an all-candidates meeting Friday, Sept 15 at 5:00pm in the SUS Office (CHEM B160). All candidates must be present in order to be eligible for election.

5. Campaigning will run from Monday, Sept 18 to Tuesday, Oct 3 at 4:32pm

6. Voting will occur from Wednesday, Oct 4 to Friday, Oct 7, 1995. Polls will be open 11:30 - 2:30, in various Science buildings.

If you have any questions, contact Ali (Internal Vice President) in the SUS Office (CHEM B160) • 822 4235.



Department Representatives

Biochemistry
 Biology
 Chemistry
 Computer Science
 General Science
 Geology
 Geography
 Geophysics/Astronomy
 Mathematics/Statistics
 Microbiology/Immunology
 Oceanography
 Pharmacology/Physiology
 Physics
 Psychology
 Science One

4 General Officers
(open to all Science students)

2 First Year Representatives
(open only to first year Science students)

Public Relations Officer
(executive position)

**Nomination form for the Science Undergraduate Society
October Council Elections**

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

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

DATE _____ SIGNED _____

We, the undersigned, bona fide members of the Science Undergraduate Society, nominate _____ for the position of _____.

#	Date	Signature	Name	Student Number
1				
2				
3				
4				
5				
6				
7				
8				
9				
10				
11				
12				
13				
14				
15				
16				
17				

There will be an all-candidates meeting 5:00 pm, Monday, September 26 in the SUS Office that all candidates must attend in order to be eligible for elections.

Buying into that middle age hype.



Matt
WIGGIN

Since my return to Vancouver at the beginning of August, I've begun do my own grocery shopping. I think it was on my second trip to Safeway that I caught myself putting the avocados back on the pile because "they're too high in fat." Too high in fat? It's a vegetable for crying out loud! What kind of behavior is this for a twenty year old? Make that twenty-one; my birthday was August 21. It was at that moment (insert Wonder Years style music here,) that I realized that I may be growing up after all. No matter how much I've liked fruits and vegetables ever since I was a kid, this was definitely a red flag; a true kid would have headed straight to the junk food aisle, filled the shopping cart, and made tracks for the check-out. Me, I was in the middle of figuring out whether it was cheaper to buy my carrots in the three pound bag, or in bulk. Carrots that were going into a recipe for soup that my mother had just passed on to me.

There's a definite parallel between what we buy, and how old we are. How we spend as six year olds (when money is useful

only because it allows us to buy enough candy to get sick on,) is completely different from our spending habits as grandparents (the winter trip to Myrtle Beach and grandchildren account for upwards of 80% of total annual expenditures.)

As for me, I'm starting to spend my money in ways that appear far too adult for my liking. The arrival of the Ikea catalogue on my doorstep this past week was an exciting event, unnervingly so. (You've got to admit, however, that there is a lot of good stuff in it.) Worse yet, I wasn't just browsing. rather than just leafing through the catalogue and wondering what might look nice in my dream home, I was on a mission. Prices were compared, colours were (sort of) matched, needs were assessed. Two hundred sixty eight dollars and ninety seven cents later, I had returned, the proud (I admit it, I was proud,) new owner of complete place settings for four (silverware, glassware and dishes included,) as well as enough pots and pans to cook a gourmet dinner. Maybe I could have tried to save face by purchasing a set of beer mugs, but I didn't.

Now, I'm also looking at buying a couch (furniture?!) but, in my defense, I want to buy something big and squishy and used from the SPCA thrift store: something

that I can lounge around on all year, and if stuff gets spilled, it's okay, because I'm planning on throwing it out at the end of the year anyway.

I'm spending a lot less money on beer than I did at this time last year. If this is a trend, then it has wide reaching effects. For example, it would jeopardize my position as the science social coordinator; it would also mean that not only am I a grownup, but far worse, I am getting old (tone of desperation.) With any luck, this entire problem can be blamed on summer, and now that school is starting again, all that will change. I certainly hope so...

Rather indiscriminate spending habits are another sign of adulthood; being able to spend a hundred and sixty bucks on a pair of golf shoes here, eight hundred dollars on a weekend at Whistler there. This is perhaps the only characteristic of adulthood that I could stand to exhibit, but sadly, I can say that I don't. I still haven't clawed my way out of this fiscal pit called university yet, and current projections predict that I'll be poor for a long time yet.

In the same category fall mortgages. While I don't have a mortgage right now, it's only because there's no way in hell that I could afford a house right now, and I

probably won't be able to until shortly after it freezes over. In the mean time, I've been doing a lot of shopping around for apartments (rented, of course.) Worse yet, whenever I go into someone else's house, I'm beginning to come up with creative renovating ideas for them. "Knock out a wall here (it'll make the whole bottom floor feel a lot more open and friendly,) maybe stencil a border around the top of that room." What I should be thinking about is how many people could fit into the house for a party. Sigh...

In the end, I guess that I'm turning into a poor adult. The only thing separating me from my parents is a couple of zeroes on my annual income. Is that what I've become? A grownup (albeit a poor one)? I certainly hope not, unless we're still allowed ask our parents for money, and get it. (Very funny, dad.)

PS It seems that Blair's going off the deep end about how none of us SUS Exec are writing anything for this issue for the paper (see the serious article, pg. 5.) So, here's mine: We're having a bzzr garden second day of class, so everyone should come out, because it's a great chance to meet fellow science students, and besides it's first week, so you have nothing important to do. There. Happy now Blair? (Not that I'm afraid of him or anything.)

The most basic skill acquired by students at UBC.

The Second Class Bash
CHEM B160

4:32 - 8:00pm

Wednesday, Sept 6

Cheap bzzr!
Cheap psider!
Cheap bzzr!

Start the year off right.

Drunk.