The 432.

VOLUME TWENTY ISSUE THREE

20th October 2006

Science is the great antidote to the poison of enthusiasm and superstition

-Adam Smith

University Town Phase II Announced

(UBC, AP)

After months of anticipation, UBC finally unveiled plans for Phase II of "University Town" earlier this week. Highly enthusiastic university officials did their best to promote the new community vision during an hour-long presentation at War Memorial Gym, which included an audio-visual show, fireworks, Nepalese drummers, an interpretive dance, and a brief question-and-answer session.

The plan calls for continued construction of high-rise condominiums in the campus core in order to "build on the successes of University Town Phase I". The condos will include "student-geared" storefronts at street level, including a hedge fund broker, day spa, and luxury car dealership. Unfortunately for students, this will necessitate moving "auxiliary buildings" such as classrooms, labs, and student space to the south end of campus.

Additionally, plans for an underground bus loop near the SUB have been scrapped, with "shifting demographics" cited as the cause. An earnest UBC official pointed out that "more and more members of our campus community own 2 or more vehicles per household. Although a vocal minority still rides the bus, we feel that we cannot cater to these special interest groups."

Initial reaction from students and faculty was lukewarm at best. Molly Stevens, a second year philosophy major who attended the presentation, expressed outrage that her classes could now be as much as a half-hour walk apart. University officials were quick to correct her, explaining that she should be prepared for transit times as long as five hours. When pressed for details, they sheepishly explained that some students may have "one or two classes a week" at the UBC Okanagan campus, as there simply isn't enough room in UBC South (or "UBC-So" as it will be branded) to accommodate everybody.

After a few moments of stunned silence, a reporter in the audience asked how many students are expected to be at the UBC Vancouver campus after Phase II is completed. The question period was cut short, and a glossy video featuring aerial flybys of UBC campus set to the Disney tune "A Whole New World" was shown.

Mystery of Reproduction Solved

(UBC, Reuters)

A study conducted by a team of scientists from the University of British Columbia has shown that humans are capable of rapidly multiplying while standing on buses.

Whether the reproduction is sexual or asexual is yet uncertain, though Emily Chen, the team leader for the undergraduate portion of the study, explains to *The 432* that sexual reproduction is more likely. "Primates have not asexually reproduced in millions of years and they are not going to start now, regardless of what advances the Internet has introduced into the methodology of masturbation."

"Historically, observing human sexual reproduction on buses has been extremely problematic," says Lawrence Chow, Chen's assistant. "It happens quickly and the subjects tend not to talk about it afterwards."

The study was made possible after a recent breakthrough in quantum triscoptometer technology. Whereas previously scientists were able to only observe the speed of the self replication of a large number of transit riders or the positions they assume during copulation, improved techniques in voyeurism allow scientists to analyse chronologically sequenced images of Girls Gone Wild.

Although many mechanisms of development are not yet completely understood, in related studies clumsy pubescent intercourse is under close scrutiny by middle-aged video technicians.

The model explains the phenomenon transit riders encounter every morning. It has been observed that humans equivalent to up to half the bus' full capacity may exit the bus at one stop, and few, if any, may be able to board the bus.

The human life cycle has been rather simple until now. Like most primates, humans are predominantly diploid. The free-living part of the cycle is the human you will see most often, and each cell of that human body contains two identical sets of DNA. The haploid gametes -- the sperm and egg that contain only one set of the genetic material -- do not survive long outside of their diploid parents. When the gametes unite inside a female, the new cell develops into a zygote, which quickly begins to divide into a new diploid organism. This process has been successfully replicated in a controlled test environment, though employing petri dishes and eye droppers is reportedly far less interesting to study than fucking.

The study was jointly funded by Viagara and Trojan Condoms.

The Perry Bible Fellowship — By Nicholas Gurewitch (www.pbfcomics.com/)

The 432.

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Narrator
Horizon Pub, Vancouver, BC

Legal Information

The 432 is publication of the Science Undergraduate Society of UBC. This paper is intended for consumption by Science student; however, we realize that students in other faculties are equally poor and equally hungry. Please see page six for delicious recipes involving this paper.

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

Hit us up at: *the432@gmail.com*

Dear Time

Colleen Atherton

Still Hasn't Hiccuped

Dear Time,

I received your email today re: Version 22. I am sorry to inform you that I will no longer be subscribing to your product. I have glimpsed what version 22 looks like, and at this point I am not interested.

For the last week I have been test driving your new product and I am deeply unsatisfied with it thus far. On the first day of the trial, I awoke with a severe headache and nausea. Since that day, your product has required seven to eight hours of down time a night in order to be functional in the morning and is nowhere near as powerful as previous versions have been. I have also found the flexibility to have been reduced. With every new version it is harder and harder to bend down and pick things up off the floor.

I realize I am due for the purchase of another year, but I am still satisfied with the year of 21. Although this version was rather susceptible to viruses, especially colds, the flu, and strep throat, I anticipate that the newer version of your product will be equally at risk of contracting viruses such as SARS, avian flu, and STD's, to name a few. As new viruses are constantly being developed to target new versions of your product, I am beginning to believe that version 21 will in fact be safer in the long run. Version 21 is already guarded against many of the older virus strains due to last year's antivirus protection.

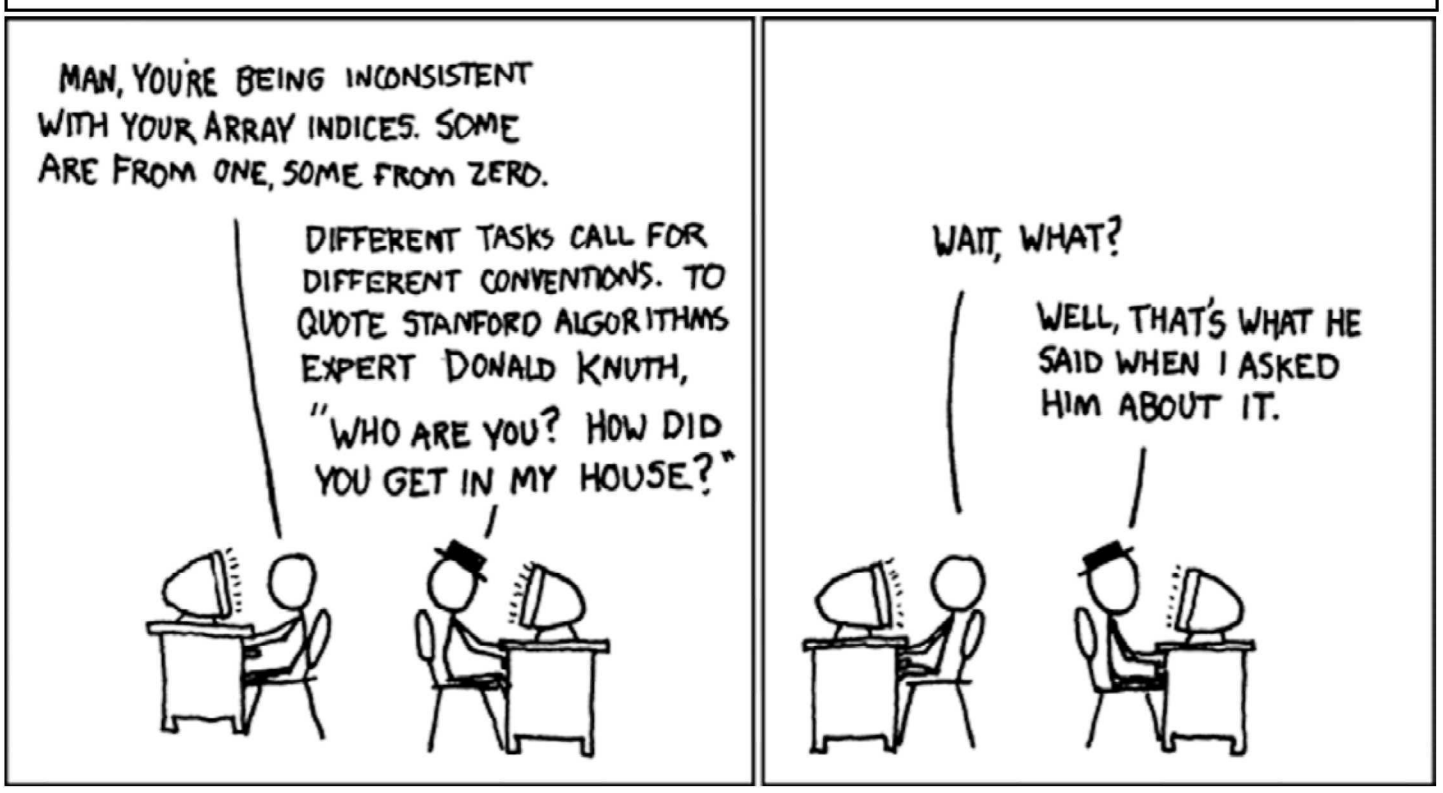
I was very happy with many editions of your product. Version 17 was very good, as were versions 19 and 20. I can tell already that version 22 will not be nearly as bad as versions 13-15 (the GUI's on those versions were much less attractive and very awkward), but I would like to make a couple of suggestions. If in version 23 you are able to remove the tendency of the components to disconnect and shift, it would be greatly appreciated. Also appreciated would be better virus protection.

Yours Truly,

Colleen Atherton

Congratulations to "Graben My Schist" the Pomphret Co-Rec Champions!!

Randall Munroe xkcd.com



Let's Redefine the Week

Nik Pinski

Historically speaking

It was a good idea while it lasted. For two thousand years (I pulled that figure out of my ass), we've defined the "week" as a period of seven days. Two of them are generally known as the "weekend", and according to some people that's really the only part that matters.

But times change. We're in the 21st century now. The world around us is warm and cozy. Mostly warm. And warming. We're practically a year away from the flying car and cheap robotic house cleaners. *(The Roomba doesn't count, since anything that can't even clean up a little cat piss and steel shavings doesn't deserve to exist. -ed)* We no longer do archaic activities like using "slide rulers", riding "horses" for transport, "listening" to the "radio", or "boogying." And so, it's the right time for the fascist unfair Gregorian calendar system to go away. Let's take a look at the week as we currently know it.

Monday

The first day of the work week. You spend all day in a sombre mood about the fact that your hangover still hasn't gone away while you're not likely to get another good one for some - gasp - FOUR days. But there is also a begruding acceptance of your fate. You realize with humility that you're neither unemployed nor an arts student, and so you have to put in at least some work during some part of the week. *(The fact that there are ten thousand Garfield comics with the line "I hate Mondays!" should attest to the idiocy of that guy who draws Garfield. -ed)*

Tuesday

The second-worst day of the week. Any acceptance of your work-filled fate is slowly giving way to whining about having to get up early. The week already feels like it's been going on forever, yet the end of it seems infinitely far away. Every time you count in your head how many more days are left until Friday, you end up surprised at how large the number appears to be. You curse God for not letting you be born into decadence and/or royalty.

Wednesday

The "swing" day. You finally get into the swing of things and no longer loathe having to make the daily trek to your classes/job. You also have a guitar lesson/improv workshop/ultimate practice/beer tasting class/pit night this evening to brighten up your life just enough to put a smile upon your face.

Thursday

You wake up with a grin, but you don't know why. You feel energetic and optimistic and you don't understand it. Finally around 3 O'clock you suddenly realize, "Tomorrow's FRIDAY!!" and you solve the mystery of the unexplained good mood. The worst you ever get on Thursday is thinking, "I wish today was Friday," and that's not so bad since you only have to wait a day for this to become true.

Friday

Might as well be your birthday. The sun seems to shine all day. You breeze through all your tasks as if in fast forward, and you either skip your last two classes or dash out of work early. You run home to ditch your backpack, smell your armpits, and proceed to the Bzzr garden. You get absolutely plastered and end up at MacDonald's at 3am with supreme inner peace on your soul, and a drunk girl, guy, or both on your lap. If every day was Friday, buddhists wouldn't have shit on college students.

Saturday

You wake up after noon, and you spend the next four hours in a relaxed daze as you do everything in slow motion. Before you know it, you've spent four hours on Youtube and YTMND, and have yet to put on any pants. You see a stack of homework, and a voice in your head tells you you'll do it as soon as you finish some laundry. After, the voice claims you'll do it as soon as you get some groceries. After, you realize that the son of a bitch has been lying to you, but it's too late to do anything about it, as a party awaits. You go out and repeat Friday night, only with slightly less drinking, and slightly more class (i.e. you end up at Denny's instead of at Mickey D's).

Sunday

The worst day of the week by far. As soon as you wake up you remember you have an assignment due the next day, two midterms to study for, and a paper to research. Your conscience is screaming like a Southern Baptist Minister, while you wonder where the FUCK it's been before. Saturday's smooth-talking voice is giggling uncontrollably. It's enjoying your panicking a little too much. You wish you could go back a day in time and punch yourself in the face. You spend all day working, getting done only 70% of what you needed, and regret not spending even half an hour on schoolwork the day before. You watch some Family Guy, go to bed, and get ready to start the whole thing over again. But WORST of all, the thing that places Sunday in the same echelon as brussel sprouts, dental surgery, and "Love Actually" is even if you don't have an obscene amount of work to catch up on, you have a sense of dread throughout the day over the fact that the weekend is almost over and tomorrow's Monday. Forget waterboarding, if the US really wanted to get Amnesty International pissed off, they'd invent a way to erase POW's memories to make them think every day was Sunday.

Immediately, dear readers, your scientific minds can spot several problems with this week structure. One, most of the work week doesn't suck nearly as bad as we probably think it does. Really, only Monday and Tuesday are crap, and Wednesday, like Andy Dick, can go either way. Two, the weekend is not nearly long enough. You barely have time to enjoy your Saturday before Sunday arrives and ruins your whole damn week.

What is the solution? It's simple: we add two days to the week. One work day, and one weekend day. Yes, I know it doesn't seem like much, but believe me, you'll feel it. So what if you have to go to school for 6 days in a row - a third of the world does this anyway already. Imagine it - EVERY weekend would be a long weekend! The new work day will come right after Tuesday, and so all you'll have is two Wednesdays. There's no way to make Sunday not suck, but we can certainly introduce another day between Saturday and Sunday!

This is what the 9-day week would look like under the new system:

Monday, Tuesday, Lindenday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Niksday, Sunday

So here we go. If we get enough people behind this, we can introduce this change worldwide. If you're behind this idea, graffiti "I want to get to go out on Niksday nights!" on campus buildings. Once we get UBC converted, the rest will be easy.

FILLER

-Paul Lu

HALLOWEEN PARTY!

Join the Dawson Club for a rockin' night of music, games and (most importantly) BZZR.

Prizes will be awarded for the best costume.

Friday Oct 27, 4-8pm in the Geology Undergrad Lounge (EOSM 30).

Death To Them All

Jennifer Fong

Welcome to the labyrinth

You wake up one morning. The phone is ringing.

You pick it up and before the mandatory niceties are over you realize they're after you.

I remember when that wasn't the case. I remember when it was my parents they so hungrily wanted attention from. I remember being the one to help dodge their calls. In fact those memories aren't all that distant. It seems every couple of days or so, a bank, a store, a telemarketer will try their luck with the words. "May I speak with Mr. or Mrs. Fong?" It would be my job as a dutiful daughter to reply.

Sorry they're not available. Sorry they're busy.

Sorry we don't want to be bothered.

Of course those were more polite forms of responses. When I was busy, or just wanted to cut to the chase, a quick 'we're not interesting thank you.' *click* always does the job. Anything to keep these people off our backs.

I remember the very first lesson in avoidance techniques. I answered the phone like my mother had taught me and told the nice man to wait while I got her for him. As I listened to the conversation, sitting next to my mom, I realized that she didn't sound too pleased. When she hung up she told me, short and sweet, "next time, don't bother with these people."

At first I felt sad. After all, those people on the other end of the line were just trying to make a living. I used to envision lonely, old, balding men working for these companies where their only contact with others were those many phone calls they placed every day. But as I soon realized, they always called back, like a desperate paramour, and I stopped being so naive. This might've had something to do with noticing how creepy those visions were.

They always called back. It may be a day later. It may be a month later. But they always called back with those same words.

But this morning, it seemed their tune has changed. It appears they have learned a lesson or two. Or they may have just realized that their attention has been misplaced and that a new tactic was in order. Because, as of late, they have been calling for me.

I'm not too sure who tipped them off. Who was it that told them my precious time was ripe for the picking? More importantly, who told them I was old enough to carry a Mastercard? What computer system clued them in, because surely it can be told that I have not been fraternizing with the enemy. Hey, I was there when they taught us not to befriend lonely, old, balding and potentially pedophiliac men.

It's perhaps a mystery that may never be solved. I suppose at some point in time there will be transition in every North American person's life in which they will suddenly come under the scrutiny of marketers. Their once silent phones will begin ringing constantly, not to bring the familiar voice of a friend but to lure them into credit card traps, or worse, donations to charitable causes.

And it seems that time for me is now. My days in my unbothered cocoon are numbered. I am now falling into the net of product marketers who want my ear, want my time, and more importantly, want my money.

There is no escaping.

Friday the 13th

Howard Choy

Cougar Bait

I remember the last time it was Friday the 13th. I was walking down the street towards the bus stop when an elderly lady was trying to cross in front of me. The cars wouldn't stop for her so I went and helped her across. By the time we got to the other side, the old lady looked up with her sad wrinkly face and said to me, "Thanks, if you come by my place later, I can properly repay you... these teeth come off you know."

I was so disgusted by the offer that I jumped back a step and a car that thought I was about to fall onto the road swerved out of the way onto oncoming traffic. The car that swerved hit an SUV at such an angle that the SUV actually flipped onto the other sidewalk. All this seemed to happen in slow motion, and when I finally remembered the horny old lady, she had vanished. The driver of the car that hit the SUV got out and checked to see if the other driver was alive, and luckily, he was.

Unluckily, he had a trunk full of cocaine. The driver and I pulled the large bald man out of the SUV and onto the opposite sidewalk and when he finally realized what had happened, he started freaking out about the cops and the cocaine. He got up and ran away. The other driver and I waited for a cleanup crew to arrive, which was awkward because he was really quite mad at me. He asked me, "What the hell were you thinking jumping out on the street like that?"

I didn't think it was appropriate to tell him the truth so I said, "The old lady I was with ... she... I... I tripped on her cane." "What old lady? All I saw was you jumping like an idiot onto the road and Instead of hitting you, I totalled my car!"

At this point, I was sufficiently creeped out. The old lady was no more than two feet away from me when I hopped back, so there was no way this driver could have missed her. I came to the conclusion that the street corner was haunted by a horny old lady with fake teeth. We waited for the clean up crew to arrive and I told them about my story with the old lady (the revised version) and the driver told them his story. After having heard both sides of the story, the cop took me aside and said the most peculiar thing, "You should have followed her to her place, she's amazing."

Boy Meets Oven

Jon Lam

Tastes like roast beef

I like cooking. It's a lot like chemistry, which I also like.

Last year I finally moved out of junior rez and into Marine Drive Residences, giving me ample opportunity to develop my cooking skills. Over the last 9 months or so, I've learned to specialize and perfect my Chinese cooking skills, which is not surprising since the majority of my life has been spent specializing in eating Chinese food. Every once in a while though, I like to try something new (another thing that I like to do). Actually, now that I think about it, I also cook a lot of Italian food, although Italian food is a lot like Chinese food, except it has more dairy in it. Chinese people don't use a lot of dairy in their cooking.

You know what else?

Chinese people don't bake things.

Why? Because baking is crazy. So the other day, I saw this recipe on the side of the soup can and felt like trying something new. I had most of the ingredients so I figured I'd give it a shot. The recipe called for sticking food in a baking dish and putting it in the oven, preheated at 425°F. Now this is why baking is crazy. Normally when you cook, you have a pan or a pot or something with a handle to keep the heat away from you, and even then the temperature is only around 250°F tops; but for baking? For baking, you build a metal box and heat it to some ungodly temperature over twice the boiling point of water and in order to use it, you have stick your hands into the maw of this gaping inferno and push your food as far in as you can. Who on Earth thought that this would be a safe and efficient way of cooking food?

This rant was brought on by an incident involving the oven and my fucking arm. They really ought to make full-arm-length oven mits. Oh well, at least my dinner turned out delicious, despite the bitter, bitter taste of searing pain.

(Next time, try flavouring with some salty lust and some sweet revenge to mellow the taste out. -ed)

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College Students Are Having Sex, Consuming Alcohol: In That Order

Nik Pinski

Taking advantage of the trend

A new study from the California Institute of Holy Shit How Do I Get A Job There suggests that at more and more college campuses around the continent, students are having sex and *then* consuming alcohol, flipping upside down a tried tested and true tradition. With promiscuity not only socially accepted but strongly promoted through peer pressure, young impressionable women are finding themselves jumping into bed faster and easier than before. Meanwhile, young men feel a tremendous pressure to "go hoggin." Alcohol is no longer the biggest contributing factor to the sexual decisions made by young people in the 21st century. Dr. Nicholas Shuttleworth exclaimed, "We haven't seen this many engineers getting to second base since Engineering was last cool - during the space race in the 1960s. The figures are at 15% and rising! More and more young ladies are going to bed sober, while being less and less discriminating."

Equalitist ("It's a word!") Marla Beaufort-Mortinson says this is a scary 21st century trend. "These womyn are goaded into jumping into the sack by their low self-esteem girlfriends, and then they don't even have the booze as an excuse the next morning! It's a travesty!"

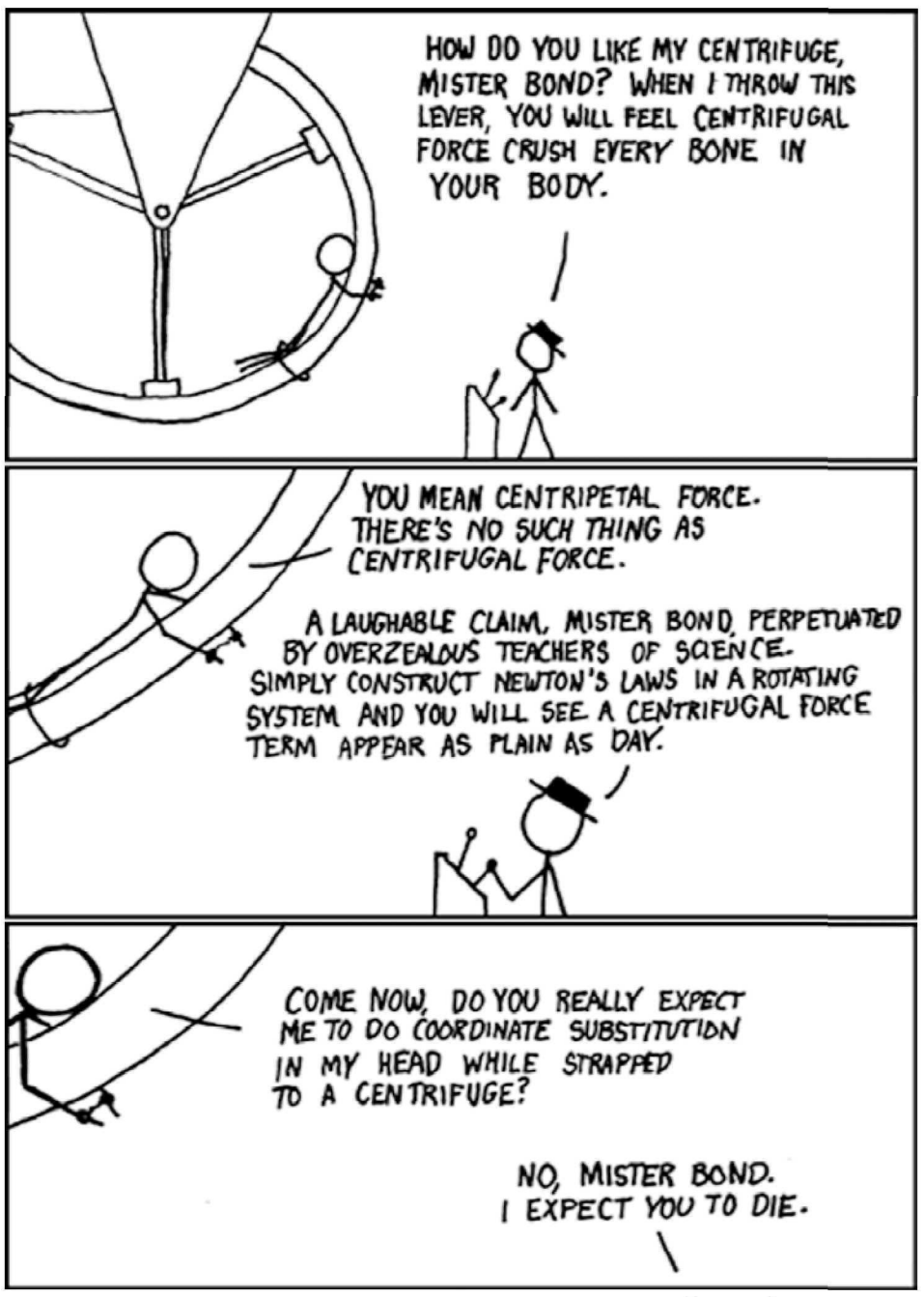
Instead, the alcohol consumption enters the picture the following morning. The consenting female awakens, spots the Millenium Falcon model hanging from the ceiling, completes an especially shameful Walk-Of-Shame, reaches her sorority house, and locates a bottle of Tequila. Without saying a word to her friends or roommates, she sips solitarily, and dies a little inside while recapping what she put herself through the night before.

UBC Sigma Chi president Ben Drummell commented, "Yeah, it's great!"

The morning-after alcoholic consumption is impacting class performance of students (grades are down 8%), and creating alcoholism problems (AA enrollment is up 200%).

Dr. Shuttleworth finished by saying, "Drinking to dull shame is far more dangerous than drinking to lower inhibitions. Now... how 'bout some scotch, sexy 432 interviewer?"

Some of the numbers in this story may have been fabricated.



Randall Munroe xkcd.com

The Call Out

Louis Lee

Guess who this really is

This is a general call out to every one who reads this parody newspaper: I really can't see why more people don't write for *The 432*. Okay, I'll admit, I'm usually prone to using it more as a napkin as opposed to actual reading material. (Side note: The absorbancy of the paper is astonishing!! Like Bounty... but physically enhanced by the power of steroids! A lot like Pop-eye). We try very hard to provide material for you to enjoy on a bi-weekly basis. *(Or tri-weekly, or whenever the booze money runs out and we need to pilfer more. -ed)* That's not easy. I'm sure you've noticed that in how large our ads are! The fact that the intermittent comic is called "Filler." The overwhelming size of the font when we plead "Write for us!" *(The sheer amount of copy editing done to this article, while still leaving such grammr abominations as the above. -ed)* There are ads in which we threaten to fry puppies if you don't submit something to us. I just want you to know we did. Those puppies are dead. Dead and they were delicious. And I blame that on you... The NON-SUBMITTER! The puppy hater... And if you're frosh and this is the first time you've ever picked up an issue of *The 432* then you should be aware future puppies are at stake. *(What? Evil cyborg puppies bent on killing key political figures to distort history? -ed)* Ones that you may know and love. *(You love evil cyborg puppies? Bastard! -ed)* Anything that you feel affection for we can deep fry like so many mars bars making a sad attempt at being a dessert. Have you ever tried those? Deep-fried Mars-Bars? It seems excessive to me...

Anyways. Puppies, bunnies, babies. DEAD! All fair game to be submerged and cooked in hot oil for human consumption *(how inhuman! Oh, maybe he means for con - suming humans. -ed)* if you don't submit something! By which I mean... ANYTHING! Minus the pornographic material, I'm sorry, but The 432 is not allowed to advertise your unique "talents" on our newspaper. *(Actually, we have before, and we probably will again. Full colour, front page, no less. -ed)*

Try and think of the children. Er... Aside from the ones I threatened to deep fry earlier.

Do you not submit because you find our parodies un-funny and you feel embarrassed for us? Is it not up to your "Jon Stewart/Stephen Colbert/Terry Prachert" standard? Well if you don't like what you're reading, then you should do something about it other than complain about this newspaper's quality of humour.

I'm not judging you. Yes I am.

Stop making fun of us and start making fun of stuff for us! We're not fancy here, mostly tired... and sometimes hungry... Usually just hor... never mind. Comics, jokes, parodies, rants, we know you can provide! We believe in you more than God! *(Not hard for most of us. -ed)* This is a two-way relationship! You read! You enjoy! You decide you want to submit something to us that you think other people who, like you, read this paper and would also enjoy!

Don't be self-conscious about your writing ability and lack of creativity. If you are, then clearly you don't know how desperate we are. *(ladies, he's very lonely. Cut him some slack. -ed)* And by "we" I don't mean JUST *The 432*. The World! It's desperate too! Creatively speaking... And probably possibly in a lot of other ways. HONESTLY! "M**** F***** SNAKES ON A PLANE!? I think we can all do better. So really the question stands.... "Where's my M**** F***** articles B*****!"

Sorry.... sorry... that was misplaced rage...

I have a lot of un-love for this world. I'm sure you must have a lot of un-love for this world. And if you don't, well then I have a lot of un-love for you. I mean you're pursuing higher education at a university when there is a high demand for trades work. You've changed your major three times not knowing what you want to do with your life. Tuition fees have increased dramatically from when your elders attended university. And the bus driver passes you because he hates your kind. Students!

Let The 432 be your outlet! This will be your revenge. Think of it like "Revenge of the Nerds"(1984). Can you remember back to that? I mean it's a new game now that we're not in the 80's, but in a fresh new millennia and yet still being nostalgic over the 80's (I don't understand either). Actually it's a much more different game than what I was expecting. Where are my nerds getting revenge?! Did revenge go out of fashion somewhere between the 90's and the change of the millennia? Or did the nerds just get all revenged out? Suddenly everyone started worshipping Napoleon Dynamite and playing World of Warcraft. Emo is making people happy? And really the only thing I can think of that's close to your underdog heroes in RotN are whiny asian boys complaining about their women being stolen. That's not an invitation to write articles regarding matters of race. *(I swear to god, if we get one more article involv - ing "eggs" or "bananas" I'm going to start poi - soning rez food. -ed)* So I guess this analogy no longer makes any sense, but I'll leave it in anyways to fill space, so let's try this again...

WE NEED YOU!!!!!! It's just like in Star Wars when Leia holographically requests the help of Obi Wan and Luke Skywalker. Except instead of Leia.. well it's us... and instead of Luke Skywalker, (potential moisture farmer/jedi knight to be)... well it's you... but it's like they say... Pen is mightier than the light sabre... ooh... okay, bad joke. And with us... The hot space chick doesn't turn out to be your long lost sister! BONUS! So please consider submitting your best to us. C'mon...

Hot space chicks...Hot space chicks may or may not be provided on submitting articles for the 432..

Submit an article or not. At this point... "I don't care, I care, I really don't care"

Next 432 deadline: Friday Nov 17th, 4:32 pm

Horoscopes

Dan Anderson

Moral scorpion

Aries

Your nomination ceremony will be interrupted violently, due to repeated outbursts from the crowd. Sadly, you are destined to serve your entire term as Chairperson for the Society of Incontinent Seniors.

Taurus

Be careful this week; leaping out of the frying pan and into the fire will only make the cannibals angrier.

Gemini

Getting up on the wrong side of the bed each day this week wouldn't be so bad if only you hadn't recently acquired a bed of nails.

Cancer

The public will heave a collective sigh of relief when you are caught red-handed, leaving people free to live without fear of the Kits Ass Slapper.

Leo

You'll be heralded as a pop innovator this week at the balloon factory.

Virgo

Your feelings of inadequacy, despair, helplessness, and depression will briefly be lifted by a merry clown whose whimsical antics will propel you to new heights before you plummet back down, another tragic victim of his human cannon.

Libra

Your discovery that you have the power to turn water into wine will have profound consequences for the ecology of the pacific ocean.

Scorpio

Visions of cheese, bacon, and scrambled eggs will haunt you night after night until you resume taking anti-schizophrenia medication, or until you stop living above the deli.

Sagittarius

It will feel like high school all over again when you go to get your G.E.D.

Capricorn

Scissors beats paper, paper beats rock, and rock beats the hell out of whatever crap it is you keep spewing out into the neighbourhood at 4am. Or at least that's what your neighbours will politely tell you via broken windowpanes.

Aquarius

It'd be easier to keep your head this week if you weren't next in line for the guillotine.

Pisces

Your steadfast adhesion to "chew before you swallow" will have your partner refusing to engage in oral sex with you ever again.

Driving on the Wrong Side

Varun Ramraj

A triumphant return!

It amazes me to see a substantial increase in the number of vehicles driven on the wrong side of the road. No, this is not about street racing on the pavements of Richmond or Surrey. Au contraire, I speak of the number of import right-hand drive vehicles on our roads today.

JDMRHD is the new hot-ticket concept this year. It stands for Japanese Domestic Market Right Hand Drive (an acronym I cleverly put together from JDM and RHD). When one sees such a JDMRHD drive by, one's first reaction goes something like: "what a showoff!" A deeper insight into why people take the trouble of importing these vehicles is in order.

Let's do it countdown style just for kicks:

5) Exotic = the James Bond feeling one gets when one is able to shift with one's left hand. It feels correct to me anyway, and all my import brown brothers will agree.

4) Convenient = if you get out of your car on the driver's side, you will automatically be on the pavement.

3) Mysterious = pull up outside a nightclub and people will assume you are very powerful for being such a rebel.

2) Faster Cars = JDM vehicles are generally more powerful...which directly ties in with point #1.

1) The Nissan Skyline = every racer and racer-wannabe has to have one, or at least touch one. Since the first good Skyline is now fifteen years old, it is legal for import (so say the rather strict Canadian laws). I see so many of these that it almost makes me choke. If I were given a choice of obtaining an RHD vehicle, it would be... well now, I need to keep some air of mystery!

Our roads, complete with new Skylines (hardcore fanatics will want me to say Skyline R32's) and greater traffic, pose a paradox. Imagine this: you have just put down $10000 for a Skyline (that's how much they are, whether they have clocked 1 km or 200000 km) and you eagerly drive it out onto the road. Within two minutes, you will get stuck. I guarantee. Traffic has never been worse, and I'm not so sure that driving on the right side makes any difference to the exhilaration of idling a few more inches to the right of the driver in the car next to you. If anything, that driver will have a slightly harder time looking through the layers of glass to see the confused, angry expression on the face of the slightly more exotic driver. Seeing as the LDH domestic vehicle's owner has exactly the same expression on his or her face, one wonders exactly how much that $10000 netted the new Skyline owner...

In my case, I will justify it simply. I get to drive on the right side and have Indian-style traffic and drivers all around me. Just one step closer to home!

Chem Grad Student Blames Fart on Chia Pet

Nik Pinski

A gaseous planet

Jim Schmidt, a UBC Chemistry masters student was playing "Operation" (Simpsons Edition) with his wife Linda, and their daughter Carrie last Friday night in UBC family housing at Acadia Place.

After a particularly harrowing removal of a "Wretched Ankle", Mr. Schmidt let out the kind of silent but deadly scorcher that would make paint peel off a wall, grow hair on a moon rock, and make Baby Jesus, Baby Buddha, AND Baby Lucifer cry. When the smell hit his daughter, she yelped, "Ewww daddy what is that?".

Thinking quickly, the man spotted a growing Chia Pet that he bought two weeks prior for the 7-year old's birthday, and blurted out, "Oh honey, your chia pet must be maturing. It has gas!". Carrie excitedly ran up to the chia pet to give it more water, but Linda was less enthused. After glaring at her husband for 30 seconds, she finally said softly: "And that is why I cheated on you with the pizza boy."

Neighbors reported yelling, crashing, and banging coming from the Schmidt townhouse for the next 30 minutes, followed by Linda and Carrie leaving the house rapidly towards a waiting Domino's delivery van. The loud sound of a car backfiring was reported coming from the same townhouse six minutes later.

ISSA Cinnamon Bun Fundraiser

Wednesday October 25th

ISSA is selling the best cinnamon buns in Vancouver (from GROUNDS FOR COFFEE) as a fundraiser @ both SUB and WOODWARDS, 9-2, Wed OCt 25th. It's $3 for 1 and $5.50 for 2. Free coffee/tea with any purchase.

The Perry Bible Fellowship

By Nicholas Gurewitch (www.pbfcomics.com/)

"David, that's way too much." "The tooth fairy gave me 20 BUCKS!" "We're gonna be RICH!!!"

SUS HAS THINGS TO SAY!!!

Sean Kearney

Vice President External

Nothing too crazy here on the AMS and Science Week front... a couple of things though:

1) Science Week committee sign up is going to be next week in council! DO it! We need volunteers for everything from bar tending to setting up sound systems to arranging gifts for keynote speakers to postering and telling people how freakin' awesome Science Week is gonna be!

2) If you have any ideas with what you want to see in Science Week '07 hit me up with an email at seankearney@shaw.ca.

Cheers!

Reka Pataky

Vice President Internal

Elections are done and the Council retreat is over, so I think it's time for me to do some schoolwork (oh right, school).

The Hot Chocolate Fundraiser held last week by the First Year Committee as part of Jeans for Genes day was successful (although we were foiled by the beautiful weather) and it looks like they'll be holding a Halloween event in the next few weeks. Keep an eye out!

Now, back to those midterms...

Matthew Naylor

Executive Secretary

The SUS Whistler retreat is over. I would like to congratulate Reka, our amazing VP Internal, on coordinating such a fantastic and productive weekend. I, for example, was able to inform council about the glories of Robert's Rules and the Science Constitution, Bylaws and Code of Procedure, in a gripping hour and a half long presentation entitled "Robert's Rules and the Science Constitution, Bylaws and Code of Procedure". I was the highlight of the weekend, according to my sample (of me).

In other more productive and exciting matters, the committees will be appointed this weekend, so if you are at all interested in sitting on Code and Policy committee (or one of the others, I suppose), the meeting will be held in council chambers in the SUB this Thursday at 12:45. Some important changes to committee structure are coming up during that meeting as well, so it will be an interesting one to attend.

Finally, I have identified the three major first term goals for the Code and Policy Committee. They are

1. The reformatting of code to account for the Ladha Centre.

2. The development of a SUS-trainability policy.

3. The beginnings of a Science Undergraduate Society Tome.

I encourage everyone who has an interest in the workings of SUS to come out and join Code and Policy committee this week during Council.

Colleen Atherton

Dir. of Publications

I know you are all keeners who are reading this, so I would like to take the opportunity to let you know there are ways you can get involved with SUS! In particular, you can get involved with the committee that I chair, which is the Publications Committee. I am in need of an archivist. This is someone who would collect a copy of our publications and take them to the ams archivist and someone to organize the archives we have currently sitting in SUS. I will also be appointing someone who is appointed to the committee to the band spanky new position of UBCNowPublic rep. You must see me for details at colleenath@gmail.com or during my office hours in SUS!

hugs

Colleen

Michael Duncan

EI President

Hello hello. I want start by wishing everyone a happy midterm season. Good luck to you all (unless you are cocky enough that you don't want some good luck).

I am sure you are all wondering what the hell is going on with the Ladha Science Student Centre. I wish I could give you more details. We at the Science Undergraduate Society are just as annoyed as you are. We haven't been kept informed with anything despite our efforts to communicate with the University. I promise that as soon as I find out anything, I will proclaim it to the world. I will probably even paint myself blue for the occasion.

In other news, the newly elected SUS council is getting started and I am very excited to be working with them all. If you want to know who represents you nowadays, please drop by the old SUS office or check out the website (www.sus.ubc.ca).

And as always, if there is anything bothering you about the faculty of Science or UBC in general, let me know and I will make your opinions known to the right people. Good bye for now.

Cameron Gerald Funnell

Student Senator

Hello my faithful reader! (Man do I LOVE referring to myself in the second person!!)

Senate meets THIS Wednesday, so I don't have much to report right now. There are a couple of things however:

1) Thanks to the tireless work of a Ms. Gina Eom, library hours will be extended during the final exam period as they have been for the last two years. The exact libraries, dates, and times will be available... soon.

2) Some student Senators have expressed concern over the potential addition of the Principle of the soon to be created "College of Interdisciplinary Studies" to Senate. The ratio of student to grown up senators is the issue here. I don't really know what to think of it. Senate is pretty big already... But then again, the current ratio is somewhat of a (as I like to call it) "sacred balance". There is an article in the Ubyssey about this (if you're so inclined).

3) Senate is intent on forming a 78 person Storm the Wall team. UBC Rec has decided that the team will be permitted to participate, but the wall must be heightened accordingly. A 5 person team must scale a 12 foot wall. Thus the 78 person Senate team will have to scale a (78 * 12 / 5) = 187.2 foot wall. Professor Toupe is pretty tall, so that should help. But honestly I think it's going to be pretty hard. Tunneling options are being explored.

Yours,

Cameron Funnell

Diana Diao

Public Relations Officer

Hey guys! I hope midterm season went without too much damage, I know I was really stressed out. In any case, what you need is a nice relaxing atmosphere to socialize and get that stress out of your system, and plan some fun activities and events for your fellow science students (some events may involve public embarrassment of your professors). If you wanna know what the PR committee will be plotting, then come to the first meeting (where lots of scheming will take place, and there may even be free food). The place and time is to be decided sometime this week, so e-mail me if you are interested (with your availability): pro.sus@gmail.com That's it for now, and I hope to see you there!!

Alex Lougheed

Social Coordinator

No longer interim, no longer elect, I am no the de jure SoCo of the SUS. Enough about me though, last week we held our first Jagerfest event of the year! If you weren't there, you definitely missed out. We had a full house, an awesome BBQ and everyone had a good time. I'm sure you'll make up for it by dropping by our next garden which will be in my next exec report. Social committee appointments are coming up soon, and as it stands there are two members-at-large positions able to sit on it. I will be assigning portfolios to members of the committee this year, so if you would like to be the Bar Manager, Volunteer Coordinator (both good HR experience) or the Promotions Coordinator (marketing experience), drop me an email at aloughee@interchange.ubc.ca.

Seacrest, out.

Jamil Rhajiak

Director of Sports

GLADIATOR ...will be INSANE

...REG by Oct 27th...Science teams playing under the "divisional" structure get 50% back! Spots are limited, so hurry!

valid for the printing of one article, free of charge!

The 432 presents this health tip: Urinate after sex

SUS Council Fall Election Results

Social Coordinator
Alex Lougheed YES 310
Alex Lougheed NO 16

General Officer
Nicola (Niki) Liang 209
Lawrence Chow 182
Tahara Bhate 141
George Ko 136
Lauren O'Keefe 123
Jennifer Tsoung 122
Aaron Sihota 117
Daniel Lee 89

First Year Representative
Stephen Yoon 42
Polly Kwok 29
Anita Yuk 29
Sonja Babovic 26
Aman Sehra 10

Department Representatives

Physics and Astronomy
Sophie Zhang 38
Tamara Bercht 17

Biochemistry
Bruce Lee 7
Raymond Pan 1

Microbiology
Chris Wu YES 18
Chris Wu NO 4

Biology
Rebecca Abernathy YES 53
Rebecca Abernathy NO 5

Chemistry
Clark Funnell YES 24
Clark Funnell NO 5

Coordinated Science Program
James Yan YES 55
James Yan NO 9

Integrated Science Program
Sandy Ho YES 1
Sandy Ho NO 0

General Science
Emily Chen 15
Geoff Costeloe Withdrew
Jamie Kirtz Withdrew

Appointed in Council

Computer Science
Varun Ramraj

Earth and Ocean Sciences
Aaron Sihota

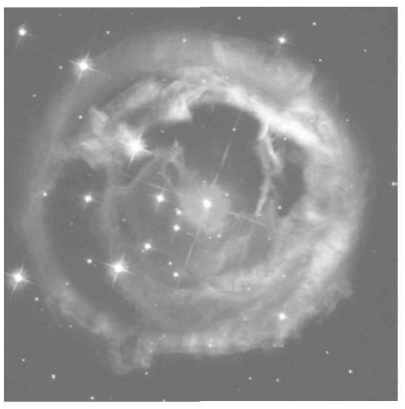
Geography
Marlon Richmond

Math/Stat
Simon Hastings

Psychology
Bryan Tomlinson

Pharmacology/Physiology
Tony Wu

Science One
Maria Jogova



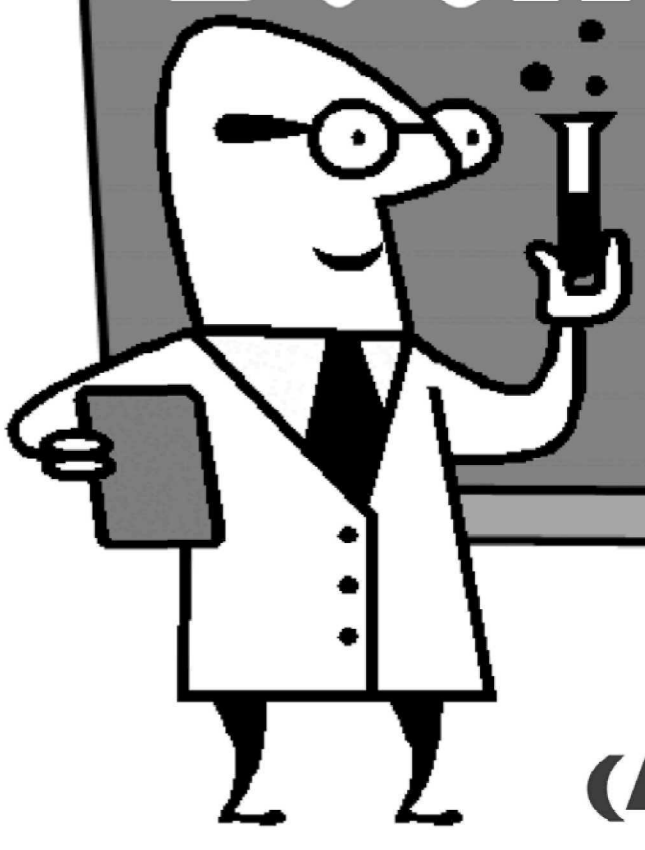
Brought to you by The Undergraduate Chemistry Society

Hey everyone, it's back...

BUCK-A-BEAKER!

Friday October 20th

ID Required.
Beakers Required.



Outside
Chemistry B-Wing
(Across from Biology)