

In this issue:

Imagination UBC!

Alien Sex!

Bathroom Reading!

and so much more...

"Nothing is more conducive to peace of mind than not having any opinion at all"

--Georg Christoph Lichtenberg

Faculty of Science to become Faculty of Computer Science

Campus Nerdidity to Skyrocket

Point Gray, CP

In a startling revelation, last week the UBC Board of Governors has voted to approve the proposed factioning of the Faculty of Science in response to a changing educational forecast. The Faculty of Science will become the Faculty of Computer Science, while the other departments that were once the cornerstone of the Faculty will be distributed amongst the University's other Faculties, resulting in the largest post-secondary shake-up the province has seen since the accreditation of Simon Fraser University in 1965.

The proposed restructuring will see the new Faculty of Computer Science increase its enrollment three-fold over a period of four years, creating the largest technology education centre in Western Canada. The creation of an entire faculty for the computer and technological sciences will allow for greater funding per pupil for teachers and for equipment. The funding will be greatly welcomed by the people in the department, as currently, the per student funding of those undergraduates in the department of Computer Science is only two-thirds that of those in other programs. Additionally, the graduating students will be welcomed into the Canadian and American technological professional workplaces.

A preliminary schedule of the reorganization

was released to the media yesterday. The plan calls for the shuffle of faculties to be completed by April 2004, to coincide with the graduate of students entering the University this fall.

Science One and the Coordinated science Option will join similar programs, such as Arts One, in what is being tentatively called "First-year University", clearing the way for an entirely first-year program at UBC. "This is a great thing, as all incoming first year students at UBC will be exposed to the best UBC has to offer," said program head Bill Moran. "Instead of applying to faculties before they come here, all first year students will be required to take a set course load of 32 credits before they can register in the Faculty of their choice. This year's frosh are the last of a dying age, my friend."

The Science departments will be divided up over the coming three years. Mathematics, Statistics and the much-overlooked department of Psychology will be amalgamated into the Faculty of Arts. This step is scheduled first, as the departments of Math and Psychology are already partly within the mandate of Arts.

Physics and Chemistry will become part of the Faculty of Applied Science (Engineering), to fill the gap made by Engineering's Computer Engineering department moving over to the new Faculty of Computer Science. The Dean

of Applied Science was unavailable for comment, but physics engineering student Andrew Tinka is 'pleased' by the restructuring. "There are some great profs in Science's physics department, and I'm confident that the professional world will recognize the value of a UBC Physics Engineering degree."

As probably the most profound result of the faculty restructuring, the Faculty of Medicine, previously a graduate-only faculty, will incorporate the department of Biochemistry and the Cell Biology and Genetics options of the Biology department to offer a pre-medicine undergraduate degree. There are also talks of forming a working partnership with Engineering.

The animal and plant Biology options will merge with the Faculties of Forestry and Agricultural Sciences to create the newly-named Faculty of Natural Resources. MacMillan Blodell company spokesperson Sandy Beeches reports that the forest giant cannot wait for the first graduates of the new program, hoping that it will "offer a more diverse education, one that will create the kind of environmental scientist we here at Mac-Blo want to work for us."

Dr. Martha Piper, during her explanation of the reorganization, let slip that the move is not entirely academic in its origin. "We felt it necessary to move in this direction, as the econo-

my moves in an increasingly technological direction. The world has changed more in the past 100 years than in the previous 300, so this move is seen by some as long overdue."

Not all of those contacted by 432 staff are pleased by the move. AMS Vice President Academic and Science student Erfan Kazemi said "the AMS cannot condone a course of action which will lead to the breakup of our University. UBC has been a model of post-secondary education in Canada since 1918. The concept of a Faculty of the Sciences is cherished world-wide. We feel this move by the University is geared more towards the financial side than academic. Added to that is the complete lack of consultation done with students over the summer. Most people have no idea what is going on, and we feel that this is wrong."

Indeed, few students spoken to by the 432 had heard of the plan or of the potential break-up of their university. A common response was "What?" when students on campus for orientations were asked about the restructuring. Many incoming first years were pleased, however, by the creation of an actual pre-med program. "This is just so much cooler! I mean, pre-med! It's what I want to do!" said incoming Science student Krista Gladstone as she exited the UBC Bookstore Saturday afternoon.

PM Assassinated By Poison Pie

Bobcaygeon, Ontario (Reuters)

Today a nation mourns as the figurehead of its unpopular majority government was assassinated by a pie... a poison pie.

A fast-acting and fatal neuro-toxin, disseminating from a chocolate banana cream pie thrown in Jean Chretien's face by a very unoriginal protester, infiltrated the Prime Minister's central nervous system. The momentary euphoria over the sudden gain of control of the left side of his face was quickly overshadowed as he lost all control over his motor nerves, causing him to awkwardly collapse on the floor of the school gym of Bobcaygeon Middle School, where he was touring as part of the Liberal government's "Kids are People Too" campaign.

The Prime Minister was rushed to rural Bobcaygeon Memorial Hospital, where he was airlifted to a much better hospital in Ottawa, where he was declared dead on arrival.

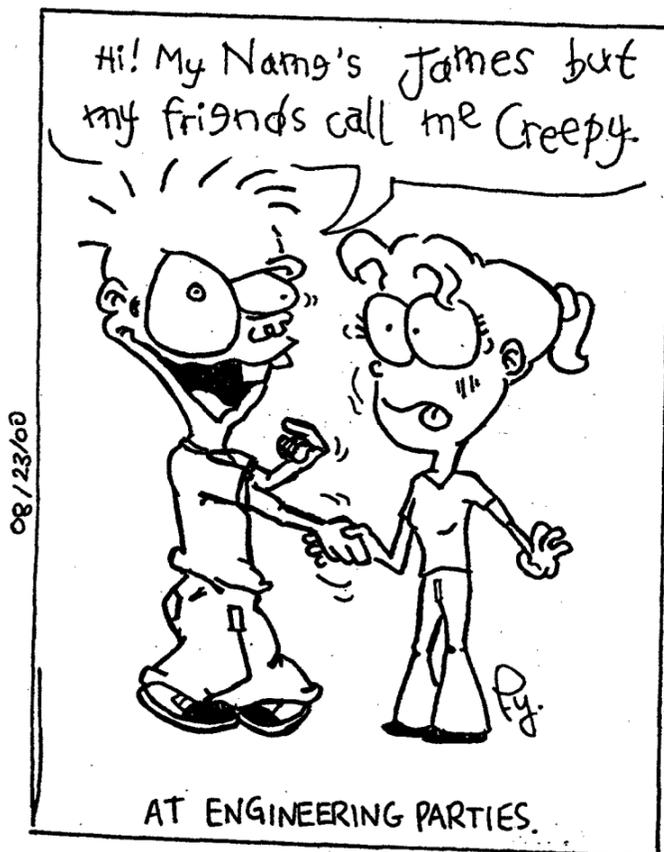
The fatal pie was thrown by an activist Joel Hunter, in a twisted copycat of a similar protest of the imbecilic statement made by a

similarly unattractive, and unmotivated hippy freak three weeks ago in Prince Edward Island.

The RCMP, theoretically in charge of the Prime Minister's security, issued a statement that they 'couldn't have possibly anticipated the incoming pie.' Speaking on behalf of the RCMP, Cpl. Bill Sommers said that the tragedy was "not just because we didn't have an officer present. It was a pie! A pie, for chrissakes! Who uses a pie? In Canada, no less. Regardless, we are now instituting a pie-registration policy for the Canadian Public. All citizens in possession of pies are hereby ordered to register them with their local law enforcement. We hope this will stem the madness and anarchy that pies have brought to this fair and gentle land."

A faction opposed to pie-control has sprung up, led by Torontonian pastry chef, Alphonzo Vitielli.

"If pies are outlawed, only outlaws will have pies!" Vitielli exclaimed at a recent press conference, moments before he was taken into custody for possession of an illegal apple pie.



The 432.

VOLUME FOURTEEN
ISSUE ONE
05 SEPTEMBER 2000

Editor

Bree Baxter
bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca

Assistant Editors

Jay Garcia
Miyako Hewett
Andy Martin
Ben Warrington

Printed by

College Printers, Vancouver, BC

Contributors

Bree Baxter
Timothy Chan
Jay Garcia
Miyako Hewett
Andy Martin
Kiri Nichol
The Reaper
Andrew Tinka
Ben Warrington
You!

Web Sites

<http://www.ams.ubc.ca/sus/>
<http://seercom.com/sus/432/>

This issue made possible by:

The letter Z
Little Black Car
Guido the Dzzr

Legal Information

The 432 is published six times a semester (wow!) from the basement of the Chemistry Building, or wherever we happen to be. *The 432* is the official publication of the Science Undergraduate Society and science students in general.

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 from every faculty are encouraged to submit their material to *The 432*. Submissions must meet the strict requirements of making the editor chuckle thrice, and contain the author's name and contact information.

Ok, when we say "not the responsibility of the Dean's Office," we mean it. Any feedback or complaints should be made to the persons in SUS, or e-mailed to the editor, or voiced loudly in your Math 101 midterm. If you don't tell us what you don't like, we can't fix it. Or at least pretend to fix it.

Glued to the Boob Tube



Andrew Tinka

Likes to Watch

Something about television has been bothering me lately. I finally figured it out when I saw that smug, smarmy bastard, Regis Philbin, on *Who Wants To Be a Millionaire*. That show isn't about watching someone win a million dollars. Honestly, no one ever makes it that far. That show is really about getting to watch people sweat it out in the uncomfortable chair with the lights flashing and dramatic music playing as Regis leers and gibbers in their faces. Why do you think the producers stretch every question through two commercial breaks? So that we can get up close and personal with Joe Nobody from Asshair, Arkansas as he wracks his poor brain, damaged through too many years of moonshine and demolition derbies, trying to remember whether the seventh Dwarf was Humpy, Pukey, Goopy, or Doc.

Pain and suffering - that is, other people's pain and suffering - is like a drug. As time goes on, we're developing a tolerance for it. There was a time when we could get our fix from soap operas and sitcoms, when the pre-chewed mush fed to us by the studios was all we needed. Bruce is cheating on Samantha who's carrying Nigel's child from the night of passion just before he got run over by Felicity who has had a drinking problem ever since Carter came back from the POW camp and ran off with Jennifer who later dumped him for... you guessed it... Bruce! Fantastic! Anyone who has ever watched a soap opera knows that you can quit watching for six months, turn the TV back on, and find everything's exactly the same. Nobody's woken up from her coma, nobody's forgiven his partner for sleeping around, nobody's found the real killers, resolved any of the problems, gotten on with their lives, or changed a damn thing. Why? Because we're not interested in watching people solving their problems and living happily

ever after. We want to watch people hurt.

Synthetic suffering, of course, was only the beginning. Once the audience got hooked on other people's pain, the dosage just got stronger and stronger. The second wave arrived when Phil Donahue invented the talk show, where *real* people came on and talked about their cheating wives, or kinky husbands, or slutty children, or satanic house cats. Of course, the audience was instantly hooked. Other people's pain is like Coke; you can't beat the real thing. But our addiction grew, and the talk shows got sleazier and sleazier, until one day we woke up to find ourselves watching Jerry Springer unleashing the freakiest scum he could drag out of the gutters onto the stage. And as we watched the skinhead security thugs wade into the flailing limbs and flying chairs while the studio audience seethed and howled and chanted "Jer-ry! Jer-ry!" in some sort of primitive tribal orgy as their unholy god devoured his chosen sacrifice, we realized we'd been lead astray. We'd let the glitz and glamour of the anorexic hermaphrodites and triple-nippled Ku Klux Klan chain-saw prostitutes distract us from what was really important: the simple pleasure of watching bad things happen to someone who wasn't us.

Along came *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire*, and the second that pure, clean shit hit our veins, we knew we'd never get off on that tired old fluff again. Here was real, in your face, stress and discomfort happening to real, live people. What really separated *Millionaire* from other, only slightly less successful real-life-pain shows like *COPS*, *H*O*O*K*E*R*S*, and *When Chihuahuas Attack Part Five: The Testicular Trauma* is the closeness and intimacy we got to have with the victims. That little chat that Regis had with the fresh contestant as they took the chair did more than just fill time; it allowed us to get inside their head, see the world through their eyes, so that we could know exactly what was going on when the hammer came down. We could relate to these saps, empathize with them - after all, who doesn't want to be a million-

aire? And that connection, that empathy only made it sweeter when the buzzer went off and Regis shook his head mournfully and the tears streamed down Joe Nobody's face as he realized he wouldn't be able to pay for Gramma Lee's ovarian cyst operation after all. Suck it, Joe. Go back to Arkansas. Next!

Naturally, the vultures from the other networks didn't want ABC to monopolize this innovative new way of exploiting pain, so they started churning out their own shows that got intimate with people and then tortured them. *Survivor*. *Big Brother*. *Three's Company*. They all operate on the same principle: Get as close as possible to the suckers, have them reveal their innermost foibles, then FUCK THEM OVER AS HARD AS POSSIBLE. It's getting more and more blatant. Trust me, *Running Man* is less than five years away. Just watch. Before you know it we'll be hooting and cheering as the jack-booted bounty hunters with mini-cameras strapped to their gun sights chase down the poor slob who signed a very binding power of attorney to FOX in exchange for a chance at some incredibly large sum of money providing he can evade his pursuers for thirty days. And as the first round of automatic fire rips through the *Running Man*'s mid-section, splattering his vitals across the wall of the filthy hovel in which he chose to make his last stand, all across the continent will be heard the simultaneous orgiastic sigh of a hundred million junkies as the drug kicks in and we all get well off the death of one lonely man. And we'll be satiated, at least until the next big thing comes along.

The ancient Romans had it right: bread and circuses keep the masses happy. The gladiators of yester-year are the island castaways and wannabe millionaires of today. But if you think we've reached our capacity for watching the suffering of others, if you think sooner or later some higher instinct will kick in and stop the escalating festival of pain on our television screens, believe me: You ain't seen nothing yet. Don't touch that dial.

Workin' it for the Man



Bree Baxter

Voted off the island

Here we go again. Yup, it's Volume 14 (fourteen) for that illustrious campus paper, *the 432*! All cheer!

I'm so glad you're back at school this year. Let's hope it's as fun and eventful as last year. Minus the litigation. And the naked people.

I've spent the summer as a gainfully employed student. I do believe my exact title was "that student working on the web site." As soon as I graduate, I can be "the graduate working on the web site." Yay!

Enough about me.

The 432

You know you want to write for *the 432*. You may have been too shy last year, but trust me, there's no reason to be shy. The ones on my editorial staff who bite have been spayed, so it's safe to come into the office. Seriously, we would love you to contribute to this paper. Even if you're only a tiny bit interested, please come on out to the new contributors meeting on September 14th, at 4:32pm in SUS. If you

want to draw, write, edit or help with layout, please come by! Or e-mail me! I'm desperate for help! Look at me now, alone, scared, yawning in the hovel that is the SUS office at 2 in the morning! Why should I hog all the fun?

Skool

So you're here, you're either back or new, so happy happy. If I may add to the heap of advice for you in this issue, and say this: If you're really hungry, you can always get free food by following the film signs that say "Extra Holding" and pretending you're supposed to be in there. Heck, you may even end up in a film.

You should also get your ass involved in stuff on campus. Club? Why not? Intramural? Whip out that jock strap! If you use this place as a glorified high school, I will personally track you down and beat upon you.

Wildlife

I've been on campus this summer, and so I've seen first-hand some of the... ahem, "wildlife" that uses the facilities after dark. I used to think one solitary raccoon was bad, until I saw the family of raccoons cross the road a week ago. A large family of raccoons. A large fam-

ily of large raccoons. And then there was the skunk (I'm sure it was not a punk cat) which waddled along Main Mall. How many drunken kids will be stumbling home late this Friday night and try to "pet the funky kitty", if you know what I mean?

And then there are the feral cats, but that's another story. Evil little kittens, genetically engineered on campus to be evil.

Survivor

Yeah, survive this. Andrew is right. You people are sick. What was I doing while *Survivor* was on? If I recall correctly, I was cleaning my room. Living in residence, even with a tv in my room (with cable, for free), has killed my viewing habits. Maybe it's because I'm so damn busy. All I have time for these days is the odd *Star Trek* rerun and *Whose Line*. I'd watch more movies and stuff, but one of my roommates keeps stealing my TV Guide.

Your Life

We can't tell you what to think. We can't tell you what to do. All we can do it give you a hand with the info, then you have to make yer own damn decisions.

Welcome to the real world.

SUS on the web
<http://www.ams.ubc.ca/sus/>
offer not valid in PEI

Caution: Cape
does not enable
user to fly.

-Superman Cos-
tume Warning.

Poke Living Stuff for Fun and Profit: Part II

Miyako Hewett

Scanning the skies

Another day, another pack of young impressionable frosh. Entering the leafy malls of UBC, I can tell that many of you are thinking it. Aren't you? Aren't you!? Pre-med. I can see it in your eyes, in all your glory of four-coloured pens, packs of different coloured highlighters and pack-mule backpacks. And how many of you are in biology? That many? Well, let me tell you my story.

I'm a third-year biology student, and I love biology. You know, most pre-med students are in Biology, yet how many of them actually like biology? Week after week, I listen to these keeners whine about labs. So you think they're a waste of time, eh? What the hell are you in Biology for, over half of your degree is labs!

Imagine this: You, in a lab, staring blobs of moving goo. Do you care? At all? No. How many of you would stand knee-deep in the mud, in the rain, notebook in one hand, binoculars, recording device and miscellaneous equipment in pocket, while you are trying to gather data on local chickadee populations? Or sitting for several hours staring at tropical fish, willing them telepathically to do something, anything, in response to a blue vaguely fish-shaped fimo model? How many of you would do that? Because that, my friend, is biology. There is also stuff that has to do with cells, plants and fungus. It's all biology and I love it. Even the genetic bit. I know so many pre-med-ers that shudder at the thought of, horror of horrors, touching and tampering and poking stuff. What do you think biology is? If you didn't enjoy this, maybe you should entertain the thought that biology is not for you. Do something you enjoy. Really.

Now, why this rant, you ask?

As a biology student, I am sick of people going, "Oh, pre-med?" when I tell them I'm in biology. I find myself constantly explaining that not all biology is pre-med. I'm an ecology major, and interested in evolutionary and exobiology. Ya, aliens. I'm an alien hunter, life on other planets. Aww yeah. Not realistic, you say? I'm not getting into med school, but neither are you. So face it, don't give up your dream, just do something you enjoy. Trust me, or you'll regret it.

(You also have to understand that med schools don't give a rat's ass about your cell biology major. They care about your MCAT scores, your overall GPA (even the arts courses) and your interview. Yeah, you need to take a few pre-requisites to stand a chance, but you can take those from Arts just as well as Science. And Arts don't force you to take Math 200.

My favorite story is the one of the History major who got accepted into the Med School of his choice because his grads kicked ass and he was, as they say in the business, "well-rounded." Guess how many genetics courses he took?
-ed.)

What does biology have to offer? Lots. Have a look in the calendar. There is animal biology, conservation biology, developmental biology, marine biology and more. How else can you dissect a cat in one hour, then decode DNA in the next, then sit in the grass listening to birds sing, while contemplating going down to Kits beach or Wreck beach to collect seaweed? If you don't enjoy this, there are other things to do. Want to model population growth of dung beetles? Go for it. If you don't believe me, go ask a prof. Want to know more? Come talk to me. I've basically carved my ass into the SUS couches, either that or I'm outside somewhere, in that case there is my mailbox. Until then, keep smiling, stop stressing, and watch for falling frogs from the sky. It happens.

Miyako forgot to mention the best part of biology: Sex. Sexual competition, sexual selection, and sexual reproduction. She's too much of a lady to say it, but she's really in it for the exobiological sex.

-ed.

So, You Wanna Win a Contest?™

How well do you know your campus? We want to know. If you can answer 14 of these 15 questions, you will be entered into our draw for cool prizes*! You can either drop off the answers in the SUS office, or e-mail the editor at bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca between now and September 15th, 2000. Every entrant will receive candy, because that's the kind of organization that we are. Winners will be published in the 432, issue 2, on September 27th.

This contest also appears in the *Guide 2000*. As part of our fun tie-ins, you can find some of these answers in the *Guide 2000*. If you want to see the on-line version, please visit the SUS web site! The SUS web site lives at <http://www.ams.ubc.ca/sus/>

Good luck, and we love you.

**Prizes will be given to one first-place winner, two second place winner and three third place winners. That's on top of the candy.*

Contest Questions

1. Name two places that sell UBC Cinnamon buns.
2. What is the name of the campus student paper that comes out every Tuesday and Friday?
3. What are the names of the traditional first-year residences on campus?
4. Name the Nobel Laureate in Chemistry who worked at UBC.
5. What does the acronym AMS stand for?
6. Where is the SUS office? (Building and room number will suffice).
7. In the middle of Main Mall, there is a large concrete cairn with the letter "E" pressed into it. What does the "E" stand for?
8. What is the name of the UBC Varsity sports teams?
9. What colour are the vans that Plant Ops drives around campus?
10. Name the University's Vice President Students.
11. How many departments are there in the Faculty of Science?
12. Where is the Dean of Science office?
13. How many libraries are there on campus?
14. When is SUS's first bzzr garden of the year? What is its name?
15. When is Science Week 2001?

Hey you! Are you any good at filling these random awkward spaces?

The 432.

Write for the 432

First Year Committee

First Meeting: September 13th,
5:30 pm, SUS Lounge



Contact Reka Sztopa
rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca
for more information

and... **BBQ Time!**

It's time for the Science First Year BBQ! Free burger and pop for first year students at UBC. (If you're not in first year, we'll still feed you. Hamburgers are \$2 and pop is 75¢)

Friday, September 8
11:30 to 3:30

Grassy median between Chemistry and Angus

-A SUS First Year Committee production

Overactive Imagination UBC



Andy Martin

Canadian Psycho

Welcome fodder, I mean frosh, to the futility that is the University of British Columbia education. Your scheduled tourleaders ~~have been gagged and throttled~~ are sick and asked me to take over our little orientation of the place that will be your home for the next 6-14 years of your undergraduate career. Huh? Done in four years?! Hahahahaha-hahahahaha... [gasp!] Don't make me laugh while I'm high! But I do love hearing you bright-eyed and idealistic frosh say that. I bet you think a job's waiting for you when you get to the other side too! You will learn. Like your backpacks, your idealism will shrink over the years, to the point where you end up stumbling into class 10 minutes late, hungover, with only a collapsed cardboard box and red crayon in hand.

Please open your **Overactive Imagination UBC Survival Pak**. First, bound in purple cashmere, is your copy of 'Animal House'. Watch, learn, imitate. This is the standard that your University 'education' will be held up to. The rest of the binder is hollowed out to fill with your favourite hard alcohol. This will help you survive Math 101. I said survive, not pass. We supply the painkillers, but the miracles are up to God.

Now, the first thing you must memorize, before Shakespeare, before optimal foraging theory, before any of Ferment's theorems, are the locations of the bars on campus: The Pit, the Pendulum, the Gallery, Koerner's, the Cheeze, 99 Chairs, and the Thunderbar. Good job! Next, we have to break you of your high school education of bzzr. Bzzr doesn't actually have to taste bad. But I digress... let's get going with the tour.

Here you are sitting on the wonderful, finely cultivated grass in front of the SUB building, just like a bunch of fucking hippies. Get the fuck up, do you think you own that grass?! What's the matter with you?! Un-fucking-believable! You're here for one day, and you think you own the place.

The SUB is where you will find most of the food sources on campus, as well as three of the campus bars. It would do you good to memorize the outlay of the plaza, as you will likely end up stumbling drunkenly through it to find food/buses/more bzzr when supply runs low in your previous habitat. Oh yes, on this campus we call beer 'bzzr' for some Allah-forsaken reason. (It's illegal to advertise alcohol. We don't want the campus cowboys coming after us. Again -ed.) As well as the bars, there are several bzzr gardens at various locales around campus every Friday starting at 4:32pm. Bzzr is often cheaper and the lights are brighter than inside the bars, which simultaneously hinders and helps in avoiding errors in the selection for the night's mate.

Going directly west from the SUB, we run into the Hebb building, which, along with Hennings (just to the north, connected by the sky stairway), is the physics core of the campus. At least, the safe physics core. In the engineering section they have a wind tunnel and in TRIUMF (really south campus) they have a cyclotron. That thing could fling a spitwad so hard it could take out every building in its path before eventually burying itself halfway through Cypress Mountain. All we get here is some pathetic radioactive material and smallish anvils.

Going through the parking lot of Hebb, we come to the Chemistry building. A beautiful, aged structure that houses your chemistry classes; a huge, publicly-available supply of very fun liquid nitrogen (on the top floor); and rows upon rows of closely packed, dangerous, explosive, carcinogenic and tasty chemicals. Going west through the building, we find another road. WOW! Look at the fine pavement and the exquisite grasswork on the median.

The 432 Wants You!
 New contributors meeting is September 13th at 4:32 pm in the SUS office! Wherever that is!
 Please! E-mail the editor at bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca for more information

No experience needed.

Meandering south, you can see the aptly-named Biology Building on the next block. If your science-educated future doesn't involve spending 3/4 of your life nerding it up in front of a goddamn screen, this will likely be your base of operations for your undergraduate career. Biology encompasses everything from incomprehensible genetics to incomprehensible ecosystems, and all the other smelly things in between. Zoolab is just inside: lots of free, fast, non-Microsoft dominated, internet connected computers, where you will quietly write and submit your first article to *the 432*. Be sure to visit the Biology huts behind the building to see exactly what kind of luxurious working conditions a tenured professorship gets you.

From here we can see the dreaded UBC Bookstore to the east. My spine liquifies when I remember how much time, money, and life force I wasted in that infernal building buying overpriced books that I hardly ever used. I still have roughly \$1000 of textbooks that I will never open, but are too expensive to throw out, taking away valuable space on my bookshelf from my ~~para~~-literature collection. Three tips:

1. SUBtitles, the AMS Used Bookstore (in the SUB) is way cheaper, with shorter lines. It's new, and it's consignment, so you can set your own prices for your books... that may be a good thing. There used to be a bookstore in the Village, but they tore that down. Bastards.
2. Books can be returned within 2 weeks, no questions asked.
3. Ask your prof if they actually use the text. Half the time they don't, and you won't have to bother with one more trip to that hellhole to buy \$100 of useless drivel.

Just south of us is 'Geertown, home of the engineers. Beware the roaming pimply-faced red-jacketed 'Geers, especially during Tanking or Rose-Bowling season. They're based around the Cheeze and the Cairn (the big concrete thing in the middle of Main Mall that will change colour several times in the next eight months). Further south are the Forestry and Aggie sections, faculties that get off on cutting down phallic symbols and artificially inseminating cows. Beyond that are the B-lots (watch out, they're actually beginning to check for parking fraud down there) and way south is Thunderbird Stadium, home for Arts County Fairs and other similar outbursts. Scattered in the southern and western edges of the core campus are the residences, sleeping and fucking quarters for this, the modern day sharashka. (Crikes, they were the political prisons for scientists in Stalin's Russia; why doesn't anyone else know this? - Andy.)

To the north of us is the Arts section of the campus. It is a cold and desolate place where Subway grows their free range Soy-lent Green. You need know only this: The big, tall building is Buto (Buchanan Tower). It has the highest roof you can easily access for an unbelievably interactive potty-time. Stay out of

the rest of the Arts section except while running to Koerner's pub, weekly Arts bzzr gardens (in the godforsaken glorified high school that is Buchanan building) or to drunkenly climb the totem poles behind the anthropology museum. Further north of that is Tower's and Wreck Beach. Believe it or not, it's even scarier than the Arts section... [fade into 1997 flashback]... This looks like a good place to swim, I'll just take my shirt off, now my shoes, now m... Oh my GOD! It's 350lbs, 50 years old, naked and COMING RIGHT AT ME!!! Game Over, man, Game Over! (fade out)]

That's pretty much all they pay me for. Of course we can't take you everywhere, so here are some parting words to live and learn by.

1. The roadways to UBC are hotspots for photo-radar. When speeding to campus, be sure to be using your boss's licence plates with your arse hanging out.
2. Don't schedule classes at 8:30am. Especially math classes. Especially boring math classes. Especially required, extremely difficult and boring math classes where the prof turns off all the lights and reads, in a monotone voice, notes from an overhead.
3. If you're going to live in residences, learn to masturbate quietly.
4. Regrets pile up exponentially. Sins can be confessed later in life, but regrets remain and leave you a withered, bitter shell of a man, ranting to others who really don't care about how the bitch hurt you. In the same octave, too many of you come here just to study. Fuck you. Go to bzzr gardens, go to parties, join several clubs and find your life, cause it ain't in the library. Books can be your best friends, but they can't buy you drinks, let you copy the answers for the assignment due in five minutes, or act as the distraction while you plant the explosives.
5. Write for *the 432*. It isn't as hard as it looks, gives you campus-wide fame, fringe benefits (the AUS couch is still spiritually unclean) and gives you a sex life like no other (notice that that wasn't actually meant as a positive term). And don't write for *the Underground* until we at least turn you down.
6. You can never go home again. Welcome to the rest of your miserable little lives.

Andy would know. He was here for four years "or so", but even after we ship him out of here on a freakin' boat, he manages to find his way home. As you read this, he's on a boat bound for the waters off the Washington coast. Next month, he's going to Hawaii.

Damn him.

But he does know.



Flushed With Pride

The 432 presents a guide to UBC's non-urinal water closets

Kiri Nichol

On Her Throne

So your first class of the morning has just finished and that one litre mug of coffee you had for breakfast is starting to reach the end of the digestive cycle: where are you gonna go? If you're a disoriented frosh, you might consider asking someone of a similar anatomical persuasion the way to the nearest loo; however, that doesn't guarantee that there isn't a mile-long line-up for a single toilet that doesn't flush properly. Besides, finding good bathrooms is sadly not something your average MUG leader has been trained to discuss at length. But thanks to your Science Undergraduate Society, you can now avoid hours of wandering empty halls by simply perusing this easy guide. *Note:* This piece only reviews women's washrooms; if we get enough interest from the guys, maybe we can get Bree to hire a male bathroom critic next year. (*Who said anything about hiring? -ed*)

Main Floor, SUB: Conveniently located between Blue Chip Cookies and the AMS job board, the cleanliness of this location is highly variable and despite the large number of stalls, there is often a long line-up. The walls of this bathroom have hosted some very intelligent abortion debates and if you pencil your boyfriend dilemmas on the dividers, you can probably get some pseudo-professional relationship help. There is also a condom dispenser, although it looks like it's been a while

since it was operational.

3rd Floor, Music: The generous floor space is a thoughtful touch for students toting large music cases, but this washroom otherwise remains undistinguished.

Chan Centre: Frankly, it's worth going to a concert just so that you can use the washrooms here. Once you get over the vast expanses of spotless mirror and marble, you get to the real attraction: toilets that flush automatically. While you wash up at one of several sinks set around a circular counter, you can admire a gorgeous native sculpture of some sort of leaping fish.

1st Floor, Buchanan Block A: While large, this bathroom can get busy and messy at times. The graffiti can be amusing but not interesting enough to extend washroom breaks any longer than absolutely necessary.

1st Floor, Biology: Good luck in finding the bathrooms in this building. By the time you figure out what floor you're on, you'll probably have wet your pants. The one washroom I was able to find is a triangular afterthought near the stairwell in the south-east wing. The closet-like ambience is accentuated by the lack of lighting and entering the toilet stall is akin to climbing into a refrigerator. It is heartening to see that a toilet plunger is kept close at hand in case of mechanical problems.

2nd Floor, Hennings: Until last year a sign on this loo read "Please Note: This Is Now A Women's Washroom". 'Nuff said.

2nd Floor, Chemistry: Kind of on the small side, and it can get messy during busy times.

One afternoon, I was rather alarmed by the presence of a reagent bottle (ammonia) left sitting on the counter.

3rd Floor, Hebb: Fabulously clean and well lit, this washroom is used exclusively by female physics majors, of which there are approximately two.

3rd and 4th Floors, LSK: Plagued by malfunctioning sinks for most of last year, the third-floor washroom was recently renovated. The fourth floor location remains one of the best bathrooms on campus, with its comfy couch and big skylight. Perpetually clean, the hand-lettered "Do Not Pour Coffee Grounds Down This Sink: It Will Clog" lends a homey touch.

2nd Floor, Woodward Library: This is apparently the only bathroom in the library, although once you find it, it is small and clean.

2nd Floor, Curtis (Law): Another building with a lot of triangles. A small stairwell near the ground-floor entrance to the library takes you up to an oddly shaped room with a bunch of doors which, for all I know, lead off into Narnia. But if I remember correctly, one was a bathroom.

Main Floor, Scarfe: Although the floor in this bathroom suffers from some sort of drainage problem, the large, south-facing windows let in plenty of natural light. This is a large but high-traffic location, conveniently found on the north side of the library by the main stairwell.

2nd Floor, Koerner Library: This washroom is located on the first floor below the

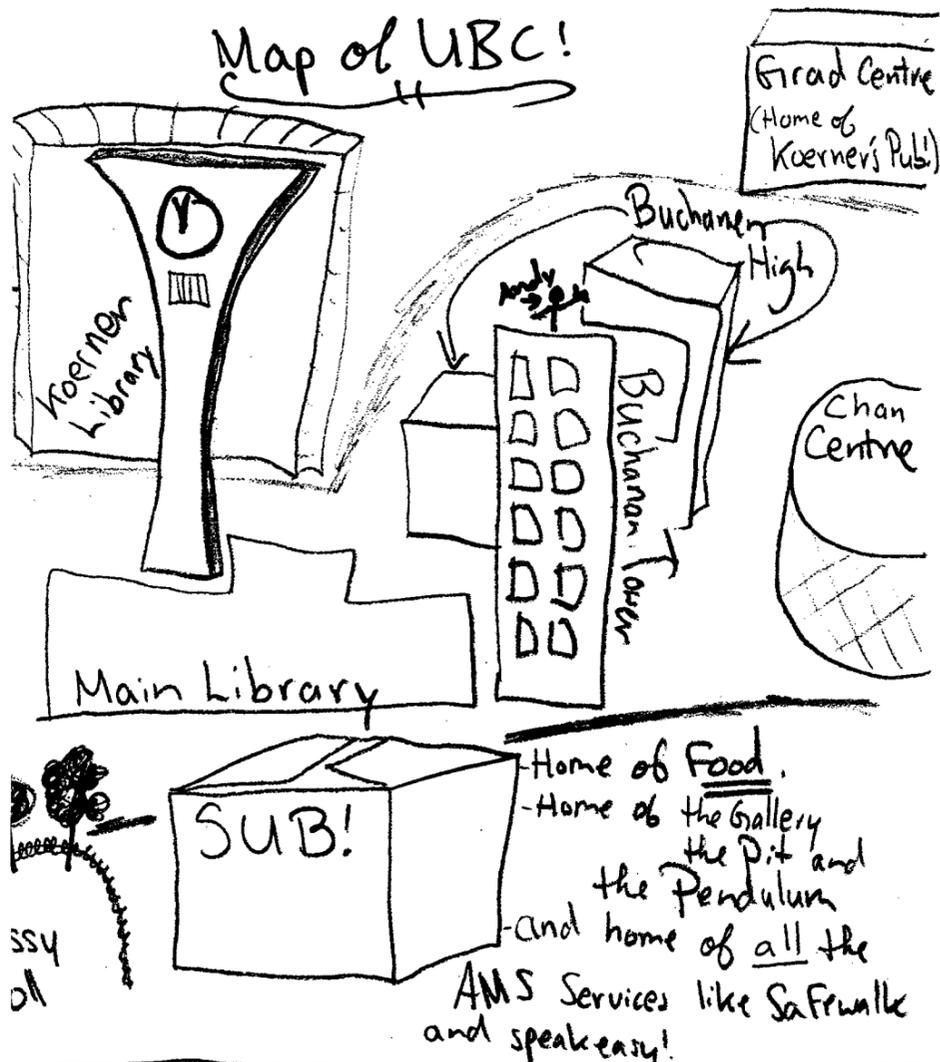
main floor, just behind the stairwell. As none of the other floors in Koerner are equipped with facilities, this bathroom, although well-lit and modern, loses some of its attractiveness because of over-use. One nifty feature is the high-tech toilet roll fittings, which have the axle placed slightly out of the centre of mass of the roller; because of this, a little tug will instantly give a foot-long ream of toilet paper. (*Actually, the upper levels have washrooms tucked neatly into the corners, but finding one of these places is like finding Larry King's hair piece during a wind storm -ed.*)

2nd Floor, Main Library: Another campus bathroom with a lot of potential, this location could use some renovations. For much of last year, there was a hole in the south wall that a small child could have crawled into. Upon opening the door to this loo, you enter the first of two rooms, an empty void emphasized by the vaulted ceiling. The second smaller room contains two toilets and a sink. This bathroom accentuates the slightly lurching and stuffy ambience of the rest of the building and it is easy to see why this library was used as an X-Files set.

Sea-Level, Wreck Beach: Another good reason to go to the bathroom in groups, this WC is standard port-o-potty fare. Chief among its attributes is its location at the bottom of the Wreck Beach stairs, rather than the top.

Do you have any idea how much coffee I had to pour down Kiri's throat to get this article finished? All in the name of information, my pretties. -ed.

Want to write bathroom reviews for the 432? We want you to want to write for you. It's worth it.



SUS Council Elections

The brave
The strong
The ones with an
hour of spare time

Positions available:
General Officer (4)
First Year Rep (2)
Departmental Reps of all kinds!

Contact Reka Sztopa for more
information

rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca
In SUS: (604) 822-4235

Nomination form available on page 8 of this same edition.

al staff: Not Drawn to scale or even in the right order. If you're
real map or at least someone who looks older than you.
Baxter, 2000. Now you know why I'm red.

Dear Abby: There's this Albertan...



Ben Warrington

Too Lazy to Care

Well, school is starting for another year, and this is the traditional time that 432 writers give their ancient and sage advice to incoming first years on how to hack university life. This is where all the myths and half truths about the university are dredged out once again to amaze a new crop of incredulous students. I thought that I would buck the tradition seeing as no one pays any attention to these advice articles anyway, but what the heck, I'm too damned lazy.

I know that frosh are used to getting eighties and nineties in school. You need them to get into this university. Well, don't expect those marks anymore. The reason you got such high marks in high school is not because you are smart. It is because high school is easy. Face it, everybody here is at least as smart as you, probably smarter (with the possible exception of a couple of people, whom I will not name for liability purposes). You are going to get at least a few bad marks; you will probably fail a course or two. Don't worry about it. I mean it. If I hear you whining about your grades, I am

going break both of your legs and stuff them down your throat - just so we're clear. Besides, for the most part, the mark is not that important. You are here to learn. At least, I hope you are. If you are just here to get a good high paying job, you are in the wrong place. Try a technical school. Anyway, as I was saying, nobody really cares what your mark is, or even whether you have a degree. People care about what you know, and of what you are capable. For example, if you are capable of downing a pitcher Wednesday night and passing an exam Thursday morning, you are the kind of person who will get the most out of university.

Enough about marks. Despite what you may have been led to believe, university is not all about classes and higher learning. It is probably cliché to say this, but kicking back and having a good time is almost as important (or possibly more important) an aspect of the university experience. Go to bzzr gardens. Sneak into clubs/bars if you are still 18 (I'm from Alberta, so I figure 18 is legal anyway). You do not have to become a raging alcoholic (though that's fun too), but go. Who knows, you might wind up in another municipality with a 22 year-old for the night. You might meet someone who lasts much more than a night. You might, horror of horrors, (*whore of*

whores? -ed) have a bloody good time. So what if you fail a test? You usually get three tests in each class anyway. Besides, you may be surprised how much better your brain works when you are happy and relaxed than when you are stressed out over studying. If nothing else, you have eight years to graduate before your first year credits become invalid (by that time, you'll have figured out how to talk your way out of that too).

So what else is there to say about the University of British Columbia? A lot, really. That is why these advice articles continue to get written and published, and why, annoying as they are, they remain relatively fresh.

If you have ever seen *The Big Lebowski*, you know all about the Dude. He walks around all day in his bathrobe, and is known for saying, "Ah, fuck it; let's go bowling." Follow his example. That is the way that everyone should approach university not to mention life (though you might not want to be so apathetic as to not go to class occasionally - you can fail out, after all). As it was put so elegantly in another great classic, *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, "Don't panic." Nothing matters too much. I am not saying, "Don't care." I am just saying to not freak out too much over unimportant things. It happens.

Anyway, this has become too much of the advice article that I said I wanted to avoid back in the first paragraph. I promise that I won't let it happen again, but allow me to leave you with a few final thoughts.

Don't whine. Read *the 432*. Come visit SUS. Smoke crack. Watch *Trainspotting*. Urinate on a tree outside Buchanan. Explore the mysterious depths of the steam tunnels. Get drunk. Sober up. Have frequent sex. Make it kinky. Vote RBF. Stay up late writing pointless articles for *the 432* instead of that essay that is due the next day. Forget about sleeping; you are not going to get very much the next few years. Learn something new and interesting. Experiment with dangerous chemicals be they consumable or combustible. Above all, have fun.

Some people pontificate with a sense of panache, yet they have done none of it. Ben has done it all. All of the things listed in the paper, Ben is our expert, including most of what Andy mentioned. He's also halfway through coop and is therefore more employable than six of you put together.

Oh well.
-ed.

From the 432 archives:

This little piggy went to market. This little piggy stayed home. This little piggy had roast beef. This little piggy had none. And this little piggy went "wee wee wee!"

Dead Pool V: The Discovered Country



The Reaper

Sister Soul

Welcome back to another year of the SUS official Dead Pool. Prizes and fame await you if you're cool enough to smack down your favorite death potentials. If you can't join them, bet on them!

While it may be true that we may be guilty of a bit of bad taste, that doesn't eradicate the fact that death happens every day, sometimes even to famous people. Nothing can be as definite as death, and that's what makes it the perfect contest for us to have, as very few people come back from the dead these days.

Rules:

1. Your people must be famous. That means that if I look at the list and don't know how you're talking about, too bad.
2. Your people must be dead before April 1st, 2001, at 4:32 pm PST. Your people cannot be dead before you hand in your list, because that would be cheating and cheating is wrong.
3. No death-row inmates. None. Especially Mumia.
4. You're allowed to enter the contest at any time, but only deaths after your entrance and before April 1st will count towards your point total.
5. If you kill someone, their death will not count towards your point total. It may very well count towards our scores, but not yours.
6. You are not allowed to enter my stunt double.
7. No dead people, because they are already dead.

Order your list carefully, because your top entrant (that at position number 1) is worth 15 points. The bottom entrant (at number 15) is only worth one.

Person with the most points wins. Depending on my year-end budget (damn scythe goes through blades like there's no tomorrow), there may be second and third place winners.

I'm not sure what your prize will be, but I assume it will include some form of ACF ticketry.

Just because I'm bored, I'll hold a random draw on September 28th at 4:32 pm of my already-entered players, and the randomly chosen entry will receive a t-shirt. Enter soon.

Some perennial favorites are the Queen Mum (100 and going strong!), the Pope, Bob Hope and Boris Yeltsin. I know we've been saying that these people have the potential to die for years and years now, but hey, everyone has to die sometime.

Alec Guinness went on over to the other side during the summer, as did Maurice "Rocket" Richard, Walter Matthau and Gordon Solie. While I saw a few entries with Walter Matthau last year, no one had Alec Guinness. Now, it's too late. Don't let it be too late this year!

If you need a bit of help in choosing your candidates for death, here's what you can do. Pick your favorite internet search engine, type in "Dead Pool" to the search line, and you'll be smacked with enough sites to keep your hot little mouse hand busy for days. Err, yeah.

More rules: Fill out the handy entry form and drop it off in SUS before October 1st in the Dead Pool/Reaper mailbox, or e-mail the Reaper at deadpool_432@hotmail.com.

Good luck, and don't fear the Reaper.

Dead Pool V Entry Sheet

Your name: _____

Your e-mail address: _____

Your phone number: _____

Your entries: _____



Drop off your form in SUS or e-mail to deadpool_432@hotmail.com

Page o' Powertrip

Every year, your Science Undergraduate Society is led by ten fearless crew members. Sure, it would be more interesting if it were ten topless co-eds, but we can't do that anymore. In their place are the following ten people, who will risk life, limb and libido to assist you. Read on, good Pluck!

Senate

Tim Chan

Greetings to all my fellow Science students at UBC. I am SO not ready to come back to school, but I'm here anyway. Instead of boring you with the details of what's happening at school, I'll just bore you with these three pieces of advice for all new (and returning) students:

1. Get your course outlines. This way, you'll

know when you actually have to show up for midterms, and who to email when you have complaints... er... I mean questions.

2. Get a chicken sandwich from the Delly. No explanation necessary.

3. Enjoy the sunshine while it lasts! Pretty soon, the campus will turn into a jumble of umbrellas and soggy leaves. This message will self-destruct in 5 seconds...

Or so Tim thinks...
-ed.

timchan@interchange.ubc.ca

Publications

Breeonne Baxter

Publications does happy happy fun stuff, like editing *the 432* and *Paradigm*. I also sit on the AMS Council, and I make decisions like how much health care you get (that's right, I voted yes for the mandatory health plan!) and other such stuff. I'm one of the five Science reps who pretends to know what you want.

Onto other things. If you want to help out

with any aspect of SUS, be it writing, advertising, selling stuff, or just goofing off and having it count as "campus involvement", please drop me a line. I'd love to tell you where to go.

Someone just wants me to tell you that she'd love to have more external involvement, because she's sick of dating within the gene pool. She wants outside blood.

She's not picky.

bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca

This is what the executive reports would look like, had the exec actually written them. Just so you know for next time.

Public Relations Officer

Adam Mott

PRO's are fun people. They get to take posters (pre-made) around campus and use staple guns to deface University property. They also take posters (pre-made) to AMS council and use staple guns to deface

AMS property. Adam Mott, commonly known as Perfectly-Coifed Man, can be found in Gage somewhere. He's, like, hard-core into sports, man. He's the guy I thought would run for Sports. But he didn't cuz hey, PRO is so much cooler.

admott@interchange.ubc.ca

External Vice-Prez

Ajay Puri

Ah, Ajay. How can I possibly describe Ajay? Ajay is one of those people who you see in Rave ads, but he has the added touch of being in Psychology, so he

knows exactly how the drugs would, in theory only, affect his system. Ajay was SoCo last year, and so he knows how we book a band, especially for Cold Fusion (which is held during Science Week, January 22 to 26, 2001). He runs Science Week, in association with the Science Week Committee... So get into Science Week!

Gtours@bc.sympatico.ca

Internal Vice-Prez

Reka Sztopa

Attention all first-years! You want to get involved in SUS? Join FYC! Reka heads this committee. See the ads interspersed in this paper. Oh, what the heck. The first FYC meeting is in SUS on Septem-

ber 13th at 5:30 pm. You should be there, because all of the cool kids will be.

If you're even more keen than that (and if you're not in first year), consider running for SUS Council. The departmental elections are in October, and it's a great way to get involved in the student body.

You know you want to!

rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca

Sports

Sara Stamm

The sports rep makes sure YOU and your Science intramurals team gets to have loads of fun while getting half of your fees reimbursed! (Don't quote me on that number, we'll see how it goes). Sara wants to make sure that you have your best sports year

ever. Working this summer as a customs inspector was just enough to make her the best person to make sure you're not smuggling illicit substances into your games.

Sara says get involved!

I'm not sure if Sara actually said that, but it sounds good and I'm sure she won't object to having said it.

-ed.

sastamm@interchange.ubc.ca

Secretary

Sherry Yang

Secretary, at SUS Council meetings, "takes minutes" and "organizes our paperwork". Technically, we haven't had minutes for three years, and our office supply selection is more limited than your chance at being on *Who Wants to be a Mil-*

lionaire, but I'm sure Sherry will remedy that.

Sherry is new to the world o' SUS. She's so young and fresh that we've taken to referring to her as Mentos Girl. Hopefully, she'll be so happy with the world that we can convince her to run for President next year while we all run away and hide.

Not that it's a bad thing to be president.

sherryyang@yahoo.com

President

Keri Gammon

If Keri were an insect, she would be a bumblebee. She's busy, she's buzzing, and she has cute little antennae. She's your SUS president! She's also your at-large senator, which means that no one can find her. As I write this, she's deep in the bowels of Ontario.

We hope she'll be back before school starts, but who knows what she's up to these days? She promises me that she'll have lots of fun articles for me by the next 432, but I've heard all that before.

She chairs the SUS Council meeting, and I hear tell she's found a replacement gavel, to make up from when she "lost" the last one. Uh huh.

kagammon@interchange.ubc.ca

Finance

Jag Dost

He's the money man. He manages your twelve dollars and spends it in areas

such as this paper, your sports fees, and other fun fun stuff!

Umm, that's about it.

jag517@home.com

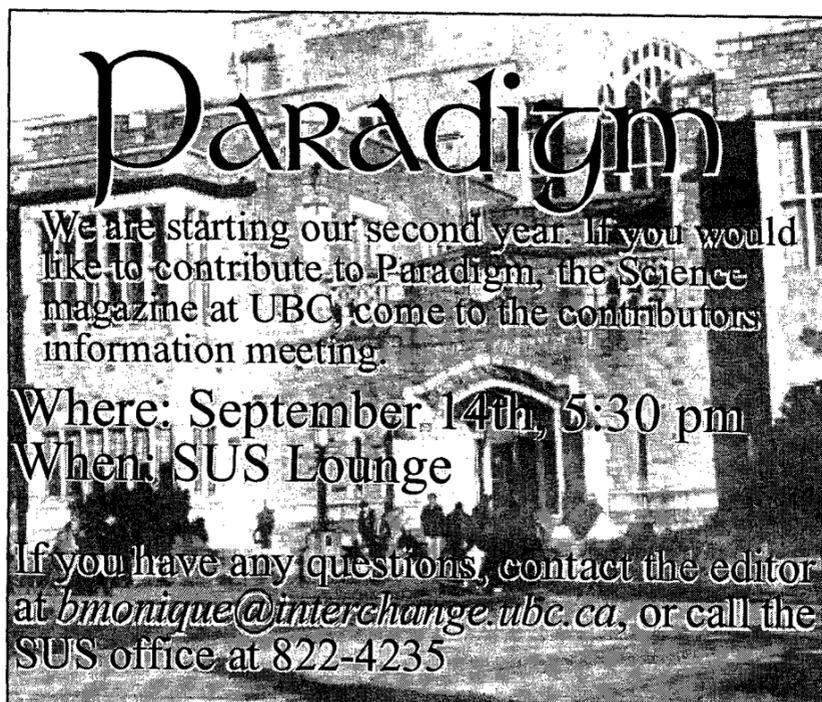
Social Coordinator

Katharine Scotton

Social Coordinator is the coordinator of all the ~~drunken~~ ~~debauchery~~ social events for Science students. Let the ~~drunken~~

~~debauchery~~ social events begin! If you want to get involved in our social events, why don't you contact Kat? She'd love the help and frankly, so will you.

kscotton@interchange.ubc.ca



Paradigm

We are starting our second year. If you would like to contribute to Paradigm, the Science magazine at UBC, come to the contributors information meeting.

Where: September 14th, 5:30 pm
When: SUS Lounge

If you have any questions, contact the editor at bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca, or call the SUS office at 822-4235



Guide 2000

The Guide 2000 is ready for pick-up in SUS, Chem B160, right now!

Cartoons!
Intro to SUS!
Teaching statistics!

You can also find an on-line version of the Guide at the SUS web site

<http://www.ams.ubc.ca/sus/>



Going Once! Going Twice! Sold?

Jay Garcia
eBastard

It would seem that I am now gainfully employed, working on campus and making decent money. Who woulda guessed? Hell, most of my friend figured that I would either be stuck as a perpetual student or otherwise heading the military dictatorship of a small South American nation.

Regular employment is something of a step up for me; then again, begging for change on Robson street would probably be a step up, especially since I've spent most of the last several years as a student, living off of loans — federal, provincial and parental. The job I'm working at is salaried, which is also a huge difference from every other job I've held. It seems like yet another step into a larger, more fiscally-active world. However, with one small step for a man comes one giant leap from the bill collectors, in all their varied forms. Student loan officers are coming out of the woodwork and pestering me to pay back all the money I spent on bzzr and computer hardware. The Visa people want their money for that trip to Brazil. Even my parents want money for "mental and physical anguish", whatever that means.

This adulthood/responsibility issue seems further compounded by yet another complication. See, I'm moving out of the place I've been living for the last several years, to a nicer, roomier apartment. This is, as I'm discovering, not an easy task. First off, have you ever wondered how much inane crap you can accumulate, just living in a place for any decent amount of time? I mean, where did I ever get several dozen baseball caps emblazoned with all kinds of stupid slogans like "Mean People Suck; Nice People Swallow" or "Surrey Rules!" Who gave these to me? Was I drunk

at the time? And whatever convinced me to keep them?

It's just like the paper situation. Why do I have so much of it around? It's my educated (hah!) deduction that, if you're a student, you accumulate paper. There's just no way around that. Handouts; syllabi; Add/Drop forms; Student Loan applications; letters to bankers and credit card companies telling them to hold their horses, you've got the money you owe them, and other suchlike detritus of an active student life. And of course, there are the notes. Copious quantities of smudged, torn, and coffee-stained paper covering every topic from axial morphogenesis to conditional IF/AND/OR operators, all stuffed into battered binders and jammed into already overburdened shelves. What has this got to do with moving, you ask? Well, normally, my room is a fire-trap waiting to happen, whose condition conjures up visions of Chief Fire Inspectors nodding their heads sagely over the charred ashes and saying "Yep; he shouldn't have kept that bottle of pure ethanol sitting on that pile of school notes right next to the space heater". The process of moving, though, has exacerbated an already bad situation. Now, instead of little islands of paper piled on my floor, there's a barely-discernable path leading from my door, to my bed, computer table, and closet; though it's still one heckuva fight to actually get the closet door to open. It's not just a matter of pushing the matted, beaten-down piles of paper aside, it's all the solid, heavy bits interspersed with the paper.

Metal drinking goblets. Pieces of CPU heat sinks. No less than seven broken Discmen and a few dozen crap CD's (whatever possessed me to pick up Right Said Fred? Or Milli Vanilli? All I can say in my defense was that I was young and impulsive, and I've paid for my mistakes; my ears still haven't forgiven me).

What am I going to do with all this crap? Cart it off to the dump? I don't really want to do

that, seeing as it actually costs money to drop that stuff off at the nearest landfill. Plus, I'm way too busy, what with work and having to go and actually buy some decent furniture, and boy, is that setting me back a pretty penny.

Man, I had no idea that furniture costs so damn much. The double bed alone was almost a grand, and I don't even want to talk about how much the shelves are going to hurt my bank balance — though I have to admit, I do need shelves; the fewer books and things I have on the floor, the less likely I am to stumble around in the dark, trip on my copy of Variant Genetic Analysis and crack my head against my desk. Not like, uh, that's ever happened before. Or anything. Heck, at least the desk is cool (not to mention padded at the edges, just in case).

I was sitting at the aforementioned desk, pondering the fate of the ever-increasing pile of things to be carted off when I was struck by inspiration. A wise man once said that "one man's garbage is another man's complete collector's edition set". I think he may have been drinking a little too heavily, or was probably a rabid collector of strange ephemera, but there's truth in them thar words. Nowhere is this truth more manifest than in the only place in the world which hooks up people who have crap to sell with other people desperate enough to buy said crap. eBay.

Ah, magical eBay. I've always thought of it as the bastard child of flea markets and auctions, midwifed, as it were, by the World Wide Web. Need a complete set of Thundercats Action figures (even the ultra-rare See-Through Snarf)? Find it on eBay. Want to sell off your entire 1968 edition of the Collier's Encyclopedia, complete with 1971 and 1975 World Appendices? Sell it on eBay. It's a bargain or rarity-hunter's paradise.

I put up a whole whackload* of my stuff for auction. Within two days, every last unit lot of it was bought up, including the silly baseball

hats, Micronauts figurines, comical ceramic chihuahua/taco holder and all of my course notes. I used the money to pay for my desk and shelves.

You know, I think I could easily supplement my income doing this; I could go to garage sales, grab everything in the "Free" box (perhaps even including the box itself) and sell it on eBay. It is, as the Dire Straits once put it, money for nothing. (Yes, but are the chicks for free? -ed).

God bless the internet! So if you're moving into Res and have a lot of free swag hanging around that you don't need anymore, and you want to make some quick cash without having to resort to walking Davie street performing dubious services for middle-aged gentlemen, you can drop your "priceless collection of near-mint items" at Biological Sciences 1505 or at Buchanan A2000. Don't forget to include your name and contact information, as well as an inventory list; and certainly don't worry about leaving it in messy piles all over the place; we'll pick it up and share the proceeds with you once all bids are in. Remember: Capitalism rules!

I'm leery of actually purchasing anything from any kind of on-line place. You may think you're bidding on a really cool still-in-the-box Hotwheels you've been missing for your collection, but how often is it a three-wheeled matchbox? You can't be sure of what you're getting. Add to that the Big Brother tracking ability of anything you buy with your credit card on the internet, and I just think I'll build that bunker up in the hills.

-ed.

*By the way, whackload is indeed a standard unit of metric measurement; it's larger than a "collection of crap" and smaller than a "honkin' huge pile" and is measured in units of milliliters per femtosecond. What? You've never heard of it? What kind of school are you attending, anyway?

**NOMINATION FORM FOR THE
 SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY**

2000 Science Council Elections



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

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

DATE: _____ SIGNED: _____

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

| NAME (PRINT) | SIGNATURE | STD.# |
|--------------|-----------|-------|
| 1 | | |
| 2 | | |
| 3 | | |
| 4 | | |
| 5 | | |
| 6 | | |
| 7 | | |
| 8 | | |
| 9 | | |
| 10 | | |
| 11 | | |
| 12 | | |
| 13 | | |
| 14 | | |
| 15 | | |
| 16 | | |
| 17 | | |
| 18 | | |

Deadline for nominations is Friday, September 29 @ 4:32 pm in Henn 102.
 A mandatory-attendance all-candidates meeting will be held September 29 @ 4:32 in SUS
 Questions? Contact Reka Sztopa in SUS or at rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca.