

Paul Lorieau's University Optical



**Free
vision test**
with purchase of lenses
or complete eyeglasses

4 3 3 - 5 5 0 0

Conveniently located at 11170-82 Ave Edmonton AB T6G 2L8



BLACK DOG AD GOES HERE

"It's too nice out and summer's almost gone.
So I am not doing a damn ad, I am going drinkin'
on the patio.. Later!"

Ad guy

We're Right Where You Need Us.

	paper size	single sided	double sided
Black & White Copying Standard Sheet Fed	8.5x11	5c	9c
	8.5x14	7c	12c
	11x17	10c	15c
Black & White Digital Printing	8.5x11	8c	15c
	8.5x14	10c	19c
	11x17	12c	23c
Full Colour Digital Printing or Copying	8.5x11	\$0.69	\$1.30
	8.5x14	\$0.89	\$1.70
	11x17	\$1.29	\$2.30
Cerlox Binding	Size	Binding Only	With Major Front Black Card Back
	1/4"-3/4"	\$1.25	\$1.90
	7/8"-1-1/4"	\$1.50	\$2.15
1-1/2"-2"	\$2.00	\$2.65	
Lape Binding	Size	Binding Only	With Major Front Black Card Back
	Narrow	\$1.25	\$1.90
	Medium	\$1.50	\$2.15
Wide	\$2.00	\$2.65	

021 Lower Level Students' Union Building
Monday to Friday 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.
call: 492-9113
email: printcentre@su.ualberta.ca
web: www.su.ualberta.ca/printcentre

STUDENTS' UNION
PRINT CENTRE



The hunt for sober October

Although it's tempting, you should at least *try* not to slack off this semester

CHRIS
CONNELLY

for nor willing to study for.

Essentially there's a giant elephant named Pinky looming ovetop of you, just waiting for the right opportunity to finally squash you underneath his grotesquely shaped elephant feet, trampling you and finally ending what is left of your pathetic existence.

You will do worse than expected, re-evaluate your situation, set new goals and fall short of accomplishing them once again next term.

October is finally here. You've consumed enough liquor in the past three to four weeks to last Boris Yeltsin until Christmas. You've discovered a bar that is open on Tuesday nights that has a regular clientele consisting of more than Eugene and Rusty. The 61 cents remaining on your Onecard may actually be proving useful to you. There are enough digital photographs of you parading around campus in a drunken stupor to overload three or four Photobucket accounts. You've developed immunity to moderately priced highballs. In essence, you've done everything you've been told to avoid in campus life, and you couldn't be more proud of yourself—between headaches.

As a result, chances are that the STDs wandering their way around campus are much more pertinent than the Avian flu pandemic or the latest outbreak at Lister Hall. And if you're anything like me, you probably have a boatload of reading that needs to be done; an immense pile of papers that need to be written, re-written and handed in; and several upcoming exams that you are neither prepared

Ok, so that last bit indicates that I may not have *immunity* to moderately priced highballs—and perhaps a subconscious fear of the Republican party—but the rest is remotely accurate for the majority of us in the throng of undergraduates (engineers: replace "reading" with "struggling to keep your eyes on the page" and "papers" with "endless calculations").

But fear not, comrades, for we are soon approaching the campus-wide equivalent of a massive hangover from which we all emerge as stronger beings, or at least an inane urge to repeat the same process come the Winter term.

In the coming months, you are likely to experience the urge to continue your

binge-drinking long after the looming threat of midterms. Pre-Christmas, post-exam alcoholic excursions will be much more exciting if you actually buckle down and get something out of that \$5000-plus you (or your parents) have shelled out for this year.

You may get a phone call congratulating you for an event-filled evening of which you have no recollection whatsoever. You will get several phone calls, a large bill, and a harsh reprimand from the Administration concerning that same evening. You will do worse than expected, re-evaluate your situation, set new goals and fall short of accomplishing them once again next term.

I could go on and on pessimistically discussing what is essentially a third-person rehashing of the events of my first year on campus, but I believe in my presentation of the campus-wide hangover, I can offer you something resembling hope for the future.

So put the bottle away. Actually visit a library for purposes other than hooking up. Study for your midterms. Think about the assignments more than four hours prior to the due date. Volunteer on campus, so that your procrastination actually benefits some cause.

Ok, you can bring the bottle back, but limit your bar excursions to one night a week, and control your alcohol intake to only slightly comatose, not the full-meal deal. Save that one for the Christmas break.

'Botany' class is growing on me

BRAD
LAFORTUNE

"I was excited, nay, ecstatic when I realized there was still room for me in the History of Botany. You can imagine my glee at being accepted into a class that has as its focus, and title the very thing that has been an obsession of mine for the last year since circa October 2006 CE."

For the past two weeks I have been the happy owner of a troubled mind. Although partially stemming from my inconsistent and destructive sleep pattern, the pain in my brain has a deeper root. It's not the depressing day of grey that blends silently into another even more depressing day of grey that's cause for my dismay. Nor is it Bryter Layter, which has found a permanent home in my CD player, that has me beating my chest in not-so-quiet desperation.

No, it's not anything so crass as shitty weather or soundtracks to suicides that has got me "Tangled up in blue." It's my Dod-Gamm ... botany class. Yeah that's right, *botany* (note: this reference and all subsequent references to botany may or may not actually refer literally to the study of plant life).

Expectations abound at the outset of a new school year: resolutions are made, hopes are hoped, wishes wished—all to be shattered one by one just as the resolutions, hopes and wishes from years of yore. Sound cynical? Let me explain.

I was excited, nay, ecstatic when I realized there was still room for me in the History of Botany. You can imagine my glee at being accepted into a class that has as its focus and title the very thing that has been an obsession of mine for the last year since circa October 2006 CE.

I think there are several major

reasons for my interest in the subject and specifically its history. I have grown up surrounded by a thicket of botanists of every denomination: Tulips, Conifers, Tumblers, and Thistles have been vying for my attention as long as I can remember. Thus, I thought the best course of action would be to take an objective, modern and well-rounded history course that, unsullied by a botanist's conservatism and personal belief system, offered a fresh perspective on the subject.

Furthermore, I have always been interested in the development and general success of botany in becoming a universal discipline. Unsullied with the providential claims given by biased practitioners of the study of plant life, I was curious to hear and read a more critical analysis.

To my surprise and immediate disappointment, on the first day of class I was confronted with a professor who presented to the youthful and exuberant students a syllabus with a dubious tone. Despite written assurance that it was not a theology class, the syllabus seemed to imply that the class was to be taught from a certain persuasion. Now if a history of botany class taught from a suspiciously botanist perspective does not strike you as dangerous ... well, then your name is either Matthew, Mark, Luke or John.

You may call me a doubting Thomas, but if that professor isn't willing to profess his personal history in botany, how

are we supposed to trust him? You may as well have Bot written next to your name. Just say it aloud with me: "I am a botanist." That's all I want to hear.

I believe a professor's personal contact and subsequent belief (or disbelief) in a subject is pertinent information; it's information that can do one of two very opposing things. It may enrich the class according to the professor's approach and the student's perspective, or it may denigrate the class and the subsequent department in the minds of students. Maybe there will be mixed reactions. Whatever the effect, it's only fair to be honest with the students from whom you are expecting trust. All students have a right to know from what perspective information is being delivered, especially if the subject matter is Christianity—I mean botany.

And yet, despite having lost much of my former excitement, I have decided to stick with the class. Yes, although there was a rumoured exodus, of which I was rumoured to be part, I can still be found congregating in the general assembly every class. After all, it's the only opportunity for me to study this subject and its development throughout history. So I will hope for the best (a guest lecture by Billy Graham) and expect the worst (a dreadful inter-subjective inverted pyramid of reason) as I try—for the sake of those around me—to keep my moans and groans to a minimum.