

To every complex problem, there is a simple solution... usually wrong.

Wlad Turski

**The
432.**

Volume 9 Number 5
8 November 1995

UBC Space Program Established!

"UBC's planning for the 21st century!" claims Strangway.

Kilgore Trout and Gord Olundsky
Roving Correspondents

VANCOUVER (CP)

Following the merging of the departments of Physics and Astronomy for the 1996/97 academic year, the Faculty of Science announced the creation of a new Program in Space Sciences. The new program to be specially designed for individuals interested in pursuing a career in space research.

Dr. David Strangway, President of the University of British Columbia is credited with much of the work behind scenes necessary to establish the program. As former Chief of Geophysics of NASA, Dr. Strangway was in charge of the Apollo moon experiments in the late 1960's and early 70's. This experience helped him develop

both the vision, and the connections required to make such an ambitious program a reality.

Said Strangway of the new department:

"I see this as a real ground-breaking program. It has always been my personal vision for UBC to develop a program that readies the youth of today for the trials of space travel and research. I see the future of humankind looking up - as we deplete our natural resources here on earth, we will have to look to the heavens for alternative solutions. This program will be the first of its kind in the world and it's another example of how UBC is at the leading edge of Science and Technology. We're not only developing existing ideas, but moving in completely new and exciting directions."

Strangway is also given much of

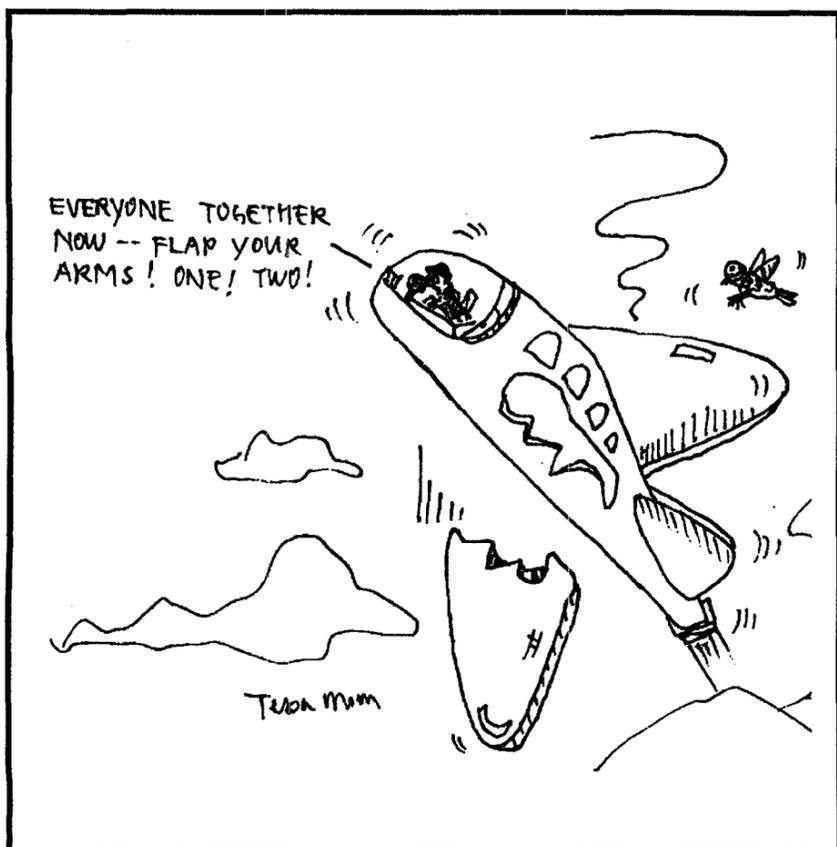
the credit for recruiting new faculty for the program. Dr. Roberta Bondar, former member of the Canadian space program is scheduled to begin teaching Space Physiology at the University next academic year, although she will be arriving at the campus in the middle of April 1996 in order to help with the finalization of the program.

Dr. Bondar, who holds three PhD's, will be teaching a number of the fourth year courses (SPSC 403, and SPSC 425,) as well as acting as an advisor for all students in the program.

"I'm very excited to be a part of the program. I see it as a great example of how important interdisciplinary skills are. We seek to tie together many diverse fields such as biochemistry, physiology, geology, chemistry, computer science, as

well as the obvious physics and astronomy, and much more. Space Sciences is a very broad area of study. We hope to reflect that in our curriculum."

Students in the new Space Sciences program will be accepted from all disciplines of Science and Engineering, based on their current grades and a personal interview with the faculty. Spaces are limited by discipline, so admission to the program will be by competitive application. Admission requirements are expected to be extremely high, especially for students transferring from any of the life sciences, due to the fact that there are only two seats in the Space Sciences program set aside for Biology majors.



Quality control at Boeing's Seattle plant gone slightly wrong.

Application for UBC Space Science Program

To apply for this exciting new program starting in September of 1996, send a letter outlining your interests in space research to the below address.

Applications are being accepted only from current UBC students in Science or Engineering. Candidates must be completing at least first year, and be willing to extend their degree program to five years, at which time they will receive a BSc in Space Sciences.

For further information, please contact Steve MacPherson at 822-4235.

Application deadline: January 30, 1996

c/o Dean of Science
University of British Columbia
6270 University Boulevard
Vancouver BC V6T 1Z4



The 432.

Volume 9 Number 5
8 November 1995

Popular Nationalist Leader

Blair McDonald

Ineffective Federalists

Jay Garcia
John Hallett
Matt Wiggin

Campaign Material Courtesy of College Printers of Vancouver BC

Political Correctness Advisor
Tessa Moon

Misguided Francophone Voters

Leona Adams, Anna Carvalho, Bella Carvalho, Nicola Jones, Dave Khan, Tracy MacKinnon, Donald Rhee, Jeremy Thorp

Etcetera

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those of the individual writers, not the Science Undergrad, Faculty of Science or the University admin types. Contributions are welcome from all UBC students.

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Coke is it? Not bloody likely.



Blair
MCDONALD

If there's anything we've all learned over the last few weeks, it's that "Coke is it!". But what exactly is Coke? Is it the wonder drink of all time, as the ads would have us believe, or is it a fluid best left to cleaning silver?

Personally, I'm leaning towards the "silver cleaning" side, as I've just finished my third Coke of the hour, and my gut is telling me exactly how clean and shiny it really is.

Coke: carbonated water, glucose, caramel colour, phosphoric acid, natural flavours, and caffeine. A simple mixture, right? But what is caramel colour, and why has caramel colour been chosen over other perfectly drinkable colours like mustard orange or neon green? Must be part of some

grandiose marketing plan designed to convince us that caramel colouring is better than all the others.

I'm rather suspicious of the phrase "natural flavours". Natural as in what, exactly? Natural as in "natural, harvested from wild plants in the middle of the Amazon jungle" or natural as in "natural, scooped from the insides of old radial tires?"

After all, doesn't your mouth taste like the inside of an old tire after drinking a Coke?

And finally, phosphoric acid?!? Isn't that the stuff your Chem lab instructor warns you about? Better play it safe, and switch to other beverages, like Dr. Pepper.

Dr. Pepper: carbonated water, glucose, caramel colour, natural and artificial flavours, phosphoric acid, sodium benzoate, caffeine, monosodium glutamate, and lactic acid.

Mmmm...

The Last Hurrah for Donald the Clown.

Donald Rhee

Columnist

As I head into the twilight of my Halloween career I look back at each October 31st with fond memories. I have finally decided to retire, after having been a circus clown for Hallowe'en for the last seventeen of twenty years.

While everyone was a ninja or G.I. Joe during the eighties, I was a clown. When everyone was a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle or Mighty Morphing Power Ranger in the nineties, I was still a clown and a very good one at that. I have honed my craft.

I have the nose. I have the shoes and mandatory big puffy hair. I have the clown attitude. And a mom to always puts on the make-up - big monster red circles on the cheeks and a big one over the mouth and a white mime-like face paint with freckles.

Luckily, my grandmother made the original outfit a little too big so I wore it for a few years until I grew into it. When it was obviously too small, she took it back and added some and let out some and patched it up again. So I've managed to wear it every year.

A notable year was 1989, when she extended the legs and I was the only bell bottomed clown in the western hemisphere. Maybe I helped restart the recent resurgence in bell bottoms. Forgive me.

I think I've seen and done everything on my numerous Hallowe'en adventures. Bloody Marys in an unlit washroom (don't tell me you've never done it) and graveyard strolls at midnight. Once a damp looking lady in a somewhat small towel toga (I think she had just taken a shower) gave me a Snickers Bar (kept it) and another time a little old lady gave me a chocolate lollipop in the shape of E.T.'s rippled head (chucked it fast).

I guess I'm just a little too old for this now. Not to mention a little less inconspicuous than I used to be. I've noticed a few eyebrows raised these last few years at the sight of a six foot tall clown with goofy looking bell bottoms asking for candy. I guess this would explain my diminishing returns these last few years, compared to my adorably cute cousin sidekick who makes a killing every by saying a gap toothed "twick or tweet".

My sidekick gets showered with goodies whereas I consider myself lucky if I got a couple of unwrapped gumballs and a sympathy smile. It only makes it worse when she always gives me some of her chocolate later. The sympathy thing again.

So if you should have happened to be giving out candy this hallowe eve and a six foot tall clown came a knockin' on your door, I hope you were a pal and gave him some good candy

And as this is the last hurrah for Donald the Clown, I will also take cash donations.



Not even a bus can kill him.

Dik Miller, Private Eye Returns January 1996

The 432.

NEXT DEADLINE

NOVEMBER 15
4:30PM
CHEM B160

CARTOONISTS
WELCOME

First Drawer

Tracy MacKinnon
President of the World

The deadline sure passes quickly on these reports. Before I even realize it, I'm frantically typing to escape the wrath of Blair. Hmmm, what's been happening of interest to science students? Well, Bella Carvalho, our AMS Rep was told she could no longer represent Science because she works for the AMS at Subcetera. However, other AMS Councillors have worked or do work for the AMS and they have not been forced to give up their AMS seats. The SUS Council believed the exclusion of Bella from AMS Council to be unfair and an uneven application of this obscure hiring policy. So we brought the matter to AMS Council and drafted our own Policy on Conflict of Interest. The Code and Policies Committee (AMS) is going to look into the matter and draft a new policy and our Executive Secretary Orin is on the committee so we'll be fairly represented. Keep posted on this issue.

The AMS is also planning on publishing an Anti-Calendar this year. The SUS had concerns on this because we already publish the statistics on science profs (in our Summer 432, silly). The Dean of Science's Office (who give us the stats), at our request have said they will not release the stats to the AMS until reps from all sides can meet and reach an agreement. The AMS just loves us right now.

We're having our Nothing Ever Happens in November Bzzr Garden on 10 Nov 95 from 4:32pm to 8pm in the SUB Party Room. We'll be having karaoke. Drinking and singing. Who would have thought? Bzzr will be \$1.25 and Sighder will be \$1.75. And, as an added bonus, you'll have 3 whole days to recover from your hangover.

Enjoy your long weekend (if you don't have term papers and midterms, that is)!

Ok. Let's get it straight. I'm am not an ogre. I don't chain people to chairs, and I don't threaten to break their legs.

But every exec insists on saying I do. It's tearing me apart inside. I can't take the abuse... See page seven for what I'm talking about.

Please just write the bloody things. We're talking about five minutes in front of a computer, for cryin' out loud! And run the %^*&% spell checker before you walk away from it!

Love, Blair

The Scariest Thing of All.



Leona
ADAMS

DISCLAIMER: This probably belonged in the Hallowe'en issue, but let me explain briefly by saying that dealing with the second-scariest thing, an oral presentation of one's not-entirely-understood data, takes precedence over writing about the scariest thing.

"The fictioneer labours under the restraint of plausibility; his inventions must stay within the capacity of the audience to accept and believe. God, of course, working with facts, faces no such limitation."

Donald Westlake

As it turns out, the scariest thing is strongly correlated with the happiest thing. (Isn't the sidewalk the most lovely shade of gray today?) No, I'm not on drugs. Those of you who hypothesized a positive male influence, however, can go to the head of the class. Yes, Leona has a boyfriend. Actually, I guess I shouldn't call him that, since he has a good six years on me: It's strange how things change: If I was 15 and he was 21, this might be a cause for some alarm. As it is, all it means is that we've seen most of the same shows, just that he saw them before they went into syndication. Besides, he passed the Henson test. If he were too old to watch Sesame Street when it first came on, he would be too old to date.

I guess I shouldn't start telling the story in the middle, although there really isn't that much to tell. As fate would have it, we've been interested in each other on and off for a while, but neither of us thought the other was interested (I used to think that kind of thing only happened on t.v. Who knew?). When the decision was made to bite the proverbial bullet, the question was more like the Referendum question than anything else: "If I were to request your presence at a specific venue in the near future with the understanding that this outing be in a romantic rather than a platonic context, what response would be most effectively anticipated?" Luckily, after some deliberation, he said that he would be receptive to such a concept, and the rest is history.

Surprisingly enough, parents aren't even the scariest thing, although I always imagined them to be. I was joking about how funny it would be to present his parents with the concept of a "shotgun wedding". Somehow, he felt that telling me this in advance would make him an accessory to murder, since he

knows that would kill them. At the same time, if he told me he was going to tell MY parents this, I would be the accessory, but because I know without a doubt that my dad would kill him. Assuming they could find a jury of his peers (Overprotective Fathers Anonymous, perhaps), the case would get thrown out of court.

The scariest thing, for those of you who have followed my train of thought, is this: getting whipped. Get your mind out of the gutter: I mean losing my independence. For someone who was an only child and tends to view herself as being fiercely independent (as opposed to fierce and independent), the concept of someone calling every day, just to say hi, is scary, and liking it is worse. Becoming addicted, experiencing mood swings based on contact with one person is, however, the scariest thing of all. And

there isn't anyone I'd rather experience it with.

What does this mean in the long run? Will I lose the cynical edge ~~you've all~~ I've come to know and love? Not bloody likely. Transformations like the Grinch on Christmas morning only happen in cartoons, boys and girls. As a backup, I have a network of trained snipers who have been given explicit instructions to put me down like a rabid dog if I turn into a ballad-singing, poem-writing, friend-ignoring, matching-shirt-wearing, "Sugarbottom"-calling, work-neglecting type of girlfriend. After all, what are friends for?

Leona, we're all very happy for you. But I'll recruit a few more snipers just to be on the safe side, thank you very much.

TONIGHT

WHO'S WALKING WITH YOU?

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TO THE BUS LOOP

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AND FACULTY

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Sunday 5pm - 11pm

A PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT
FROM THE 432

Crayons, cannibalism & call forwarding.



Matt
WIGGIN

I just got off the phone to my parents. I'm really not much of a phone guy; I'll talk on the phone if there's no other option (my parents live in Ontario, and my voice isn't that loud,) but it's not something I use by choice. The only sense I get to use on the telephone is hearing, which severely limits my affection for it.

If someone calls, and I pick up the phone, it could well be someone I just don't want to talk to. Even call display can't guard against this, (unless you're in the habit of calling unloved ones, and happen to know their numbers off by heart, in which case you're an idiot and deserve anything you get.) At least when I see them from far away, I can run away, and I can check the peep hole before I answer my door.

Besides being annoying, this voice only thing is a little unnerving. I can talk to my parents, and it sounds like it's them, but really, I have no way of knowing if someone has kidnapped or eaten them (cannibalism is on the upswing in Ontario,) and replaced them with robots. I think I could tell if it was really them if I could see them. No, I'm not a coke head; any paranoia I exhibit is psychologically rooted. Still, we have special code words we use, just so I'll know it's really them when I call.

Besides contributing to my mental imbalances, having only one sense involved with the phone makes it much less personal. There are good sides to this; people can't make you taste their milk to decide if you think it's gone bad, too, and when they wake up Saturday morning, it's kind of nice to just hear the words "I'm sooo hungover" without having to smell them as well, but it's also a disappointment. I like being able to hug people when I see them (a side note: it should be socially acceptable for men to hug, but that's a whole

story in itself,) and when your friend tells you they just bought a dozen donuts over the phone, there's little chance they're going to offer one, unless it's to be mean. Finally, talking on the phone is mutually exclusive with having one's tummy rubbed; anything that gets in the way of a tummy rub (other examples include exploratory surgery, electroshock therapy, and use of firearms) is bad.

Further, this makes it awfully difficult for me to pay attention to whoever I'm talking to. Look at it this way: if I'm talking on the phone, that requires only one sense. That leaves four others plus my other ear that can distract me. Inevitably, I wind up staring out the window (to see if the city's still there, or if it happened and I missed it,) eating, and colouring with my new smelly crayons all whilst trying to listen to Blair's problems and offer him advice. No system in that high an energy state can last for long without collapsing, and it's seldom long before I'm eating the crayons and not listening to Blair at all.

Hey! Listen, bud... the last thing I remember was me listening to your problems, not the other way around. That's the last time you're getting any help from me, loser!

What I need is virtual phones; I need a little cable that comes out of the wall that I can plug into my head and feel like I'm talking to a real person. I'd invent it, but I'm not smart enough, and it would be way easier for me to just go and visit the person for real instead, (except for those people who live outside my building at Gage. My solution there is called not keeping in touch. Way easier.) I guess what I'm saying here is I love call answer; next time you call, just leave a message. Maybe I'll even call back.

News flash - eating smelly crayons is not good for your digestion. If anyone's been wondering what's wrong with Matt, look no further.

33 pounds of flesh coloured crayons will mess up just about anyone.

YOUR PROFESSOR'S FLY IS UNDONE!

MADEYOU LOOK.

50% REBATE



SPORTS

1) Must be a team under the Faculty of Science unit

2) Pick up and complete rebate form available at SUS (Chem B160)

3) Return with copy of registration form and receipt

4) Must not default from the league

5) Must return form by the deadline: Nov 24 at 4:32pm

6) Cheque will be available one week after the event or league has concluded

TERM 2 SPORTS

Registration for 2nd semester Intramural sports November 22nd & 23rd.

Info at SUS Sports Board.

THE 432 SPEAKS WITH INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST, CARLOS THE JACKAL, ABOUT SCIENCE WEEK 1996

by Gord van McOundsky

Mr. Jackal, thanks for taking time out of your busy schedule to see us.

It's not like I'm going anywhere, now is it? <gestures to leg irons>

But you'll be able to attend the festivities at Science Week 1996, won't you? The Trike Race just won't be the same without you leading the pack.

No problem. I'll be out of here just as soon as I can bribe a few prison officials. Then a quick plane ride to Canada, with its wonderfully lax immigration policies.

Good, good. We'll save you a fish for the famous Gyotaku t-

shirt printing, and a spot in the line for the Blood Donor Clinic.

Fair enough. I'll even bring a few of my colleagues, and we'll all give a couple of pints of O positive.

And we'll trade those pints for a pint at the Science Week Dance. Or you can enjoy one of the many Science Week bzzz gardens.

Sounds great. But there's one event I especially want to attend.

Which one? The CompSci Car Rally?

No, the Chemistry Magic Show. I've heard it's quite a blast.

SCIENCE WEEK 1996

January 1996



The Science Undergraduate Society of UBC

CHEM B160 • 822-4235

Nobody's Body but Mine.



Jeremy
THORP

In a stunning parallel to the recent referendum, my liver decided last Friday it would like to separate from the rest of my body. Arguing that, as the centre for biosynthesis of my entire body, it has special status over the rest of my internal organs and appendages, it came to the conclusion that it would be better off without us.

Of course, the rest of my body thought this was outrageous — how could the liver possibly survive without help from the nervous system and the other internal organs? Certainly it didn't expect that, although separate, it could still depend on support and nutrition from the rest of my body? The opinions of my lower intestines were certainly clear — if my liver was crazy enough to

leave, well, then, it would find out the hard way what it was like living without a blood supply or nervous control.

Debate within my liver was fierce — most of the cells seemed uncertain of their future outside the body, and it looked initially like the liver would remain in its place. The leader of the separatists — a rather large cell who, although now mainly involved in fat storage, had spent most of its career absorbing and converting large amounts of alcohol, searched madly for a way to convince the rest of the liver cells that their future was definitely brighter outside the confines of the rib cage. Late in the debate, it seemed that it had found a perfect solution — a smaller fat storage cell, slightly damaged, but nevertheless a gifted orator, who could relate to the everyday liver cell. Convincing liver cells that there would be no negative effects upon removal from the body, the separatists began to gain ground, and it looked as

though they might actually succeed in their one-way transplant operation.

It was at this point that the rest of my body began to panic. Could they really survive without the liver? What would the gall-bladder do, separated from the rest of the body by the sovereign organ? What about the nervous cells living within the liver — surely they wanted to remain part of me? In an attempt to maintain bodily unity, cells from all over my body staged rallies and demonstrations, painting themselves liver-coloured, and singing old liver folk songs. Some transport cells even offered discounted travel to other cells which wished to be carried to the liver to show their support. Parts of the cerebral cortex also offered free nervous signal transmission to cells trying to convince liver cells to stay. But, was it all too little, too late.

The vote was held Saturday morning, and I could feel the tension and unease throughout my body, as my brain processed the result. My head ached and my stomach churned as I awaited the verdict, watching the cell-count fluctuate throughout the morning. Finally, it was announced — my liver had voted, by a very small margin, to remain a part of my organ system.

I am still the owner of a (mostly) functional liver - but for how long? Will my body remain together, or will one of my internal organs eventually reject the rest of me like a kid rejects a monkey's heart? I can only hope that we can reach an agreement, because I kinda like my liver. My brain, well, maybe that I could do without... but my liver? Now that's important...

Van Gogh had the Right Idea.

Nicola Jones

Columnist

What carries well? MEC backpacks, though after a long haul I beg to differ (probably on my knees by that point too). A good Catholic girl, I suppose. An innocent verdict. The motion to cut tuition at UBC, or to keep Canada united. The inspiring "oh hell" of a frustrated first year in Hebb Theatre staring at the first midterm, carried on waves of anxiety to the back row...

So after all these tempting leads into deeply meaningful moral, political and just plain topical issues, what the hell am I going to harp on? The acoustics, naturally. Not that I'm in music, or even remotely near it, but don't you find it odd that some of the most reverberant, resonance inspiring, joyfully amplifying areas of campus serve to bring only curses and drunken eloquence to our ears?

Hebb, to begin, is an excellent zone of sound suction. Walk in the main doors and you've instantly entered a wall-carpeted hole of black matter that efficiently absorbs all sound waves produced with the intention of being heard. And not the ones not intended to be heard. That's the ingenious part. In fact, a large majority of the larger "lecture halls" on campus do an excellent job of masking the spoken truth behind chalk scratching and foot shuffling, the mad

scramble of tiny gerbil feet headed for the back door, and lately the lung-frightening hacking and nose-torturing blowing, reducing otherwise competent professors to the age-old trick of illegible silent scrawling, as first pioneered by their more heavily-accented colleagues.

Or think of Main Library, whose piles of dusty graduate bones in the stacks are not donations to the med students, but are merely the testimonial of those who proved that screams for guidance are pretty damn well absorbed by a decade of unopened books and dust.

Or take Sedgewick, where a few dozen innocent card games can transform even another wall-carpeted buffer into a deafening buzz for your ears.

But more importantly, and more beautifully, there exists the phenomenon of the residence stairwell. A triangular helix that not only provides a magnificent suicide leap for the same first year physics student discovering the joys of Hebb, but a cosmic passageway for the calls of angels (or the screams of falling ones), and the smash of drunken glass as someone tries to prove that Coors light really does go down easy. Every morning as I hurtle down those stairs myself, my own Tibetan cow bell dangling from my own MEC pack blasts a melodious wake-up call and echoes it for hours 17 floors and back. Such sweet haven! (Everyone

It's better than the one Jason found.
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Dark blue, thick polar fleece
embroidered with SCIENCE UBC
Costs approx. \$65
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Deposit required.



S A L E S

must love me.) And not that I'm in music, or was even remotely near it when that piano went missing, but wouldn't it be great to have one carried in and lodged somewhere between floors 8 and 9, so I could wake at 6 and practice my scales for hours before jingling off to class?

So when your ears are bombarded by the endless "Oui! Non!" conundrum (it's not over yet...), plugged by Axworthy or waxed shut by OJ "humour", just carry yourself through the halls of UBC. Or then again maybe Van Gogh had the right idea.

Conspiracy.



Jay
GARCIA™

It's a conspiracy, I tell 'ya. It's a conspiracy so secret that even the conspirators themselves have no idea that what they are doing is part of a plan so fiendish and hellishly devious, that its originator might as well have been Newt Gingrich (I would have chosen Satan, but even he avoids North America like the plague these days). I speak, of course, of that conspiracy which causes students the world over to tear out their hair, lose sleep, speak in tongues, and gibber incoherently at the mere thought of *<dramatic pause for effect here>* Christmas Finals!

Is there anything we can do to thwart the evil? Yes! A little bit of time management goes a long way! You may think it's too early for this, but, then again, it's never too early to start tearing your hair out!

First off, get a computer. If you don't have a computer then you should beg, borrow or steal (well, *appropriate*) one. If you have one, make sure it's one of those ones with tons of RAM, huge amounts of hard drive space, and a really spiffy monitor. Get a top-quality joystick. You don't need to worry too much about your keyboard, as you're only going to be using it to type one of two words: DOOM or DESCENT.

Then, once your system is set up, spend hours and hours playing either of the above mentioned games. Every once in a while, log on to the Internet and spend hours and hours wasting your time "surfing the 'net". You may even download newer, more exciting / gruesome / cool games, thus getting the most sloth-value for your buck.

One week before your exam,

prepare a rigorous study schedule. Make sure you plan your activities down to the last minute, and be exacting in your detail. Then, ignore it utterly. The purpose of this is to make you feel guilty for wasting your precious and ever-diminishing time.

Four days before your exam, turn off the computer, and half-heartedly thumb through your textbook and notes. On no account should you actually learn anything. This is so that you can get a clear and accurate idea of how little of the course material you actually understand.

Three nights before your exam you should call up your friends and bug them incessantly about how badly you're going to fail your upcoming exam. Try and get as much sympathy as possible. If you're lucky, they will regale you with tales of how badly they are failing their courses. This should be good for killing an evening or so.

Two days before the exam, go down to the SUB and look for an AMS rep. Ask them if they need help with any of their special projects. In the unlikely event that they have nothing for you to do, talk to them. Ask them about the weather. See if you can get a motion passed in Council to support the mating of bushy-tailed squirrels.

One night before the exam, rush down to the Blue Chip. Buy a mocha and a marbleous. Go to Sedgewick. Crack open your textbook and your notebook. Actually read and study for, oh, about ten or twelve minutes. Run back to Blue Chip. Get some chocolate-covered coffee beans. Return to Sedge. Study for another ten to fifteen minutes. Go to University Pharmacy. Buy some caffeine pills. On the way back to Sedge, stop off at the SUB and get a coffee. Drop the pills in the coffee.

Return to Sedge and study until

they kick you out into the freezing darkness. Find an open lounge and study until you're forced to leave. Go to the lecture hall where you will have the exam and study there until morning, downing your coffee and caffeine pills as needed. Stay in that room until you actually have the midterm, regardless of what class is being held there. Consider this last activity as a kind of mental emetic — an enema for the brain, as it were.

And, after the first exam is over, repeat the procedure until all exams are over. Once that's done, your work is complete, and you can go off to find a nice, comfortable couch and fall asleep.

Preferably until a week before finals.

A conversation with Jay that almost happened the way I'm writing it:

Me: Jay, is your article done yet?

Jay: Yup, it's on the computer. But I better warn you, it might be a bit long.

Me: <suspiciously> Exactly how long?

Jay: Oh, about 750 words, plus or minus 400.

Me: <quickly performs complex calculation in head> Then, it's about 1600 words?

Jay: What?

Me: <resorting to calculator> Then, it's about 1150 words.

Jay: Right. Chop at will.

Me: <evil laugh> Ok.

So, I cut this article down to size by simply removing the first 400 words. Oddly enough, the article still makes perfect sense, even sans the first six paragraphs, which leads me to believe Jay never learned the Golden Rule of English 120, which is "opening paragraph + body + conclusion", not "ramble for the first 500 words, ramble some more, and then tie it all together with more ramblings, plus an extra shot of rambling to finish it off right."

But, then again, I suppose it does mean Jay has learned the Golden Rule of Writing for The 432.

Sigh.

Fri. Nov 10

State University of New York College of Optometry will be here

12:30 - 1:30 • Lecture in WOOD #4
1:30 - 2:30 • Question period in WOOD G41-G42

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November 8 • 3-7pm
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Kenny Atrium

November 16 • 12:30
"Road to UBC Psychology Department"
Dr. Janet Werker
Suedfeld Lounge, Kenny Building

Food Drive
Bring canned goods!

PSYCH

BPPr Garden

November 10th, 1995
SUB 205

4:32 – 'till bppr's gone
tasty bppr = \$1.00

Everyone welcome

BPP

The Drawers of Science.

Anna Carvalho

Public Relations

I shan't make this report too lengthy—in fact, I'll keep it pretty short and dry (not quite as brief as Bella's infamous shorthand notes on the EUS, though). You see, I wrote a simply fabulous report two weeks ago, but the dragon known as Blair didn't deem it necessary to put in the paper. <pout>.

She missed the deadline. Too bad.

Anyhoo, let's get to the business of the world of Public Relations:

1. United Way 50/50 Draw

Ticket sales are going very well. With each ticket sold, the pot goes up which means of course that you should buy lots and lots of tickets—you'll increase your chance of winning an even bigger prize! (can't beat that reasoning, eh?)

2. VSB Mentorships

I've sent off the applications for this term. If you were meaning to get yours, but just never got around to it, fear not—you can still apply for next term.

3. Bork! Bork! Bork!

If you're in the mood for mindless gossip about people's personal lives, or if you'd like to know about all sorts of things going on in Science (or other constituencies) tune into 101.9FM Thursdays at 5 p.m.

4. Intramurals Hockey Thingie

For those of you that expressed an interest in the Canuck Hockey package, I'm sorry, but I still have no info. Mr. Intramurals-Man never came back. (Steve, whoever you are, if you're reading this, please get back to me!)

5. AMS

Various people were appointed to committees and working groups. Orin is now on the Code & Policies Committee (yay!). Three Councillors were appointed to the CTR Board. And we decided that our rear ends could handle 5 hour meetings, so the motion to have meetings end by 10 p.m. failed.

Discussion of whether or not Bella, our Ex VP, should be allowed to keep her Council seat or whether she's in a conflict of interest was cut short as the issue was referred to Code & Policy. (yes, I know that was a run-on sentence, but I don't care. And I'm not going to run a spell-check, either, so there!)

Council also discussed how to increase voter turnout for the January exec elections and the pot pourri of referenda. And, hey, I got another free AMS t-shirt.

I'm sure there's still much to report, but I'll leave it for the next issue, as I have to run around the city now. (I'm writing this a few hours before our Wine & Cheese, and we just realized we forgot to order any cheese. Oops!)

See y'all at the Nothing-Ever-Happens-In-November Bzzr Garden...join me as I take control of the karaoke machine! Any requests?

Dave Khan

Kirk's Archenemy

There isn't much interesting happening in the land of Senate these days. We are going to try to get Senate to pass a motion "encouraging" professors to release their exams to our "new and improved" exam bank at the Student Resource Centre (SRC). Hopefully by next year the exam bank will be bursting with up-to-date exams that students can review as part of their studying.

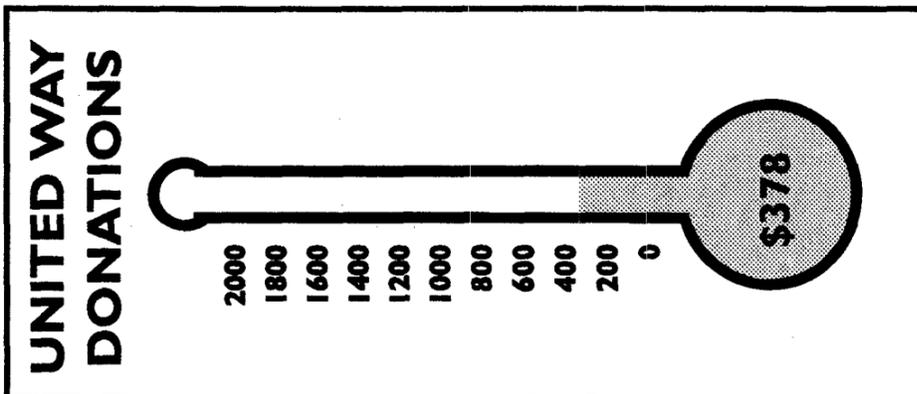
We also have a Senate Ad Hoc Committee on Teaching Evaluation which will be looking into standardizing at least part of the review forms for each department and faculty in the University. Currently there are large discrepancies between departments and faculties—Medicine has a review form the size of the MacEwen report, and Nursing supposedly has one question. Once these are standardized, it will pave the way for a more functional, comparable "Anti-Calendar" (for lack of a new name).

For those of you unfamiliar with this AMS initiative, it is a publication which will include teaching evaluation statistics for departments around campus. It is similar to our "Guide", for all you Science students who received it

in the mail last summer.

I am also on the President's Advisory Committee on Space Allocation (PACSA)—a long name for a pretty useless (but interesting) committee. The other day we spent an hour looking at architectural plans and models, and talking to the architects of the new Earth Sciences Centre, to be constructed on Main Mall on the site of the Astronomy /Geophysics building. It looks amazing and is very environmentally friendly. One problem—no funding as of yet from Victoria. Hopefully soon, and it should be built by 1999-2000. There are many other interesting buildings going up on Campus too, both small and large.

On another note, the AMS's University Commission conducted a "safety audit" last Thursday night which went quite well. Many safety discrepancies on campus were identified and hopefully will be rectified. Also, we are trying to collect 1000 signatures to force Council to hold a Coke plebiscite during the Exec elections in January. This will simply let students vote on whether to accept the Coke monopoly deal in the SUB or not. Democracy in action.



Bella Carvalho

External Vices

Anyhoo...in the world of the AMS this week...The Halloween Trick-or-Treat food drive went well. Thanks to all of you who helped out! They collected lots of food, with one generous person donating hundreds of jars of Baby food!

As you've all probably noticed, they've started their campaign for the referendum, coming up in January. The questions presented will be regarding the initiation of a child-care bursary fund, and the re-allocation of the \$7 athletics fee. (This last one is not an increase in fees. It is a re-distribution of fees already being paid). More details about this can be found from any of your friendly AMS reps, or up in the AMS offices.

As for my council seat, it's still in question...stay tuned for further details.

As for other constituencies...well, nothing is really going on in any other constituencies that I knew of by the time Blair chained me to this seat and forced me to write this article. But Commerce is still broke!

Can I go now, Blair? Please? C'mon...nobody reads these any-ways. Canicanican...ow!

Jay Garcia

Babbling happily about nothing.

Howdy neighbors! This episode of the Internal VP report is brought to you by the letter E, and the number 11. Well, there's tonnes upon metric tonnes of stuff going on at SUS. By the time you read this, we will have held our annual Wine and Cheese last Friday. With the possible exception of the failed coup by one of the execs, the evening was rather copacetic. If only that could be said for the rest of the upcoming events in SUS. Pretty soon, I'll be doing / assisting with the upcoming teaching review (something which should have been done earlier, if it hadn't been for the mid-season replacement thing). And FYC is going great guns, and boy, you know, members are still welcome. So any of you frosh out there, feel free to join the FYC. It's loads of fun. Heck, you might actually get to play

Twister with David Duchovny next year, during Science Week! (well, I wouldn't hold my breath, though. and if he comes, whatever you do, don't call him Mulder.) But, since there's a dearth of better and funnier stuff in this week's paper, I'll cut short my rant. If you really want to find out what going on, come on by Chem 160 sometime and talk to me (look for the short guy wearing a Science hat reclining on one of the couches.)

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Time and the Poodle Factor.



John
HALLETT

Time is such an interesting concept. Physicists would have us believe that it's linear, but I'm sure that we all can think of an example where this wasn't so. Take, for example, the time that my mother walked in on me, the high school cheerleader squad, thirty gallons of bulk strawberry flavoured Vaseline, and a very confused circus midget armed with a camcorder.

The main question is why does it move so slow in such a situation? And why does it move so fast when you're drunk and in the company of several underage blondes of Swedish origin? (But your honor, everything happened so fast!)

So what I've concluded is that time really isn't linear at all. Now, I realize that all you physics majors out there are groaning and about to flip the page, or even worse, re-read Stephen Hawking's *A Brief History of Time* to disprove me. Well don't, because I'm positive that propagation of time in our universe is governed by the locality of the

time event. Given this, it's understandable why time progresses in a linear fashion in or near physics laboratories: nothing fun or embarrassing ever happens there. (With the distinct exception of the creation of a few good batches of non-Newtonian fluid.)

Let's theorize for a bit. We have a test subject, for lack of a better name, let's call her Kelly.

Kelly experiences an event α , which occurs at some point α^* in the space-time continuum. Kelly also experiences a subsequent event β , which occurs at some other point β^* in the space-time continuum.

What I'm claiming is that the time path from α^* to β^* is not only a-linear, but also dependent on the relative inebriation of Kelly (Lab results show blood-alcohol too limited a measure) and her proximity to her birth parents.

A neutral observer may report Kelly's transition from α^* to β^* to be entirely linear, but even Einstein stated that the measurements taken by an observer will differ from those taken by the subject. (Whether or not this had anything to do with the subject's inability to operate a stopwatch remains to be seen.)

My theory is that the time path

traveled by Kelly may not only be a-linear, but also involved transdimensional shifting in order that she maybe perceive her arrival at β^* to have occurred in less time than a neutral observer states.

It is logical that if Kelly were maneuvering herself in a two or even three dimensional time space, she may perceive a longer time path than a neutral observer. However, this doesn't account for her perception of arriving at β^* earlier then perceived by our loyal observer. She seems to have traveled between α^* and β^* without visiting all the points in-between. This may be possible in higher dimensions past R^6 (three dimensional time), but it is more likely that Kelly was existing in R^5 and somehow slipped between parallel dimensions on different time lines. (Since the amount of energy needed to pass to R 's higher than 5 would require a few more calories than are contained in 3 vodka paralysers.)

This answers the question of traveling through time faster than observed, but what about instances where time seems to slow down?

My claim is that the length of the time path traveled by Kelly varies inversely with the dot-products of her parental vector, R -space inebriation projection, and

some constant P . I have recently discovered that P varies directly with the vector in R^3 to the nearest leather clad shaven poodle. Thus I have named this variable the Poodle Factor.

The R -space inebriation projection is simply an estimate of the intoxication of the subject. I have found that alcohol produces a severe R -space projection, and even some local space-time distortions consistent with large gravimetric fields. This sheds some light on the disorientation and nausea commonly associated with extreme alcohol intoxication.

Given these field results, it is easy to project them onto the proposed time path alteration.

But enough of the heavy math.

While inter-dimensional phasic flux may seem an intriguing explanation for drunkenness, I feel (from recent experience) that it's important to stress that this is a new theory and won't hold up in court... yet.

So now you've seen my theory. You've seen my reasoning. You've seen evidence of my math. Now it should be clear that what I purpose is obviously the truth.

Or maybe not, but heh, it sure makes good conversation to confuse people in Arts.

THE 2ND ANNUAL

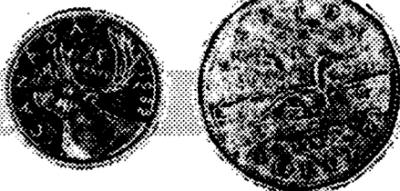
"Nothing Ever Happens in November"

BZZR GARDEN AND KAREOKE

FRIDAY, NOV. 10 • SUB PARTYROOM

STARTS AT 4:32PM

BZZR



PSIDER

