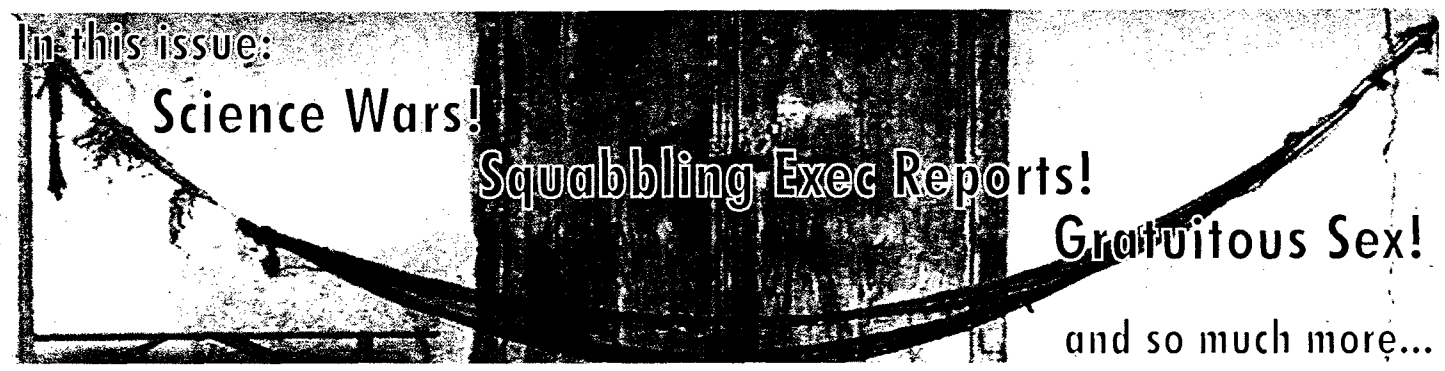
The 432.

VOLUME THIRTEEN ISSUE NINE

09 FEBRUARY 2000



"I prefer rogues to imbeciles because they sometimes take a rest."

--Alexandre Dumas the Younger

Glen Clark New Leader of the Provincial NDP!

Pundits Shocked as Former Premier Comes Out Ahead After Leadership Assembly

Victoria, BC

In a stunning and completely unexpected move late Tuesday night, Glen Clark, former premier of British Columbia and leader of the New Democratic Party, raced to the lead at the NDP leadership assembly and regained his seat at the helm of the provincial government.

The media's political commentators were caught by surprise when the announcement came down from the provincial NDP headquarters. Since late last week, the media has been barred from constituency NDP meetings, including last night's leadership convention. Reasoning behind the media ban was that NDP members had the right to make an unpressured vote. However, cynics have speculated that anyone who is still an NDP member after the past four years does not truly understand what is going on, and needs to be shown which pretty little box to mark. Additionally, rumor has it that Glen Clark's hired goons arrived at last night's meeting to 'influence' the vote.

After the final ballot tally, Glen Clark took the stage to make his victory speech. "On behalf of all British Columbians, I thank you, the faithful NDP members who have put your trust in me once again. I plan to carry on with the same mandate as I did before that little misunderstanding with the RCMP. I want to change a few things about BC politics. First, we get rid of the RCMP and put in their place municipal police forces, directly under the control of the Premier's office. Next, the editors of the Vancouver Sun, the Vancouver Province and the Georgia Straight will be shipped back to that haven of free though and liberal ideology that they came from, Kingston Ontario. I already have willing and qualified professionals to take over, from the new Ministry of Information. Last, I chase the provincial Liberals out of here using nukes from Nanoose."

Provincial Liberal leader, Gordon Campbell, was unimpressed by the convention and Glen Clark's speech. "Haven't we been through this before? Glen Clark is the biggest horses-ass in BC. Fast-Cat ferries, leaky condos, health care cuts, union pandering, budget mismanagement, cuts to post-secondary education, closure on the Nisga'a debate, Casino-gate, Bingogate, Hydrogate, Burns Bog, Nanoose Bay, Carrier Lumber, Forest Renewal BC, RCMP searching Clark's house, planned overspending, it just never ends with these jerks. This is why the BC LIberals are going to be the next government of BC. Do you recall how in the last byelection, we beat Bill "The Zalm" Vander Zalm by a two to one margin? Heck, even the Pylon beat the NDP candidate. Can you even imagine the ass whumping that's coming up during the next provincial election? Oh baby, I guarantee you the smack will be laid down."

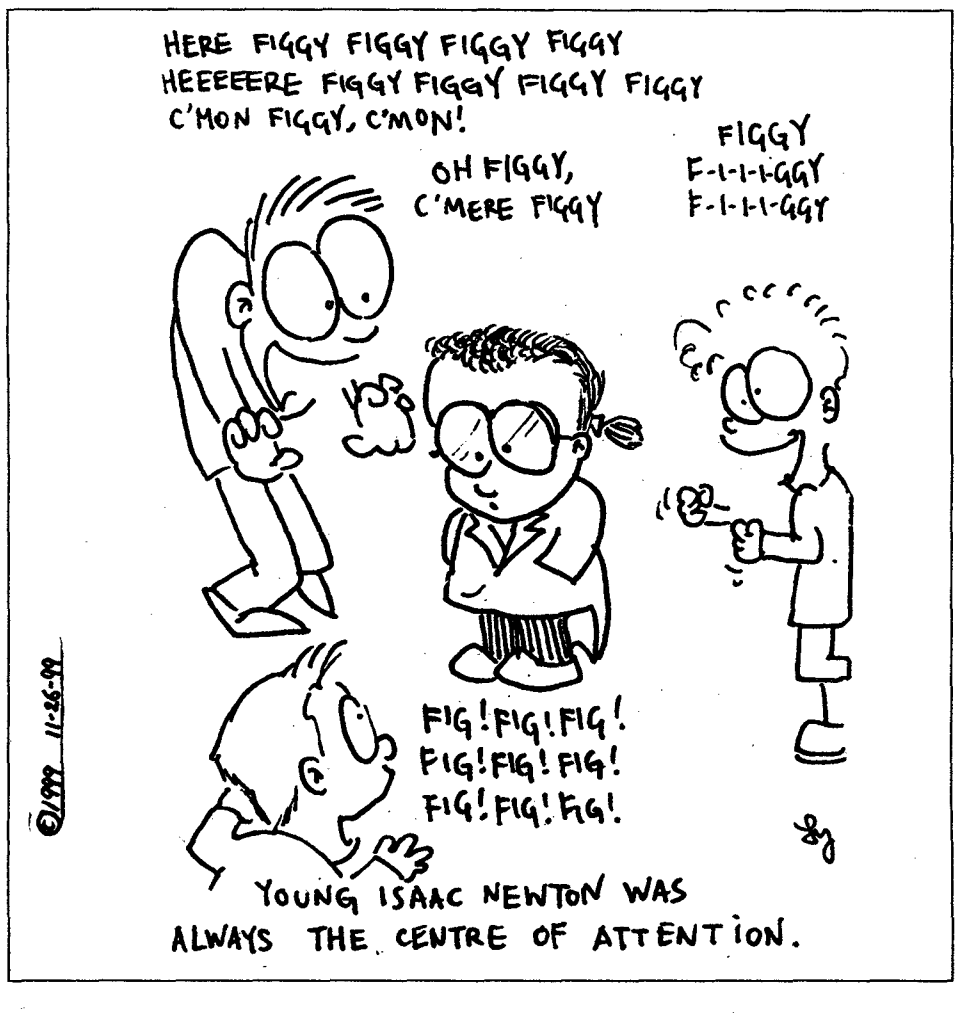
Ralph Klein, premier of Alberta, was jubilant at the news. "Yee haa! I can hardly wait! Glen Clark was so good for the Albertan economy last time around, we reinstated full funding to health care and education! If this coming year will be as good as the last three, we can buy the other prairie provinces and become our own country. My cabinet is prepared to wait until BC declares bankruptcy and then we purchase the whole West Coast. I'll be king of the West, and Lucien Bouchard can have his damn Quebec separation!"

Chris Hohll, a fourth year biology and chemistry honours student, was hesitant to criticize the past NDP government. "Look, I like that tuition freeze. Even if Glen Clark was, you know, arrested, I probably wouldn't mind his being premier. As long as we could keep the tuition freeze."

Cynthia Lin, a third year Co-o computer Science student, is thouroughly disenchanted with British Columbian as a whole. Once she obtains her bachelor of Science, she plans to start her own web-based company. With that, she maintains, she can work from anywhere and do anything, so her need for the BC government will remain nil.

Closer to the home political front, AMS External Co-ordinator and Honourary Vice President of the Gallery Nathan Allen is wary about supporting Glen Clark's reinstatement. "It is my firm and unwavering opinion that this province needs an NDP government. However, I am not sure if Glen Clark is the best ~~weasel~~ man for the job. His political ties have always seemed ... opportunistic. I personally supported Joy MacPhail, and was disappointed when she dropped out. She was the best qualified for the position. Plus, what a hottie!"

Corky Evans, one of the unsuccessful leadership candidates, was reached for comment at Mike's Sports Bar in Victoria. "Holy mother of Christ! I guess when people were saying that a vote for Gordon Wilson was a vote for Glen Clark, they weren't kidding. As for me, the next thing I do is go home to northern BC and go on a three week bender. But first, another round on the taxpayer of BC!"



Buchanen Crop Circles A Hoax!

After months of investigation, university officials have declared that crop circles found last semester on the south side of Buchanan were faked. RCMP spokesperson, Corperal Jay Hawrelak, confirmed that "Yes, they were a hoax."

The crop circles appeared the weekend of a windstorm that knocked down trees all over campus. The region of flattened vegetation approached 2.4 m in width and consisted of a rectangle inscribed around the perimeter of square. The pattern extended to the edge of the roadway running along the south-west side of Buchanan Block A.

Said Hawrelak, "The phenomenon is especially suspicious since zoning plans indicate that there aren't actually any legal crops being grown in that area of campus."

Ag Sci professor, Dr. Andrew Luke, who specializes in grassroots scientific work and who is a member of Circles Phenomenon Research Canada, was called in to analyze the pattern. He concluded that it had been created by driving a Plant Ops truck from the garden plot where it had been parked since 1986 to the edge of the pathway. Other than a short squirrel trail on the edge of the flattened grass, there were no footprints leading to or from the site. Luke surmised that the squirrel trail had been created by the passage of at least two squirrels, likely "that black one and that grey one which are always chasing each other around campus."

RCMP were tipped off to the origins of the crop circles when a student phoned in, anxious because his roomate was sculpting major U.S. geological formations in his mashed potatoes. Prompt police action ensured that the student did not begin tearing trees up, although, in the aftermath of the windstorm, they had feared for the worst. The ensuing investigation quickly turned up evidence linking the recent strike by CUPE 116 to a bizarre day in January where the heavens brought down lightning and snow at the same time, along with indications that outgoing AMS President Ryan Marshall is a member of a local MUFON chapter.

Plant Ops Union officials were unavailibe for comment.

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Legal Information

***The 432* is published every so often from the basement of the Chemistry Building. *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. Do you hear me? I'm not going to print your article if you don't tell me your name.

All facts herein are strictly factual, and are in no way to be confused with the facts found therein.

God bless the underwire bra.

This issue was powered by the following: Quake; raw fish (dead, but raw); bad popcorn; and a strange rendition of a Leonard Cohen song that just kept playing over and over again, interspersed by that Weird Al song. We need more CD's.

Never Bohr-ing

Sean Martin

Science Envy

A little while back I grabbed a copy of the "Science Week" Edition of *the 432*, and what do I see? An ugly Sci-Guy looking back at me! Einstein on the cover! Why? Sure, he came up with a couple of smart ideas, but does he really embody science of the twentieth century? No. Today's kids demand more. Spewing out facts and theories may have gotten the job done back in the good old days, but not anymore. Appearance means more than it used to. Kids today don't want to hear about what some senile old man had to say about energy, mass and the speed of light. They would rather ship grandpa off to the old-folks home where they make him comb his hair and stop him from causing mischief. Historical science should be the basis of science heroes, but Einstein definitely isn't the one. If not Einstein, then who? Neils "The Real Deals" Bohr, that's who! Why? Allow me to enlighten you: Let's start off with name recognition. Bohr is a common name in both chemistry and physics, as well as at a selective group of tables in the Totem Park Cafeteria. A good example of this would be the presence of "Bohr" in the periodic table. Bohr-on, which is dumbed down to Boron for table purposes, is one of the more famous elements the table has to offer (some of you may remember the movie Bohr-on starred in with Bruce Willis, "The Fifth Element"). Other examples include, "this class is so bohr-ing", and the now famous "Bohr-atom", for which The Real Deals picked up a Nobel Prize.

This world-renowned honour was bestowed upon Bohr for his work in atomic structure. One problem - Neils was wrong, which leads to the question of who is the bigger fool: the fool himself, or the people who believe him? Everyone believed Bohr. Everyone believed him to the point where he was awarded the Nobel Prize. Is there anything wrong with this? No. Absolutely nothing. If anything, this makes Bohr more of a cult-hero to today's youth. He will forever be known as the man who got a Nobel Prize for being wrong, and the youth of today like the idea of getting something for nothing. Bohr's stock is rising.

Now, before I go on to another main point, I feel the need to address the Rutherford issue. As some of you may be aware, Ernest Rutherford invited Neils "The Real Deals" Bohr to do research with him. It is rumored that during this time, Bohr stole work from Rutherford, modified it, and sold it off as his own, and inevitably won the Nobel Prize for it. Why do people say that Bohr is a no talent hack bumping material off Rutherford? If Rutherford was such a smart guy, he would have figured it out himself! Big Ernie just couldn't take the fact that Bohr was the better man! Is it possible that Bohr stole his work? Probably. But if he did, does anyone in the modern era care? Not really. Why? Because Bohr just gave you an example of modern day business. It's a dog-eat-dog world, where people will kill to get the advantage, and Bohr was all about the advantage.

Now, the number one reason why Bohr should be the official super-hero of science: Looks - pure and simple. In this world, lots of people can be qualified as good-looking and ugly-looking, and unfortunately scientists of past generations definitely make up for a large percentage of the ugly side of the spectrum. Neils Bohr broke this trend. Have you looked at the man? Neils never married, so I'm assuming he had large amounts of science groupies in every town he visited. This of course brings up the question of who had more women, basketball great Wilt "The Stilt" Chamberlain or science great Neils "The Real Deals" Bohr, which is a debate in itself. In conclusion, I hope that this information finds its way into the hearts of the science faithful. My soul is now prepared, and I can die a happy man. When I do, my spirit will ascend up towards Bohr-topia, where Neils and I will party with hot angels as far as the eye can see.

The real reason Neils Bohr never made it big in the science world is that he's a not a freak! If you had to remember a scientist by looks alone, would you remember Einstein (the "ugly sci guy"), or the above Neils Bohr? I didn't think so!

-ed.

The Fine Art of War

Bree Baxter

Meow meow

The strangest thing happened the other day. I went to print off the last issue of the 432 (which, by the way, was quite nice if you got past the front cover) and the whole thing exploded! It was very bad. As a result, I've had to change the look of the paper. Isn't it pretty? I like it alot, and I'm not just saying that so you'll actually read this issue. When in doubt, make it all up and hope they won't notice.

AMS Elections

What has been happening in UBC for the past two and a half weeks? We had AMS elections. That's right, your new ant masters have been duly elected by the 3% of the campus population that bothered to vote. Who are they? Various harmless persons. Does it matter? Not much. As I've stated many, many times, the AMS has no real power and therefore should not be heeded as the entity responsible for anything that occurs on campus. If you want real Power, go to the Old Admin building and ask for Martha Piper. Will you get in to see her? Hell no! That's the real show of power on this campus.

SUS Elections

While those lovely AMS elections are over, the SUS elections are coming up soon! In fact, it's so soon that you have a whole month to drop off your nomination form. It's on the back cover. If you really, really don't like how the SUS is being run, don't just sit back like a loser and complain. Do something about it. They say the real show of a man is how little he whines and how much he does. You know, the ones who go "I don't want to use a condom, I can't feel anything!" versus the ones who can slide it on using only two fingers and a wink.

Hallmark Should Die

It's Valentine's day next Monday. If you're in a relationship, don't forget the flowers or other gift, because if you do, you will soon be in the category of the single person. As a single person, I can honestly say that this whole week is going to suck. Every store, every television ad, every newspaper is hyping this commercial monstrosity to within an inch of my life. I'm more in favour of the old pagan ritual where every eligible young person in the village was rounded up, made to drink some variety of hallucinogen, then let to wander into the night field to have sex with whomever they wanted, to ensure a bumper crop the following summer. No commitment, no bad feelings, just lots of rabid fucking.

Feedback

If you're offended by the preceding paragraph, please do not go running to the Dean's office. We are not in any way affiliated with the Dean's office. If you want to complain about the 432, complain to me. My email is bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca. My phone number is 822-4235 (it's the office number; I'm not stupid enough to give you all my cell number). I'll be in the SUS office between the hours of 3am and 3:03am Sunday mornings to accept all criticism.

Utensils Du Jour

Onto the real topic of this editorial: THat scourge of humankind, the fork. IT's an evil thing. It's not useful to scoop with, as the prongs allow non-solid matter to escape. It's not that easy to spear bits, as most forks aren't even sharp. THe only things forks are good for is when you need to get rid of somebody fast, and you know that the police would get a bit ticked off if you plunged a knife into someone's leg.

Fresh Meat

New writers are good. A whole shwack of them came out of the woodwork this past week. Yay! Less space for me to fill with random quotes! Even though I like the random quotes. Hey, do you think that you could write for the 432? You do? Why, come on in! Our next deadline is February 23rd, at 4:32 pm. You have all of Reading Week to write an article! I would love you all so much.

Science Week

Science Week is now two weeks buried. How fun was it? More fun than a punch to the kidneys! Beyond First Year and Beyond the B.Sc. went off well. Some of you feel that perhaps money from your SUS fee should not have been spent on free pizza for the attendees of these events. So what? We also have free filtered water in the SUS for anyone who wants it! So why don't you come in and get a drink? We also have a very inexpensive photocopier. And SUS has couches that you can sit on for free. And, we have air that you can breathe for free too!

I've been told I'm being facetious. Sorry.

Commandments

Read the 432. Read the new publication, Paradigm. Vote in the SUS elections. Watch lots of TV. Sleep during Reading Week. Write for the 432. Sing the theme song from Inspector Gadget because it really, really pisses Dan off. Lastly, you really need to stop taking gratification from meaningless drivel that is printed, so it has the illusion of authority. You should be ashamed of yourself.

Love,

Bree

"Never accept an invitation from a stranger unless he gives you candy."

-Linda Festa

White Bread and TV Trays

Joanna Karaplis

Anti-Regis Fan Club

I admit to watching "Who wants to be a Millionaire?" sometimes, if only to laugh at the dumb Americans. It's a typically American show: over-hyped, annoying, overweight, under-intelligent, and yet so profitable. If extremely poor non-Americans had TVs, I'm sure they could profit from watching the show. They'd realize how dumb the average American is, and instead of attempting to invade the country (which is well protected by paranoid testosterone junkie military rednecks), they'd just think up some diet-pill or get-rich-quick scam and cheat the country out of billions, thus restoring the global balance and ending world hunger. Americans may be big fat bullies, but they aren't smart. How else could they possibly pride themselves on knowing the answer to, "Which of the following does not have a tongue? a)Human being b)Dog c)Sneaker d)Apple?" If they can't figure that stumper out, they can use one of their three "lifelines": phone a friend, poll the audience, or have the computer remove two of the wrong answers. I recommend the last option, since odds are if you're on the show, your friends and audience are Americans too. Besides the ethics of rewarding people for living in America and watching way too much TV for the past thirty years or so, the show is eerily Texas-centric. **Hey Texans**! You're a bunch of stupid violent rednecks, and if I were you I wouldn't brag about having George Bush as your governor! As if all that weren't bad enough, the show has racist undertones. Watch it closely. Perhaps you'll feel that it would be more accurately called "Which Middle-Class White Guy Wants to be a Millionaire?" Last time I checked, white men were not the only human beings who wanted to get rich. Women and non-whites haven't issued a statement that they're satisfied with their current level of income and have absolutely no desire to be awarded vast sums of money for answering dumb questions. So why are well over 90% of the contestants white males? I refuse to believe that America is 98% Caucasian, no matter what the demographics of TV shows try to prove. Obviously something fishy is going on in the contestant-screening process. Gotta love institutional racism and sexism. Next time you watch the show, remember: American culture has stagnated, so now the country is trying to fix its economy by giving the stupid people an easy way to get rich. A new class of very stupid and rich people will emerge, and the economy will shift production to meet demands. Quadruple Cheeseburger McMeal Deal? Sequined cars? Continued cuts to education, now that the emphasis is stupidity? Be very afraid.

Plant Oops!

Penny Whitcomber

Loves her union

At long last, the new SUB steps are finished. What a grand display; what an exciting time for us all. Too bad the steps took six months to redo. Too bad they look worse now than they did before. Thanks, UBC.

The problem is not only that this particular set of steps was the most convenient set of steps on the SUB's north side. It's not that students were forced to walk all the way over to the adjacent steps - the ones which, if anyone had a choice, were preferably avoided due to their absolutely useless location (unless you were a fitness buff always walking to the SUB from the direction of the Student Recreation Centre).

It's not only that the longest delay took place after the concrete was poured into the mold and had already dried, a job which seemed to be finished by about the first of October. What were they doing? Decorating? Polishing?

It's not only that the step-makers rarely seemed to be working, but rather spent their days jackhammering away at the same damn hole in the ground and disturbing all the customers at the Bank of Montreal . . . or eating lunch and strolling around in galoshes attempting to look like they were working. They didn't even erect stair-rails until the day before they finally re-opened the area.

And the problem is not only that the steps now look - ahem - slightly less than outstanding, especially for a six-month-long paid work stint. To be fair, the new steps were probably not planned by mod-designer architects. But to be honest, they look crappy! The edges are all crumbly and the configuration is totally boring. The new steps don't look new or even attractive; they don't make you want to walk up them. The other set of steps - the inconvenient one - looks more snappy, more cutting edge, even though it's older.

Is this a function of unionisation? Do people band together so they can build less-than-exceptional stairs without getting fired? The job should not, first of all, have taken six months to complete, although surely some unionised, construction-worker architect out there will produce the blueprints to refute such a claim. Frankly, the way the present steps look, a professional babysitter probably could have completed the job within six weeks after watching "Bob Makes Steps" on TV for a half hour. And second, if it had to take such a long time, why didn't the job result in a set of steps suitable to the visual needs of the student body?

The problem is that after taking so long, the new SUB steps completely lack the brand of panache UBC students are looking for. Convenience is not enough: aesthetics matter. And this new construction, though viable, is definitely not a stairway from heaven.

I hope you don't think that this article means that Penny is anti-union. Far from it. In fact, each and every one of the 432 editorial staff is very much in favor of Plant Ops.

Secondly, I want you to know that theose steps are very nice. They are solid (which is always a goot physical state for contrete) and they are flat (well, sort of). As long as they don't melt in the rain, they're fine, right? So congrats to Plant Ops, and let's hope they get to our work order soon.

-ed.

Nothing At All

Dan Anderson

Brought Me Chocolates

Nothing. I still have nothing to write about. So I might as well write about nothing. Now, if innocence is bliss, then how good would absolute nonexistence, the perfection of innocence (how can you know anything if you do not exist) be? A hundred thousand times better? What's a hundred thousand times better than bliss? **Nothing**. How I love circular definitions. One of the few things that people will argue is better than bliss is sex. And what with all those government people giving us warnings about AIDS and herpes and that damn itchy thing you get from pigs, sex apparently often leads to death. So, if it's better than bliss, it still leads to nothingness. Mmm... death due to sexually (pig?) related semi-natural causes. Think about it. All those government types, telling us that sex can lead to warts, rotten genitals and death. Come on. The Man is telling us that something the public enjoys is bad for their health. Just like The Man's laws on minors not being allowed booze, and those damn anti-BC homegrown laws. Every kid this side of twelve has tossed down enough vodka to kill "Fluffy" (his or her dog) and anyone with any sense of pride has sampled BC's finest. Bad for our health, my ass. In China, because of overpopulation, they have legislation limiting the number of children you can have. The Man knows this. He knows that Canada wants to keep its low person/square km ratio. So, if something was as bad for us as He claims, do you really think we would have all these laws against it? Get real. It's just the fact that all the 'self-made millionaires' (translation: growers and dealers) are potential threats. Money=power, they say. Hah! People say money means nothing. I'll omit the obvious nothingness and happiness comparison.

If you believe in God, and you believe that he or she or it or whatever created the universe, and (sorry about all the ands) that everything God does is 'good', then you are calling nothingness good. God created space. Perfect space has nothing in it. Perfect space is therefore measurable nothingness. God created it, it is good, therefore nothingness is good, by religious decree. Beat that! (Not that I believe in God or anything, it's just a good argument.)

Wow. I have three paragraphs in one article! That hasn't happened since my first one. I must be losing it. Mmm... losing it. Death is good. Find me one person at UBC who thinks life a pleasure to enjoy, and I'll find you either a religious fanatic or someone enjoying the tasteful mind-altering qualities of crack. Death has everything anyone who has exams ever wanted: peace,quiet, and release from stress. Life has exams, and after a long enough period in this place of learning, (must resist emptation to insert "place of sexual escapades") life is The Real World. The Real World isn't like university, high school, or those visits with Aunt Flo where she made you water the plants weekly. The Real World is more like those summers where you worked your ass off for enough money to (hopefully) cover university and housing and food for next year and (definitely) partying every night and day off. From what I've been told, The Real World doesn't involve (horror of horrors!) telling Fun, 'I can party every weekend with you, Fun, and enjoy you in my spare time', but rather 'I have to work and pay bills and be responsible. Go away, Fun. I don't have time for you.' Unless you are an ex-432 editor.

Popcorn that doesn't pop is really annoying. You're sitting there, munching on greasy, buttery, fluffy popcorn (thanks Bree) when suddenly you realize it's time to head for the dentist: 'cuz there's a kernel embedded so deep your gum so far that you only know it's there because of the pain and the lump. That, dear people, is why unpopped kernels are annoying. Damn surprise tactics: one second you're contentedly consuming enough sodium and oil for three years, the next you're in extreme agony, and not because of the heart attack that salt and butter are notorious for. It's the shock of the evil hidden seed.

Note that the last paragraph had nothing to do with the rest of the article. That's right, nothing. Sweet sweet nothingness. On that last note, I wish you, Faithful Reader, a good passage to nothingness. May it be swift.

AIMS

Alternative and Integrative Medical Society

Lectures:

Topic: Active Nutrition & Ageless Performance -Sports Nutrition With Franco Cavaleri, B.Sc.
Date: February 10, 2000. 12:30 - 1:30pm
Location: IRC 6

Topic: Chiropractic in the Millennium with Rosette Martinez, DC (from the LA College of Chiropractic)
Date: February 24, 2000. 12:30 - 1:30pm
Location: IRC 5

Topic: The Nature of Acupuncture with Ting-Ting Jiang, DTCM
Date: March 9, 2000. 12:30 - 1:30pm
Location: IRC 5

Topic: Homeopathy with David Gerring, MD
Date: March 16, 2000. 12:30 - 1:30pm
Location: IRC 1

Topic: Clinical Herbalism with Rowan Hamilton, Dip Phyt, MSCS, MNIMH
Date: March 16, 2000. 12:30 - 1:30pm
Location: IRC 1

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2. E-mail us: inquiry@lacc.edu
3. Check out our web site: www.lacc.edu
4. ***Come and see us*** by calling and scheduling a visit with an LACC admission counselor

We're coming to see you Feb. 24 !

Representives will meet with UBC students to share information and answer questions about LACC and the Chiropractic profession at the Woodward Bldg, Lecture Hall 5, 2194 Health Sciences Mall, from 12:30 to 1:30 pm.

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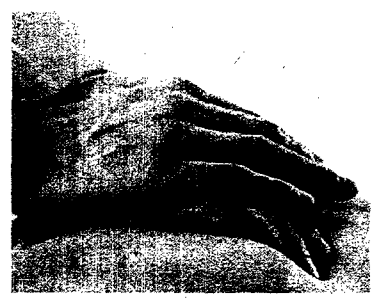

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Trevor Presley

Mile High Club

I took my life into my hands and went flying with my friend Mike on weekend. I don't really like to write about near death experiences but my deadline approaches and Bree has pooh-poohed my article on the "mysteries of cheese". So let me tell you a little tale about a "three hour tour" which doesn't end with us stranded on a desert island with a "professor" who can't build a freakin raft.

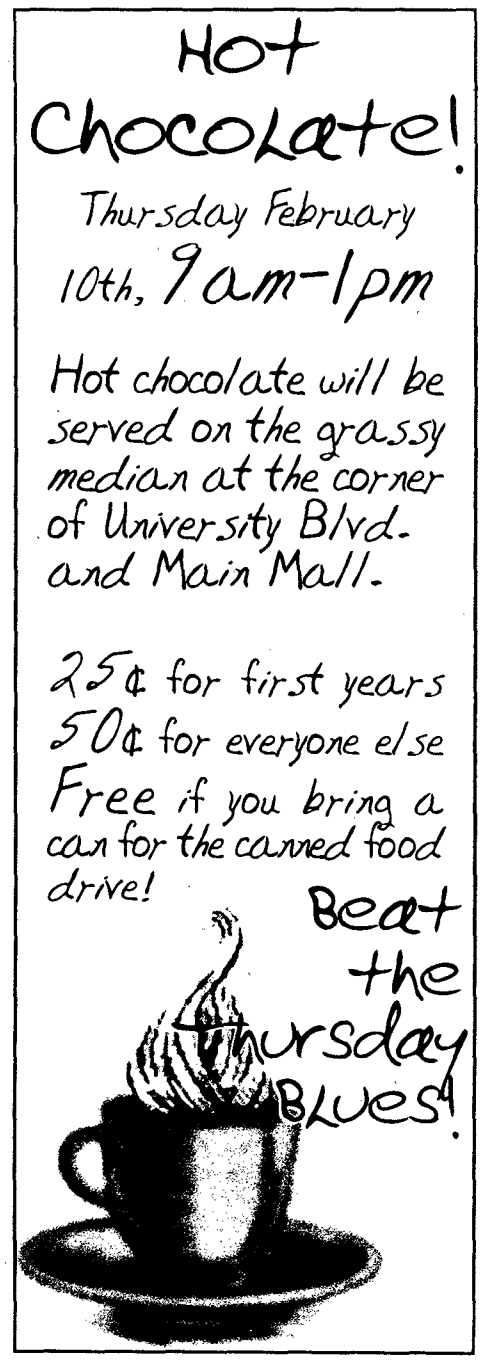
Our story begins on Saturday morning at the Boundry Bay airport in Delta with our heroes, Trevor and Mike, who are about to embark on a little adventure. I love flying with Mike, as he only makes me buy dinner in exchange for a couple hours of top-notch sight seeing. I suspect he bring me along as an emergency food-source in case we crash, but the subject hasn't come up. Flying with Mike is also fun because he does crazy stuff like pretending to have a heart-attack during the flight, at which point I "pretend" to scream like a little girl while desperately trying to locate the radio. We always have a good laugh when he does that, until we land, then I punch him out. Trevor's flight safety rule #1: Don't kill the pilot until you are on the ground. The other exciting thing about Mike is that he was going to take me flying in his new "home-built" plane.

Home-built planes, or Kit planes, are the new fad for private pilots. The whole idea is that you pay around $100,000 for the parts of the plane and then assemble it in your garage over a period of a year. It's sort of like Ikea for planes, except you end up as a fireball on the 6 o'clock news if you don't follow the instructions correctly. Mike's new plane was built by his Dad in just four months. Mike's dad was able to build it so fast by leaving out unnecessary steps like installing the landing gear and parachute holders. I have to admit; the plane looked pretty cool sitting on the runway. But never judge a book by its cover, for as I peered inside of the plane, it appeared a little more rugged than expected. I don't know whether it was the plywood floor or the foam seat that caused me concern, but Mike assured me I had nothing to worry about. My concern was further raised when I saw the sign posted in front of the passenger seat "Warning passenger: This plane was built by an amateur and does not comply with the Federal Aviations safety standards for a normal plane. The amateur also probably drank a lot of beer and listened to devil music while working on the all-important engine" Okay, the last sentence I made up, but the rest is real. Before I could change my mind and de-plane, we were taxing for take off and Mike was refusing to show me how to open my door.

We took off from Boundary Bay airport, flew over Surrey, and headed towards the North Shore Mountains. Our plan for the day was to fly over the Coast Mountains to Whistler and then fly back to Vancouver. As we flew over the snow covered Coast Mountains, Mike kept saying encouraging things like "Oh! we could do an emergency landing there and over there too!". This is stupid, because I knew that any crash landing would turn us into a human slurpy and even if we did survive the landing, we only had one chocolate bar for food and Gap vests to keep us warm. *Everybody in Hypothermia.* We arrived over Whistler about 40 minutes later and circled the ski hill several times. We saw a group of snowboarders way out of bounds waving frantically at us. They had even spelled what looked like "Kelp - Lost!" in the snow, which struck me as weird, because the top of a snow-covered mountain probably isn't the best place in British Columbia to look for lost marine plants. We waved back and continued on our way. Mike decided he needed to pee so we approached Pemberton airport for a landing.

The runway at Pemberton had snow on it, so as we were coming into land I turned to Mike and asked, "Have you ever made a snow landing before?" to which he replied, "No, this should be interesting". We managed to touch down on the runway without skidding too much and soon we came to a stop near a snow bank. We got out of the plane and started laughing about our near death experience. Then I punched him out.

I got free peanuts on the bus ride back to Vancouver.



The mome rath isn't born that could outgrabe me
-Nicol Williamson

Father Knows . . .

Jay Garcia

Home Alone

I'm in the slow process of moving out. So slow, in fact, that I've seen glaciers move faster, though it's zippier than watching continents migrate (fact: in ten thousand years, the entire Los Angeles basin will be our next door neighbor, in much the same way that Victoria is our neighbor. Scary.) However, my relocation from my esteemed parent's domicile is being hampered, oddly enough, by my father. And I always thought that it was my mother's apron strings that I'd have to cut.

I have to put this in context through the rather bald statement that I am an only child. This means that there is an awful amount of scrutiny brought to bear on my every action. Thus the abject desire to leave home, despite the massive creature comforts available to me whilst I reside beneath my parent's roof. Like the laundry being done for me. Or someone else paying my cable bills. Or being able to steal leftovers for lunch.

However, an opportunity to move to a really nice place has come up. The plan was that I would be moving into a biggish house with heated hardwood floors and a swimming pool / hot tub combo. Even better, it would have been rent free. Joy of all joys, I'd be house sitting. For about two or three years. Whee!

This, however, brings us back to those difficult-to-sever apron strings issue. For this house is in the rather beautiful if remote region of White Rock, and I have no means of getting there and coming to UBC, unless I were to purchase a car. Now, I was supposed to be obtaining my parent's car, but that plan's had the kibosh put upon it, largely through my father's arcane machinations and his inscrutable desire to keep me at home. No car, no moving out. Now, I could just go out and buy a car, but I have a girlfriend, and it's dangerous to confuse those two priorities.

Damn it all. Now I'm stuck at home. Then again, maybe I could convince my girlfriend to either a. move in with me over in White Rock, or b. let me move in with her in her west side house. Hey, either way, I'd have access to a car... but there I go messing up those priorities again.

Happy Valentine's Day, one and all! (BTW, if you're reading this Robyn, I'm kidding. Really I am. And I apologize in advance for Phil's article).

The only thing scarier than the Los Angeles Basin (which is the third ring of Hell, by the way), is the fact that Jay Garica wants to move to White Rock. I'm from White Rock. Not originally; Calgary first. But when I go home for Reading Break and for Christmas and those annoying family holidays, I will know, in the back of my mind, that Jay Garcia is lurking around somewhere. The one mall, the barber shop, or even the soda shop: He just may be there.

*You know Jay, you could commute via bus from White Rock. I did it for three years, and I'm none the worse for wear *twitch*. It only takes ninety minutes in the morning, and a bit longer in the evenings. Three hour commute? No problem! What's even better is that there is a nicer class of bus rider going to and from White Rock. They shower often, dress in clean cloths, and won't sneeze in you.*

-ed.

Dumb Assed Contest #6 Winners!

We asked, and you answered.

The 1999 Nobel Prize Winners were:

Physics: Gerardus 't Hooft & Martinus J.G Veltman
Chemistry: Ahmed H. Zewail
Physiology/Medicine: Gunter Blobel
Peace: Médecins Sans Frontieres
Economics: Robert A. Mundell
Literature: Günter Grass

The Dumb Assed Hard Contest #6 Winners are:

Miyako Hewett, Jason Lee
Jeff Low, Carrie Morgan
Areta Wong, Scarlett Yim

These lucky contestans do not get cash. They get a brand new year 2000 calender. First come, first serve. No whining.

Dumb Assed Freakin' Insane Contest #7

How many times does the word "the" appear in this paper?

Come on, you need something to do over reading week.

To win, you must be closest and under. If you win, you will get a very sweet prize. Email *bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca*

The Prison Bars of SUS

President

Mike Boetzkes

Good morning, loyal subjects. Your mission, should you choose to accept it is as follows: First, you will all be really nice to those hard working people who are generously donating their time and skipping classes so that they can distribute surveys in your classes. Answer the surveys and write us a nice story on the back. We've had some really good ones so far.

Next, you will all come out and run in the SUS executive elections. This is especially important for all of you who don't like what we're doing here. I encourage you to come and make a difference instead of just complaining. This is a novel new concept that I've been playing with. You know, the part where take an **active** part in making this university a better place.

Finally, and most importantly, you will all leave all your worries and classes behind and go enjoy your reading week. This will be your last chance to have fun before summer so enjoy it.

This message will self distruct in 5 seconds.

4

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Damn exploding mechanism! Broken again.

Internal Vice

Reka Sztopa

Hi everyone. Thanks to everyone for coming out to the events during our very successful Science Week. The booths in the SUB looked great and Games Day and Cold Fusion were awesome.

I hope that midterms are going well and that you are gearing up for a great week off.

The next few month will be really eventful, so stayed tuned for lots of info.

To start off, First Year Committee is holding a Canned Food Drive to raise cans for the Vancouver Food Bank. Many people support the Food Bank during Christmas time, but afterwards there is usually a shortage. I know that you can all afford to buy a few cans or clean out your cupboards and find those cans that you know you are never going to eat. Our goal is 2000 cans, and the drive starts on February 7th and ends on March 3rd. You can drop your cans off at the front entrance to most science buildings on campus, as well as in Angus, Buchannan, Totem and Vanier. Please show your support and help us reach our goal.

Also, First Year Committee is hosting a Hot Chocolate Day that will be on Thursday, February 10th from 9-1pm on the grassy median at the corner of Main Mall and University Blvd. Hot chocolate is $0.25 for first years, $0.50 for everyone else, or free if you bring a can for the Canned Food Drive!

Positions available for SUS Exec 2000/01 are as follows: President, Internal VP, External VP, Executive Secretary, Public Relations Officer, Social Coordinator, Directors of FInance, Sports and Publications. Please email me if you have any questions! rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca

Have a great Reading Week.

Sports

Sara Stamm

Nothing to report for sports, again, except that the only event left to do this term is Storm the Wall. It is a really worthwhile event, even if it is the only thing you do this year. You have a team of five for this event, and involves sprinting, long distance running, swimming, and mountain bike racing, as well as climbing over a twelve foot wall. Do it, it's fun.

Rebates will be coming at the end of March, but I have started collecting receipts already. Again, I am giving 60% back.

See y'all at Storm the Wall!

External Vice

Mandy Seymour

Hi all, it's Mandy. Science Week was great with a few exceptions and I'd like to take this chance to thank all the clubs for their help! The club displays were great and the volunteers that showed up at 8am on Monday to set up tables - thank you thank you thank you. Also if you missed i, Ajay and Katherine ran an awesome Gamesday 2000 with a trike race and a 3-legged race and other fun games. It rocked! There were engineers, AMS folk, representatives from science clubs and folks from the Dean's Office. If you missed it be sure to come to it next year!

Secretary

Keri Gammon

This is your friendly secretary reporting as to the ongoings of SUS for the weeks of January 24-Feb 4th. Science Week has come and gone, and apart from some minor glitches, it was a success. Dean Klawe is still giddy from her team's 3rd place finish in Games Day 2000. It was quite a sight - the Dean, peddling fiercely on her little bike, streamers whipping in the wind. We have pictures for blackmail...um...I mean entertainment purposes. As for this week, a few of us from SUS have been hitting the classrooms with a survey we developed - so if we come to your class, be a sport and fill it out. Oh, and to the cheery individual who used the survey to launch a personal attack on me and accuse SUS of being behind the cancellation of Micro 201/202 labs - please keep in mind that, just like your Teaching Evaluations, all forms with personally insulting comments will be destroyed. Maybe you would like to join me for my office hour on Tuesday at 12:30 for a nice, rational chat? You can have a second opportunity to fill out a survey, this time without the references to my mother. I'll be the cute little girl trying desperately to finish my Bio 350 lab report. Hey, who knows anything about commitment to division in ciliate cell cycles???

SoCo

Ajay Puri

BITCHIN! That's all I got to say about COLD FUSION, GAMESDAY and Science week. Gamesday was an amazing turn out. We had 7 teams competing in numerous funky events to become the number 1 team. TBA (general science) team came in first, then the Physsoc team and the amazing Prof team led by Maria Klawe came in third. Cold Fusion: turn out 300 peeps all having a kick ass time. The moshpit was freakin' sweet mostly b/c Dan was the bomb, lifting all the chicks into the mosh! It was an amazing concert and seeing all the drunk people and what they do when the are drunk was totally worth it! Thanks to all who helped b/c w/out you guys it would haven't been a success!

Finance

Jag Dost

Another fine issue of *the 432* enters the world. All is fine on the money front. I have, as far as I know, spent your money wisely. I have tried and tried to embezzle some of it, unfortunately the other executives refuse to let me. Kinda sucks. I'm broke and need cash in a big way too. Losers.

Anyway, Science Week has come and gone. It went fairly well overall. A few fuck ups here and there, but nothing that some executives didn't blow madly out of proportion. I'll tell ya. Sometimes watching these people sickens me. They go for the throat and don't let go. Cruel as it may sound, they're like children squabbling over scraps and painstakingly waiting for the day when they can nail one another to a cross in public for all to see. Evil.

But sorry, I rant. I just grow tired of the childishness. Retract thine claws and repent, I say. Of course, that's just my opinion. I could be wrong! Chan 1, Fox 20!!!

Senate

Timothy Chan

Hello fellow Science students! This is your friendly Science Senator making his first appearance in *the 432*. So what do I do? Basically, I attend meetings with the President, Deans, Faculty, etc and we look at everything from admission standards to curriculum changes to student appeals. So what can you do? Well, the Student Senators traditionally get together every year and pick one big topic/issue to bring forward (as a group) to Senate. An example would be the quality of teaching facilities. We are in the process of leaving our "legacy" this year, so if you have an issue that you are concerned about, you can reach me at *ndestrukt@msn.com* and I will bring it up with the others. Good luck with those midterms!

Got Me No Health
Got Me No Money

Feel shafted by the AMS/GSS Health Plan? Don't think you have enough money to cover it?

Apply for the Health Plan Assistance Fund, if you feel your situation warrants it. The fund is endowed with $66,666 to reimburse some UBC students for their Health Plan Premium ($112 from Jan 2000 to Aug 2000), based on the financial need.

The application procedure has been made as easy as possible, although supporting documents are required. Please do not apply if you know you do not qualify. We're all adults here.

The deadline for applying is Feb. 9th. That's today.

Go Now! Right now!

Applications can only be made over the web at www.gss.ubc.ca/health/application.html
Come into SUS if you need a computer!!

Food Drive

February 7 - March 3

Goal: 2000 cans

Cans can be dropped off in boxes located near the front entrance to most science buildings as well as in Angus, Buchannan, Totem and Vanier.

Please buy a few cans or empty out your cupboards and help those in need!

What you can bring: baby food, beans, canned fruit, dried pasta, soup, juice, powdered milk, rice, canned meats and coffee and suger. No perishables!

sponsored by First Year Committee

Zero Sum Games for the Love in Your Life

Phil Ledwith

Going For Broke

Ever played a game you can't win? That's a rhetorical question, actually. (If you're an artsie, you might have to go look that word up in a dictionary before proceeding). If you've stood in the freezing February rain as the number 41 splashes by, already full of sardine-packed steaming sweaty crazy people with no personal hygiene and a midterm in half an hour, you know what I'm talking about here. If you've tried to find parking on campus, you know what I'm talking about. Hell, anyone who ever picked up a phone to call telereg has played a zero sum game.

Anyone who has ever been in any relationship lasting longer than two weeks knows all about Zero-sum games. This article is for you. Happy Valentine's day.

What, precisely, is a zero sum game? In geek, "I've-taken-all-the-math-courses-this fucking-dump-can-offer" terms, a zero sum game is one in which the sum of all the payouts must come to zero; that is, for every winner in the game, there must be a loser. If there are only two players, this means that whatever the winner "wins" comes directly out of the loser's pockets (think tuition: UBC gets the money, you get to eat Kraft dinner for four years). But personally, I could never stand smug arsed math eggheads who never spend a moment in the real world.

More generally, Zero-sum has come to mean situations where there really are no winners. Military leaders are very fond of the term zero sum, which they like to use when describing war games. This is usually just before they siphon off a large enough portion of the GNP to feed Africa for twenty years. But Zero sum has come to have the greatest emotional resonance with me when discussing those little moments in life when it is impossible to win, or even get ahead; Zero-sum, in my mind, has become synonymous with catch-22. But without the actual twisted logic that makes up the catch, because then I'd just be talking about the university administration again.

Catch-22, incidentally, describes anyone who has been single for more than a year and is therefore (almost by definition) unable to get a date. This article is also for you. Happy Valentine's day.

Let's look at some examples of genuine unwinnable situations, which -surprise, surprise - come from experiences of relationships. Say you're a small Asian man (not me), and you're dating this hot chick you met playing Quake at 4am. She's a game designer who's also in medical school who also writes books about neutered cats or something. Doesn't matter. And she's really, really, really cute, which does matter. And you want to keep her.

Now, here's the thing. She also has this sister, who's really, really, incredibly cute. And she might be underage. Or not. She's definitely the younger of the two, which means your hottie girlfriend is really protective of her. Can you see where this is heading yet? I'll give you a hint; think "American Beauty", only in reverse. Movies sandwiched between these two demanding females could be an emotional minefield. Be nice to the jailbait, and your girlfriend will ridicule you forever after she's removed your nards with a spoon; be nasty to the jailbait, and her protective sister might decide to nuke your house (and computer!! Mother of god, no, not the hard drive!!!) in retaliation. Oh, and then she'll dump you. Do nothing, and your evil friends will write articles in the campus newspaper about you, while both females in question take advantage of your indecision and tighten the screws. Welcome to zero sum.

But let's not limit myself to picking on my friends. A long time ago, I experienced the dubious fortune of dating an escaped lunatic (like most escaped lunatics, she now works as a QA engineer). Let's call her "tank girl". Now, some people who know me well have accused me from time to time of exaggerating the truth, so I'm going to stick to literal quotes here. For example, when I say that she was a lunatic, that's because she once said to me "you know, when I was in second year, I went crazy and had to go to the hospital. So don't do anything to upset me, because I'll go crazy again". Only thing was, it was hard to tell that there would really be any difference; I distinctly remember being told, while clinging to the edge of a Gage Towers regulation sized bed, in a room maintained at a temperature that would have cooked bacon, that I "breathed too loud". So I couldn't quit the relationship in case she followed through on her plan to do the skytrain dive, but at the same time the relationship was driving me crazy. Someone was going crazy. Someone had to lose. Relationships suck.

No-win situations make up ninety nine percent of all relationships. At first glance, this may seem like a bad thing. More words have been written on the "am I fat?"/"does this dress make me look fat?"/"do you think I should lose weight?" question than can be found in the Encyclopedia Britannica. Among the more popular responses: (1) the Alan Alda response: "only an oppressive and evil male hierarchy would conspire to make you feel anything less than perfect about your deity-given physical shape, beloved", (2) the Dennis Leary response : "No, porky, you look fine. Hey, could we get re-zoning for your ass, do you think?" (3) The Woody Allan response: " no, darling, you look... hey, is that your daughter?...uh, fine. " and (4) the Ronald Reagan response, which mostly consists of catatonia - like silence as you wait for the horrible dilemma to go away. Okay, NO one's ever actually advocated the Woody Allen response, but for all the good it would do them they might as well.

See, the point is, you have to realize that nothing you can think of to say or do will ever save you from a no win situation. You might as well be a spam sandwich for all the good it's going to do you. So, my advice is: be that spam sandwich. It's not just Valentine's day advice; it applies to all walks of life. To sum it all up, remember the words of the immortal Homer Simpson: "you tried your best, and you failed. What does this teach you? Never try".

Don't settle for anything less.

Hmm.

That was very odd. This bald Englishman wandered into SUS this morning and wanted to play a game. I decided that he should write me an article. Besides, I know half the people he's mentioned. Yes, she was crazy. Yes, his girlfriend is very cute. But no, you can't have any. It's a early Valentine's present from me to you.

-ed.

SCIENCE U B C

NOMINATION FORM FOR THE
SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY
2000 Executive Elections

SCIENCE elections

Name of Candidate: _____ Department: _____
Year: _____
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.#
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Deadline for nominations is Friday, March 3 @ 2:30 pm in CHEM B160.
A mandatory all-candidates meeting will be held March 3 @ 4:32 pm in Chem B160.
Questions? Contact Reka Sztopa at *rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca*