The 432.

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UBC Archives Serial

"The scientific theory I like best is that the rings of Saturn are composed entirely of lost airline luggage."

-Mark Russell

North Korea Sells Nuclear Weapons to Iraq

"Oh Shit," says U.S. President George Bush

(Pyongyang, AP)

In a bizarre turn of events, it seems that North Korea has not only developed nuclear weapons, but that the nation has also sold those weapons to Iraq.

"We were sick of the crap going on in the Middle East," stated North Korean president, Kim Jong-il. "I thought it might be fun to stir shit up a bit."

George Bush is apparently very displeased by this turn of events. "I was all set to have a proper war, right . . . you know the kind where we trounce the bad guys real good? And then Kimmy, there, he gives Damn Saddam some nukuler weapons. Now it would be downright dangerous to attack. If he were to set off one o' them nukes, good peace loving Americans, like myself, might start glowin' in the dark and mutatin' and stuff."

When pressed for more details about why he would have sold such weapons to Iraq, a petulant Kim Jong-il replied, "Well, I'm sick of being ignored. I'm ten times more dangerous than Iraq, and yet, all I hear when I turn on CNN is Saddam this and Saddam that. I'm sick of it. I even threatened war on the United States. All Saddam's been doing is sitting around scratching his hairy ass. It's all because I have no oil fields. It's just not fair.

"Why can't I have crushing sanctions imposed on my country? I want a million troops on my border."

Accused of being a negligent president, George Bush responded, "If North Korea were to invade Kuwait, then I might be able to force weapons inspectors on them too, but right now, international law won't let me."

"Yeah right, like he's ever been worried about international law," retorted Kim. "For Iraq, he'll manufacture evidence; for us, we freely admit developing weapons of mass destruction, and all he says is, 'let's talk about it.' I don't want food aid; I want military confrontation. Some President of the United States he is. Where's my time on CNN?"

George Bush insists that he has been treating Iraq and North Korea fairly. "You see, I'm scared of North Korea. I don't want to piss them off. Iraq, on the other hand, well we can pulverize them without trying . . . well, at least we could have until this."

"Double standards. How can you be less fair?" responded Kim.

While North Korea appears to have some logic behind their sale of arms to Iraq, it is still unclear how increasing tensions in the Middle East will gain North Korea more news coverage.

"Hey, which country is first in the headline? Huh?" asked Kim Jong-il.

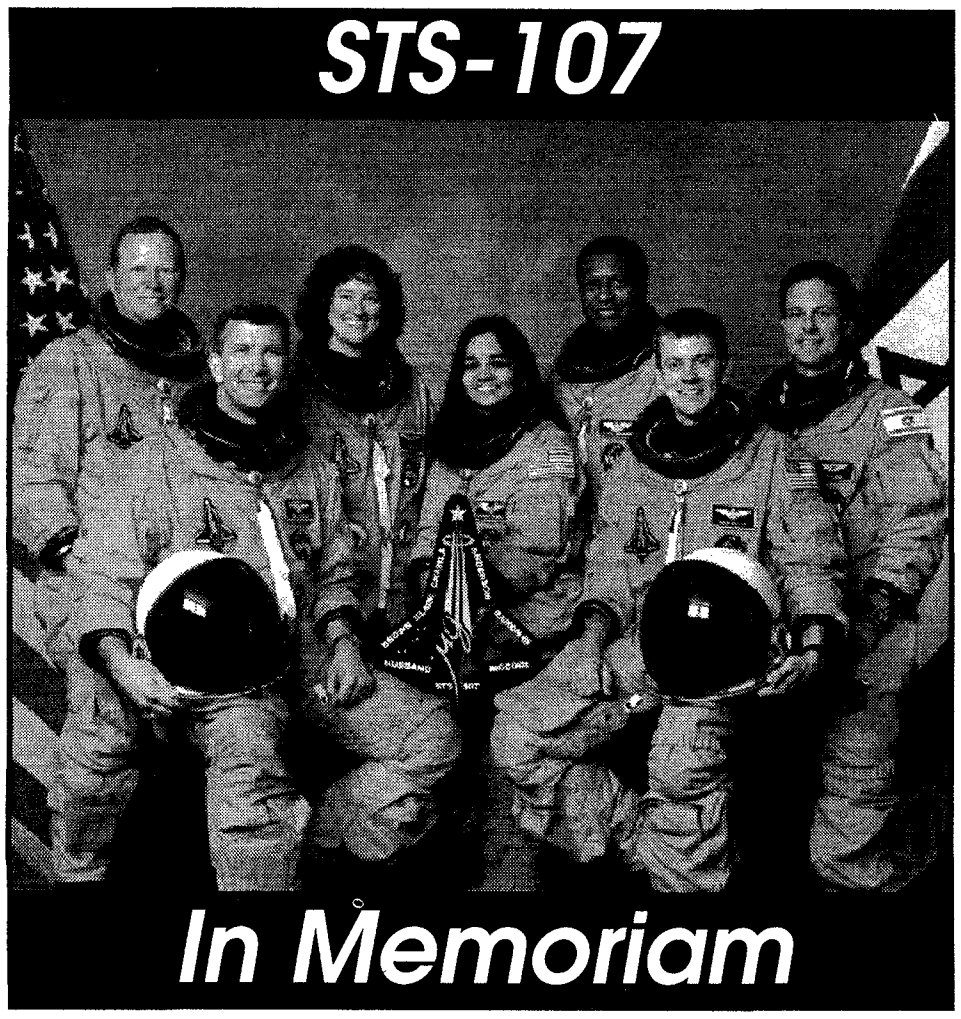
When asked if that would not only be temporary and that it would actually focus more attention on Iraq, Kim replied, "Well, they will have to pay attention to me now. They can't ignore something like this. I broke the sanctions on Iraq, and I provided them with weapons of mass destruction. [George Bush] will have to do something now. He can't ignore me anymore."

When asked for his view on this whole matter, Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein, said, "Well, obviously we're happy to have the weapons, especially at this price. It was even cheaper than Walmart. It has been hard, however, hiding all of the new warheads and delivery systems. We invited the UN weapons inspectors over for dinner on the 8th, and while they're out, we are going to sneak the warheads into their luggage. Then when they find them, we are going to accuse them of bringing the warheads themselves with the intention of planting evidence. It'll be great fun."

When further questioned as to whether he expected military repercussions, Hussein answered, "The French will never support a UN resolution. The Americans will probably attack, but they were going to do that anyway, so at least now we'll be able to nuke some of them. Plus, if they attack without the UN resolution, they are going to lose a lot of international support, and the support of their own people. We kept one George Bush from having a second term. We can stop this one too."

Saddam Hussein was then asked about the damage that a military strike could do to his country and his people, he replied, "What makes you think I give a damn about my people? As long as I can cobble together enough slave labour to build me a new palace, I'm happy."

"Oh dear God, we're all going to die," stated Barney Glotz, without being asked.



Article Rejected by *the 432*

UBC, Vancouver (Reuters)

In a surprising turn of events, *the 432*, a UBC campus newspaper, turned down an article last week. On Wednesday, Ben Warrington, editor, found the piece - titled "Why Martha Pipper[sic] Sux[sic]" - in his inbox.

"Well, these past few months we've been getting a lot of great submissions," Ben confessed. "We weren't really ready for this. I mean, I read it once, and didn't laugh. I thought I must have been missing the jokes or something, but after getting a couple of the others to read it we determined that it really just wasn't funny. Go figure."

After further investigation, it was determined that the article was not only not remotely humourous, but also that it also had no point whatsoever. The author had apparently typed random barely comprehensible phrases.

"I sometimes will print something just because it is thoughtful or a good read, but this thing wasn't even well written. It was garbage. How can I say, 'it blew the big one?'"

The article, filled with phrases like "Pipper[sic] LOVES anal sex, which she says is 'just like taking a big dump in reverse,'" and "she uses vaseline for hair gel," made little to no sense and was filled with grammar and spelling errors, as well as a good deal of street-talk.

"We try not to print too much slang. We don't mind the occasional 'sucka' and 'foo,' when used appropriately for effect, but we really do try to draw the line at such turns of phrase as 'cumslut' and 'maggot ridden whore.' We forwarded the article on to *the Underground*, as usual for stuff we don't really like," said Warrington, "but it felt rather odd sending it to them, it being signed by [*Underground* editor] Trevor Gilks and all."

As with all writers, Mr. Gilks will be encouraged to try again, but Mr. Warrington confided 'off the record' that he didn't hold out much hope for a better performance in the future.

The 432.

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Legal Information

***The* 432 is published fortnightly from the pancreas of the (Colonel) Klinck Building. All views expressed in this issue are strictly those of the individual writers, and as such are not the responsibility of *the* 432, The Science Undergraduate Society, or the Faculty of Science. Writers and cartoonists are encouraged to submit their material to *the* 432. Submissions must meet the requirements of making the editor chuckle at least thrice, and contain the author's name and contact information.**

We would like to encourage reader feedback. Be it nasty, perverted, or just plain mean, we still want to hear it. Especially if it is perverted.

Contact us at: *the432@hotmail.com*

I would like to apologize to Trevor Gilks. Dan made me do it. Honest. The *Underground* really is a fine paper. Honest.

The Student's Plight

An Urgent Call for Sponsors

Frank Yang

Cold & Hungry, again

There was a time, not that many years ago, when the expenses for studying at the University of British Columbia was still affordable and its standard of education a given. It was a time when tuition levels remained frozen and hard working students could hope to pay off their next term's fees and expenses by working diligently through the summer. First and second year laboratories were frequent and well supplied, and the biggest financial burden on a student's mind during a Friday night was not loosing one's wallet after feeling tipsy at the beer garden. Those were simpler times.

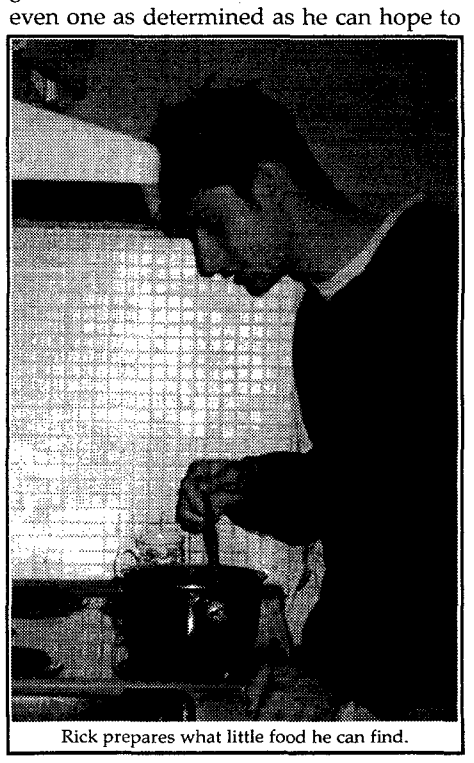
All that came to an end less than half a decade ago, when first the local economy took a downturn at the hands of the NDP, soon to be followed by the Liberal government seizing the reins of the provincial legislature. The tuition freeze ended, even as both federal and provincial funding for higher education dwindled to a trickle. Soon the harsh realities of skyrocketing university expenses, the increasing cost of living and an uncertain economic future began to take hold around campus. Thousands would soon be affected by these changes.

This is Rick. Rick has been a student at UBC for more than three years. Like others, he too has been hit hard by rising tuitions and dwindling work opportunities. Now only able to rent a windowless, single room basement shared with three other roommates, he is forced to work night shifts and weekends while studying as a full-time student, just to make ends meet. Food is always a problem, and often so is the weather. More than once this undergraduate has gone to bed at early hours of the morning, shivering uncontrollably from the hunger and cold.

Sitting in the dim light seeping through the single, fist sized window in the entire room, Rick warms his hands on a cup of boiled water, trying to stave off the cold, gloomy Vancouver winter seeping through the concrete walls. He shows me a faded clipping from a student published newspaper. It details the passing of an Alma Mater Society motion opposing "any university policy advocating significant increase in tuition, institution-based tuition decisions, and/or program-based tuition calculations." The article is dated October 30, 2001.

Then, as is now, Rick has never been one to given up hope. He has already lost many friends to the 2001/2002 tuition rise. However, being a Science undergraduate he was personally able to escape the worst of the hikes, which generally struck graduate programs and other faculties harder than that the Science classes. Faced with this type of adversity, Rick still manages to remain positive. "I knew others who had it worse than me. I'm still in the program," he says with the hint of a smile, pointing to the steel frame of an old door covered in sheets of bubble wrap, "and I have a bed to sleep on and a roof over my head. That's always something to be thankful for."

However, despite supplying his Kraft dinner and instant noodle diet with canned foods from the local food bank, and at the right times, the occasional tomato from his friendly neighbour's vegetable garden, Rick's time is running out. The constantly shaking hands and streaks of grey hair give silent testament to the fact that not even one as determined as he can hope to survive in this continuous state of abject poverty for long. Prospects for the near future have become especially grim since the tuition consultation sessions held on campus have concluded. It is now obvious to all but the blindingly optimistic that further tuition increases of 20%-40% across the board are to take effect in May. In such an event, there is little doubt that Rick will be forced to abandon his studies and leave the university.



Rick prepares what little food he can find.

That is, if he continues without your help.

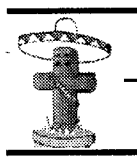
Every day, a student drops out of UBC needlessly because of no longer being able to support themselves and pay studying expenses. You can help stop this, by providing the funding for acquiring the basic living amenities these students need to stay in their classes and finish their degrees. For just a dollar a day, you can assist Rick, and thousands of others like him, in getting back on their feet. It costs so little to give, but your donations can make such a profound difference for these poor students. Your gift of $30 a month will go towards providing adequate food, clothes and housing for these students, ensuring they will survive another winter and another term. Do not delay. Send a self-addressed envelope to:

The Save The Students Fund
c/o Editor, *the 432*
6270 University Boulevard
Vancouver, BC
V6T 1Z4

In doing so, you will receive a comprehensive information package to help you discover how you can begin sponsoring a student. Setting up a donation is easy. Just follow the simple steps of our sponsorship guide and soon you will be on your way to create a brighter future for a student stricken by poverty. In return for your generous donations, you will receive periodic status updates of your sponsored student, as well as yearly progress reports, personal correspondences and the satisfaction in knowing that you helped make a difference.

Most of us would not think twice about giving aid if we had a sibling in such dire straits, but when that underprivileged student is a stranger, too many will turn a blind eye to their impoverished lives. Do not let that happen to you. Reach out today and help sponsor a student in need, so that they may graduate to a better tomorrow.

On Buying an Engagement Ring



Ben Warrington

Much Much Poorer

So as many of you are probably already aware, I'm getting married next summer. This, of course, involved buying a ring last summer. That was an interesting and weird experience.

It started out with me rather timidly going into jewelry stores. At the start, I was just looking for styles, so I attempted to avoid the sales staff. Given that I dress like a bum, given that I only occasionally shave on weekends, and given that I was trying my damnest to avoid eye contact with the staff, they probably thought that I was casing the place or something. This may actually have resulted in me getting the "Can I help you?" question more often than I would have otherwise. On the other hand, the fact that they are selling items worth more than two months living expenses on commission may just mean that they have good incentive to take the chance on anyone. Anyway, how do you say, "You can help me by leaving me alone until I have decided what I am looking for."?

Even when you say, "No, I'm am just looking,"they stand around watching you. That is very uncomfortable. I am sure they wanted to be on hand the moment I decided to blow two months salary, but mostly, it resulted in me leaving the store without having been able to think about the selection.

Oh what a wonderful transition into the selection of rings they have available. There is none. Really. Don't get me wrong, every store has several rings, but they are all very small variations on a theme: the solitaire. Further, every store has exactly the same selection of solitaires. Diamonds are nice and all, but I was looking for a ring with some stones in it, and not a stone with a ring attached.

Well, after weeks of looking, I found a style that wasn't a solitaire and that I liked, but I wanted to switch out the centre stone. I wanted some colour, so I was going to put in a sapphire instead of a diamond. The guy said that it would be no problem. He would order in a stone for me to look at within a couple of days. If the stone were okay, he would swap it out. Well, a week later, the stone had arrived. . . and been sent back. Apparently, it had a massive crack in it. Another week, and we had a stone. It only took four times as long as he said it would (granted that he couldn't have foreseen the cracked stone). So I looked at the stone under the magnifying glass, and I rubbed my chin thoughtfully. I tried all the world to look like I had a clue as to what made a good sapphire. I agreed that the stone would be alright. He told me it would be a couple of days to do the work.

A week later, the ring was finally ready. I went to take a look at it. Once again, I pretended to knowledgeably inspect the workmanship. To be honest, I wasn't that impressed, but you have to look very closely to notice what I saw as mediocre work, so I decided to accept it, anyway . . . but wait: one of the diamonds was missing. It probably fell out when the centre stone was being changed.

So after carefully inspecting the counter and the little plastic ring bag for the missing stone, the gentleman agreed to replace it for me, on a rush. It actually arrived on time, which is good, seeing as it was only a couple of days before I left Saskatoon, for good.

Uncontrollable Advice Lists

Eunice Tong

Sciencey-Artsy Weirdo

1. Everyone who made it into UBC is a smart individual so respect them as such. Just cause they've chosen another faculty than you doesn't mean they're freaking useless. This goes especially for those cocky engineers who went to my high school: REMOVE THOSE EGOTISTICAL STICKS YOU SHOVED UP YOUR @$$ES IMMEDIATELY OR YOU WILL BE BEATEN UP BY TINY OOMPA LOOMPAS AT THE BUS LOOP!!!

2. Anyone who made it into UBC by cheating will be eventually punished so let them be and be nice in the mean time (that doesn't mean letting them copy your notes for the whole semester when they haven't been showing up for anything . . .)

3. Don't be mean to first years, they just went through a very tough provincial exam year in the past and are trying to enjoy their 1st year in post-secondary education.

4. Be nice to the bus driver, so that you make it to and from UBC alive each day. (Even if they are complete buttheads who believe that they are <insert infamous religious deity> on that bus)

5. Don't drink alone, after all the alcohol @ the Pit is even more intoxicating when you're laughing in an unintelligible language with others.

6. Enjoy your electives, it's an opportunity to meet different people . . .

7. Just cause your Dad/Mom says you should be a doctor, it doesn't mean enter the medical profession (when you absolutely hate it . . .) You can still get a Ph.D in Sociology ;)

8. Ride the germ-infested buses (especially anyone of those long distance ones) so that you can increase the strength of your immune system . . . (according to my TA...)

9. Don't diss those people who have been or are still involved in Youth Organizations (Cadets <w00t!>, Scouts, First Responders), they're trying to make better people.

10. Don't leave anything to the last minute (this includes required readings, assignments, and projects . . .) or you will suffer greatly.

Tis true, I am in Hell. -ed.

11. Counter-strike is NOT a reliable method of relaxation. (You won't take a 25 min break, more like an hour . . .) It only wastes precious time . . .

12. Stop complaining about the not-so-good food @ UBC. You haven't tasted crappy food until you've tried certain IMPs or Mess Food. <— the dude who writes those 432 articles on the CF can tell you what that is . . .

13. Keep seminar debates within reasonable limits, character attacks on your seminar-mates don't have anything to do with the problem of cloning

14. Don't spend too much on caffeinated-beverages. Unless it saves you money (ie. it keeps you from falling asleep in a course you paid $300-ish dollars for . . .)

15. Show up to school. You/your parents/your achievements paid for it.

16. Don't let anyone hear your cell phone in class. You aren't going to be able to answer it so don't let that damn ring tone play. Either turn it off or use sms with silent indicators.

Slavery in Barbados

Jonathan Woodward

Parles Français Good

I am in Barbados, for Christmas, an island ranked by Cosmo among as the top three sexiest places in the world. Beaches, plantations; I plan to return slavery to the island, of the love variety.

We fly. We disembark. My brother Michael and I settle onto our towels. Couples around me doff tops, osculate. The first girls we spy are pretty and French, and as my brother hands me a rum punch, virgin, I say loudly, *"Merci, Michel. Attrape-moi un aussi."* Ah, now they know I speak *la langue d'amour*. The seeds have been sown.

The family is at Oistin's, a licensed fruit market. My parents drink lustily; my brother chats up a lady. I stand for air. A vision appears, breasts on display like a tray of baked apples, one of which she takes in her hand and hurls solidly at my groin. I am hers.

I sputter. "Have you seen my brother?" I ask.

"What?" A Nubian princess.

I stammer. "He's . . . he's only three feet tall, but you should hear him cuss."

"He's not your younger brother?" The noise and the world are swallowed up in the melodies of her song.

"No, umm... he's a midget..."

"I see." The eyes of sparkling Caribbean waves look through me. She is gone, and the parted crowd reveals only Mum and Dad, tickled and tickling.

A woman walks by. Brunette. I stare, and my eyes slide from her legs to her child.

I do not give up. We spend the next night dancing, with girls, at the Harbour Lights Pub. The hostess tells us to bare our feet and enjoy a beach party—Michael gets back at 6:30am after a good time; I get back at 10:30am, after having spent the night at the hospital with half a beer bottle in my heel.

I limp across the beach. A Bajan man calls out to me, "Charlie, ganjah!" My name is not Charlie and I tell him so. I am confused. I spend the day with Felicity, in subtitled syndication. I am reborn.

I see the French girls, and gasping at their *petites cous*, their sweet *jambons*, I give it my best shot. *"Bonjour,"* I say, *"Joyeux Noel..."* and remember that it is January 2nd. *"Bonne anniversaire...* um... *de la nouvelle annee."*

"Rends-tu loin de moi, you pimply, lanky twat."

"Um... *merci. J'aime tes...pommes..."*

"Ne m'as-tu pas entendu le premier fois, pimpledink?"

There is a communication barrier. I was under the impression that all French people spoke English, if for nothing else but a job requirement. She must be unemployed. I excuse myself. Seconds later I run into midget-girl. I bury my face in a strawberry dacchary, virgin. The island is small.

I dip my toes into the hotel pool and commiserate. A voice hails from under the bridge. It is female. I look up, heart pounding like a howitzer. It is the brunette. Magically, we begin to chat. She is thirty-five, unmarried, here with her brother's family. She is a journalist, in Kosovo. A Cancer. I tell her I write, badly. I resist the urge to say, "Freak my 'nads, bitch," as I sense it is somehow inappropriate. We talk on the water. The sun languidly nuzzles the horizon, then goes for tongue. It is dark.

She tells me she must meet her family, look after the kids while their parents booze. I bid her farewell. She is gone.

We talked, simply, like sketch charcoal. A primary colour. I float in the water for a moment, absorbed in ripples.

My brother arrives, with one arm around each French girl. "Dinnertime," he says, and struts to the bar, where waits for me an On The Beach, no Sex. I slap the water. She is gone. I am too sensitive, my upbringing has been too cosmopolitan, my world was never small enough. I scurry after my brother, calling, *"Apprendrez!...* um... *Attendez!"*

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Jell-O Wars Two: The Goo Strikes Back

Kevin Nottle

Non Combatant

Well Science Week once again saw the event that makes WWE "Raw is War" look like masterpiece theatre. I speak of that tawdry exhibition, Jell-O Wrestling, back by popular demand, and critical despair. To make matters even worse, purple Jell-o was to be found in the mix of blues sliming up the ring. Yoo-Hoo Mr. Yokom, arts week is over.

Let us now meet the contestants in this Circus Minimus. Representing the Faculty of Nursing were Janey and Hailey, both Totem Park Co-Presidents Kalil and Tenin were present, whooping it up for the crowd. The SFS was represented by VP Academic Chris Lythgo, BoG member Erfan Kazemi and VP External Tara Learn, a graduate of Burnaby Central, who's wrestling team has won the Provincials, almost every year since she graduated. SUS was well represented by our President Reka, VP Internal Annes, Senator Chris "Momma said knock you out" Zappavigna, Counsellor Kim Barber, and Hack Lana Rupp. And of course we had Joe, our reigning men's champion, and favorite to win this years competition.

The rules were quickly explained, whoever's butt hits the Jell-o first loses, giving the Referee Sameer Wahid the alternating gross and grand task of watching the wrestlers buttocks throughout the match.

A round robin started, with Chris Zappavigna knocking the hot green tights clad Tenin down after both wrestlers fell all over the place. We also saw the first of many attempts to gain an unfair advantage when Tenin threw Jell-o into Chris' face. Next the champ Joe squared off against the crowd favorite Chris Lythgo, and quickly emerged victorious grappling and spinning his hapless opponent into the Jell-o. Joe followed his victory by a quick plug for the newly formed Canada Club.

The first girls' bout saw Tara learn disquieted by the gooey substance in the pool, which did not stop her from attempting a vain cheap shot, as Lana ended up victorious. We were then dazzled by the dancing moves of Erfan as he confronted and grappled the late entrant Bersha, who entranced fell, losing to the governor.

Haley gave us a demonstration of oriental martial arts as she used a judo move on Reka, finishing the bought in seconds. Reka then found herself falling again, as the Jell-O strewn around the floor caused our President to slip and fall.

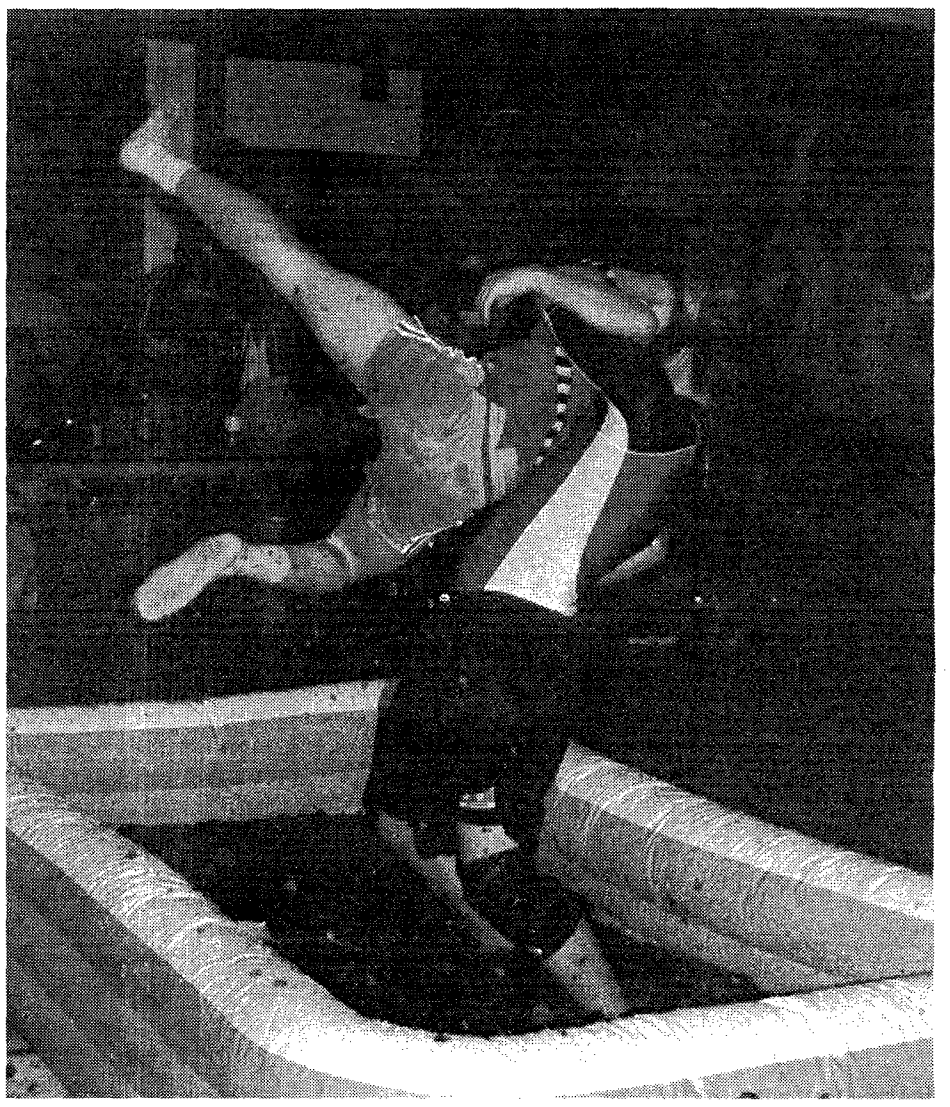
Kalil like his fellow Co-President attired himself in unusual attire, sporting a black and white vertical striped ensemble. This getup appears to be working for him as Kalil throws Chris Lythgo out of the ring, but the Ref rules it as invalid and the bout restarts. Kalil tries to throw Chris off his stride by taunting and distracting him, but all for naught as the striped one slips and falls on his butt.

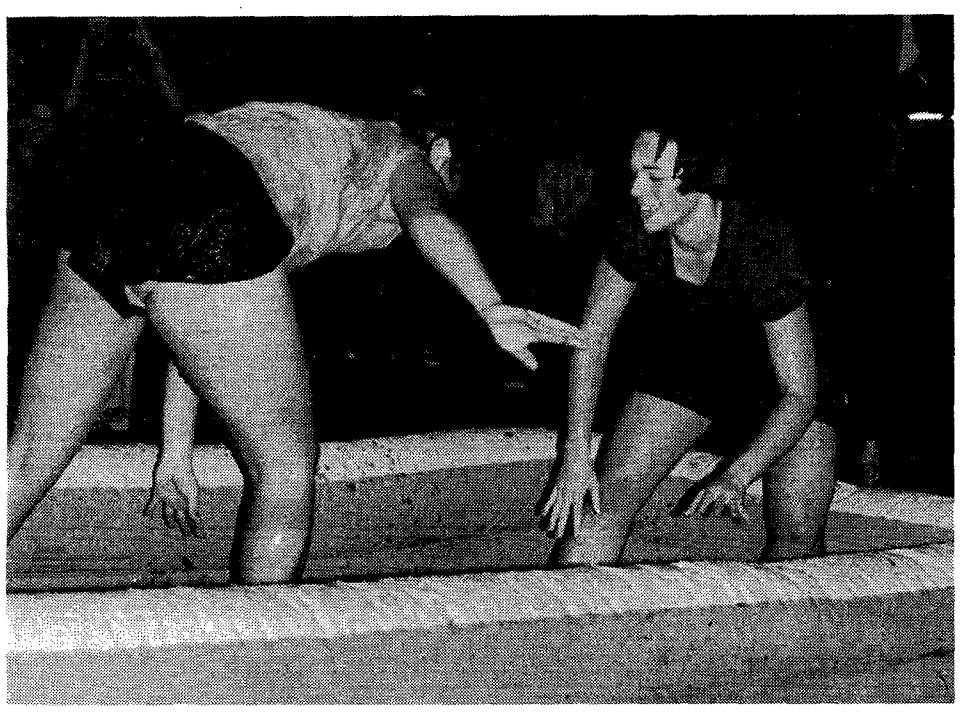
A match between Kim and Annes would suggest great entertainment, but we were robbed as Annes slipped and fell without even being touched by her steadier opponent. Joe's defeat of Tenin on the other hand was much more interesting. The champ was always in control throughout, as he picked up his much lighter foe and body slammed him into the multi-hued goo.

Janey struck a different note with her attire, as the only female to appear in pants, but all was for naught, as Tara quickly grabbed hold of her knee, and threw her into the gelatinous muck.

Chris Zappavigna, having failed to knock anyone out so far, was to fail again against Erfan. After an interminably drawn out period of eyeing each other off, the two slowly approach and proceeded to grapple each other, and go nowhere. For breaking up this going nowhere bout, the Ref is spit at by Chris. The two go at it again, with Chris going low, and Erfan high. The latter throws the former out of the ring, and is declared the winner.

In her second bout Haley tries her judo skills on Lana, to no avail, so she just holds her tight, and throws Ms. Rupp down.





Pants worked for Janey the second time round as she received Kim's rush, got turned around, but ended up the winner.

Kalil's next match versus Bersha saw more WWE stylings as he went from corner to corner of the ring calling for the adulation of the crowd. Sadly his skill at mob management did not transfer to the ring, as jumping into Bersha's arms he is caught, and thrown to the ground.

The final round robin match saw Reka's first Jell-O wrestling victory, as she took on an unstable Annes. Taking a page from Tara's book, Reka grabbed Annes's leg, and took her larger opponent down.

The ever-popular exhibition matches allowed our two AMS execs to express their true feelings about each other. Tara tried to abdicate, but Chris' insolent slap left her no choice but to defend her honour. After the mandatory posturing, Chris used the unorthodox hug tactic, and bodily pushed Tara down, but not without the other female contestants present enacting revenge on behalf of their sex.

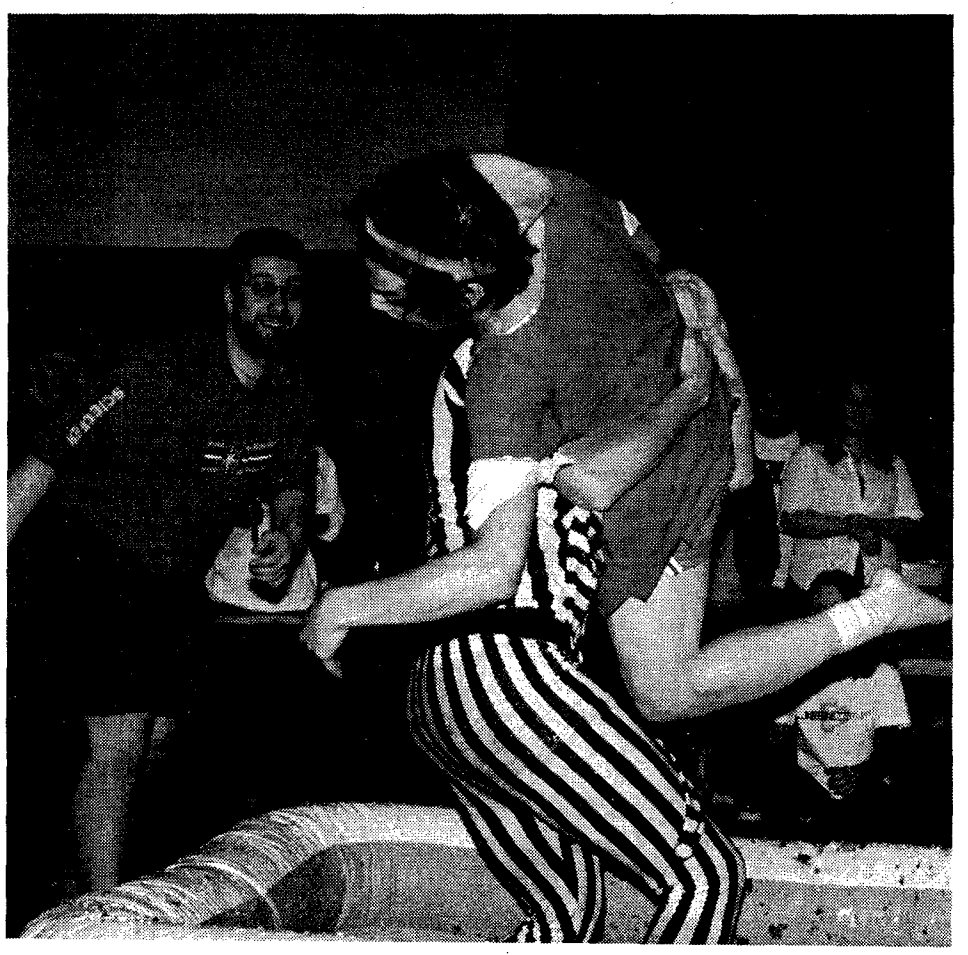
Since Kalil and Tenin live together, it was felt they should wrestle together. There first move was to demonstrate that familiarity does breed contempt, as they proceeded to kick Jell-o into each others face, but then they got down to it as Tenin jumped at Kalil, and was caught in mid air. However the force of the jump was so great that Kalil lost control of his opponent, was spun around and dropped the hapless Tenin outside of the ring. Restarting the bout, they proceeded to engage in a mercy fight, which Tenin first gained the upper hand, but Kalil reversed it and shoved his tormentor out of the ring. Furious at his poor showing, Tenin got dirty, letting fly with a vicious kick to the groin, bringing his foes head down as Kalil curled up in pain. Tenin took advantage, grabbing Kalil by the neck, and dropping his entire body weight on his injured enemy. Somehow Kalil shook it off, picked up this interminable nuisance, and body slammed him for the victory. The crowd went wild as he valiant warrior dragged himself off the field of battle.

Finally we got down to the matches that mattered, the elimination rounds, with Joe and Haley leading their respective categories. Before the now slimy warriors could go at it again, more freezing cold Jell-o was added to prevent the contestants from getting comfortable in merely cold goo.

The Champ beat the treacherous Tenin in a match that saw neither wrestler getting a real grip on the other, and the victor being decided on points.

Haley started off by pushing Tara out of the ring, who responded by throwing the slimy stuff around as the bout recommenced. As the two grappled for a fair time, Tara tried her patented knee grab, but Haley's judo moves did the trick again.

Kalil grossed out the entire stadium by scooping some Jell-o up, putting it in his mouth, and spitting it out into the air, a la Triple H. Unperturbed, Erfan dances in, and is slammed on his butt, outside of the ring. The Ref rules it as a no fall, and the two go at it again. Kalil starts off low, but works his way up to a neck grip, giving the



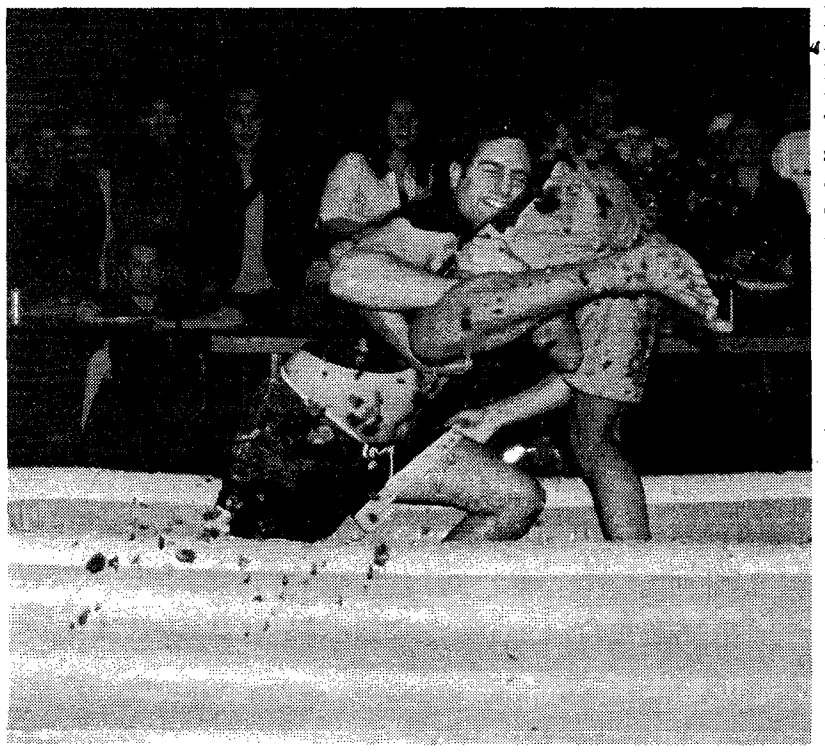
. . . Jello Wrestling continued.

purchase he needs to throw his opponent down.

Janey figured she could overpower Reka, and rushes her smaller foe. But somewhere Reka had it in her to dump the overconfident nurse wannabe on her butt, though not without getting herself as slimy as Janey. This was but the first of several upsets that would astound the crowd this Science Week.

Next Chris and Chris squared off with Zappavigna trying to finish matters quickly by charging his opposition, to no avail. Once it was obvious the grapple was going nowhere, the Ref broke them up, and Zappavigna used the exact same tactic as before. This time Lythgo was ready and controlled the Science Senator taking him down to the muck, sadly, it was a suicide move, as Lythgo let his butt touch the Jell-o while cushioning Zappavigna from another cold dunking.

Everyone seems to be copying Tara, as Annes used the knee grab technique to dump Lana on her posterior after a brief struggle.



Kalil's victory over Bisha was either a travesty, or an object lesson in the importance of the mind game. With just one touch, the Totem Co-President sent his foe falling to the ground.

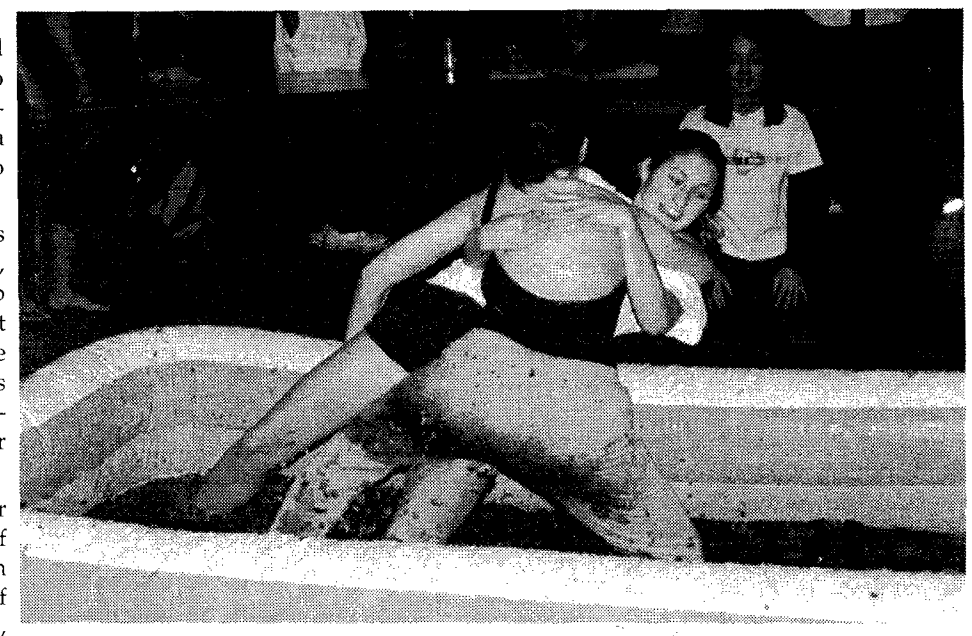
With the field now halved, Haley and Annes abandoned technique for a shoving match, which saw the VP Internal slipping and falling.

Trying to postpone his elimination, Chris set to grandstanding, searching for support from the crowd, and while it was there, it did no good in the ring. Chris charged the Champ, only to be dropped on his butt in what turned out to be a rather dull bout.

A rather clean Kim grappled with Reka, and managed to drop herself out of the contest. Never before had Reka done so well in a Jell-o wrestling competition.

To settle third place, Chris Zappavigna grapples Bisha, managing to pick him up and drop him, in a fall that the Ref declares invalid. The scenario repeats, but this time the fall counts, and Zappavigna defeats a lackluster Bisha.

Annes' contest with Kim for 3rd turned into a comedy off errors as the two grappled in a matter more reminiscent of hugging, which caused both girls to slip in the pool. Kim landed first and was declared the loser.

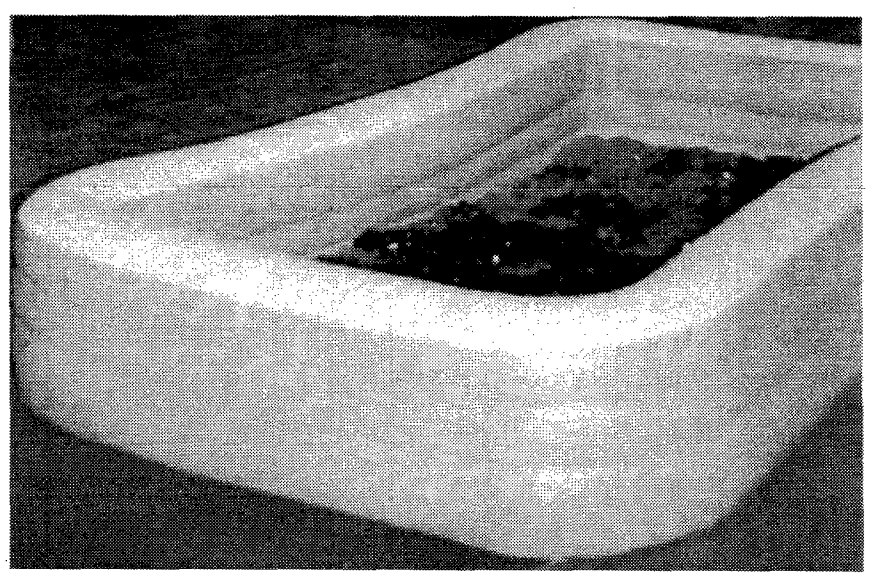


The battle for first in the male category saw more scientific methods as Kalil charged Joe and grappled with the Champ. Kalil almost suffered the indignity of a jersying, and a sure loss, but managed to free himself from Joe's clutches, only to throw Jell-o for the umpteenth time at an opponent. Kalil charges again, and grapples only to be thrown by Joe. But it's a sacrifice throw! Kalil's shoulders hit the Jell-o, but his posterior is flapping in the wind, while Joe lands on his back. The crowd goes wild, as the Champ is taken down by someone half his size. A sore loser, Joe takes revenge on an incapacitated foe before the Ref draws him off. Despite his trials, the new Champion is undaunted as he back flips into the ring in celebration.

Last was the match we had all been waiting for as Haley and Reka faced off for the girl's title. Reka grabs a leg, while Haley prefers the waist, then decides the SUS President had the right idea, and both foes have a grip on each others leg. But Haley wanted it more, and dumps Reka into the Jell-O, securing her title.

With only an anticlimactic spoon presentation left, the crowd left, only to miss some of the best action. Mobbed by the wrestlers, Dan Yokom, the heart behind Science Week this year was thrown into the pool, continuing a tradition involuntarily set by former VP External Mike Groves. Last year Mike fulfilled the role of Referee, so it was only right that this year's Ref get dunked. With great difficulty, the 300 lb. Sameer was wrestled into the mass of blue goo where he belonged. Taking revenge on the person who suggested that he be tossed in, Sameer took Dan on in an impromptu match and threw the smaller guy down. Adding insult to injury a face wash was then administered. Attempting revenge Dan attacked Sameer, but lost again, only to be taunted to try it again by an unrepentant Sameer.

My poor words cannot do justice to this grand event, so next science week, even if you have to skip a midterm, get yourselves to Jell-o wresting 3: The Search for More Adjectives.



Dead Pool

Death

Disaster at 200K Feet

Well, it has been a while since I did a report on the progress of the Dead Pool, but what can I say? No points yet. Boy, you guys sure know how to pick them. The object was to choose people likely to die, not the ones who hold on against all odds.

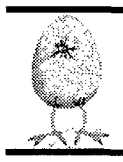
If by any chance, I have missed a point earner, give me an email to let me know (the432@hotmail.com). I would prefer a reference to a news article or something to make my life easier in confirming it. In the meantime, there is plenty of death to keep me busy. There is plenty of Mrs. Death to keep me busy also.

In any case, if you have been hiding under a rock, among the dead this weekend are seven astronauts who perished when the space shuttle Columbia broke up over Texas. Also, there have been explosions in Lagos, Nigeria; and Jakarta, Indonesia. Another avalanche near Revelstoke has claimed another seven lives. This time they were High School students from Calgary.

All that death in the world.

And remember, don't fear the reaper.

I Choo-choo-choose You



Eggy Yuh

Singleton

Ahhh, Valentine's Day. For the established couple, a day of flowers, chocolates and an exorbitantly expensive "romantic" meal. For the just-started-dating couple, a time of extreme anxiety, double guessing and gifts that are strategically meant to express affection in a non-scary, un-needy manner. For the singleton (hurrah!), a day of self-purchased chocolates from London Drugs, Bring It On and Pretty in Pink.

Regardless of whichever category you fit into, you have to appreciate the fact that a perfectly ordinary day has been transformed into an additional source of stress, regardless of whichever category you fit into. I'm all for excessive chocolate and cinnamon hearts (yum) and even sappy "a diamond is forever" commercials, but it's kind of annoying when you know that someone is being extravagant and considerate because they're expected to be, when they might be horrible to you the other 364 days of the year.

It's even funnier when you see the couples who have been together for a while, and who really should have broken up on their second date. Everyone knows one or two of these: they've been together for at least a year, and the entire relationship must be based on make-up sex, considering how often they argue and bitch about each other to anyone who's stupid enough to listen. Key word used to describe the relationship: co-dependency. It's annoying if you happen to be on the listening end of the problem-dissemination sessions; it's interesting from the point of view of a remote observer. I like to think of it as natural selection, at its worst.

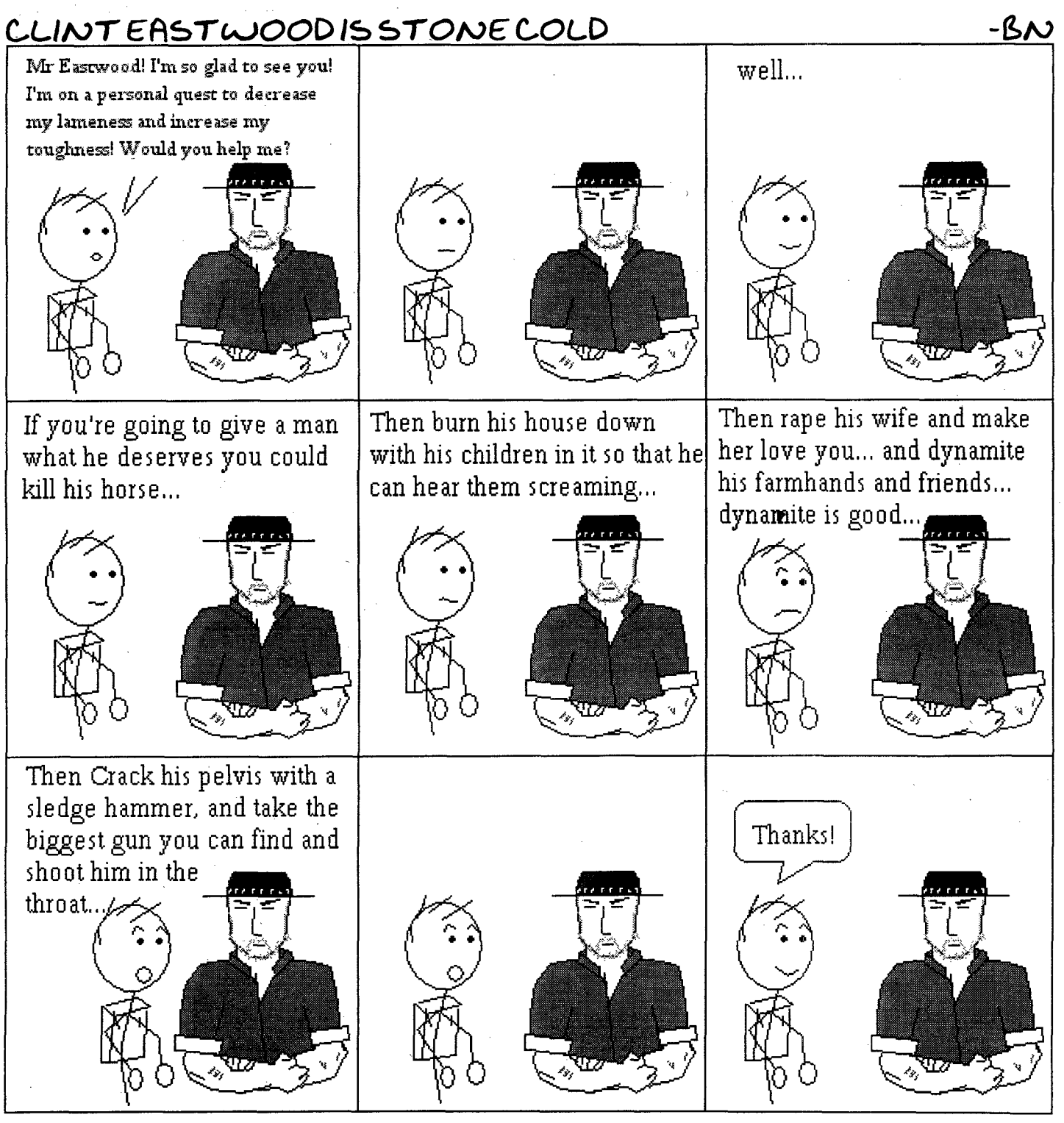
Case in point: Chris and Liz (names may or not have been changed to protect the stupid). Time together: going on four years. Key word to describe relationship: co-dependent. His problem: openly ogling other women, frequenting strip clubs, farting in people's faces, getting obnoxiously drunk and grabbing other women's boobs, and...well, you get the picture. Her problem: passive-aggressive behaviour, an inability to tell Chris that ('that,' not 'when') he's an asshole, the self-deluded opinion that she enjoys lap dances and wrestling, and being annoyingly needy. He's controlling, and she's a doormat. She gets back at him by making out with his best friend in front of him. Yes, couple from hell.

I'm lucky enough to not be one of her closest confidantes, partly because I don't care, and partly because the aforementioned best friend happens to be my ex. The little bits of gossip that I do hear don't encourage me as to the healthiness of this relationship. Aside from serious co-dependency issues, why are they still together? I don't even think it's the make-up sex, since he (yes, HE!) withholds it from her to spite her. Simply put, they're together because they don't think that they can do any better. Four years of being together means letting yourself go. Chris used to be an obnoxious, buff rice king...and is now an obnoxious, fat rice king; Liz would have been a catch if she had held onto some shred of self-decency and self-esteem, but her habit of claiming to like whatever Chris does has turned her into an annoying, snivelling, needy girlfriend, which is even less charming than it sounds.

Further, from a girlie perspective, watching this couple implode on itself is even more annoying because Liz could take control of the relationship and tailor it to her liking. The fact remains that the girl wears the relationship "pants" initially, and how she behaves in the beginning stages determines whether or not she'll continue to wear the pants. There is, in fact, an art to whipping a man; some are better at it than others. The fact that Chris has started determining when and where he and Liz will have sex is an indication of just how far the situation has degraded. Sex is the last bastion of relationship control, and everything goes to hell if you lose that control.

As annoying and degrading their relationship sounds, I'm glad that Chris and Liz are together. The description of their relationship and their behaviour within it is not the most flattering, and believe me when I say that words on paper cannot fully illustrate just how horrible these people are. As I said before, they're together because no one else would want them. Who wants social miscreants diluting the gene pool? In principle, natural selection would result in undesirables being rendered sterile; obviously, this isn't the case and is the reason that there are so many continually socially inept people in this world. However, if society is lucky, the social miscreants end up with other social miscreants, thus allowing the normal people to get together. Generations from now, there will be two strains of people: those capable of forming rewarding, meaningful relationships; and those who are destined to a lifetime of arguing, cheating and misery. Hopefully the latter will be tiny minority (yeah right), and that by then we'll be better equipped to distinguish between the two strains of the dating population.

Happy Birthday Sameer!



Good At Filling Awkward Spaces like This?
Then Write For the 432.
the432@hotmail.com

The Drawers of SUS

Dan Yokom
VP External
dwyokom@interchange.ubc.ca

Science Week 2003

Hey all, I'd just like to say that Science Week 2003 was AWESOME!! For all of you that were at our events you'll know what I'm talking about, but if you weren't then you really missed out. If you were in the SUB hopefully you checked out our SUS Clubs Booths, they had a ton of candy to give away. Also, we painted of 250 faces at our info booth all of which received a free beverage courtesy of our generous sponsor, Coca-Cola. We also raised a ton of money for the David Suzuki Foundation; I'll announce the final total later. Thanks to all the volunteers for their support, it wouldn't have been possible without you.

Here's just a brief summary of our events, and I'll hopefully have some pictures for the next issue.

Monday

Keynote Lecture: Dr. Geoffrey Scudder and Mr. Faisal Moola of the David Suzuki Foundation gave a fascinating talk about current issues affecting conservation biodiversity. The speakers gave insightful information into the future of this field as well as how to get involved, and what kind of career opportunities are out there.

Student-Professor Talent Show: One of the most fun events of the week, students were entertained with Dr. David Godin, Head of Pharmacology as he performed a piano piece, and the comedic stylings of Dr. Lee Gass. For the student portion of the show, Jim Riecken a 3rd Year Computer Science major played the guitar and sang a couple of songs. Also, Robin Sidsworth, 3rd Year Microbiology, played the guitar and sang on top of being the MC for the event. We also had a very fun competition in which audience members came up and performed a talent right there on the spot. Congratulations to Johnny who won with an amazing rendition of "The Elements Song," leaving the audience in awe. We gave away lots of great prizes too including 3 $100 gift certificates to the UBC Bookstore courtesy of the University of British Columbia, as well as a few Complete Medical School Guides from the Princeton Review.

Movie Night: The talent show was followed up by a showing of "Weird Science." This is a bizarre yet extremely funny movie about a couple of computer geeks that create the perfect woman. If you love the 80's you will love this movie. Thanks so much to the Integrated Science Students Association for hosting the event as well as FilmSoc for all their help.

Tuesday

Open House: 250 doughnuts and lots of Tim's coffee were consumed at our Open House in the SUS Lounge, LSK 202. 250 doughnuts.

Chemistry Magic Show: In the first of 2 shows, a packed CHEM 150 was turned into a place of wonders, which I know only too well how they work. Learning takes the novelty out of everything. But they burned some stuff, made some noise, made us laugh, made us cry, congratulations too the Undergraduate Chemistry Society for putting on a fantastic show.

Beyond First Year: Thousands of first years swarmed the Ballroom to check out all the opportunities their future at UBC has to offer. Hosted by the Dean's Office, you guys did an awesome job.

Wednesday

Pancake Breakfast: Thanks to the Geography Students Association for putting on this event, I'm sure it was enjoyed by all.

Beyond the B.Sc.: Thanks to the Dean's Office yet again for putting on this great event. There was a lot of wonderful information, which will really help out all the graduating students that attended.

JELLO WRESTLING: Out 2nd annual event was amazing, we had lots of people out checking the action. In exhibition match-ups Tara "U-P-a-s-s" Learn couldn't put her Jello where her mouth was as Chris "Mr. UBC" Lythgo crushed her. Also, in the much anticipated match-up, the "Presidents in Residence" Timin and Kahlil of Totem Park fought to the death, well... not really death like dead death, but anyways, Kahlil won, but I'm pretty sure he paid off the ref, which still means he won. After the first round of action we had Joe, last year's champ tied with Erfan Kazemi for first place, while Hally of the faculty of Nursing was alone in first place on the ladies side. In the end however, Joe fell to the worst to first Kahlil Philander. Hally remained undefeated in one of the most exciting events of the day as she downed our own Reka Sztopa, good job Reka and Hally.

Thursday

Lecture: The AIMS lecture was changed at the last minute but still nonetheless, thanks to the Alternative and Integrative Medical Society for their awesome work on this event.

Chemistry Magic Show: It was basically the same as Tuesdays, only apparently the kids were cuter.

Cheese Making: Instructed by the very funny Dr. John Smit, he brought in some of his personally made cheese which was quite tasty, and he explained how to make cheese very simply but I think I'll be able to find plenty of ways to mess it up. This was organized by the Microbiology and Immunology Students Association and organized well it was.

Bzzr Garden: A very fun event featuring everything green, green decorations, green table clothes, some kind of funky green drink, it was lots of fun. Good work BioSoc.

Life Science Career Fair: Co-Hosted by the Faculties of Science and Agricultural Sciences there was lots of great info for Science students looking for a careers in industry.

Friday

Science Barbeque: Our own SUS First Year Committee did an amazing job putting this together, as we sold out of all our burgers and pop, and raised a ton of money for the David Suzuki Foundation.

Science Olympics: Congratulations to the Physics-Astronomy team "TBA," the Pharmacology "Euphoria," and a random team called, "PVC" who all tied for the top spot in Science Olympics 2003. A ton of fun was had by all. Thanks to our sponsors, Aventis Pasteur, Princeton Review, Blockbuster, Dairy Queen, Royal Bank, and Fogg and Sudds for donating prizes towards this great event.

COLD FUSION: THIS CONCERT ROCKED!!! Everyone was having a good time, lots of drinks were consumed, I had never seen Stabilo Boss before and they were amazing!! Wide Mouth Mason put on an awesome show as always, it was good seeing so many people out to this event. Good work Anna-Marie Bueno, you're awesome!!

Anna-Marie Bueno
Social Coordinator
ai_vi@msn.com

Report #2. What to say...what to say? Okay, I'll admit: previous report = lengthy (as pointed out by the mathematically inclined who prefers to look at numbers and equations). When possible, I will provide in square brackets, like these [ ], expressions in a mathematical form to cater towards this particular person and anyone else who doesn't like my rambling. The truth is that I did realize that my report was rather long. [My previous exec report = 500+ words] I even thought I beat everyone with the length but Dan Yokom with that Science Week insert?? Bow down. [$W_{Dan} >> W_{Anna\text{-}Marie}$ where W is the word count] Dan's too good. Speaking of which, mad props to Yokom for his amazing job with Science Week. Yay Dan. [Science Week + Dan = Thumbs up] Props also to everyone else who had a hand in making SW possible and all Science students that took part in it one way or another.

Cold Fusion hullabaloo! Where do I even begin?? Cold Fusion certainly fulfilled its duty as a closing ceremony for Science Week. There was a great turn-out with tickets nearly selling-out. If you couldn't make it, you missed out on an amazing display of talent from Exithiside followed by Stabilo Boss and of course, our headliners, Wide Mouth Mason. By the end of the night the crowd ran through 8 kegs and left feeling pretty damned satisfied. Of course, for volunteers, the night was not over – ahead of them lay the daunting task of cleaning up and taking down equipment. But everyone was so quick and efficient that the expected marathon clean-up was done in no time at all. We even had time to party it up in the Pit which was great for me...because I like to get my groove on. It looks like all the hard work paid off y'all. Thanks to all the volunteers who put in so much time and effort to make this happen. Special 'thank you' goes out to Kat Scotton who has helped me so much. I just cannot thank you enough. We did it y'all. Thank you. I love y'all...what else is new huh?

Well, believe it or not, to follow up Cold Fusion, we've got another bzzr garden in the works planned for February 28 which is the Friday we get back from reading break. While it won't be as big as Cold Fusion, there's a good chance we might get a live band or two. Like I said last time, expect great things. [I gave up on the square brackets thing. This just isn't going to work out.]

P.S.

Shout outs to: Serena who has kept me sane throughout these weeks of pure insanity; Kristin F. who supported me despite all the other important things going on, and EVERYONE ELSE who loves me despite my crazy ways. Last but not least, SUS exec and council, you guys and girls are an awesome team and support system, keep it up!!!!!

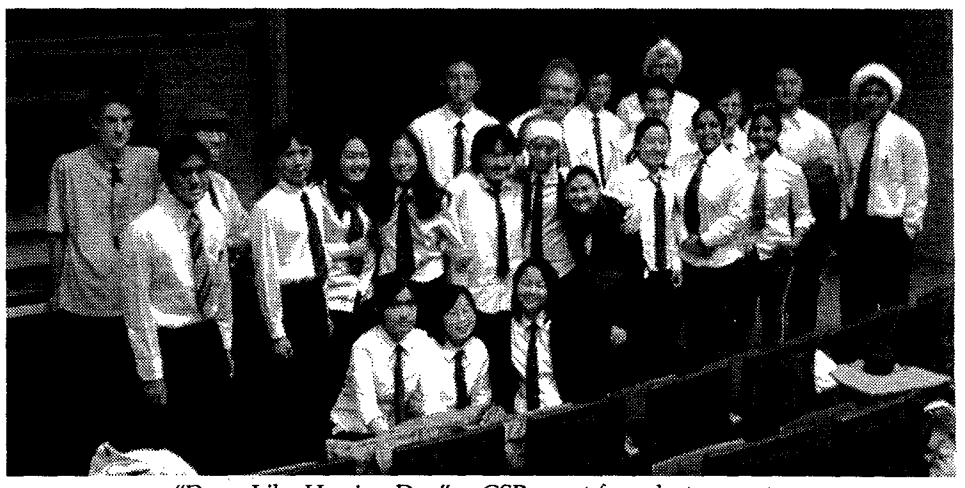
Sameer Wahid
Public Relations
wahid@interchange.ubc.ca

Well, my fifth and last Science Week and Cold Fusion have come to an end. Thanks go out to everyone who helped - you've made it a memorable one! Jello Wrestling was quite fun (and very cold!), and this year's Cold Fusion was another great success! On the grad front, the Grad Class Council is now accepting suggestions for the 2003 Grad Gift - go to http://www.ams.ubc.ca/gcc for details. Only two more months of classes!

CSP Alive and Kickin'

Joses Jain
CSP President

This year, CSP is no longer just about "unique opportunities" and 'integrated learning styles." This particular group has proven that their spirit for the program exists, and it isn't about to die down. The unity and dedication that we have is clear from the enthusiasm in our CSP adventures - Dressing like the popular Dr. Herring, re-decorating a certain "sacred object" of a rowdy faculty, and overcoming the wonderful scenes from the "Fatal Attraction" incident, to list a few. I'm sure Science One kids have their quaint little adventures. I'm sure the General Science kids have their wonderful adventures as well. None of them will ever come close to the satisfaction of a CSP adventure. Years from now, when your kids are registering for first year Science at UBC, tell them to join CSP. Not just because of the Standard Timetable, oh no . . . but because they just might have some fun.



"Dress Like Herring Day", a CSP event from last semester

Write for us. Please.

The Next Deadline is February 19th at 4:32pm.

U-Pass Referendum
February 10 - 14, 2003.

A Day in the Life of Japan: Kracked

Jo Krack

Frozen Foreigner

I have received a few requests to give a "Typical Day in Japan" account, so here goes, and remember: YOU asked for it! (Well, some of you did, anyway. The rest of you should be emailing me at gimmekrack@hotmail.com.)

I am awakened at 8:00 AM by the sound of a loudspeaker blaring a jingle at break-your-eardrums volume. If the jingle is sung in a little girl's voice, then I know it's the gas company. If not, it could be a politician's message, an advertisement for used motorcycles, or a sweet potato vendor. Whatever it turns out to be, it's loud and unrelenting, and I can't get back to sleep.

Breakfast: cereal is too expensive, so I usually buy stuff I can toast. This is a rather broad category. It includes mochi (remember that rice paste stuff I told you about a few issues back?), which puffs up like marshmallow when you toast it. Then you eat it with soy sauce. Mmmm.

I then walk five minutes to school, passing by a gas station on the way. The gas station boys wave at me, and sometimes shout out comments about the weather. It's taken over three months for them to become this bold, and I appreciate the community feeling. I hike the 133 stairs to the main entrance. I do this hike alone; most of the other girls at this school wear stilettos, and they totter to the elevator instead.

I spend a few hours in class trying to learn Japanese. I learn how to say "I stepped in a puddle." I'm making progress. After class, I go to the computer lab to check my email, retreating into my refuge of English. I usually bump into a few Japanese friends and chat for awhile. Occasionally forgetting that we are speaking Japanese, I will use an English word when I can't find the Japanese one, and they will look at me blankly. An elaborate mime usually follows, until we're both ready to pretend we understand each other and move on.

I go home to make lunch, since the shokudo (cafeteria) is a little expensive. My fellow students are impressed that I cook for myself; although they are in their early twenties, most of them still have their mothers making their lunches. Those that live alone receive a food allowance instead. Either way, I seem to be the only one doing any cooking; and my cooking is still quite experimental. I buy mainly vegetables and sauces whose labels I can't read, and then cut up the veggies and stir-fry them in the sauces. Sometimes I toss in rice and an egg, or maybe tofu. Fortunately, it usually turns out edible. I used to use olive oil, but it keeps freezing in its bottle (yes, my apartment is THAT cold), and I'm too lazy to keep thawing it out every time I want to use it.

I then go and run errands. Sometimes I walk past Kinki Bank, and laugh. If only I were with another English speaker, we could be making all sorts of innuendos about "deposits" and "withdrawals" . . . siiigh. As I go on my way, I usually see middle-aged and elderly women zoom past me on bicycles. None of them wear helmets, yet most of them wear oven mitts to protect their hands from getting tanned! Plus there is no such thing as "cycle wear" here. Everyone just wears their street clothes when they cycle, since they're using bicycles for transportation rather than exercise or enjoyment. Lots of women cycle in skirts. I've never seen THAT in Vancouver!

If it's the weekend, I usually try to go out somewhere. I usually end up doing this with the other exchange student from Vancouver; for some reason, the two of us always get invited to the same places. Anyway, we take the train downtown. I am shocked to see a Japanese man with a goatee. There is a serious lack of facial hair here, so it always surprises me to see some. Since they stand out, Japanese men with goatees (I've only seen two) tend to look like evil guys from alternate universes.

When we reach downtown, my friend and I meet up with our Japanese friends, who are all dressed better than we are. But we're foreigners, so we can sort of get away with not spending three hours getting ready. We go to a restaurant, where I order spaghetti and then discover tiny chopped-up octopus tentacles in the sauce. It's actually really delicious.

Next we go to a nightclub. It turns out to be a hip-hop place. You haven't seen funny until you've seen five-foot-tall Japanese boys dressed in baggy clothes and posing all tough. We dance for awhile. My friend and I attract a small group of Japanese kids who are interested in the foreigners. They start "joining in" by dancing exactly like us. It's as if we've spawned a line dance of some sort! My friend takes control of the situation by slowly leading the group into doing the "Head and Shoulders, Knees and Toes" dance. They are quite good students and are soon good enough to be on Sesame Street. I laugh until I'm doubled over.

Finally, we take the train home. I stare down the drunk and curious middle-aged men who are staring at me. As soon as I get home, I plug in my electric blanket so that in my freezing apartment at least my bed will be a snug little haven.

And there you have it. Sounds like the good life, doesn't it? And to think that it could be YOU on this exchange program next year (er, if you're female — sorry guys!). Questions? You know how to reach me!

Random Black Bar

SCIENCE U B C

NOMINATION FORM FOR THE

Science Undergraduate Society
2003 Executive Elections

Name of Candidate: _____

Year: _____ Department: _____

Email Address: _____

Telephone: _____ Student #: _____

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 _____ for the above for the position of _____.

	NAME (PRINT)	SIGNATURE	STD.#
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Deadline for nominations is Friday, February 14 @ 4:32 pm in LSK 202.
A mandatory-attendance all-candidates meeting will be held February 14 @ 4:32 in SUS
Questions? Contact Sameer Wahid in SUS or at wahid@interchange.ubc.ca.