

In this issue:

Farewell to Rex!

ACF Bzzr Coupons!

Pool Winners!

and so much more...

"Truth is beautiful, without doubt; but so are lies."

--Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

Imperial Troops Take Over American Senate

Centre of the free world falls to yet another evil empire.

Washington, REUTERS

The unannounced arrival of Imperial assault troops disrupted the 369th sitting of the U.S. Senate last Thursday, interrupting the discussion in progress. Many of the senators died in the first few minutes, mostly by being trampled in the furious rush to escape. Troops clad in heavy Stormtrooper armor quickly rounded up the survivors. "On your knees, Rebel scum!" warned Lt. Kassar, who punctuated his remarks by firing off several rounds of blaster fire into the chamber's roof.

Outside, on the Capital Mall, TIE bombers could be seen strafing unarmed civilians, while armored AT-ST walkers secured both the Smithsonian and the National Air and Space Museum. "We needed the tactical advantage found in these two historic buildings, as they provide a remarkable platform to install our anti-ship weaponry," remarked Corporal Tarkin. "Plus, the guys really, really wanted to see the dinosaurs exhibit."

It is believed that this morning's assault marks the culmination of the Imperial takeover of the United States, which began with the destruction of the American breadbasket. "As an added bonus, we managed to take out those bothersome Bible Belt characters when we

bombarded the site from orbit," commented Planetary Assault Director Admiral Mott. "Now, if only we'd thought about obliterating Hollywood during those first strikes, we wouldn't be having such negative media about this whole 'Planetary Takeover' thing."

Meanwhile, back in Washington, the Empire was quick to install a new provisional government, headed by Senator Palpatine (R. Wash.). The senator addressed the press from the smoldering remains of the White House. "Do not be too proud of this architectural terror which you had created. This was but a test of our fully armed and operational Death Star," declared Palpatine. "Just as the Canadians did in the war of 1812, we have chosen to destroy this symbol of false Republic pride. Besides which," he added "You guys got off easy. We usually blow up entire planets when we want to see if our guns work."

Brigadier General Swarcoszki was 'disappointed' in the American public reaction to the armed coup. "Did they think we called the project 'Star Wars' for an unrelated reason? Leno and Letterman have been making cracks about our project for years. They have since been declared enemies of state and will be rounded up as soon as possible, along with all actors, lawyers, and arms merchants.

The provisional government has set about to ruling its new territories with an iron hand. The entire populace of the states of Washington, Virginia, and Rhode Island have been sent to toil in the Empire's new cesium mines. Further, all the oil in Texas has been appropriated for the manufacture of white plastic Stormtrooper armor. Meanwhile, most of the arable land on the West Coast has been co-opted to feed the troops conscripted from select members of the Republic's citizenry. "The average American citizen makes a great Stormtrooper. They require little to no training, have extensive firearms experience and tend to shoot anything that moves," commented Grand Moff Muardon. "What, you think we bother training our front-line troops? Why do you think they couldn't hit the broad side of an Imperial Star Destroyer? Strength in numbers, that's the ticket."

United Nations response to this turn of events has been mixed. Many of the Middle Eastern nations were pleased to see the demise of "the Great Satan", though Israel was remarkably disappointed about the loss of such a valuable ally.

"Without the American Republic, we are forced to rely on bad Eastern European versions of popular American firearms," said

Israeli Minister of Defense Yehiel Lukovitch. "Do you have any idea how badly made these things are? You can't go fifty mile in the desert without having to clear sand out of the firing barrel. The Americans, they knew how to build the killing machine."

The British, Dutch, and French representatives were of a different opinion. "Naturally, we're in favour of empires, having been empires ourselves at one point in our collective histories," reported Jean-Paul Ganier, representative from France. His British counterpart, William Blake, expressed relief, however, that the United Kingdom severed imperial ties with America so long ago. "Or else, we might be next! God save the Queen before those Americans."

Other nations disagree with this view. "We deplore this action taken by the mighty Imperial Armada," remarked Secretary General Abdul Khadafi. "The wholesale slaughter of this once-great nation is both inappropriate and inconvenient. For God's sakes, they owed us money!" This sentiment was echoed by both the German and Japanese representatives.

There is no word on the fate of Bill Clinton, American President, but it is suspected that he was caught in the blast that destroyed the White House.

ARTS COUNTY FAIR

ARTSCOUNTYFAIR 9



FREE BZZR!

this coupon good for

ONE FREE BZZR

You must have valid ID and be of legal drinking age. Limit one coupon per visit. Drink responsibly. Presented by the UBC Arts Undergraduate Society.

NDP Declares New Five Year Plan

Victoria, BC

Facing imminent defeat in the upcoming provincial election, the NDP government took the only democratic option it could take to guarantee its hold of power. It passed Bill C-74, labeled by the media as 'Hitler-gate', which, in effect, gives them full dictatorial powers over all land, water and people of the Province of British Columbia for the next five years.

Chancellor Ujjal Dosanjh has declared that from now on, "Liberalism is punishable by death," and that any actions taken that are "contrary to the NDP ideals" shall be swiftly eradicated to prevent the corruption of the young. "You must understand that this is why the CUPE strike ended so quickly. With the union standard in place in all BC school, the leaders of tomorrow are protected from any kind of evil capitalist ideology. All post-secondary institutes are next, but we expect no opposition," said Minister of Education and History Paul Ramsey in a press release.

The 432 attempted to Gordon Campbell at his riding office, but his secretary, in an unusually gruff and masculine voice, told us that "he has finally realized

the error of his Liberal ways and unavailable for Liberal comment at this time." Reporters were further told that the entire Liberal party caucus had relocated to the central interior of the province, for a week-end 're-education and fishing trip', and they would be available for comment when the process was complete.

Word on the street was subdued. "I'd rather not say anything against that new government, you know?" said Pamela Smyth, underemployed philosophy major. "It's like, you know, when the moth lands on the candle. It has wings to fly, but it only succeeds in ceasing its mortal struggle."

The summer will prove profitable to the NDP, as there are over half a dozen illegal immigrant ships due in from the eastern Asian coast. "We expect that these new Canadians will enjoy their lives in a socialist land, quite similar to the one they have just left," said Gordon Wilson, new Minister of Immigration and National Defense. "With the many unique peoples of this land, such as the First Nations and those from Abbotsford, we will all move forward to that glorious day when Canada will ring with our ideology. We shall prevail."

The 432.

VOLUME THIRTEEN

ISSUE THIRTEEN

05 APRIL 2000

Editor

Bree Baxter

bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca

Assistant Editors

Harold the Alien

Area51@interchange.ubc.ca

Dan the Anderson

Jay the Garcia

Andy the Martin

Printed by

College Printers, Vancouver, BC

Contributors

Bree Baxter

Timothy Chan

Jag Dost

Jay Garcia

Ian Hyatt

Joanna Karaplis

Jake McKinlay

Trevor Presley

Ajay Puri

Andy Martin

Adam Mott

Myk

Andrew Tinka

Sherry Yang

Legal Information

The 432 is published very regularly 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.

All blackmail information contained herein is strictly factual, and is in no way to be confused with the blackmail information contained therein.

We'll be back at the start of the new school year. For all of you who passed that Math class, we will be seeing you again. If you do fail out, I'll see you after you get back from that year at Langara. Those nasty math TA's. Maybe they like T&A...

I love you, you love me, we're one big happy family. Knick knock, paddy-wack, give a dog a bone, this old man went rolling home.

Monopoly Money for All!



Trevor Presley

Mac and Cheese

Who wants to be a millionaire? Me. I decided recently that I'm going to amass a small fortune in the near future and enjoy all the rewards and toys that money can buy. Now I know what you are thinking, "Hey Trevor, you idiot, who doesn't want to be rich?" Communists. All what they want to do is "share" and kill everybody. Now unlike many dreamers, I have a concrete plan to get rich. I plan to get really, really, really, lucky. Now there are several ways to come into a large sum of money quickly:

Win the Lottery: Now as I have found out recently, winning a large sum of money is no easy task. It always involves astronomical odds and uses up all your Karma for your next six lifetimes. Luckily the lottery provides a sure-fire way to get rich, as long as you are the government. The rest of us buy the "Lucky Dip 6-49 with the super extra" ticket or the new scratch and win game "Scratch and Cry". Your chance of winning this contest is about 14 million to one. To put things in perspective, this is the same chance I have of marrying Cindy Crawford, curing cancer and being the first man to land on Mars, all in the same day. This isn't going to happen, I have the restrain-

ing order to prove it.

Being a winner on "So who wants to be a Millionaire?" Now watching this show, you might think you have a chance to win the big prize; think again. Regis always starts the contestants off with easy questions like, "What colour are Oranges?" and they win \$100.00. However, as soon as they start getting into the serious money, questions like, "What was the name of Custard's horse at the Battle of Little Big Horn?" make their appearance. The desperate contestants then use their lifelines to phone retarded relatives who couldn't name their own state capital, let alone answer, "What was Richard Nixon's favorite brand of lingerie?" Fat chance of winning any money there.

Robbing a Bank: As we all know, banks have billions and billions of dollars. If you try the popular method of standing in line for a month and then withdrawing money from your account, you'll never get any serious money from the banks. However, show up wearing a Balaclava while carrying a machine gun, and you are in a position to make a serious withdrawal. Throw a couple of hand grenades around and rough up the pudgy bank manager and Poof! No more student loan! The only downside is the ensuing police chase where they discover your machine gun is plastic and has "A-team" written on the side of it. As the news cameras close in on you and all your ex-

girlfriends cheer on the police to use "maximum force", your mom sits crying at home wondering if she should have made you eat more Brussels Sprouts. You are technically "rich" for about 18 minutes until you get killed in a hail of police gunfire. Well at least the survival of the Canada Pension Plan is now less of a worry for you.

Founding a Successful Internet company: It seems everytime you turn around, there is some smiling 21 year old who has just made his first million with his internet start-up company: I Bet You Wish You Didn't Beat Me Up In Highschool.com. Try as I might, I can't find any way to make money with the Internet. I have the computer savvy of my Mom and the mouse clicking ability of a goldfish. Unless someone wants to pay to watch me clip my toenails or eat cheese bread on my couch via an Internet camera, I'm never going to make a dime from Bill Gates's infernal invention. Maybe I'll found my own Internet start-up company; You May Be Rich But I Still Gave You A Weggie In Grade 10 Gym Class.com.

Ah, Trevor. Apparently the RCMP knows all about your plans to rob the MmmBanx at Hastings and Burrard on April 6th, just as Moist takes the stage at Thunderbird Stadium. You, driving standard. Them, in flashing blue and white cars. \$30 on them.

-ed.

It's All Good. And It's All Over.



Bree Baxter

Benevolent Dictator

The very last issue of Volume 13 is on the way to the production block, and only a small tear slides down my cheek. Not that slaving away on this fair rag hasn't been a barrel of laughs, but even good things must come to an end. As this is my last chance to influence you unduly through my editorial space, I shall begin thusly:

Blame Canada

Robin Williams sang 'Blame Canada' at this year's Oscars. He was joined by full ensemble cast (presumably from South Park) and by a line of high-kicking Dancing Mounties. It was the funniest thing that happened all night, Angelina Jolie's freaky acceptance speech aside. Americans cannot figure why we Canadians don't get riled up by the mockage of all things Canadian. I'll tell you why: We are not uptight, flag-waving paranoid patriots. We're damn sexy. Can you imagine a line of high-kicking CIA agents? I can, but it always ends by the CIA storming the hall and killing Robin Williams in a hail of gunfire. Ok, so it's not all bad.

Weather

I shall leave the main weather dissertation to Jay Garcia on the past page. However, I shall say this: Holy Saint Theresa, it's nice outside! Skip your 11:30 class and sleep on the grass.

AMS

AMS Council was fun, the last time we had it. For once, the meeting didn't last more than two hours, and the very last motion on the agenda involved the fountain upstairs. Did you know that those fountains can shoot up to twelve feet in the air?

As well, the AMS is... no, it does... Well, you can get a job if you go and beg at Joblinks. They have this deal with McDick's so that

there will be a guaranteed 50 spots for UBC students as fry cooks.

Great Balls of Executive Fire!

For all the people who have been bitching all year about how SUS doesn't do anything or how no one in the office listens to students, I say this: Nyah nyah. The exec for this year for this fair society has seven of the same exec as last year. What does this mean? Nothing is going to change.

However, if you need to blackmail the exec, here are some facts on the exec: Jag (Finance) likes to swim naked in the outdoor pool after 2am on Thursday nights, Reka (Internal VP) is a little "too fond" of PVC, Sara (Sports) has a tattoo of the New Kids on the Block on her left shoulder, Tim (Senate) is a Dr. Dre groupie, Keri (President) sleeps with a Furby, Adam (PRO) often is spotted in the Chameleon Lounge, Katharine (Soco) is only seven years old, Sherry (Secretary) is minion of an evil empire, and Ajay (External VP) is a porn-star in training.

Meanwhile, I'm perfect.

Old, White and Straight

No matter what I think about the Ubyssesey, no matter what arguments I have with their politics or their coverage of Storm the Wall, I have to agree with one thing: They are fucking funny when they want to be. The Old, White and Strait that they produced for April 1st was the funniest spoof issue they have done in years. The colours! The ads! The fonts! I love it all. We had a girl (Not to name names, but her initials are K.G.) who was on page four before she started to wonder why her roommate's phone number was in the Strait. Guys (and I use that in the gender-neutral way, of course), we here at *the 432* salute you.

And to Nick the guy who was shooting up on the front page: Nick, if you need some help, I know a place. Call me.

Underground

Wow. The *Underground* is turning over their

editor again. From Karen to Owen. Owen, I didn't know you had a body quite like that. Nice. Will you be wearing that to the next AUS Council meeting? Notice how there are no "do it again and we'll retaliate" lines in this editorial. Why? Because, quite honestly, it's been done. Just stop it.

Karen said that our paper looks like toilet paper in comparison to theirs. Hmm. I will admit that we are produced twice as often as them, making us more available. We have a higher quality of paper and of content, making the wiping process much more enjoyable. We are double purpose, as one can enjoy a good read before getting up to go. Lastly, we do not use an expensive colour run just to hide the lack-o'-content from the reader. The colour ink leeches into your skin and will cause colon cancer.

End of Rex

Really. Not for pretend. Rex is finished. It's a disturbing Kafkaesque finale from our Jake.

On the up-side, we have Rex Morgann T-shirts for only \$10 in SUS! Wear your favorite cartoon pre-med hero on your chest forever!

Love you all,

Any reviewer who expresses rage and loathing for a novel is preposterous. He or she is like a person who has put on full armor and attacked a hot fudge sundae.

-Kurt Vonnegut.

Dumb Assed Contest #10

There are 43 street lamps on Main Mall between Thunderbird Boulevard and University Boulevard. Congratulations to Joanne Chong!

Joanne wins a Rex Morgann T-shirt and a brand new Science Bzzr Mug! Just in time for ACF! That's it for this year, see you next time!

The 432 presents: War of the Nerds.

Ian Hyatt responds to Myk's article from issue 11...

And Myk responds to Ian's article on the left side of the page.

Linux Not As Sexy As Windows ???

Ian Hyatt

Ninja Killer?

Some people would have you believe that "Linux == sexy". These people are living in a dream world. Theirs is a world in which staying in on Friday and Saturday nights and spending the entire night playing with Linux makes you cool.

As anyone who has taken a class in human evolution knows being stronger and smarter doesn't necessarily guarantee the procreation of your genes. Homo Neanderthal was stronger and had a larger brain (indicative of greater intelligence) than our ancestor Homo Sapiens. The Neanderthals obviously didn't become the dominant species. How can this be explained? Well current theories hypothesize that it had a lot to do with habits. Homo Sapiens developed habits, which made them "fitter" in the evolutionary sense than the stronger, smarter Homo Neanderthals. In some sense, luck factored in on our side. One thing is for certain in our "real world", you don't get lucky staying home Friday and Saturday nights playing with Linux.

The people living in this dream world might try and convince you that running Linux is sexy because it is "like driving standard". What they won't tell you is that unless you spend all your Friday and Saturday nights setting it up for a month, this "standard" will seem like a 1964 pinto with rusted out panels, no clutch, the distinct smell of moldy upholstery, and an AM radio with no antenna.

The truth of the matter is that in general windows is better than Linux, contrary to what a lot of Linux-biased, close minded people would have you believe. People might argue that Linux has free software but if you are smart enough to set up Linux then you are smart enough to get all the windows software you need for free too. They might argue that Linux has all the source code for its operating system freely available and that they could modify it. Well, this is analogous to your car manufacturer giving you the engineering specs on your car and its engine and then you claiming that you could change your car from a gas based propulsion system to a propane-based system. No one, at least no one who isn't a professional mechanic or who is willing to devote vast quantities of time, is going to attempt such a feat.

Windows hasn't always been as reliable as it is today; this is in part how it gets such a bad rap. Windows has always been a processor and memory hog. This might at first appear to

be a bad thing but in reality this has been a good thing. How could Windows being a memory and processor hog be a good thing, you ask? The answer lies in simple economics. Since Windows is a resource hog, people demand more resources. The demand for these resources fuels the economy and directly influences how much money is spent on the research and development related to processors and memory. The rapid technological advancement of computer hardware has in fact been driven by the intense demands of Windows, and this hardware is what today allows us to make kick-ass animated movies and low-cost, high-speed special effects. Being fast isn't always a good thing.

Setting up and configuring Windows to run well is a feat in itself. Being sexy depends not on which operating system you use, but rather on how you use it.

Babes will understand when you open Internet Explorer on your Windows 2000 machine and are able to find the best club in town and get directions without having your browser crash or experiencing the ineptitude of a useless wheel on your wheel mouse that you are the man, unlike, the guy who is at home playing with his Linux box, hopelessly stalled without directions because his Netscape browser kept crashing. Said friend, incidentally, is also becoming near-sighted from reading the incredibly small fonts that come with the Linux version of Netscape. They might not understand that you could run a webserver, mail server, fileserver, and news server on your windows machine and could care less that it requires a machine that is less than 5 years old. They will understand that you don't run all these servers because you have better things to do on Friday and Saturday nights. You won't have to tell them how cool your weekend was because you will have been with them and they will know what you were up to at 4am on Saturday morning. Sexiness isn't defined by your operating system's performance. (No, sexiness is defined by how many times your name appears in the 432. -ed.)

In the end who is more sexy? The guy who partied all night with the babes or the guy who sat at home and setup LICQ (LINUX ICQ) and sent the babes a spoofed message that looks like it was sent from Linus Torvalds (LINUX CREATOR)?

There is no spoon. And the guy who partied is sexier! Message spoofing, pshaw that is so script-kiddy.

O-kaay. I'm assuming that this is a Comp Sci thing, but I do know that most people (myself included) have no idea what that last paragraph means. Matrix, anyone?

-ed.

Myk

Stubborn Bastard

We were doing fine until you came along. In 1998 the Internet exploded in popularity and became Mainstream after 25 years of being the exclusive domain of the military, then the universities, and then us, the geeks. That means that that average Joe Splebobavitch now has access to the 'net in all of it's raw, unmoderated glory. This is great, this is wonderful, you think, now children will be able to communicate with children around the globe and increase understanding and peace. They will grow up into a new caring, accepting generation. People will be pulled away from the TV in favour of a medium that promotes reading and interacting instead of staring and drooling at the lowest-common-denominator crap that is passed off as TV programming. I agree with all this, the Internet can be used as an effective and productive educational and communicative medium, however, the statistics always mess us up. That damn bell curve. It is because of the ignorant people at the top and left-of-top that I now feel it is necessary to dispel a few beliefs that are completely incorrect, yet generally held among the ignorant. Read on, and join the ranks of the enlightened.

Myth # 1: The Internet is the Web.

This is a common one. A: "Where did you find that information?" B: "Oh, on the Internet!" A: "Really, where? Newsgroups? IRC? An ftp site? A telnet BBS? Did someone ICQ you? Or did you find it on the Web?" B: "Huh? Too many acronyms! I'm stoopit!" Well, yes you are. But you don't have to be. The World Wide Web is accessed through the Internet. The Internet is the medium through which your web browser (Netscape, Opera, Lynx) accesses Web sites. That's what the http:// used to mean before marketers decided that too many colons and slashes confused mindless consumers and they cut it down to www.whatever. Now even that's too complicated and everyone uses the term "dot-coms". Stop the stupidity! There is a lot more to the Internet than the Web!

Myth # 2: You are cool if you run Microsoft operating systems.

Due to the illegal monopoly Microsoft holds on the consumer software and operating system market, this myth has been perpetuated for years, and can be easily defeated by stating several examples of Microsoft alternatives that have had small amounts of press recently, namely Linux, FreeBSD, and BeOS. If you want to be a cool network hacker, run BSD. If you want to be a cool multimedia hacker, run BeOS. If you want to be cool in the realm of the power-user, run Linux. If you want to give your computer a straight-jacket and a lobotomy, run Windows.

Opponents use phallic metaphors and state that the skill of use precedes power, ("it's not how big it is, it's how ya use it,") but to extend the metaphor in this context, the rebuttal is along the lines of: deficiency in power hinders any difference skill would make. (i.e., "If you've only got three inches, it doesn't matter how well ya use it.") You cannot be cool running Microsoft operating systems, because you don't start with enough... power.

Myth # 3: It matters how much [MHz, RAM, Hard drive space, etc] you have.

It used to matter what kind of computer you had, back when only the technologically elite

knew what was inside their boxes, but now the story is a little different. I frequently hear my male peers brag about how much hard drive space they have, how much RAM they just bought, or how fast their video card can display downloaded porn. (Heh heh, you said RAM -ed.) I hear people talking about computers as if they were cars or stereos, things that, if you put enough money into them, could be used to pick up easily-impressed women at the Pit on Wednesdays. Times have changed, though, with the advent of the Internet, and the crumbling of the Microsoft empire: the importance has shifted from material items and appearance to what is inside your mind, and you use that multiple megahertz \$2000 box of yours. Having a PIII/900/128 doesn't matter at all, if you've lobotomized it with Windows 98, and all you know how to do is start up your web browser and go to www.nekkid.com. You are Biff. Stop being stupid!

Myth # 4: You need a Hotmail account.

This one's easy. Were people really so easily influenced by the inane Microsoft advertising blitzkrieg last year? I remember waiting for the '99 and reading the bus shelter ads and thinking "what university student would fall for this advertising that is blatantly aimed at moron 15 year olds." Many of you, apparently! Hotmail is insecure (despite their claims,) slow, counterintuitive, and anti-productive. You do not need a web interface to your email. Telnet or ssh to interchange.ubc.ca and access your UBC Interchange account! Do you think h0tguy31337@hotmail.com is an email address that garners respect as a university undergraduate? Would you put it on your resume? I thought not. "But it's so easy! I can access my email from the Web, from anywhere!" Stop being stupid and quoting back the advertising you fell for! You can access your Interchange account from anywhere, too! If you desperately need webmail, because you are illiterate or eleven, at least consider some of the more secure, fast, and private alternatives.

Myth # 5: Forwarded email is cool.

Forwarded email is not cool. I've read that dirty joke, I've seen that juvenile "isn't-this-naughty-tee-hee-hee" pseudo-porn. Adding my name and location to a list at the bottom of the email is not going to help anyone, anywhere, and just wastes bandwidth and quota, and encourages complacency. Yes, even if it's called a "petition." The story you believe to be true and are now blindly sending me was made up by a hormonal 13 year old. No one is going to give me money for forwarding this email to everyone "on my list." My hard drive can not be erased by opening an email (unless I'm stupid enough to run Outlook.) I don't care about your friend's party! No, that's not a good deal, it's a pyramid scam! No, you can't make a net profit just by surfing the web, despite what alladvantage.com has convinced you. That news story is incorrect, the Darwin awards are over, and you would look a lot more intelligent if you included a reference or two in that piece of information. Think before you forward email. Check your CC: list. Use BCC: if the CC: list is longer than 5 entries. Stop acting stupid, because you're not.

Thank you. I appreciate every effort you make to eliminate ignorance in the realm of technology, as it becomes more and more mainstream.

Thanks Myk. You've confused each and every one of my readers. Not bad.

-ed.

The Guide

Watch for the SUS summer mailout, containing a user's manual for SUS, info on the 432 and Paradigm, and the ever-famous Science Teaching Statistics! Mailed out to you, the returning UBC Science Student, during the summer.

Coming soon to a mailbox near you

Fulfill your Dream of becoming a Doctor

Achieve your dream in health care as a Doctor of Chiropractic

Med school prerequisites can be brutal. But as Hippocrates was overheard to say "Often there's a better way to fulfill a dream." Yes, there is another choice in your quest for a health care career. It is **chiropractic**. Here's why:

Scientifically-based chiropractic is...

- a revolutionary and **path-breaking approach to health care**
- an accepted **scientific, evidence-based approach to patient care**
- rated in the **top 25% of America's best occupations with the fastest increase in annual income**
- projected as a profession where employment opportunity is "**expected to increase rapidly and job prospects should be good**"



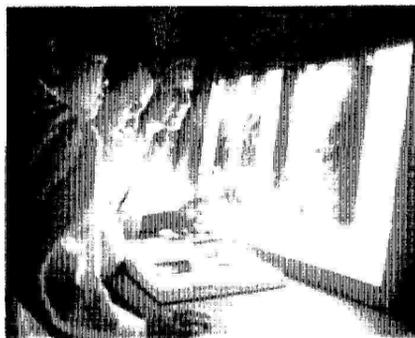
Choose Los Angeles College of Chiropractic

Los Angeles College of Chiropractic (LACC) is the North American leader in chiropractic education.

Here's why:

LACC is...

- the **leader in chiropractic scientifically-based and evidence-based approach** to patient care
- a leader in chiropractic programs of **sports medicine** with emphasis in **sports injuries, nutrition, radiology, pediatrics and pain management**
- located near one of the world's most important urban centers, yet offers **a peaceful and intimate suburban college environment**
- the **only chiropractic college** accredited by the **Western Association of Schools and Colleges**. (WASC) Founded in 1911, LACC has a long and proven tradition of excellence



LOS ANGELES
College of Chiropractic



16200 E. Amber Valley Dr.
P.O. Box 1160
Whittier, CA 90609-1166

4 ways to learn more about LACC:

1. Call us: **1-800-221-5222** (ext. 417)
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



At LACC you will...

- participate in our renowned **ADVANTAGE Program**, that provides **problem-oriented, competency-based, and patient-centered curriculum**
- work with faculty and leading medical schools on **research projects funded by the U.S. Federal Government** on the West Coast
- become a **Doctor of Chiropractic (DC)** and fulfill your dream of a career in health care



Your Future is in Your Hands

Canadian tuition discount available



CONGRATULATIONS TO TRISTAN WINCH, MATTHEW TRASK, YIN PING CHANG AND POOF NORTON WHO HAD THEIR NAMES USED AS SOUND EFFECTS IN THIS VERY LAST REX EPISODE (nobody named Pat entered the contest). POOF AND YIN DON'T GET MUCH MORE THAN THAT BUT TRISTAN AND MATTHEW CAN COME INTO CHEM B160 TO PICK UP A NEW REX MORGANN T-SHIRT! THANKS TO EVERYONE WHO ENTERED THE CONTEST. IF YOU ENJOYED REX MORGANN WOULD BE INTERESTED IN PURCHASING A REASONABLY PRICED COMPILATION OF ALL THE EPISODES PLEASE WRITE TO verylastrex@yahoo.com. WITHOUT A STRONG READERSHIP THE ANTHOLOGY MIGHT NEVER GO THROUGH SO PLEASE WRITE NOW

On the Third Month, He Rose Again



Andy Martin

Land Lubber

Well hi everybody! I just flew in from Alaska, and boy, are my arms tired. Tired from punching the American in the plane seat next to me everytime he started a lengthy discussion about his cats. Damn Americans. That, and many other short, bitter, unintelligent, yet highly entertaining rants about my three months working on fishing boats, isolated from the things I hold dear (i.e. beer, breasts, and Celtic music) await you in this hastily constructed pseudo-editorial. Recap: For 90 days, I was a National Marine Fisheries Observer (yup, I'm a card carrying NMFO) on the cold waters of the Bering Sea.

Damn Americans: The stereotype that we Canadians hold of the average American is that they are selfish, violent bastards whose kids spend recess using each other for target prac-

tice. And working with 22 of them in close confines for a long period I have come to a new perspective of my American brothers, I have come to conclude that they're ugly too.

Prison, with a Chance of Sinking: Communal living. Shared bedrooms and one bathroom for the whole crew. Opening any door was Russian roulette as to whether I would walk in on an excessively fat, excessively hairy, and excessively naked fisherman trimming his back hair.

Rockin': For the first week on the high seas, you miss two things the most. First, the state of not being on the verge of throwing up, second, the loss of leg-al control. Within 5 minutes of leaving port (Dutch Harbour, i.e. Buttfuck, U.S.A., best described as Spuzzum on an island) I lost control of my stomach and legs. Seasickness works better than any diet. There is no way you can eat for a week. I lost 15 lbs. in one week thanks to the NMFO puke-your-guts-out-hourly plan, and I'm keeping it off! Thanks NMFO!

And the legs. It was a little embarrassing when the boat rocks, everybody else stands there, unaffected, and I fly across the room to fall in a heap at the far wall. Taking a shower was an adventure and trying to keep paperwork in one place was impossible. And then, a month later, when I got back to land, I couldn't walk straight if my life depended on it. Thank God the cops in port were more concerned about murders, assaults, and other quaint little qualities of this small town.

Sodomy: ...[shudder]...

Long Distance Journalism: Unknown to the good readers, I took the time, effort and expense to fax a few articles over satellite to keep you entertained. Bree cut them. It seems she had a problem with the excessive sexism and vulgarity and that, while the norm for my environment, she deemed unacceptable for the innocent UBC population. Well, what do you expect from a chick editor? Come by and ask for these lost 432 'B-sides' and you can make your own opinion.

I Really Really REALLY Hafta' Go to ACF: Other than the complete lack of females, and all the wonders they provide to life, I have vital deficiencies of Canadian music and beer. Tho' my first days back were spent in or camped outside the bar, and I was never without my walkman blasting Canadiana, it doesn't relieve withdrawal symptoms caused by 3 months in hell. My music selection, which includes a strong Canadian core was gone, and replace by nothing but country music...all day...every day...

As for beer...no alcohol on the boat...at all...for a month. Then, when I got to port, fine Canadian beers nowhere to be found. Talking to a southerner crewmember about beer, I said that I love my beer strong, smooth, and dark. He concluded that I liked Guinness. I replied that Guinness was dark and smooth, but, at 4.5%, wasn't very strong. He replied: "What do you mean not strong? It's 4.5, Budweiser's 3.2." I thought we could share a laugh at that. Yes, ACF is a hit I've been in craving for for far too long. I am free at last. Free at last. Thank God Almighty, I am free at last!

The New Psuedo-Authority of SUS

Public Relations Officer Adam Mott

Welcome to the inaugural installment of the PRO reports, and I am sure that you are all as excited as I am. I am afraid I must admit that I really have noth-

ing to report as my job has just begun, but I am looking forward to a great year of fund-raising and service. YEAH!!!! Doesn't that sound super??? I also intend to fight the evil of all those mid-day court TV shows, as I know they have single handily ruined my academic career and I am sure that they have brought their mindlessness to many others as well. That will be all.....

External Vice Prez Ajay Puri

WOW!!!! Can you believe it, Ajay Puri has another year on the SUS council - never would have thought he could do it, right? Well you know I didn't think it would happen either, but I really did want it too! Being Social Coordinator last year totally introduced me to all the duties that the SUS plays in science students lives and it also helped me learn how "student politics" really work. I totally had fun organizing all the parties and seeing everyone having a great time at them. When my term was reaching an end, I realized that I should run for another position and in choosing so, one that would better my goals and responsibilities - that is why I chose External Vice president. This position is one that I am truly happy to be now because

my duties are more related to what I would like to do [I think =)]. My major responsibilities are to make Science Week the best "week" out there, hold a seat on AMS council enabling me to voice a science perspective to issues that affect all UBC students and to be a liaison with all the clubs, parties, organizations and all the people outside of SUS. I am really eager to start the new year off and enthusiastic that the SUS will be what it should be - a society for all science students to make sure they get their academic goals but more importantly have a good time doing it! This is a great honor and I would like to thank everyone who voted for me in the last elections, because all of you are the reason why I have the energy to do the best job that I can. I am telling you all now I AM going to continue to work my ass off to insure that everyone has fun next year and will make sure that EVERYONE will remember all the great events at Science Week!

Time Machine!

Andrew Tinka

Needs an Alarm Clock

Stupid farmers. Stupid, stupid farmers with their stupid, stupid Daylight Savings Time. It's not like I'm not stressed out already, what with end of term projects coming due and exams looming on the horizon and every other aspect of my life threatening to implode like the windshield of the Impala that was parked so unfortunately close to the building upon which me and three loaded buddies were playing Bowling Ball Toss just a few days ago. No, those stupid farmers just had to get together and screw over everybody else's schedules. I thought I had everything all under control, with just enough time between me and my deadlines to allow a strenuous, but not life-threatening, effort on my part, when all of a sudden I get an email saying "Oh by the way, don't forget it's now Daylight Savings time. So you have one less hour than you thought you had."

Don't get me wrong. I was more than happy with the Daylight Savings Time concept six months ago, when it was working in my favour. An extra hour to sleep in? Kick ass,

baby. God bless those crazy farmers. But, like many people my age, I have problems assessing the long-term consequences of things like this. A free hour now in exchange for a precious hour six months from now? Whatever. Drink beer tonight in exchange for missed deadlines tomorrow? Chugalug. Unprotected sex tonight in exchange for a paternity suit and child support payments for the next twenty years? Whoo hoo!

When you think about it, Daylight Savings time makes absolutely no sense to university students. It's exam season. It's not like we get to see any daylight as it is. From March 1st to April 30th, I'm basically a vampire. If I am awake during the day, I'm slaving indoors on some damn assignment or another. Arts County Fair is really going to be the only sunlight I see during these two months. And don't you know I'll be making the most of it. Just look for the palest, whitest guy you've ever seen, passed out in a pool of his own vomit against the pissing wall.

This is the man chosen by the Geers to head next year's NEUSpaper, my only real competition. Andrew, never change.

-ed.

Assistant Editor Wanted!

Can you spell spel speel?
Can you draw?
Do you like pizza?
Know the difference between leading
and kerning?

Interested in learning DTP? Or at least
figuring out what DTP means? Then this
job's for you!

Join the few, the proud, the incurably insane
You, too can be a 432 assistant editor! Call
Bree Baxter at 822.4325 or email her at:

bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca

Executive Secretary Sherry Yang

Hi Everyone! Thanks so much to everyone who came out and voted. You know, every little child dreams about one day becoming a SUS executive - and now, that day

has come. I want to take this chance to thank all of you - my adoring fans.... oops, wrong speech. Honestly, I muchly appreciated all the support from those of you that voted for me - I will make you proud!! ;) Can't wait to start! I hope I get the chance to see all of you some time next year! Don't relax your brain too hard over the summer - lest it become an unidentifiable lump of jelly! (not that I'm speaking from personal experience...)

Senate

Tim Chan

Hi everybody. I just wanted to say that I look forward to returning as your Science Senator in the upcoming year.

Just call me Palpatine.

How boring. Tim's a very cool guy. I'd go into it, but I'm running on severe space constraints. Rest assured, he's a power-hungry monger who will stop at nothing in his quest for supreme domination. No, wait, that's Keri, your SUS president. Oh well.

-ed.

Finance

Jag "da man" Dost

Alright. Another year has gone by. Another set of executive officers have been in the spotlight. And now it is time for that spotlight to move on to the new exec. 5 of them are the same people. I'm one of them.

So it's gone from me stepping in as temporary Director of Finance, to me being permanent Director of Finance for one entire year. You have no idea how amused I am at this turn of events.

I started this year with the intention of staying as far away from SUS as possible. The idea was to improve my grades. The result of this

was the loss of my locker in the Chem building. After that, just out of spite, I returned to my old hangout.

And here I am. In charge of your money. Again. In all seriousness, I'd like to think I did a good job these past four months. I'll do a good job this year as well.

Okay, enough seriousness. On the lighter side, I went to check out some PVC suits the other day. DAMN!!! They're really freakin' expensive. I did buy a pair of pants, though. They're really erotic and sensual. And the feel of the PVC against my skin is just indescribable. Hey, don't knock it if you haven't tried it. Mmmmm, PVC! I'll leave you with these final words. PVC. It's a privilege, not a right! And I am most definitely privileged. Mmmmm. Ahm a sexy mahn!!

Pablum for the Mind

Joanna Karaplis

Home Ec. For Dummies

Have you ever had the misfortune of eating a meal with a Food Nazi? I'm sure you have; after all, they're everywhere. For example, say you buy a sandwich, and you take a bite, and something oozes. Not good, mmm-four-kinds-of-partially-melted-cheeze ooze, but who-the-hell-put-a-slug-in-my-sub ooze. If you're like me, you'll take your sandwich apart and look for the offending source o' ooze. And if you're eating with a Food Nazi, you'll know right away: "What are you doing?" (Said in same horrified tone you'd hear if you were busy butchering a small mammal.) "Ummm... something in my sandwich doesn't taste good." "You're not going to PICK stuff OUT, are you?" "Nah, I just want to be able to describe to a doctor what gave me food poisoning."

Even so, the Food Nazi will look at you in contempt, and probably call you a wuss. According to these people's demented code, all food purchased must be eaten in its entirety. Anything which tastes bad must be conceived of as "exotic," and praised accordingly. There are no bad tastes: it's your backwards tastebuds that are wrong, not the poor week-old meatloaf! What have you got against green fuzz anyway, you anti-mold bigot?! It's like talking to a person who's extremely politically paranoid-er, I mean, correct.

Personally, I don't think lacking the ability to distinguish between yummy and yucky food is particularly enviable. After all, apparently children are born with fully functioning taste-

buds, which then begin to die off. Thus, by adulthood, those things you loathed as a child are suddenly so much tastier! Well, I hate to ruin your coming of age party, but it's because your tastebuds are dying, not because you've suddenly become so mature that you can determine how what you eat tastes.

And what's with feeling superior to pickier eaters? I had a friend who hated the taste of cheese. We all thought she was nuts- she wouldn't even eat pizza! But now, come to think of it, maybe she had something there. Perhaps cheese isn't so universally yummy. Perhaps- nah, she was just weird. CHEESE IS GOOD. Back to feeling superior to picky eaters: since when did eating become its own little religion? Did your god say "Eat everything, refuse nothing, and thou shalt be granted an Eternal Afterlife O' Joy"? And did your god add (as most seem to do): "Oh, and P.S.: try to convert as many others as possible! Remember, when you see a picky eater, they're not just frustrating you, they're frustrating the \$@*% out of me! So make 'em feel guilty, and then perhaps they'll See the Light!" Somehow I think this is the only answer that explains how someone can feel holier than thou simply because they lack the sensitivity of my tastebuds.

So let's take our example from the kids: whatever they turn their noses up at, we'll know is probably gross. And whatever they like must be ten times better than we thought. Sure, we may all end up eating a lot of hot dogs and chocolate, and perhaps cabbage and brussel sprouts will become taboo foods (only eaten by a perverted few), but won't the human race be better off in the long run?

Perhaps not, but then again, maybe people will leave me alone while I'm eating!

Visit the Webpage of 432!
www.seercom.com/432/
It's cholesterol free.

Here Comes the Sun, Little Darling...

~~~~~  
 ☺☺☺ **Jay Garcia**  
 ☺☺☺ ... and Lollypops

In a very large sense, I am grateful that no one has gotten around to perfecting a weather-control device. Horrific visions of terrorist-induced episodes of unexpected hailstorms, coastal flooding, or seeing Sean Connery in a kilt notwithstanding, the prospect of controlling the weather could well be the end of many a topical conversation-starter. We would forever lose that tactful opener "How's the weather where you are?" Or that terribly useful, if immeasurably lame icebreaker "Lovely weather we're having, isn't it?" would be as extinct as the dodo, or the passenger pigeon, or your average first year student's hopes and dreams of getting into medical school after seeing their first official transcript.

Granted, we wouldn't be hearing as much of the old "God-damn rain pissing down again, nineteenth week in a row, and I swear that I can hear Noah laughing at us." But this is Vancouver, people! The Pacific Northwest is a lush, verdant territory of towering conifers and other fine potential lumber products (endangered species habitats included, free of charge). The rain is what makes this place so frickin' great. Absence does indeed make the heart grow fonder, and the continual weeks of constant gloam, sputtering rain, and occasional outright downpour make the few instances of sun and warmth so much more welcome and worthwhile. Plus, all this moisture helps to moderate the temperature; we don't experience the agonizingly sharp shifts between extreme heat and freezing cold that, say, Toronto or New York have to endure. We have warm, but not blazing summers; none of those "fry an egg on the pavement" months here, nor any of those "hawk a loogie and watch it freeze before it hits the pavement"

winters. Nice and gentle, all the way through. That, and the sheer availability of light recreational narcotics, are the reason they call this place Lotusland.

It still strikes me as strange, though, how hopeful people get at the first sign of decent weather. It could be ten degrees Celsius; show 'em blue skies and some sun, and people will truck outside in their shorts to play Ultimate, despite the fact that they can still see their breath.

Take last Sunday, for example. After a few halting starts (most noticeably that tantalizing promise of blue skies on the previous Thursday), Vancouver experienced its first truly warm day in a long time. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and girls were wearing short skirts and sandals. Ah, the almost tangible reminder that summer is fast approaching (and damn those intervening months). There's something almost magical about a stunningly gorgeous girl in a white cotton dress who's got goosebumps all over her because she's forgotten that although it's sunny out there, it's still frickin' cold in the shade. It's still spring out there, a fact that many, many people are glossing over in favour of shorter, lighter, or significantly decreased amounts of clothing. It's like an advanced form of denial that only be performed by people who live in rain-drenched regions (I'm told by a good friend that our neighbors in Seattle suffer from much the same psychosis). It's almost as if, through sheer wishful thinking, people could influence the weather.

If most people had their way, though, they'd have it be sunny here all the freakin' time, seasons be damned. Sure, with the assurance of good weather, more people would be driving their cars with the top down (the cars, not the people... though the latter wouldn't be a bad idea, if you could get some kind of guarantee that only those who have something worthwhile to show off would be able to do so; otherwise you're traipsing into the dangerously

uncomfortable world of potentially naked, fat, sweaty people). In a similar vein, the heaviest item of clothing anyone would have to wear would be a light cotton pullover (available in Navy Blue, Beige, or Summer Green at the Gap, starting from \$47.99 and up, and guaranteed made by 100% North Korean child labour). Combine these trends with Vancouver's already infamous reputation for hedonism, and you'd have something similar to a bad Star Trek episode, where the crew beams down to the Planet of Endless Weed, populated, of course, by preternaturally healthy and good-looking people wandering around with dazed looks and not enough clothing, who then try to convince the away team to give up their endless schlepping around the universe in favour of just hanging back, smoking a really good fatty and working on their tan. That actually doesn't sound too bad...

Still, the cynical streak in my nature instantly distrusts the concept of good weather for weeks on end. It tends to create an unusual atmosphere, and I'm not talking about isobars and high pressure fronts, either. People start looking and acting like they were on TV. Take California, or Miami (please, and preferably somewhere far, far away). I spent my Christmas break in L.A. and it just confirmed my suspicion that people were not meant to live with that much sun; it does something to your head and makes you want to wear strange cotton shirts and drive fast, shiny cars. You lose all sense of practicality; life seems less real and more fabricated. There's no real randomness in the environment; same fiery ball in the blue, smog-streaked sky, every predictable day.

And I really dislike predictability. It's a breeding ground for complacent behavior, and gods alone know how sheep-like our modern civilization has become. I like waking up in the morning and not knowing how the day's going to turn out; will I need my woolens, 'cause the evening's going to be freeze-your-

ears off cold, or should I pack my coat, in the off chance of rain, despite the suspiciously bright and cloud-free sky? I always feel a bit more heartened when I'm walking home in the rain, safe and dry in my Patagonia jacket while other people are bedraggled and look about as miserable as a wet kitten in their ever-so-fashionable Prada or DKNY ensemble. Call me a right cold bastard, but the sight of someone being caught on the wrong side of the weather/clothing-choice fence just warms my soul; it's like a very small form of social Darwinism is taking place right before my very eyes.

With this in mind, I'm curious to see how this year's Arts County Fair turns out. While last year's propitiatory sacrifice enabled the sun to make an appearance, previous Arts County's have been infamous for having some of the coldest non-winter nights on record. People tried to keep warm by standing in the mosh pit (with all its attendant dangers), or by snuggling up to the nearest warm body, or by having sex with the nearest warm body (but for god's sakes, why the hell did they have to do it that near the Piss Wall?), but numerous cases of cold-induced illnesses were the result, as well as one actual case of hypothermia (granted, all that beer that the guy had ingested and spilled on himself couldn't actually have helped his body maintain a decent core temperature). Thus, weather predictions notwithstanding, I'm going to be cautious with this year's Arts County, and either the sun will oblige and bless us all with its warm glowing warming glow, or it will be a freezing deluge, and I will be warm and dry in my fleece-lined jacket, watching as the rest of the sheep succumb to the cold.

By the way, should the latter happen, my jacket happens to be big enough for any stunningly gorgeous girls who got caught wearing light cotton clothing. Just in case.

Have fun. Jay will be the guy with the words "Lick me today" on his shirt.

-ed.



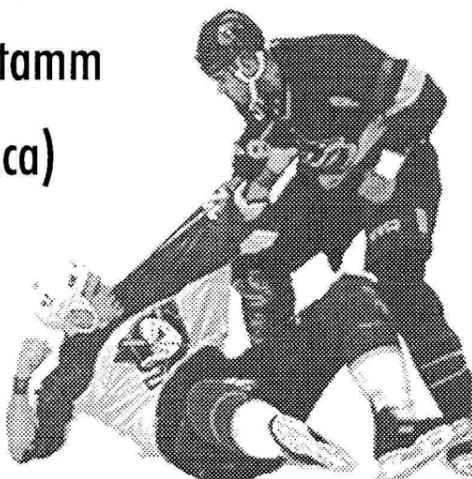
## SUS Hockey Pool '99 / '00 WINNERS!

1st John Twigg 798 points

2nd Shafiq Kara 790 points

3rd Alec Chipper 784 points

Contact Sara Stamm  
 (sastamm@  
 interchange.ubc.ca)  
 for your prizes!



## Dead Pool IV Winners

Congratulations to Andy Martin and to Kathy Lo, both of whom have won the Dead Pool IV! Nine points a piece. Kathy had Charles Schultz and Curtis Mayfield, while Andy had Walter Payton. Congrats to both! Please come into SUS B160 to claim your prize. Bring your student card to vote.

Watch for Dead Pool V next year, and don't fear the Reaper.

