

In this issue:

Evil Contests!

Explosive Rex Morgann!

Hockey Pool!

and so much more...

"The newspaper is the natural enemy of the book, as the whore is of the decent woman."

--The Goncourt Brothers, 1858

Oil Discovered Under Stanley Park, Drilling to Commence

Environmentalists Vow to Stop Drilling by "Any Means Necessary"

Vancouver, REUTERS

Oil has been discovered under Stanley Park, escalating the battle between environmentalists and the Parks Board.

The disclosure that the Parks board has been in secret negotiations with Exxon for exclusive drilling rights has set off a massive protest by environmentalists and human rights agencies. The Sierra Club and Greenpeace, two international organizations dedicated to the conservation of the environment, have denounced what they call the desecration of the park.

"Exxon has a history of crushing on human rights at and near its drilling sites," said Yvonne Radford, spokesperson for the Sierra Club. "They cannot be allowed to drill in Stanley Park. They will destroy the pristine forest, slaughtered innocent animals and crush the spirits of Vancouverites. They must be stopped." She went on to detail the protests that the Sierra Club has planned for the area, which include massive civil disobedience, tree climbing, tree hugging, marches and bake sales.

Vancouver Parks Board chair Richard Quinn believes that the distribution of drilling rights is the best thing that could have happened to

Vancouver. "The Parks Board has been in a tight financial position for years now. With the money that we will receive from Exxon, we can do so many things that we never even thought possible. We can widen the Causeway, elevate a pedestrian walkway on both sides of the road, even build those whales a bigger tank! The benefits do not restrict themselves to Stanley Park alone. We can now buy more parkland across the city, upgrade our services, offer more summer programs, buy us all more gas-efficient cars, pave the roads across the city again, everything we've always wanted to do. Plus, this means that the price of gas in Vancouver can drop back down to 20 cents a litre! We can all afford to buy gas AND change our oil again! Forgive my language, but this is fucking awesome!"

The UBC Environmental Club is on side with the Sierra Club and Greenpeace. They have made a call to their members and all UBC students to join the protests at Stanley Park. In an email sent out, they claim that "now is the time to protect the one piece of undisturbed land left in the lower mainland. We must protect what is ours."

SUS Executive Secretary and newly elected Senator-at-Large, Keri Gammon, said she was "horrified" at the destruction of the parkland,

and vowed to find the parties responsible, leaving no stone unturned and no drawer unrummaged.

Geologists in the UBC Faculty of Science have expressed bafflement at the location of the oil. "This part of the province has never been under the unique pressures that create natural gas deposits," explains Sam Kershaw, a geologist working at the University. "For one thing, we are too close to the continental shelf for any oil to form. Second, the Park is in an area that is too seismically active. Over the span of the last few millenia, there have been so many seismic disturbances that any oil or natural gas would have redistributed into the sediments and the deep sea. Who tested this land, Bre-X? There can't be oil down there."

The scientists at the Exxon headquarters in Seattle responded with scientific findings from the recent NASA shuttle flight, which mapped the contours of the earth's surface. "Upon examination of the computerized maps, it was found that the ground of Stanley Park resembles the land near the Albertan oil fields and the Sudanese tar fields. Based upon that knowledge, we drilled. And we struck gold! Black gold, that is," said company spokesperson Eric Danielson. "Is it so hard to believe?"

My good friend Jeb struck oil when he was out huntin' and he got to move to Beverly Hills. It's karma that I would be involved in a similar find."

Residents of North and West Vancouver are poised to join the fight with the environmentalists. They claim that their property values will dramatically drop when drilling rigs are constructed, obscuring the view of Vancouver harbour from the North Shore. "We will receive none of the monetary benefits from the drilling and full impact from the environmental destruction," said West Vancouver city mayor Ron Wood. "The citizens of West Vancouver object vehemently to this plan."

In the face of such strong public dissent, it is completely out of character for the NDP government to be silent about such an important environmental issue, but they are. Environmental minister Joan Sawicki has been out of the country at a G7 nations environmental conference, and her ministry has no comment when contacted. It is speculated that so soon after a cabinet shuffle, no one will claim responsibility for such a momentous public relations disaster. Once the provincial legislature resumes sitting, the story will come out and the public will know who, what, when and where blame should be laid.

SUB Theatre Converted to Dance Studio

Point Gray, CP.

In an effort to free up club booking space in the Student Union Building, SAC plans to convert the Norm Theatre into a professional dance studio as stage four of the SUB Strategic Plan. The first draft of the plan will be discussed at the March 8 AMS Council meeting.

The outgoing Director of Administration, Tina Chiao, has nothing but praise for the plan. "We have had numerous complaints from clubs unable to make bookings in the evenings. Dance Club, which has over 2500 members, constantly books the upper level of SUB every night of the week. Just the other day, someone barged into my office and told me that he just couldn't stand it anymore because everyone was dancing! We feel that this step is the best for all involved."

Incoming Vice President Administration, second year Mark Fraser, agreed with his predecessor's plan, vowing to carry her fight until the bitter end.

While no official AMS channels recognize the fact that Filmsoc is being pushed out of its traditional theatre space, Filmsoc members are understandably vocal about the move. "The administration told us that we can show videos in our office space. What the heck does that mean?" asked Filmsoc member Julia Buss. "We make some serious money with that theatre, as well as provide a much-needed service for all UBC students. The AMS couldn't find their collective head if they had both hands free to grope their ass. They have no clue as to what they are doing with this strategic plan."

Clubs that will have more access to SUB bookings are pleased with the decision. The Booster Club, for example, will no longer have to hold their evening practices in the hallway, and the AMS webmaster can finally get office space in the SUB.

The plan is set to receive preliminary authorization on March 8, with tenders being opened on March 10.



The 432.

VOLUME THIRTEEN

ISSUE NINE

01 MARCH 2000

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Printed by

College Printers, Vancouver, BC

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Legal Information

The 432 is published once a month in a while from the basement of the Chemistry Building. The 432 is the official constitutionally protected 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 fiction herein is strictly factual, and is in no way to be confused with the fiction found therein.

God bless coffee and the Talking Heads.

This issue was powered by the following: A certain Finland import, Quinine, Twenty Engineers, three deadline and crackers.

If you have any complaints, we have an email address you can send complaints to. It's at the top of the paper. Don't go to the Dean's office. Just as we can't get you into Biol 334, they can't do anything about us. Or you could just write for us and be done with it. That's a good plan. Zoom.

I wanna be a betta splendens.

Stalkers or Misunderstood?

Sean Martin Ben Tippet

Restraining Order

One of the favorite past times of deranged, celebrity-loving psychotics and obsessed ex-lovers alike is stalking. It is a task which can be used positively or negatively, to achieve your wishes of letting that special someone know that you really like them, or wish that they would just drop dead. In most cases, it continues to the point where someone gets scared and cops become involved, which makes everything confusing and messy (so I've heard). It is now the year 2000, and stalking is changing with the times. CYBER-STALKING! In theory, it seems to be an easier way to get your stalking done. I am new to this term and concept, however a friend in residence (Glen: Names have been altered to protect the innocent) has recently become a victim of this new crime. I felt it was my duty to help.

Let us start from the top:

Out of the blue, a complete stranger sends Glen an e-mail saying "Isn't love painful?" Odd. Now, Glen has never met this person before. No name given, just the message. Heeding his parent's well-worn advice to never talk to strangers, Glen quickly replies, "No?" A response arrived the next day, saying, "Yes it is. And I think that you think so too." PSYCHO WOMAN!

The original question has 'freak' written all over it, and the second just screams, "FREAK! FREAK WOMAN! Stop scaring Glen!" Again, Glen, being the inquisitive idiot that he is, responded.

Q: "and how do you know?"

A: "oh I know more about you than you think."

Now, although the other messages were weird, after the third, this has officially registered the girl as a stalker. Not because of three strikes you're out, but more because she is claiming to know a lot about him, without giving any indication that Glen might know her. That spells STALKER! Glen, being the

epitome of observation, a true paragon of caution, responded true to form with, "How do you know?" She responded with "Oh I know you. I've been watching you for awhile now and just found out your e-mail address." This is where I was brought in. Glen needed help with the situation, and calling the police to say that his computer was scaring him just wasn't going to cut it. We have a full-fledged stalker on our hands, and we needed more information (by deductive reasoning, we concluded that she has obviously never seen or talked to Glen in person, for if she had, she would not want to know him, let alone stalk him). The e-mail address was cross-referenced to reveal the person's identity. We now had her name, home phone number, address, and a map to her house in rural Saskatchewan. Now, stalking from Saskatchewan sounds like a tall task, so an assumption was made that she might be from Saskatchewan, but attending UBC. Proof was needed. This is where the genius (and more idiocy) comes into play. An anonymous e-mail address was created with a name similar to hers, and a user id exactly the same. We emailed her that night, saying how we tried to sign up for a hotmail account with our user name, but that it was already taken (by her), and we just wanted to know who had the name we thought was so cool. A brilliant idea, yielding instant trust. The next morning, she had a reply and had told us all about herself. As it turns out, Glen's stalker is...a 17-year-old high school student (What's next Glen? Elementary School? Preschool? Daycare?). We still did not know where she got Glen's name, or how she knew of him. Glen assures me that he has never heard of her, although it is possible that he is lying to keep his dirty, dirty past from being leaked to the public. Either way, we had something to work with. Not only did she send us a description of her life, but she also sent us her webpage. Jackpot! The page was filled with pictures of her friends and family packaged with her own brand of grade 11 humor. We had something to work with, but what to do with it? We were in a rut...or were we?

Glen (idiot) decided to strive forward on his own, without notifying anyone until after the fact. And what did he do to thicken the plot of

this movie like storyline? He signed her webpage's personally created guestbook. And what was his brilliantly thought up comment:

Glen Flippett - 02/23/00 02:13:44

My Email: fatass@horneytoad.com

Sex: hmmm

Why you're such a loser: I'm not a loser

Why you hate me: because you're stalking me

Why you think I care: stop stalking me!

Comments: Stop stalking me!

Although it was a very stupid thing to do from a "being stalked" standpoint, it did jump start her e-mailing to Glen. Her most creative e-mail graced Glen's computer screen: "hey thanks for signing my guestbook Glen. And I have recently found your home address and phone number so I'll call you for a date. Then I'll come and pick you up. Then we'll have a nice romantic dinner, which you will have to pay for. Then we'll go to a porno movie and make-out. Then my boyfriend will find us and strangle you, then me. Then I'll take you home and unlock your handcuffs and take the gag out of your mouth". HA! She can't be a hard-core stalker or else she'd know that Glen never pays for his dates! Seriously, this girl is coo-coo for cocoa-puffs, and apparently wants to have a bowl with Glen in the very near future! Be afraid. Be very afraid.

Glen is continuing the quest for answers, and frankly, I think he is dicking around too much! The next logical step is to make further use of the e-mail address we created. She has sent 3 messages to that address in 2 days. She trusts our make-believe character. It's time to tear her down. Start with the exact message she sent Glen to start this fiasco, and build on it. "Isn't love painful? Because it's about to hurt a lot more! My name isn't Jen, it's Glen Flippett!" Glen can slowly rip her a new one, and leave victorious in this wild and crazy scenario... leaving only one question:

In the end, who was stalking whom?

*If you want to cyber-stalk Glen Flippett, e-mail bentippet@hotmail.com. Mention this article, and you'll get a reply.

Once Again, It's Time For Jazz

Bree Baxter

Needs More Coffee

It's a scary thing when the office is full of Engineers, vodka, strange scary signs of evil, a drunken SAC member and some decaf coffee for me. Onto the editorial.

It has been a long week, what with AMS stuff, SUS stuff, ethical debated, assorted crap and my new coffee maker. Tired of getting ripped off paying a dollar for coffee that costs 12 cents to make? Well, you can now come into SUS and grab some coffee for fifty cents. All proceeds go to the Vancouver Food bank. Mmmm, caffeine.

SUS Elections:

We are soon having the SUS election. Jeff, the former director of finance and the present elections administrator, says hi. He also says the following.

<Jeff> It's that time of year again! If you're a science student and want to have some impact on your undergraduate society and on your fellow students, now is your chance. Take a look at the ad in the back of the paper for more info, and you can pick up a nomination form in the SUS office (CHEM B160). If

you have any questions, or want to be a poll clerk (yes, you get paid), contact Jeff Steinbok, the Elections Commissioner, at steinbok@interchange.ubc.ca. </Jeff>

Why do the poll clerks get paid and the Executive don't?

SUS Elections

Until the elections, these people are still your ant masters. There are ten SUS executive positions, only nine of which are being elected. Tim remains our Senator Palpatine for another year. Of the remaining exec, only Reka, Kate, Tim and Keri wrote reports for your enjoyment. Sara is going to let Aarne's hockey pool update suffice, and Mike wants to buy a vowel. A. He has never had an A in his university career. D or C, sure. Apparently Telereg draws out the pronunciation of the F when telling you your grades. So I hear.

Protest Alley

There was a big protest last week. It was cool. It was my first protest. I got to clap and wave at the camera and laugh at the silly people. Next time, I think I will hold a sign.

Underground

No slagging of Arts this week. Next issue, the 432 and the Underground will be joining forces to produce a joint issue. It has been a dream of Karen and myself to do this, to com-

memorate the first time in history that there have been female editors in charge of both the 432 and the Underground. Long ago, on a fateful October night, I was out wandering the campus late at night, when I ran into Karen, who was also wandering the campus late at night. We talked for ten minutes, promised to talk the next day, and I didn't contact her for three months. Last night (Friday), I ran into her again. After a two minute conversation, the whole issue has been planned. It's a tribute to the efficiency of executive decisions: No committees, no bureaucracy, just two: Her and me. By the Power of Estrogen!

**Whoever said
that meat is
murder needs a
swift kick to the
head. Carrots
are murder too,
they just don't
have big eyes or
scream when you
boil them alive.**

-Barney

Wanted: Poll Clerks! Dead Or Alive
What: SUS Exec Elections.
Why: \$8.24/hour.
Who: Jeff Steinbok <steinbok@interchange.ubc.ca>

I Thought Cows Only Ate Grass



Andrew Tinka

Red Pen of Death

The power! The sheer, unadulterated power! Seventy little lives, mine to nurture or crush! Mwaa ha ha ha ha haaaa!

Sorry, I'm powertripping a bit. I just finished marking a load of math midterms. Yes kiddies, your friendly columnist is a tool of the UBC administration, a cog in the education machine, a running dog for the worldwide Masonic conspiracy... in other words, a part-time marker for the Math department.

I bet you're wondering what it's like to give up your soul in exchange for a little bit of extra cash. Well pull up a chair and I'll tell you all about it. First off, it's not just about the money. The main attraction of this job is, as you may have already guessed, the power. I get to carve a path of red ink through the hopes and dreams of a crop of fresh-faced second years. You remember second year, right? You still had some of your ideals. You still thought the universe was a more-or-less fair place, where a little bit of hard work and some luck could see you through the trials and tribulations of February midterms. Then that paper came back with the big fat "8%" scrawled on top, whereupon your last shreds of innocence and naivete crawled into a dark corner of your soul and died a lonely, puppy-dog death. Well, I'm the bastard that did it to you. OK, maybe I didn't get you, but I sure as hell got a hefty portion of the unfortunate class that came under my marking pen.

Looking at it a little more objectively, it's the professor, not me, who's really responsible for the wounding of young minds. He's the one who wrote the bitching hard midterm, and he's the one who came up with the psychotically stringent marking scheme. I'm just following orders. Well, I can accept that. I realize that I'm not The Man in this particular situation, just one of The Man's many thugs. Still, if the prof is the Emperor, that makes me Darth Vader. He might get the executive swivel chair and the office with the stellar view, but I get to collapse tracheas with my mind, and that's good enough for me.

Let's talk about the side benefits. There is, of course, the money, which is really quite good when you realize that they're allocating a large number of hours for a small number of midterms, and they'll pay you for those hours regardless of how long it actually takes. (How long does marking a midterm take? A minute, tops... right right wrong right wrong wrong wrong wrong, that's 30%, thank you come again.) And the hourly rate itself isn't too bad. I love my union.

But more important than the money, although not as important as the power trip, is experiencing the system from the other side. Now that I've marked, I will never write a midterm the same way. Allow me to share my wisdom.

1) Put A Box Around Your Answer. Always. Markers love papers with boxes. Half of my marking time is spent trying to find the answer buried in the bullshit. Finding your solution faster lets me do papers in thirty seconds instead of a minute. That doubles my hourly wage, and reduces the time until I can continue pursuing my real interests. (I didn't

say recreational pyromania. You can't make that stand up in court. That stroller was on fire when I got there.) And don't think I won't be grateful. I've let lapses in sanity like "1 + 1 = 1" and "5 / 0 = 0" go just because the kid had the decency to box his answer. It doesn't just work for math, either: If you're writing an essay, take the time to draw a box around your thesis statement and the concluding paragraph. Seriously. Trust me.

2) Jokes don't work. We've all been there: the prof calls "time" and you're staring at a blank page that's going to cost you 40% of the exam. So, you scrawl a quick one-liner, hoping for a laugh and a pity mark. Unfortunately, the marker is an undergraduate, like you, only with more experience, which means more bitterness and resentment. Being cute isn't going to get you anywhere. When I see some stupid little comment like "Ha ha, aren't I dumb", I immediately want to write in MY comment, which is usually something like "Grow some fucking frontal lobes!" Fortunately for me, my self-preservation instincts kick in, saving my job. Unfortunately for you, this results in my rage getting all bottled up, and I usually end up giving you zero on the next four questions to get it out of my system. The exception to all this is if you write something that manages to impress me with its sheer arrogance or stupidity. I'm especially partial to death threats and insulting the professor. Seriously. Trust me.

3) If all else fails, then it's time to get generous. How much does this midterm really mean to you? Enough to fold a large bill in around the third page? Just make sure to get the value right. Your marker might have the morals of a smack-addicted personal injury

lawyer, but a \$10 bribe is an insult no matter how bad they need it. No, in the rainbow that is the Canadian monetary system, you need to move away from the cold, sterile hues like blue and green, and into the warm, earthy tones, like red or brown. Don't worry about discrepancies between the answers on the page and the marks you receive; the marker has to watch their ass as much as you... they'll write in the correct answers for you, and do a good job of faking your writing too. If you can't muster the cash, remember that there's more currencies in this world than plain old money. Marking is a lonely job; a nice photo or two, preferably with a phone number written on the back, can really make someone's day. You shouldn't be concerned about whether you match the marker's preferences or orientation. If you look at the demographics, your average marker is so sexually starved that they'll consider anything. But be sure to stand out. In the olden days, showing a little bit of skin put you ahead of the pack. Today, though, I can surf the web for ten seconds and get a picture of Britney Spears naked and hogtied with an apple in her mouth. (It's the other white meat, y'know.) So be sure to be interesting. Think watersports. Seriously. Trust me.

This article actually fit the space, but I could not let this go without a comment of some kind. First off, Andrew Tinka is an Engineer. He is also a security chief for the AMS, which means he has been hit in the head once too often with a broken beer bottle. If that still attracts you, you can get in touch with him at www.sexygeek.com. He'll do your math homework for you, all you cute frosh girls.

-ed.

Dumb Assed Contest #8 Winner!

We asked you:
How many
times does the
word "the"
appear in issue
9?

The answer: 511. The Winner: Ron Prasard!
Ron Prasard wins a Science Coffee Mug and a \$10 gift certificate to Second Cup. Congratulations!

Stay tuned to Issue 11 for the next Dumb Assed Easy Contest!

Any questions? Email bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca

Stanley Park Causeway, All The Way!

Dan Anderson

Ain't Recycling

The trees are after us. No, seriously, I'm not kidding. I have proof this time. Don't believe me? Walk to the old admin building, and look down the road. See that stump? The one with the fresh sawdust all around it? The one with the steam coming out of it? Yeah, that one. Guess what? That's one of THEM. It went and tapped into the steam tunnels to steal heat and water from us. Those are our resources, precious stolen from nature, and this damn tree is trying to steal them from us. And that's just the start. What about all those trees that knock over power lines? Do you have any idea how many kilowatt-hours are lost yearly to trees that have fallen over power lines? They take away our lights, computers, heating, and (for all you artsies reading this) our TV's. The horror! The horror! We won't get to cry at the nasty actors at the grammies! Plus, have you ever noticed how they're always in your way when you're trying to look at stuff? I mean, the only place there aren't enough of them are on streets, where they get in the way of ugly

buildings and pavement. But you'll notice that there aren't enough of them there, either. I'm telling you, they're conspiring.

What about 'hug a tree'? That's just their expensive media campaign. If anyone really wanted to stay warm in the Antarctic, they'd make a little hole in the snow and curl up into a fetal ball and freeze to death. Get real.

Trees manipulate us through information. Really. There would be no books, no newspapers without trees. They convey more information than the rest of the creatures in this world combined. How many libraries of human brains have you ever seen?

How many buildings do they make up again? They even control our architecture. Is there any part of society that trees are not either controlling or trying to? They will come for you too. They will make you one of them. Look at Wood. We have classes there, oblivious to the brainwashing we're going through.

Well, that's pretty much it. Go out, buy a chainsaw, and defend your life against the trees! The denderfeliacs are wrong! Save your family! Save yourself! Burn them like the kindling they are!

Dan will be burning coal, natural gas and all the Kinder-surprises he can get.

-ed.



Alternative and Integrative Medical Society

Lectures:

Topic: The Nature of Acupuncture with Ting-Ting Jiang, DTCM

Date: March 9, 2000. 12:30 - 1:30pm

Location: IRC 5

Topic: Homeopathy with David Gerring, MD

Date: March 16, 2000. 12:30 - 1:30pm

Location: IRC 1

Topic: Clinical Herbalism with Rowan Hamilton, Dip Phyt, MSCS, MNIMH

Date: March 16, 2000. 12:30 - 1:30pm

Location: IRC 1

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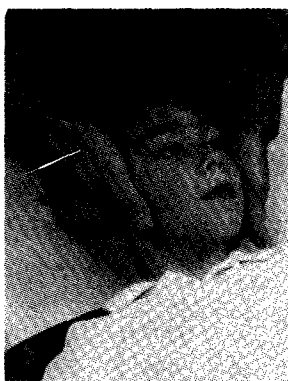
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Med school prerequisites can be brutal. But as Hippocrates was overheard to say "*Often there's a better way to fulfill a dream.*" Yes, there is another choice in your quest for a health care career. It is **chiropractic**. Here's why:

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3. Check out our web site: **www.lacc.edu**
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I Don't Wanna Grow Up, I'm a Toys-R-Us...



Trevor Presley

Potty Trained

I don't want to grow up, at least that's the plan. My goal in life has always been to live life with the care, worry and reckless abandonment of a six year-old. Now I suppose I could have the goal in life of curing cancer or bringing peace to the world, but those things are hard, time-consuming and involve precious little time playing on jungle gyms. However don't be fooled, maintaining your inner child takes constant vigilance and foresight if you want to remain young at heart forever.

I've always been a late bloomer in life, so my immature attitude comes naturally. I've always been about 5 years behind my age group in terms of emotional maturity, however I've always had the most toys. Maturity can always be countered with Nerf weapons. I was able to stave off the demands of adulthood by getting one of the coolest jobs available, summer camp counselor.

Camp counselor is to maturity what sobriety is to sex, when the former is involved the latter happens much slower. While the rest of my

friends were working in the grocery store or pounding nails, I was frolicking beside the pool or playing Duck, Duck, Goose for a living. We would all sit around at the end of the day and compare jobs;

John: "Well Trevor, I packed drywall for 12 hours today and almost got run over by a bulldozer, how was your day?"

Trevor: "Well I played soccer for two hours, slept during the 30 minute nap time, sunbathed around the pool and enjoyed being the only male among a staff of 20 young attractive females"

I usually got hit before I finished the above sentence, but it was still worth the pain. Between the Jell-O fights, camp-outs, costume day and macaroni crafts, summer camp made sure you never matured. This was supposed to end after I graduated and got a real job.

Even though I sold out to The Man and became a corporate whore, I still like to think I'm a big kid. At work, I handle millions of dollars and make life and death decisions, yet I still manage to bring an element of summer camp to work. Luckily I am surrounded by over-stressed co-workers who enjoy the practical jokes. Between the elastic band fights, the joke phone messages (Trevor, call Bill at 1-

900-MAN-TALK when you get back from lunch) and Homer Simpson impersonations (Mmmmm ... Paperwork) we all avoid growing older. The fun doesn't end with work, it continues when I arrive home.

They say that a man's home is his castle. Well if that's true, then my castle is a fort that's made from He-Man blankets. My current house, thanks to the endeavors of my roommates and myself, remains a bastion of immaturity. We have a very large collection of cardboard palm trees stapled to the wall, which are very easy to maintain as far as plants go. We also have a large collection of colored fridge magnets, which we use to write messages to each other like, "Andy your Mom called" or "Trevor you smell and your milk in the fridge has now turned into cheese". Outside, we have a swing set, which although rusted and dangerous, is still used by our party guests when they are really hammered. Luckily I know how to administer a tetanus shot, even while under the influence. However the biggest tip off that our house is occupied by a bunch of grown up kids, is the contents of our fridge

An excellent maturity-measuring device is a person's grocery list. For instance, if your grocery list contains items like; one whole turkey, breadcrumbs, vitamins or Earl Grey

Tea", then congratulations, you're an adult. On the other hand, if your trip to Safeway includes such items as; chocolate milk, ice cream, pizza pockets or freezies, then you should move in with us. I always jump for joy when I see freezies on sale!! Sure, I'll become a diabetic because of these little frozen sugar sticks of death, but it will be worth it. Why, just the other day I was contemplating whether a 27-year-old man could get away with buying a package of watermelon fruit roll-ups. I figured I could put with the stares at the checkout counter; it was the possible traffic accident on the way home that worried me. I could just see the police officer at the accident scene talking to my mom, "For the love of God Mrs. Presley, what kind of 27-year-old man buys fruit roll-ups, I think this leaves me no choice but to do a dirty underwear check on your son". Christmas dinner would be hell this year. I could just see 12 tons of fruit roll-ups sitting under the Christmas tree with my name on them, along with some clean underwear. Maybe its time to grown up. Nah.

I've never met Trevor Presley. I think he is really Martha Piper. But then, I always thought that Clark Kent and Superman were the same guy too.

-ed.

I loathe the people who keep dogs. They are cowards who haven't got the guts to bite people themselves.

-August Strindberg

It's a Magical Mystery Tour for You!

Joanna Karaplis

In Need of Prozac

So it's over. Reading Week is over. I had been looking forward to it ever since Christmas vacation ended, and then it came, and now it's gone. GONE! My last refuge from the three-term-papers-due-this-week insanity!! My last chance to sleep in, to use my computer for kinky e-mail rather than essay-writing, to take long walks along the beach, if only there were a beach nearby, where's my beach, dammit? And what can I look forward to now, April 30th? That's too far away!! What am I supposed to do, catch up on my reading after exams? Does this university expect us to be superhuman? Oh sure, the ubergeeks got their term papers done by February 18th, but what about us normal people? I call foul, and accuse the university of discriminating against the tired, the unorganized, the completely stressed-out!

Which brings me to another rambl-er, point: why do they call it "Reading Week," anyway? Does that sound like cruel and unusual punishment to anyone else? If they called it "Sleep-and-Wash-the-Stench-of-School-from-your-Skin Week", well then I'd have accomplished that. That's more realistic, isn't it? You'd wake up, eventually... then sniff the air. If you smelled anything like work or school, you'd hop in the shower and scrub, scrub, scrub.

If it weren't called Reading Week, profs might not feel the need to hand out extra assignments for us to "read." Just think, they might feel a little guiltier saying, "Have fun preparing for the midterm over 'No Homework or Studying Week!'" Although I think some of the more sadistic ones (ninety percent) would enjoy that even more. But the name still needs to be changed. I'm sick of people asking

what I did over Reading Week, because if I don't say "reading," it reminds me that I'm screwed for the next few weeks, and that I'm going to be scurrying around like Harvey the Wonder Hamster trying to get everything done. If everyone asked, "Hey, how was your 'Snowboarding Week?'" I could answer, "Went snowboarding!" and feel proud, like I'd accomplished what I'd set out to do. Now that's setting realistic goals. Because what's the point of pretending I'm going to catch up on all my reading, study for two midterms, and write a term paper or two? Calling it "Reading Week" is simply preying on the procrastinating tendencies of ninety percent of the student body! Month-away deadlines are hard enough to cope with. Until that sinking pit o' fear begins to grow in my stomach, I'm not even thinking about that project that was assigned two months ago!

Of course, the ironic thing is that now I'm spending valuable time ranting, when I could be moaning in fear about that twenty page research paper... But my duty as a student is to fight for my right to procrastinate guilt-free, so I must rally support for changing the name of Reading Week! Please, fellow students, pick a name! "Get Completely Wasted Week!" "Watch Too Much TV Week!" "Don't Get Out of Bed Before Wednesday Week!" "Give Your Brain a Rest Week!" Something... anything... We must petition for a new name before next year, when the cycle begins anew... You'll have forgotten this warning by then, and be sitting innocently in class, when your prof will announce:

"Since next week is Reading Week, you'll have lots of free time, so I'd like you all to learn this obscure out-dated computer language. There'll be a test on it, worth 45%, on the first day back. Have a good Reading Week! Mu-hahahahaha!" So don't say I didn't warn you.

NEXT DEADLINE

GIVE IT TO US, SOON!

ALL ARTICLES AND CARTOONS WELCOME. MUST MAKE THE EDITOR LAUGH AT LEAST THRICE, CONTAIN YOUR FULL CONTACT INFORMATION, AND MAY BE LONGER THAN 700 WORDS.

WRITE ABOUT ANYTHING. ANYTHING BUT THE VEGANS. MOO.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS MUST BE SUBMITTED BY 4:32 PM, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15TH. EMAIL TO BMONIQUE@INTERCHANGE.UBC.CA

15 MARCH 2000

Food Drive Until March 3

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

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

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

sponsored by First-Year Committee

Dead Pool Update



The Reaper

Deadlines Abound

Welcome back to the Dead Pool IV: The Wrath of Khan. It has been a few issues since our last update. Here is one now! Duck!

Charles Schultz, creator of Peanuts, Charlie Brown, Snoopy and the gang, passed away on February 12 after a battle with cancer. I'm sad, because I love Charlie Brown. Now he will never win the little red head's affection or catch that football in the game.

But it is good news for Kathy Lo, for whom Charles Schultz was 11 on her list. She gets five more points, bringing her total to nine. She is tied with Andy Martin, who also has nine points from his Walter Payton incident. Who will win? It all depends on who dies next. As a purely personal point, I hope that the Pope, the Queen Mum and Boris Yeltsin will hold on until the end of the year, as every single list would then be screwed!!

At this point, I am reviewing my prospects. Who will be next? Ronald Regan? Bob Barker? Ricky Martin? Ted Kennedy? Billy Shatner? Donald Brashere? Maybe. Any member of the 432 staff or their stunt doubles? No. Sorry Andrew.

See you all next time. Don't fear the Reaper.

But do fear soil creep. Ew.

-ed.

Hockey Pool IV Update

It is time for the near-year end hockey pool update. Aarne wanted me to tell everyone that he's had lots of fun with the pool this year.

Onto the results: Please know that these are all non-official until validated. The Hockey Pool will officially close sometime after it's over.

- 1st John Twigg: 592
- 2nd Shafiq Kara: 587
- 3rd The Matrix: 578
- 4th Tommy Tsang: 575
- 5th Alec Chipper: 571
- 6th KiwiBoy: 570
- 7th Steve Herbert: 569
- 8th Karl Zawadzki: 568
- 9th The Puppies: 567
- 10th Nolan Watson: 566
- 11th Clayton Bund...: 563
- 12th Gary Arya: 561
- 13th What The Puck?: 560
- 14th Victor Chan: 559
- 14th Darren Molder: 559
- 16th Red Storm Rising: 557
- 17th Henry Lam: 554
- 17th Amanda Hatzistamatis: 554
- 19th Longeared Galoot: 552
- 20th President's choice: 551
- 20th Kiwis: 551
- 22nd Elizabeth Roberts: 550
- 23rd Fat Boys: 548
- 23rd Andy Nguyen: 548
- 25th Dave Patterson: 547

- 26th N'stink: 545
- 27th Hemorrhoids: 542
- 28th Amandeep Jhuty: 541
- 29th Soul Shatterers: 539
- 30th Sherman Tung: 538
- 30th Jedidoll: 538
- 32nd Mystery Machine: 537
- 33rd Steve Palahiviky: 535
- 34th Vanessa Carlson: 533
- 34th Mark Fraser: 533
- 36th Glider: 532
- 37th Wazga: 529
- 37th Victor Chan 2: 529
- 39th Kevin Lee: 528
- 40th Fatal Exception: 527
- 41st Wildcard: 526
- 42nd Keith Remillard: 524
- 43rd Rob Macvicar: 523
- 43rd Ceruleus: 523
- 45th Malibu Mogilny: 522
- 46th Jordan Griggs: 520
- 47th Nemesis: 519
- 48th Dave Delacheroi: 517
- 49th Blowme.com: 514
- 50th Zooglia: 513
- 50th Wojtek Karolak: 513
- 52nd Bart Robertson: 508
- 53rd James Rowe: 507
- 54th Mr. Terwilliger: 503
- 54th Ken Tang: 503
- 56th What The Hellmo?: 499
- 56th The Great One: 499

- 58th Sarah Yang: 495
- 58th Daryl G.: 495
- 60th Rob Stobbe: 490
- 60th Bunny: 490
- 60th 'jj': 490
- 63rd Mike Baird: 484
- 64th Bryce Recsky: 477
- 65th G. Israel: 473
- 66th Kahootz: 470
- 67th Pavital Singh: 467
- 67th Flix: 467
- 69th Erik Mjanes: 464
- 70th Dan Miner: 450
- 71st D.B. Chami: 449
- 72nd M: 439
- 73rd Bella Carvalho: 430
- 74th Fubar: 425
- 75th Alec Chipper 2: 418

And that's how it goes! Please stay tuned for more hockey pool updates in future issues. I wish I remembered what the prizes were, but I don't. I hope you all do!

Have fun.

-ed.

As an aside, please bring your sports rebate forms into SUS for Sara, our sports rep, to check over and rebate your money. The office is open most of the time on school days. If Sara's not around, you can leave the form in her box (ask our helpful hacks for directions) or you can email her at sastamm@interchange.ubc.ca.

Fore!

-ed again.



The Inboxes of SUS

Internal Vice

Reka Sztopa

Welcome back from what was hopefully a relaxing and fun-filled reading week. I hope that you are ready for the final leg of this school year, and already looking forward to the summer.

Oh, and hey guys, don't forget that there is a CANNED FOOD DRIVE ON RIGHT NOW. It goes until next Friday, so please bring cans in support of the Vancouver Food

Bank. Use this opportunity to empty out your cupboard of all the old stuff you once thought you would eat and still haven't.

Also, keep in mind that nominations for elections close on Friday March 3rd. If you want to make a difference, run for Executive Council.

Other than that, also stayed tuned for the possibility of a referendum being run along with Executive Elections this year, and for some great First Year Committee events to come.

Keep smiling.

Secretary

Keri Gammon

Hi everyone! I'm sure you're all dying to know what your favourite secretary has been up to lately, so I'll fill you in. Reading week was great. Imagine it - streets lined with five star hotels and pawn shops, ritzy casinos and stores selling liquor/cigarettes/magazines of questionable content, 24 hours a day. And all of this, just a short plane ride away in Reno, Nevada. I lost a bit of money, but I learned to play poker, so really I think that I came out ahead...at least that's what I'll be telling myself when I can't afford

groceries next month. As for SUS, our terms are drawing to a close, so it's about time to start writing my year-end report. Oh, and we just nominated four stellar candidates for the annual "Just Desserts" awards in recognition of those who have made an outstanding contribution to UBC Science. Most of the committees on which I sat this year are wrapping up - it's so hard to say good-bye! (Please ignore my sarcasm.) Oh, one VERY IMPORTANT thing. There's a proposed tuition policy which is being evaluated before the next Board of Governor's meeting (next month), so check it out at www.oldadm.ubc.ca/tuitionpolicy. Anyway, I hope that midterms have finally finished for everyone and enjoy the rest of term until the onslaught of finals!

Public Relations Officer

Kate Saekno

Hi! I hope you had a great reading break, bumming around on a sunny beach in Mexico somewhere. And even if you spent it in the lab, don't worry - the worst of winter is over! Soon you'll be able to see a glimpse of sunshine through the

library window where you're wasting the best years of your life reading about Schindler's 13th theorem.

I am happy to report that the Class Act campaign has raised over \$1000, which will be matched by the Dean's Office and will go towards a graduating class gift in the Faculty of Science. Thanks to all who contributed!

Kate is failing her midterms and loving it.

-ed.

Senate

Timothy Chan

Hey all. So have you read the Academic Plan yet? Do you even know what it is? Well, it is a document that has been put together by faculty and students at UBC (with feedback from thousands of indi-

viduals) and it outlines "ideas and actions designed to help in shaping the academic future of the University of British Columbia." If you haven't looked at it, it's a pretty good read and probably more interesting than most textbooks. There are copies floating all around campus or you can go to www.oldadm.ubc.ca/apac and check it out.

Jag 1, Fox 2!!!

Useless black bar for no apparent reason

Publications

Bree Baxter

Science publications has been a fun portfolio these past few weeks. We actually did it this year. A brand new publications is out, *Paradigm* for all of those who missed it. There will be another one out on March 13, and that's it for this year. Only because the year will soon be over (whoohoo! -ed) and there is nowhere else to put it. We hope to have it back next year, if I can finagle the funding out of the Director Finance (Jag, for all of those who notice that his executive report is missing from these hallowed pages. -ed) or find enough cash from somewhere.

Having a real Science magazine only means I can have much more fun with the 432.

What's coming up during those hallowed summer months? *The Guide* is coming out near the

end of April. We will be having the stats from this year's fall semester, and the spring semester of last year. We also aim to have it out to you before registration dates start. What a concept!

Some of our first years may not know what *the Guide* is. It is a compilation of those teaching reviews you filled out at the end of each semester. It's aimed to help you get the best teachers possible. Because all the teachers are the best. Yes. The reason you may not recall *the Guide* is that it didn't come out last year.

Time to wrap up. I love you all, vote for the new director of publications in the upcoming elections, squeeze, and nap.

Oops, I have some more space to fill. Have you brushed your teeth? You should really floss more often. Better yet, use dental tape. It gets more stuff out of your teeth. Bye again!



Come On Down!



Jay Garcia



College for \$500

So you've spent five long years obtaining your degree. Countless hours spent in and out of class learning the various subjects that make you worthy of that piece of paper confirming your knowledge of things mundane and esoteric.

Now you're faced with the Big Long Gun of the future; you're not sure what your options are, and there's probably a rather largish debt load hanging over your head. Now you could go the pansy route and return for more schooling, putting off those Sword of Damocles-like student loan repayments a few more years while you pursue whatever esoteric academic route you've chosen. Or you could get a job. However, if you're like most other graduates of the five-year plan, you're probably particularly unemployable in the field in which you were trained. Unless you happen to enjoy the prospect of flipping burgers, digging ditches, or filing briefs (and get yer mind out of the gutter!), then you should be prepared to give up any hope of job satisfaction.

However, before you give society the finger and end up some back-alley bum giving blowjobs for crack, there's one option that you should consider: Game Shows.

If you really think about it, a large proportion of University graduates are uniquely qualified for the position of Game Show Contestant. Long years in the stultifying, insulating, warm cocoon of University life have given you the quality navel-gazing, TV-watching, magazine-

reading, lazing-around time necessary to develop a massive storehouse of pop-culture trivia. Elective courses taken to fulfill degree requirements also round out more of those obscure corners of knowledge and, hey, you never know, your degree might actually be helpfully relevant should a related category ever pop up.

Who else would be perfectly suited to be a game show contestant? Who else can pontificate on the economic repercussions of the breakup of the Spice Girls, hold forth on early eighties television shows and their actors, and name each and every alterna-rock-pseudo-ska-grunge band to have come onto the scene since Kurt Cobain performed a feat of personal contortion and pulled on the trigger of a shotgun with his toes?

Granted, a stint or two on game shows doesn't seem to be much of a career path. However, all one has to do is sit back and take a look at the bigger picture (a habit which should have been ingrained from long years of a vegetative state planted in front of a television). You don't want to be an occasional game show contestant. You want to be a professional game show contestant. If you think about it, this works out to be a pretty sweet deal. All you'd have to do is shoot for first place, with an eye for remaining in one of the runner-up spots. After all, those consolation prizes are usually pretty good, if you have a hankering for short stays at various bed-and-breakfasts or electronic home versions of the show.

However, if you want to be a real professional and make more than a subsistence living as a contestant, then you have to have a game plan. After all, not all game shows are created

equally. There's a wide disparity between the "daytime" and "nighttime" game shows. And unlike talk shows, there are only so many times you can make an appearance before wearing out your welcome.

Daytime gameshows appeal to mostly the homebound types; either the sick and invalid, the terminally bored, or your average Alder-grove trailer-park dwellers. The Price Is Right is a great example of this genre. The prizes generally tend to be either mid-range semi-antiqued home furnishings destined for placement in some middle to upper-middle class home, or else it's a ten to twenty-five thousand dollar automobile. Cash is a relatively scarce commodity on this type of game show, so unless you've got contacts who're willing to pay good money for a complete dining set with matching mother-of-pearl handled serving knives, give this show a pass until you've provided for your basic amenities and you feel like winning an all-expenses paid vacation to Scenic Switzerland.

A show like Wheel of Fortune is ideal for providing small amounts of ready cash. As long as you aren't some form of brain-dead illiterate, you should have no difficulty in dealing with the rather simplistic challenge posed by filling in the blanks for a common word, phrase, idiom, or mixed metaphor. However, luck has a prominent role to play in this game, and a long big-money streak can come crashing down with the appearance of the bankruptcy slot. Still, you can walk away with a couple of grand in cold, hard, American cash.

The ideal gameshow for most university and post-university types remains Jeopardy. Beating out the various slack-jawed yokels who come to compete for the preliminary trials

shouldn't be problematic. It's getting past this weeding process, when you get pitted against other like-minded and fast-fingered competitors that's the issue at hand. Further, Jeopardy really tends to be the thinking man's game, so long as that thinking man is white, western, and educated. So bone up on the Bible, Shakespeare, world history and politics (with an emphasis on the United States) if you want to be viable candidate. If you happen to have magically wrangled both American citizenship and residency, then you've got chance to enter into that most paradoxical of game shows, Who Wants to Be a Millionaire? All you need is really fast fingers (to get past the elimination round), and a deep and abiding (almost idiot savant-level) knowledge of pop culture trivia, leavened with the odd factoid or two garnered from years of your misspent education. Hell, if you play this right, there's at least thirty-two thousand dollars in your pocket (past which level the questions get esoterically difficult). And if you win, or play cautiously, you can walk away with anywhere from a hundred thousand to a million dollars in cold, hard, American currency.

So the next time anyone sees you goofing off, reading Wired, Details, Rolling Stone or Maxim, or growing taproots out your ass from all the time you spend on the sofa getting a healthy tan from the picture tube, tell them to piss off. You're doing research.

Jay is only three days away from mastering the push button for his first appearance on Jeopardy. He is hoping for the categories of "Winona Ryder", "Quake 3 Arena", "Useless Biology Degrees", "Jumpin' Jesuits", "Diet Coke", and "Kinky Sex".

-ed.

Science Undergrad Society **exec elections**

Deadline for nominations

Friday March 3rd, 2:30 pm Chem B160

All Candidates meeting:

Friday March 3rd, 4:32 pm Chem B160

Elections run March 13 - 17th. Bring your student card to vote.

Positions Available

President	Director of Finance
Internal Vice President	Public Relations Officer
External Vice President	Social Coordinator
Executive Secretary	Director of Sports
Director of Publications	

Visit the constitution on the website for more information about the positions.
www.ams.ubc.ca/sus/constitution.html

Nomination forms in  or in the SUS office (Chem B160).