This, is, MINI-WEC!

Do you believe that you are the greatest engineer? Do you think you have what it takes to prove it?

UVic’s engineering competition, Mini WEC, is your chance to showcase your ability and more. The competition, which on my personal guarantee will be a blast, also provides a chance for you and your peers to come together to share and exchange ideas rather than fistfights, apply the knowledge you have worked long and hard to acquire in a fun setting rather than in the MECH design, and further build your skill as an engineer rather than sit at home and basket weave.

If you believe you’re a bright, dedicated or innovative student, gather up your ‘geers and form a team to prove it. There are a number of competitions (from debate to consulting) you may compete in and the best way to find out more about them is to check out http://www.wec2009.ca/the-competitions

http://www.wec2009.ca/the-competitions

Oh yeah, I almost forgot, the winners of each competition will be sent to the Western Engineering Competition (WEC) to represent UVic; and this year’s WEC is in Regina, Sask.

THE DETAILS:

Who: Anyone who has a mind to compete and hands to do it with.
What: A friendly, intra-school engineering competition pitting the witty against the smart; the sly vs. you!
When: Saturday, November 29th from 11am until 5pm
Where: The ELW Lobby
Why: UVic’s way to find out who will represent the University at the Western Canadian Level
How: Sign up your team in the ESS Office VERY soon, or e-mail JP Markes at jpmarkes@uvic.ca

Editors Note:
Mini-WEC is an amazingly good time to compete in, and tons of fun to watch. I heartily endorse this event.
L. Butts

Looking for something more productive to do in class than Facebook? Take note of the funny quotes your profs rattle off in class and send them in to essa-com@engr.uvic.ca. Here are this week’s contributions:

“You can’t find out about the body unless you get some” Brown in PHIL 220
“I shouldn’t talk about my wife’s hips so much in class” Chapin in ELEC 216
“Size really does matter” Crawford in MECH 360
The self-proclaimed purpose of organic farming is to produce an environmentally friendly, healthy product. Organic farmers claim that they can furnish Safeway with a supply of pesticide free products which will meet the demands of consumers; they are neither correct nor truthful.

There is nothing as blindly ignorant as the extreme organic (as I’ll call them). The notion that without a few miniacl and biologically safe, even beneficial chemicals your life is somehow noticeably better.

How is this blind? First take a look at the ‘pesticide free products’ that you’re supplied with. Organic farmers are obliged by the definitions of organic farming to use only ‘naturally occurring’ products on their crops. This prevents them from using harmful herbicides and fungicides that Joe Scientist can brew up using savage toxic waste in his garage lab. But they can use as many naturally occurring neurotoxins and pesticides that they can get their hands on; and do. So you think you’re munching down a toxin free bowl of lettuce, but you’re actually consuming unhealthy amounts of cancerous Matran-2.

Next, I’ll use pig farming as an example. Pig farming is the most environmentally destructive type of animal domestication. Pigs crap out such high concentrations of phosphorus that they can wipe (pardon the un-necessary pun) out marine life in surrounding areas completely. Now this is an issue, and pumping our pigs full of steroids, like the organics riot that we shouldn’t do, will not help. What would help? Scientists have genetically engineered a pig sub-species they call ‘Enviropig.’ It has everything in common with a common pig, except that it’s got an extra enzyme (one which is found in our own, human, digestive tract) and a some new, engineered spit. The result? The Enviropig produces 75% less phosphorus, and can consume grass rather than corn, which takes rather selfish amounts of energy and effort to produce and distribute. These two genetic modifications are so minute that scientists are as certain that there cannot be any adverse health effects if we humans slaughter and gnash down these pigs.

But the organics call it the Frankenpig. They have enough power in the farming industry that any hint of mass production of the Enviropig gets shut down faster than a pig farm in Afganistan. Because it’s genetically modified, this pig ‘proposes a direct threat to our natural ecosystem’ because its genes are more genetically apt than normal pigs. The simple notion of natural is better than synthetic allows these farmers to actually have a valid argument in the eyes of world, and since the popular and chic manner of shopping is to head to Quality Greens and hit up the organic section with your D&G sunglasses and Abercrombie hoodie, this won’t change. All for the virginal genes of some sloppy swine? We’ve successfully forgotten why we even have organic food because some rich lobbyists don’t want their faith and stocks in the organic market to drop.

Organic farming has been allowed so much momentum that it’s logically allowed to violate it’s founding principles. And with the onset of more friendly, arguably better options coming available, it’s frightening to see the lack of concern from a group devoted to your so called health and safety. Now, as a result of conforming to their own ideals of maintaining the best environmental standards, the organics are actually helping coal power destroy our habitat, 38% of the world’s farmable landmass at a time.

For more on pig farming, and how it’s really not as glamorous as ‘Charlotte’s Web’, search for the article ‘Boss Hog’ on www.rollingstone.com by JeffTietz, for the article that once made this Fiswrap editor almost convert to the dark side and stop eating pork. It’s a gruesome article with some very disturbing pictures, but is extremely effective in telling on pork farmers. If I can ask you to do one thing this week, it’s read this article when you get home.
Dear Viktor

I’m having a very hard time wrapping my head around Jerkovski’s Lift Theorem. Can you help with elevating my heavy members?

Signed,
Rule Stick Radius

Dear Ruler Stick Radius,

If you don’t make sure your vortices are all aligned properly, you can have serious problems, many requiring technical treatment. My advice is avoid the stagnation period I’m sure you’ve got on your ‘upper wing’ because this point will cause issues with your inviscid flow; a problem none of us want to have again.

Dear Viktor,

My auxiliary views always look like my frontal views? Do you think this will be a problem in the future?

Signed,
Can’t Stay in the Lines

Dear Can’t Stay in the Lines

Sometimes it just happens that your views are all very similar; it shows off symmetry, which is an attractive quality. The only thing you should keep in mind is that sometimes a frontal view doesn’t show off true length very well. For some people, this isn’t a problem, but if you want your members as long as possible, try an edge view.

Always yours, and always a classy-lassy,
Viktor the Viking
A HILARIOUS TWIST, TO A SEEMINGLY SAD STORY
by White Chocolate

Is it weird that I know the first 27 decimals of pi
Times the natural logarithm of 7 to the power of 5.6
Or that a Subspace is always a Vectorspace,
But a Vectorspace is rarely a Subspace.

Is it strange that I was named captain
Of my high school’s chess and debate team,
But was picked after the kid on crutches,
During intramural soccer.

Is it bizarre that I respect women so much
That I have vowed to shut my eyes tight
Whenever there is a possibility
Of exposed skin.

Is it absurd that when I walked into school
On October 31, the whole school congratulated me
For my outstanding nerd costume,
Even though I had worn the same clothes all week.

But isn’t it a hilarious twist
That I’ll be raking in a 100 G’s a year after graduation
While you serve me a BigMac and offer me ketchup packets.
But I guess you’ll always be better at soccer.

PROF-STUDENT SOCIAL: A HIT
by Tom Burdyny

Special thanks to all those faculty members who made it out to Felicita’s for beer and nachos! The event was a complete success and it would not be an understatement to say everyone who attended had a phenomenal time, most asking when a repeat event was set to take place.

It was also nice to see the professors who teach us day by day can pack away just as many brews as we, the undergraduate engineers, can. Special regards go out to those MECHies who came in light of a fluids midterm the very next morning. As I remember, it was only about four glasses in when I realized the severity of the situation. While discussions of design and life philosophy ensued, those pitchers kept coming! Nachos filled the tables and I quickly realized that my unintentional fasting during the day was coming back to bite me. While Dr. Crawford was being riddled with questions and being cut off before he could answer, Dr. Zielinsky reminisced on past engineering events and Dr. Buckham openly discussed the cheating that took place during his midterm with many interested students lending ears.

But as the night drew on, the BAC became abundantly noticeable and with fluids calling us to the restroom more regularly than healthy, the night was adjourned. We stumbled back to our books and paper with comforting thoughts; like us, our professors have struggled through their undergrad years and they too have stories of terror like that midterm we all cried over or that final that was extended because it was so long and hard.

CODE OF CONDUCT IN THE MECH DESIGN LAB

The Mech Design lab is a home to many mechanical engineers in the truest sense of the word. There we all share the same frustrations, whining about how slow it is to log on, checking the shared drive relentlessly for old assignment solutions and midterms, and pilling through endless lab reports. We’re like family in there. Unfortunately it has come to my attention that some people are not respectful of their family members.

The noise, the laughter, the cackling, I can’t stand it. It is undeniably the most annoying thing; to hear that laugh (you most definitely know who you are) and talk to each other as if you’re talking to the entire lab. The attention you’re drawing to yourself is not positive attention. Why do you have to be so loud?? Holy sweet sassy molasses , please turn it down a few decibels. Your obliviousness to the fact that the world doesn’t appreciate continuously hearing your voice is amazing; notwithstanding, please consider this your second (you had the first this spring) and final warning.

Respect your family members, use your inside voice, please be quieter in the Mech Design lab so we can all manage to get done what we showed up for work. The next time I deliver this message, I won’t be so kind to write in the Fish-Wrap and the words I choose will definitely not be so polite. Happy studying!
“The Government has no place in forcing to wear my seatbelt…”

The issue of seatbelt wearing has never crossed my mind as an issue at all. Even as I’m writing this, I’m unclear how this could ever even be an issue? So to argue this topic, I’ll first mention what I see as the only valid argument in the affirmative.

It’s the opinion of a very great many people that the government has no place telling us what we should or should not do. The purpose of a governing body is to give structure to how we live our lives; to provide a set of lines within which we must draw. So the statement ‘if I want to fatally eject through my windshield in a non-fatal accident I should be allowed to’ should be given a bit of weight; Darwin thought so at least. Being accountable for something trivial like not wearing a seatbelt, I suppose, is important to maintain our freedom from the man.

But in Canada, we have public health care. How is it fair, or legal, to burden the system which others rely on for your own selfish gropes for autonomy. The conservative block pleads for personal accountability, and I would have to agree in this case. If you were guaranteed to be mortally wounded in your accident, then your choice to kill yourself is fine by me. But as soon you you’re sucking the life out of our public health system and drawing funding away from people who actually need the help, then the government has a right to intervene, because your choice no longer effects ONLY you.

My second point is of logic: who are you trying to be by refusing to wear a seatbelt? Is this a misconception that not wearing your seatbelt is a righteous effort against the man? Not wearing a seatbelt doesn’t show your disregard for intervention, it shows personal disregard for your own self worth?

We have laws in place to protect the rights of our citizens, like the right to healthcare, and seatbelt laws are no exception. The reason you are forced to wear a seatbelt is the same reason you shouldn’t speed; to protect those around you. Only this protection is indirect by preventing you from draining tax payer’s money out of a service which other’s lives depend on for your own cowboyish self-righteousness.

by Liam

Seatbelts are a good idea. No debate. They save lives, they prevent injuries, and they are without a doubt are one of the greatest safety additions to motor vehicles.

Seatbelt laws however, are one of the most moronic things that society has ever allowed to happen.

As a nation we pride ourselves on our freedom. Despite this we have somehow allowed the government to make decisions on our behalf. Canadian law is in place sustain society, in our case sustain a free society, by creating a set of rules to ensure the consequences of the decisions an individual makes do not impede upon the rights of others. Somewhere along the line however, the government decided that it was more intelligent than its citizens and that it was their responsibility to begin making decisions on behalf of its citizens.

There are two common approaches you can take to behavior that endanger individual’s lives. And currently there are two major issues within Canada each using one of these approaches, smoking and motor vehicle collisions. For smoking we’ve adopted an approach that protects the freedom of Canadians. We’ve decided that it is better to educate Canadians about the risks and consequences of smoking and allow people to make their own decisions than to form laws forbidding them to smoke. In the case of motor vehicles however, the government has created and enforced a law that does not allow Canadians to make their own decision, instead simply requires them to use seatbelts. It’s not the principle of seatbelt laws that I question, instead it’s the application. Now imagine the Municpality of Saanich made a law that demanded you tie up your shoe laces when you walk down the street. No doubt it’s a good idea to tie your shoe laces, but is it the role of the government to demand this from you and fine you if your laces are not done up? Or would you instead prefer a government that informed you that tying up your laces is a good idea and let you make your own decision?

In closing I beg you to ask yourself, “What kind of government do I want?” Do you want a government who works to educates and empowers you to make the right decision? Or do you want a government that makes decisions on your behalf?

by Sean

“Gourd? Or maybe some Squash?”

Tired of chasing the opposite gender? How about chasing a little black ball around a spacious box and giving it a good whack?

What: Inaugural ESS Squash Tournament
Who: Anyone, with any skill level
Where: Ian Stewart Squash Courts
When: 5-8pm Monday, November 24th
Sign up?: In the ESS Office or jpmarkes@uvic.ca
Control doesn’t exist; control is an illusion. In an age where our level of understanding permits what appears to be a mastery of physical existence, society has assumed and elevated the idealistic notion of control. Unfortunately, while people strive endlessly in vain trying to achieve this ideal, they fail to realize that control is not possible. At best, people can make every effort to affect outcomes in a predicted way but ultimately, the mode of control they search for is illusory. Subsuming a sense of control may feel to give a society a sense of purpose and accomplishment but this endless search for false control only fuels degenerative trends. The degenerative trends are exemplified on both personal and societal levels.

On a personal account, an endless and fruitless search for idealistic control leads to frustration, insecurity, and a life lived in extremes. Once one fails to realize that control is merely an unattainable ideal, subconscious doubt in ability arises because their efforts constantly fail to return the expected results of control. Most importantly, dependence on unattainable control undermines the credibility of adaptation. Adaptation is the only true form of control. Sh*t happens; if we can accept this and trust in our skills, talents, and abilities to deal with whatever it may be, we arrive at a sense of comfort and a sort of reactive form of control. The mental fortitude is proactive; the action is reactive.

This method immobilizes control of perception in the mind and it is only in perception and intellectualization that humans actually achieve control.

Once the illusive sense of control overwhelms a society, institutions are found pursuing this hollow endeavour. As an example, an organization that believes in a sense of control aims for equally idealistic standards of safety. Over-credited modes of control are implemented and imposed on employees and customers alike. By imposing modes of control in the interest of safety, institutions further demote people’s responsibility for their own well-being. As this degenerative trend trickles into other facets of society, people are left unaware of the attributes of adaptation, unconcerned in their abilities, and reluctant to assume responsibility.

So accept that sh*t happens; accept that you yourself are the best mode for dealing with things. Stop sucking on the maternal tit of institutionalized society and take responsibility for yourself. Take risks, assume risk, and don’t cry about it. All humans really do is adapt anyways so embrace this and find liberation in it.

LABS AND THEIR RESPECTIVE REPORTS SERIOUSLY GRIND MY GEARS

During my education at UVic I have had many good lab experiences with both groups of my own choosing and with randomly assigned ones. Every once in a while, however, a lab comes along that shatters a tooth off my metaphorical gear.

There are many elements of the lab write up which can be frustrating. To begin, the organization of writing a lab report can be painstaking. Despite seeing each other more than I would prefer on a daily basis, it seems to require several e-mails or phone calls to get the logistics organized. After finally managing to meet, the lab itself is then immediately diced up into sections so that ‘Jimmy Theory’ hasn’t the foggiest idea what ‘Bobby Results’ needs to see the TA fourteen times about. To boot neither does the TA. Meanwhile, ‘Arty Introduction’ finished his section hours ago and can only get food and go to the bathroom so many times before he has to tell his group he’s done. By the time the Abstract rolls around a half-hour after the lab is due, it can hardly be called a group report but rather an incoherent mix of present and past tense, tables and graphs that seem to have come from a couple of first years. In addition my inbox is now so full of random report crap that I feel like I’m going to get that “disk usage for ‘sdent’ is over limit” e-mail twice a day instead of once. Even if the group dynamics aren’t great, the lab marks are ambiguous and you get screwed on the lottery. lab marking adds insult to injury. I’ve spent seemingly endless hours working on a lab only to find that the markers have given everyone 100% or decided to pull a trump card that penalizes everyone a whopping 20% because “the midterm average was too high”. If it hasn’t been abundantly clear the “group lab” can ruin a Sunday afternoon that had so much promise, then I’ll gladly settle down for a good ol’ 10 page r.

by, frustratingly, TB
What Grinds My 'Geers

The morbidly obese. I went to the US for reading break, and 25 miles south of the border hit up a Jack-in-the-Box for some $.50 tacos. I was amazed the amount of rolly-polly, smelly people there was inside that meat factory. Now I understand that often times these issues are beyond carelessness and lifestyle, but I have a hard time understanding what the hell you’re doing easing into a good night’s sleep with a quad-cheese bacon grease burger? Now it’s your right to let ‘er go and just pillow out, but why?! I can’t believe that it feels good to have to get out the pry bar to fit through a standard door, or what your knees must feel like after a hard day of walking to the fridge. It amazed me that there was such a difference so close to the border too, that the issue is clearly not just lifestyle delineated, but firmly defined by nationality. I never believed it, but it seems that the US is actually a much fatter nation. Go-Bama!

Mini salt & pepper packages. I want to congratulate the idiot who designed those. Who thought that we should put 23 times as much salt in the salt packages compared the amount of pepper in one of the pepper packages. It takes six freakin’ pepper packages for every salt package for me to adequately spice my tasty French Fries. I go to all the bother of ripping the pepper packages one by one to disappointing watch four pepper grains to fall over my entire plate. I recognize salt is cheaper but I end up using one salt and so many more peppers. Surely you have to continue to re-stock the pepper container while you’re throwing the excess salt packages in the dumpster in the back.

TP in ECS/ELW. Like most engineers I seem to live at the school. I don’t mind spending every waking hour at the school with one reservation, the quality of the toilet paper. They might as well have ordered 80-grit sandpaper instead! Then, my poor cheeks would not bleed when I pass deuce. Let me tell you though, I think the best part about going home for reading break was enjoying the greatness of 3-ply. Oh joy... I could get the job done with three squares and my cheeks were very happy. Not like here where there are no perforations so making nice neat squares takes time and effort I’d rather spend driving notes and equations into my TI-89.

Mini salt & pepper packages

What’s Beats are being Dropped in the ESS this week

Mad talented female DJ’s and experimental rock meets mid 90s hip-hop and jazz. I’m jazzed.

Return to Cookie Mountain

^ by TV on the Radio

So Wikipedia calls these guys ‘experimental rock’ and I might have to agree. They have a crazy diversity of sound, from mellow winter-walk music to hip-hop reminiscent beat dominated indie rock. Then out of no where you get something that sounds like Ravi Shankar with a mariachi band? It’s crazy the depth of this stuff, and in spite of their rampant overuse of background ‘white noise’ which seriously distracts from the GOLD that is ‘I was a Lover’. Throw down ‘Family Tree’ when you’re making a nice bisque and you’ll be happy as a clam

Santogold

So when I was first introduced to Santogold, I was expecting something dub-step’in’er than Caspa and Rusko, but this stuff is off that map. Santogold is more or less a really talented lyricist with huge abilities on a noise making machine. The beats are tight knit and flow from song to song, and make for a really clean and unique sound. She’s like Tiesto meets MIA in some sort of Do you Feel Me/Paper-Planes love child; and it’s beautiful! I really recommend ‘LES Artistes’ for that time just after a party when you’re still amp and awkwardly sober.

Quality Control

^ Jurassic 5

The 1993 group spent 10 years defining hip-hop from the underground up. Notwithstanding its their second record, their first major record, which really cemented their place in hip-hop history. The album mixes perfectly smooth flow with harmonic rhythms to create a combination that makes it socially permissible to bob your head in public, and if you can rap quickly enough, sing along. This album is perfect to pick you up from your post lunchtime lulls.

Night Train < Oscar Peterson

Oscar Peterson, a Canadian, was the leading jazz pianist in the era of Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald. He has released over 200 recordings, won seven Grammy Awards, and is in numerous ‘Music Halls of Fame’. Night Train is a classic jazz album; the pure talent of the Trio is overwhelming. The smooth upbeat jazz with great improv solos is the best thing for a quiet November evening. Put this on when you need to score brownie points with a special lady friend.
Editor’s sign-off,

This very well may be my last FishWrap as Editor, or we might be able to scratch out another if the people would have it. So if I have no other chance, it’s been a pleasure, and I’m sure I’ll be whining and ranting to your cold ears soon; maybe even using spell check too.....pffssshht

Liam Butters

WHAT GOT DONE THIS WEEK

- Short and easy found Taal and Sleazy outside a UPS Store huffing styrofoam packing chips
- Our tinfoil supplies were depleted
- Trevor desacrated the plant, savagely
- Someone found the trap down under the foosball table and found the hidden stash of Ti Devices
- Liam grew a dirt stash, and it was really ugly
- Marnie was, and still is, a ninja (turtle)
- The Missionary assumed the position on her first pub-crawl
- Mini-Wec was born, and so was the UVic ESS Squash Tournament; we looked into ENGR Bandanas too
- Sean tore a hamstring fencing Morpheus tandem with Celine Dion
- We got a random celebrity sentence generator; it ran out of batteries from over use (like Tom Cruise).