

The 432.

In this issue:

Bingeing and Purging!

Secrets Revealed!

Fermentation Week!

and so much more...

"The North Shore has the same populatin as RE.I. Give us our #@\$%in' bridge!"

- Douglas Coupland

Dean of Science Purges SUS Executive

All Ten Executive Arrested on Charges of Treason Against the Dean

Point Grey, B.C.

In an earth-shattering announcement, just days before the planned Science Undergraduate Society's Executive democratic elections were to begin, the Office of the Dean of Science announced yesterday that all ten SUS Executive have been permanently relieved of their positions under allegations of espionage.

A piece in *The 432*, a once loyal paper to the Society and to the Faculty of Science turned rebel newsletter, is reported to have printed outrageous lies on matters concerning personal information concerning the Dean of Science, Maria Iosif Klawe. Taking necessary precautions, the Office of the Dean has arrested all ten executives of the society on charges of treason and espionage.

"We have tried this form of democracy for nigh 40 years now," Dean Klawe commented from her podium, "and what has it resulted in? Incompetence, waste, and loss of morality. Fer chissakes, what kind of society elects Craig Temple as it's leader? With electoral turnout below 5% of the eligible voting student population, even with

the lure of lollipops, democracy has failed. It has failed even to the point of democratically electing ten traitors into close association with the very Office of the Dean. Now it is time to shed our foolish views on freedom and get down to business for the good of the students, and of the Faculty in general.

"I have hand-picked 10 students to take on the positions vacated by the traitors. These loyal students have served the Office of the Dean well as it's Ambassadors, and will loyally carry out their duties with supreme efficiency, all in my name. God I love them."

The current whereabouts of the ten suspected spies was not revealed at press time, though it assumed that they have been imprisoned for their crimes against the State and will be interrogated to uncover any other possible spies on the UBC campus.

"They had access to sensitive information vital to the Faculty, and they decided to abuse their position," ... commented to *The 432*, "Who else could have committed such a grievous crime against the people? We

must learn what they know so that other traitors may be brought to justice. And if that means slowly pulling out their finger-and toenails one-by-one, they that's what we're going to have to do. Did I say pull out their fingernails? I meant ask them nicely over tea."

But what about the editors of the paper that printed such outrageous lies? So far neither has been apprehended. Both report several abduction attempts along with the executive, but they were the only ones possessing the physical strength to beat back the Office of the Dean's Secret Police. They are still at large and considered very liberal in their opinions.

The editors of *The 432* spoke to *The 432* early yesterday morning.

"When I heard that we were being sent to the Science Gulag, the first thing I thought was 'What? They're going to lock us up in SUS?'" said Jay Garcia "But in reality, the place we've been sent is far, far nicer. Fewer roaches, better lighting, enough space to swing a cat. All it needs is a stereo to replace the ageing 8-track player we used to have, and we can call it the New

SUS Office".

"There seems to be only one thing to do in this situation," Mr. Martin theorized, "and that is to get a lot of guns, a lot of explosive, a few freelance missionaries, and bust them outta that building. Of course, we're not sure which building yet, but [awkward pause and shaking] I JUST GOTTA BLOW SHIT UP!!! Ahem, in the interest of the freedom of our imprisoned comrades, that is. Hey, I think that the Cheeze looks like a political prison, don't you?"

A dishelved and wild-eyed young woman found wandering the campus late last night was apprehended by UBC Department of Psychology Violent Criminals division. As she was being thrown into the waiting van, she babbled incoherently, claiming to be Reka Stzopa, the former SUS Internal Vice-President.

The Psychology Rep had no comment about the incident.

Prime Minister Jean Chretien, planning a goodwill trip to the UBC campus in late March, has been asked to bring up the subject of human rights with the Dean of Science.

THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

<http://www.plif.com>



After years of declining ratings, Sesame Street is finally cancelled.

'Survivor III' to be Held in Iraq

Los Angeles, CA

In an attempt to take the presently popular genre of 'reality television' to another level, executives responsible for the immensely popular 'Survivor' TV series have announced that the next competition, 'Survivor III: Beachhead of Death' will be held in the deserts of the Mideastern country of Iraq.

Set in the idyllic sands West of the historic Iraqi city of Umm Qasr, the next round of the Survivor series promises to be the most realistic episode of survival yet!

"We saw a distinct problem," Frederick Ganges, executive for the CBS Television Network, told the press late yesterday afternoon, "We were hiring supermodels and sending them to beautiful exotic locales to compete against each other in relatively low-impact challenges for wealth and prizes. That wasn't the Survivor reality we were aiming for, that was some romantic fantasy. We wanted the brutal reality of survival against a hostile environment and backstabbing competitors to shine through for the viewers at home.

"That's why our ratings have been flagging recently. We needed something to keep

people interested. And the honest-to-goodness daily threat of death to our sixteen new survivors was exactly the answer we were looking for."

With planned weekly challenges set on the endless scorching desert, the polluted Persian Gulf and the remaining twisted carnage of the 'Highway of Death', high stakes entertainment is a sure bet for hardcore Survivor fans. Challenges including the 'Minefield Obstacle Course', 'Race for Parasite-free Water' and the ominously named 'Air Strike' promise to keep the Nielsen ratings high for the three-month duration of the show.

The rules will remain the same. Minimal rations and equipment will be handed to each 'Ethnic Group' out at the beginning of the competition. Each Group will be left to fend for itself against the elements and persecution for their mere participation in the Ethnic Group. At the end of each episode one contestant will be voted into 'Religious Exile', and will have their property seized by the other Ethnic Group before being forcibly deported from the competition site to an undisclosed location until the scheduled interview with David Letterman three weeks later.

How to Write for *The 432* pt.2



Andy Martin

This is a Test

If you were with us about 2 years ago, you might remember yours truly writing a column on the skills and requirements on 'How to Write For *The 432*'.

I think we have acquired two bi-lined authors since then.

[bi-line' (Bye-lie-nuh) defn.: That little picture by the author's name and tagline. They are symbols, chosen and bestowed by the current editor, to symbolize consistency in submitting quality articles worthy of print.]

also, if you were feeling really lucky, you could print those on a business card, then cockily walk into any bar on 10th avenue, find a seat, order some drinks and then attempt to pay by dropping your card into the waiter's hands. Nine times out of ten, you'll likely end up washing dishes to pay for your extravagant purchases, but it's that tenth attempt, where they give you a \$300 tab and then put up a huge sign saying "432 writers welcome" that makes it all worthwhile. No, seriously.

--ed

So, let's try this again. This is a serious recruiting call (as well as a space killer). If all goes right in my life, I will be retiring from the paper at the end of this year (again). If I appear back in September, you are all welcome to come to my house and shoot me (again). This leaves the prestigious back page spot up for grabs.

You will not believe how many people actually read the 432, if only for the first and last pages. If you ever wanted be campus-famous, the back page is a coveted spot. This will earn you many, many free beverages in the more discerning beer gardens, as well as the occasional date from a member of the appropriate sex. No guarantees about the last one. Just because it hasn't yet worked out for Andy, doesn't mean it can't work out for you, though...

--ed

Screw you Jay. -- Andy

Submissions are made from all people from all walks of life. But we find that people who have led interesting lives have good stories to tell and twist into humorous articles. So do something with your life, goddammit! If that doesn't work, bitterness, often bred and nurtured from not doing anything with your life, can also be a grand source of funny material. So don't do anything with your life, goddammit! Anywhere in between...eh, it's all good.

Ranting is a time-honoured tradition in *The 432*. We often feel the need to get many an annoying subject of our chest. Occasionally, this ends up being a collective approach, as that which bothers you will righteously piss off someone else, and to see you dispatching their personal bugbear will earn you their gratitude and may even help you score some free merch... But remember: it's gotta be funny. If you're ranting incoherently and the article produces nothing but blank stares and puzzled faces, that's not a comic rant. That's a frickin' academic paper, and people read *The 432* to get as far away from School (headspace-wise) as possible.

--ed

There are, in the tightest of times, two weeks between articles due. This should, in theory, be plenty of time to put together a good article. Take a week to go over ideas. It doesn't even have to get in the way of homework. Just keep it on your brain's furthest backburner. Leaf through a newspaper or watch the news if you need a kick start. Once you get a good subject in your

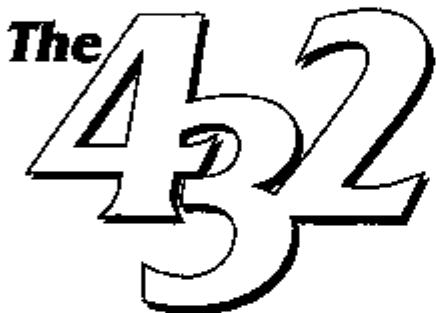
head, turn it around, toy with it, rip its guts out and try to describe them in 1000 words. Keep a running tab on your subjects, comments and one-liners in the margins of your Chem notes. By the end of a week, you should have a decent topic, and quite a few things to say about it.

As far as topics, anything goes. Seasonal topics such as Halloween, exams and rain usually work great. Traditional fallbacks include sickness, alcohol, and the evilness of the other sex. The only caution is to not make the articles too exclusive or too personal. Nobody else can get your exclusive article topics, and articles that are too personal just disturb more than entertain (do as I say, not as I do).

However, there are those weeks when we just can't find the inspiration to find a serious article topic. If this arises, you have three safety nets:

1) The Random Rant. An often used style. I find it more difficult to pull off an article even close to readable using this technique, but some people thrive on it. Kudos to them.

2) Plagiarize. But it's against university policy my ass! Find yourself a good source of comedy that less than 10% of people reading this paper are likely to identify, and go at it. Standup routines are a good source (sprinkles of Dennis Leary are all over my first year of writing). But other



an old (circa 1988) 432 logo

sources such as internet cartoons and old sketch shows like *The Kids in the Hall* are awesome too. And check out those weblinks we put into our issues to fill random space, they're goldmines that we use as an extra push every so often. Or hell, go to our website, read some articles from five years ago and copy-paste. I have even been known to draw on my literary hero, Oscar Wilde, for direction. The best writer is well read.

3) Drop a lot of acid. Take notes.

One other thing to do: keep a tape recorder by the side of your bed. It's easier to use than a pen and paper, especially at three in the goddamn morning, which is no sane time for anybody to up and about unless they are either having the best sex of their life, or are being kicked out of Res for having had the best sex of their life and sharing it with everyone in a five room radius (damn those thin walls!) Record those weird half-muttered sayings. You can use them as creative fodder for your articles. And for chris-sakes, don't use the damn tape recorder to immortalize your bedside "exploits". Remember: what seemed awesome in the middle of the night is either frightening or stomach-churningly bad in the full light of day. Just a word to the wise, is all.

--ed

That said, now it's time to write.

Articles should be written like essays, with a coherent start, body and end. It is dangerous to mess with this formula. Way back, about two years ago, I started sacrificing structure in my articles because I didn't want to bother with the constant revision that an ordered style requires, and found the lax attitude seeping into essays I wrote for coursework. I still have my Bi 427 midterm with Prof comments describing my work as 'excellent content, but the writing style is somewhere between mediocre

and awful'.

To write, the right surrounding is needed. I prefer to sit in front of my IBM-compati-



The modern 432 logo, created by Blair McDonald, editor emeritus.

ble 266 late at night (shut up you geeks in the front row) with a shot of Jagermeister or single malt scotch on the left side of my keyboard and a little trashy, thrashy metal on the earphones. Faves include Godsmack, Nickelback and Megadeth. Stuff that sounds good, won't get in the way of the thought process, and might add a little mood to your article.

As far as alcohol. A classy snifter of the good stuff or a beer or two doesn't hurt and can coerce creativity. Being outright drunk doesn't make you funny, it makes other things seem funny. If you try to write an article completely soused your finished product on the paper will be the same as your finished product in the toilet. If anything in the universe can actually help you be funny, Dr. Pepper has been statistically proven to increase funniness ($p=0.035$). We swear.

Interestingly, we once tried to see what the effect of alcohol has on the creative process. Editor emeritus, John Hallett was all set, sitting in front of our Mac, and proceeded to type. The rest of us proceeded to make him drinks, which he would down with much aplomb. It was really interesting to watch the trajectory of the quality of his writing. For a visual analogy, try envisioning one of those Japanese Zero fighters in WWII, with a kamakaze pilot in it's cockpit. Now imagine that you're the poor marine on the deck of the USS Nimitz; watching this thing weave through the air unpredictably, until it crashes and burns through your ship's hull. Now, remove all the grace and strength from the flight of that Zero, and you have a vague approximation of what that night was like for John. The rest of us writing for the 432 also learned several valuable lessons, the first being never to antagonize a drunk, large man. The second was that one should never, under any circumstance, consume any drink with the inauspicious name of Vodka Apple Tea. It took weeks to clean that stuff out of our keyboards.

--ed

Back to the process of writing. There are only two reasons to put any phrase down.

1. It's funny.
2. It makes a point towards the subject, or is vital to the structure, flow or mood of the article.

Anything else is useless filler and bores the audience. That said, sometimes filler becomes a necessity to make a full sized article, but don't do it unless you've exhausted all other options. Filler should be, if nothing else, stylish.

You can always use long, polysyllabic words and elaborate visual constructs. My personal favorite is to create the overwrought analogy, stacking those sentences up like Jenga logs and then removing the key piece at the right time to watch it all come crashing down on a wave of utter hilarity.

Note for many of you: you have just witnessed this sort of humorous filibustering; this and the piece on the Kamakaze pilot are the result of years of practice, generating on-the-spot humour for this here rag. You too can learn to write copy with the best! Just send \$24.95 to P.O. Box... err, sorry. Wrong editorial comment.

--ed

Did anybody know what Jay was talking about there?

Me Neither. -- Andy

If it's your first time, and you're scared of us, give a copy of your work to a friend and ask their opinion. They will usually lie and say it's great, or else they won't reply to the email and force estrangement on you to avoid the whole issue. Bring it to us. We'll be upfront but supportive, and will give you a few pointers if you need them at all.

If it's your first time, we don't expect a complete slaying of the readers, just a flesh wound or 3rd degree burn will do. Write for as long as feels right to finish the article but 700-1000 words should be the target.

If you're unsure if *the 432* is for you, come visit us in Hennings once in a while. We'll allow you to bask in our glory, but be sure to bring a fanning palm frond or another groupie to add to the harem.

Keep the Faith.

Technical Stuff:

Please submit all written work electronically, preferably as an email attachment. We will still happily accept hand-drawn cartoons and other items which are inherently graphic in nature. Time was when we were able to re-type submissions, but both Andy and I have full time jobs, in addition to the other things we're doing (school for me, searching for grad schools for Andy).

When submitting your work, we can take Word format documents, but will take most other formats, as long as they aren't obscure or obsolete (no AmiPro 2.1 for God's sake). Please, please, please, for what little sanity remains to me: spell check your work. I will do this as well, but you will earn ineffably more karma (and thus better food and superior drinks) when it comes time for me to reward my hard-working writers with a trip to Montri's or Milestone's.

Double Blank Spaces

Things not to do: while many of you may have learned to touch-type, please, for the love of God, do not include those messy double blank spaces after periods. These were invented back when Typewriters were king, Dinosaurs ruled the Earth, and I was a frosh. Modern word processors and desktop publishing software automatically scale the period so that its size doesn't overwhelm the sentence it's in. It is, however, a real bitch to have to find-and-replace double blank spaces with single blank spaces.

Tabs and Forced Tabs

On the subject of formatting: do not use tabs or spaces as tabs. I generally take your pretty Word document and then copy them into text format for inclusion in Quark XPress (version 4.11, which is what we use to generate this here paper). Those tabs and spaces cause all kinds of formatting breaks, so don't use 'em.

Double Spaces

Unless you're doing a header line followed by a paragraph (like in this column) don't use double spaces. I find that having to re-format makes me break out in uncontrollable shakes, which can only be restored by liberal quantities of Stoli.

Sorrier'n A Frosh The Morning After

Dan Anderson

Apology Not Accepted

I would like to apologize. No, really. First off I want to apologize to Jay and Andy, the present editors of this dear rag. Every single time, I say "I'll have it in by Wednesday, really, for sure this time!" And every time I get them an article late Sunday night.

I'll buy the first round at Koerners next time we go to make up for it, fair deal?

(Jay, Andy, skip to the next paragraph, please.) I would like to apologize to everyone who I have promised drinks to, and then never actually bought the sleeve/pitcher/mickey/barrel of Glenlivet for. It's not my fault, really! You try buying alcohol, and then somehow proceeding to NOT drink it.

It goes against every shred of human decency that I've ever had. Of course, I'm living in Vanier (in Robson house, if you must know), so whether or not it is theoretically possible for me to have any decency (or taste buds, for that matter) is debatable.

I would like to apologize for all my artsie cracks. You can't all be as bad as I've made you out to be. Just let me get to know you.

If there are any first year female arts students out there who would like to show me how fun, intelligent, and attractive arts students really are over an evening of candlelit dinner and wine, please contact Dan Anderson via SUS. Available 7 nights a week. It's your responsibility to your faculty!

I would like to apologize to any females I might have offended by that latest apology. It was not meant to be an insult to your gender. I am a very caring, sensitive, thoughtful man, blonde, blue & green eyed, 6 foot 2...

ok, ok, ok! I'm sorry already! Put the knife away!

I would love to apologize to the engineers for the many jokes about them being geeks, losers, and having a complete and utter lack of social skills. Say, guys, you know, how about I buy you all a drink? I was just joking up earlier about not buying drinks, I swear. Say, you know, I could buy you those drinks a lot faster if you helped me get rid of the concrete and rebar that you let set around my feet, and undid the nylon rope binding my wrists. And telling me why I'm blindfolded, and what all that "won't find here... woods... decompose in time..." stuff was about. Right guys? Guys? Hello?

I would like to apologize for begin so sarcastic. It wasn't supposed to be mean or

cruel, really. It was all supposed to be constructive criticism, as any SUS councillor on the email mailing list knows full well. And AMS politicians aren't a heaving steaming mass of bull excrement, either. Ooops, sorry, didn't mean to let that slip in there.

I guess I should apologize to the people working at the Pit last night. Sorry about leaving the blood on the wall. Thanks for not kicking me out - and my hand is fine, I think it's just a split knuckle. I promise, it won't happen again. And I won't drink ever again either. Well, maybe just once or twice... and I don't really have anything planned for this Friday...

I want to apologize for using the words "monkey", "penguin", "floop", "Wolffy", and "cheese covered aardvark in spider sauce" so much. Oh, and it's not a bear, it's a fish. Congratulations, if you understood a word of those sentences, you must either be on some wild shit, or else be some kinda artsie. Are the trees turning rainbow shades of purple and talking to you? Hook some up! Do you think Milton really means that he is sorrowful over his fathers death and that it has driven him to peer deep within, only to find the need to expunge himself outwardly? Keep it to yourself. We don't need none of that crazy-talk 'round these parts. Artsie females, remember that these might stop if I am persuaded you all aren't really too

bad...

I would like to apologize to all the religious people I've offended out there. After all, you are right - there is a God, and after all, your god happens to be that real God, you are perfectly right, and your faith will let you live forever. Converting the world is the only way to save them - and an unsaved soul is worse than no soul at all. If it is mildly uncomfortable for the heathens to be converted, it doesn't matter - after all, it's their eternal well-being we're talking about here! Better that they should feel annoyed by us now than that they should suffer eternal damnation later! And posters of huge foetuses, larger than the people who set them up, are Gods' Will, to boot!

I should really apologize for being sarcastic again.

Finally, I suppose I should apologize for apologizing so much. Sorry!

I'd apologize for Dan, but I won't because I think he's covered pretty much all the bases, but also because I'm always right.

Losers.

- Andy

Next Deadline
March 5
2001

All articles and cartoons welcome. Must make the editor laugh at least thrice, or projectile spray his soda through his nostrils, causing him to curse your name as he accepts your undeniably hilarious contribution.

Any articles must contain your full contact information, and should be around 700 words. If you're sending a graphic, make it roughly 5 wide by 6" high (minimum).

Write about old television shows. By the Power of Greyskull, I have the power!

All contributions must be made by 4:32pm, February 16, 2001.

Send Email to jgarcia@interchange.ubc.ca

Boom n' Bust

Kelly Mann

Bringin' in the Funk

Why the hell do midterms seem to be scheduled on a 'Boom and Bust' timetable? We spend a month and a half having a good time with no serious exams and then...BOOM!

Having four midterms in three days would be bad enough for most of the population. But then when every course somehow gets it worked into their heads that a midterm Thursday and a lab test on Friday in the middle of the busiest time of term would be a good idea, you have to wonder what kind of masochists are running this show. Well, I guess they're masochists that have a squad of crack T.A.s and lab assistants to do all the actual work that this kind of heavy schedule creates.

See, Prof salaries are so low because they get fringe benefits on the side, mostly being able to inflict such a large amount of pain on so many. It doesn't take that much effort, just creativity. Teach a course so that the students know crap all, then give 'em atest the leading expert in the field would fail. Hmm hmm hmm...heh heh heh...BWA HA HA HA! No one shall stop my evil plan!

At least they seem to realize that 72 hours

without sleep is the vital threshold. But then they make the classroom so quiet, warm and so generally sleepinducing. Next thing you know, they'll play Enya over the P.A. system and offer warm milk because it'll mellow out frazzled nerves while writing.

Believe me, you need the lasting push of stress to get you through the exam. It's a tiring task to put up with the hour-long trauma that these exams are. Without the torture, we'd never last to get anything done, kind of like a concentration camp.

Ever been the first to finish an exam? Me neither, but it must be pretty intimidating to walk out of the test after half an hour. Everybody looks up at you with absolute hate. I always find solace in the fact that the grinning jerk probably missed the fact that the test was double sided and will fail miserably.

But now it's all over. I've walked through the desert and am still standing on my mangled limbs. My body is suffering from an alcohol deficiency and I must now spend the night comparing answers to that last exam with a pitcher at the Pit. What better way to put out the double-ended candle than with alcohol, so long as it's under 80 proof. Because anything over leads to a whole bunch of other problems like third degree burns.

Here's to a week of anything else cheap to promote permanent procrastination.

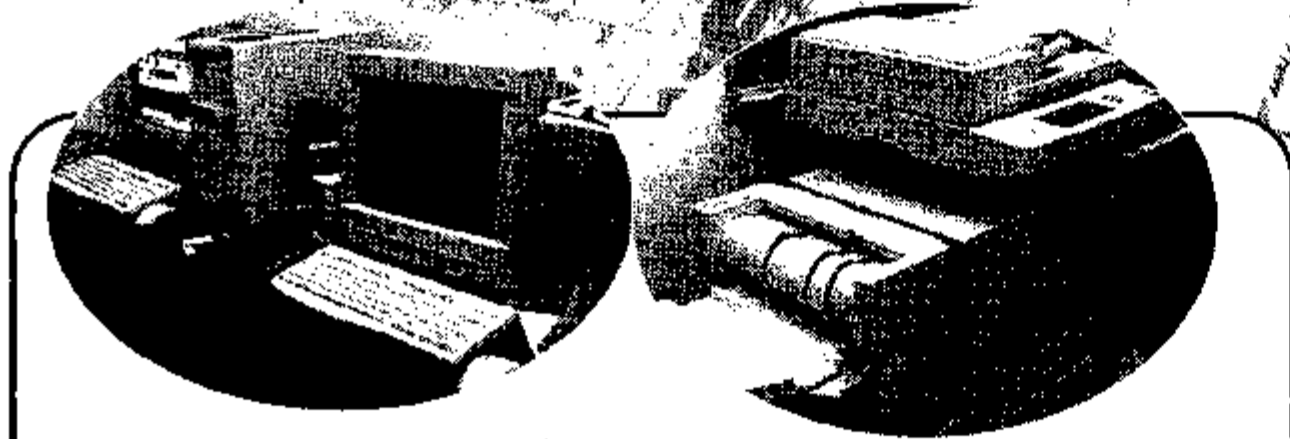
You want merch?
We got merch.
Science Gear for Sale!



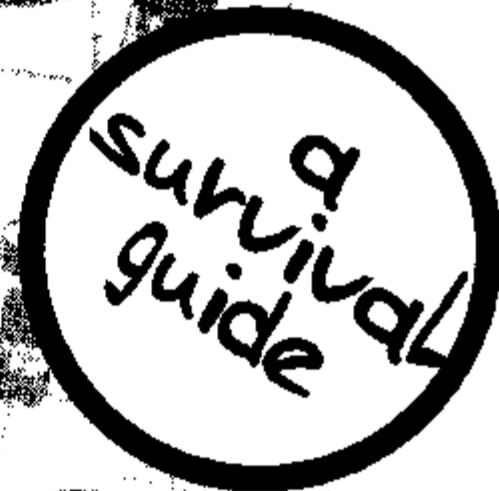
Science Mugs \$4
Science Toques \$12
Science Sweatshirts and Fleece
Coming Soon.



The Science Undergrad Society LOUNGE



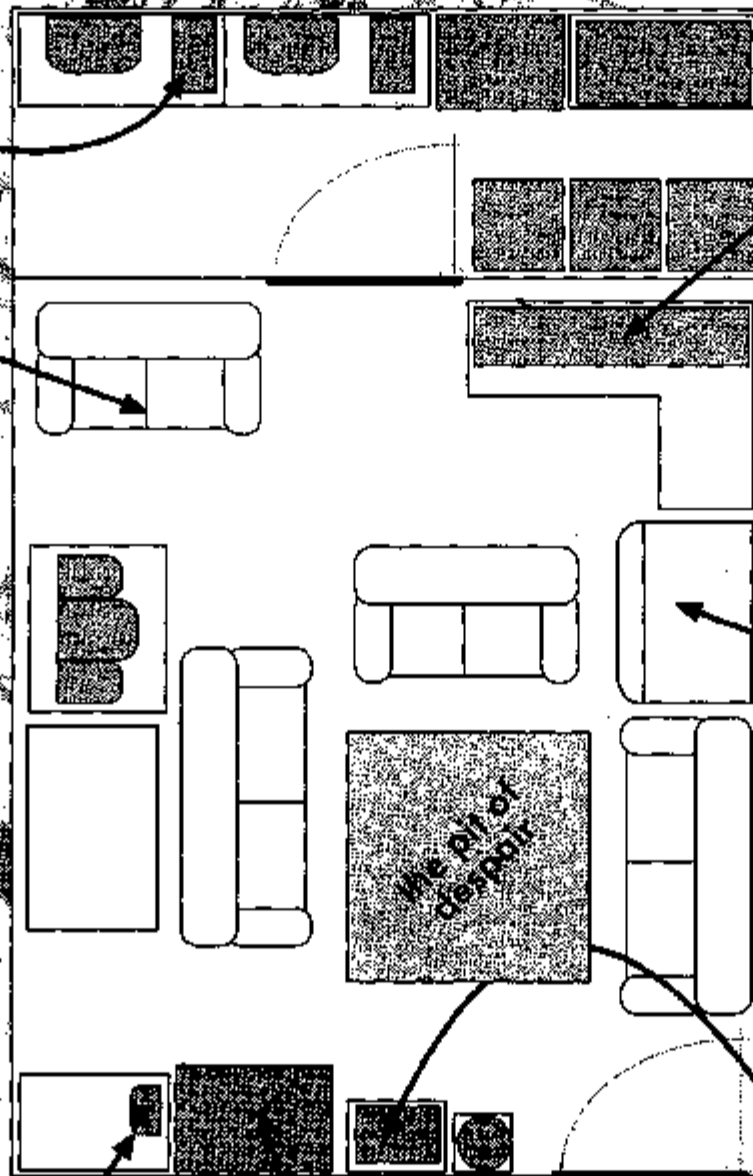
These are, ostensibly, public access computers, where students may type their assignments, work on their projects, and do other similarly scholarly things. In reality, they're used to surf the web for disreputable material, play uncounted games of Unreal Tournament, and produce this here newspaper. You'll often find the Science Executives "working hard" on these computers. Feel free to bug them incessantly while they "work".



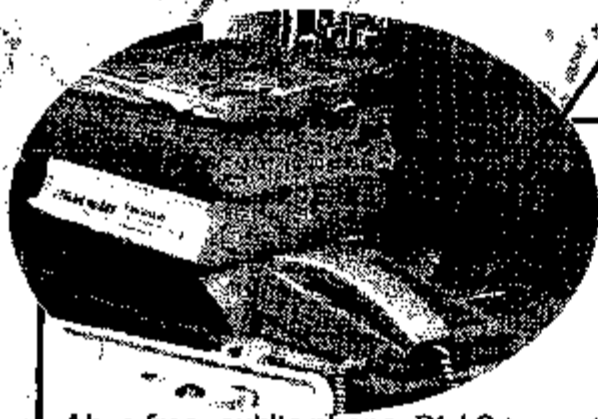
If you ever felt inclined to a.) study in the undergrad office or b.) leave a message for the executive, this is where you'd do this. However, you do so at your own peril. After all, the exec may actually get back to you...



These are some of the most comfortable couches on campus. Their comfort has absolutely nothing to do with their soft, plush qualities, or the tantalizingly smooth upholstery, or, for that matter, any form of cleanliness whatsoever. No, these couches are comfortable largely because they afford a legitimate excuse to miss the occasional class (for the umpteenth time in a row). I mean, who wants to get up off a nice, soft couch and walk fifty meters to a harsh, unforgiving lecture hall?



Three words: No Coke Deal. We've got Nestea and (occasionally) Dr. Pepper, and other sodalicious goodness. And the pop's still some of the cheapest on campus: \$0.75



Ah, a free, public phone. Dial 9 to contact anyone outside of UBC campus, or 2 and the last four digits of any campus phone number. But don't have people call this phone, as this is (informally) known as the Prank Phone... ask us about the UBC Space Programme sometime...



I challenge you to find a cheaper photocopier within easy walking distance of Scarfe, Chemistry, Biology or Hennings. At \$0.05 a page, this thing's a bargain! So what if it's evil green rays have been known to cause sterility in lesser primates, or the occasional psychopathic rage? It's probably all exam season's fault, anyway.



The first rule of microwaving: No goddamn fish. The second rule of microwaving: no goddamned cheese either. You can drink all the water you like tho...

Hair in Unusual Places



Jo Krack

Rapunzel Redux

I have decided to become Boob Hair Girl. Wait, wait, it's not as bad as it sounds! I have no plans to apply Rogaine to my breasts in the hopes that I can sprout enough fur to go topless in winter. In fact, I've never even considered doing such a thing. Honest! (OK, OK, I've never ACTIVELY considered it...)

Now that I have your attention (quit picturing my boobs! You're not doing them justice, anyway!), I'll explain: I have made the decision to grow my hair long enough to fully cover my breasts. Which translates into about six or seven inches longer, for those of you who have no idea either how long my hair is or how much would be needed to cover my breasts. So why have I come to such a decision?

Well, as I learned in first-year Anthropology, long hair has always been a symbol of fertility and sexuality: baldness has never had the same distinction, despite all the whining from baldies that it's caused by too much testosterone. As I stand in front of the mirror, I find myself wanting to be Venus, rising from the ocean foam with hair long enough to wear. I want the added insurance that even though I sleep naked, I shall never have to worry about grabbing something to cover myself with in the event of a night house fire. Nope, I'll be able to

dive out my window with confidence, wrapped snugly in soft Jo-hair. (No mohair for me! Ow.)

However, I will not be a Butt Hair Girl, as a friend of mine so nicely termed a girl whose hair was so long she could sit on it. I only need enough hair to fashion a makeshift bra, not a whole wardrobe. So I'll dive from the burning house bottomless; it's a sacrifice I'm willing to make. Long hair feels luxurious and sensual, but ultra-long hair just gets tangled a lot and stepped on, and takes way too long to wash and dry. I may lean towards the Romantic, but there's a good deal of pragmatism thrown in.

Another drawback for Butt Hair Girls: I read an article written by a Canadian-born Chinese woman complaining about her waist-long black hair attracting the kind of white guy who would run up and start speaking to her in Japanese, or ask her about Buddhism, or ask if she did martial arts. She grew sick of attracting men who passionately wanted to date a stereotype, especially after dating a few of them and finding that they quickly lost their attraction to her when they realized she was not Hello Kitty. So she lopped off her hair until it was not even long enough to reach her shoulders, and reported that the number of annoying white guys trying to Dim Sum her decreased dramatically.

Boob Hair is clearly the way to go. I think the hardest part of my growing-out-my-hair mission will be avoiding the tempta-

tion to shave my head out of frustration. I can just see it now: "Wahhh! It's not growing fast enough! And I'm getting split ends, so I'll have to get it trimmed, and then it'll be even shorter!! It's never going to reach my boobs! And it takes so long to dry after a shower! And it's so heavy that I can't turn my head too quickly or I get whiplash!! That's it! I'm cutting it off! Yeah, no more of this ultra-feminine crap, I'm goin' butch!" My friends would have to quietly remind me that no woman should be allowed to alter her hair in any way during PMS.

Well, it's settled. The hair is going to grow. I'll keep you posted, and if it finally gets past bra level, hell - I'll even post a picture! But I'm going to end on a personal note: My desire for long hair does not mean that I want my current lover to grow out his hair and sport a ponytail. In fact, somebody needs a haircut... (god, I'm subtle!)

Body hair. I swore there'd be no more body hair in this paper after last volume...I just saw it everywhere for a week. I was permanently scarred...DEAR GOD the hair just didn't stop!!

You want a hairy chest, do ya? I think not. Ever try to button a shirt with a hairy chest? Didn't think so.

Know whay men don't breastfeed? Because short n' curlys can be traumatic to a young child.

- Chris

Miss Julia Says...

In the hectic rush of our daily lives, we miss out on the small details; we forget to reflect on our lives, to simply lay back on the grass, stare at the sky, and ponder. Well, The 432 is proud to provide you with an excellent alternative to that oh-so-problematic issue of having to actually think for yourself! Miss Julia has kindly provided a veritable smorgasbord of juicy topics on which you may ruminate.

Labs

I'm really, really starting to hate labs. This "2 formal write-ups a week" is getting to me. But at the same time, I know they're good for me: there's nothing like screwing up something yourself, and being forced to think about it in detail after you've finished screwing up. Having to do and write up labs is analogous to puberty. You know it's going to happen; you know it's going to suck. It happens; it sucks. But in the end, you were glad you went through it, having come out stronger and, at least in one case, a few cup sizes larger than you went into it.

Valentine's Day

To me, Valentine's Day is like someone else's mom's birthday, or Latvian goatherder appreciation day- it just doesn't apply to me and should therefore be ignored. Honestly, though, Valentine's Day makes single people unhappy (due to the gnawing loneliness) and attached people unhappy (due to the unrealistic expectations), leaving unscathed only those perma-happy people that we all hate anyway. Everything I know about Valentine's Day was taught to me by the inscriptions on those little candy hearts.

Death

I hope hell's kinda of fun, cause I'm pretty sure I'm going there.

Telephones

Of all the relationships I have with inanimate objects, the one I have with my phone is the weirdest. I feel like I am the phone's abusive significant other. I sometimes throw it across the room on Saturday mornings when my Mom in Ontario "forgets" about the 3 hour time difference. I ignore it constantly in favour of other, lofi-

er pursuits such as asking the magic eight ball whether or not I should make perogies for dinner ("My sources say no"). Then, when I want it to ring, I come crawling back, stroking it lovingly and whispering encouraging words. The phone should really leave me for someone more stable and caring, like a 40 year-old, balding stockbroker, or a Jack Russel terrier.

Fruit

Why don't I like fruit more than chocolate? You'd think my body would help me out on this one. No, it's busy thinking "Hmm...vitamins, fibre and things that are good for me. Screw that...I'd rather rot my teeth and get an early start on heart disease." Is fruit like the ugly girl at the bar, who's really nice but never gets any action, cause the guys are all over some dirty chocolate bitch who is going to end up leaving them bloated, alone and full of regret after a brief moment of pleasure?

Matthew Good

"Someday, this place is gonna burn. Is your whole life in there waiting?" Think about it. Just think about it.

That said, this man is a genius. My impression is also that he's a little weird, but have you ever heard of anybody really amazing that wasn't a tad odd? Maybe peculiarity is the path to greatness. On second thought, the very existence of Paul Reubens (aka PeeWee Herman) blows a huge hole in that theory.

Ants

I don't like ants. They live with me, and I'm sure they perform some necessary function in this world, but I still don't like them. And no matter how well I manage to hide my bagels they always seem to find

them and do their little ant victory dance on them. So I resolve to kill them all, or at least as many as I can find. In your face, symbiosis!

I'll editorialize this subject by subject:

Labs:

My dearest frosh, you have no fucking idea.

Valentine's Day:

Valentine's Day is best spent 'making punk ass bitches suck it down' with a little Q3 or UT online, or visiting several of Vancouver's finest 'women get naked for money here' establishments.

Death:

You're going to hell too? No way! What room number? No way!

Telephones:

Mine gave me syphilis. No, not really, but she is quite a whore sometimes. She has relationships with everyone who ever comes over to my place.

Fruit:

I really have no comment. Honest.

Matt Good:

"Emptiness is filling me/to the point of agony/Growing darkness, taking dawn/ I was me, but now he's gone."

While I do like his music, the bastard still owes me a free concert! That's the last time I exploit his video shoot to get my moshing mug on MTV.

He's also about the only big rock star I know who's butt ugly.

Ants:

I like ants. They're high in protein. Except bullet ants, they hurt like hell.

Every bloody trillion of them.

- Andy

If 423 Editors Ruled the World

Women jogging on the side of the road would be held accountable for all the accidents they cause

Along with the Director's and Actor's comments, DVD's would include 'Andy and Jay at the Movies' commentary option, with sliding bar to control drunkenness.

There would be no such thing as "early morning classes", even if said classes were technically at 3 in the afternoon.

all your base are belong to us

Benku, Version 5.8

"TOAST IS GOOD" is the lonely battle cry of my boozelless new year's eve

I was never mocked when I was a kid... oh, wait! HEY! Give my pants back

the honkey tank man used to wrestle on my TV he sure kicked shit

an abnormal state of muscle tone broken ganglia

DYSTONIA

an abnormal state totalitarian nightmare

DYSTOPIA

an abnormal state of prolonged painful child birth

DYSTOCIA

”

Science Election Frenzy!

Just when you thought it was safe to come out and experience the electoral process, the Science Elections reared their ugly head. The more observant among you may have noticed a form of some sort appended at the bottom of Andy's article (the very back page of the paper). If you want to run and be an Elected Official for the mighty and tastefully appointed Science Undergraduate Society, then drop off this form in the Nominations Box in Hennings 102 sometime before 4:32 PM, Friday, March 2nd.

This particular hour is also significant because it is when Scarlett, our Elections Coordinator (bless her little heart) is holding the All Candidate's Meeting, where she will lay down the Law (and the Smack, in case anyone gets out of hand). There you will meet the other candidates so that you may gauge their strengths and weaknesses in the upcoming popularity contest that is the Science Elections.

"But why should I care?" you declare insolently. "Why should I be a member of this

grand electora council?"

Well, for once thing this is a really good way for you to get more out of your campus experience. Life ain't all classes and beer, kiddies. In any case, it's also useful for premed resume stuffing, finding new friends, or making a real difference and thelike. If you're really interested, or even mildly curious, drop by the office and talk to the current Person In Charge. They'll be happy to give you a gazillion reasons why you wouldn't want the position in a million

years, and probably a few reasons why you would.

Don't forget that being a member of the executive takes time and commitment. In return, I will personally guarantee you more fun than your academic indulgences could ever possibly have granted.

Remember: it's not just a solemn position of trust and responsibility to the body politic of the Science Undergraduates, it's also a chance to party like you've never partied before!

President

Power-crazed tin-plated dictator type. Gets to pound a gavel frequently, takes credit/blame for everything that goes on 'round here, and is all-seeing and all-knowing as far as the activities of Executives and Councilors. Also responsible for doing all the other thankless tasks other Exec manage to wriggle out of.

In real terms, the President is the spokesperson for the society. The President usually chairs council meetings, and is responsible for coordinating the efforts of the other executives.

Internal Vice-President

Deals with all academic matters (academic as in "Faculty-related", not academic as in "trivial"), runs elections and referenda, and deals with, well, internal stuff. Is also stapled to a chair so's to prevent escape during Academics, Science Week, and Alumni Committee meetings. Supervises the Kids (i.e. the First Year Committee)

The Internal VP is responsible for organizing elections and referenda, and dealing with internal matters. The Internal VP is also the chair of the First Year Committee.

External Vice-President

External Vice President: Gets sent on diplomatic missions to the Cheeze whenever the President wants to try pulling a fast one. Chief AMS Representative Dude(ite), and responsible for coordinating Science Week. Ironically, also handles external affairs with the AMS and other undergrad societies. Primary inter-

face between SUS and the AMS Council; expected to defend Science interest at all costs.

The External VP is head contact for the society with the Alma Mater Society. The External VP is also responsible for organizing Science Week, which is put on in January of each year.

Social Coordinator

Gets to hang out in the SUB bookings line-up once a term, be extremely popular by claiming responsibility for splendidous social events at which everybody has a rockin' time, and be too pickled to really care about the mandatory Science Week Committee meetings.

The Social Coordinator plans and organizes various events put on by the society. The biggest event of the year is Cold Fusion, which is a concert at the end of Science Week.

Public Relations Officer

Tends to draw academic mortar fire like a magnet and fall out a couple of months after appointment. Should handle the SUS Employment board, coordinate SUS charity efforts, arrange press releases, and be extremely facetious at AMS Council. In practice, this is the per-

son we stick with the Class Act biz.

The Public Relations Officer is responsible for organizing and coordinating the volunteer and charity efforts by the society. The PRO deals with all public relations matters.

Director of Finance

Signs cheques, counts beans and cooks books. Gets to grovel to the AMS Director of Finance once in a while, prepares budgets, and is stapled to a chair so as to prevent escape during Budget Committee meetings. Past holders of the position have been known to frolic naked in big piles of coinage, as well as

somehow managing to finance a sporty new car at the end of their term(s).

The Director of Finance is responsible for the society's finances. This includes drafting the annual budget, managing the society's accounts, and reimbursing various people for expenses.

Publications

Quite possibly the most important individual in the Entire Universe. Gets to refer to himself in the singular as "we". Causes to be published this here rag, the summer Guide, and is not merely stapled to a chair, but bound, gagged and thrown on the cold floor to ensure attendance at Budget and Science Week Committee meetings. Would probably follow the rules and have a Science Newspaper Council if anyone actually

demonstrated some interest in having one. Supposed to hold the fourth AMS Council seat, but that responsibility is usually tossed to other Exec like a live grenade.

The Director of Publications is responsible for publishing the society's publications: The 432, Paradigm, and The Guide, as well as designing posters and maintaining the web site.

Executive Secretary

Keeps entire SUS pencil supply behind left ear, as well as typing agendas, handling all Society correspondence, keeping minutes up-to-date, shopping for staples at the Bookstore, and sitting on AMS Council. Also responsible for keeping SUS up-to-date on the activity of favourite sports teams.

The Executive Secretary is responsible for taking the minutes at the weekly council meetings, preparing the agenda for an upcoming meeting and for preparing other requested documents.

Director of Sports

Maintains Science supremacy in Intramurals through liberal application of rebates. Yay! Also arranges SUS sport teams, usually on the Tier 3 levels, as most SUS Hacks have the athletic skill of a deflated volleyball.

The Director of Sports is responsible for the society's involvement in UBC Intramural Sports and competitions such as Storm the Wall. The Director of Sports gives reimbursements to science teams.

SUS Senator

Quasi-exec position, attends the utterly pointless Senate meetings. Deadline for nominations for this position was the last AMS election, so you're already out of luck.

The Science Senator represents science students at the University Senate. The Senator reports back to the society and attends the weekly council and executive meetings.

Our Gardening Crew
 'cause you're so money, baby!
 Meet us Fridays at 10:00 AM in the
 garden.
 kscotton@infernand@ubc.ca
 if you're coming.

Can you right good?
 wit good zpeeling?
 Than wright for the USA
 And bee famuz!!!
 We might even make you
 WOW! That's Awsum!
 Love Andy

If Ya Can't Smite 'em, Join 'em



Andy Martin

Born Again Heathen

Ah, whadda week. A quick trip to Oregon to complete the West Coast leg of my World Tour. Then, the most memorable Valentine's Day in recent memory. [Okay, yes, this is rather dated, but at least its not another disturbing delve into my twisted psyche]

The trip to Oregon was of the same sort as my trip to the Bay Area last October: searching out potential Profs for grad school. The drive down was uneventful, if you don't consider 9 hours of straight driving an event. I nicely got lost in Portland, a city I had never seen before in my life and was almost crushed by a big rig while trying to U-turn.

People in Oregon are a little weird. You can already pick up a bit of an accent. They call green peppers 'bell peppers' and fast food workers have a tendency to lean over the counter and yell at you for no reason.

The campus of Oregon State is basically as if they plunked half a UBC into the middle of Chilliwak. It's a copse of trees of about 100 acres in the middle of a bunch of farms. And when the sun leisurely dips below the horizon, the mellow evening breeze reminds me that these farms have many, many cows. Ew.

Interviews went fairly well. Possible work was everything from frogs in Oregon to coral reef fish in the Bahamas (I could maybe...just stand it). There are times I think I may have chosen Conservation Biology because it is cool, not because I want to save the planet. The interview that was a little unnerving was the Prof. who wouldn't take his sunglasses off and made me sit in a separate room as we talked. If his work weren't so cool, I'd have run away screaming.

Danced that night away at a funny classy Italian bistro that turned into a rave right about 10pm. Thoroughly embarrassed by my company of invertebrate biology grad

students who insisted on doing dance moves that included 'the algal whip' and 'the barnacle'. Nerrrrrrds!

The technology on campus is amazing. Their main stacks are composed mainly of electronic, moving bookcases. Whoa. Student 'social space' in the 'SUB' (which they called the 'M.U.') looked like something out of Masterpiece Theatre. They are way to into varsity sports there. It's just scary. Every window had a banner with 'Go Beavers' in big orange and black letters. I'm not even gonna touch that, 'cause it seems I can do nothing but wrong lately.

Know what else is scary: \$0.25 is 30 minutes of parking.

No Tragically Hip shows this time...damn.

And then, Valentine's Day. Driving to deliver the master copy of the last issue of the paper to the printers with fellow male, Mr. Garcia, I made a suggestion that seemed silly at the time. I suggested a Strip Pub Crawl to celebrate the dumbest day of the year, next to whatever Scientologists celebrate instead of Christmas. We laughed and laughed and screamed as the car careened off the median.

But the more we thought about it, the more we absolutely needed to do it. As soon as my car came out of the shop, we had the route planned and we went at it.

Joined by Jag, who provided for the trip from SUS's generous coffers, and Orion, known to you only as 'expendable SFU arts guy', we formed a quartet ready to take on the seamy underbelly of Vancouver's strip community.

It was a night without even the thought of women. Unless they were taking their clothes off for money, we spared 'em not a moment's consideration. And it was the most liberating experience in years. We were free. All the troubles of the world melted away and we were four guys with a wad of cash, a gassed up car, an army of women willing to get naked, and an evening to do whatever we pleased. We were kings.

Tearing out of the Chemistry Building parking lot to the crunching chords of 'Anarchy in the U.K.', our stereo actually

set off some car alarms on our way to our official start point, The Drake. Industrial park area, but possibly the classiest spot on the tour. Stayed a little longer than planned, but well worth it.

Next was the No.5 Orange. I had heard bad things, but if Bon Jovi liked it, I had to go. The service was exquisite. We not more than 5 minutes passed without the offer for a private dance with the no-touching law temporarily disbanded. It was sweet, but at \$40 a pop, a touch pricey. I kept repeating 'not that you're not worth it baby, but...' to the heartbroken. Jag was too distracted watching the pool table to deal with icky girls.

Having spent more than the allotted time at the Drake and the No.5, we decided to make up the lost time by getting the fuck out of the Cobalt as fast as we could. The waiter with the shiv wished us god's speed.

We took a short break to crash a Valentine's Dinner up Main Street with our slightly more civilized (read:prude). It was a touch back into reality that was far too lacking in alcohol and naked women. Within five minutes we realized all our new company was talking about was relationships. We left rather quickly.

The Marble Arch was next. Nice girls, nice service. Room was a touch cramped, and I'm surprised the girl's legs weren't when she stayed suspended upside down on the pole for a good two minutes. That takes skill.

Next was food stop. Normally, I'm a good boy and eat something near healthy and safe. But money was tight, and we were already going to hell, so McDonald's it was.

On the way to the Cecil, Jay had already used up his and Orion's warnings and then made another comment about a non-stripper woman. He was busted. At the next stop, according to the rules of Strip Pub Crawl, he was forced to imbibe, slowly, a shot of the cheapest tequila for one minute straight. He made it for 46.35 seconds before regurgitation.

The first dancer at the Cecil broke our 'Natural' streak. As the dancers gave us their all, I was affixed on the door girl and

Jay on some waif-chick walking the crowd. Jag and Orion were not as easily distracted. Jay scored a long and important shotgun on the way to the Fraser Arms. We found the Fraser rather accommodating. Good acts, nice place. I commented that the Pit could do with more mirrors and brass poles. A dancer commented to Jag, upon receiving his \$20 tip, that 'I'd put it in my boobies, but it's not allowed.'

A long drive met us as we left the Arms and made our way to Surrey to enjoy the strip of clubs down King George Hwy. The drive was memorable, especially when I went for the candid photos of the passengers in the car...close range...with flash...at 11pm. The screaming of 'I'm blind I'm blind! Heal me Jesus!!' distracted me from the road for a bit.

We unfortunately found most of Surrey's clubs closed by the time we got there. We swore that more research would have to be done before next crawl.

Freaky-looking drug addicts walked the streets. of Surrey We got into Delaney's just as the final dance was finishing up, but we stayed afterwards, as we had to end with drinks, and Jag needed to pay the penitence due for his transgression of talking of women. He only lasted 16.13s before the convulsions started.

Finding my tires a little flat an no working air hose at any gas station, Jag attempted to inflate them by blowing on the bit. The backpressure blew out his cheeks. It makes a sound indescribable by the English language and causes quite a bit of blood splatter on the paint job. SUS is paying for that too.

We returned to UBC to finish the night with a good round of 'Boinker Wars' by the halogen lights of the Chemistry building.

It was a fine night. Every building we entered had alcohol and women taking their clothes off. It wasn't one constant party, it was crashing several damn fine parties, all in a row. We had vacationed in Tit-town and had liked it. But it was time to get back to the real world.

I went home and slept while visions of boobies danced in my head.

NOMINATION FORM FOR THE SCIENCE UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY 2001 Science Council Executive



Name of Candidate:
Department:
Telephone:

Year:
Email Address:
Student #:

I am aware of my nomination and am willing to run for the position of:

DATE:

SIGNED:

We, the undersigned, 15 bona-fide members of the Science Undergraduate Society, nominate _____ for the position of

NAME (PRINT)

SIGNATURE

STD.#

- 1 _____
- 2 _____
- 3 _____
- 4 _____
- 5 _____
- 6 _____
- 7 _____
- 8 _____
- 9 _____
- 10 _____
- 11 _____
- 12 _____
- 13 _____
- 14 _____
- 15 _____

Deadline for nominations is Friday, March 2 @ 4:32 p.m. in Hennings 102. A mandatory-attendance All-Candidates Meeting will be held March 2 @ 4:32 p.m. in Hennings 102. If you cannot attend you MUST make PRIOR arrangements with Scarlett Yim. Questions? Contact the Elections Commissioner, Scarlett Yim at scarlety@interchange.ubc.ca