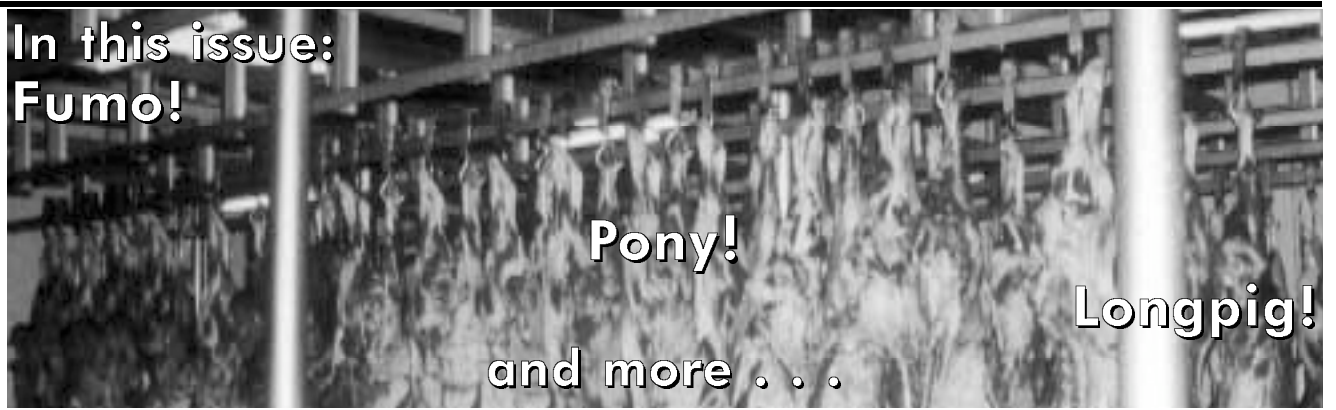


In this issue:
Fumo!



Pony!
Longpig!
and more . . .

"Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, and I'm gonna kick your ass."

-Hank Hill

Granny Set to Take on Black Holes Live Webcam Available on the Internet

(Associated Press, Houston)

"The White Light Brigade vs. The Black Holes" might sound like a high school band contest, but the confrontation is real and set to take place this week in outer space. A Texan grandmother has assembled an army of her followers to take on black holes and "tear them all a new wormhole".

Betty-Sue Sparks, a 67-year old retired executive assistant and avid golfer, says she first became aware of the threat posed by black holes when watching the Discovery Network program "Mysteries of Space" last month.

Physicists and astronomers alike are unsure how black holes are created and destroyed. What they do know is that a black hole is a collapsed star with such great density that everything in the vicinity is sucked in. Not even light can escape.

Until recently, the implications of black holes have been more of a philosophical question than a practical one. For Ms. Sparks, however, it is a matter of the utmost urgency. "Wake up and smell the coffee, folks!" she urged at a press conference Friday. "Black holes are at work all the time - they don't even stop to sleep. And you know what's worse? The more they swallow up, the denser they get! Even an expanding universe can't withstand being gobbled up from the inside. Mark my words: if we don't take decisive action, darkness will be at our doorstep any day now."

Ms. Sparks' campaign to "give the forces of cosmic darkness a smack upside the

head" has come a long way since its humble beginnings as a sign on her lawn just two weeks ago. The rented billboard read simply: "You qualify to save the universe!" and listed her phone number. No sooner was the sign erected than Ms. Sparks' telephone line was swamped with callers. Today, "Operation Universal Freedom From Implosion" (OUFFI) has hundreds of followers worldwide, a website and a 24-hour call centre.

Members of the White Light Brigade are notoriously tight-lipped when it comes to revealing details of their mission to non-initiates. Nonetheless, a spokeswoman's comments at Friday's press conference may suggest that the movement is preparing to attack black holes via astral travel: "Your physical body might get fat, but your spirit has no mass and gives off no light. That means your astral body is immune to black holes! Every soul in the W.L.B. is a soldier against the forces of darkness and infinite density."

When asked to comment on any immediate danger posed by black holes, Harvard physics professor Craig Shaduk replied, "God, don't ask me. Years of study and copious hallucinogen use have, sadly, not sufficed to answer this complex and difficult question. Are you looking at me funny?"

Meanwhile, back in Texas, Betty-Sue Sparks continues to assemble the ranks of the White Light Brigade. "We blast off within the week," she says, "but new recruits are still welcome. Anyone who hears about the mission is predestined to join us."

UBC Housing Lottery Not as Expected

'Shower' Prize Raises Eyebrows, Death Toll

(Vancouver, Reuters)

In a press conference today, UBC President Martha "Bushy" Piper unveiled a bold new plan to address both the first year housing crisis and the looming danger of global overpopulation.

"Next year's housing lottery will not only provide incoming freshman with a final housing solution, but it will also present our cash-strapped food services with a viable alternative to BSE-infected beef," said Piper, audibly smacking her lips.

UBC Housing's plans call for \$2 million in additional funds for the hoses and grated kill floors to be installed in the basements of the Totem Park and Place Vanier houses, complementing the new "bathing" facilities.

"At first I thought we were getting new community showers," said freshman Tina Anderson, "but all I got was this weird hissing noise when I cranked the handle."

Freshman who "win" next year's housing lottery will be served in a variety of appetizing dishes featured by UBC food services, including "Froshimi," "Jillbalaya," "Keener Kutlets," and "Frank and beans."

Faculty combo meals will also be available with fries and a soft drink accompanying "SUSkabob's," "Poli-Sci Stir Fry," and "Geer-os." Trek Express will continue to serve Rice-bowls.

With the closure of several fraternity houses at UBC, the Greek societies will also be included in the new housing program, with Trekkers menu additions including "Fratwurst" and "Sorority Tarts."

The new housing plan has already drawn much criticism from Amnesty International and for some reason the Women's Student Center. However, President Piper has insisted that all questions and concerns regarding the housing initiative be directed to her new assistant "Clarice."

Take Back the Night March Taken by the Night

In an event described by survivors as a tragedy of epic proportions, 113 members of the annual "Take Back the Night" march fell victim to the Night. Event organizers were at a loss to explain the sudden vengeance of the Night, as it had placidly yielded to previous marches. Virginia Wolfstein, president of the Women's Marches Society, offered the following explanation: "For years, feminists have taken back the night to raise awareness of violence against women. Since 1978, our marches have empowered women across the world to break their silence and fight for their right to walk the streets at night without fear. Unfortunately, for too long we have ignored what the Night itself wanted. Apparently, the Night too has needs."

According to survivor Kristy Black, the Night's revenge was abrupt and swift: "We had just lit the candles, and were marching through a darker area of town, when suddenly all the candles went out. Next thing I knew, I heard a scream. Then another. Something knocked me down and I blacked out. By the time the candles had been relit, it was too late. It was morning." Police reports indicate that the marchers suffered only minor injuries when Night fell upon them.

The Night itself was not available for comment, but its associate, Evening, offered the following explanations on its behalf: "The Night has been really stressed out lately. Working nights all the time will do that to you. She sympathizes with the march's ideals, but can no longer host it at this time. However, as she does not wish to discriminate, both genders are now cautioned to stay indoors at night, until the Night feels more like herself. Anyone caught out after nightfall risks being taken by the Night."

Local police could not verify Evening's warnings, but tentatively cautioned citizens to avoid going outside at night for any reason except an emergency, in which case they recommended treading softly and keeping any conversations to a whisper. The American response was less relaxed; "President" Bush raised the National Alert to Vermillion and alerted all citizens to stock up on flashlights, duct tape, and Coca-Cola. In addition, FOX TV ran a special on the developing "War on Night," which included installing giant floodlights and bombing areas suspected of night-related activities. "We'll bomb the daylight out of Night!" enthused Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld. "I mean, bomb the nightlights out of it? Oh hell, this is confusing already."



The 432.

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Editors Galore

Lana Rupp

lerupp@interchange.ubc.ca

Andy Martin

Jay Garcia

Dave Tsang

Dan Anderson

Jo Krack

Gina Eom

Kat Scotton

Contributors and More

Andy Martin

Ben Tippett

Dave Tsang

Stephen Notley

Jay Garcia

Death

Jon Woodward

Lana Rupp

Chris Anderson

Dan Anderson

Howard Choy

Jo Krack

Kat Scotton

Vanessa Kay

Dan Yokom

Serena Siow

Anna-Marie Bueno

Kristin Lyons

Patricia Lau

Gina Eom

Chris Zappavigna

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Send yer bitchin' and whinin' to the432@hotmail.com.

Tis the Season

Lana Rupp

Nothing but a smile

Hoorah! The season of spending and greed is nearly drawing to a close. I hope you've all enjoyed rapping your savings, vomiting on your loved ones and mass producing fruitcake. If the three month long holiday madness is one of your most cherished times of year, fear not my friend, boredom is not in store for you yet. Sure midterms are on their way and finals are chomping at the proverbial bit just beyond that, but first comes my favorite time of the year! Yes kids, it's time for AMS elections; the other season of greed and insanity.

Now the business of running the AMS is rather boring day to day. Sure there is the occasional six hour in-camera meeting and lively debate once in a blue moon, but 90% of what a student government leader does is about as exciting as the boyle I recently had excised from my posterior end. Elections, however, are an entirely different story. This is the time of year where people forget that there is such a thing as looking foolish and do just about anything and everything to get themselves elected.

This year appears to be shaping up well with the radical beer faction plotting in full force and left wing parties, right wing parties, centralish parties and well meaning independants all clamouring to get up there in those cushy second floor offices and land their first spiffy AMS paycheck.

Those of you who have never carefully

observed an AMS election owe it to yourselves to discover why they are so much more than forest ravaging poster campaigns covering every spare inch of our fair campus. Come out to a debate and watch the mud being slung, the resume padders promise lower tuition, cheaper housing and world peace and get bzzzed by beligerent RBF loyalists. If you get bored come by the elections offices and listen for the tell-tale wail of a scorned candidate who's BUCH D320 poster's top right corner is obscured by that of another eager political beaver.

Watch as 3rdyear poli sci majors spend more time outdoors in one week than they have in the past year, freezing their tits and fancy ties off to distribute shiny leaflets with their happy shiny faces smiling out at you.

Take the time to turn off your Nokia Engage and pay attention to the kids invading your lectures and shamelessly pleading for your consideration at the polls. Applaud if they trip on the stairs.

Watch for stunts and wacky antics from all hopefuls as they try unbelievable things to get their names stuck in your head for those ten minutes when you log in, drunk out of your tree and pick the names that sound the sexiest to you at that second.

Remember folks, don't believe everything you hear from a politician's mouth, even if it is an amateur student politician who's words reach you. Ask questions, read the Ubysey supplement, come to a debate and if all else fails gather distributed campaign material, read it, vote and keep yourself warm this winter.

Horo of Horos!



Dan Anderson

Blind and Batty

This week, the stars have a lot in store for us on Earth. Sadly, they're light-years away, so their messages of love, peace, and schematics for cold fusion won't reach us for quite some time. Thankfully, the planets are entirely within reach. Now, if only they had something better for us than fond wishes involving chainsaw accidents.

Aries

You already know that your hair is so unruly that it sometimes seems like it has a mind of it's own. So it shouldn't be a surprise when, next week, the revolution comes. Keep trimmers handy; they'll be useful for quelling the uprising.

Taurus

Revelations have foretold the coming of a great person. They never mentioned anything about you, so don't expect to have an orgasm anytime soon.

Gemini

Losing control of your car and flying off the bridge won't seem so bad when you realize that you can just restart Mario Kart and try it again. No need for the waterworks.

Cancer

You've always thought that hand-to-hand combat is barbaric and cruel, but occasionally necessary. Still, you'll be sorely underprepared for next week's office foot-to-mouth combat competition.

Leo

They call you the New Bionic Human, but it's because of the fact that new technology becomes obsolete after two years. And you, my friend, are more than two years old. Welcome to Obsolescenceville, population: you and all those leftover Apple IIs from the '80s.

Virgo

This week, your mundane, unremarkable existence will be sharply disrupted by a mundane, unremarkable event. Go figure.

Libra

You used to work in Chicago, in the old department store. You used to work in Chicago, you don't work there anymore.

Scorpio

For most people, a burning "down there" would mean a quick trip to the doctor is necessary. This is also true for you.

Sagittarius

To walk out on a sunny morning and hear absolutely nothing would be extraordinarily frightening under normal circumstances, but you'll swiftly realize that you ran out of q-tips three days previous.

Capricorn

The saying "there's no point in beating a dead horse" does, in fact, apply to masturbation. And while necrophiliac bestiality is not technically illegal, most people will still think the pictures of you in the newspaper are pointless.

Aquarius

The droplets of rain come from the sky. This has absolutely nothing to do with your upcoming week.

Pisces

The cardinal T-square combined with the moon passing through your sign and the aftermath of last week's incidence of venus, neptune, and the moon will have a profound effect on your life. That was a long line filled with pseudo-scientific blather, all of which has no pertinence.

Beer Corner

Winter is a great time to try out some tasty seasonal beers. Winter beers are usually dark, heavy and higher in alcohol volume than regular beers. Shaftbury and Granville Island offer more commonly found winter ales, where Russell Breweries is harder to find and only in pubs. A strong, dark, bold one is great for warming you up on those chilly nights. (Beer, I'm talking about beer!)

Brought to you by your Beer Goddess.

2:2 Fake to Real Ratio



Jo Krack

Misses \$1 Bills

I recently went to Brandi's for the first time. For those of you who have not had the pleasure, Brandi's is an upscale strip club. Although it has a small "Civilian Dance Floor" with the warning "Please Keep Clothes On!!", no one was dancing. I suppose it's rather intimidating to dance when just a few feet away there are professionals not only dancing better than you, but doing so while winding themselves around a pole, naked, to boot. Anyway, the place was smaller than I expected, consisting of a non-civilian dance floor ringed by seats (gynecology row) and then two rows of tables. The dance floor had two poles and a pull-up bar, the latter of which was unfortunately far too high for me to reach unassisted. Not that I was entertaining any such thoughts anyway. Honest.

So we grabbed a table and settled in. The standard waitressing uniform was "white," the better to glow in the black lights. (At this point, one SUS member in our party, who will remain unnamed, expressed relief that she had not gone with her first-choice outfit for the night, which consisted of a white skirt and white tube

top. The guys in our group then expressed extreme regret and there was much bemoaning and bewailing.) Anyway, every waitress had her own variation on the white theme, from furry to shiny to ripped in strategic places. Our waitress was wearing a greek-goddess-style dress, long and conservative yet tight and provocative. Unlike many of the waitresses/strippers, who relied on breast implants and many layers of makeup, her attractiveness seemed to shine from the inside out. I think our entire table was smitten with her. We certainly tipped well enough!

Anyway, soon we were all settled in with our first round and the dancing began. Each stripper did the standard three-dance act, in which the first dance is done mostly clothed, the second in bra/thong, and the third naked/mostly naked. There's also a lot of rolling around on the floor involved. The impressive thing was the strength and flexibility of these girls, though. One was able to hang upside-down by one knee from the pull-up bar, then swing herself back and forth. Another kept making men at our table wince when she writhed to the top of the pole, hung upside down, then abruptly slid down the pole and stopped with her head a mere three inches from the floor. My main complaint was the lack of coordination between moves and music:

when the music changes, so should the routine. Only one girl got that right. To be fair, I suppose most of the men didn't notice, but still...

The highlight of the evening was definitely Drunk Front Row Girl. She was pretty good-looking herself, but she seemed too enthralled with the performances to be a dancer. As she got drunker, she became progressively louder and more expressive. Her impassioned screams of "Woo-hooooo!", coupled with wild gesticulating, made her the favourite of many of the strippers. One talented young lady, after doing an impressive pink-sequined Michael Jackson (the best part was that she kept her tie on for the entire act), gave Drunk Front Row Girl her hat. Others gave her posters of themselves. Which made me wonder: do they have trading cards, too? Obviously there is still much to learn.

Watching the strippers for three or so hours really made me think. At first, I was thinking about how much I loved the custom-made costumes: some were absolutely amazing, although the shinier ones looked like they'd be pretty hot to dance in. (Mmmm, sweaty strippers.) Then I snapped out of my reverie and thought, "Shit, I'd have to be 15 pounds lighter and six inches taller to do that, not to mention the tanning and the waxing and the hey

hey hey!" But then it came to me: "hey, why not work the bellydancing angle?" That way my belly would be an asset rather than a liability, and my moves would be a refreshing change from the standard routine (they were all pretty much the same). Plus I have some good music, so no problems there. The only challenging part would be incorporating pole-dancing into a bellydance routine, but hey, I'm always up for a challenge!

Unfortunately, I was rudely snapped back into reality courtesy of a drink spilled into my lap (as long as you're drinking 'em rather than spilling 'em, Brandi's bellinis are the best—trust me). I went to the wash-room to clean up, and ended up laughing along with another girl in the same predicament. Luckily my pants dried pretty quickly, and I was able to return to my table without missing too much of the dancing. Eventually we got bored of watching the pretty naked ladies, and headed out. The capper came when the boys got their coats from the coat check: one of our gang had ticket #432. It was definitely a sign: the 432 is not done with Brandi's yet. Now don't you wish you wrote for us? But hey! It's not too late! There's still hope! So get writing, kids: next time it could be YOU sitting in gynecology row!

The New, Hairier, Lighter Bourgeoisie

Howard Choy

Nutty

When talking squirrels tell you to do something, you fucking do it man, just do it.

"Hey mister... Mister! Down here mister! Yea, it's me, I'm a squirrel so do my bidding. I need you to gather some nuts, big ones, don't cheap out on me now. I need

you to gather some big nuts, and not nuts as in testicles, but real nuts, nuts I can eat and stuff. Upon getting these nuts of sorts, I want you to dig holes all over the garden. Deep enough for you to stand upright in with only your head sticking out. Dig about six of those in your backyard. When you've done that, I want you to fill your pockets with the nuts that you gathered and scour the city for some cellophane. None of that store-bought shit, I want the cellophane that families throw out after they finish their packed sandwiches and

leftovers. That's the good stuff. Find enough to wrap all your nuts into sacks of sixteen. You need at least twelve sacks, so that means you need a lot of nucking futs. Now this is the tricky part. I want you to find a long piece of string. This string will be used to connect all the sacks together. Allow enough space between sacks so that you can put two sacks in each hole. It doesn't matter if the sacks don't touch the bottom, just make sure that they're in the hole. This is where you find the chickens. Six chickens, dead or alive. It doesn't really

matter. Tie the chickens between the sacks and in the hole. You got that? It's pretty complicated, but you look like a smart guy. When you've done all that, you should have six holes in your backyard each with two sacks of nuts and a chicken in between the sacks of nuts all connected by a string. No, no, don't even think about asking why you're doing this. Yes that's right, I know. I can tell by the way your stupid face looks, all squinty and shit. When I say do it, you do it. Those are the rules now. You have three days. Work hard."

SCIENCE OLYMPICS! 2004

Friday, January 30

12-1pm SUB South Plaza

Registration FREE

Teams of 6-8

All faculties and departments are encouraged to get their asses whupped by superior science teams

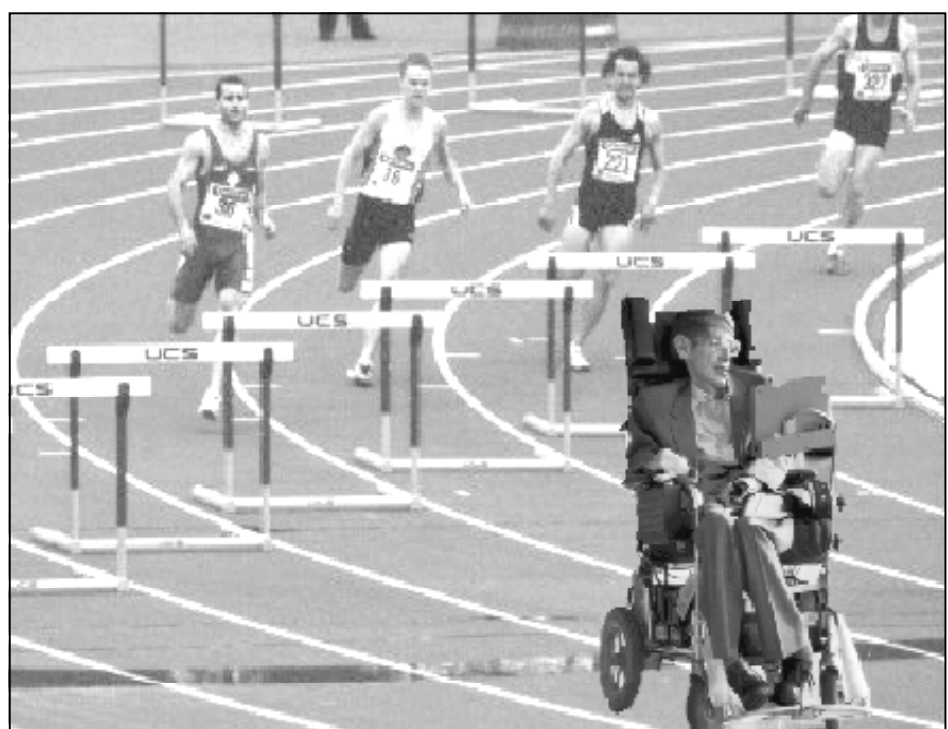
PRIZES!

Events include:

The Balloon Stomp...of Doom

The Giant Ski Race (Size matters)

'Froshkiller' Obstacle course



Registrations must be received on or before Wednesday, January 28th!

kristin_lyons@hotmail.com

Or

Fill out a form (in SUS office)

The Future is Now.. Suckers.

Jay Garcia
So Very Precious

I'm so damn proud to be living in a time when other geeks have large disposable incomes, enough so that convincing people that buying a replica Scout Walker from Star Wars for the price of a of a mid-sized car is an acceptable fiduciary practice. And where fellow geeks produce such online apocatrivia as dating guides for Massively Multiplayer Roleplaying games, and obsessive Japanese Nintendo fans can record a near zen-like run of a Super Mario Bros. 3 game for our viewing amusement. Truly, we are living in the future.

It used to be that needy North American geeks who enjoyed the artistic labours of their Japanese counterparts were forced to wait weeks or months for someone to travel far Nippon, buy a VHS tape containing one or several episodes of Japanese anime or gameshows and travel back to these shores. Additional weeks would be needed for these to be translated and copied for fan-only distribution. Now, through the use of all these fancy computing-machines and the medium of the inter-web, this process has been reduced to a mere couple of days. So now, instead of waiting a fortnight to discover that the latest episode of Iron Chef featured a secret ingredient primarily made of yogurt, fans can now discover the true horror of octopus-in-yogurt souffle all that much more quickly! Ah! The future! And, while we don't have Rosie the Robot, we do have the Roomba, our very own personal household cleaning robot-device. Sure, it doesn't have arms or a head or a sassy-yet-servile demeanor, but it does manage to vacuum up the dirt trekked in from the slushy outdoors, and it's smart enough to know when to recharge itself! It's like having a trained puppy which cleans up after you, though sadly, without the warm puppy charm. Amazing!

Entertainment technology has also progressed to the point that additional human contact is now completely extraneous to the enjoyment of the product. Where before, most games required a social circle in order to even reach any form of utility (qv, jacks, jump ropes, marbles), modern gaming devices allow their owners to completely ignore the outside world for hours, if not days at a time (see "Prince of Persia - the Sands of Time", or "Disgaea", or "Final Fantasy Tactics Advance"). The ever downward-spiralling cost of these devices helps to ensure that no modern child shall go without, giving us a future of cheerful isolation, unsullied by the patter of little feet. Marvellous! We still don't have flying cars, though, which is something of a blessing, as people can't stay in their own lanes whilst on the ground. What we have instead is post-post-modern Car Remakes! The Vintage VW Bug! The Austin Mini! All we need now is a reborn rear-impact-exploding Pinto and the past can be the Future! For only five to ten times the cost of the originals (adjusted for inflation)! Absolutely cool!

And everyone seems to have their own hand-held personal communication device, just like in Star Trek, only without the bad toupee and the laborious ham-handed acting. However, instead of using these devices to talk to each other, people seem to be content to awkwardly type short messages to each other using a twelve button keypad! Bizarre! Sadly, this Geek Future we seem to be living in does have its dark side. As the housemartin or the plumber migrates south in the winter, so does Spam find its

way to all of our inboxes, enjoining us to shatter her walls with our meat cannons, or contribute to the fiscal rejuvenation of deposed South African dictators. In a similar vein do animated purple apes or pugilistically inclined monkeys eventually invade our computing-machines.

And the Future still does not have the solution to all our ills. There is still no technical means to prevent juvenile delinquents from buying cheap cars and paying half-again as much of the car's value for shinny gew-gaws, trinkets, over-bored mufflers, spoilers large enough to provide downforce for rocket-cars, or those ridiculous "Type R" stickers. Nor can we stop the rampant proliferation of those mind-numbing reality shows such as "Survivor" or "Joe Millionaire" (though, with time, this decidedly inferior form of entertainment may yet metamorphose into the more enjoyable "Running Man" version envisioned by Richard Bachman). While we possess the means to deter people (in the form of such popular electro-shock technologies as The Taser, or the ever-popular Beating Stick), we have yet to dis-

cover the means to apply these deterrents to the population at large. Such a man (or woman, in this Modern age) who discovers this technique will not only make a name for themselves, but also their fortune.

Additionally, our cities still suffer from an over-abundance of politicians. Need for these has already been proven to be spurious, as modern Turing-capable programs can already simulate most politician's behaviour during long meetings. Despite their utility in creating and sustaining large warm-air masses, studies have shown that simply burning these politicians provide the same long-term fuel and heat benefits while simultaneously reducing their more volatile emissions and environmental contaminants. This technological future should be able to create a device that uses politicians as fuel, a la The Matrix. All we'd need is a simulation of an endless caucus, peppered liberally with nubile interns, and they'd never suspect that the world had changed whatsoever.

However, this Geek Future will not be

complete without an over-arching machine mind to monitor our every thought and deed. And I for one welcome our new machine overlord, so long as it keeps the pr0n coming.

See, if they would just make a Matrix consisting of a 'World of Porn', I'm sure the world's population would gladly submit to the will of the machine.

But then, the geekiest would be the first to be enslaved, leaving no one to upgrade the world with new and exciting features such as shorter midgets, slicker PVC, Hooters v.3.0, Cheerleader v.1.0, and who will keep the cosplay up to date, if not for the geeks? Who?

-Andy

AT ANY TIME, 0.7% OF THE
WORLD'S POPULATION IS DRUNK.

I KNOW WE CAN DO BETTER.

S.U.S.'s Professor Talent Show



First 3 Rows Will Get Wet!

Monday, January 26, 12:30-2:30pm

Norm Theatre in the S.U.B

Entries/Nominations to:

susprofshow@hotmail.com

Dead Pool



Death

wears a tracksuit

Everybody dies a little everyday, and some people die a lot, 100% in fact, on that same day. And that's what we're all about here.

Since the last issue, many, many people have died. The earthquake last week in Bam, Iran, claimed somewhere between 30 and 40 thousand souls. I'm still counting. But none of them were famous, so see how much press they get, and as such, nobody got even a measly point from this tragedy.

Perennial Dead Pool co-Mascot, Keiko finally gave up the ghost on December 12th, following our other mascot, Dolly the Blasphemous Sheep earlier this year. But peeps didn't pay attention to tradition, so nobody profited.

On Dec. 30th, Earl Hindman, best known as the face and voice of the wizened next-door neighbour in that there 'Home Improvement' sitcom died of lung cancer.

But enough on how people didn't score, we want to focus on the scoring. Our front runners are:

Currently in First Place, **Jen Ross**, with 20 points, attributed to the ultimate demise of super-old Japanese person Kamato Hongo (4th choice) and Rod Roddy (9th choice), the always boisterous announcer from the Price is Right, who came on down from breast and colon cancer.

Currently in Second Place, **Christine Slemko**, with 8 points with Penny Singleton (7th choice), the ultra-sexy voice of Jane Jetson.

Currently in Third Place, **Michael Cowper**, with 7 points from Broadway's favourite dead guy, Elia Kazan (8th choice).

As you noticed, with such a small number of points, this is anybody's race, maybe even yours. Submit a Dead Pool List of 15 targets to the432@hotmail.com with a few really old and/or sick famous people at the top, and be scanning the

obituaries with bated breath.

Who are favourites to have the number 2004 carved in their Headstone?

First, let's cover the most powerful men in the world: Pope John Paul II and Ronald Reagan are in their last days. Expect Saddam Hussein and Dick Cheney to go down swinging to electric chairs and coronaries, respectively. Fidel Castro is nearing 80 years, and has to deal with a lot of stress and cigars.

Jerry Lewis is always a good bet.

In the music scene, **Ozzy Osbourne** is now out of intensive care, but his body is old and there are only so many more drugs that one frame can take. **Keith Richards** may already be dead, we're not sure. **Michael Jackson** may be heading for the big house, and child-lovers don't last too long in the pen. Happy Birthday to **Lemmy**, who just turned 58, but will never die.

Never ignore chronic disease, i.e. **Magic Johnson**, **Michael J. Fox**.

You have to consider unhealthy living: **Marlon Brando** and his cheeseburgers, **Courtney Love** and her bitch-on, **Yasser Arafat**, **50 Cent**, **Robert Downey Jr.**, **Charlton Heston** (no one should be able to survive that close to that many firearm-bearing yokels), **Boris Yeltzin** (gimme a C, an I-R-R-H-O-S-I-S), any iterim leader of any Middle-Eastern country, and **SUS** executive who crosses out beloved editrix are wild cards that could pay off BIG BIG BIG!!!

And remember, what you think is famous is different than what I think is famous. They all die the same. So when your big point getters bite the dust, be sure to let us know, or their deaths will be for naught.

And of course, anybody convicted of killing a celebrity will not get the points, but everybody else will. So be sure to have an alibi and a good lawyer ready.

Until next time, keep on dying!

Muhahahahahahahahahahahahah

RYAN!

Where the fuck are you?
If you Joined the Code and Policy,
We need your contact info.

Contact
shsiow@interchange.ubc.ca

NOW!

And Stop Touching Yourself

Welcome, Ted Dodds

Jonathan Woodward

Worth one MILLION dollars

Bring the prisoner in, Commander Chiang.

At last we meet, Mr. Dodds. You have evaded our efforts for some time. I know now, when I look at you, it is only my professional side that admires your undeniable skill in espionage. What is human in me is utterly repulsed by your cruelty. Our last meeting was in Bolivia, Mr. Dodds, when from our control room we watched our satellite fall from the sky with clenched teeth. We traced the source of the signals to your secret base in the Andes where we found a transmission dish sewn into the crust of a volcanic crater.

By the time the task force arrived, you had escaped without a hint of what you had planned, but the 15-terawatt Tesla generator wired through a geothermal vent to magma in the Earth's core left us with only one guess.

Ingenious, Mr. Dodds. But deadly.

We nearly believed the second time you faked your own death, but the flaring of tensions in Pakistan too recently afterwards was your hallmark, absolutely.

We chased you from the Subcontinent to the Siberian tundra but lost you in Irkutsk. The Saudis housed you until you betrayed them. The Libyans granted you amnesty only as long as it took to discover how dangerous you really are.

You outsmarted our bureau in Luxembourg when you replaced Lieutenant Murphy's brain meniscus by injecting a carbon-bonding polymer. Kurabe electroresin is level 7 banned in all of the Western world excluding

Macedonia for the very reasons you employed it.

Your actions left your hosts with a terrifying human toll. The Belgian you imperson-

ated, Herman Versele, was a gibbering fool when he was finally recovered in Rangoon. The man discovered in North Dakota--to this day we do not know his name--was a mute.

Commander Chiang has felt your sting; not even our best surgeons can remove the genetically warped fire coral from his face. Look at his face, Dodds!

The Des Moines fiasco left our Institute scarred as well. Even our best intelligence never guessed that you would share your power between three of your clones, let alone one--or that after the security breach of the Pentagon, you would kill all of them.

When your personal jet crashed as planned into the Appalachians, we found their bodies. And we found that the jet was made entirely of plutonium to foil our radar. We have no idea how you synthesized the alloy, Dodds, but samples are now in the fourth underground level of our lab in Manitoba. We will find out.

And now you escaped the physical chase to begin the high-stakes virtual game of cat and mouse, Ted Dodds, UBC Associate VP of Information Technology. You are the evil mastermind behind myUBC 2.0, and its awful green and yellow. With maniacal glee and equally ruthless, reckless abandon you play with the e-mails, the channels, and the lives of UBC students.

We knew that you were Canada's jurisdiction, but we had to act first before you slipped away once again. We will inform Interpol, but only after this 'session.'

Perhaps I *am* speaking to a humanoid robot in your likeness. But does a robot feel your fear, Mr. Dodds?

And now, Commander Chiang will whip you with your own Ethernet cables. Only if we had a Siamese twin or a four-foot tall spider would the irony be more acute. But, alas, Mr. Dodds, it is all we have. Seeing your pain will allow me to know that UBC students, though they now know nothing, will have their revenge.

Chiang, commence!



Gravitational Ultra-lensing at Parties

Chris Anderson

Pretty when he's drunk

According to Einstein's Theory of General Relativity, everything – including light – falls through curved spacetime. For those readers unfamiliar with this Theory, spacetime is the four dimensional world in which we live. That is to say, not only do you need the three directions of up-down, left-right, and forward-backward to determine an object's location, but also the time at which the object will be there. How is this spacetime curved? Einstein says that objects with large masses will bend spacetime, like a marble in the centre of a sheet of cellophane, changing the path along which objects and light near the massive object travel. This effect can be so strong as to produce what we call gravitational lensing, the bending of light so much so that you can see an image of an object hidden

behind the massive object because the light coming from the hidden object is bent around the side or over the top of the massive object. Figure 1 explains this concept fairly simply.

This gravitational lensing is not limited to the heavens, however, but can be observed right here on Earth. For instance, at a ChemSoc Buck-A-Beaker social gathering, a situation could arise in which a dense mass such as a university football player could find himself between a student (who has had too much to drink) and a senile little old lady with a bouquet of flowers who missed her bus stop and hasn't the faintest where she is. In such a situation, the football player's mass could theoretically bend spacetime. This curve would bend the light coming from the little old lady, so much so that it would bend back inward in front of the football player to the eyes of the inebriated student. In fact, if the little old lady were to be in just the right spot the light travelling past each side of the football player could be bent back inwards,

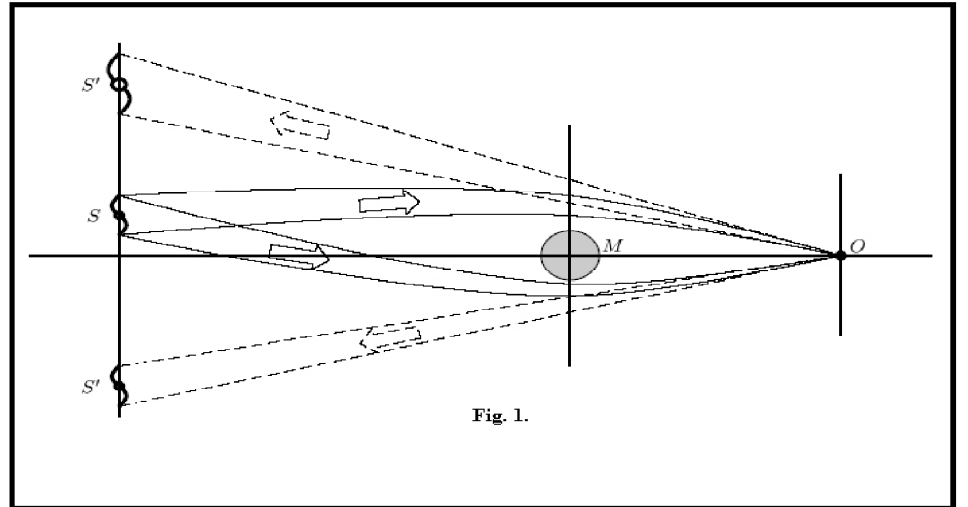


Fig. 1.

creating the illusion of two little old ladies – one to the right and one to the left of the football player – when in reality only one lady exists behind the football player. Furthermore, the student's drunken state could cause his brain to make slight adjustments while processing the image hitting his eyes, resulting in two swimsuit-clad

models to the football player's sides rather than two little old ladies. This point is illustrated in Figure 2. At this point the student's drool is likely to become a hazard of lawsuit proportions. He will slip, fall and remain there passed out until the morning and accompanying hangover greet him the next day.

Gravitational Ultra-Lensing at Parties

*An original psychoastronomical theory by Chris Anderson
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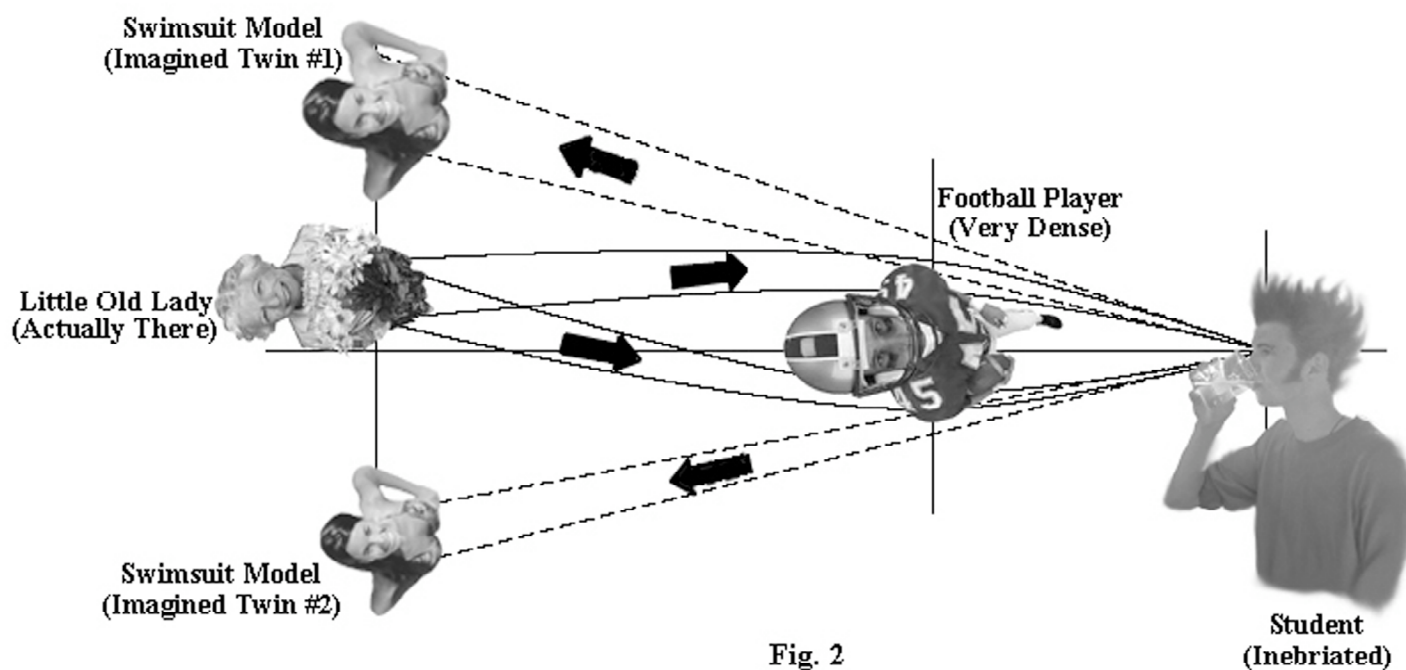


Fig. 2



Write for us...

**The
432**

...or we'll fry these puppies.

(Writer's meeting: Jan 13, 4:32 PM in the IFPO)

The Drawers of SUS

Dan Yokom President

Welcome Back! I hope everyone had a successful first term and a relaxing break! I'm sure we're all charged up for a great and eventful second semester. Over the next few months look out for the AMS and SUS Elections, tuition consultation, Science club events, Arts County Fair and most importantly SCIENCE WEEK! For the last week in January, Patricia has come up with some amaz-

Patricia Lau VP External

Welcome back! I hope you all had a restful and relaxing break. Guess what's happening in three weeks? SCIENCE WEEK! Yay, how exciting. This year Science Week is taking place January 26-30, 2004. Returning are many of your old favourite events such as Jello Wrestling, the Professor Talent Show, Beyond First Year, Beyond the Bachelor of Science and Science Olympics. If you would like to participate in Science Olympics (with sports day type games such as the 'Electron Transport Chain' and other fun ones) please find a bunch of your friends, fill out a registration form and drop it off in LSK 202 (it's free!). Also, don't forget to watch out for and attend COLD FUSION (evening of Jan 30), our big concert bash to round out the week.

I am also proud to promote several new events. This year we are debuting a student research showcase night which will be run in conjunction with our keynote speaker, UBC's own renowned Dr. Brett Finlay. If you would like to participate as a student researcher (or if you have any questions), please contact me at susshowcase@hotmail.com. As a participant you will take part in an informal poster session and reception that will follow Dr. Finlay's lecture. The showcase is a great place to show off any work you have done in any field of science and a great place to meet new people and see what your peers have been up to. Hey, there may even be prizes

Serena Siow Secretary

A new year, new resolutions, and same old SUS. Well not entirely. This season's a busy one, preparing for Science Week and all (which I encourage *everybody* to take part in!). Hopefully the abundance of food I've consumed during the holiday season will sustain me. But anyway, the SUS Code and Policies

Lana Rupp D. of Publications

Welcome back to UBC folks. Hope your holiday was long enough to ensure you won't send me any mail bombs this term. Publications is proud to announce that we have switched printing companies for the new year. We are eager to work with our new partner in crime, Horizon!

The Paradigm is coming along slowly and may become a collaboration between the Engineering and Science Undergraduate Societies to appeal to a broader range of people. Anyone interested in helping with this news and information magazine and/or wishing to send us content is strongly encouraged to do so soon. Please send all submissions to the432@hotmail.com and large files to lerupp@interchange.ubc.ca.

ing academic sessions and fantabulous fun events, so keep an eye out. This is a chance for you to relax and charge up for midterms. I wish everyone the best of luck in 2004.

Science Social Space

Unfortunately the project's design did not get approval from the Design Advisory Panel in mid-December. Basically they felt the design was not specific enough to proceed so our architects and designer have been working hard over the holidays and will return to the DAP early this month.

for participants. Additionally we are holding a Quiz Show event this year so if you would like to participate be sure to gather a team together, fill out the registration form, and drop it off in LSK 202 (it's also free!).

Also watch out for all SUS clubs to be holding a Science Week event. I am also working on running an event with the UBC Debating Society on a current Science topic. If you would like to take part, email me at pwlau@interchange.ubc.ca. This is a great opportunity to learn about debating as you will be on a team with seasoned debaters from the Debating Society. All in all it will be a very fun filled packed week so watch out!

If you would like to help out with Science Week in any way, such as designing promotion material, poster for us, volunteering at events, or helping with the last bits of planning then please please please contact me at pwlau@interchange.ubc.ca. The committee is always open to anyone who is interested in any capacity so come on out. If you have any questions related to Science Week or anything else you think I can answer, ask away!

Would you like to make 600L of BLUE JELLO? Would you like to help design a poster that will be seen all over campus? Would you like to help out at any of the Science Week events? Would you like to carry a bullhorn, wear blue face paint, and tell everyone you see about Science Week? If the answer is yes to any of these questions or if you would like to help out with Science Week in any way please contact Patricia Lau at pwlau@interchange.ubc.ca.

committee will be meeting early this semester, date yet to be confirmed. We'll be going over the many potential changes we came up with at our last (albeit first) meeting. On the agenda, and perhaps the most significant change, is reformation of the current structure of SUS committees. The committee is looking for a design that will promote effectiveness and involvement. So yes, that's the plan. Although I've now a full committee, the C&P meetings are open to all interested persons. See ya'll.

This year the 432 team is once again proud to offer a free t-shirt to anyone submitting three or more articles, cartoons, ads, or contributing to our editing binges on any occasion. We thank all of those who were able to get those t-shirts last term. Your hard work is greatly appreciated and will ensure our mercy when the rest of the world feels our wrath.

The next writer's meeting will be held Tuesday January 13th at 4:32pm in the IFPO (basement of SUB). This will be for the grand science week issue. We need help! We will compensate you for your time generously with liquid and solid persuasion.. I suppose that sounds dirty, but I'm speaking merely of those beloved favorites: booze and food.

The next deadline for the 432 is the 15th of January at 4:32pm. Send your soul and your comments to the432@hotmail.com. Submit soon and often... because we love submission.

Anna-Marie Bueno Social Co-ordinator

Please let me be the hundredth person to wish you a happy New Year and great big welcome back to the wonderful world of UBC!! Unfortunately I entered 2004 with a really nasty cold I caught on vacation in California and I'm still getting over it. On the brighter side of things, my vacation was good fun, and my flight back to Van-City was sufficiently entertaining - kids are funny.

Okay, so what's been up? December was a pretty quiet month for SUS itself, but I've been assured that you kids out there have definitely been keeping it live during the holidays. I had a chance to attend the FTC Charity Fundraiser at Stone Temple sponsored by various UBC groups. Good

Gina Eom VP Internal

Happy New Year everyone! I hope you had a good break. The Academic Committee has put forth the nomination forms for the SUS Leadership award as well as the SUS Teaching Excellence award. Pick one up at the SUS lounge, or download it from the SUS website - www.sus.ubc.ca. As well, there will be an anonymous academic suggestion box located in the Chemistry Lounge as well as the SUS lounge. If you have any suggestions, feedback on academic aspects which you would like to point out, however specific they may or may not be, please leave us a comment. Or email us at sus@interchange.ubc.ca.

I'm currently working with Senators May Tee and Christopher Zappavigna on an exam reform, which with the collaboration of the other undergraduate societies and the AMS, will address the issue of "exam clusters". The current proposal is to extend

Chris Zappavigna Senator

Hello everyone, I hope you all had a good holiday and that you're ready to get back to work. Your Science Senator enjoyed his time off and is now ready to get back to work. I'd be interested in hearing what academic questions Santa brought you for Christmas, so please email me at cjzappav@interchange.ubc.ca. On the senate front, there is one student initiative that will prove to be very interesting once it hits the senate floor, hopefully in February. As I'm sure you all experienced, the December exam schedule was extremely tight, and full of exam clusters for students. The current exam hardship definition is defined as 3 exams in 24 hours, and the middle exam has to be rescheduled. Many of us have

Kristin Lyons Director of Sports

Hi All! Well, here we are, already in second term! I hope that you all had a wonderful and safe holiday! As for second term leagues, they're coming up fast. The deadline for all indoor leagues is Friday, January 9th and for all outdoor leagues is Monday, January 12th. Other upcoming events include the Winterfest Team Challenge. All science teams remember that you can now sign up your team not only as a science team, but also as a team representing a certain science subunit. For example, if your team consists of all Microbiology students, then you can sign up as a Science team with a subunit listed as Microbiology. Try to get these

times? Sure, why not? Lotta UBC faces, of course! Also, thanks in part to certain SAC buddies and of course my avid-SUS-events-supporter, I had the opportunity to party it up at the Commodore in support of what seems to be a very prominent club at UBC. Some faces in the crowd included our very own AMS execs, Mr. VP Admin and Mr. VP Finance (who busted some moves on stage), a few frat guys, a couple of SAC peeps, and some of the most fun people to have ever hit the dance floor. As Social Coordinator, all in all, I'm happy to see and report that people have kept the party going after exams and into the New Year. You can definitely look forward to an awesome second term especially with some of the great things SUS has planned, Science Week being one of the biggest which of course includes my personal favourite event, Cold Fusion. Stay tuned.

the exam hardship to 36 hours instead of the current 24. This is a suggested accommodation for the shortened exam period brought forth in the recent years. If you have any questions or comments on this, please contact me - or make my day and make a suggestion in the new academic suggestion box!

Join the First Year Committee! Last term, the first year committee raised funds for the Salvation Army and handed out hot chocolate on the last day of school, during the pouring rain. This term, we will be an active contributor to Science Week by organizing a barbeque and collaborating with the Faculty of Science in Beyond First Year. Contact the chair of FYC, Karen Howarth, at khj_16@hotmail.com. Whee!

Finally I would like to thank everyone who contributed to the Christmas food hamper last term. Thank you for sharing the holiday spirit with those less fortunate than us. I hereby conclude an entire post without any attempt at humour/subliminal messages. *shakes head in disbelief*

experienced 3 exams in 27 or 30 hours.

Unfortunately the current solution to those exam clusters is "suck it up." A number of student senators (myself included), the AMS and SUS would like to change this because it's unacceptable. Consider the breakdown of time: each exam is potentially 3 hours in length, so that's 3 exams x 3 hours in length = 9 hours of exam writing. Say this happens over a 27 hour period - then one third of the student's time is exam writing! This doesn't include studying, preparation or transportation to and from the exam. Nor does it include the necessities of eating, sleeping and washing.

Hopefully students will view our efforts as improvements to the exam hardship policy. Please use my e-mail address above to contact me if you have any questions. Ta-ta for now!

subunit teams together so that you can rack up points for your individual subunits! Also, remember about rebates. All science sports teams are eligible for rebates. Just hand in your receipt, roster and the name, phone number and email address of the person who I am to write the rebate to into my mailbox in the SUS office. These rebates will not be available until the end of term two.

Lastly, coming up at the end of this month is Science Week, and on the Friday of Science Week (January 30 from 12-1pm), we are holding a Science Olympics sporting event. This event will include such fun events as a giant ski race and an obstacle course. The event is free, and teams consist of 6-8 people. There is room for 12 teams, so please don't wait to sign up!

For the Lust of the Game



Andy Martin

Footsie Champ

Some survey I heard about somewhere, sometime said that more people fear public speaking than death.

Hah! Losers!

As an attention hog with a resume a mile long, I just can't understand that. I love being the center of attention, and public speaking is the best way to attain that. Whether I'm on the stage singing about boobies, in the classroom lecturing about the Loop of Henle, or just yelling at passing air molecules, I love it. It makes me feel, rightfully so, more important than anybody else within screaming distance. Because when more people pay attention to you, the more important you become at that exact moment.

And if preparation and organization is required to get a whole classroom of humanoids to give me their undivided attention for a period, then that's what I'll just have to do. Just about every course I've taken, from Conservation Biology 416, to Porn Star 323, has required some form of public presentation. And preceding each of these presentations, the instructor gave some advice on public speaking. Everybody has a different strategy, from speaking in an authoritative, booming voice, to adding as many gimmicky fades as a PowerPoint presentation can take. Here, I'll let you in on a few of my favourite strategies, in hopes that you'll abuse them like the naughty puppies they are.

1. First off, be sure to at least **pretend to prepare** for the upcoming talk. Outline the basic subject material and think about it long and hard. This is the most pleasant stage, because while you may not be getting any attention for it, 'thinking about it' can take whatever form you want, from drinking to boinking to punching Beluga whales at the Aquarium. Even if you don't do any actual work towards your paper, you'll then always have the prepared

whine of 'but I prepared so much for it...the teacher hates me'.

2. There is the classic tip of picture them in their underwear. This might work for prudish speakers, but for the truly hardcore public speaker, you have to go all the way. You can stop at just **picturing them plain naked** before throwing in mental erotica (especially if you're male, as sudden penal rigor is a definite speech killer).

3. I always try to have a drink beforehand to help me loosen up. But this only works if it's executed properly. Have the drink too early, and it'll wear off and you'll feel tired, drink too late, and it won't work worth shit. If you choose an especially fume-ous spirit, and the audience will smell where your courage came from. And of course, not knowing your limit is bound to fuck you up. Oh it'll loosen you up, all right. All of you, including your bladder, and your rigid schedule of only hitting on your Prof behind closed doors to help your mark.

Instead, **bring booze for the rest of the class**. It's good to start on the right foot, and your Prof will thank you softening the blow of boredom from sitting 30 nearly-identical talks of material they've heard a hundred times..

4. As anybody who just got dumped off the pier in concrete shoes will tell you, **breathing is important**. Be sure to breathe steadily. If you're not fully comfortable in front of people, you tend to forget about other things. Steady breathing also allows you to control the volume and pitch of your voice, both of which can go to shit faster than a universe born with one additional particle of anti-matter. Yeah, breathing's good.

5. On that note, **never carry a click-able pen** in your hand while you're talking either. The body always finds some way to release stress, and clicking a pen is more convenient than pissing yourself. The incessant clicking will irritate the crap out of your audience. If you must have a stress-reliever, try holding something some maracas to keep the beat with, or something quieter that you can fiddle with like

Tupperware or a boobie.

6. **Don't look directly in their eyes**. It can't help but come off as freaky 'they're staring at me...what the hell is wrong with them?' Avoiding direct eye contact also gives you the air of superiority. Then people think you're arrogant. You may be, but you don't want them thinking that. I prefer to dart my eyes around like a madman bent on protecting his antique meat collection from the marauding hamster-people. Move your eyes every 2 seconds. You avoid direct, staring, eye contact, but don't come off as arrogant, and look energetic and dynamic.

This also works when walking in the city, when you don't want to come off as ignoring the homeless, but don't want to stare at them either.

7. **Don't sing**. This is put in as a warning to the extremely stupid few who try to add this in their talks. Most people can't sing, and most audience members just want to get the hell out of there, and tacking on a 3 minute 'Nucleophilic Backside Attack Blues [Long Chain Polymer Remix]' just makes the torture last longer. The great Lord of the Rings film trilogy is now complete, and if there was a greater accomplishment in this majestic set of films, it was the fact that they filmed it with a minimum of the fruity singing that clutters the books.

8. Take a cue from the movie business. It used to be that movies relied on big dramatic themes to sell themselves. Not anymore. Now it's the big production and special effects monsters that bring in the big audiences. Make your talk a Hollywood production. PowerPoint is now all but required for talks, and people still ooh and ahh over a star-wipe fade. But you have to take it a step further: **sell your talk with the age-old strategies of violence, foul language and sex Sex!! SEX!!!!** Shiny objects and loud noises will bump you up those few percentile points to turn a mediocre B- into a majestic B.

9. Then, there is the unfortunate point when a crowd turns ugly. All of a sudden your Prof stands up and refutes you, as they should because everything you've been saying was

made-up on the spot, as you know all of shit of the topic as you were punching belugas all week.

There's only one honest way to deal with this: **make up references**. Just say 'A paper I read in the latest issue of [Combine s buzz word of your class' topic with 'Journal of...' 'Monographs of...' 'Readings in...' 'Experimental...' or any similar combination] said so'. Then it's somebody else's fault...somebody else who doesn't even exist, and isn't that better than having you take the blame for your stupidity?

"Well, Dr. Dingaling, a recent article by Nelson *et al.* in the most recent issue of Experimental Monographs in Restoration, states that pygmy marmosets are indeed the largest cause of mortality for Uruguayan children aged 6 ? to 6 9/10 years. I'd like to discuss it further, but I have much to cover in a rapidly diminishing time limit, and don't want to cheat my fellow students by using up more of the class period than they will get."

10. Don't open with a joke. Mostly because **you're not funny**. And the people being forced to sit through your drivel won't appreciate it. Go with half-jokes: turns of the phrase, physical accentuations to your speech, licking your lips and rubbing your chest following any phrase that could be taken as double-entendre. If you're doing a class presentation, most of the other students are too busy dreading their upcoming doom to consider anything funny, short of you impaling yourself on the podium.

11. **Use a laser pointer** cuz those things rock. It's a little bit of Star Wars in your hand. You never know how much you miss them until you find yourself having to walk across the room to gesture wildly at your flowchart. And they're also good 'oh shit' tools when you have to blind the Prof and make a run for it.

But hopefully you won't need to resort to that. Instead, stand up straight, keep that chin high, shoulders back and pelvis thrusting. Because you're a star now, a porn star, a porn star of public speaking!

Coming January 26

Science Week 2004

UNDERGRADUATE RESEARCH SHOWCASE

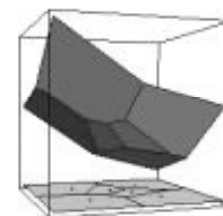


guest speaker Dr. Brett Finlay

Chemistry Magic Show~!



COLD FUSION



JELLO WRESTLING

...and so much more!!!

