

THE VANCOUVER'S NUMB

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 2001

FINAL

SPORTS

Grizzlies moving to Memphis
87% Likelihood



SPORTS

Canucks moving to Winnipeg, Que., random city in Calif.
25% Likelihood



SPORTS

Canadians... already moved
100% Likelihood



SPORTS

Lions would move, but nobody wants them.
0% Likelihood



Liberals Attack NDP's Kitten Drowning Policy

Campbell Calls Dosanjh 'worse than Hitler'

VICTORIA -- On the eve of the election call, the BC NDP has again found themselves in hot water.

During question period in the BC legislature, the opposition Liberal Mega-waste Megaproject Critic, Harold Gloria, blasted the NDP for what she he called a really evil thing to do.

Documents obtained by Gloria show that in a recent Cosmopolitan personality survey, the majority of NDP caucus members replied yes to the question Would you be willing to drown a 9 week old kitten to save \$50?

The outright lack of respect for the lives and well being of those cute, cuddly, lovable little furballs is outright nauseating. You guys are worse than Stalin Gloria commented during question period.

The results from the multiple choice personality

The People of B.C. should not have to stand for this, BC Liberal leader Gordon Campbell spoke to reporters after the question period, I don't think the people of BC want their kittens drowned, and I don't think they want a bunch of kitten-drowners representing them.

NDP leader, Ujjal Dosanjh is struggling to repair the damage the leaked survey has caused to his party's already tarnished reputation.



NDP Leader Ujjal Dosanjh (above), defends his party's recently leaked kitten-drowning policies. Inset: A cute kitten.

Um...ah...uh...four day work week? Dosanjh replied when pressed by reporters outside the legislature.

But the problem of cute kitten asphyxiation will not leave the beleaguered party alone. Animal right groups and many old ladies have risen up to challenge the NDP's controversial position.

I can't believe the NDP would take such a position, Beth Davies, 84 year old grandmother of 5, told the Numb through

a phone survey. Those mofos should have their entrails pureed and burn in hell.

Oh now, come on, that's some cold shit, Glenn Clark responded to Davies' verbal assault.

We were just goofin' around, like that fast ferry thing. Nobody was supposed to take it seriously! Like telephone surveys and UBC Teacher evaluations.

See Wet Pussy A2

Vancouver Pot Supply Not Threatened by Latest Bust

Plenty of Prime Product Still Available Anywhere

DELTA -- Vancouver RCMP's largest marijuana bust in history will have very little effect on the supply of the herb around Vancouver, BC Pot announced today.

The bust, nearly a thousand plants being grown in a Delta greenhouse, was believed by the RCMP to be their largest yet, and thought by law enforcement everywhere to be a major step forwards in the war against drugs. Recent industry analyses by BC Pot show this to be untrue.

While the seizure of the prime product is a terrible loss, it should not effect the availability, price or quality of fine BC pot being sold on the street, Sunflower, BC Pot's CEO stated in his press release.

BC Pot has reportedly posted the \$500 bail for the two owners of the grow-op. They met reporters as they smoked up on the front steps of the Law Courts in downtown Vancouver.

The recent setbacks to McLeary and Morton Marijuana Manufacturing has set us back nearly six months. This restraint of free trade does nothing but hurt the small businessman. Jeff McLeary, co-founder of McLeary and Morton told the press today.

See Toke on This! A4

Hedy Fry Burned on Prince George Lawn

PRINCE GEORGE -- Prince George police discovered the body of Vancouver Quadra Liberal MP Hedy Fry late last night on the lawn of the Prince George City Hall. The grizzly discovery was made at 12:30am when the police were called by elderly citizens concerned that a gang of teenagers were enjoying a campfire.

When they called to the scene, they discovered a charred body, later confirmed to be that of the Liberal MP, ending the largest womanhunt in over a decade.

Fry's unfounded comments that crosses are being burned on Prince George lawns as we speak irked the ire of most of non-metropolitan British Columbia. The comments were cited as the likely cause of her kidnapping from her Ottawa dwelling last Sunday.

The RCMP are working to piece together the trail from Fry's house in Ottawa to the steps of the City Hall.

So far as we can determine in this stage of the investigation, Senior Detective Douglas Trousdale told the press today, is that an unidentified number of perps apprehended Fry from her place of dwelling with the promise of a campaign donation.

From there, she was stuffed in a burlap sack, and taken, via Air Canada to Prince George. But, with the efficiency level of Air Canada, she wound up in Quesnel. From there the perps were able to rent a pickup truck to drive to Prince George. We have only a few ideas on what could have happened from there, but it probably involved her getting burnt.

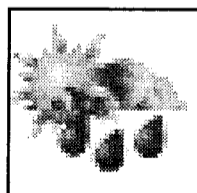
Prince George police praised Trousdale's fantastic grasp of the obvious.

Prince George RCMP have released the names of Heywood Jablowmi and Bob Dole, taken from the Air Canada reservations as the individuals most likely to be responsible for this crime.

With Fry's untimely demise, politicians everywhere are suddenly checking their facts before presenting them as hard evidence to base the direction of this country's government.

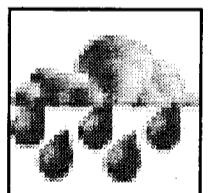
Jean Chretien has admitted that he has a serious conflict of interest with his golf course deal, and that he set up UBC students for pepper spraying just because he was a bastard. Sheila Copps, that pathetic

See Fry Fried B1



WEDNESDAY

Sunny, with rainy periods.



THURSDAY

Torrential showers, mixed hail.

C O N T E N T S

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DEADSON & WRETCHES *symphony of tar*



For everyone who's wanted to simulate the experience of a lifetime of cigarette smoking, The 17th Annual Symphony of Tar will astound and amaze all of its viewers, while providing a nice, thick smokey coating on the inside of their lungs.
July 21st, 25th, 28th. Grand Finale August 1st.

The 432.

In this issue:

The Very End!

Dead Pool Results!

Fucking!

and so much more...

"There are only two things that are boundless: the universe and the depths of human stupidity. I am not sure about the first."

- Albert Einstein

SCANDAL!

Incoming and Outgoing Executive Caught in Torrid Affair!

(Kabul, Afghanistan)

In a shocking announcement that could bring down the entire Science Undergraduate Society (SUS), and perhaps every other Undergraduate Society on the campus of the University of British Columbia, it was revealed yesterday that as many as all of the outgoing and incoming SUS executive members are somehow connected to a recent bust of white slaves in Afghanistan.

The bust was made early yesterday morning as Afghanistani authorities seized a jeep containing what were described as 'very haggard looking and well-nourished white youths between the ages of 19-22'.

Three Afghanis were apprehended driving the convoy. Under Afghanistan's 'good torturer/bad torturer' police interrogation technique, the criminals confessed and gave the names of each and every one of the SUS Executive from the past and upcoming year as their source of the youths intended for sale on the Afghanistani black market.

Early reports sketch out a tangled web of deceit and fraud, all perpetrated for the purpose of trade in white slavery.

Using the front of the SUS, and it's parent Faculty of Science, the executive were able

able to use the University of British Columbia's good name in public trade to bypass international security measures.

"They regularly shipped crates labeled as containing 'Microscopes', 'Lab Manuals', or 'Deadly RNA Inhibitors,'" Lieutenant George Mitchell told the 432 last night, "I haven't seen an abuse of science this blatant since test tube babies."

The crates were in fact filled with science first year students who failed to reach 70% on their Math 101 finals the previous year.

"This is some kind of sick eugenics at work," Mitchell commented on the vigorous natural selection imposed on the science undergraduate population by the very Society that swore to protect it, "These bastards will pay with blood."

Students who actually failed their Math 101 final were sent to the Arts Undergraduate Society.

"Dear God in Heaven," was all Mitchell could say as to the fate of those unfortunate enough to be dealt that sorry hand.

It appears that all the executive, for all their apparent bickering and their frequent standoffs, oft-compared to the trench warfare at Ypres in the Great War, were all working in collusion as a finely oiled machine reaping hundreds of thousands of dollars a month.

The kidnapped youth, suffering from dehydration and marijuana deficiency are now resting comfortably in the Canadian embassy in Kabul. Police have encountered little resistance

rounding up the SUS Executive from their places of dwelling early this morning, said Constable Anne Drennen.

"Well, most of them were hung over, which we know to be their natural state", remarked the Constable. "All we really needed to do was bust in and grab their sorry asses off of their couches."

When asked whether or not the police experienced any violent behaviour from the SUS executive, Cnst. Drennen said "Their Internal Vice President, I believe, put up one hell of a fight. Officer Morikowsky almost lost an eye, and may need to spend the next week crouched in a fetal position. She's a fiesty one."

However, the outgoing President, Keri Gammon, is still at large after a daring escape that leaves her running around the West End handcuffed and wearing very conspicuous Sailor Moon pajamas.

Gammon is considered very volitile, and is described by authorities as "stressed and liable to violently snap at the mere mention of the word 'Mott'".

Vancouver police have been combing Pacific Spirit Park with portable stereos playing random Tragically Hip songs in hopes of luring Gammon out peacefully.



The SUS executive living it up in Whistler, on their ill-gotten profits

PRESENT THIS COUPON FOR

ONE FREE BZZR!
Courtesy of your AUS



Hippies Killed by GM Vegetables!

In a disturbing incident today, Victoria police found an entire commune of hippies completely wiped out by genetically modified vegetables. "It was horrible," reported Junior Officer Young. "Most of them hippies hadn't bathed in days. Oh, plus they were all dead, and it smelled real bad."

Officer Young then suddenly "had to go" and was replaced by the more media-savvy Constable Wickam.

"What Young meant," the Constable clarified, "was that it was a very disturbing situation. We were called to the scene around 5:30 PM, by a Mr. Love-Flower at the commune. Emergency operators report that he was almost incoherent, but was able to communicate that the commune was in distress. Unfortunately, by the time we arrived, Mr. Love-Flower had been murdered, along with the thirty-two others residing at the commune."

When asked about the murder weapon, Wickam was unable to give a complete description. "Well, at this point, we're guessing it was a troupe of genetically modified broccoli, possibly using a salad

shooter and a kamikaze cucumber. All we know is that there are bits of genetically modified vegetables all over the place, and everyone knows hippie—er, commune residents—are notoriously opposed to genetic modification of food. Their own organic produce was discovered brutally strewn over their bodies, perhaps as a final insult from the genetically modified veggies."

Speculation about the nature of the mass murder is continuing to build. One source notified our reporters that a small guerrilla group of genetically modified vegetables has recently organized itself and proclaimed war on all other agricultural methods and products. "This gruesome incident is a warning," proclaimed another source, who oddly resembled a large carrot.

"Genetically modified vegetables are superior produce, and we—er, they—will not stand for the blatant production, promotion, and protection of inferior produce and those who consume it!"

Communes across the country have been warned to lock their doors and not let in any unfamiliar or disgruntled vegetables.

The 432.

VOLUME FOURTEEN

ISSUE TWELVE

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Fury

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Web Sites

<http://www.ams.ubc.ca/sus/>

<http://seercom.com/sus/432/>

Legal Information

The 432 is written in front of a live studio audience.

All views expressed in this issue are strictly those of the individual writers, and as such are not the responsibility of The 432, The Science Undergraduate Society, or the Faculty of Science. Writers and cartoonists are encouraged to submit their material to The 432. Submissions must meet the requirements of making the editor chuckle thrice, and contain the author's name and contact information.

The lineup to this year's ACF blows. It just really blows. Blows goats, blows hamsters, Blows you like a hurricane. There is just no end to the blowing the ACF lineup does.

Especially after they the band the 432 most wanted to see has left the bill.



Jo Krack

Ruining her Eyes

So, have you all been following "Survivor II"? Oh good, neither have I! Unfortunately, my ex watched the original "Survivor" religiously (yes, while praying!) and thought nothing of subjecting me to it as well. Even more unfortunately, my teenage sister used to faithfully watch "Blind Date," so I must confess to having seen a record number of crappy dates as well. And my final confession: I watched both "Who Wants to Marry a Multimillionaire" and three episodes of "Temptation Island." Of course, I don't remember much of either show, since I was loudly criticizing them to whoever would listen.

But that's still no excuse.

Finally, however, I came up with an excuse: I was doing research! Yes, reality TV research! Puzzled yet intrigued by hating all the people on reality TV shows, my inquisitive brain needed a concrete explanation. Why is there no one with any redeemable qualities on reality TV? Why is it that I will hate reality TV stars before I even see them on the show, as if I somehow already know them?

And then I figured it out: they're clones. There are only two kinds of people on reality TV shows: Girl Clones and Boy Clones. I'm not using the terms "man" and "woman" or "male" and "female" because it is quite obvious (painfully so, in fact) that these specialized clones are developmentally immature, despite their age.

First, we shall examine the Girl Clone (not that kind of examining, you filthy pervert!). She is usually quite thin, making her head look proportionally too large. She often exacerbates this look with either long or extremely thick hair, or both. This results in the figure of a giant walking spoon. The Girl Clone's breasts are usually big, but since she is so thin, this is often achieved through implants. This should be the first clue that reality TV is actually fake TV: even the boobs aren't real!

Even worse than her unhealthy (not to mention non-biodegradable) body, the

Girl Clone's personality will make normal, intelligent women cringe. She is a walking stereotype: stupid, bitchy, vain, and extremely slutty. She is constantly trying to make sure the men around her are attracted to her, only to use this against them by taunting "I don't really find you attractive."

She is full of fake "girl power" statements, but this faux feminism falls apart when her actions betray her as about as liberated as a 1950s Catholic housewife with sixteen children and a cheating husband.

She is usually wearing very tight and revealing clothing, and will strike provocative poses or make racy statements "Wow, my boobs feel soft today!"), only to quickly denounce anyone who treats her as anything less than a virginal church-going Good Girl. I have no idea how statements as opposite as "I'm saving myself for marriage" and "Most of my boyfriends didn't want to lose me because I give blow jobs better than that girl in 'Deep Throat'" can come out of the same bimbo's mouth. The typical Girl Clone markets herself as if all she has to offer is a "perfect" body and the promise of sex with said body. Any personal behaviour she shares is geared towards convincing men that she will sleep with them, but they will have to earn it.

Next, we have the Boy Clone. Sorry fellas, but he's no better than his childish female counterpart. The Boy Clone on "Blind Date" always mentions sex in his interview video, but he tries to make it seem like he is a sensitive man and wants his partner to enjoy it too: "Yeah, it's all about sex, man. I'm just into da pleasin', an' shit. Yeah, I've slept with a lotta girls, and I wanna find someone who enjoys sex as much as me and doesn't think it's dirty or nothin'." Translated, he means, "I'm on this show to get some fresh booty. If she's ugly or acts like she won't put out, then I'm gonna make her feel like a frigid, uptight bitch or not wanting to sleep with sensitive, open-minded me!" The Boy Clone typically comes on strong, and evaluates his chances quickly. If women find him repulsive, the Boy Clone becomes defensive and attacks, to the extent of one "Blind Date"

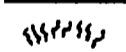
Boy Clone lecturing his date about how sexually screwed up she was for not instantly agreeing to sleep with him, then farting at her at the end of the date and rating it as "the best part of the date."

In the end, it seems that Girl Clones and Boy Clones deserve our sympathy. They have spent so much time trying to transform themselves into living embodiments of physical attractiveness, yet they are still single at 40 — and as they themselves admit, it's not by choice. On "Blind Date" they lament how their relationships fall apart within a few months... which is about as long as it takes for their dates to realize that dating plastic people is pretty boring, no matter how good they may look. This leaves Girl Clones and Boy Clones in an awful predicament. They are too unoriginal, too lazy, and often too stupid to become actors and actresses. Yet they are not really beautiful enough to become models. And alas, they are too devoid of personality (unless talking about their bodies) to form meaningful

friendship bonds. Historically, these people would turn to the porn industry. But now, there is a solution: reality TV! become a professional "typical person" so that TV shows won't have to show actual typical people, who are often too normal-looking, intelligent, polite, or secure with themselves to make for trashy TV.

So the next time you watch so-called reality TV, remember: the poor contestants deserve our collective pity. Funds should be set up to counsel the Girl Clones on their low self-esteem, obsession with physical appearance, eating disorders, and inability to form mature and adult relationships with the opposite sex. The Boy Clones should have counselling to help them get in touch with their inner brains and help them relate to women as people. Hell, if they can't accomplish the first two objectives, they may as well be given sex lessons, so that at least they won't continue to abuse naive women with utterly unsatisfying sex. Hey, let's make a new reality TV show: "Equipping the Spawn of Pop Culture with Skills to Survive in the Reality TV Industry!" Next month on FOX!

Giving Up The Seat of Power



Jay Garcia



Defiant to the last

Well, this appears to be my last 432 editorial; from this point onwards, and beginning with SUS' summer mailout The Guide (more on this later), Ben Warrington is now your Director of Publications and Grand High Editor, as well as aspiring Grand Rabbit number eleven.

After all, this is The 432's editorial column, not some sappy Oscar speech (though they both tend towards similar themes of general randomness and over-long durations). I will, on the other hand, extend my thanks to the loyal and stalwart writers who have been the backbone of this paper before and since I took over the reigns of this here rag from editor emeritus and kewl Dead Pool goddess Bree Baxter. So, to Jo, Kiri, Andy, Ben (both of you), Julia, Kat, Kelly (yep, you), Andy Tinka, Myk, Matt, Lana, and all the others I probably missed. You will all be rewarded richly when the revolution comes and I am elevated to rule above the rabble.

Ben W, your new editor, is learning the tricks of the trade; as he is an Albertan redneck of few (if sardonic) words, it would behoove you all, gentle readers, to be nice to him because: a) he is new, and

b) he is likely to be dangerous in some way, shape or form. He, along with Lana, are in the process of learning the secrets of this mystical craft known as editing; secrets which, in two hundred words or less, I will now reveal to you.

Basically, take a whackload of articles of varying quality, cut to fit, sprinkle some ads (real and humorously fake) liberally on the page, and process extra blank space with humorous facts, trivoids and other bits of cultural detritus; the goal of this project is to make somebody reading the paper in their 8:30 (or upcoming 8:00) Monday morning class giggle, snort, or laugh out loud, disrupting the teaching process and injecting an obscenely unhealthy amount of levity into what would ordinarily be a soul-crushingly boring day.

The real process is actually much longer, more technically involved (Photoshop! Freehand! Animal Sacrifices!) and some parts of which are not fit to be revealed to those who have not reached the appropriate level of understanding. Which, in retrospect, sort of makes The 432 resemble Scientology, though where that "church" charges their members a staggeringly large amount of money in order for them to reach this hallowed state, The 432 merely asks that you imbibe enough caffeine and sugar until they get so giddy they almost pass out from the rush. We

highly recommend Dr. Pepper for this endeavour; either that or Amaretto and the dark caffeine cola of your choice. Whatever works.

Mostly, though, working on the paper means long days, late nights, which most likely lead to early mornings as well for the three days right before deadline. So it has been since I was a frosh, and dinosaurs like "Diamond Dave" Strangway ruled the earth, and so it shall be, until the day cometh that an Editor shall be found, mighty in pen and quick on the keyboard, and whose organizational skills are so great that the paper shall actually be done days before it is due at the printers. At which point the humour content in the paper may well rapidly decline, as much of the wacky, off-the-wall humour is due to fatigue, stress hallucinations, and the sheer punchy tiredness that production nights engender.

Also, and more to the point; every good editor needs a stalwart, funny, and offbeat right-hand-man. Person. Whatever (there you go, Equity Office; satisfied?) I literally could not have produced these last seven or eight issues without Andy Martin. Cover-writer, layout help, guy to bounce ideas off of, and, of course, the auxilliary devil on my shoulder (as if the actual devil on my shoulder needed any help). Case in point, whereas normally the assistant edi-

continued on page six...

The End... Or Is It?



Bree Baxter

Not at all maudlin

Would someone please tell me what gives third-year Arts students the mistaken impression that their miserable little lives need to be discussed, in gory detail, in class while the professor is trying to explain somewhat important information about the final exam? I thought people outgrew that behavior back in the third grade. Mother of god, we are adults now, or at least some of us are trying to act like it. If I wanted to pay two thousand dollars a year (plus student fees to a bloated bureaucratic student organization) to listen to the Days of Our Student Lives, I'd have made a note somewhere along the way. So if anyone who is in Geography 328, MWF at 9:30am, is reading this, shut the fuck up. I'm trying to pay attention.

If you're reading this on Wednesday, April 4th, I've just had my last day of classes. Ever. Eighteen years worth. Ha ha. I'm special and you're not. I now get to say I have a B.Sc. and stuff, so employers will hire me for my mad phat biology skillz. Yeah, right. I'll be lucky getting a job as a tour guide this summer. It's a nice gig, giving tours of campus. It also pays two dollars more an hour than last summer's high tech job.

Word to disparate pay scales.

Bree...c'mon...middle of a frozen wasteland on a boat full of ugly ex-cons...you know you want to... -- Andy

It's also my boyfriend's birthday today. He's just turned 22, which means that I'm dating a younger man. I've never actually had a boyfriend over the birthday season before, so I'm not really sure what I should be doing in such a situation. Ah well, when everything else fails, rain cheques should salvage the situation. Or destroy it utterly.

As my graduation approaches, I'm trying to think of what to buy myself. I just got back my tax refund and as opposed to saving it like a financially sound person would do, I'm trying to spend it as fast as humanly possible. A friend who works in a mutual fund firm says I should put it towards an RRSP. I don't even know what an RRSP is. I'm leaning towards an espresso machine or a pair of roller blades. Roller blades might be a nice idea, what with summer fast approaching and that whole pesky bus strike (URGE TO KILL..... RISING), I may need a way to get around. However, if there is a faster and more efficient way to get caffeine into my blood stream, rather than the six cups of coffee I already drink a day, hook me up. It's one step away from tapping a vein, but I don't care. They say the first step towards rehabilitation is admit-

ting you have a problem, but I don't have a problem.

The Canadian Forces has a problem. I hope you realize that they are called the Canadian Forces because calling them the Canadian ARMED Forces might give people the mistaken impression that they are allowed to carry guns. There was a recent ruling that allowed women to go down on submarines... er, to go down in submarines, but seeing as how the recruitment of any members of society, let alone women and what the Army sensitively deems "minorities", like people who are stupid enough not to realize that going into Canada's army is working for less money than a coffee hop at Starbucks, is so low that they may have to cut back the peace-keeping missions in war torn Nova Scotia, I don't think they're in any position to make gender discriminations. Whatever. This guy I had crush on back in high school (also tall and also younger than I am) joined the Navy, but I think that was because of the taxpayer-subsidized alcohol. Ah, the good old days.

So I remain, writing my last 432 article ever, trying to figure out how to get to school and exams during this stupid bus strike (MUST CONTROL.... FIST OF DEATH), and in general being very tired. What am I going to do next? Hopefully get

a job, make enough to pay back my \$25,000 of student debt and that pesky rent, and not have my roommate kill me in my sleep. But I'm nice and clean occasionally, so he won't. Quick, name the two 432 writers that are roommates.

I'll miss you kids. If anyone gets bored this summer, email me at bmonique@interchange.ubc.ca and we can chat and stuff. I don't know where I'll be working or even if I'll graduate, but it's all good. So to recap, here are my years with the SUS Publications: Write for *the 432* for three years, be editress for a year and a half, create and edit a year of *Paradigm* (what's that, you ask?), make a *Guide* some of you may have seen, and convince this year's DoP (Warrington, not Weston) that it will all turn out good in the end. Or I'll kill him. With those final words, God bless and good night.

And what the HELL is that smell?

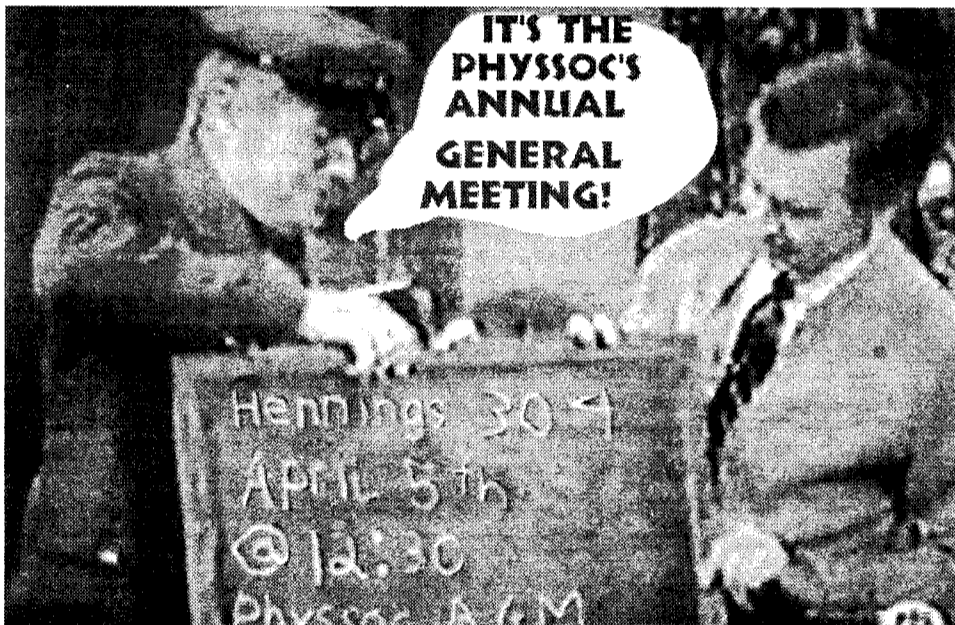
sniff sniff

That Bree, is the smell of victory. I know, smells a little odd doesn't it.

--Andy

Right.

Like you'd ever know. -- ed.



Spring Gala 2001

Talent show by UBC's
medical students

April 21, 2001
(Saturday) 8:00 pm
at Chan Centre

Tickets \$10 at
Ticketmaster (surcharges apply), and
the Chan Centre Box Office

This presentation is made possible by
the generous assistance of the Chan
Endowment Fund of UBC

Proceeds donated to the charity
"A LOVING SPOONFUL"



Out with the Old In with Something Indistinguishable



Ben Warrington

Der Facist Commie

FOOLS! You elected an Albertan redneck to be Director of Publications. Bet you didn't know that. Now, this paper is going to be turned into a bastion of redneck right-wing political thought much like the Alberta Report (same thing as the B.C. Report for those who don't know). We will worship Preston Manning, and... well... tolerate Stockwell Day. We will be anti-gay, anti-abortion, racist bigots. Oh wait, I don't believe that shit. Funny how "right-wing" is an insult meaning racist bigot in B.C. whereas back home "left-wing" means brainless idealistic idiot.

Really, in Canada, we are all in the god-damned middle. We all want good health care and education, and we want low taxes. The only difference is we have slightly varying ideas about what is the most appropriate mix to give the best service for the least money. Quite frankly nobody knows for sure, especially not politicians. The smartest people never get elected to office because they don't run. They can make far more money using their brains in the private sector, often in another country whose currency seems to be worth about 50% more than it should be. So we get fools making decisions about things that they know nothing about, and what's more, they shuffle around between cabinet positions every few months, so they never have time to figure the job out.

Unless you are completely out of touch with the world, you know that there should be a provincial election coming up as long as the NDP is not planning to cling to power through an armed coup or something as seems to be more and more likely the case. The B.C. Liberals are going to win, not because they are the best choice, but because they are the second worst. You

could call it the lesser of two evils, but I think it is just plain scary either way. What we need to do is replace the government, both at the provincial and federal level, with a benevolent enlightened dictator.

That is where I come in. While I was not named dictator as I had hoped (and I am certainly not enlightened or benevolent), as Minister of Propaganda (a.k.a. Director of Publications), it will be my job to tell you what to think, and how to act. If there is ever anything is this paper that offends your sensibilities, you are wrong. Simple as that. Like the *Simpsons* reference on page 10, "The reason we have elected officials is so we don't need to think about things like that." That is what I am for, to tell you what to think while not actually doing a damn thing about anything at all. The other exec, well, they are the ones who have to pretend they are actually doing something useful. I just get to sit back and point out everyone's foibles like the cynical bastard I am.

Government for the good of the people.

Government for the good of the state.

Government for the good of the lucky bastard at the top.

Anyway, look for this paper to stay much the same as it is next year as I shun my responsibilities forcing Jay to come out of retirement one more time even more jaded and cynical than the last. And look for the *Guide* in the mail in June. I am certain that its production will make me go insane. Van Gogh was insane, so this could potentially be a major work of art.

Oh, for those 72 people who voted "no" to me for DoP, you didn't think it was actually a secret ballot did you? I know where you live. It's to the gulags for you.

Bunch of left-wing nature lovin' freaks.

Sounds like a certain iron-clad dictator wannabe needs a hug.

-- Andy

Lies Your Parents Told You

Miss Julia Haber

Circe, not Cassandra

They watched with pride as you took your first steps. They went to all your little league games. They cleaned up your vomit when you got that nasty GI infection in grade 4. Yes, your parents love you. However, love and honesty are two very different things and although they meant well, your parents told you some whoppers over the time they had access to your malleable little brain. Although you've probably figured out by now that the toothfairy isn't real and children don't really starve in Zimbabwe because you won't touch your butternut squash, I thought I'd dispel a few of those myths your parents perpetuated as you were growing up.

1) It's not how you look on the outside, it's what's inside that counts.

Having grown up in the media cesspool that is Toronto, I learned early that the most important thing in life is looking good. Call me shallow or call me shallow, but it does matter what you look like. You think your boyfriend would still love you if you gained 100 pounds? Try it. He'll be outta there quicker than Britney Spears can expose her navel during a public appearance. A good portion of how you are perceived can be attributed to how you present yourself externally. This could explain why, after a week of not changing your clothes, bathing or brushing your teeth, you may not be getting the respect and

admiration you deserve.

2) You can be whatever you want when you grow up.

Think about this one. If everyone got the job they wanted, we'd all be in big trouble. Fifty percent of men would be employed as "guy who watches porn", leaving 32% working as "guy that plays Quake all the time" and the remaining 17.5% and 0.5% to cover the important tasks of "pretending to be really cool and picking up girls at the bar" and "plotting to overthrow the government by building small plastic explosives in the garage", respectively. There are many reasons we can't do what we'd really like: money, GPA, minor convictions involving the neighbours' underage daughter. The important thing here is that we, as adults, must learn to just suck it up. Do you think the woman who gets to wax the backs of hairy men is living out her dream? No, but people like her make going to public swimming pools a better experience for us all.

3) What goes around, comes around.

The only things this one can be applied to are influenza and really lame forwarded emails. In life we don't always get our just desserts (which, in my case, may be a good thing). Some people are just very, very unlucky. I have a friend who goes to the University of Ottawa. Nicest girl you'll ever meet. Last February, she's right in the middle of a brutal week of midterms when she comes home one night, only to find her house and everything she owns burned to

the ground. Turns out her landlord finally decided to follow up on some work she and her housemates had requested be done to one of the walls. Unfortunately, being the not so clever individual that he was, the landlord decided the best way to get through the wall would be to use a blowtorch. After setting their place aflame and finally sensing that something wasn't quite right, instead of phoning the fire department, this fuckwit got scared, left the place to burn down, and then hid out with some relatives until the cops found him several days after the fire. The powers that be sometimes enjoy playing cruel, unprovoked jokes on us. Maybe they're trying to remind us that we will never truly understand the great mystery that is life. Maybe they're just tired of watching Popstars and need something to keep themselves busy.

I've been a little harsh in cutting up the parental "bag o' fibs". I know that someday, I too will be trying to convince a 3 year-old that "Mr. Potty LIKES IT when you go in him." I think people finally reach maturity when they realize that they are really no different than anyone else, including their parents. You mom and dad honestly didn't intend any harm when they went along with your theory that you were, in fact, a Smurf. They didn't know they would be contributing to a forever-ruined kindergarten picture, resulting from your valiant attempt at dying your face blue with food colouring.

Hell, there were times your parents were probably even right. Don't argue with me on this one. And don't make that face either, because, in the words of my sainted mother, "it'll stay like that."

**weird and
useless facts**

a barnacle has the largest penis of any animal in relation to its size.

approximately sixty circus performers have been shot from cannons. at last report, thirty-one of these have been killed.

13 people are killed each year by vending machines falling on them.

Gone With the Wind is the only Civil War epic ever filmed without a single battle scene.

0.3% of all road accidents in Canada involve a moose.

**makes ya think,
don't it?**

The advertisement below is a real advertisement. The Lotus Light Charity Society does exist, and is taking donations of old and unused eyewear in locations at the SUB and UBC Hospital.

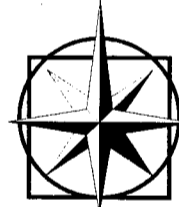
Lotus Light Charity Society
Year 2001
Gift of Sight Eyeglass Campaign



8,000 Eyeglasses to the Third World!

**Eyeglass Dropoff Boxes in
SUB Building and UBC Hospital.**

Science Gear for Sale!



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



...continued from page four

tor would be the one to say "no, Jay, putting an ad that asked people to write for The 432 or else we would cause horrible bodily harm to occur to the person of our lovely Internal Vice would be a Bad Thing", Andy simply laughed and said, "Do it! If she comes for you with a sharp object, I'll hold her back and give you a head start". Thick and thin, bro; and I don't thank you enough for it.

One last gasp before I give up the reigns of power: an Oscar-worthy thank-you to all you readers out there. It's good to see readership numbers up this year, despite our distribution problems, and I'm ever appreciative that you continue to pay attention to SUS through The 432. Adios.

Be on the lookout for the

Guide 2001

formerly known as the

**Black and Blue
Review**

and containing the
Faculty Teaching Reviews!

THE 432 presents:

THE ANARCHIST'S GUIDE TO Arts County Fair

Backstage: The Promised Land

The bands hang out here before and after sets; so do their groupies, AUS types, and heavyset security guards. However, managing to snag a backstage pass will grant you temporary nirvana as you will then be allowed to approach these luminaries of Canadian Rock, Hip-Hop and Pop.

The Wall:

Quite simply one of the cheapest and most efficient means of entering the Fair, if you can brave dangerous kudzu vines, the overpowering smell of stale piss, and the occasional wandering security guard.

STAGE

Mosh Pit: those in birkenstocks need not apply

Cider tent

Beer tent

Refreshments

AUS security roost:

From this perch, eagle-eyed AUS security-type people can play "spot the fence jumper", "who's frosh and in the beer garden", and everyone's favorite game, "look who's having sex in the crowd"

Neck-Breaking Activities

Frosh Zone

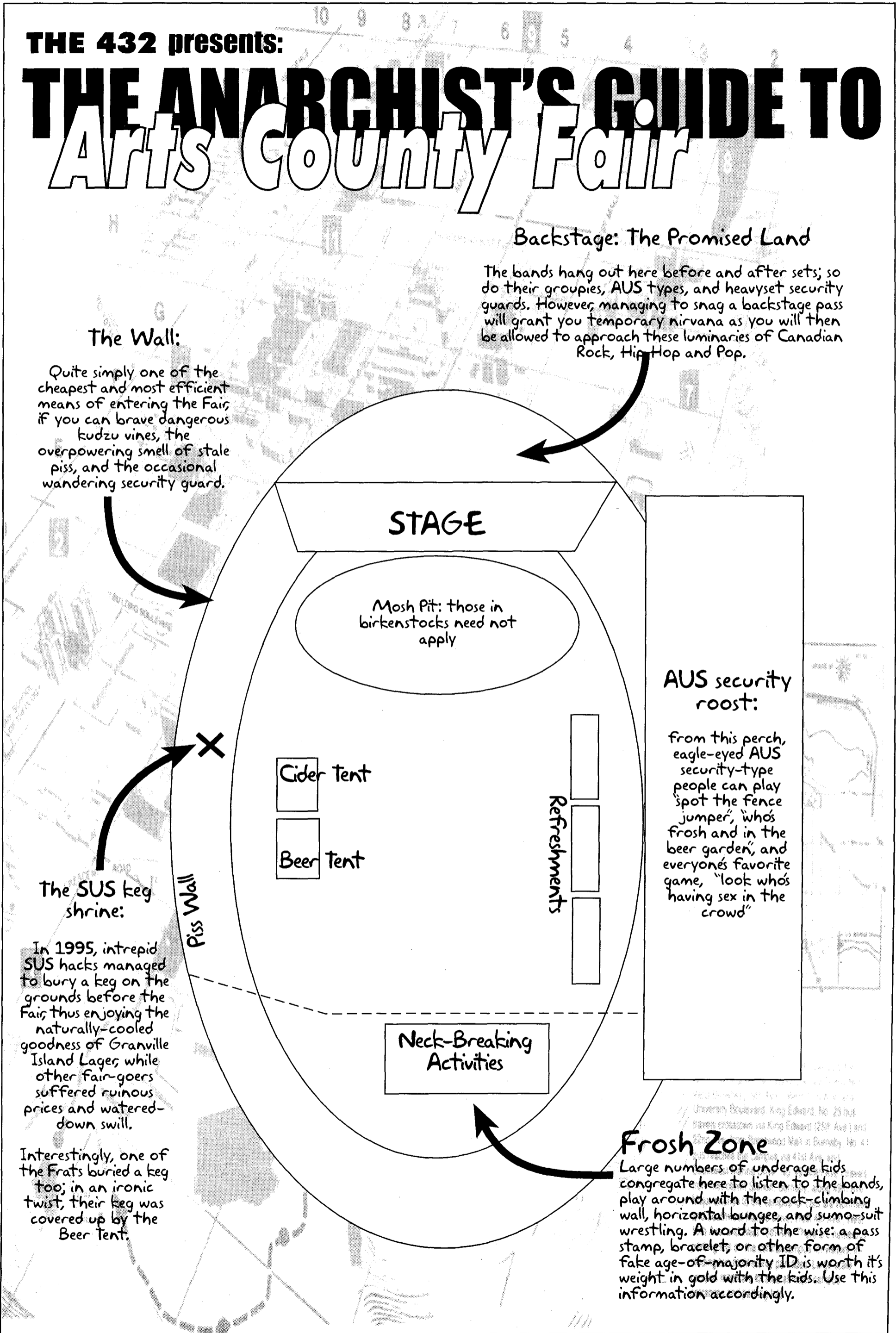
Large numbers of underage kids congregate here to listen to the bands, play around with the rock-climbing wall, horizontal bungee, and sumo-suit wrestling. A word to the wise: a pass stamp, bracelet, or other form of fake age-of-majority ID is worth its weight in gold with the kids. Use this information accordingly.

The SUS keg shrine:

In 1995, intrepid SUS hacks managed to bury a keg on the grounds before the Fair, thus enjoying the naturally-cooled goodness of Granville Island Lager, while other fair-goers suffered ruinous prices and watered-down swill.

Interestingly, one of the Frats buried a keg too; in an ironic twist, their keg was covered up by the Beer Tent.

Piss Wall



An End to All Ramblings...

mYk
Rock n' Ramble

on surviving arts county fair

my strategy for acf this year is the same as last year: don't pay attention to any of the bands, except maybe some of the interesting opening bands. at my first acf in 1996 (my god), i was still a punk, and tried really hard to mosh. after i got some cute girl at the face painting booth to draw a stamp on my hand, i ran past the guards into the alcohol area and stood by the front of the stage waiting for the jumping around to start. it was fun for a few songs, but then the huge frat boys started taking over and fucking shit up, as they called it. skinny little punk me was one of the things they fucked up. i learned a lot about alcohol and concerts that day. i hate huge frat boys. that was the acf where the ambulance came seven times to take away injured or poisoned people. i was sitting in the stands watching. remember, you don't have to be in a fraternity to be a loser boy.

here are a few words of advice for young people: avoid the pee and puke wall, unless you're into that. don't put down your blanket too far up the hill because gravity, believe me, is your enemy. don't put your blanket too close to the bottom of

the hill because everyone will trample it (and you) as they stampede to the stage like lemmings when the headlining boring rock band starts. bring a lunch, unless you want to pay \$7 for a slice of pizza. bring water, unless you want to pay \$7 for a bottle of water. there will not be a drinking fountain this year. the arts undergraduate society has been owned by coke as hard as the rest of the campus. water fountains are being phased out in favor of those ridiculous desani bottled water vending machines. if you're desperate for moisture, lick a shirtless sweaty frat boy in the mosh pit, or go to the top of the hill, and, well, you know. more advice: if you are a girl that looks and acts really dumb, do not accept any drinks "mixed especially for you" from boys over 6'1" that are wearing white tank tops. these tank tops are called "wife-beaters" for a reason. frat boys take heed: if you are going to tip over a port-a-potty while your frat boy "brother" is inside, please, please, make sure that it is a port-a-potty away from where people will be watching the stage, buying beer, or nonchalantly having sex under a blanket. i mean, come on, express your repressed sexuality elsewhere. thanks.

i sound bitter, but i'm actually really looking forward to acf this year. i've got enjoyment down to an art form: pay no attention to the bands. leave when people are so drunk that they're vomiting on themselves and you. leave before the last band ends so that it takes you less than 45 minutes to get

out of the stadium. leave before your friend starts sharing saliva with people she just met. walk around lots and see if you can run into cute people from your classes who you've been too scared to talk to all year. maybe they'll be slightly drunk. maybe they'll talk to you this time.

on sunny sun

i never noticed how beautiful this campus really is until this year. i guess that's the luxury of spending your last term taking three slacker arts courses and working part time. while everyone else is freaking out about exams and final papers, i'm walking with my eyes up, noticing that things are blooming and blossoming. ok, so it's been raining for four days straight. i mean before this little late march keffuffle with the weather, back last week when it was bright sunshine. things are beautiful here. did you know that people only look up and make eye contact when it's sunny? do some quantitative experimentation. you're good at that. write a masters thesis on human interaction at ubc. or just enjoy the weather for once.

on the bus strike

the best place to hitchhike into campus is of course south west marine or 16th, but some of you might be coming in from far-

ther away than the edge of campus. i pity you. i'll be walking in from mcdonald and broadway, unless i can buy a new seat for my bike before monday. wouldn't it be great if the whole strike thing was just some elaborate april fool's joke? everyone else is freaking out, but i'm kinda looking forward to the extra challenge of getting around. how are we all going to get back from acf? i think the aus should provide a fleet of busses, those communist bastards.

on endings

this is potentially the last 432 article i will ever write. i'm sad. this has been an amazingly amazing and screwed-up year. i can't believe i survived it. thank you for reading.

i love you all,
 myk myk432@hushmail.com

god, i'm gonna miss yer rambling, your opinionated ranting, and other expressions of uncontrolled passion. and for god's sakes, isn't it time to change yer hair color?

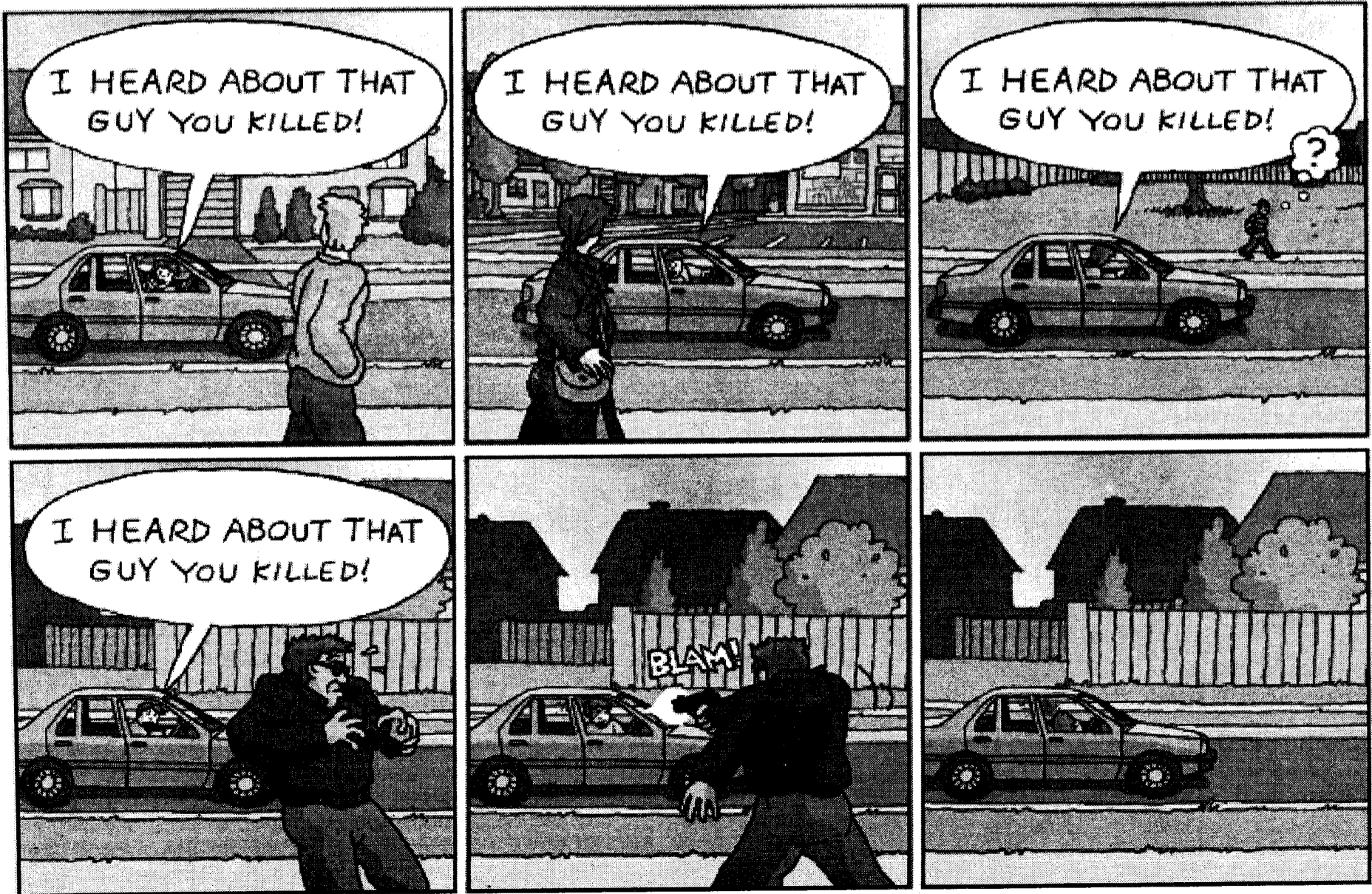
--ed

**The 432 General Staff Meeting, New and Old Writers and Editors
 Wednesday, September 5, 2001, 4:32 PM, location TBA!**

THE PARKING LOT IS FULL

by Jack McLaren and Pat Spacek

<http://www.plif.com>



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The Law of Averages

To the Moon in a Gondola

Viktor Brumovsky

Staring Ever Upwards

Saturn V my ass. Why did NASA fling billions of dollars out the window over the course of the 1960s to launch air force jocks into space each riding a giant phallus that would make John Holmes blush? Hell, why do future plans for a lunar colony call for the same strategy?

I have a better idea. Why don't we hurl a few more rockets up there (call it homage to the past or some other PR bullshit), only this time let's have them trailing giant cables. Once on the moon we attach the cables to the surface and bind the Earth to the Moon. Then we spend a few years sending up a whole whack of these things till the space between my second favourite type of globes has more stringy spans than the space between your thumb and forefinger after you void your sinuses into your hand. What's this got to do with getting to the moon? Patience and I shall tell you, my unimaginative little child. Now I'd have the weiners at NASA clamp a super-charged gondola onto each cable and ride that sucker to the moon. Beats the hell out of a Saturn V.

Hark, do I hear all of you physicists whining about escape velocity and the rotation of the Earth etc, etc. Honestly, if this bothers you, you're taking me way too serious-

ly. So put the paper down before you miss your prof's next retarded fluid dynamics joke. Keener. I hate you. Die.

Where was I? Oh yeah, rambling. I figure it won't be long before this ingenious plan for celestial travel gets too tedious for our attention span-lacking populace. That's



The Moon: an artist's conception of the fabled space rock

easily solved. The way I see it, the Earth is a pretty boring planet. We're always playing second-string to those stupid ringed

planets. Why don't we kill two birds with one stone? There are already all of those cables in place. Let's use 'em to take hold of the moon and reel the bastard in! <THE CABLES COULD NEVER BE STRONG ENOUGH TO DO THAT!!> Oh, now I've pissed off the geers. Fuck them too. So we

reel it in nice and slow until it embeds itself into a densely inhabited continent (minimal loss of intelligent life).

TADAAA!! The moon is now at your doorstep and the boring old Earth is now shaped like a cosmic lopsided ass. That's right, Planet Ass. Sure you could argue that two merged plane-

toids would look like a peanut but who the hell would want to live on boring little Planet Peanut? I want to live on the Exciting, New and

Improved Super Ultra Plus Planet Ass! Come to think of it gravity would make all of the oceans run into crack. It would be a sweaty ass planet. Even better!

If we ever make contact with aliens we could turn the planet into the Ass Amusement Park. You could have a great time rafting down the ass sweat rivers, or go "log" riding in the crack. Thrill-seekers will be carted out to active volcanoes (I figure the tectonic damage from slamming the moon into us would make a few new ones) to dodge lava bombs from popping "Planetary Rectal Zits." There would be fecal fun for the whole family. Yeah, that would make a good slogan.

"COME TO PLANET ASS! BRING THE KIDS AND A CHANGE OF CLOTHES! IT'S FECAL FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY!"

Next time: Planet Cock and Balls!

Enjoy your Trekkie/fecalpheliac's dream come true.

You can come visit me on nearby Planet Spandex, where I'll be working as the towel boy for the Amazonian Nitrogen-Pudding Wrestling Federation.

We'll go to the local matter consuming joint and share some triple Pan-galactic Gargleblasters (I can't believe I remembered that name).

But only if you promise to take a shower first. -- Andy

Avoidance Therapy

Lana Rupp

Fo Shizy!

The setting: 8:30 English class. Thoughts: I wanna go home. How can I get out of this?

I think my English teacher might be a leprechaun. He's short and clothed from head to toe in green. Another possibility is that he's the illegitimate goat-raping son of Satan. The latter hypothesis has less to do with his physical experience and more to do with the grade on my last paper. But I digress...

As I gaze upon my (insert insulting adjectives here!) instructor early on this Monday morning I find myself drifting into a pleasant little daydream which I frequently entertain. The circumstances may vary but the central fantasy holds fast. I am going about my miserable life when all of a sudden I wake up in a hospital bed with something serious enough to keep me out of commission until all of my worries and deadlines are dissolved by those who pity me. Selfish? OH YEAH!

Medical Excuses! Damn I'd like one of those! The logical side of my mind says that pain is bad, but then so is an 8-page report due in a few short hours. I will most likely start the paper with fewer than 10 hours until the deadly deadline. This will cause massive coffee consumption and resulting stomach ulcers, a homicidal roommate who just wants to sleep, cerebral hemorrhaging from damage caused by impact of my wall with my forehead and possibly lack of sleep (this predicament will again make an appearance in my New Years Resolutions.. I promise). I'm thinking pain is inevitable anyhow.

My theory is 'don't bother trying!'. If you're going to feel like you've been hit by a bus, why not visit the bus loop or dart

across a main artery without looking. Sure it hurts, but think of the advantages! You get a comfy bed, a TV with a remote (if you've ever lived in my house you know the pain of living without a remote), people bringing you food... hell you won't even have to get up to go to the bathroom! And of course, the best part of all of this is the fact that no one expects you to spend all that extra time you suddenly have doing the assignments your anal-retentive prof gave you.

Maybe broken bones aren't your style. Well, not to worry, because this is one area where your creativity will not be spat upon and insulted (not that I'm bitter.... bastard). Other accidentally incurred medical conditions include rare or serious illnesses or infections. Volunteer at a downtown East Side medical clinic or shelter, breathe deeply and that tingly warm feeling you get won't be just from doing a good deed for very long. More risky methods of getting that precious hospital stay or doctor's note include extreme sports without equipment, stuffing yourself with cafeteria food or injecting air into your bloodstream.

So if you don't want to write that paper on "the author's perspective on homosexuality in relation to gerbils and the post-modern feminist approach to literature within this nutrition guide clipped from a Cap'n Crunch box" or whatever bullshit you may have been assigned, take a walk on the wild side (or the yellow line) and maybe we'll be sharing a room and a TV shortly. Go brave slacker, misfortune be with you!!!

Remember: if you decide you can only take so many internal injuries from darting madly into Vancouver traffic, procrastination is the only viable alternative!

Procrastination is a lost art form. A form Lana seems to have mastered. It can't just be picked right up, it takes years of practice and failure. What better time than April 4th to start? -- Andy



2001 Census STUDENTS LOSE OUT IF THEY'RE NOT COUNTED IN

Vancouver - It is critical that students make their voices heard and "count themselves in" in the national Census of Population, which will take place in May. Conducted every five years by Statistics Canada, the Census has a significant impact on students for a number of reasons.

Census information is used to determine federal transfer payments to the province which, of course, include funding for post-secondary education. **For every person in British Columbia not counted in the Census, B.C. loses \$1,000 per person per year — which can add up to millions of dollars lost for sectors like education.**

The Census is also used to plan services used by students, including public transportation, housing, employment centres and a whole range of community services.

For students and academics conducting research, census data are sometimes the *only* source of research for certain fields of study, such as urban planning, demography, economics and sociology.

"The statistics and information provided by the Census are a tremendous resource to the UBC students and faculty members who conduct more than 4,000 research projects every year," says UBC President Dr. Martha Piper.

In the 1996 Census, young adults were the most undercounted segment of the B.C. population. "We can't let that happen again in 2001 because it affects funding and services for students in B.C.," says student Dawn Mooney, a communications liaison with B.C. campuses for the 2001 Census.

ALL STUDENTS should be included on a census questionnaire, including students on visas. Students should ensure that they are counted on either a census questionnaire delivered to their residence, apartment or house, or on a questionnaire delivered to their parents' home if that is their permanent address. All census questionnaires should be completed and mailed in by may 15, 2001.

**For more information, please contact:
Dawn Mooney, Statistics Canada, Pacific Region,
(604) 666-4898**

Hate Mail: The gift that keeps on giving



Andy Martin

Should be used to it

As my time with The 432 was breathing its last, I looked back on the last four years and was about to sigh to myself: 'but I never got any hate mail'.

Praise whatever gave me life, it finally happened. After years of going toe-to-toe with everything from the Bible to the entire female sex, I finally got a response to an article I wrote. And it was a pretty tame one, the satirical front cover article to last issue ('Something Bad Happened Really Far Away', Issue 11).

What follows is the word-processed verbal diarrhea that arrived in my inbox, forwarded from Mr. Garcia. My replies are interlaced in italics:

Date: Thu, 22 Mar 2001 13:21:23 -0800 (PST)

From: x <garfieldxxxxx@yahoo.com>

Subject: 432 article

To: jgarcia@interchange.ubc.ca

Something bad happened really far away, and something much worse happened right here in UBC. Apparently, some people with no talent decided to "represent" science students, with splashing ink over a paper called 432¹, without thinking about their racial and irresponsible attitudes.

THAT's what really happened.

Several months ago, I sent you two articles, and none of them got published. They were funny but polite. Later on I tried to read 432 to examine the kind of articles that do get published. After a month or two I realized that the articles that do get published are not humorous at all. They are horrible.

But that's fine with me.

Although I do not want you representing me or people like me, with your superficial views of campus life (do you have a single article that does not mention drinking?), and horrible unfunny articles, I forgive your stupidity as long as it does not cross certain borders.²

But your article on the first page of March 14 issue is gone too far.³

What is funny about the United Nations? What is funny about people who live in areas that have been destroyed by war or

other horrible disasters? The little earthquake that shook Vancouver and Seattle has made people so anxious and uncomfortable, that it makes me laugh. Look at the huge earthquake in other places in the world. Do you know how many died? No, because they live in countries and areas that no one has heard of. Is the "good life" in the West not fun enough, so that you decide to laugh at the expense of people who see their families die in front of their very eyes?

Open your eyes! ⁴

Your article, if you can call it that, is unfunny, uninformative, and useless. I feel ashamed of letting someone read 432, since they expect much more from UBC students.

There are billions of extremely funny material on the Net and on TV. Learn from the Simpsons. Learn from whoever that you want but do not make fun of people that you don't know. That's the cheap and easy way out. ⁵

I wasted my time writing this article (I have an exam tomorrow) but I don't want a response. I just want your writer (whoever wrote this random and insulting mixture of words) to know that you have a lost another sober reader. Now most of your reader are people like you, and let me tell you, that's a black and white picture. ⁶

Mr. XY ⁷

The following is a rebuttal to Mr. XY's comments from Andy Martin and Jay Garcia (Jay's are in italics)

¹ Okay, let's break in here. First off, it's THE 432, not '432'. Get yer facts straight.

Racial attitudes? Where'd that come from? Ever met me? Did the possibility that I'm black ever cross your mind?...okay, I'm not. But I could be. If I didn't mention an actual group, can it be racist? I'm not racist, I just hate everybody.

Here here; equal opportunity mockery for all!

Your brash belief that your articles were 'funny but polite' is quite a statement. More likely they were polite yet sucked. I didn't even see them, meaning they didn't make it past first cut. If you want to know why they weren't printed, come and see us (we offered two issues ago) instead of bitterly lashing out.

I'll tell you what I tell every unfunny, unintelligent writer that wants to write for the

432: "Try the Underground."

² Every article about drinking? The article you're complaining about wasn't about drinking and looking at the issue, 9 of 11 of the articles in that issue don't even mention alcohol. Thank you for painting the entire paper with a big, long, wrong brush.

I must admit, we do publish a lot of material related to alcohol and it's rather humorous effects on people. However, the last time I checked the Pit, or Koerner's or any of the seven other bars on campus, there were no signs that Prohibition had returned, or that the Amish had taken over. Please remove your mindset from the 1920's.

³ My writing is gone too far? Please define how far it should be gone.

Man, you think this is bad? Andy's written much, much worse that has never been published, for fear of ripping a hole in the sense/taste continuum so vast that even your oversized head wouldn't plug the breach.

⁴ I'd like you to look up the word 'satire' in the dictionary. While you're at it, look up 'dumbass' to see if your picture's current.

Thank you for stating almost every single point I was trying to make through clever satire. Sometimes idiots need things repeated in a more obvious form for them to understand it. Idiots like you.

The entire concept of satire seems to have eluded your well-trained brain. No, I'm not being sarcastic, it's a speech impediment.

⁵ Never EVER take challenge Andy to a Simpsons reference battle. It's scary; almost as if he were channelling Matt Groening.

"The reason we have elected officials is so we don't need to think about things like that. Like that rainforest scare we had a few years ago. Our elected leaders saw there was a problem and they fixed it, didn't they?"

"No Dad, I don't think."

"Ah ah ah...there's that word again."

The majority of the shite on TV is not funny and the best stuff on the Net is the stuff that is on the net because it's been rejected from all major media forms.

⁶ No, this is a black and white picture:



Well, you'll be happy to know that you're in print now, as a completely imbecilic asshole.

⁷ I'm particularly curious about the lack of proper attribution to this piece of ill-thought, but otherwise humourously foolish missive. Andy really says it best:

Whoever you are, you are a coward. You state a loud and extreme opinion, yet you don't have the guts to even sign your own name at the end of it. You're so cowardly you even created an anonymous email address (based on one of the most insipid comics since the Family Circus) to avoid being identified. Whenever I put my mind down on paper, my name's right there. My email's on page 2 and you always know where you can find me.

Let's review: You're stupid, biased and cowardly. You probably smell funny too.

<sigh>. I mean, really, while writing this message from zoolab (yes, we are capable of reading message headers and tracing them, that's a feat any two-year old with Visual Route or nslookup can do), was probably your means of "masking" yourself from us, you really shouldn't have mentioned the fact that you submitted material that I didn't print. Given our rather lax standards here at The 432, there are very few things I won't print. Mostly dull, uninspired articles, or over-generalized rants devoid of actual humour content. Humorous material that didn't get printed right away due to space constraints were always printed in later issues: the only requirement was that the article actually had to be funny.

If I actually cared to, all I would have to do is look through the five articles that I never printed (yep, there are only five), and see which two match your particularly enervated and witless writing style; it shouldn't be too hard to spot your vapid prose or the signs of your lack of a grip on anything but the exceedingly obvious.

As Andy says, try the Underground. I think you'll find their paper much better suited to your needs, and it's soft, pliant pages and light black ink won't leave a black smear on your arse quite as easily. But remember (as you may need this advice), read the paper **before** going to the toilet, not after, unless you're fond of that sort of thing.

the winners are!

Dead Pool: End Game

It may have been a while since we last heard from her, but rest assured death is still waiting around every corner. Here are the final results of the 2001 432 Deadpool!



The Reaper

Wait Your Turn

People died this year. Just like every year. But this time, three people won prizes for their prediction of the sweep of the Reaper's scythe.

But first, a quick look at those who died but weren't on any lists. Really, you should all be ashamed of yourselves for missing this. William Hanna, one of the co-founders of the animation company Hanna-Barbera (he's the first one) and the voice of Fred Flintstone, is dead. Victor Borge, comedic pianist, is dead. However, perennial favorites such as the Queen Mum, Ronald Regan and the Pope are still holding on. If they make it through the summer, you can use them next year in the Dead Pool. Stay tuned.

And now for the winners! In an honorary fourth place, Dan Anderson got seven points for his placement of SUS on the Dead Pool. SUS is dead! Long live SUS! He doesn't win a prize other than his knowing that he is nifty.

In third place and winner of a Science bzzr mug is **Mark Fisher** with nine whole points for Pierre Trudeau!

In second place and winner of a Science t-shirt is **Meagan Roberge** with fifteen points for Pierre Trudeau! (Don't you remember how I told you placement was important, way back in September? Mark had Pierre lower in the list than Meagan, who had Pierre first, hence the point disparity. Such is life.)

And lastly, the supreme winner and best one of all, **Matthew Cowper**, with eighteen points! Matthew wins a pair of ACF tickets, or in the off chance he lives in someplace like PoCo and can't get to ACF,

an equally nifty prize which may or may not include coffee. Matthew had two selections on his list that died this year. Pierre Trudeau, of course, for fourteen points, but using his vast skills of world politics, he also got four points for Laruent Kabia, the president of the Congo who was assassinated back a few months ago for being a diabolical despot. Since we have seen evidence that Matthew has never been to the Congo, he gets it! And wins! Congratulations Matthew, and to all of our participants.

Thus concludes this year's Dead Pool here at the 432. Check back next year for even more fun and prizes! Will the Queen Mum make it another year? What about that goofy foot and mouth disease? Will it spread to humans? Who knows!

'Til next time, have a good summer, don't waste water, and don't fear the Reaper.

DEAD POOL WINNERS

1ST:
Matthew Cowper

2ND:
Meagan Roberge

3RD:
Mark Fisher

Congratulations!
You've profited from another person's demise!

Come to SUS (Henn 102) to collect your prizes!

The Drawers of SUS

President

Keri Gammon

Well, my term is now over and we have a new executive team in place for the coming year. It's been a blast, and I'm sure the incoming execs will bring you an even better time next year. It's been a treat to work with everyone in SUS, the administration (most

External Vice

Ajay Puri

Hey there my fellow science students, the VP external has awoken from slumber and is ready to give his final report for the 432... Another term in office has come to an end for me- first as Social Coordinator and now as VP external. I must say, this year was such a great experience for me and it has been a lot of fun to work with all the people I have met. I have learned many things from this position and I am both happy and sad that it is all over. According to article 2, section 3, iii of the newly revised SUS constitution (i.e., Executive Duties of the External Vice President)- I believe all my duties have been fulfilled. This is especially true in terms of acting as the Science Week Coordinator. Being the coordinator has been the most rewarding and enjoyable task of the VP external's portfolio. Accomplishments of this year's Science Week:

- * Had 10 meetings to discuss the week beginning all the way back in October 24, 2000 till a week before the event. Each meeting lasted on average 1 & 1/2 hours and many great ideas came out of these meetings

- * Created an executive which included 12 coordinators: Chair, Sponsorship, PRO, Gamesday, Dean's Office, Music, Concourse, Ambassador, Catering, Archivist, Star and Executive Secretary.

- * Obtained sponsorship totaling approx. \$9000!!!

- * Designed a great poster (Thanks goes to

of them, anyway ;), the AMS and of course you, the ones we're here for, as the science student. I've been thoroughly impressed by the commitment and enthusiasm of our clubs and volunteers, and the participation we've had in all aspects of this year's SUS. Thanks to everyone who's helped to make my past two years with SUS such a kick-ass time, and best of luck to everyone on finals. Have a great summer!!

Jay for this one) as well hand bills and sending out press releases to the media

- * Having an amazingly huge Science Olympics event which had 100+ competitors with lots of fans watching. Who could forget those costumes of Cleopatra and Julius Caesar, and Tom Booth spinning those killer tunes!

- * Aiding the Dean's Office in having a great Beyond First Year and a Beyond the BSc event.

- * Having ALL the clubs set up their table displays throughout the week as well inviting Career Services, Imagine UBC, and the Wellness Centre.

- * Giving the profits to the Michael Smith Memorial Fund, a subsidiary of the BC Cancer Research Foundation

- * Developing a groovy Science Week website and getting cool t-shirts made

- * Created a database of 50+ volunteers to help throughout the week.

- * And having a successful raffle draw and movie nite

Well that's enough reporting on the year I hope everyone enjoyed what resulted in being a great year for SUS. For further information and details of what happened in the world of VP external, please refer to my executive report that has been or will (depending on when you read this) filed with the Executive Secretary of SUS.

I would really like to thank everyone for the wonderful experience I have had and all the help I have received, especially for making Science Week a success. THANK YOU!

Social Coordinator

Katharine Scotton

Well, the school year has come to an end. Thanks to all that helped me out this year. As I mentioned in my last exec report, I gave out awards, so if you want to know the names of those cool people, re-read last issue. My social committee this year was fabulous. There were a lot of enthusiastic individuals who worked hard and made sure they came out and helped at every event they could. Thanks a bunch! To recap the year's events we had:

Oktoberfest (Oct. 6)

Nothing Ever Happens in November (Nov. 3)

Christmas Party (Dec. 16)

Cold Fusion (Jan. 26)

Screw the 'Geers Valentine's Day (Feb. 9)

St. Patty's Day (Mar. 17)

So, that's it for the year. Since I will be returning in the same position next year (yeah, that's right, they voted me back, ha, now you're stuck with me another year!), I'll give you a run down of the first terms

events that I have already booked. This way, when you get your shiny new Inside UBCs in September, you can pencil it in right away, so when your prof asks if there are any conflicts on the following days for evening exams, you can tell them there sure is:

Second Class Bash: September 5th (Wed.) Rm. 207/209 4 - 8pm

Oktoberfest: October 12th (Fri) Ballroom 8pm - 12am

Nothing Ever Happens in November: November 2nd (Fri) Partyroom 4 - 8pm

Christmas Party: November 30th (Fri) Rm. 212A 4 - 8pm

Anyone interested in joining my Social Committee for next year can contact me over the summer at my e-mail address listed below. Also, club reps or so-cos, could you please send me contact info so I can set up a mailing list of social events for each week.

Have a great summer everyone!

See you in September, provided I pass...

Kat

kscotton@interchange.ubc.ca

Internal VP

Reka Sztopa

Reka, for the first time in the long history of her exec reports, has managed to forget to hand one in to me this week. So I'm writing this for her.

She seemed a bit busy, ever since her sudden and astonishing rise to Presidential power in the recent SUS elections. When

last I spoke with her, she glared at me, muttering something darkly under her breath. Something to do with "cleaning house" and "violent thugs".

Oh well. In any case, I'm sure she wanted to congratulate FYC on holding a successful dance last Friday, and thank everybody who has helped her out during her reign of Internal VP Terror.

PS, if I go missing, it may well have been Reka's fault. --ed

Editor

Jay Garcia

Free! Hahahahah! Fools! Free! Free at last! Away with you, slobbering, filthy hordes! To my side, trusty assistant

editor, as we fight our way out of the yammering throng! Spare no-one! Death to the infidel! Hahahahah!

Seriously kids, it's been fun. Painful, yes. Emotionally destructive? Only occasionally. But ultimately, it's been a blast. Be kind to Ben; he's more volatile than I am.

Teaching Excellence Awards

The Science Undergraduate Society

would like to congratulate the following people for winning the Teaching Excellence Awards

Dr. Carol-Ann Courneya

&

Dr. Jamie Smith

The Society would also like to congratulate the runners-up, whose teaching contributions have been highly appreciated

Denis Sjerne

&

Dr. Ross MacGillivray



The 1999 - 2000 SUS Executive:

(from left to right)

Reka Sztopa, Sherry Yang, Keri Gammon, Sara Stamm, Jag Dost, and Kat Scotton.

Not Pictured: Adam Mott, Tim Chan, Chris Weston, and Ajay Puri.

The 432 would like to thank each and every one of these poor bastards for a job well done.

The 432.



The Picture of Andy Martin



Andy Martin

One Ugly Portrait

I've had it. I'm outta here. I don't know where I'm going. Where I've been is between me and God. Where I am...hey, where the hell am I? and where'd my pants go?

While I wait for the purple liquid my buddy John told me I just had to try, to wear off, I'll do what I always do in times of mental torpor and reminiscence. As this is the last one, I'll make it the most complete reminiscence I can. I'll tell you my whole story in the hopes that others might not make the same mistakes.

I was born one dark night in 1977, to an artsie and a geer, not breathing and officially stillborn. I should've taken it as a sign that this was not a good idea.

The next 17 years are kind of a blur, a mango-berry mental frappe of youthful naivety and repressed memories. The more entertaining memories I can print that won't cause a re-trial include physically moving a physics classroom to the ceiling of the high school and staging a communist take-over of the Art Gallery.

I started out at UBC as many do, in AgSci (Wildlife Science). I came in with a pure heart, a killer work ethic, and a passion to do whatever it took to make a positive difference in the conservation of wildlife.

Being raised on the meanstreets of North Vancouver, I was already steeled to the world and was identified as frosh only twice. My much more perky and 'I'm gonna be a doctor and save the world' classmates made me wanna puke, if I wasn't actually kinda one of them. First year was a tragedy of errors with both high and low points. My extracurricular schedule comprised of a daily two hour shift taking part on the communal bus ride. Courses beat me, teachers spit on me as one of the rabble, and the administration had many silly rules that endlessly frustrated me. Horrible tragedies such as Math 101 and Food Science 259

occurred at a breakneck speed. I had a bad time of it, but persevered with a smile.

My second year got more interesting. I moved near campus and began my career in science (Biology, option: Conservation Biology) harbouring a new emotion called bitterness after working as a student painter that summer. I fell in love twice that year, once with the six-string goddess I still worship daily, and once with a blonde goddess who is still on my pedestal...as #1 on my Bitch List.

That September, I showed up to a new writer's meeting for *the 432*. With the usual organization level of the paper, there was no meeting. I left, swearing that if a paper was going to show me so little respect, why should I bother? I spent my 'free' time that year doing useful volunteer work for a wildlife shelter and a gene therapy lab.

Course highlights included the evil evil Chem 230 and its labs. Man, I love the smell of 10M HCl on denim in the morning, it's the smell of D-. Whoever came up with the idea to give me the Chem 230, Biol 201 and Biol 204 finals within three days should be dragged over carpet tacks and thrown in rubbing alcohol. Man, this 'bitterness' may have been new, but it sure took over quickly.

Biol 201 has the world record of being the only exam I physically sweated through.

Third year was possibly the best, and busiest year of my life. I had just come off a summer of actual research work and found myself kicking myself for deciding to do an Honours program the year before. 'Oh, it will be grand! I'll learn more and do more and have a great ole' time. The extra course a term won't be that much more stressful and it will look so very good on a resume,' my frosh self told me. Yeesh. I was really starting to detest me.

Early that September, I sat down in Zoolab and tapped out a few hundred words and sent them into *the 432*, the beginning of a four-year relationship. [Why are all my best relationships with inanimate objects?] Soon after, I wandered into the Science Undergraduate Society lounge for only the third time and started

to stick around the room that has been the launching pad I have yet to leave.

Course highlights included the 'how the hell did that happen?' (required reaction upon receiving your midterm) of Biol 303, and the 'Origin of Species is a wonderful, relevant book' Biol 336 vs. 'Origin of Species is a load of crap' Biol 414 war between 10:30 and 1:30 MWF. And of course, Biol 353 labs, whose memories are better left repressed and unprodded. I just remember crying a lot.

Of course, the best course was Biol 409. Two weeks in Costa Rica as 3 credits. The forest, the waterfall, the river, the warm nights spent on the porch strumming the guitar, the 3:1 girl:guy sex ratio, the bullet ants, the botflies, the crocodiles, the howler monkeys, the incessant droning of the cicadas, the 'don't step off the raised path or a deadly snake could bite you' moonlit walks...ah, paradise.

After spending half of the summer in the genetics lab, half doing my thesis in the middle of Burns Bog, and half in the hospital, I returned to UBC that fall to finish my degree (yes, I realize that that adds up to 1 1/2, I'm slyly trying to imply that it was really busy). Having done all the nasty courses in third year, and having lost most of my idealistic lustre, fourth year was about taking an extra long time to enjoy the other aspects of university life. I became disgustingly involved in a whole bunch of university activities, including a brief stint in student politics, a failed keg-burying ('Andy, is that a patrol car?' [pause] Yes Roman, that's a patrol car.' 'Shit.' 'Shit.'), weekly binges and somehow squeezed out a thesis and another first class average in that time.

My thesis defence was a thing of beauty. The pinnacle being when a Prof. asked:

'So, these trees you identified as 'Noble Fir'...which guide book were you using?'

'Pojar and MacKinnon (1994), it's the standard field book.'

'Did you check the geographical distribution?'

'I...glanced over it.' [miniscule beads of

gleaming sweat forming on my forehead] 'Because the Noble Fir doesn't actually grow in B.C.'

'Oh.'

Moving right along, I graduated in a ceremony that best be forgotten, and soon came to marvel at the fact that I was one of the only people who came out in good health. Only it seemed I wasn't through. To this day, I come back several times a week, most often for the fine alcohol and chicks that seem to be found here in abundance.

Taking only 2 months of unemployment to find a minimum wage job in Chiliwak, I lauded praise upon my supreme degree from every mountaintop. Praise increased tenfold when I was liberated from the shackling duties of said position by decisions made by people who never finished high school. Said company has since crashed and burned into the flames of Hell. Hey, prayer works after all!

My life was in the crapper when I found out there was another level lower. I found a wonderful job in Alaska that gave me a good rate on my life and soul. The money has been swell, but the cost to everything else has been enormous. I tell ya, you haven't lived 'till you come back after three months on the Bering Sea, head straight to the bar and find your girlfriend rubbing up against some skinny guy in a Hawaiian shirt.

And then, last week, I picked up the Gord Downie solo album, the biggest piece of crap I've ever been duped into buying.

I watched Wrestrmania today.

I've been a loner, a ladies man, a drunkard, a genius, a moron, a stick in the mud, a life of the party, a bitch, a lover, a fat woman from Fresno, charged as the accessory, and everything in between. Consistency is a sure sign of unimaginativeness.

The future will hold an eventual trip to grad school, and probably a Ph.D. The rest would be up to fate, if I believed in it. My doe-eyed frosh self is dead, and my destiny is no longer held by all these 'ideals', 'emotions' and 'morals' that used to limit me.

This should be interesting...



2001-2002 Meet your new Science Executive!!



Reka Sztopa
President



Michael Groves
External VP



Jag Dost
Director of Finance



Ben Warrington
Director of Publications



Corrie Baldwin
Executive Secretary



Kat Scotton
Social Coordinator



Julia Haber
Public Relations

Not Pictured: Anna Orzechowski, Internal Vice President; Kristen Lyons, Director of Sports; Tim Chan, Science Senator

Writeups and executive introductions can be found in *The GUIDE 2001!* (coming in June)

CONTACT INFO

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