

One day omelet someone else do this...

The How Come We Don't All Do Research in Chile? I mean, look at it! Issue



In this issue:

Pop Bio exposed!
The return of Dr. Love
Post-docs for Dummies
Panbiogeography and the 2004 election

**Editor's Corner:
My Resolve Is Strong**

I've always hated New Year's resolutions. Why pick an arbitrary date such as the end of the Julian calendar year for improving oneself? I think birthdays are a much better time for declaring self-improvement and not following through with it. When I was a kid and thought I was funny (but I wasn't), I declared one year, "This year, I resolve not to have any resolutions!" Kind of like giving up Lent for Lent. Now, as an adult who thinks he's funny (but I'm not), I've softened my stance and hereby offer the following resolutions for your consideration. Except that I refuse to "resolve" to do anything after certain politicians' overuse of that word instead of "bullheaded stubborn blind inertia in the face of unassailable evidence of failure." So let's call them New Year's determinations.

In 2005, I determine...

- To write a proposal without describing my study system as "ideal"
- To learn a graphics program so I'm not stuck using crappy Excel
- To learn an advanced stats program
- To learn stats

- To occasionally cite papers that are not available electronically
- To blatantly split more infinitives
- To write more grants
- To stop wasting time writing grants

- To get more frequent haircuts
- To read more books
- To read the newspaper more thoroughly
- To continue ignoring the Business section, however

- To spend more time with my girlfriend
- To spend more time with other friends
- To spend more time with family
- To spend more time alone

- To watch more movies
- To get more sleep
- To do more work
- To make graduating in 2006 more than a remote possibility

- To surf the internet less often
- To listen to more music
- To play more music
- To get more fit (physically)
- To get more fit (in a Darwinian sense)

Glad to have those off my chest. Now I can forget them.

The EGG had a request for a list of cheap eating establishments. Sorry, I haven't been able to put that together—any volunteers?

I often use this space to whine about the lack of submissions, but for this issue that would be disingenuous. By which I mean dumb. Thanks to all who contributed to this spectacular issue! Keep 'em coming! Kevin, don't kill me! See everyone at Mardi Gras!

- Matt



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The attempts at humor expressed in this newsletter do not reflect the more mature—much more mature—intellects of the Graduate Group in Ecology, or those of the students, faculty, or staff therein. Thank you for your understanding.

Post-Doc Infomercial

Script by Jake Kerby, Father-to-be

It comes that time in every grad students career where s/he must decide on whether to do a post-doc. Soon after the decision is made to do one, the next one becomes, “where should I do this post-doc?” We here at Pick Your Own Post-Doc (PYOPD) have come up with a great solution to solve your post-doc angst. Ready to hear more? I have come up with an ingenious solution to this problem that could be yours right now. Hear some testimonies from current post-docs: Cut to tropical island beach. “I followed Jake’s advice, and look where I am now! Pick Your Own Post-Doc is a great product, I recommend it to everyone!” Cut to Sierras with a crew of graduate students taking data. “Jake really came up with a great solution and got me right where I wanted to be! Thanks, Jake!”

As you can see, this is no gimmick. People actually have used Pick Your Own Post-Doc to get exactly what they wanted! I am so certain you will be pleased with this information, I guarantee your satisfaction or your money back! How can you sit there and wait? Dial now: 1-800-Pick-whatever-post-doc-you-would-like-to-have-and-you-will-get-it. Cut to grad student dialing phone for 2 minutes.

So now you are interested. In just a few minutes, you will find out how to get the post-doc of your choice! What could be better news for a finishing grad student? Wouldn’t it be great to have all the possible professors fly to a single location and give a talk on their latest research to you? You could then listen to them, meet them, and decide who is the best professor for your next step. Sound impossible to manage? It was until now. Now with Jake’s Pick Your Own Post-Doc, all those troublesome worries will now vanish. Cut to ridiculously happy grad student waving goodbye to her advisor. “Thanks for everything, PYOPD!”

Call now, operators are standing by!

After dialing 1-800-7425-94283837-7678-362-968-96853-5453-86-4283-263-968-9455-438-48, you hear “OKAY STOP IT, STOP DIALING I CAN HEAR YOU! Ah, thanks. Pick Your Own Post-Doc, Jake speaking.”



“Yeah I am interested in the PYOPD plus package.” “Okay just give me your credit card number- you will be charged 140 monthly payments of only 4.99.” “4.99! That is great!”

Skip to 14 weeks later when letter appears in the mail.

Dear graduate student,
Thanks for signing up for Pick Your Own Post-Doc. Here is the information you requested:

So you have a list of professors whose work you have read, perhaps some of whom you met. Likely since you are interested in working with all of them there is at least one thread that unites them all. Here is the power of PYOPD. The magic to PYOPD is using conference symposia as your gateway to free assembling of potential professors. Many conferences are seeking people to assemble symposium topics and line professors up. This is the perfect opportunity for a grad student. Think of a symposium name that would link all these professors together. Then come up with a short description of why this topic is important to whatever field of study the conference is in. Send this title and blurb around to all the professors you are interested in, asking them if they would be willing to attend the conference and give a talk at this symposium. This provides you with ample opportunity to show your ambition in organizing a symposium and

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(PYOPD, continued)

also allowing an avenue to share your own research interests. Once you have assembled a group of willing candidates, submit the symposium to the conference. Once it is approved, you will have several opportunities to converse with these professors over email. When the conference arrives, you just sit back and watch their talks, they are interviewing for you! After the session, you can decide who is the best match for you and go out and talk about a potential post-doc over lunch or dinner or both! It is that easy!

Disclaimer: PYOPD does not guarantee the preferred professor will be at all interested in any research you are doing, or that you will be able to get any funding. Send your own success stories to jlkerby@ucdavis.edu.

If you would like to witness PYOPD in action, attend next year's ESA meeting in Montreal and look for the "Contaminants in aquatic systems" symposium (that is, if it gets approved).

Editor's Note: Mr. Kerby has informed us that "Contaminants in aquatic systems" has been accepted as an organized oral session for ESA 2005. Looks like he's well on his way to a low-paying and high-stress career in academia. With a new baby and everything. Good luck with that, Jakey.



The 6 stages of any project:

1. Enthusiasm
2. Disillusionment
3. Panic
4. Hunt for the guilty
5. Punishment of the innocent
6. Rewards for those who had nothing to do with it

- source unknown.

(Contributed by Tasila Banda)

Special Report

A history of the tension between the GGE and Population Biology

Part 1 of a series aimed at reconciliation

Andy McCall



On perusing a recent issue of the EGG, this reporter noticed a covert swipe at the Population Biology Graduate Group, in the form of a quiz thought up by Matt Schlesinger, an EGG editor. Now, I won't go into details, but I met with Matt and the EGG politburo over some hash browns and decided to investigate the tension between the grad groups. I should say here that I have been paid by the EGG staff with a copy of Doug Futuyma's 'Evolution' that they found in a garbage can outside of Wickson. Part I will deal with the history of the rancor between the groups. Part II will document the present state of tension and the proposal by the PBGG to erect a wire topped with razor wire around Wickson.

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(Special Report, continued)

First, a short history. It appears all of the trouble between the groups arose sometime during the great schism of 1989 where the cardinals-elect of the ecology graduate group decided to choose not one, but TWO, popes to replace the outgoing pontiff Ledyard 'The Dapper One' Stebbins. (It was Stebbins who finally agreed that all ECL 200A and B texts should be presented in the vernacular English, and not Latin, as had been the practice since the time of our Lord Robert MacArthur). Anywho, one pontiff had really had a thing for Sewall Wright and the other just really dug Rosenzweig, in the vein of MacArthur. Needless to say, neo-Wrightians became the PBGG and the neo-MacArthurians became the GGE.

Years of conflict followed, culminating in the famous 'RiteAidGate' in 1995. According to eyewitness accounts, the melee was caused by James Umbanhower's (PBGG) claim that the variation observed among the ice cream flavors at RiteAid was clearly due to natural selection and not to drift, which resulted in a outcry of 'dork' and 'nerd' from members of the GGE. Sharon Collinge, a member of the GGE at the time, remembers the carnage that followed, "I think John Maron fired the first scoop, but some yahoo eventually got behind the counter and started slinging the cream". Needless to say, the Davis Enterprise's Police Blotter and Our Lady of Pisgah's confessional were both busy that week.

Of course, there have been numerous incidents since RiteAidGate, such as the great 'Storer Stinkbomb Deluge of 1998' and the attempted coup of Kevin Rice in 2000. "I remember walking into Wickson when Louie Yang popped out from behind the soda machine with a blowgun loaded with cicada corpses; he fired away until he got enough replicates off, and ran towards Storer. He should be %\$^&(%^^ glad that I'm not on his committee!" And then

there's the recent incident at the annual Spring picnic of 2003. This reporter was actually witnessed the tussle between Beth Leger and Matt Katz. It is widely thought that it started because Ms. Leger claimed that the California poppy was 'a helluva lot prettier than some damn *Spartina*', whereupon Mr. Katz dumped some 3-bean salad on Ms. Leger's partner, Matt Forister. Needless to say, the 'Spartina Mafia' got into the melee; I later saw Don Strong and Evan Preisser laughing insanely behind a bush.

Which brings us to the present. Tension still exists between the groups, and it is sometimes quite palpable. This reporter himself met a first-year GGE student who boldly claimed that 'all Pop Bio kids are stuck up dorks'. While it may be true that I occasionally read Am Nat while on the porcelain throne and regularly sacrifice small beetles to Fisher's eternal godhead (he lives, I tell you!!), this does not make me a dork. My next installment will feature my exploration into the depths of Storer to bring the readers of the EGG a more realistic picture of Pop Bio. Last April, armed with a can of mace and a *burkah*, I infiltrated their lair, knowing that if I were to be discovered I would be immediately denounced as a traitor and thrown to the hungry undergraduates in the BIS 1B vertebrate lab. Til next time, stuck up Eco-nerds!!



This Valentine's Day, why not show a little love by baking...

DOCTOR LOVE'S SINFULLY SENSATIONAL CHOCOLATE CAKE RECIPE

1. Preheat your oven to 350° to get things nice and hot and cookin'! Hot & Sizzlin'! Feel the H-E-A-T, baby!

2. Take 2 cups of wholesome flour and sift and shake with ever so much tender lovin' care; shake it, baby! Yeah...that's doing it.



3. Add 1 teaspoon of baking soda to get that ooo...yeeaa..rise outta me, baby, especially when things start to get hot!

4. Pour in 1 cup of your finest, sweetest most tantilizin' sugar that is your love-nectar, baby. Mmmmmhmmmm...just enough to let me savor your sweetness in shuddering anticipation.

5. Beat in until nice & soft, 2 eggs, like the caress of silky satin against your soft, perspiring skin.

6. Add three-quarters cup of milk and 1 teaspoon of vanilla to give it that rich, creamy flavor of cascading lusciousness. Let your love cascade all over me, baby!

**Now, cook and stir in a double-dip boiler (over not in the boiling water to keep things sizzlin'):

7. Four decadent ounces of unsweetened extra-dark chocolate, for that deep, dark, delectable taste of savory satisfaction that is packed with

dark ECSTACY in every single ounce.

8. Add another « cup of milk, 1 egg yolk, and 1 cup of sugar - firmly packed, my sweet sugar pie.

9. Insert the Doctor's secret ingredient, a few dashes of sinfully-delicious spicy Sheri. Don't be shy, keep it flowin' like your love-honey on a moonlit night after a skinny dip in the ocean, with our bodies succumbing to our self-indulgent appetites and rollin' in the warm sand while entangled in immoral yet mutual surrender.

10. Yeah.....

11. When thickened, combine all ingredients and beat in « cup of butter just melts in your mouth!

12. Stir the batter til smooth and creamy and bake in a greased pan for about 25 minutes. Grease it down, baby! Yeah, spread it all around and cover every single inch. Now turn up the heat a little bit and bake! Bake! BAKE! Bake all night long, baby. Bake until the midnight hour when our sinful symphony of sensationalism rises up ever higher and higher to produce that dark pleasure that conquers every single last pore of your quiverin' pallet.

13. It's done, baby. You've created a masterpiece of love.



Cover Story:
10 Reasons to
Bring a Sarong
While Traveling
by Erin Espeland

As I was preparing for a 5 week trip to

Chile, I got nervous. I had never been on so long a trip before, I have very limited experience with international travel, and I had not much idea what to expect. I called the beautiful and accomplished Dr. Kit Batten and asked for her advice: "What have you taken on your travels that you were really, really glad you had?" She thought for a moment and then answered, "A sarong - sometimes you don't have enough time for your pack towel to dry and then it gets gross. Sarongs dry faster." Armed with this piece of travel gear, I made it through the 5 weeks relatively hitch-free. Although Doug Adams makes a fine, fine case for traveling with a towel if it's the only thing you can bring, and while that may be the case for intergalactic travel, I'd like to argue that a sarong is better for international travel on **this** planet, at least for the ladies.

1. Sarongs dry faster even than pack towels. (See above.)
2. Sarongs are bigger and cheaper than pack towels. (This little rayon thing was \$11 at the Co-op.)
3. If you are going somewhere where a day or two may be warm enough for shorts, you can count on wearing your sarong instead (allowing you to pack lighter).
4. Sarongs are great for furtive naked hot springs dips.
5. They are also good to wear if you are sharing your sleeping room with a boy you are **not** having sex with (... call me a prude...).
6. Scarves and hats are excellent for getting just a little bit warmer and a sarong makes a wonderful scarf.
7. The printed fabric of a sarong hides stains well.
8. It is easy to keep a sarong clean, which comes in handy for that point in time when you'd sell your soul to be able to wear a clean item of clothing.
9. Sarongs are good for packing fragile things (like those seashells you picked up illegally at the beach), keeping them from getting broken in your bag.

10. Oh yeah, and a local language-English dictionary would also be a very good thing to bring.

Disclaimer: While feelings of exhilaration and joy are attendant with international travel, these should not be attributed to the sarong. A sarong will not protect you from being cheated, lied to, or stolen from. Sarongs do not confer language ability, expertise in cooking local cuisine, better teamwork skills, or extra intelligence. A sarong will not prevent your campfire from being messed with. Sarongs do not repel identity crises stemming from (including but not limited to): lack of productivity, inability to communicate, complete ignorance, inability to plan ahead, helplessness, and/or dependence. Having a sarong will not keep your travel companions from becoming annoyed with you. Sarongs do not protect you from the consequences of your own stupidity or that of others. A sarong is not a birth control device.



Hearty congratulations to Art Shapiro, erstwhile EGG contributor, for getting an e-mail account! This is a sure sign of the apocalypse...



Untitled
by Tim Waring

My bicycle,
standing alone in the light rain,
makes an inverse shadow on the concrete,
light against dark.

As I wait for the steel caterpillar of the
masses,
thee is nestled against my back,
sleeping,
warm and dry.

I shall not unfurl thy trappings,
until thee is safe,
my faithful servant.

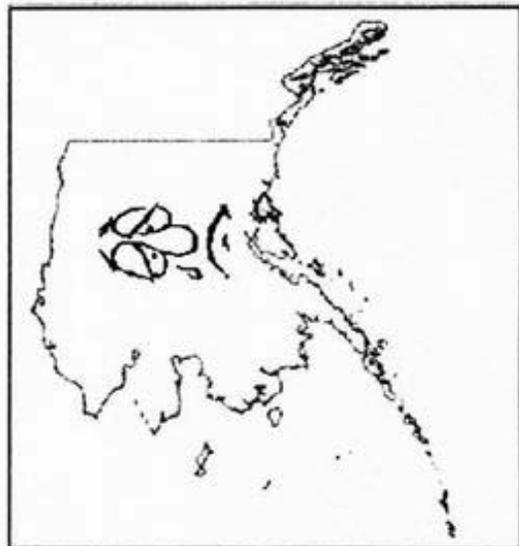
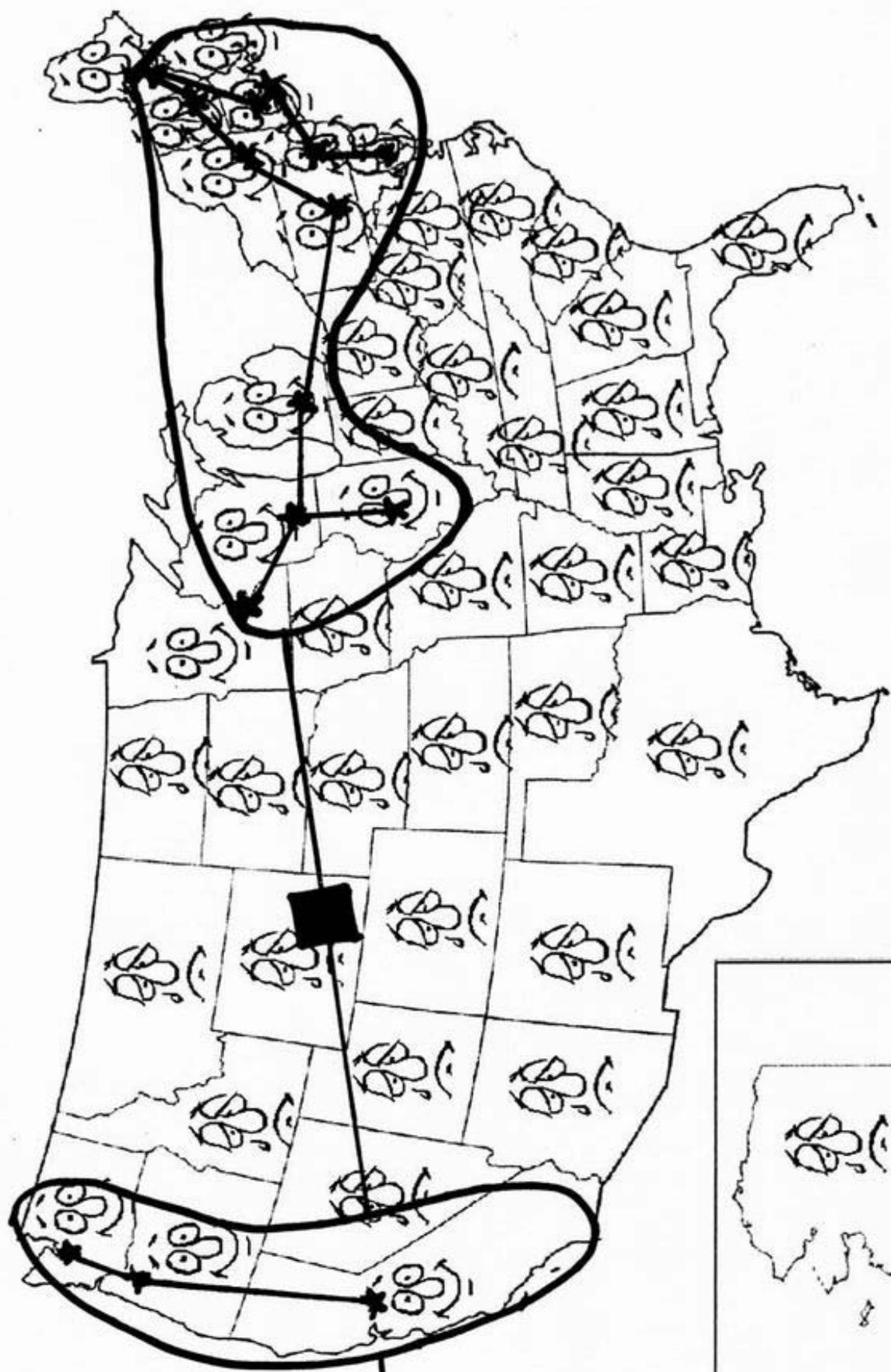
- From Mr. Waring's recent anthology, "50 Odes to My Laptop" (Ecology Graduate Press)

by Meniscus F. Drotz, Andrés Porfirio Sobaco, and Glenda
Gumblatt

Department of Postmodern Biogeography, U.C. Davis, USA

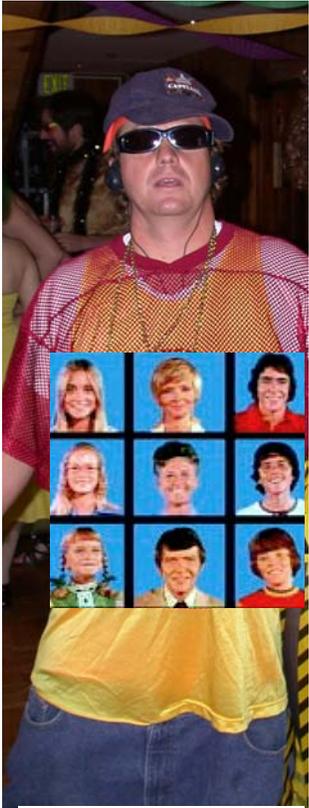
Panbiogeography, as the only discipline capable of establishing the true history of time, space, form and stuff, offers tools to interpret the 2004 election whether or not hypotheses exist. Using a map published (by Schlesinger? in The Egg, Fall 2004), we plotted a generalized track of Democratic voters (as a minimum spanning tree connecting state capitals of so-called "Blue States"). We then identified the main massings of Democratic voters (enclosed in solid lines) and connected these by baselines across the depths of Middle America and the Pacific Ocean. It is clear on inspection that this distribution is relictual and has resulted from a series of vicarious catastrophes. Democrats were previously distributed across the entire expanse of the United States, but as the political climate dried they retreated to or were confined increasingly to coastal and perilacustrine habitats, where they are mostly aggregated ~~into~~ into dense concentrations for defense against their rural enemies. Although it is not evident from the contemporary distribution, the entire southeastern United States was once solidly inhabited by Democrats, which since the time of Hubert H. Humphrey have gone regionally extinct except for one apartment block in Atlanta. The figure is virtually identical to those for the grasshopper Trimerotropis, the plant Osmorhiza (which, however, also occurs in Chile), several cellular slime molds, and the human crab louse Phthirus pubis. This suggests that all share a common vicariant history. As always, Leon Croizat, who was never wrong, was right, and Darwin and all dispersalists suck.

Apareció en el idioma castellano esta obra bajo el título "Vicarianza política y la sabiduría del difunto Don León," Anales del Instituto de Estudios Insólitos, 2004, 502 pp. It is not available in the U.S. Read it for your orals.



Mardi Gras Costume Ideas!! (a.k.a. Page Filler!!)

(a.k.a. Someone badly needs a Photoshop class)



Marky Mark and the Brady Bunch



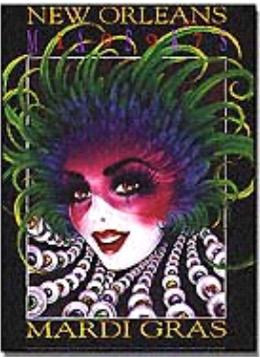
Pop Bio student



Ecology student

**Saturday
February
5, 2005**

**Still time
to buy
tickets!**



NEW ORLEANS
MARDI GRAS



Elected public official



Kevindoleeza Rice



EGG editor's
future profession