The 432.

VOLUME FOURTEEN ISSUE THREE

25 OKTOBER 2000

In this issue:

In Memoriam!

Power Struggles!

Kinky Teeth!

and so much more...

"Good advice is a doubtful remedy, but of little danger since it is so rarely followed."

- Carl Jung

Vancouver Renamed 'Trudeauville'

Chretien finds a solution all Eastern Canadians can be happy with.

(AP) Trudeauville, BC

Jean Chretien and his election-bound Liberals have cleared what some believed would be a major hurdle in their upcoming race against the four anemic opposition parties: How to give a large and excessive tribute to the recently deceased former Liberal Prime Minister, Pierre Elliot Trudeau, but not upset anybody in the Eastern, predominantly Liberal-voting, ridings?

The Liberals came with their decision during Parliamentary deliberations early yesterday morning. Renaming Vancouver, the largest city west of Ottawa, in honour of the late Prime Minister.

Many Easterners had been unhappy about removing the name of Logan from the mountain, but had no such qualms about Captain George Vancouver, as he never had anything at all to do with anything outside of the Pacific.

Chretien made an official statement in Parliament yesterday.

'With the renaming of the mountain, some Easterners got upset. We don't want to upset any Easterners, so we found a compromise that can work for anybody who might vote for us.

'Who's gonna be pissed off now? The Hawaiians? Hah. Ooh, the Hawaiians are mad at me. What are they gonna do about it? Throw a mango? They're all the way in the Pacific Ocean. And they probably vote NDP or some other two-bit, hick-in-the-hole party."

Despite the perceived and inevitable protest from the residents of the City of Vancouver, the federal government has started making plans, preparing the city for the name change due to take place in a year's time.

Already a statue has been commissioned of Trudeau to tower at seventy feet tall on the current site of the Vancouver Art Gallery. The current working design has Trudeau giving the patented 'Salmon Arm Salute', the single digit greeting that represented the warmest and most personal connection Trudeau held with the province of British Co[illegible]mbia. The statue is expected to cost more than $2 million and take 18 months to construct.

Chretien then gave the floor to Canadian tourism minister Francois Geault. "We felt that the city of Vancouver needed a boost in the form of a serious landmark. I mean, really, what do they have? A couple of thirty story spinning towers and a giant marshmallow? What the hell? Compared to Calgary's Dinosaurs, Toronto's Space needle, Montreal's strip joints, Vancouver's got nothing.

"And that 'Supernatural B.C.' crap? Nobody wants to come across the Pacific Ocean to see featureless expanses of unprocessed 2x4's. No, a towering obsidian statue of Trudeau in downtown Vancouver is what we really need to boost tourism in BC."

In response to Parliament's announcement, British Columbia Premier Ujjal Dosanj met the press outside the Victoria Legislature after the announcement. After cursing the three hour time differential, he finally got to the point. "If the Feds think they can just come in and take BC's Vancouver, then we'll just have to find another one for ourselves. We'll see if Washington will trade us theirs straight up for Fort St. John. After all, what is their Vancouver good for? Confusing cartographers and small American schoolchildren? It is important that we fight for this name of Vancouver, for if Jean Chretien has his way, nothing is safe!"

Public opinion in the renaming of BC's largest city has been, surprisingly, in favour of the name change. "My parents came over to Canada from Cuba in the late 70's, and they were just in time for the War Measures Act!" exclaimed Brett Jimenez, 3rd year UBC International Relations student. "They were just in time for the dictatorial disregard for human rights in a large country over the actions in Montreal. They always said it felt just like home."

Due to the supremacy of Parliament over the provinces, political scientists say, the provinces cannot stop the federal government. Even the Supreme Court of Canada, backed by tradition, legislation and the power of case law, has declared itself powerless in the face of the almighty Liberal Government. The Federal Liberals, armed with this knowledge, have barged forward with their election plans and their control over the country.

"And you know, with this wonder glorification system for former great Liberal Prime Ministers, I can't wait to die myself. Just think of it: the newly named most populous province.... Jeantario."

At this point, the journalists present enjoyed hearty laugh, which only intensified as Chretien insisted he was serious, but died abruptly as Chretien snapped his fingers, releasing nerve gas into the crowd.

Child Found Dead in Pumpkin Patch!

(Reuters)

Local farmer Maurice Dotchkey stumbled upon a grisly scene in his pumpkin patch early Wednesday morning: the body of a young boy who had apparently frozen to death.

The boy, whose name has not been released, was found clutching a threadbare blanket, but wearing only a thin shirt and shorts.

"These parts get mighty cold around October. That poor lad should have known better than to come around here without adequate protection from the elements. I told him every year 'You're going to catch your death of cold out here young man, chasing after things that don't exist', but did he listen? Great Pumpkin indeed, my Aunt Sally!"

It appears that the boy had been coming to the same pumpkin patch, year after year, in search of this mysterious Great Pumpkin.

"He was always going on and on about that stupid Great Pumpkin of his" declared the dead youth's tearful sister. "Like some kind of silly pumpkin-headed man would fly out and deliver toys and presents to boys and girls everywhere. That blockhead."

Neighbors describe the boy as "gentle", with a charming off-beat manner. However, he had previously been seen talking to small birds and even a local beagle.

"It's obvious that the child was suffering from some kind of mental trauma. These symptoms - appearing to have conversations with animals, the creation of elaborate wish-fulfillment fantasy schemes - are obviously the result of a repressed psyche," said forensic psychologist Ruth Edermore. "It may be environmental. I mean come on, if you lived in a place that looks like it still belongs in the Fifties, so carefully sheltered from almost all evidence of the modern era, well, it can't be healthy, can it?"

Meanwhile, the town remains in mourning, as preparations are being made for the boy's funeral.

The 432.

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Web Sites
http://www.ams.ubc.ca/sus/
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Legal Information

The 432 **is brought into being by the sheer force of will of the Editor, the Assistant Editor, and four bags of quality, quality China White. Nyah! If you want some, come out and play! First time's always free!**

The Academy would also like to thank Candia Taverna, without whom this issue would not be possible. Fer God's sake, it's the building with the ramp next to the honkin' huge tree!

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.**

Number Three was the one who built the ramp, and then there was Seventeen who knocked it down just as Twenty-Three was about to jump it on his skateboard, the damn hommie. Get a damn haircut.

Gimme Shelter!

Chris White-DeVries

Hiding in Montana

Is all of UBC on crack or is it just me? Sometimes I really do wonder if the UBC delivery vans which speed by and almost kill me actually serve any purpose, or if they're just off to Brock Hall to give the ever-so-pleasant employees their latest fix.

Ask any student who has ever had to endure the excruciating agony of picking up a form from the crack victims, or of asking a simple question, and they're sure to go off on some ranting tangent about how stupid these people are!

Don't get me wrong, it's not that I don't enjoy the humour in the fact that not one of these people seem to have the slightest clue about anything, but COME ON! I have come to the conclusion that UBC is the most inefficient place on earth!

Last year I went to the housing office to pick up application forms for both summer and fall housing. The man at the fall housing counter promptly handed me the wrong form (there were two), and it took him a good ten seconds to realize this. I, of course, can understand his confusion, seeing as his entire job description seems to be differentiating which form is for returning students (blue) and which is for new students (white). When I asked for a summer housing application, he happily told me to take a few steps to my right to the summer housing counter. I did so (as did he to his left), and the same man greeted me at that counter and asked how he could help me; apparently he had a little too much of that crack in between counters and completely lost all of his little memory... I guess differentiating between those two forms can be really trying).

If you want another example of UBCs complete waste of resources (i.e. your money), look back to last year. Do you remember that hole in between 99 Chairs and Koerner Library? If not, you must be blind, it was there all year! I challenge anyone to come forward who ever saw any form of work being done there. I specify work because I frequently saw UBC's crack team (pardon the pun) on site, of course they were eating lunch at the time. Usually lunch was eaten in a few of their strategically placed vehicles (i.e. smack dab in the middle of everyone's way on the sidewalk, because the hole wasn't already a big enough pain in the ass), although if it was a nice day they sometimes ate in the hole; at least it got some use. My personal favourite though was the day they filled in the hole, only to dig the whole thing back up again the next day. We should have expected this... I mean, where would the poor service workers eat lunch without a big hole to park beside? Not possibly on the grassy median between Bio Sciences and Scarfe... oops, wait, that was dug up too! I wonder what that was used for.

Of course, if you want to get a rise out of any student who has ever lived in res, just mention the word "caf" and watch them try to gross you out with their "most disgusting caf story ever" (don't even get me started on my run-ins with Vanier's gourmet creations). I do realize that UBC is unionized, but do we really need to pay the caf ladies $25 an hour to scoop up slop and give us cheerful comments like: "You want some of 'dis sexy boy?" My mom always tells me that eating well is essential to staying healthy and maintaining a positive learning environment (can anyone guess why I chose to go to school far far away from my house?). Maybe plummeting marks in first year isn't due to excessive alcohol consumption and partying, but is somehow linked to the fact that all of Totem and Vanier is living off of second-hand pond-scum which is kept from oozing off the heat lamp counters by all the hair the caf ladies seem to enjoy adding to the meals (someone really should tell them that hairnets are NOT a fashion accessory and really should cover at least 30% of your hair). And of course, as they're quick to tell you, the ham soup of the evening is completely unrelated to the ham-kebobs, ham & pineapple pizza, ham casserole, and ham rolls of the previous four nights.

Another thing, it's a darn good thing that all the service workers went on strike for three minutes last year to get more money. My goodness, it's so hard to own two BMWs on a caf-lady salary. These people should be happy to work for our great school, where they can earn upwards of fourty dollars an hour to cause as much inconvenience to students as possible.

In closing, always remember these five things: 1) If a UBC service worker says they'll be there tomorrow, they'll be there the day you move out to fix your heater that blows cold air; 2) Hubbards and Magdas never have enough antacid in supply, so plan ahead; 3) No, two hours in between your classes is not enough time to pay your tuition (note that the tuition office doesn't accept cash or credit, so plan ahead, it may save you a few hours); 4) If the caf is closed (past the exceptionally late hour of 7PM) you can always find a nice hole to eat in; and 5) If you desperately need a crack fix, just contact the registrars office, they always keep a little extra on hand!

Contrary to popular opinion, what they are serving in the Vanier cafeteria isn't ham. You don't think your roommate really moved back home to Saskatoon, do you?

-ed.

Changing of the Guard

Bree Baxter

In the Nut Haus

On a clear Oktober day, nigh upon two weeks ago, Bree Baxter, SUS Director of Publications and 432 Editress, was laying out the paper for publication of Issue 3 when she completely lost her mind, tearing up sunny sofa cushions and screaming about shellfish, those damn bottom-feeders. It took six SUS hacks and three shots of morphine to calm her enough for removal from the room. As a result, she has "resigned" from the SUS executive tribe. There is now a new editor, one not scared by the horrible inhumanity put upon the position. Jay Garcia, affectionately known as Sugar Daddy to his friends and parole officer, is your new ant master. Worship, and obey.

Bree now spends her time in the White Building, making arts and crafts and decorating the walls with her own blood.

No TV and no beer make Bree something something...

-ed

hey chewbacca
hey you! Fuzzy! yeah you! wookie!
you need a shave! arrg!

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Jay Garcia

Finally in Pow-her

The King is dead, long live the King. Or words to that effect. Y'see, folks, what we have here is a slight shift in the power structure of this fine piece of journalistic satire. About a year ago (give or take a few months), our much-heralded Bree Baxter, publications goddess, took over the reigns of *the 432* from interim editor emeritus John "Chuck" Hallett. She then spent the intervening time between that moment and this as one half of the Estrogen Editorial Bookend for this campus' newspapers (the other being the redoubtable Ms. Karen Benson). Now if this were even a halfway misogynistic rant - and I'm looking at you, Mr. Martin - then the rest of this paragraph, nay, this very editorial, would have some rather biting comparisons to women drivers, women politicians, or women professional golfers. But that would be unfair, and entirely untruthful. Bree brought a touch of class to this otherwise foul-mouthed and overly-exuberant rag and managed to reign in the excesses of many of its heavier-handed writers (current lowly scrivener of this piece inclusive). Good show, Bree!

However, and perhaps somewhat unwisely, she has decided to hand over editorial control of this paper to myself. As I often misapprehend the meaning of the word "tact", I'd like to take this opportunity to fire a warning shot across the bow of the ship of state (if you'll let me mangle the metaphor beyond breakage).

The 432 is humor, people, with a focus on satire. The abridged OED -- as I'm too damn lazy to get up off this marvelously comfortable editor's chair to grab the unabridged copy, which is, by itself, capable of caving in the skulls of a few rats from its sheer weight - defines satire as the use of sarcasm, irony or wit in exposing abuses or follies.

Abuses? Follies? On this campus? Never. I mean, far be it for this paper to report that the editor of this paper's Esteemed Opposition has been caught in a compromising position with a hamster, a roll of duct tape, and dressed in nothing but a leopard-print bikini (which, by the way, looked absolutely darling on you, Owen).

That is not to say that *The 432* will suddenly become nothing but a bastion of dry wit and refined humour; I mean, we're keeping Andy on staff fer chrissakes! We're still going to host the Dead Pool, the Hockey Pool, and actual news-type items from the bizarre and exciting world that is YOUR Undergraduate Student Society. But look for a few changes in the design and content of this paper in the months to come.

If you want any input on how this grand experiment in editorial extravagance turns out, then come and work on the paper. Don't be one of those whining little bastards who says "the paper isn't funny anymore!". If you've got something funny, or have a penchant for graphic design, or even want to learn what the hell it is we do every other week (aside from getting high on spray-glue fumes), then come on by to CHEM B160. I'll be in the office every day sometime after 4:30. Write for the paper! Earn fame, fortune, the respect of your peers. Well, one out of three ain't bad.

But I digress...

He Ain't Talkin' Bout Cars, Now

Ben Warrington

Crazy Bible Thumper

Hallowe'en. This time of year puts me in mind of the modern day Frankensteins that are beginning to pop out of genetics laboratories everyday. I am talking, of course, about genetically modified foods. Like the monster in the novel, people seem to have great fears about what they do not understand. It is not irrational to be concerned about these new foods, but let's not be paranoid, okay? Admittedly, current techniques are a bit random and haphazard, but very few scientists say, "I have no idea what I just made, but I am going to release it into the wild now." Everything goes through years of testing before being sold, and most specimens are destroyed. No geneticist wants to be the first to cause a serious health or environmental problem, let alone face the lawsuits and loss of profits that would surely ensue from such an occurrence. It is true that government regulations and controls could be a lot more stringent, but currently at least, the science is new enough that the geneticists are actually as interested in the science as the money, and are therefore careful about want they are producing.

Take genetically modified canola. People are in horrors that their fries might have been cooked in oil squeezed out of GM canola. First of all, there is no way to tell, anyway; there is no protein in the oil. All of the fibrous parts have to be cleaned out, or the oil will spoil quickly. More importantly, what the hell do you think canola is anyway? It is not a natural crop; it is modified rapeseed. The process was different, but the goal and the result were the same. It was just as random and haphazard as well. In fact, almost no food is "natural" per se. Anybody know why an eggplant is called an eggplant? Anybody? Originally, in nature, the fruit of the eggplant was small, white, and egg-shaped–hence "eggplant." It doesn't look like that now, does it? Through selective breeding, it has become a large, funny-shaped, purple lump. To me, that is a much larger and scarier change than swapping out a random gene.

I saw a special on genetically modified foods on CBC television a few months back. The reporters interviewed random people in order to get the "view on the street," as it were. One woman said (paraphrased), "There are huge protests in Europe, so there must be something to be concerned about."

What?

This is exactly the kind of thing that I am complaining about. Just because a bunch of idiots are getting together and complaining does not mean that there is something wrong. Can no one think for himself anymore? Does everyone have to be a fanatic on one end of the spectrum or the other? Rather than just going along with one crowd or another, perhaps people could find out what the issue is first. Of course, this is never going to happen. There is a long history of this sort of behaviour; people are sheep. They would follow the herd off a cliff [sorry about mixing metaphors].

Take another modern day horror: nuclear power. This issue has been around somewhat longer, so it is easier to see the "fallout." Nuclear weapons caused the deaths of thousands of people in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. This is exactly the purpose for which they were developed. The results were a horrific loss of life, but it showed of what the weapons were capable, and they have never been used again. If they had been developed in peacetime, there wouldn't have been as good of feel for their true nature, and their first use may well have resulted in the type of nuclear holocaust predicted during the cold war years. Without the development of nuclear explosions, there would be no nuclear power. Most people do not think that nuclear power is a very good thing, but even with the occasional accident, I would attest that the environmental and health risks are far less than those caused by the soot put out by coal burning power plants which is the only alternative in many parts of the world including much of Canada. The accident at Chernobyl, again, was horrific, but it was caused by poor safety performance and a comedy of errors, albeit a dark comedy. The carbon rods that regulate the reaction were pulled out of the reactor rather than dropped in when the reaction started to get out of hand for Christ's sake. The lasting damage from such events is not as bad as made out to be, either. People are living around Chernobyl again, admittedly with uncertain health effects. Hiroshima and Nagasaki are again thriving cities with apparently little or no increase in the cancer rate. In fact, certain places in the world have higher natural radiation levels than the residual in either of these cities. It is only the unfortunate people exposed to the initial blast that suffered serious long-term health effects. It is not to say that these people are unimportant, and that future incidents should not be avoided, but the average human being faces far greater health risks from smog.

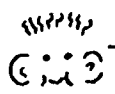
Finally, without splitting the atom, there would be no such thing as sub-atomic physics. This means that a great deal of the new cheap electronics that rely on sub-atomic processes couldn't have been developed: no cell phones, palm pilots, or other electronic gizmos that everyone seems to love. At the very least these devices might exist, but they would never be cheap enough for the general population.

So, what does this rant about nuclear power have to do with genetically engineered food? With any new science, there are certain to be risks. Likely, someone will screw up and there will be an accident. That does not mean that the science is "evil" and should be stopped at all costs. Great benefits could come out of it, many of which will be unforeseeable. Rather than trying to stop the genetic modification of food, we should pursue the science–carefully. All we can do is to attempt to foresee the risks and minimize them while reaping the benefits that these foods will allow. Bring on the GM food. Let's all play God.

I disagree. You only get to play God if you're in the biological sciences. While it may be fun to smash particles together and form strangelets that may ultimately devour every form of matter in existence, real God-like behaviour can be found in creating a vast, super-human race of beings who call you Master, and with whom you shall conquer the world! And they will also fetch you your slippers. Ain't ***that*** *cool?*

-ed

Someone To Watch Over Me



Jay Garcia

Not just paranoid

The problem these days is that there's way too much unfocused rage. I mean, just yesterday, some crazed soccer mom -- hopped up on caffeine and adrenaline due to having to ferry her festering brood around town in her soccer mom SUV -- tried very hard to run my poor little Civic off the road. While this is normally not an uncommon occurrence (being merely the vehicular interpretation of Darwinistic selection), this was on South West Marine Drive. One curvy lane. One hundred and thirty kilometers and hour.

It's only a wonder that neither my tires nor Crazy Soccer Mom's head didn't explode. She finally blew past me when we hit the highway, flying her middle digit like a victory flag out of her drivers-side window. Some role-model; no doubt her malodorous offspring will someday turn into something noisome, like a tax adjuster, or a political campaigner.

All that rage could have been channeled to better ends. Crazy Soccer Mom could instead be campaigning against these unreasonably high gas prices. 77.9 cents a liter? It's like pouring Kool-Aid down my gas tank, though without the black, caramel smoke belching out of my exhaust pipe. My car eats better than I do, though it only does get fed but once every ten to twelve days. And with global warming, the after-effects of El Nino, and the preponderance of butterflies in the rainforest, our weather is more chaotic than ever. Which implies, by and large, that we might have a really cold and wet winter. Gas bills will skyrocket. People will riot, and cars will be overturned, though not without having their tanks siphoned out first.

Personally, I blame Europe. Gas prices were always ruinously high back in the Old Countries, and they were likely more than peeved at the lands of eternal fossil fuel consumption that North America had become.

I mean, if you really think about it, you can see the corellation. In Europe, more people ride bikes or take some alternate mode of transportation other than a car. This may have to do with the lousy state of many roads (Autobahn notwithstanding), but that's what you get when you lay out your city's road plan on the old trailways set by wandering livestock. For a more immediate example, check out Boston, or any of the New England states. Regardless, an interesting coincidence can also be seen in the linear correlation between the rise in gas prices and the sudden preponderance of those mincing little silver scooters, which, not surprisingly, also originated in Europe.

I think that what this continent needs is someone to look up to. The limp-wristed politicians in power bluster and bluff to improve their Q ratings, ordering bombings on munitions factories / foreign embassies in order to prop up their press. Or if you're a Canadian politician, by sending out Peacekeeping forces to get their asses whupped in foreign countries, whereas all Johnny Public wants is cheep beer, Hockey Night in Canada, and a warm place to sleep.

It's no wonder then that people have resorted to civil disobedience to get their point across. Bill Gates got a pie in his face; trust a hard-core capitalist to be a trendsetter. Good ol' Chretien and the somewhat frightening Mr. Day themselves got gunned down by various confectionary products. It's only a matter of time before someone develops a gun that fires a croissant loaf with lethal velocities.

"Chef of Chicanery, your buns are mine!" Or so said the Tick. That's really what we need down here. A superhero to look up to. Someone surreal. We're tired of abject and soul-crushing normality. We need to see someone make bold, if occasionally ill-considered decisions. Come to think of it, this mentality can be the only thing that can explain why both Regan and Crazy Maggie Thatcher ended up in power.

This doesn't bode well for the future; we've been riding a wave of cresting mediocrity and peace for the last decade or so, ignoring, of course, those minor brush fires like Sarajevo, Kosovo, or the devastation in Africa. For those of us in the developed world, we have nothing more to fear than mediocrity and boredom; what a terrible cross to bear, and what suffering must we endure under these burdens.

In a fit of pique, I can envision voters casting their ballot for people like Crazy Maggie; Stockwell Day, here's your chance in the sun!

If form follows function, then, we can expect a return to eighties fashion: we've seen the sixties and seventies raped for their style and fashion sense; why not the eighties? Bring back the mullet! The padded shoulders! The gold lame!

It's way too late to bring back Heroin; I never thought I'd be a junkie because heroin is so passe, to quote from the Dandy Warhols.

This modern age has so much better drugs anyway, guaranteed to burn your neural circuitry and provide a blissfull, mind-numbing sense of euphoria, followed immediately by a sense of worthlessness, paranoia, heightened reflexes and homicidal speed. Is it any wonder the military helped develop half this stuff?

By coincidence, all the major players in the upcoming elections have stated that they would make significant contributions to their respective militaries.

You do the math; an increased military, supporting a wider plethora of drugs that turn teenagers into even more effective killing machines (aside, of course, from sticking them behind the wheel of a car), which results in armed insurrection, riots, and widespread destruction, forcing the governments to go to a state of "civil emergency".

And nothing drives down the price of oil like a good war.

So the next time you see a Crazed Soccer Mom bearing down on you in her gas-guzzling SUV, for the love of God, and for the freedom and peace of our nation, get the

Can you draw? At all? Any better than this?

Draw for the The 432.

Scary Ramblings Version 7.5.11

mYk

awwwbjyeah.org

On Moving

we found a place! yay! though an impressive twist of fate on november first we shall be moving... wait for it... very very near benny's on broadway. i used to spend insane amounts of time at benny's. once i stayed there all night with a friend, back when it was 24 hours. it was insane. the opera guy was there singing at the top of his lungs. he'd introduce the operas differently each time, but they would always be the same song. around 5:00am these people came in with their dog. they had apparently been down on the beach and had been caught in the torrential rainstorm that started around 3:00am. their dog had also been sprayed by a skunk. they ordered 3 bowls of tomato soup to pour over the dog. that was a weird night. i'm not sure if we hallucinated that incident or not. i miss those nights. maybe one time i'll walk into benny's and it will be as cool as it once was. i doubt it though, i'm not nearly as cool as i once was.

On Lucidity

my lack of it comes from the fact that i did not get a hell of a lot of sleep last night, or any other night this week. while all you suckers were writing your midterms, i was worrying about a film studies essay that is worth 25% of a 6 credit course. all you artsies will scoff at that of course, but for me it was a big deal. i also handed it in 8 days late. doh. wandering around campus in an insane sleep deprived state is neat. i wandered into sus and explained to corrie and kat and jay that all sounds were of the same volume and that i no longer had the ability to filter out sounds that were not coming from the people that i was talking to. when i started to have major problems understanding human language i had some coffee and it was all good.

On Coffee

there's a new girl working at the coffee shop i go to every day that i'm working and not at ubc. she's a lot cuter than the scary guy that used to work there. eeek! scary!! the coffee people must be frightened of me. i always walk in there when i'm crazy from coffee withdrawal and probably way, way too loud.

On SUS

well last meeting we approved all the new elected department reps and appointed everyone that didn't bother to actually run or get elected by their department. it was cool to have some unfamiliar faces and some fresh blood. we need fresh energy. i think it's funny that dan, who has never taken a geography course, will never take a geography course is now the geography rep to sus. well, whatever, it's tough being the student government for a faculty like this in a school like this. in other news, the sus retreat is coming up.. . fun drunken times up at the ams lodge. woo! oh wait, i don't drink. fun times watching other people vomit on themselves! woo! no, i'm sure it'll be awesome. hopefully i'll get to drive someone else's car on the way up and hopefully i won't crash and die on good old highway 99.

On Awbjyeah

awwwwbjyeah. say it with me one time. awwbjyeah.

On Technology

aw man, just hooked myself up with some remote hosting for my web bulletin board. no more pentium-90 running off of adsl for me - this new server is a linux box with a dual p3-700 or something like that with 18 terrabytes of memory.. ok, maybe not that much, but it's elite anyway. i haven't tried setting things up yet, so i don't know if the net latency from here oklahoma will be really bad and i'll have to find a friend with ph4t bandwidth and keep using my p90. oh boy! oh boyoboy! i can hardly wait to start playing with it.

On Food

i promised myself i'd start cooking real food, but so far it's been nothing more than good intentions. i'm still stuck in the "heat up some pasta" or "make bean medley" or "canned soup - yum!!" paradigm. one day maybe i'll say something besides "takes 20-25 minutes to prepare??!! i can't wait that long! i'm hungry now!" when i look at a recipe from a book.

On linux vs. microsoft

chix'll only be digin'ya if yer runnin' linux, yo. *(slap ma' fro! -ed)* but, more specifically, microsoft has started running anti-linux ads in europe! we've got them on the run, kids! it's great - the ad is a two-page spread in a magazine and has a few penguins with different animal heads. the caption says something like "don't run linux because it might mutate! instead, run windows 2000, an operating system that you have to pay for, and will make you smell like rotting kentucky fried chicken grease and will cause your balls to fall off." ok, maybe it doesn't say exactly that, but it is pretty funny. mutation? mutation? isn't mutation what organisms do to adapt to new surroundings and new stimuli? isn't that sort of like when there's a new security hole found in your operating system, it's patched and distributed in 3 hours? instead of waiting 6 months for nt service pack 2384a? that's the point of linux, you silly impotent microsoft weenies! (hi, jeff.)

On *the 432*

well bree quit director of pub and the editor of *the 432*. this paper is now brought to you by the letter jay. several good things come out of this, the least important of which is that you will never, ever, again hear me claim that i am "boning the editor of *the 432*." no offense jay, you're really cute and all, but you're just not my type.

love always,

myk

ps, please send your hatemail and outlook 2000 email viruses to myk432@hushmail.com.

Next Deadline: November 1st, 2000

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All articles and cartoons welcome. Must make the editor laugh at least thrice, contain your full contact information, and be longer than 700 words.
Write about the loss of democracy among the squirrels. Or not. Just write
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Director of Publications

Some of the responsibilities include attending council and executivemeetings and being in charge of SUS publications (you will NOT have tobe editor of the 432 or paradigm. These publications already have editors). If you're interested, contact Reka Sztopa:
rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca

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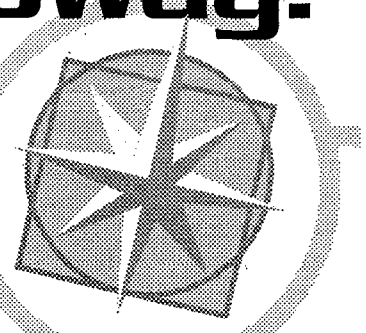

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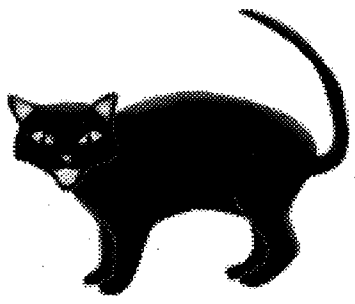
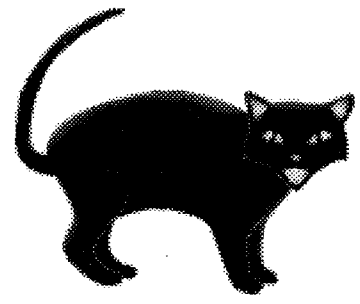


Creepy Tales from the SUB



♍

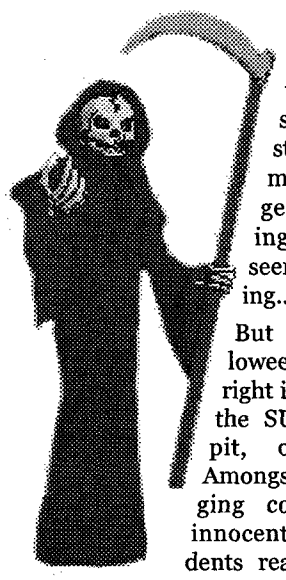
THINGS THAT GO BUMP

BY JO KRACK

Good evening, gentle readers. Tonight, I bring you a pair of haunting and terrifying tale that shall chill you to your very bones! Our first tale is a chilly lesson that, no matter where you go, so do the monsters....

Since this is the Halloween issue, I decided that a make-your-neck-hair-stand-up scary story would be fitting. I thought long and hard to come up with something really gruesome, but I couldn't. Oh sure, there were the usual UBC horror stories — four midterms in one day, hideously long assignments due soon that have not been started, extreme student budgets supplemented by panhandling... but these are all non-fatal.

Much as we groan and protest that we're going to "die", that we are so, so "dead", we remain alive, even if we fail a course or two.



So I was really stuck for ideas. I was even going to resort to a scary squirrel story, since those militant little buggers are surprisingly hostile and seem to be organizing...

But then, a Halloween story unfolded right in front of me, in the SUB conversation pit, of all places. Amongst the stinky, sagging couches, full of innocent, peaceful students reading and chatting, was a monster so hideous, so gruesome, that I tremble when recalling its form. It was... A JOCK!

Not one of the jocks that has brain cells, that is big and muscular and plays sports but wouldn't hurt a fly. Oh no. This was an old skool jock, over six feet tall and muscular, requisite army crewcut and all, with a dull, animal look in his eyes. Normally one would pass such a specimen and try to suppress a shudder, and that would be the end of it, but on this day, I witnessed the beast's full ferocity as if I were in the front row at a National Geographic bear-baiting expedition.

It began with a cell phone. A ringing cell phone. The cell phone is another scary element to this tale, because for some reason people insist on having really annoying songs instead of a normal ring. If I ever got a cell phone, I'd want to record my voice onto it so instead of ringing it would yell,

"Hey! You! Answer me!" But I digress...

The cell phone was ringing, but no one picked it up, although everyone looked around trying to figure out whose it was. The ringing stopped, and life returned to normal. I struck up a "don't-you-hate-those-annoying-things" conversation with a long-haired guy reading next to me, then we both went back to reading.

Dee-do-dee-dee-do, dee-dee-dee, doo-doo-doo... the cell phone struck again!

Again no one picked it up and its annoying tune reverberated in the SUB. The guy next to me, in a humourous (myk-like) tone, yells "Get the fucking phone!" And all of a sudden, in the horrid dead silence that follows, we realize whose cell phone it was. It was... THE JOCK'S!!!

The Jock turned his pinhead around, working his rippling neck muscles. His bear eyes look on to the poor guy next to me. "It's muh GIRLFRIEND'S phone," he growls, as if that makes its ring less annoying (Jock logic, go fig.) "I'm watchin' it fer her. So could ya CALM DOWN, buddy?" (as if the skinny myk-like guy next to me had been about to pick a fight!) Cowed, since we are not six feet or muscular, let alone both, Myk-clone and I settle back into our books. If this were a normal story, instead of a Halloween one, the Jock would have been a normal guy, and it would have ended there.

But no. This is the really, really scary part. Apparently Jock was wired like a dinosaur, in that it took a long time for his "My manhood has been challenged" feelings to travel from manhood region to brain. So about twenty minutes later, he's in a frothing angry mess, and stalks stiffly towards our couch. I can see his hands shaking, anger waiting to explode. And he's a lot taller than he was when sitting down...

He stands in front of Myk-clone, and demands, "Tell me to get the phone again!" (Huh?) Myk-clone asks why. "Just do it, tell me! Tell me to get the phone again! Tell... me... to... get... the... phone!" Jock has trouble with sentence variation, but he's plowing on like a trooper, as Myk-clone avoids eye contact and mumbles. "Cuz what I hate... what really makes me MAD... is when a little POINDEXTER tells ME to get the phone! Cuz I'm watchin' it fer muh GIRLFRIEND!" Now it becomes clearer. Jock has decided that Myk-clone's comment was aimed directly and personally at him, rather than in the general direction of the annoying cell phone. Jock has mulled this over, and equated it to an intellectual attack of some kind — apparently he has something against smart people, and has obviously identified himself as a Jock, not a Brain, with the honourable duty of showing that brawn triumphs over brain.

Jock's leaps of logic were Olympic, and severly disturbing. He then tried to get Myk-clone to go fight him outside in the rain. Myk-clone is apologizing, but Jock want blood. Jock no want understand situation, JOCK NO LIKE WORDS!! It was terrifying... Sheer muscle and testosterone, without basic common sense or at least anger management skills. Myk-clone escaped because Jock couldn't get him to fight, but the next "intellect" may not be so lucky. And if you're reading this and haven't had to look any words up, you qualify as an "intellect" to Jock, so watch out! Apparently, expressing your opinions may lead to a bloody nose rather than a debate.

If you think this story wasn't too scary, think for a moment: what do you think Jock will end up doing in life? If he doesn't get stranded at the "Bouncer" or "Pro-Football" stage, he may very well move up to "Army" or "Police." He may actually be ARMED. This is a very, very scary thought. So please Jock, if you're out there (though I doubt you'd pick up a SUS paper), take some anger management courses. Learn conflict resolution that doesn't involve fists. Try to get in touch with your inner brain cells. Because frankly, we need our nerds. They come in handy, and they're usually quite nice, and they don't beat us up. Brain drain: it doesn't have to be literal.

Tuesday is Halloween. Or as evil old people know it, Razor Apple Day!

-Norm MacDonald

♍

DANCE DANCE DOOM!

BY GRACE LAM

This next story is a tragic tale of loss, pain, and the insidious changes that happen to a person when they let their own glorfied technology get the better of them. I call it...

Going along with this issue's spooky Halloween theme, I want to discuss with you a hair-raising phenomenon that has landed in an arcade near you. (That fact that they even allowed some psycho like me to be printed on the paper is scary enough!) Perhaps you're an "Arcade person" perhaps you're not. But it doesn't matter because I'm sure most of you have heard or seen someone you know engaged in this despicable act. (No, you perverts, I'm not referring to sex.) It has hit Vancouver like a virus, spreading contagiously to all intelligent (and non-intelligent) life forms. Is it a deadly plague? No, it certainly isn't. Is it our beloved Prime Minister, Jean Chretien getting yet another fact lift in as many days? Close, but not quite. Is it...Superman? NO, you dope! What I'm talking about is (drum roll) the Dance Dance Revolution Machine, a.k.a. DDR. Just walk into the Sub arcade for example and see for yourself. You will find not one, but TWO of these outrageous machines where people are oddly amused by four arrows. I have had the opportunity of interviewing one the regular patrons of this DDR machine while he was stomping madly on the machine platform. (**G** = me, **U** = Unnamed Patron)

G: Sir, why do you like this...um...game so much?

U: (Heaving Breathing)...Wuddya mean why I like it?! It's an awesome game, man! Saturday nights, no where ta go, just hanging at my dorm, watching the game, having a bud...and then I hop on this machine, and I can imagine I'm dancing with lotsa hot naked girls!

G: Uh...sir, if "dancing" with a machine would give you such kicks, you would have to be extremely desperate to drool over this stationary dead machine.

U: Ha, ha...what are you trying to get at? No, really, seriously, what ARE you trying to get at??????

Well folks, I rest my case. (Don't know about you, but I think he is an Arties...) So be forewarned. Beware of the DDR machine!! (By the way, play only if you feel like making a fool out of yourself in front to other students when trying to hit those darn arrows on beat!)

A Life Less Ordinary

Breeonne Baxter

Standing Straighter

Somebody shoot the high school guidance councilor who sent me to UBC. Who thought this would be a good idea? I wanted to be a fairy princess when I was a little girl. Looking back, it's still the best idea I have had in about 21 years.

Languishing in my fifth year, I have taken the gauntlet of the courses. I took the math class. I passed first year stuff. Then there was that unfortunate incident in second year where Math 200 and I met, talked, then when I turned around to get my cheque book, it stabbed me in the back with a sharp and pointy integral. 20%, my ass.

Microbiology and everything to do with cells, small or large, is bad to me and my tiny brain. Small is bad. It's so much easier to deal with large community interactions such as ecology. If I can't see it, I don't care.

When I was in third year, I fell for the "you should take computer science because it's good for you and your career in the evolving technology world!" propaganda shoveled at us by our Faculty Administration, and tried to take Comp Sci 124. Granted, I didn't try very hard, but that was because I couldn't be bothered to care. Just as I bombed on French because it wasn't a language that was English, computer science Scheme (as in a Scheme to weed all but the most nerdy pale scoliosis-like keener-assed computer geeks out of the program) was out of the woods for me. I remember I wrote a nice little poem on a tree for Patrice to mark. 26%, my ass.

My continued success in the field of political science in the Faculty of Arts has led me to believe that I should not really be in science, although it does look better when I apply for that $100,000/year job in the field of writing sarcastic articles for the student press. It's a pleasant way to pass the time, although quite useless in a real world, barring entering the charming world of federal politics (although as a woman who won't either listen to the religious misogynistic ranting of the middle class white males from Alberta or the 20-year old bitching about 'we need the progressive technology of the Vic 20!', I'm a bit out of the loop).

When they first introduced the microchip, an engineer asked "But what will they use it for?"

I'm getting sick of this university thing. I'm moving at the end of this month to a really nice place in the veterans apartment block down by Benny's, so I'll be off this damn campus for a change. A real life? What's that? If I manage to pass the classes I'm in this year, and if I have enough credits to pass (I'm not really sure right now, as I've yet to see an advisor; I guess I'm just scared to actually see how much longer I'm in for) I can actually get on with my life. Will I be able to get a job with my life science degree? And my simple HTML and Photoshop skills? If I want to work at a porn site, sure. Yeah, that would look great on the resume and for the parents. "Hey Daddy! Guess where I'm working??"

Granted, having four midterms on four days, two on one day, in a row, on physics and chemistry, has soured me on the concept of the skool. I just want to sit back, relax, have that fifth of tequila and a lime in my hand, and pretend that nothing of responsibility is going on. Group project? Who cares? Rent payment? Whatever. My brother needs a kidney? Get back to me in a week, I'm having some Bree time.

My brother, my sweet little 19 year old brother, was on the second episode of Dark Angel. He was one of the 'hotties' that the genetically mutated chick was oogling. Erg. That's just wrong. He's my little brother. He shouldn't be viewed as a sex object, a piece of meat, by the entire population of North America. I'm scared.

No responsibility, no more exams, no cares. I'm going home to make dinner and see how long it takes for the neighbours to complain about the noise.

But Breeonne, you're still going to show up on production nights to help out with the paper, right? I mean, how else am I supposed to reign in Andy when he starts foaming at the mouth and ranting about women and fishing boats? And who's going to help me demolish all that Candia Taverna goodness that gets ordered to feed the creative flames of this paper?

Come back, Breeonne! Come back!

-ed

Vox Populii

Social Coordinator

Katharine Scotton

Thanks go to everyone for coming out to Oktoberfest. It was lots of fun, the bands sounded great and the bzzr didn't run out. An extra special, huge thanks to all my amazing volunteers, without whom I could not have pulled off the event.

For more drunken fun, join us for Nothing Ever Happens in November on November 3rd in the Partyroom, 4:00 - 8:00 PM. We may have a band. May. We'll see.

So I suppose that some of you have heard about the new liquor policy. It stinks. I'm not pleased with it. So I will let you all know now that events in the SUB Partyroomhosted by your ever-loving, ever rockin' Science Undergrad Society will always have alcohol, even if the posters don't say so.

Party on!

Let me emphasize that point. Always. Have. Alcohol. It's not just a statement, it's a way of life.

--ed

Editor

Jay Garcia

Howdy kids. It's just like old days, back in when I had Reka's job and my name used to grace this particularly unread section of the paper. How many of you out there actually pay attention to the executive blurbs? Do you even care? Well, for those of you wide awake and bored, here's a special contest. If you can either: compose really awful free verse poetry incorporating the name of the last six editors of the paper (myself not inclusive), or bring me a copy of the University's new Alcohol Policy, signed by at least one person who directly worked on the formation of said policy, I'll give you a Science Coffee Mug or a DVD of your choice (total value before tax less than $20). Leave me your submissions at CHEM B160; first applicant wins it all!

External VP

Ajay Puri

Hey there sexy science students! Your porn king doing his report... Not much new has happened with me or with External VP. Just note that the Science Week Committee will be meeting October 24th, therefore my report in the next issue will be pretty extensive! Watch out for that, and Keep Watching Porn!

Ajay is neither into porn, nor is he a king. He does have an extensive collection of fuzzy tea cozies, though.

-- ed

Internal Vice-Prez

Reka Sztopa

Hi Everyone, AHHHHHHHHH! What a crazy couple of weeks this has been. But luckily it will soon be over. I hope that all of your midterms went well and that you are about to move into relaxation mode again soon.

Science Elections for year and department reps went really well. I estimate that about 500 people voted which is not too bad. Almost quorum.

Almost.

The results of the elections have been summarized somewhere in this issue so read up on your new department reps!

FYC is planning a HUGE game of Capture the Flag in the Endowment lands on November 15th. If you would like more details or would like to register please email us at *sus_fyc@hotmail.com.*

What to look forward too. SUS is moving out of the Chem building by the end of this month so we hope that you will come visit our new home in Hennings 102. We will be hosting an open house probably in November so stay tuned.

Also, I am hoping to get a page in the next issue of *the 432* with the name and contact information for all of the executive, year reps, department reps and club reps on council so you know who they are and can get a hold of them if necessary. Have a great couple of weeks,

--Reka

12 WAYS TO GET AROUND THE UNIVERSITY'S ALCOHOL POLICY

1. The policy doesn't cover the alcohol in Chemistry labs. They keep most of their alcohol in those metal yellow cupboards. And that blindness thing only happens to people who can't hold their methanol. Might I suggest the `99 Isopropyl?
2. Officially, the University is just fine with pot. Toke, baby, toke.
3. Switch your beer preference to Labatt Wildcat. You'll never want more than one an hour.
4. Switch your race to Asian. Having no alcohol-dehydrogenase makes every beer count.
5. Officially, the AMS has no policy on Heroin...
6. What the fuck do you think the thermos was invented for anyway?
7. Choose slow drinking games such as 'Scwartz, (just Scwartz)', 'Kenny Dies' and 'Spot the funny Underground Article'.
8. Officially, the AMS has no policy on Crystal Meth...
9. Give blood right before a bzzr garden. About 4-5 pints should do it.
10. Find incriminating photos of certain AMS Executives doing horizontal mambo. What you do with these photographs is, of course, your own business.
11. Hang around the Pit a Wednesday night and leave your drink at the table while you dance. After someone slips rohypnol into your beer, you won't need another beer.
12. The urine of diabetics contains a high concentration of alcohol. 'Nuff said.

Please note that ***the 432*** does not endorse or condone any of the above methods, but if you get those photos, forward us a copy.

Fade to Greyscale

Andy Martin

Comfortably Hung

C'est Halloween. Time of scary spectres, scary old ladies giving out apples with razorblades in them, and ugly little kids coming around to try to beg away my precious, precious candy using cute little costumes. Hey, if I didn't give any to the starving hobo on the corner of Robson and Howe, what makes you think you deserve it, you pampered little brat?

Hallowe'en is a time to celebrate and exploit other people's fears. People fear scary things, that's why they're defined as 'scary'. Yet people are dumb and seem to react to fear with a certain ill-advised curiosity. Show any other organism on earth something they're scared of and they go running in the other direction. This fascination with things we fear is kind of a short circuit around modern society to instil some sense of natural selection in the human population.

One of the top things people fear is the inevitable end: Death. But lately, there has been a trend towards not fearing death. And it's not only found in the extreme sporters or the clergy, it's found among the normal, non-cliff jumping, non-altar boy sodomizing population.

A lot of people I meet claim that they aren't afraid of death. This is an erroneous position to take, mostly due to the fact that death is pretty fucking scary. There is nothing not scary about death. It is to be feared beyond all else. In fact, just about everything else that people develop odd and inexplicable fears to can be laughed off, death can't be laughed off... because you're dead.

Many people believe that death is a natural passing from this life to another. Not for me it ain't. To me, death means not living anymore. It means no more life, no more love, no more adventure, no more sex, no more beer, no more liquid nitrogen, no more grenade launchers, no more fun.

Some people believe in reincarnation. If there is a life after death, I hope it is reincarnation. Everything else would just be boring. But I don't want another life, I like this life just like it is. I don't wanna be rolling the chromosomal dice as to my next body. Knowing my luck I'll be reborn as some ugly, stupid and utterly charmless oaf whose only joy in life will be when he/she goes to a two-bit psychic and learns that in a former life, he/she was world-famous Andy Martin, smiter of some sort of infidels.

People think that death is their ultimate passage into paradise. However, if you're one of the 99.9% of the population that sin, that ain't guaranteed. Hell is all but a sure thing for most of us. And hell is really, really scary. And what is heaven supposed to be? A never-ending Sunday service, non-stop praising of the Lord. Heaven is really, really scary.

And then, there are the atheists. They believe that when you die that's it, your conscience ceases to exist, gradually fading away as your brain rots after death. They believe that the conscience thought process is merely a bunch of synaptic reactions, a whole bunch of selective keytone-alcohol electron displacements. And that when we die, our conscience ceases to exist. That's so unbelievably scary, I can't even fathom it. I lie awake sometimes and wonder about what it'll be like...to just not exist. Then I fantasize about two girls I saw that day, dressed in tight saran wrap doing things that would cause people to write me many, many nasty letters if I printed them here. Then everything's right with the world and I go to sleep.

Of course, all this discussion about life after death is altogether disregarding the fact that the act of death itself will more than likely hurt a lot.

Let us review the ways I almost died in the past year. I almost fell off a boat into the Bering Sea. I almost had my wrist ripped open by an errant fish hook. I saw John Hallett naked. I almost fractured my skull slipping on pavement. Any vehicle I was in could have been turned into a fiery, twisted wreck if just one sparkplug fell loose. I walked into an Irish pub whistling 'God Save the Queen'. I told my girlfriend that 'Okay, okay! You look fat already!' You tell me that any of these deaths would be painless. And you gotta wait another sixty years or so for just a **chance** at passing away quietly in your sleep. And even then, what guarantee will is there that it won't be painless? Every cell in your body still has to die from asphyxiation...that probably has to hurt somehow.

And don't even get me started on what they do to your body after you die (mostly because it isn't funny at all). I'll just remind you that it's really, really scary. If you really need to know, just ask your local mortician, they'll be happy for the living human contact. And studies show that the majority of morticians are necrophiliacs. Ew.

But at least we don't live in ancient Egypt. What kind of freak priest came up with the idea that removing all the organs with razor sharp hooks and storing them in pots by the salty dehydrated corpse would be a good idea anyways? They took the brain out through the nose. The nose, for the love of Ra! And how did the Egyptians picture the afterlife? As toiling in the same damn rice fields, having the same damn crocodiles eat your baby, fighting off the same malaria and being ruled by the same rich teenage brat, who is now a god because it was his birthright. Talk about the widening social gap between rich and poor.

Of course, the Greeks had an even more screwed up view of the afterlife. It didn't matter how good you were, when you died you went to dark and dreary Hades by default. And if you were really bad, or just did something completely innocent that displeased Zeus, you got some eternally frustrating punishment, like eternally writing a math final that you didn't study for.

"Okay students, look through your booklets. Make sure you have all 12,985,748 pages, including your cover page and two pages of scrap paper at the back. You will be given 3492076849000002 hours, or so, to complete all the questions. You will be given a fifteen minute and a five minute warning before the end of the test. No bathroom breaks. When you are finished the last question, please hand it in to receive the next section of your test. And please ignore Cerebrus as he walks along the rows, he'll never take more than one limb at a time."

And lastly, the Zen Bhudists, main proponents of the whole re-incarnation thingy and their weird view of the final afterlife. The final, ultimate goal of all your lives is to lead good, karma-ful lives, work your way up the evolutionary chain, and reach the state of Nirvana. Nirvana being where you are assimilated into the great holy light. So you've worked and sacrificed all the way for thousands of years, all the way from cephalopod and you finally reach the final goal and...wow...a part of a light. Thanks.

Nope, as far as I'm concerned, it's living all the way for me.

Being a longtime friend of Mr. Martin's, as well as his editor, I was greatly pained to have to restrict his creative freedom. But I had to put my foot down when I told him "No more than four, count 'em, four swear words, racial slurs, or mysogenistic comments per article!" I'm glad to see that he rose to the challenge admirably, once we managed to get enough Prozac down his throat.

-ed

Science Undergrad Society Council Elections

GENERAL OFFICER
Janel Casey
Jaisun Garcha
Scarlett Yim
Jo McFetridge

FIRST YEAR REP
May Tee
Juliana Lam

COORDINATED SCIENCE REP
Christopher Weston

SCIENCE ONE REP
Theresa Liao

BIOCHEMISTRY REP
Jason Elliott

BIOLOGY REP
Paul Dhillon

CHEMISTRY REP
Sameer Wahid

COMPUTER SCIENCE REP
Mike White

GENERAL SCIENCE REP
Adam Wright

GEOGRAPHY REP
Dan Anderson

EARTH & OCEAN SCIENCES REP
Kristin Lyons

INTEGRATED SCIENCE REP
Corisande Baldwin

MATH & STATS REP
Jason Chuang

MICROBIOLOGY REP
Tommy Gerschman

PHARMACOLOGY & PHYSIOLOGY REP
Julia Haber

PHYSICS & ASTRONOMY REP
Ben Warrington

PSYCHOLOGY REP
Natasha Szucs

These are the people you've voted for to represent you both to Science Council and to your faculty. If you want to get a hold of them, leave a message for them in SUS.

"The people have spoken! Or at least a small fraction thereof."