The 432.

VOLUME FOURTEEN ISSUE SIX 24 November 2000

In the beginning the Universe was created. This has made a lot of people very angry and been widely regarded as a bad move.

Douglas Adams

Canadian Alliance Wins, Stockwell Day Canadian PM

Al Gore promises to "challenge these contentious results"

(AP, Ottawa)

In a stunning upset, Stockwell Day and his Canadian Alliance party have swept to power. As of close of polls, the Canadian Alliance hold 22.7% of the vote, 0.8% more than their closest competitors, the Liberals.

Parliament pundits suspect that the Canadian Alliance's sudden rise to power may have had something to do with the increased disenfranchisement of many of Western and Middle Canada's resource workers, who turned out to the polls in surprising numbers.

"Eh, well we though that Day guy might stick up fer us, ya know" said John Tremblay, a McBlo harvester. "I mean, it was ridiculous, with that other guy sticking up for the owls like. I mean, who'll stick up for us? We're bigger than dose owls, ya know."

Tremblay's sentiment was not echoed by the more urbanized citizens of British Columbia. However, limited voting time for the West Coast severely hampered other BC Voters from attending poll stations.

"Due to Election Canada's decree that all polls across the country should close at roughly 9:30 PM eastern standard time, many British Columbians were unable to get to the poll stations" said elections officer Geordy O'Roarke. "I mean, who gets up at 7:00 in the morning to vote, for godssake? And most people are still at the bars at 7:00 pm. Where's the 'happy hour' for those of us in B.C.? That golden moment after the pubs but before the poll station where we make the difficult choice as to which political party will represent our interests for the foreseeable future?" he cried.

More shocking are allegations that voters in Victoria were confused by the layout of the ballot, which led them to vote for John Duncan, the Canadian Alliance candidate, instead of Alex Turner, the NDP candidate.

"How're we supposed to know which is which?" complained octogenarian voter Michael York. "I mean, John Duncan, Alex Turner, those names sound a lot a like, and their boxes are right near each other, ya know?" he muttered, at which point he started drooling into his overcoat.

Back in Ottawa, as his first act as Prime Minister, Stockwell Day declared a universal ban on genetics research, the study of evolutionary theory, astronomy, and physics in general, blaming them all as "heretical, and against the teachings of our great Christian ideal"

Canadian scientists reacted with shock at the proclamation.

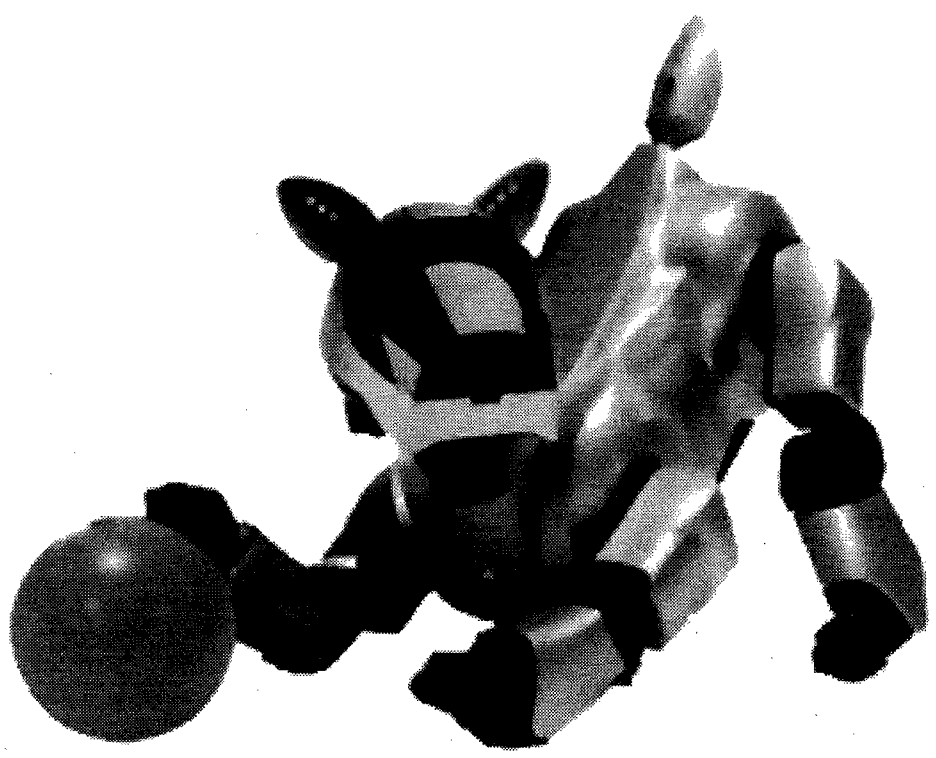
"Man, when I heard that Bush might be elected President of the States, I was so happy" said genetics Post-Doc Thom Vert. "I mean, finally, the brain drain working for us for a change. But with this Day character in power, I guess I'm going to have to either find a position in some British or Australian University, or look for another job. And I'm too old and cynical to say 'Do you want fries with that?' with any kind of conviction".

Universities across the country scrambled to keep up with Day's sweeping proclamation. Overnight, many departments in the Faculties of Science were summarily closed, and their staff either gently promoted into retirement or outright fired. Those more flexible among the teaching establishment accepted positions in the newly developed Faculties of Medieval Science.

"Medieval Science is one of those happy convergeances" said Dean Reilly, of York University. "It allows for the unique marriage of Art and Science and it in no way challenges the dogma espoused by the Christian creeds which PM Day profess. It's also something of a growth industry; I mean, there's a big market out there for Philosopher's Stones and Eternal Alembics. And we get to finally make those damn Medieval Studies professors earn their keep for a change, instead of being unemployed and begging on street."

In response to these unexpected developments in Canadian politics, U.S. Vice President Al Gore said "We must take firm, decisive action. It's bad enough having a right-wing, overly moralistic bombast like Bush as the possible leader of the free world. This situation can only deteriorate now that Prime Minister Day holds the reigns of power in our northern neighbor? If Bush gains power -- and I vow that he never will -- then the entire American continent becomes an uncontested haven for the Moral Minority".

When asked what he planned to do to face these challenges, Gore replied "Nuke Saskatchewan and Alberta. Day's powerbase is located in these two provinces; remove the provinces, and you remove Day from power. It's a solution so simple, it should have been applied to Florida! Take that, befuddled Dade County-ists!"



Researchers unveil new "people-friendly" robotic body for U.S. Presidential candidate Al Gore.

Canadian Alliance becomes "Righteous"

In a move that surprised few, Stockwell Day, leader of the Canadian Righteous Alliance Party (CRAP), announced that in accordance with his party's current policies, all wheelchair-bound Canadians will be forced to "walk like the rest of us" if CRAP wins the upcoming federal election.

Day explained "I'm sick of all these minority special interest groups trying to be treated better than everyone else! I have to walk all day, yet Joe Lazy over there can choose to just sit in a comfy wheeled chair and force us to accommodate him with 'wheelchair ramps' and other such nonsense. That money could be better spent on supporting local evangelists and deporting the homeless!"

After he stopped frothing, Day began to ramble on about Creationism, finally concluding that "If God wanted us to be in wheelchairs, he would have given us wheels! But he wanted us to walk, so he gave us legs! Two legs good! Two wheels bad! Two legs good! Two wheels bad!" Reporters tried to point out that spinal cords can be injured in ways that make walking impossible, and that people in wheelchairs really do need them, but Day shrugged off their "scientific mumbo-jumbo" as "lack of faith in God."

Psychiatrist Dr. Nahtzo explains that these responses are quite natural for Day, whom he classifies as "paranoid delusional." Says Dr. Nahtzo, "Zometimz, ze individual fears zat he vill be held accountable for his actions, and zo he resorts to a 'God' or 'Devil' figure to do zeese bad things for him. In Day's case, eet ees clearly a case of, 'God made me do it!'" When asked about treatment, the doctor prescribed forcing Day to read books apart from the Bible, and teaching him to see other points of view.

However, Dr. Nahtzo admitted that Day was probably "too far gone."

The Libertine Party refused to comment, muttering something about wild orgies and Yankees.

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Mario
Jay Garcia
jgarcia@interchange.ubc.ca

Luigi
Chris Weston

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Koopas
Tim Chan
Keri Gammon
Jo Krack
Andy Martin
Adam Mott
mYk
Alisma Perry
Kat Scotton
Sara Stamm
Reka Sztopa
Ben Tipett
Ben Warrington
Eagranie Yuh

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Legal Information

The 432 **managed to immunize itself against the dastardly effects of the Killer Hong Kong Wu-Tang Flu to bring this issue straight to you. Yes, you're that important to us.**

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.**

Election Fever!

Eagranie Yuh

Bibbity-bobbity-boo!

I'm sure that everyone's pretty sick and tired of politics right now. What with all the controversy in the U.S. (don't even get me started about that-the world's most powerful nation and they can't even get their act together to vote for the person they wanted to?) and the upcoming election on good old home soil, the last thing you want to read about is more politics. Not to sound like a public service announcement, but make sure to get out there and vote, guys. If for no other reason than to show those Damn Yankees that Canada is sooooo much better.

If this election were a boxing match, I'm sure that it would be good ol' lopsided Jean in the red corner, dining on poutine and pepper on his plate.

In the challenger's corner wearing traditional Alliance blue and green is our friend Stock, famous for his trademark media-slut tactics. Shove enough money in his g-string, and he'll support your cause, no matter how evil it happens to be. A cool half million to condemn unfortunate women to a life of unwanted motherhood? Sure, no problem...

However, let's forget about party platforms, tax cuts, and the ever-present abortion issue for just a second here. Let's focus on something a little more important, something much more along the lines of an X-files episode directed by Oliver Stone. Stockwell Day is an alien, folks. Let's just look at the evidence thus far:

(1) Stockwell is not a name. Come to think of it, Stock and Well aren't names either. It's like someone took random words, shoved them together and thought they sounded nice. Who took random words, you ask? The aliens, my friend... Additionally, Day isn't much of a last name either. But, kudos to the extraterrestrials for using something other than the ubiquitous, eurocentric Smith.

(b) The party used to be called the Reform Party of Canada, which is pretty descriptive. I guess they wanted to reform Canada, or the Canadian parliament at least? Fine. But then there's the issue of The Canadian Alliance. Alliance of what? Monkeys, fish, extraterrestrials...they don't specify. Most people just naively assume that it's the Alliance of People, or Alliance of Canada, or something equally benign. Alliance of Aliens, and that's the truth. Aside from that, doesn't The Alliance sound suspiciously like something out of Star Trek? The Collective, The Dominion, The Continuum, The Alliance...it all has the same ring to it. Not to mention that Stock is like Spock with a t.

(xi) The party's, and specifically Stock's, values are those of 1960's American TV reruns. The stuff that Leave it to Beaver is made of. Everyone knows that the perfect family doesn't exist-we're in the era of divorce, dysfunctional families, and Jerry Springer. The Cleaver family should be put into suspended animation and displayed in the Museum of Anthropology under the title of Familius Extinctus. Obviously, Stockwell and the aliens have been watching old TV reruns via satellite, and the far-reaching grips of Leave it To Beaver have permeated the vacuum of space. Last thing I heard, Family Values was the name of a Limp Bizkit tour.

(Z) This also explains why Stock's party seems so fricking American.

Canadian TV isn't known for its broadcast range-try explaining the whole concept of Hockey Night in Canada blackouts to me again? The aliens have based the entire Alliance platform on what they perceive to be the most relevant information they have. Never mind that the information originates from the U.S. in the 1960's and is completely out of date.

(3.14) Stockwell Day is supposed to be 50 years old. He sure as hell doesn't look 50. Now, everyone dig deep into your physics memory, however limited it might be. Remember that little thing called the Theory of Relativity? How, when people travel at light speed in space, they age slower than everyone else...see what I'm getting at? The aliens planned this huge platform (based on the aforementioned U.S. in the 1960's) and then transported Stock to Earth. In the process, he was subject to relativity, and aged slower than everyone here...thus explaining why he looks so young.

And can jet ski without breaking his hip.

(Xy) Stock doesn't work on Sundays. He claims that this is due to his religious convictions, and so that he can spend time with his family. What he doesn't tell you is that he uses Sundays to do three things. One, relate information to his commanders in outer space; two, regenerate his human body (which is just a shell for his true alien self); and three, implant a new week's worth of propaganda in his alien pea-brain. The Sabbath, my ass.

Stock gets more done on Sundays than most of us do in a week. When was the last time you made inter-planetary contact? Exactly.

This is not to say that the other party leaders aren't above criticism.

Giles Duceppe reminds me of a campus squirrel on crack. Jean Chretien could definitely throw some more money into medicare and get some therapy for that lopsidedness (and possible brain damage) of his. And the sudden resurrection of Joe Clark...well, that's another story entirely.

Editorial Tryptich

Jay Garcia

Spare change, guv?

Birthdays

Man, getting older is like being the metal ball in a game of pinball. You start off with a pretty good trajectory, flying off out of the gate, occasionally running into bumpers or falling into the high-score holes, only to crash ignominiously into the void at the bottom of the table.

No, no, it's more like one long g session of really good sex; you're constantly in motion, though you're really not going anywhere, and in the end, you're spent and boneless and not really capable of doing much more than just lying there.

Hmm, whilst the latter is a more pleasant analogy, neither of these two are particularly true. I've indulged in this bout of intense navel-gazing (some might call it "introspective analysis", but I say call a spade a device for moving dirt around) because I've hit the quarter-century mark. Yep, the year 2000 marks my twenty-fifth year on this rotating sphere, orbiting a small yellow star on the outer spiral arm of this galaxy. And you know what I've discovered? The gifts you get when you're older way rock harder than the gifts you get when you're too young to properly ask for really cool presents.

I mean, how do you beat consumer electronics and consumable media? Mmmm, Toy Story 2 on DVD. Yamaha Subwoofer. 22" flatscreen plasma display. Almost better than sex, really.

DVD's

DVD's rock my tiny little world. Nigh unto three weeks ago, I was over at my buddy's place (Zion! the home of our contentment) helping him wire up his Yamaha 5.1 / DTS receiver. I swear, you need a PhD in Yamahamology to decipher and use their remote controls. Why, for gods' sake, are there two sets of directional arrow keys? What do these control? Dare we press them, for fear of accidentally launching an offensive nuclear salvo at Russia?

Despite these complicated setbacks, we finally managed to get everything all set up, and we experienced true home theatre.

Man, you haven't lived until you hear the jets in Top Gun zoom in full, Dolby Surround Sound. Or hear the whizzing of machine gun fire from those frenetic and somber opening minutes of Saving Private Ryan.

Hell, even dialogue sounds better with full reception, though. Watching Emeril Lagassi on a full surround sound system with subwoofer really brings new oomph to his "BAM!"s.

Illness

Sometime in the last week or so, I fell horrifyingly, disgustingly ill. All I know for sure was that, late last Wednesday, I was driving home from the Hip concert when I started feeling really cold. So I yanked my toque down over my ears, pulled the fleece up, and ramped up the heater to max. And I was still freezing. I stumbled on home, collapsed into bed, and promptly lost all of Thursday.

Thursday last week basically got melded into both Wednesday night and Friday morning; one horribly long, sweaty, chilly, tossing and turning night.

When I felt well enough to drag my sorry carcass into my family physician's office, I was still running a temperature well into the low hundreds (Fahrenheit; otherwise, I'd be a slow-charred case of spontaneous combustion due to the flu virus -- I can see it now: new strain of flu burns victims alive! Film at Eleven).

My doctor, being an intelligent and sensitive woman gave me some Gravol for the nausea, admonishing me to "take it only if I really, really needed it". Of course, I abused the stuff as if it were crack cocaine and it was Welfare Wednesday.

It turns out, there are some rather sever issues about the combination of being strung out on Gravol, having a severe head-cold, and watching Dr. Laura and Oprah in the afternoon. I still maintain that is my illness that resulted in me being a hormonal wreck; alternately shouting at the TV screen at that absolute piss-brained, preachily moralistic bitch Dr. Laura, and then crying my eyes out like some god-damned baby as Oprah fulfilled the wishes and hopes of her audience like some kind of benevolent, multimillionaire fairy godmother.

As it turns out, I'm still sick, and I've got this crappy cough, which is really annoying. If there are any cute girls out there who'd like to nurse me back to health, you can contact me at *jgarcia@interchange.ubc.ca*

We Have Nothing To Fear

Heather Taylor

Sound and Fury

I've been thinking a lot lately. About stuff. Ya know-what I'm going to do with the rest of my life after I'm done with-ahem-school-stuff like that. Right now the ugliest monster in my closet has to be my STUDENT LOAN. So evil it has to go in capitals. Now I know what you're thinking...why in the hell am I thinking about student loans while I'm still a student? Well number one-they scare the hell out of me; number two-they scare the hell out me; number three-look I could go on and on.

The thing is I never thought about it before. Never. Not once. And I mean that-no loan talk ever filled the vacuous space between my ears. Now I'm a semester (and a bit) away from the end and what can I look forward to? Twenty eight thousand in debts escalating at an annual rate of prime+2.5% (which will end up being the price of a small country when I'm done) AND a lovely official piece of paper that will keep me warm for about 30 seconds upon being burnt in my garbage can in the middle of winter after they've cut off my hydro. Well, well, well. No guarantees. No stability. Just Student Loans.

I used to get pissed off about student loans a lot. Now those of you who have it will know some of this stuff. Or maybe not. Now for the first four years when applying for these beasts of burden, students have to submit their parent's income. This gets calculated for or against you. I'm really "lucky." My parents are dirt poor. Macaroni has always been a staple in our house. Yep-I've never had liver, or meatloaf, or brussel sprouts. We couldn't afford it. So incidentally I get a fucking huge loan to compensate. I'm like a fat kid in the candy shop-and I can say that because I know what it's like-I used to be the fat kid who terrorized all the local corner stores. Budget? What's that? I've got five thousand dollars! Let's rip shit up! I'm proud to say that I immediately did not go to my nearest Honda dealership and put a down payment on some death trap but then again I'm not sure how I spent it at all. Money in bank Monday...gone Tuesday or Wednesday if I'm lucky.

But I did need the money. I haven't lived at home since I was 17.... AND I still had to include my parent's income for four years past graduation from high school. What a load of shit. I don't even live with them. And what if we were estranged? Then I wouldn't get it at all. Arghh! Policy. I felt bad for those who couldn't get a loan because of their parents. This is not fair. They are considered adult by law-voting, drinking, buying lottery tickets-yet they can't get a student loan without their parents involved and it's not even them, it's their money. My mom filled out one line and signed it. What about those kids who live in the poverty of middle classes. Sure it looks like their parents make a lot of money but after mortgages, car payments, etc., etc., there is no money left. No hard cash to support their child going to school especially if it's in a different city. I mean the costs are enormous. This happened to a friend of mine. He got accepted into a school in Calgary but he couldn't get a loan because his parents made too much. Now? Now he's doing graveyard construction work. Mmmm-mmmm tar. Does the body good.

Fine. I understand the system is in place to help those poor schmucks who can't afford school (or a brand new car...) on their own. But none of the ramifications are pushed home until AFTER you're done your 2, or 3, or 7 years of school.

Student: Ahem...hi. I was wondering about what program I should be in?

Councilor: Well, what are you interested in?

Student: Um...I like movies and art history. Maybe English...but not really.

Councilor: Great! Then you'd love our 5 year combined art and film studies degree. Just sign here. We'll make sure your class schedule won't accommodate any kind of job that's over 3 dollars an hour. But don't worry. You'll be analyzing how the colour of a Wendy's wrapper affects the consumer as you flip burgers and talk about the latest Scream movie with your 16-year-old supervisor. After that you can look forward to busing 3 hours to the office building you clean on the graveyard shift and 3 hours back. Then you'll be home just in time to drop off your 6 kids at school/ daycare/ mom's house (if you're lucky but don't count on it) and argue for an hour or two with your significant other before getting your average hour and a half of sleep. Maybe in 15 years you'll have paid off your student loan as long as you don't forfeit or miss a payment. If you do, you'll be marked by the credit bureau and have "bad credit"-an R9 in creditor speak and will be unable to get a loan or credit card for at least 6 years or so. Congratulations...this is the rest of your life.

Student: Uh...thanks.

Why don't they say "Do you realize that in this profession you will be paying X number of dollars in student loans per month when you are finished?" Or even tell you that with this amount of student loans you will be paying this much money? I will have to pay student loan payments of five hundred dollars per month for the next nine and a half years of my life. Unless I marry a prince, that ain't gonna happen. I could always break my back in a "fall" and get my loans forgiven but I don't feel like being paralyzed for life. There are a lot of programs out there. That's great but once they're done, they're done. And if these programs don't apply to your situation, then too bad for you. Your loans will be forwarded up the chain until you are sent to a creditor and the loan is written off. And I thought about just filing for bankruptcy...Oh, sorry. Out of luck. You can't file on a student loan until it's been an active file for ten years AKA the entire life of your loan. Great. Just great. Now aren't you glad you're in school? I sure am...

Not so Dumb-Ass Easy Contest #4

What is that picture on page 4? Drop off all submissions to Jay Garcia in Hennings 102, or email him at jgarcia@interchange.ubc.ca

sus hacks and councilmembers are ineligible for this contest

the
Psychology Student's Association
presents

Christmas Dinner Cruise
come dine and dance with us
monday, november 27th, 2000
5:00 - 8:00 pm
$20 members ($22 non-members)

and!

Sun Peaks Ski Trip
january 26-28th 2001
Ski Package Includes:
transportation to & from Vancouver to Sun Peaks
2 nights accommodation
2 all-day lift tickets
prizes and more!!!

deposit due Nov. 31!!

tickets / sign-up at the PSA office Kenny 2007
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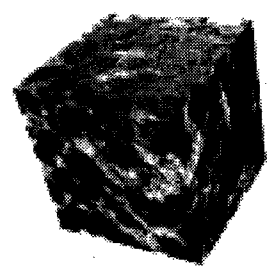


CSSS
presents

CSSS Buzzer Garden
With Psyduck and Kula!
Friday, November 24
4:30 - 8:30 LSK 462

MISA Billiards Night
@ Jive Billiards on Broadway
Friday, November 24
6:30 - 8:30

Graphically-Minded

Jay Garcia

coitus interruptus

This the time of year when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of finals and cramming, and, perhaps, if he's very lucky, Christmas vacation.

This year it's a bit of a double whammy for me. As I've no doubt bored many of you with the details, suffice it to say that I'm gainfully employed these days.

Did I also mention that I was also taking a full course load? Yep, kids, it's that wondrous feeling you get when you work forty hour weeks and take three classes with labs.

-Meltdownville.

Now you're probably wondering "What? Is Jay gazing at his navel in that slightly introspective fashion again"? And I say; nay! This is merely the introduction to the more fulfilling, meatier part of this article.

See, the first thing that comes to mind to deal with a personal meltdown is, of course, that ever-friendly, oh-so-enjoyable lubricant that is beer -- the cause of, and solution to, all of life's problems.

However, I've been sick. I suspect that my immune system was compromised by many nights spent in Surrey, at a friend's place.

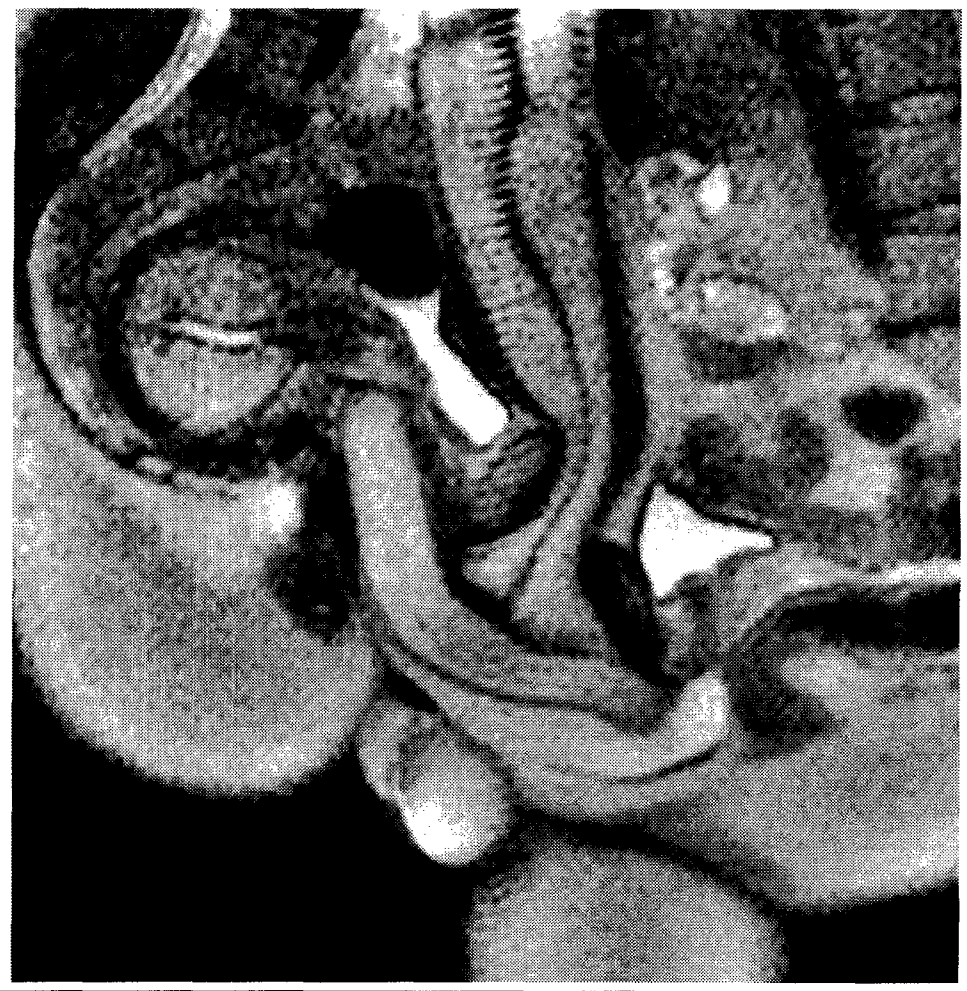
Now, before you're mind gets all comfortable down there in that gutter, let me modify that previous statement to say that I was over at her place helping her fix her hot tub. Never mind that I have all the plumbing skills of a brain-damaged iguana; this is a cute chick's hot tub we're talking about here, and there's no force in all of Heaven or on the wide Earth that would stop me from claiming a stake in that hot tub, seated next to said hot chick.

There's something innately satisfying and stress-relieving about banging on pipes, working with water and otherwise making a big-ol' mess in the name of "getting something to work properly"

However, the nights we chose to work on her tub were bitterly cold, and, I suspect, she was already a carrier of the dreaded Fall Flu .

As a result, I fell ill, which can read all about in my editorial on page two. However, this brings me back to my central thesis: there's only one thing that really, really relieves stress after you've been sick, have three finals and lots of pre-Christmas work that you have to do.

And it's all documented on the picture on the right. Check out the page 3 contest for more details.



SUS CHRISTMAS PARTY

December 16th, Saturday * Room 212A SUB * 4pm ~ 8pm

Rum and Eggnog First 75 people only, First come, First Serve
Punch Kris Kringles
Russel Christmas Ale Semi-formal Attire

When Good Students Go Bad

Alisma Perry

Brain defibrillator, STAT!

At around 1:11 am on the dark morning of Thursday, November 9th, I had just completed a 4000 word essay, which had been due on Wednesday. I was about to start a 2000worder, which was due in less than nine hours. I had stayed up all night just two nights earlier finishing yet a third essay.

This sad tale is only one in a growing phenomenon that we see across the academic world as the end of each term draws nigh. I know that I do not speak for all students, because some of you are blessed with that crucial skill known as Time Management, but I'm sure most of you have had at least one Hell Week in your life. Many of you, like myself, probably have one (if not more), each term.

Hell Week is that oh-so-long and excruciatingly painful week when it seems like your professors have formed a strategic alliance with the sole purpose of driving you insane. Everything that matters is due that week, and to top it all off, it usually occurs only a couple of weeks after you breathed that "Finally, my midterms are over" sigh of relief.

Last year my Hell Weeks were getting out of hand, to say the least. When you get your first essay assignment of University, you laugh at the idea of losing only 2 or 3 per cent per day when you hand it in late. But it doesn't take long to realize that if you ever succumb to the lure of lateness, you are doomed. Doomed, I say, because, as our physics phriends will surely remind

us, things like to keep on doing what they're already doing. I could give some startling examples of this, but I'd rather not spend even more time reflecting on the ills of terms past. Let's just remember that I didn't actually fail anything (although I may or may not have handed in one of my essays so late that I spent a whole month thinking I'd failed the class because the original mark that I saw on the internet was put up before they received the essay), and be content.

In a valiant attempt to reduce the massive build-up of minus 3 per cent per days that was experienced last year, The New And Improved Punctual Me (TNAIPM) was introduced in September 2000, to widespread acclaim.

How has TNAIPM fared so far? Well, let's return to that dark Thursday morning when I had just finished a 4000 word essay one day late. One of the main reasons why it wasn't completed on time was that I got so caught up in the U.S. election coverage the night before, that I managed to forget all about the whole TNAIPM thing.

Another major factor of distraction (besides the swinging pendulum of Florida's results), was thinking up amusing titles. There's a very fine line between cleverness and stupidity when you're trying to be funny, and all the titles I could think of either involved rampant alliteration, pathetic advertising pitches, or both, i.e., "Canada and Climate Change: When Negotiations Go Bad... TONIGHT, on FOX!!"

Don't worry, I didn't use that one.

As a reward for completing one essay and, probably more so, a desperate need for caffeine, I made a quick trip to 7-Eleven for a slurpee (bless them for being only oneblock away!). It is surprisingly busy there at 1:30 on a Thursday morning, and the fellowwho works there is disturbingly chipper. I suppose that he, too, knows the magical,

insomniacal qualities of cola slurpees.

I returned to my dungeon (affectionate term for the book- and article-littered area surrounding my computer) and plonked down in front of the screen feeling refreshed. Actually, a better word to describe it may have been cold, which was my dominant physical sensation throughout Hell Week.

When my housemates and I received our first hydro bill for our new home in September,we were, to say the least, flabbergasted. It was late at night when I first saw the offending bill, and in my tired daze of incomprehension, I scrawled a series of heat-saving measures on the return envelope. Said envelope has now been lost or recycled, but I will reproduce our plans to escape our imminent conversion to popsicle form as best I can:

(1) reroute funding from hydro bill to sweaters;

(2) cold showers = the best way to greet the day!;

(3) find ourselves some significant others to keep us warm;

(4) start using fire places as central heat source, using outrageous bills to feed flames;

(5) also use those copies of the 432 that Alisma keeps bringing home to feed flames;

(6) not to mention Alisma's essays (AFTER they've been marked);

(7) move to Palo Alto, the City Of The Future, where cold water falling from the sky is

an extraordinary event;

(8) move to Joshua Tree, where the streets have no name, and feel the heat that is left in the desert sand from ten summers ago;

(9) write to elderly, affluent relatives with tales of icicles hanging from bookshelves and ice floes in the bathtub ("the polar bear keeps using my shampoo!").

These suggestions basically faded away into a general consensus on not turning on the heat.

Thus, I spent my Hell Week looking very attractive in no less than three shirts, two pairs of pants (leggings and jogging pants), big wool socks, and fuzzy slippers. Earl Grey tea was aplenty, and slurpees were called for only in those wee hours when I had been in my room with the door shut for so long that my body temperature alone had made the room 10 degrees hotter.

All in all, TNAIPM seems to have been a big bust, like so many things that are labeled "New And Improved." The cold, the Presidential elections, and my overwhelming need to be amusing when I know I'm already screwed are difficult to conquer all in one term. I still have not failed anything, though, and I'm finished three of my essays a good three weeks before the end of the term.

Ah Hell Week. How little I miss you, now you are gone.

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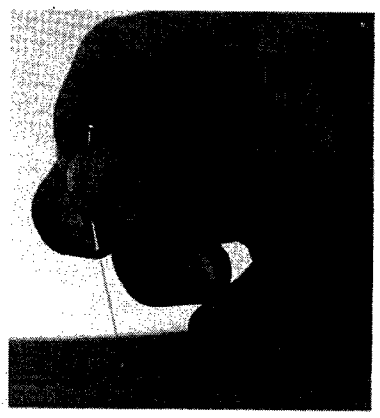

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Squirrels from Hell

Jo Krack

Not China White

With the upcoming federal election looming, and the various parties bravely battling it out in mud-slinging "debates" aplenty, I'd like to suggest an entirely new political system. Bye-bye Liberals, bye-bye NDP, bye-bye remains of the Conservatives, and finally, GOOD GOD GET OUT, Alliance! It's time for a coup, and I think you all know who'd be perfect for the job: Why, Jo Krack and the UBC chapter of the Squirrel Warriors, of course! My platform would be that far too much money is being spent on things that don't benefit me, like national defense and politicians' vacations. Instead, I'd redirect our taxes to address the needs of the student population.

First of all, the liquor situation. If I want a Vodka Slurpee at 2 am, that's what 7-11 should be selling! If I want to get drunk after 6 pm on weekdays, that's when the liquor stores should be open! And if I want to be able to afford to drink more than once a term, alcohol prices need to drop!

I propose government subsidies of bars and liquor stores, so that drinks will cost less than fifty cents a shot. Students on budgets will finally be able to afford food as well as partying, and everyone will be getting laid enough to mellow out about exams and assignments. That would be a good thing, people.

On the subject of "exams" and "assignments", I would propose that profs be forced to accept any evidence that a student has put some time and thought into their work as an "A". Therefore, if instead of proving that gravity exists, you instead illustrate a full comic book called "The Gravity-Defying Breasts of the Space Amazons from Planet Latex", you should get full credit. In this way, profs no longer have to read fifty boring papers about Newton and students no longer have to write them. Degrees would be awarded in such areas as "Creative Heckling", "Ultimate Stoicism", and "Advanced Sarcasm".

Next, there is the "8:30 am class" situation. No classes shall start before 10 am, nor extend past 4 pm. I have never once, in all my three years of 8:30 classes, heard a single student say "Boy I'm so awake and ready to learn, I got so much sleep last night, I can't wait to listen attentively to this whole lecture instead of falling asleep and missing the whole point of dragging myself out of bed to get to class! Gee golly!" OK, so I heard that once, but I killed the keener. Anyway, as I have extreme foresight (no, that does not mean 'being able to see foreplay coming') I have concluded that if no one can handle early morning classes now, we're probably not going to have a lot of success in the working world... unless it is CHANGED! So once I have conquered the country, I will ban any business from opening early in the morning, unless it sells chocolate and/or marital aids. Some people will complain, of course, but to show my ability to handle conflicting opinions, I will have them all swiftly deported to America. (Can't think of a worse fate.)

"Now, wait," you're saying, "America's not that bad. They've got all the stuff we do, only more fat and money!" Well, they may not be in a bad situation right now, but they will be: right after Canada invades! See, if you were paying attention, you'll remember that to take over the country, I will rely on the trusty Squirrel Warriors. These little buggers are the grey squirrels you see on campus. Remember when you were a little kid and you went to Stanley Park and saw black squirrels, brown squirrels, and the occasional grey squirrel? Well, you don't see many brown squirrels anymore, do ya? That's called "survival of the fittest." The meeker brown squirrels were peace-loving, Disneyesque characters, bounding about and bothering no one. But then in came the grey squirrels, who were bitterly disillusioned about life in general and had spent time training in underground militant wildlife camps. These grey spartans quickly realized that the existence of brown squirrels equalled less food, and so they ruthlessly exterminated them, in an act many have dubbed "Chip'n'Dale Carnage".

The Squirrel Warriors are ready. They are extremely antsy now that they are not at war, and are beginning to eye the black squirrels suspiciously.

We cannot let their rodent genocide continue! Their rodent rage must be harnessed and used to our advantage: by conquering the United States of America! We will strike now, while they are still waffling between presidents, and we will give them a tyrant far worse than Bush or Gore! We will give them... JO(E) CANADIAN! First of all, her femaleness will strike many of the elderly senators dumb, as many of them are unaware that women still exist. Next, her Canuck style will take the country by storm, as she gives them all free health care and forces McDonald's to serve healthy yet yummy food, thus making the collective population of America shed billions of pounds of fat, which will be collected and used as an energy source to power the nation! Canada will also be powered by this fat, and both nations will be happier than ever! The discovery of a new, renewable energy source will free up billions of dollars, which will be spent on such things as student shag rooms in Buchanan, Hennings, Scarfe, and Angus, for those students who still live at home and need a little privacy for some lovin' now and then. Hey, people are screwing in most of those buildings as you read this anyway, so might as well make 'em comfy!

So there you have it. I would say "a vote for Krack is a vote for Heaven on Earth," but my Squirrel Warriors and I don't believe in democracy; we'll be taking the country by force. However, I'm a benevolent despot: the first few hundred people to join my Rebel Army will be granted all the traditional debauched privileges of insane, mind-blowing power, plus Brown Squirrel Burgers on Friday!

Next Deadline: November 29th, 2000

Word! Word.
All articles and cartoons welcome. Must make the editor laugh at least thrice, contain your full contact information, and should be around 700 words.
Write about the weather, write about Willard Scott. Hell, write about Mr. Scott.
All contributions must be made by 4:32pm, November 29th. Email to jgarcia@interchange.ubc.ca

Ramblings 2001

mYk

word!

On Tea

mein roommate is a tea fanatic. she has an entire shelf in our kitchen dedicated to all sorts of tea. "try this one," she says, "it's got more caffeine than coffee!" BOING!!

On The Bus

did you know that ladner exchange in the coldest, loneliest place on earth? i have the pleasure of transferring from the 601 to the 640 there every couple of weeks as i make my way to and from the victoria ferry. ladner exchange is the worst part of that trip, even worse than the #70 bus on the victoria side that insists on going through every single little community on its way downtown from the ferry terminal. even worse than the horde of people that line up to walk off the ferry a full 20 minutes before they are let off, meaning that i, too, need to line up that early to get a seat on the bus. even worse than the final 15 minute walk to my girlfriend's house in bitter cold and rain. ladner exchange is the worse because it's in the middle of the journey. you're over the glowing feeling of being where you were, but it's too early to feel excited about getting where you're going. there's a mcdonald's and a 7-11 within walking distance. nothing evokes existential angst like ladner exchange.

On Compsci

in an effort to improve the quality of undergrad instruction to something higher than a rating of "ass," the department of computer science is trying to implement admissions and continuation requirements for the degree program. the metric they are using to judge the quality of students is of course GPA. "assholes!," i exclaimed at the department meeting i recently attended, (only slightly more articulately,) "now the undergrads in this department will cheat even more!" the system of rewarding academic dishonesty with assured places in the required classes, while punishing the students that actually do their assignments and projects individually will now be expanded to include the entire program!!

i then proceeded to recite, verbatim, an argument against this new policy that i had found on the internet after a quick search. they hemmed and hawed about how difficult it was to administer student discipline, about how it could only be handled at one of two extreme levels: either with the prof on an individual per-student basis or all the way up to Maria Klawe, the Dean Of Science. "Maria Klawe, the Dean Of Science?!," i screamed, standing up and pounding my fist on the desk-bench in Klink 200, "I Don't Believe In Maria Klawe, the Dean Of Science!! I also don't believe in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, or Canadian Politics!," i said, further emphasizing my point.

needless to say, i woke up 3 days later in the basement of the cicsr building with a cat5 cable running out of my temple and a feeling of warmth and compassion toward ubc compsci. doh.

On the SUS relationship web

you know who you are. come back to the Light side of the force.

On Microsoft

i've been asked to meet with a microsoft representative about new, exciting microsoft technologies. i wonder if it will be jeff.

send your existential angst to *myk432@hushmail.com.*

Everything that has been taught to you is wrong.

SUS Bzzr Gardening Crew

will meet fridays at SUS (Henn 102) @ 4:32 PM

please email Kat

kscotton@interchange.ubc.ca

if you want to come.

Vox Populii

President
Keri Gammon

Hello my darlings. As the term winds down, I hope that the GPA fairy has brought each and every one of you nothing but stellar grades on midterms, papers, projects and labs.

Your SUS execs have been busy little beavers over the last couple of weeks.

Check out their reports and see what they've been up to! I wish I had something great to report, but the last couple of weeks have been fairly low key for my portfolio. I could whine about my courses, but I prefer to do that in person. I have to say that my favourite recent development was the creation of mailbox labels for all SUS councillors. But these aren't JUST labels, but labels complete with mystery quotes from your President's> favourite band. Come in, identify the song associated with each quote, and win SUS swag or something kuhl like that. Check out this issue's contest for further details! And remember: if it's not Hip, it's crap.

Anyway, please do stop by and visit us in our new lounge, Hennings 102, and kick back and grab a (insert favourite soft drink name here) with some fellow science students (well, after the pop machine gets fixed...). We won't bite...unless you're into that ;)

Publications
Chris Weston

Hey Everyone, I'll be your new Director of Publications for the remainder of of this school year. In case you don't know, that means that I am responsible for publishing fine publications such as the 432, although the real credit for this paper goes to our editor Jay Garcia and the dedicated group of people we have writing and working on it. Without them, this paper couldn't be produced.

In the world of other publishing, I have also been working on updating and improving our SUS web site. Hopefully you will find it more helpful than before, and of course if you have any ideas or comments about it, please e-mail me at wcweston@interchange.ubc.ca. If you didn't even know we have a web site, you can view it at www.ams.ubc.ca/sus. It's a great source of information for science students. Some of the things it includes are information about your executive, your department reps, your club reps, current SUS events, an online version of The Guide, and an online version of the 432. That's about it for this week.

Social Coordinator
Katharine Scotton

Another quick exec report from me. The Christmas Party will be on Dec. 16th (Sat.) in room 212A of the SUB. It will run from 4pm - 8pm, and all science students are welcome. There is limited capacity in the room, so first come, first serve. We will have all sorts of goodies, like eggnog, punch and cookies. So come on out and join the festivities, and good luck with those finals. Also, we have started a SUS bzzr gardening crew. Contact me if you are interested in joining us on weekly garden crawls.

Remember, if you want to help out with events, be sure to e-mail me or visit me during my office hours (posted in this issue and on the door of SUS).

kscotton@interchange.ubc.ca

Enjoy the holidays!

Katharine

Editor
Jay Garcia

Free! free at last! Hahahahahahahaha! Released from the shackles of having to write these god-damned things! I have but one thing to say to all of you! Blimey! Good riddance! Actually, I'll miss you all terribly. And I'm really pissed that no-one decided to figure out who those strange people were on the back of the last issue of The 423! Now beggone! Else I shall sic my Hessian mercenaries upon you!

Internal Vice-Prez
Reka Sztopa

Well, a huge congratulations goes out to everyone on First Year Committee.

Our event, Capture the Flag, was a huge success. We had two teams of dedicated warriors pitted against each other to find the flag. Neither team could find the flag so the match ended in a draw once the forest turned black. Celebrations followed with pizza and pop and prizes were awarded to each team as well as some "most valuable player" awards. Thank you to Jo and her res floor in Totem, the kids in education and all of FYC for pulling of such a wicked event.

On another note, make sure to take a look at the contact info and office hours for your SUS council in this issue of the 432. Stop by and say hello in Hennings 102.

Signing off,

Reka

Senate
Timothy Chan

All's quiet on the Senate front. Other than that, I'd like to invite y'all to come visit our new home deep in the caves of Hennings. It's actually quite cozy and bright...but don't bring a Geiger counter...what you don't know won't hurt you. Oh, one more thing. I've been talking to a few people who have an exam hardship (three or more exams in 24 hours). Remember, you can get the second exam moved to a different date provided that you talk to your prof ahead of time (like right now!). Good luck with those last few midterms/projects/papers/assignments/reports/essays/labs/formals.

Public Relations
Adam Mott

People say to me; Adam, what is going on in the wonderful world of Public Relations and its Officers? And now it has come time for the answer... Donuts and Coffee are going on in the Public Relations world. Next Wednesday November 22nd the new SUS office will be open to provide all your caffeine needs. And I know you all need caffeine. From 8 to 10 AM there will be coffee and donuts for only 50 cents each. That's right, we have SUGAR too. Until they are all gone we will have fresh donuts to be consumed. So come on out and support the United Way by filling yourself with coffee and donuts. You'll be the happiest, hyperest person in your 8:30 class.

Sports Rep
Sara Stamm

DEADLINE FOR HANDING IN RECEIPTS FOR REBATES IS NOVEMBER 30, BY 4:30PM! YOU SNOOZE YOU LOSE!

For all those of you who don't know yet, I am giving 50-60% of your team registration fee back to you IF you are a Science team in intramurals this year (league sports or one-time tournaments), PROVIDING that you provide me with the right information ON TIME. I will be giving no exceptions to those of you who are too late.

The info that I need from you is a copy of your registration "fee paid" receipt and your team roster, as well as the name of the person or constituency that the check is to be made out to. You can bring that information to me in SUS (Henn 102), and if I'm not there, leave it in my mailbox.

Start getting teams together for next term, because those who do well will receive great things.

Signing out, your ever faultless sports rep,

SaraStamm

Taking Care of Business

Chris Weston
Lavatory Technician

I'm thinking that we should move SUS into the men's washroom. I know that this seems like a somewhat unusual proposition, but let me explain myself. Anyone who has stopped by the recently relocated SUS Lounge will agree with me that the new room is a little more space challenged than the old lounge. Perhaps you'd even like to call it "cozy." Believe it our not, our new room is not a psychology test trying to determine the minimum space people can occupy before going crazy. It's really our new spot.

It may sound like I'm complaining about our new room, but I'm not. I do think it is great that Physics offered us space in Hennings. What I'm really talking about here is priorities. Priorities just aren't in place. I mean, take for instance, the men's washroom on the basement floor of Hennings. You walk in there to do your business (if you're a guy that is) and you practically walk into an arena. On the horizon you can barely make out the tiny toilets. You start on the journey to the far side of the room, and eventually you make it over to the other side. Hey look, this vast land is occupied by other creatures which come to relieve themselves as well. You might even be able to make one of them out in the distance. Okay, so I'm exaggerating a slight bit, but the room is pretty big for a bathroom! Who really needs a room that big just to go to the washroom? Certainly not any normal person. I can't of the last time I required 30 feet of space just to go number one. Then of course there's us. We manage to fit computers, desks, a pop machine, four couches, two photocopiers, and a moose head into a space the space the size of a walk-in closet. Now who's efficient?

I propose we have a referendum for the "Science Washroom Program," because science students need a place to relax and kick back too. What place could be better than a men's washroom? If approved, we will move the current SUS Lounge in the Hennings 1st floor men's washroom. There's no need to redecorate or renovate; let's just leave it as it is! At least we'd feel at home because people spend a huge amount of time in their bathrooms. We could also rename it the "SUS Washroom."

To me, the "Science Washroom Program" just makes sense. Not only would we be helping the allotment of rooms to be more sensible, but I bet we would improve our efficiency and productivity by at least a few hundred percent as well. Where else, other than a washroom, do you accomplish so much work in so little time? The answer my friends is no place! You're in, you do what needs to be done, and you're out. There's no fooling around. Also, not only would we have a sink again, but we'd have a whole bunch of sinks to do all sorts of neat things with. And those toilets, well who can't think of great things to do with a toilet (besides the obvious of course)! For courtesy of others in SUS though, I think we should probably decommission the toilets from their previous duties. It'd get too nasty if we didn't.

Let's not forget the very best part about the men's bathroom. We could pretty much be as dirty and messy as our little hearts desire, and no one would notice because it's the men's bathroom! We've all seen the SUS Lounge after it has been cleaned, and we've all seen it five minutes later when it looks more like a garbage dump than a SUS Lounge. Why bother to clean it up anymore, let's just let it be. So enough of this talk, I say we go ahead with it. Let's get a place we can really call our own - a washroom. A place where every science student can come, and a place where we can fit inside. We'd definitely be the faculty with the coolest lounge, that's for sure!

If you can stand the strange, noxious odours wafting out from behind the computer office, the SUS lounge is a great place to hang out and just plain ol' chill.

I've been stuck in this place (well, the idealized concept of SUS) for nigh unto six or seven years.

Chris, as the Director of Publications, is off to a good start. It's his first year here at the University, and he intends to stick around and shepherd this here paper. Which is all well and good, but this paper isn't exactly a sheep. It's really more goatlike: smelly, ornery, and liable to eat anything placed directly in front of it.

Good luck, Chris!

--ed

God Damn Us, Every One

Andy Martin

Head for a Century

I'm pissed off. No, I mean I'm really pissed off. More than usual. Pissed even beyond the range my "violent" and "potentially unstable" mood swings take me. A great man once said "I want to fuck everyone, I want to burn everything, I want to kill everyone in the world (or so, I can't find the NIN lyrics sheet)." Said man may be a borderline lunatic, but he's famous

and therefore great. But regardless, it takes a special kind of state of mind to personally associate with this depressing/angry quotation from a millionaire Hollywood white boy.

But what the hell am I doing, about to take up your time with a personal rant? Well, because this is a unique situation that I believe you'll find interesting in addition to the humour you'll find at my pain. That's what I'm here for. Anyways, to my pain:

God, I hate Americans. I really, really hate Americans. I pride myself on not hating anybody/thing. Anger, that's a whole different State of Florida. Writing this paper every other weekend, Jay and I often burst into a tap dance number of the 'I Have an Overwhelming Urge to Burn Something' theme. But that's undirected aggression (i.e. anger), not hate. I have very little hate in me, most of it for Americans. True, I work in Alaska (my present locale), will probably be going somewhere in the states for Grad

School, and do enjoy the pubic- I mean public, services of Nevada, but I just can't stand damn Americans.

Now, any Americans taking advantage of UBC's low tuition, high alcohol percentage, and overabundance of hot women and reading this may be offended. Rest assured that this is a purely reactionary stance from months of harassment. Being a working Canadian in the U.S. like being a Negro in a Steinbek book. I keep expecting the townsfolk to show up to my doorstep with torches, pitchforks and a noose. You see, Americans can no longer release their sexual frustrations by beating blacks, Jews, gays or David Koresh. It's just not PC anymore. So what can they do about it? They turn to previously under-utilized racism resources, lesser resources not used before, but turned to in a time of need.

Read the average American comedy act. It's full of jokes about the French, the British, and, or course, Canadians. No jokes about blacks, Jews or gays (unless the comic themselves are of that order, in which case, it's their entire act).

And then I come up to Alaska, and have to live in the middle of it. The phrase 'everyone's a comedian' holds true. And the fact is that 90% of the population doesn't know what's funny.

For instance, in my mission briefing yesterday, an American responded to my BC Lions jacket (w/ CFL maple leaf logo) by singing the words 'O Canada' (the words, not the song) over and over to completely random and off-key notes. Ha ha. This is irritating enough without considering that this has happened at least ten times this year.

I responded "What, you don't like Canadians?"

"Oh man, don't get me started."

Huh? What could he possibly have against us? I endured another day of being referred to loudly as 'that Canadian'. He shut up pretty quickly when I asked him why it's still called the 'U.S.A.' and not 'New North Vietnam'.

Now the U.S., there's a country to hate. They gave us capitalism beyond all, an attempted invasion in 1812, the nuclear bomb and the ensuing 50 year treat of being caught in a nuclear crossfire, continued global imperialism and the entire MTV pop band/GAP/Starbucks/Windows95 horse manure smoothie they call 'culture'. And they wonder why everyone hates them.

Recently, there's been constant joking about a war between Canada and the U.S. It may be a joke, and they might have an armed forces larger than our entire population, but we'll win hands down if we ever come head-to-head because of three points:

1) Half of the country doesn't know where to attack.

(Note: In the bar last night, I told an Alaskan I was from B.C., he replied 'Where's that?' You know, that province bordering you on the South?)

2) Recent history shows us that when a war breaks out involving the U.S., there's a mass run for the Canadian border. More than enough human shields.

3) It's right there in the U.S. Constitution: 'Firearms are not allowed off the playground.'

Recently, reading a book on Vimy Ridge (when I told an American that my book was about Vimy Ridge, he replied: 'Who?'), I found that some of the best fighters were drunk out of their tree. If there's any significant correlation, we'll beat 'em easy. I start feeling drunk on about 4 Canadian beers. I recently sat in an American bar from 5pm-3am, drinking constantly, and didn't even begin to feel out of it.

And then there's the liquor stores. Last year, a shining ray of holy light came down and God planted some Big Rock in an Alaskan liquor store for me to uncover. This year, God forsook. I can't find it anywhere, and the store clerks had never heard of it. It was replaced by a multitude of 'Pete's' beers. I don't know who Pete is, but his beer sucks.

Last year, I picked up a sixer of 'Pete's Winter Ale'. Now, living in Vancouver, one learns that Winter and Christmas Ales kick ass, so I thought this one must be good. I brought it back to my apartment, cracked one open, took a swig, placed the bottle on the table, and

promptly hemorrhaged. I neglected to read the fine print that it was a

'nutmeg ale with raspberry flavouring.' (yes, I added the 'u' in there, so sue me)

Going to the movies costs $12 Can. (with no concept of cheap Tuesday), CDs are $23, and a shot of the cheapest scotch can run up to $10. What have I done?! I left it all behind. All the life, the love and the luxury. This is the worst mistake I've ever made in my life. Well, the second worst...

God, I hate transvestites.

Wow. It was going really, really well until the Transvestites line. Then again, I'm not exactly sure why Andy hates transvestites so much, considering that he looks really good in a skirt. Oh, all right, it's a kilt, but he's just got the kind of legs that would look good in something soft and frilly, if you could ever shave off that unsightly forest of hair.

Whoa. That's way too much thought on that topic.

--ed

SUS HAS MOVED!

We are now located in Hennings 102.

Come check out the new office and use our $0.05 photocopier, $0.75 pop, free water, free phone, free computers etc.

Come and talk to our friendly SUS Councillors. Office hours and contact information are on this page.

SUS COUNCIL -OFFICE HOURS 2000-01 : TERM 1

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
8:30	Anna				
9:30			Linda		
10:30	Jason E. Katharine	Warren Keri	Katharine Karene	Keri	Katharine Theresa
11:30	Sara	Alan Lana Keri	Sara	Natasha Nadine	Sara
12:30	Sameer Ben	Corrie Myk	Reka Adrian	Corrie	Jason C. Dan
1:30	Tim Juliana	Chris W. Myk Tommy	Sherry May	SUS COUNCIL	
2:30	Julia	Janek	Kristin Kenneth	Janel	Viktor Ryan
3:30	Jaisun		Katharine	Scarlett Adam	Ryan
4:30	Jaisun			Peter	

SCIENCE COUNCIL 2000-2001

NAME	POSITION	EMAIL ADDRESS
EXECUTIVE		
Keri Gammon	**President**	kagammon@interchange.ubc.ca
Reka Sztopa	**Internal VP**	rsztopa@interchange.ubc.ca
Ajay Puri	**External VP**	apuri112@yahoo.com
Sherry Yang	**Secretary**	sherryyyang@yahoo.com
Jag Dost	**D of Finance**	jag517@home.com
Chris Weston	**D of Publications**	wcweston@interchange.ubc.ca
Sara Stamm	**Sports Rep**	sastamm@interchange.ubc.ca
Adam Mott	**Public Relations Officer**	admott@interchange.ubc.ca
Katharine Scotton	**Social Coordinator**	kscotton@interchange.ubc.ca
Timothy Chan	**Science Senator**	timchan@interchange.ubc.ca
OTHER		
Sameer Wahid	**Science Sales Manager**	wahid@interchange.ubc.ca
Jay Garcia	**Editor of the 432**	jgarcia@interchange.ubc.ca
YEAR/DEPARTMENT REPS		
Scarlett Yim	**General Officer**	sluscious@hotmail.com
Jaisun Garcha	**General Officer**	jaisung@home.com
Janel Casey	**General Officer**	jbcasey@interchange.ubc.ca
	General Officer	
May Tee	**First year rep**	mctee@interchange.ubc.ca
Juliana Lam	**First year rep**	juliana_y_t_lam@hotmail.com
Theresa Liao	**Science One rep**	theresaliao@hotmail.com
	Coordinated Science rep	
Jason Elliott	**Biochemistry rep**	jeelliot@interchange.ubc.ca
Paul Dhillon	**Biology rep**	paul_dhillon@hotmail.com
Sameer Wahid	**Chemistry rep**	wahid@interchange.ubc.ca
Mike White	**Computer Science rep**	michaelw@interchange.ubc.ca
Kristin Lyons	**Earth&Ocean Sciences rep**	kristinlyons@home.com
Adam Wright	**General Science rep**	gomacleo@hotmail.com
Dan Anderson	**Geography rep**	psycho_dan@hotmail.com
Corisande Baldwin	**Integrated Science rep**	corrie@infomine.com
Jason Chuang	**Math & Stats rep**	jchuang@pobox.com
Tommy Gerschman	**Microbiology rep**	tommydg@interchange.ubc.ca
Julia Haber	**Pharm & Physiology rep**	jhaber@interchange.ubc.ca
Benjamin Warrington	**Physics & Astronomy rep**	benjawar@interchange.ubc.ca
Natasha Szucs	**Psychology rep**	natszucs@interchange.ubc.ca
CLUB REPS		
Ryan Morasiewicz	**AIMS rep**	ryanmor@interchange.ubc.ca
Gloria Wong	**Biosoc club rep**	wayne_wong@telus.net
Gina Tsai	**BPP club rep**	gina_tsai32@hotmail.com
Linda Miller	**Chem club rep**	diamondsteed@hotmail.com
Warren Cheung	**CSSS club rep**	wac@intergate.bc.ca
Adrian Mitchell	**Dawson club rep**	adrianm@interchange.ubc.ca
	General Science club rep	
Viktor Brumovsky	**Geography Students Assoc**	viktor@interchange.ubc.ca
Anna Voeuk	**Integrated Sciences Assoc**	avoeuk@interchange.ubc.ca
Janek Klawe	**Math club rep**	jeklawe@interchange.ubc.ca
Chris Gin	**MISA club rep**	tamiya_guy@hotmail.com
Karene Chu	**Physsoc club rep**	kchu@physics.ubc.ca
Peter Sidhu	**Pre-Dental club rep**	gusidhu@interchange.ubc.ca
Aaron Baxter	**Pre-Medical club rep**	baxterboys@bc.sympatico.ca
Greg White	**Pre-Optometry club rep**	gregwhite14@hotmail.com
Nadine Ho	**PSA club rep**	nadineho@interchange.ubc.ca
Alan Warkentin	**SOS club rep**	neurosurgeon@dr.com
Kenneth Kwok	**STORM club rep**	kennetkL@interchange.ubc.ca