VOLUME ELEVEN ISSUE FIVE
31 OKTOBER 1997

The 432.

APEC SPECTACULAR!

Monkey Hearts! World Dictators! Poorly-trained snipers! Fun for the Whole Family!

APEC Protesters Cause Stock Market Crash

"I should have known it was the hippies." -New York Stock Broker

Earle Warren
Financial Correspondent

The DOW Jones index fell by over 500 points on Monday, the largest single fall in the history of the market.

Fingers are already pointing; and they're pointing North, towards the University of British Columbia. Stock brokers and financial experts everywhere are tracing the fall directly to a group of student protesters, known as APEC Alert!

During a press conference last Friday, members of APEC Alert! were asked by 432 reporters to comment on the economic situation in China.

One of the activists, Jimmy Ting, responded. "The fascist government in China won't last long," said Jimmy. "I wouldn't be surprised if their whole market crashed next week."

432 reporters were among the first to discover that it was this simple comment from an oft-ignored, self-important tree-hugger which started a cascade of events which would lead to the politically correct 'Monday of Colour.'

What follows is an accurate, moment by moment reconstruction of the events leading up to the fated crash.

Friday, Oct. 24th 1997, 5:16pm: 432 Reporters head to a local watering hole to compile their story. One of the topics discussed is Mr. Ting's comments.

5:22pm : Stock broker John Fallows overhears the conversation, and mistakes Mr. Ting's quote for a serious tip. Finishing his drink, and two others, he hurries home, and on to the internet.

6:13pm : *432* reporters carted out of the bar by several burly policefolk. Tossed in the back of a poorly-ventilated paddywagon, they chat once again about the day's events.

> "I think it was the leaflets."
> -APEC Alert Member.

6:45pm : Mr. Fallows returns home, logs onto the internet, and heads straight for the stockbroker's chat room on CNNSI. Seeing as this room was full, he logs onto his favourite teen porn site. One of his close friends and occasional partner, Constable Roy McDonald is also on line.

7:32pm : Discussion between Mr. Fallows and Const. McDonald falls into the realm of the financial. Strangely, they both seem to have heard the same rumour about an expected market crash in China.

7:45pm : The rumours are confirmed by several other members of the chat site, all of whom are connecting from a domain somewhere in the Vancouver Police system. These users have not been identified.

8:41pm : Mr. Fallows and Const.. MacDonald agree to meet early the next morning to discuss this issue. In the meantime, they continue chatting.

10:52pm : 432 reporters are released from jail, and head immediately to the nearest bar.

10:58pm: 432 reporters are forcibly removed from said bar, and decide to return home.

3:32am, October 25th 1997, Hong Kong: Mr. Chin-Li Hung, a broker for the Xiang Trading Company, monitors numerous chat sites where brokers are known to exchange information. Among them: TeenSexWorld. Mr. Hung files his report, and goes home.

7:00am, October 26th 1997, Hong Kong: Xiang Trading Director Frederick Wu scans through the weekends reports. His eyer catches on a conversation between two investors in Vancouver, BC. Working on a hunch, he immedeately orders his brokers to sell hard, and sell early. Economic chaos ensues.

9:30am, Oktober 26th, 1997, New York: Traders in New York watch the Hang Seng fall like Mike Tyson. Reacting immediately, they sell, sell, and sell some more.

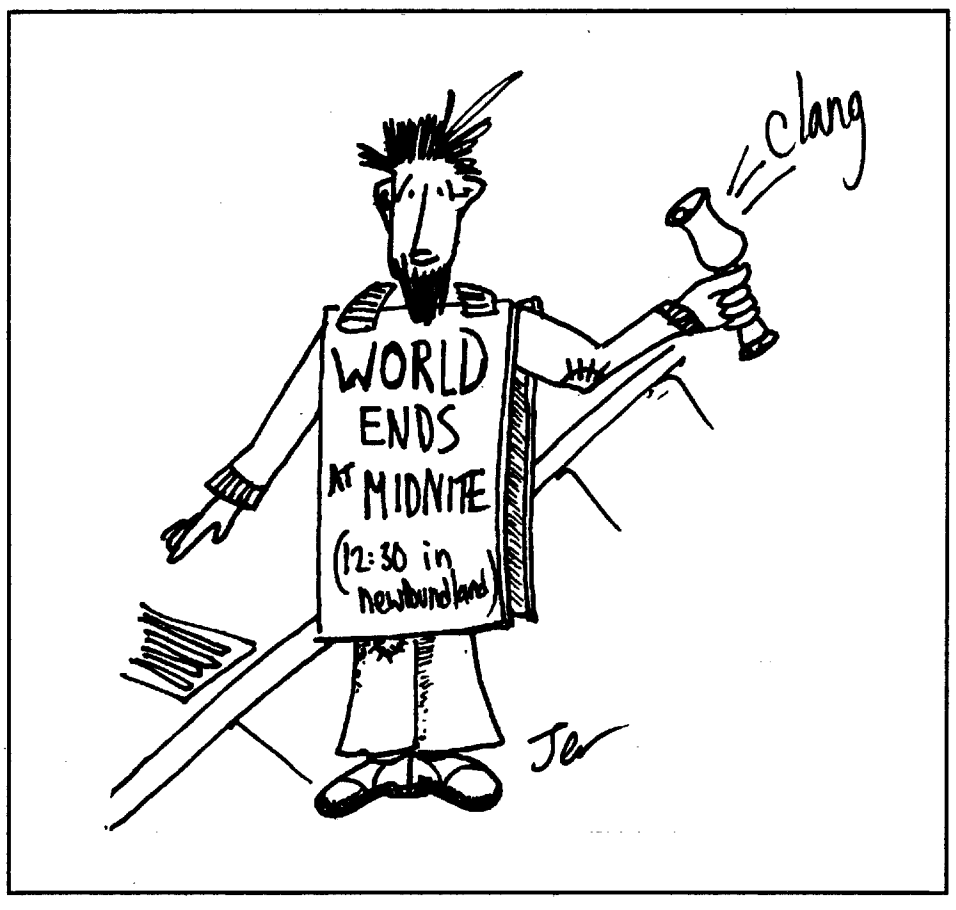
4:32pm, Oktober 26th, 1997, New York: The New York Stock exchange stops trading, after a historic loss of 554.26 points. Millions are left in financial ruin.

Representatives from APEC Alert! have downplayed their role in this economic catastrophe, insisting that Mr. Ping's comments were "off the cuff."

"We like anarchy as much as the next bunch of radical activists," said representative Martha Traper. " But we can't assume responsibility for this kind of thing. Our leaflet campaign, however, has been effective in persuading several students not to glare at us."

The U.S. Government, in the meantime, is not amused. President Bill Clinton has promised to personally address this issue, and has suggested that direct action may be taken against the protesters.

Jimmy Ting, in the meantime, has not contacted reporters, and has not been seen since Friday. He has not been spotted since Friday night, when he was seen painting the plaza outside Koerner Library.



Slot Machines Approved Everywhere

Jean C. Fibble
Addicted Correspondent

Ottawa (Reuters)

In a surprise move Thursday. the BC Lottery Corporation has decided to not only force through slot machines in GVRD casinos, but to advise the installation of the one-armed bandits in non-sanctioned casinos, as well.

"After carefully studying six selected research essays on gambling addiction, we've decided the problem doesn't exist. There is no longer any reason to ignore this source of revenue," stated BC Lottery Corporation Representative Katherine Cosowan.

"Concerns have been raised about our proposed sites, particularly the Main and Hastings location, so action had to be taken to show exactly how safe these devices are."

BC Minister of Finance Andrew Petter had a more practical view. "Just think of all the money that changes hands on that street corner every night! Why, between the smack dealers and the whores, $500,000 must go through there on a Tuesday.

"If the government can tap into those funds, we could get velvet suits for the Legislature!"

"I think this is a deliberate move against us," said West End Christian Bingo Coalition member Judy Sunhill, "it's our God-given right to profit off of addicted gamblers. Now the government is starting to step on our turf, and He's not happy. Our work is hard enough around here without the government taking away our funding."

15,000 slot machines are expected to be installed by 1998 in venues ranging from 7-11 to the UBC Bookstore Line-up.

The 432.

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The editorial staff would like to remind you to play safe this Hallowe'en. Always obey the instructions on your fireworks, and remember to keep your Molotov Cocktails to under five litres. And remember: diesel fertilizer bombs work well in wars, but not during fireworks displays.

The 432 is the official newspaper of the Science Undergraduate Society, published twice monthly from our offices in low orbit.

All opinions expressed herein are strictly those of the individual writers and not those of *The 432* or the Science Undergrad Society.

Writers and cartoonists from all faculties are encouraged to submit material to *The 432*. All submissions must meet the strict deadline requirements and should not exceed 1000 words.

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Sarin-a-rific!

Jake **Gray**

APEC is an interesting idea. For just a few million dollars in extra policing and security, we get to have a few of the world's most totalitarian dictators come to our wonderful town and clog up our streets with armed escorts for a couple of weeks. I really can't understand why any city coordinator would want to have this conference in their town. Think of the logistics involved. Here we are bringing some of the most hated individuals in the world, and having them all eat dinner in one place at one time. Think of the possibilities! A little sarin gas cloud in the Pan-Pacific could wipe out half of the tinpot dictators of the Far East. Not that this would be an easy feat, but it wouldn't be too much of a challenge for an enterprising young person with a computer and a little lab access. Its got to be nearly impossible for CSIS, even with their new found powers of being able to place taps and bugs without permits, to find the one sociopath with the guts and the know-how to make a name for himself.

How would it look for Vancouver to be known as the apex of death where international conferences end in mayhem and bloodshed with funerals for all? I'm all for it. I mean that Vancouver be known for offing world leaders. I don't think I'd actually like the bloodshed and mayhem, not if I was directly involved anyway, but if a few members of the APEC conference got bumped off, the chances any more would ever come to Vancouver would be pretty slim, eliminating the need for all this extra security. Besides, I'm really getting tired of the sloppy phone taps. Yesterday the stupid idiots were pumping sound from the white van across the street into my phone receiver. I pick up the phone to call my mom and there's a couple CSIS guys on the line arguing about what kind of pizza to get. Like I'm going to talk about plots to assassinate world leaders on my personal line. What kind of moron do they take me for?

This whole increased number of spooks around really puts a crimp in my social life. It's really hard to pick up chicks with suits watching you all the time. It makes me feel somewhat self-conscious. Then there's the snipers. They've always been a hassle.

How are they going to check everyone going into these conferences? And what if the big wigs are the ones packing heat? Lets face it, these aren't exactly the kind of people who give change to the Salvation Army Santas. These are some really bad guys, nasty wasties, bad bad bad. I'm not going to be too surprised when Suharto whips out an AK-47 at the dinner at the presidential mansion. Which brings another little thought to mind. The Federal government, your buddy and mine, spent a huge amount of dough, i.e. 4-5 million, on a renovation to Martha Piper's new digs just for one dinner during APEC.

I'd like to know who actually thought this up and who approved the whole thing. It's really just a big shmooze session for totally powerful people, totally removed from reality. I guess UBC is a perfect place for it. Its not like UBC has ever resided any where near reality anyway.

-Jake is about as far from reality as it gets. Last time I heard, he was living in a large mushroom on South Campus. -ed.

Seven out of eight world dictators prefer The 432 over The Underground, The Province, and The New York Times.

Editorial.

Jeremy **Thorp**

Some of you may wonder why we chose to do our APEC spectacular, 24 days away from the actual event.

Well, folx, it's Haloween. It's time for scary, scary things. Things like dictators, snipers, and attack dogs. Things like APEC.

The following issue contains articles which are, by my request, almost all completely concerned with the Asia Pacific Economic Co-operation forum. Some of them are somewhat serious, while others are a complete farce. All are entertaining.

I suggest that you all start with Blake Hinton's article, on page 3. It'll provide you with a summary of APEC and the issues which surround it. Then you can delve into the rest.

There's gonna be a lot of action here at UBC, later in the month. Myself, I'm planning on being in the middle of it all.

Here's something to do, if you're looking for entertainment:

Wear a navy blue, pin-striped suit, a pair of RayBans, and one of those single ear earphones that used to come with TVs. Walk down main mall until you find a sniper, positioned on one of the roofs.

Get his or her attention. Point to a random person in the crowd, and suddenly shout "Him! Take him down! Now!"

You'll be amazed just how much havoc gunfire can cause during the lunch hour.

If you want to get a little more personal, dress like a sniper, climb to the roof of a building, and relieve the sniper who is currently on duty. Tell him that you seem to have forgotten you gun, and that you'll have to borrow his (or hers).

Now you can play god. Have fun.

Mind you, you can can get in a great deal of trouble doing this kind of thing. Last year, John tried to give the Prime Minister a wedgie, during a 432 field trip to Ottawa. He returned two weeks later, bleary eyed, slow of speech, and reeking of alcohol. What was weird, though, was that he didn't remember any of the missing time. Even worse, he started voting Liberal.

It's never a good idea to get on the bad side of the Secret Service. Not only do they have guns, listening devices, and truth serums, they can also play a mean game of Yahtzee.

.....

In a related topic, *The Underground* printed an article in their last issue, depicting our beloved President Bella Carvalho as a single, desperate, loser.

One question for *The Underground*:

Have you actually *looked* at your President lately?

I didn't think so.

Jer

-Jer. (jerthorp@unixg.ubc.ca)

p.s. Jake McKinlay rules!

APEC For Idiots.

Blake Hinton

Well-informed Correspondent

APEC: Global, Corporate, Imperialistic. When you look around campus these days you may have noticed APEC posters posted in every possible location. Well what does APEC stand for? This was my question as I was watching CPAC some months ago. Instead of the usual MLA's viciously attacking each other (quality entertainment) there was a group of activist on their soap boxes protesting this something called APEC. This particular group peaked my interest, as the crowd watching was mostly old hippies (and the photographers covering the event). I spent the all of my time watching this trying to figure out what APEC was.

A Pure Evil Conference? That was my first guess, from the way people shouted about it and all of the associated evils. While the protesters screamed themselves hoarse against it, they didn't say what it was. I found out what it actually stood for at a later date by total accident.

The day was October 7th and I had arrived at my biology class an hour early (sorry. Being on campus for 12 hours in a row leaves one with some extra time on their hands). There was a sign on the door that read "APEC information meeting". I couldn't believe my luck! After being driven crazy for months, I was going to find out what this APEC thing was.

APEC stands for Asia-Pacific Economic Co-operation forum, as the small audience in the lecture hall was informed. It was formed in 1989, and is composed of 18 member countries, within a region containing 2 billion people, 56% of world GDP and 46% of the total world exports. Representatives from each country meet several times a year in the hosting country which is followed up by a leaders summit. This year has been Canada's turn to host, with meetings held in various cities across the country, and the leadership meeting to take place here in Vancouver. The leaders of the 18 member countries will be meeting in Vancouver on November the 21st to the 25th to discuss various issues, but what has left some people with their hackles up is the meeting of the 18 leaders in the Great Hall at the Museum of Anthropology, and the luncheon at the Norman MacKenzie House. Major renovations are being done in preparation for the luncheon, and around $300,000 has been spent gussying up the MacKenzie House (tab picked up by two sponsors). The luncheon will be held on the 25th and a bubble zone will be set up around the Museum of Anthropology for this event.

This was the basic information covered at the meeting. If you don't believe me, attend the next one, on Nov. 6th in Angus 104, 12:30-1:30. Even if you don't care, some bodies to fill all the empty seats makes it look like more than a small group of people give a damn.

Now for the fun part of the meeting. It had only been underway for 5 minutes when the first interruption occurred . An old hippie in a bad need of a haircut (fear the capitalist scissors) started going on about workers and how they related to the economy in response to the speaker saying APEC was concerned with economic issues only.

Things really became interesting when the chance for questions came around at the end of the meeting. Someone from APEC ALERT was claiming the bubble zone was against their democratic right to protest in the faces of the international leaders, and demanded to hear the legal explanation. I think 99% of the people realized that with the leaders of half the world present in one location some security measures are necessary. The bubble zone is in fact legal, and if you want to know the specifics, and can't get a good nights sleep until you know what they are..... look it up yourself. When our friendly protester had this pointed out too him, the response was "We're a non-violent organization!". Again I think everyone but him realized it was the violent wackos out there that the RCMP are concerned about. Our friendly protester didn't take that well either..... does our doctor have any cure for tunnel vision? Seems that every action taken by any authority group was a direct violation of someone's rights and freedoms.

Well I've talked about APEC but who are these people protesting it? One group, APEC ALERT, is a non-violent group composed of students, former students, faculty, and staff at UBC. They say APEC stands for "Assholes, Politicians, Economists, and Cops" (Direct quote from their web page). Another quote from their page is "The RCMP has already stated that APEC will be the largest security operation in its history, and the presence of snipers and riot police on campus has been confirmed. APEC is supposed to be a public relations spectacle for dictators, politicians, business executives and their hangers-on, but APEC ALERT is working to make sure that their spectacle will NOT proceed as planned." Another protest group, NO APEC, also stands for something, but all these acronyms are giving me a headache. It is composed of women's, labour, solidarity and social activist groups, who stand united against the imperialistic agenda of liberalization, deregulation, and privatization (Oh how I miss Stalinist USSR... the line ups, the corrupt bureaucracy.. the forced labour camps...ahh). When I read about the composition of the groups that are opposed to APEC, I realized why I disliked them so much.

Well regardless of what you think about APEC come November 25th things are going to get interesting. Riot police, snipers, non-violent protesters will all be present on campus when the leaders of half the world show up (the '94 Stanley Cup finals started out as non-violent as a hockey game can be, and look what happened). This is my attempt at informing science students who are normally unaware of the happenings of the world around them. So when the fun starts on the 25th you will know not to follow large mobs heading to the north side of campus, and to possibly get inside when the tear gas flies. Me? I'll be around with my trusty camcorder getting footage of the whole thing to sell to the highest biding American television network. See you there, and try not to get shot with any rubber bullets.

-Unlike the rest of my writers, Blake actually knows what APEC is all about. Wow. Keener. -ed

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SPORTS REBATES

Applications Availible in Chem B160.
Application Deadline
Nov 28th.

APathEtiC.

Breeonne Baxter

Benched Minor

A friend of mine is working in the APEC computer van. A big futuristic double semi trailer with more gadgets than the Inspector. (do do do do doot, Inspector Gadget...) Fiber optics, 500 megahertz-thing, laser satellites, pentium 1000... OK, I don't know what that means, but I do know it's very very expensive. With a capital cha-ching.

My buddy (no, you don't know him), who I will call "Dilbert", gets to work in this van. He likens it to the Batmobile, with it's wondrous technology. He gets to program the various dignitaries laptops and pagers and Fidos and stuff. So when United States president Bill Clinton (aka Bubba) starts playing Solitaire during the Human Rights Conference, of APEC, Dilbert will have programmed it to play extra easy, and let him win.

Although, to give Clinton credit, at least he'll show up. Ever notice how the people who most need the whuppin' manage to escape the stick? I am referring to how the leaders of Indonesia and China, the countries that plow over the common man, will most likely not be at this conference. After all, would you want to be harassed about how your government is not very nice?

I think not.

And Canada's Prime Minister, the wondrous Jean Chretian, will not raise much a fuss. Because, after all, we wouldn't want to ANNOY anyone. Canadians are the politest set of wimps I have ever come across. Take the so-called "fish war" out on BC waters recently. Glen Clark is mad that Ottawa wouldn't send our Navy to fire upon Alaskan salmon fishermen, like they did on the east coast and those Spanish turbot fishermen. Glen Clark misses the point. Those were a few rusty trawlers. This is the Americans. Big country. Big ego. Big army. Hey, Glen Clark can piss off the States. We'd become part of Greater Seattle within a week.

But I have wandered from my point.

Canada, in agreeing to host the APEC, has once again bent over to the money machine. Are you confused about APEC? Want Breeonne's patented "APEC-in-a-can"? OK, here it is: Our money makers want to make more MONEY. To make more MONEY, we need to open more deals with trading partners. Being in BC, we are closer to the Asia-Pacific countries, boat-wise, than most other places. This is NEAR. Near. Far. Near. Far. So, if we can trade with countries that are NEAR, it will cost less money than if we trade with a country that is FAR. Who cares about human rights violations? Who cares about burning rainforest? Who cares about suppression of freedom?

Not I, said the money man.

Not I, said the tax man.

Not I, said the company man.

Not I, said the press who would like the harsh words anticipated in the leader's conference. After all, they don't see enough gossip lately.

I, said the student protesters.

And haven't they been vocal? Posters, spray paint, tarped structures. Unfortunately, they picked the campus worth the least amount of student activism in North America. Honestly, no one seems to care. And their tactics aren't very user-friendly. OK, paper the bus stop. Hand out pamphlets to people entering the SUB. But why are you spray paining the concrete? Painting lipstick on the Goddess of Democracy won't get you much enthusiasm. It's called "unnecessary antagonism". People instead walk past, ignoring the Anti-APEC people like they avoid the long-distance salesmen. Too much other stuff to do. Has anyone considered that this was why they chose UBC?

It's not our problem, students say. We have midterms, labs, tutorials, beer gardens. We can't be bothered with bad things in far off lands. We have to party hard, drink hard, sleep in. We have always had democracy. Life ain't that bad, is it?

Tell that to the lone student protester standing down the tank in Tianamen square.

-here, here. -ed.

Phallic Fireworks...

Miss Jenn
Explosives Expert

Halloween is here again and with it comes your average yearly traditions -kids in the perennially unsafe pinhole-eyed plastic masks; digging for small change covered in crumbs and popcorn from the sofa cushions to give to the Unicef boxes, and an evening spent with your head in the toilet bowl because you gave all the trick-or-treaters Sunmaid Raisin Boxes and some restaurant after-dinner-mints, while keeping the good candy for yourself.

Of all the traditions though ,the most endearing is, by far, blowing stuff up. In the area I grew up in, Halloween was just an excuse for the men of the neighbourhood to turn the family garage in to a small nuclear arsenal. For that one magical night, the local lads could honestly say that they had enough firepower in their hands to declare war on a small country. As long as that country's defense system could differentiate between a Burning Schoolhouse and a nuclear warhead, that is.

The annual testosterone fireworks display was always a guy thing. Girls and young lads were restricted to standing on the opposite corner with sparklers while the men planted phallic rockets in the sand, setting them off with the warning "You girls better stand back, this is a big puppy and when he blows, he blows good." Looking back, there's something deeply disturbing about that in a Freudian sort of way which probably explains why we were happy to stay far away from the guys, holding a big fiery stick in front of us. Well, it's high time us sparkler nerds gave the menfolk a run for their money. They may have 4 Safeway bags full of low-grade explosives, but we have, well, a grape, some purple liquid, and a lot of Chem labs behind us.

Chemistry is great - not only is it the only subject where you can talk about rear-entry interactions without blushing, but you learn to do a lot of stuff, the only practical application of which is the detonation and immolation of various substances. Let's start out small, with the aforementioned grape.

Take your grape, cut it in half, and put it in your microwave with the cut sides up and the edges touching. Put the microwave on high for about a minute and put your nose up to the glass - you get a wee light show. I'm not sure how well this translates to other fruit but the seasonal possibilities are intriguing. Try it with a pumpkin. If you haven't got a big enough microwave, find another form of low frequency electromagnetic radiation. Theoretically, a bisected pumpkin under a tanning bed and a Fresnel lens could arc enough to light a small stadium.

If you're looking for a little more advanced science, potassium permanganate is useful stuff to have around. One normally acquires in it solution, where it looks not unlike grape Koolaid. Besides the attractive hue, KMnO4 has the advantage of exploding on contact with plenty of readily oxidizable stuff. A friend of my Mum's tells me that a mixture of potassium permanganate and iodine will, if left for awhile, crystallize. If you smash said crystals forcibly, a pretty decent explosion results. Considering this is the same man who, as a precocious child, once launched a small cannonball into his mother's luncheon party, destroying the parlour door in the process, I'd say chances are it's going to work.

Perhaps the granddaddy of explosive chemicals is acetylene, a welder's best friend. I seem to remember from last year's Chem studies that acetylene is rather easy to come by, and can be formed by a fairly simple reaction involving water and something which I shouldn't mention here. By itself it yields what is best described as a major incendiary event. Add a touch of chlorine (hot tub water will do) and your incendiary event becomes a cataclysmic flaming moment of glory. We did this in a lecture last year and a little too much chlorine was added. It was then discovered that acetylene could not only be used for welding, but for removing several square metres of multiple paint layers instantly.

So this Halloween when the men are fighting over who has the longest Roman Candle, gather the neighbourhood kids around for a little science show. Just make sure they don't confuse permanganate crystals with PopRocks.

-Ok. So this article has nothing to do with APEC. But, let's face it, something is bound to blow up. Let's just hope it's a grape, and not, say, John Hallett. -ed

Ask Dr. Temple

Craig Temple
Glorified Vetrinarian

With Halloween tonight, the hospital has requested that people utilize the new express lane in the emergency room. This will be for people with severe third-degree burns from fireworks (or dry ice bombs), eggshell shrapnel wounds, ruptured livers due to severe alcohol poisoning, or severed tongues due to booby-trapped candied apples. By using this new public service, people will now be helped within three hours. For all foreign body extractions please see Nurse Bruhweiler at the regular outpatient desk. But no more of this foolish monkey business, we have a patient that must be ~~cured~~ ~~helped~~ heard.

Dear Dr. Temple,

I'm sorry to bother you, but I'm afraid that I have been growing a trifle too much body hair. This wouldn't disturb me, but the fact that I can no longer walk past a banana without savagely rendering it from peel and consuming it in a blind rage has gotten me worried. I spoke to my pet sock about it and she told me that I should ask someone more qualified in medicine. So naturally I thought of Dr. Temple. I ask you doctor; do my simian symptoms mean that I am reverting back to my ancestral form, or am I gay? Either way I feel that my trips to the zoo are becoming more and more emotionally significant. Now I could live with my newfound way of life, in fact I've had nothing but compliments from my girlfriend, but I do miss the silky smooth feeling of pulling my favorite pair of panty-hose on. Also the issue of clingons is quite serious, but shouldn't be discussed in a magazine of this caliber. So, if you know of any remedies to my current condition, I would be very appreciative if you could share them.

Adam S. Imian

Adam, I did some research into your case, and I found out that you are indeed the "Ape Baby" of about seventeen years ago. You were too young to remember this, and apparently your parents decided not to tell you, there was quite a scandal over you. Twenty years ago the most popular animal on television was Bobo the chimpanzee, he destroyed Lassie in the nielsens, and his career was running like a freight train. Then poor Bobo, at the age of three became very ill; his tiny heart was being rejected by his own body. Scientists said that, due to some freak of probability, the little chimp's DNA responsible for rejection of foreign heart tissue, normally 97% the same as humans, was 100% the same as humans. This meant that poor Bobo needed a human heart. Volunteers came from all corners of the world bearing their children as gifts, but Bobo needed a special heart. Only one boy had that heart, and although his parents were ready to sacrifice their own child for the happiness of all the children of the world, the human rights activists were adamant that no human's life should be taken in order to preserve that of an animal's. The debate raged on for months, and all the while poor Bobo was becoming sicker and sicker. After taking the case to the Supreme Court, a decision was reached; Bobo and the boy were to switch hearts. A new breakthrough in medicine could cause the human body to accept animal tissue, the little boy was to be the final test of the drug. A one-time dosage of the drug was administered, and the operation proceeded. For months interest Bobo's recovery was high. When it looked as if he was about to return to show business, a terrible scandal involving Bobo and Flipper rocked the tabloids and destroyed his career. Since the boy's name was never released because he was a minor, interest faded, and was replaced by news of a cow that had three stomachs. Adam, this young boy is you, you are the little boy who became the final test of the drug. Apparently a side effect of the drug is that the subject develops characteristics of the animal who donated the tissue. Unfortunately, there is nothing we can do about these side effects, all I can say is that you shouldn't be alarmed if you develop an urge to pick the lice out of your girlfriend's hair and eat it. Also I recommend that you take up mountain climbing, as I feel that you will be quite good at it. Apart from that I wish you luck in your new 'way of life' as you put it.

We can all learn a lesson from what Adam is going through; try to find the best in what is given to you, don't go ape over things that you can't change. If you have any questions about you health that I can assist you with e-mail me at drtemple@unixg.ubc.ca and remember: The doctor is in.

-Bobo served several years in a federal penitentiary. Today, he is the leader of the Reform Party of Canada. -ed.

REAL
PATSCAN
WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

This seminar will provide you with an overview of trade-mark law in Canada. It will look briefly at provincially registered trade names and explain the relationship between trade-marks and trade names. The seminar will look at domestic and international aspects of trade-mark law and will also review the basics of how to register and what may be registered.

The seminar will also take a brief look at famous business blunders and comment on strategy for developing a proprietary name portfolio.

Date: November 20th
Time: TBA
Location: TBA

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Dr. Chris Waltham
Department of Physics and Astronomy
Thursday, 13 November 1997
12:30 - 1:30 pm
IRC Lecture Hall #4

PARTICIPATE
QUESTIONS? CALL 822-9876

APEC WARS

A SHORT TIME FROM NOW IN A CAMPUS NOT SO FAR AWAY.

THE EVIL EMPIRE OF SUHARTO EASILY CAPTURED THE SUB SINCE IT WAS NOT PARTICULARLY MOBILE.

THE AMS EXEC ARE QUICKLY CAPTURED BY SUHARTO'S FORCES AND BY THE EVIL DARTHA PIPER!

WHERE IS PRINCESS RUTA!

DEEP IN THE SUB CATACOMBS.

HELP ME DOOBIE-WAN. YOU'RE MY ONLY HOPE.

THE AMS EXEC ARE BEING HELD IN THE CHAN CENTRE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

AMS. DWEEBS ARE PROGRAMMED TO OBEY. THEY'LL GET MY MESSAGE THROUGH!

THERE GO SOME MORE. SHOULD WE BRING 'EM IN?

THEY'RE NO THREAT. I'M NOT DETECTING ANY INTELLIGENCE.

YOU CANNOT DO THIS! I'M A DULY ELECTED MEMBER OF THE AMS EXECUTIVE!

YOU ARE A REBEL AND A TRAITOR!

SEIZE HER! TAKE HER TO EMPEROR SUHARTO IN THE CHAN CENTRE.

AUNT SUE, I'M GOING TO THE UNIVERSITY TO GET SOME MORE WEED!

WHOAH. THERE'S LIKE TWO SUNS.

SOMEWHERE IN PR. GREY, OUR HERO, DUKE TREEHUGGER, BEGINS A PRODUCTIVE DAY.

SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE ICE BUILDING OF BUCHANAN.

THEY'LL NEVER SUSPECT US IN HERE. THERE AREN'T ANY MEN IN ARTS.

ANTI-APEC HQ

WHOAH DUDE. ARE YOU A COP?

NO WAY MAN. I'M JUST LOOKIN' FOR SOME WEED.

I SAY... ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE?

HEY, WHO ARE THE DWEEBS.

...YOU'RE MY ONLY HOPE! THE AMS EXEC ARE BEING HELD IN THE CHAN CENTRE.

WHOAH! SHE SOUNDS LIKE A BABE! I GOTTA SAVE HER!

DOOBIE-WAN, YOU UP FOR THIS?

NO WAY! I'LL BE IN HERE FOR QUITE A WHILE.

WE MUST LAUNCH A MASSIVE LOOSE-LEAFLET CAMPAIGN!

SEND SOMEONE TO PAINT AN APEC-FREE ZONE AROUND THE CITY!

NO. THIS TIME WE NEED ... THE ENGINEERS!

THE CHEEZE

HEY! WE DON'T SERVE THEIR KIND IN HERE!

WAIT OUTSIDE DWEEBS.

I'M LOOKIN' FOR SOME GOOD ENGINEERS. WHO ARE YOU?

JOHAN SOLO.

WHO?

YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF JOHAN SOLO!?! HE DID THE 40 BEER IN UNDER 15 HOURS.

IMPRESSIVE. I NEED TO GET INTO THE CHAN CENTRE, NO QUESTIONS. ASKED. IT'S KIND OF A LONG WALK. I'LL GIVE YOU 20 BEERS NOW, AND 20 LATER.

SOON AFTER

THE CHAN CENTRE.

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT CENTRE FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS!

THAT'S NO CENTRE FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS, THAT'S A NIKE SHOE FACTORY!

OH NO! THE CAMPUS COWBOYS ARE PULLING US OVER!

HMM. THERE DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE ANYONE IN THERE.

CAR MUST HAVE BEEN DRIVING ITSELF.

YEP.

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D USE THESE SECRET KEG HOLDS TO SMUGGLE MYSELF.

LET'S GO.

ELSEWHERE IN THE CHAN CENTRE.

NOW WE SHALL DEMONSTRATE THE AWSOME POWER OF THIS FULLY UNDERPAID SLAVE LABOUR ON THUNDERBIRD!

WITHIN MINUTES, THE TRUSTED AND LOVED THUNDERBIRD SHOP...

SWOOSH

THUNDERBIRDS

BOOM CHICKY BOOM-CHICKY B

IS REPLACED BY A HIP-HOP-HAPPENING NIKE RETAIL OUTLET.

NO!

WE MADE $250/ft² ON THAT PLACE.

GAH! I'VE JUST FELT SOME MASSIVE DISTURBANCE IN THE PROLETARIAT. IT'S AS IF 25 WORKERS WERE SUDDENLY FIRED AT ONCE!

TREE HUGGER! WE MEET AT LAST! I SENSED YOUR PRESENCE WHEN YOU WALKED INTO ME JUST NOW.

DUKE, LISTEN TO ME. I AM YOUR FRIEND.

NO YOU'RE NOT!

UM. O.K. THEN I'M... YOUR MOTHER.

WHAT? DON'T BE RIDICULOUS!

WOULD YOU BELIEVE I'M YOUR AUNT TWICE REMOVED.

AUNTIE DARTHA? UNCLE TODD SAID YOU WERE DEAD.

OH, I WAS IN ALBERTA. TOGETHER WE CAN RULE THE UNIVERSITY AUNTIE AND NEPHEW

THINK ABOUT IT!

NEVER! ...MAN!

APEC IS AN EVIL THING, I THINK.

DESTROY HIM!

YES MY EMPEROR.

I CAN SEE YOUR PLACARD IS AS POORLY WRITTEN AS MINE.

NOW! LET'S SEE HOW YOU HANDLE IT!

GAHHH!

OH SHIT.

NOT-OOF-BAD.

CUT IT OUT!

POW

YES DUKE. YES!

OH MY GOD!

SHE'S HIDEOUS!

GIVE IN TO YOUR ANGER DUKE!

DESTROY YOUR AUNTIE AND SUPPORT APEC!

THERE IS A TENSE MOMENT AS DUKE INHALES THE SMOKE OF THE HOLY WEED.

DUKE!

DOOBIE-WAN?

USE THE DOOBIE DUKE! TRUST YOUR INNER HIGH.

COUGH! HEY DARTHA. Y-Y-I-I LOVE YOU MAN!

COUGH! RIGHT.

WOMAN.

WITH SUHARTO THROWN FROM THE CHAN CENTRE THE UNIVERSITY WAS SAVED.

MAN! THAT WAS A GOOD, WIZ.

OR WAS IT?

THE END

Fear and loathing at APEC.

Jay **Garcia**

It's a couple of hours past dawn, and I'm sitting on the gravel on the roof of the Old Chemistry Building, one of the oldest buildings on campus, which means that it looks like it was made according to the dictums of the Staid Academic Structure style of architecture.

On the pebbles next to me is a backpack holding a bag of grass, fifteen pellets of mescaline, two sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a salt shaker half-full of crack, and a whole galaxy of multicolored uppers, downers, screamers, and laughers; also a quart of tequila, quart of rum, a case of Red Tick Beer, and a pint of raw ether. I'm looking down onto the rain-sodden streets that make up the tree-lined campus of the University of British Columbia, found on the tip of Point Grey; from this high vantage point you can just about watch a sky the color of a television tuned to a dead channel grind into the lead-grey seas, with the distant mountains acting as a jagged interface. Bleak Grey. Monotonous. I'm four stories above the street and taking in all this scenery, when this tall, skinny freak barges through the roof-access door; he looks around and leans on the exhaust fan for the fume hoods recovering from the effort of stumbling up eight flights of stairs . Then he spots me. He ambles over with a graceful fluid stagger that makes his bones look like they were all rubbery and grabs one of my beers.

"Got any speed?" he asks.

"Do I look like the kind of man who'd do crank?"I ask.

"Then I guess we'll have to do mine, then", Floyd says, and pulls a fistful of blacks from his pocket, and washes them down with a swallow of my red Tick.

"You know about APEC, man?"

I shake my head; I'm supposed to be here to check out the conference, maybe get a little close to Suharto, but I really don't know much about it. It doesn't matter to Floyd, 'cause he's talking, and the words are coming out in a rush:

"...and wander for a bit, and you'll find an apathetic bunch of mind-numbed students stumbling around the campus like zombies — no, strike that, the living dead are livelier than your average UBC student. Actually talk to then, and you'll find the vast majority either firmly seated in the grip of mediocrity or saddled with the worst case of tunnel-vision fuelled by academic ambition (with just a hint of terror at what the future brings) this side of a yuppie convention. Ask them a question about a topic — any topic — that might have some bearing to their selfish little lives — say, for example, a potential tuition increase, and nine times out of ten you'll get a response composed of a quick nod of the head resembling nothing so much as an epileptic shrug on Valium indicating, with great efficiency and a minimum of actual effort and personal interaction, that not only do they have no opinion on your topic, but that they'd rather be anywhere but there, being accosted by you. The tenth person you come across might have something to say, but again, it's probably going to be 'I have no idea what you're talking about.' It's enough to make you want to scream, grab at them and shake them until their loose change comes flying out with enough velocity to make passers-by duck for cover."

He stops for a moment, contemplates his empty bottle, and hucks it over his shoulder, to smash on the ground far below. I pass him a beer and a few hits of acid, and we lean back against the retaining wall, inhaling the occasional fumes spurting out of the exhaust vent. Floyd chugs his beer and continues.

"APEC, or the 'Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation', is either a loose coalition of countries on the Pacific rim dedicated to trade and prosperity amongst its member-nations, if you listen to one side of the story, or, if you listen to the other side, it's a bald-faced bid by the USA and Japan to take advantage of the economic imbalances amongst the members of the coalition in the interests of greater profit, while turning a blind eye to the outright violation of human rights in certain of these countries to the average UBC student. the only ramifications regarding APEC's presence would be the lines of green and puke-orange paint swiped on the tarmac in alternating bands on the southern side of the Student Union Building, and around the statue of the Chinese Goddess of Liberty (or so I was assured). Occasionally, one or a few Anti-APEC protesters could be found in this area, handing out pamphlets or otherwise trying to raise the SUB-going crowd's awareness of the issue; how the protesters face the overwhelming, spirit-crushing indifference is inconceivable."

He stands, stretches; his height is somewhat disconfitting, and his face, wrecked as it is on beer, acid and crank, has the permanently startled look like that of a Border Collie that had just swallowed glass shards. He's taking me to the SUB, so we can meet and greet with Juggy and a few other of the protesters, but halfway there he starts swearing that the streets are all changing around him, like they're alive & they're treacherous & they're out to get him. Cars slow down when they see him lurching in front of them, and speed up when he turns to look at them and "after me again" in a voice full of doom & speed-freak rag,e & paranoia, and I hustle off, leaving him in a vibrating fetal heap in the middle of the South Plaza, while I go to scope out a nice, hidden place with good visibility, so I can get a couple of clean shots at the delegates.

-Free science mug to anyone who can tell me what novel this story was based on -ed.

Fuel for Paranoia

Mandy Seymour
Paranoid Correspondent

It seems that the APEC conference will add all sorts of excitement to the often dull and meager existence of UBC students. In the best case scenario, classes will be cancelled and instead we will all go out with a desire to drink ourselves silly, igniting a chain of drunken brawls and meaningless one night stands. In the worst case scenario, the campus will be engulfed in a burning mass of debris as the Student Union Building is blown into a million pieces by a terrorist bomb planted to raise havoc and get media attention for their group's private agenda.

But, looking on the bright side, we wouldn't have to go to class for a while so we could hold a big marshmallow roast around the charring embers of the fire (Aside: there is nothing like a big chocolaty S'more to help you forget your worries, not to mention your diet). Even if things don't turn ugly there will still be roving bands of snipers secretly staking out the Chemistry building.

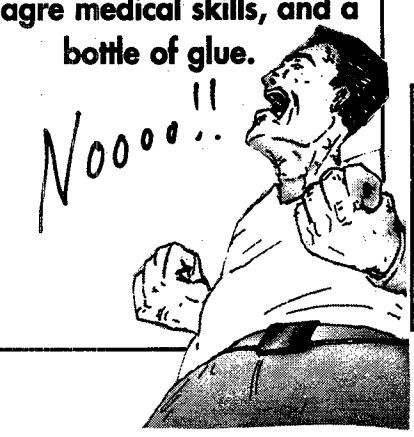
What I can't understand is why they would pick a big university as the location for such a big conference. They could have held the conference at the UNBC campus which has less students. Plus, interrupting traffic around a small city like Prince George is not such a big deal. Another alternative would be having the conference at a hotel downtown, like the Pan Pacific, and the leaders wouldn't even have to leave the premises. Apparently Vancouver was chosen as the host of APEC since the city was very successful in 1995 for the Clinton-Yeltsin summit. Word has it that UBC was also picked since it's on a peninsula and can be barricaded to be effectively cut off from the city. They didn't take into account the potential for camouflaged terrorists to sneak through the endowment lands undetected. It's a security disaster waiting to happen, with thousands of students on campus and the expected buzz of media frenzy (Hi mom! I'm on CNN!) It will take hundreds of snipers, security men, and body guards to protect the whole APEC leaders and crew while they are attending the conference.

Traffic on the week of the APEC conference in November is assured to be a joy. I heard recently on the radio that they will be randomly closing down streets in Vancouver, with no notice, on and around the date of November 25th, which just so happens to be a Tuesday, a working day. I'm sure that the Lower Mainland motorists will entirely understand the full significance of the conference, and will be patient and sympathetic as they wait three hours to cross the Knight Street Bridge.

-Hrm. This continued reference to massive explosion is starting to make me nervous. Anyone have a bomb shelter? -ed.

REX MORGANN
pre-med hopeful

Will not be seen in this issue. Rex will be back next issue, when he will try once again to save the world using his meagre medical skills, and a bottle of glue.



432 News Briefs

Frenchy Maftei
Official Taunter

South-East Asia
28 October

A leaked document from the Indonesian government has spread waves of panic throughout South-East Asia. According to the source, Indonesian President Suharto is but a figure-head, with the real leader of Indonesia being North Korean strong-man Kim Jong Il. Furthermore, the fires raging uncontrollably throughout Indonesia are nothing more than a ploy to spread North Korea's ideology of 'Communism through Famine'.

Official reaction ranges from 'shocked' to 'scared shitless'. One US. spokesperson said: "This is the worst thing imaginable! It's now clear that under the cover of capitalism and human-rights abuses, the Reds were infiltrating the highest echelons of the governments of the Asia-Pacific." Senator Jesse Helms warned of a resurgence of communist expansion, saying: "We have to close the border with Canada and order our military forces on high alert. Who knows what's hiding behind those polite smiles? Heck, they could even start corrupting our youth with beer!" As a first step, the Senate has approved a bill requiring Canadians to get a visa to travel to the US.

Anti-APEC protesters around the world are hailing the revelations of North Korean infiltration as "the most wonderful news in the world!" Jaggi Singh, APEC-Alert activist and professional protester, proclaimed Kim Jong Il the "saviour of the working class and of the oppressed peoples around the world. The APEC conference is obviously going to be canceled, and the reign of capitalist oppression will definitely end in Indonesia." When asked his opinion on the impending catastrophic famine, Jaggi Singh refused to comment.

In what was described as a "totally unrelated event" by US. officials, the Republican Party announced that Pol Pot would be seeking the next presidential nomination. Bob Dole has endorsed the fallen Cambodian dictator, and said: "It's about time a new generation came into American politics to infuse new youthfulness." Dole refused to draw any similarities between the Republican party nomination and the situation in Indonesia, but was extremely enthusiastic about the "great steps towards democracy taken by the North Koreans. We may be witnessing the birth of a great tradition of freedom."

Prime Minister Jean Chrétien was unavailable for comment, as he was leading a Team Canada business tour to North Korea.

coming soon...
REX-WEAR™

Drawers of SUS

Aarne Hamalainen

Director of Sports

Welcome to the world of sports! By this time "Day of the Longboat" will have taken place, hopefully things went well for everyone.

There are still a few events that are coming up, such as the Mountain Bike events, "Under the Dome" events and a few others. The rebate deadline is on **Nov. 28th.** I should have Sports Rebate Policy done by this point, make sure that you follow all the guidelines in order to get any money. Late applications will **NOT** be accepted.

Drop off all applications in CHEM B160. There will be a box marked SPORTS REBATES, in which you can leave the forms in.

The SUS Hockey Pool is going fine, 75 entries were received.(Jokerz is in the lead). The Math Juggernaut is 2-1-2 and the Bandicoots are 2-1.

I'm going to start up a SUS Sports Committee, if you are interested in helping out pls. come by SUS and look for me or if you can't find me e-mail me at <aarne@unixg.ubc.ca>.

Mikey Boetzkes

Social Coordinator

Captain Deficit strikes again! One might wonder how he does it but they can't question the fact that he does it with amazing precision and consistency.

To most this time the pending disaster wasn't as obvious as previous. The work started back in Aug and continued right until the disastrous time. This in itself added the most disguise for this type of work has never been seen before. People were coming out of the wood work throughout money at this event. Morale was high as were expectations. The campaign started strong and ended strong but still the loss continued to grow. The waiting for some money to actually come in continued with optimism; it did not however ever come in.

In short the moral of this story is that we are broke broke broke. Yes we have no money. None, zip, zilch, nothing at all. And to quote the Captain himself, "well oops. Watch you gonna do eh?"

See you all in January.

Phil Ledwith

External V.P.

I'd like to take this special opportunity to say hello to both of my readers. And yes, Billy, it will make you go blind if you keep doing it.

As I sit here writing, the New York stock exchange is dropping like a stockbroker wearing concrete boots. Science week, however, has it's own money so we will still be able to bring you loads of stuff. Loads and loads of stuff. The dawson club has promised that we'll have gold panning outside the SUB, and if Sweden sticks to it's plan to sell fourteen thousand tons of the stuff we may be able to throw a couple of kilogram nuggets for about 50 cents each. We're still trying to pick a band, so I'm announcing a REALLY DUMBASS EASY COMPETITION. Send in your vote for the Cold Fusion Band, and if you choose the band that actually plays then you'll go in a draw for a free River Rafting Ticket with HYAK wilderness adventures. Yes that's right: All you have to do is guess which band we're getting (vote for your favourite affordable band), and you might win a free rafting ticket. Here's a hint to help you out: It's probably a canadian Band. Here's another big tip: it's not The HIP.

For those of you thinking you might be unnafected by the crash, consider this: The AMS has a huge reserve, the interest from which provides the funding that we need to continue with things like the intern program, building renovations, concerts, etc. You've been paying about twenty dollars or so into this fund every year you've been at UBC. Guess what the AMS did with all that money? Pleasant dreams.

Edrick Yu

External Vice President

It is already November, but oh no, the midterms keep coming regularly every week. When are the profs ever going to stop jeopardizing the social life of every single university student?

Yes, because it is November, it means that the APEC is not too far away. Watch for more protesting from those university rebels. Mark my words: These people are going to be in the spotlight, maybe even more than the dictators alone.

The Asia-Pacific Student Summit is finally over. Thank you for those who helped out during those five long weeks, and I expect to see all of you in the socials coming up soon, when your volunteer effort will be recognized. My thanks also for those who show up at the events, in particular the food fair, where you got your free lunch.

Because we are close to the end of the first term, it means that the Class Act campaign will start soon. Yes, volunteers are massively wanted, and no matter how much criticisms those SUS execs are telling you (sorry guys), this campaign is still going to be carried out, and it is going to be a success only if you give your support. So grads, I need your help. If you think that getting a reference letter from the Dean and winning prizes are cool, come down to the SUS Office and talk to either myself or Kathryn Murray. Of course, you can always email me at edrickyu@unixg.ubc.ca.

Well, that's it for now. It is time to head back into the studies...

Bella Carvalho

President

Hello, science students! Here, once again, is my bi-weekly report on what's going on in science. First off, thanks to all who came out to see Junkhouse. It was a rather small turnout, but we'd rather refer to it as an intimate evening concert. In light of the outcome there, we are still rethinking future bzzr gardens. Keep an eye on the 432...we'll let you know as soon as we do.

As far as other pressing news...the university is trying to come up with a workable plan to reduce liability with respect to alcohol consumption on campus. This would limit bzzrgardens and other social events in various ways, from requiring substantial food at the event to allowing only members to attend. They are also, coincidently, trying to re-write their own version of the Human Rights Act in an effort to avoid any problems such as SFU had last year. On the student end of things, the AMS is considering raising fees this year. This is in no way a definite event, but it is something the executive are kicking around.

So, feel free to come and give us your views on any of these issues. Or just come say Hi if you prefer. We spend an awful lot of time in here, so you're bound to find someone around!

John Fournier

Internal Vice President

Well, the new science councilors have been elected and science council is going into high gear. Here is the list of who the new fish are on the 97-98 science council:

1st Year - Vincent Chan
1st Year - Jennifer Wakely
Science One - Craig Temple
Biology - Jay Garcia
Biochemistry - Kirby Sands
Comp Sc - Jeff Steinbok
Earth and Ocean Sciences - Adrian Mitchell
Math - Scott MacLachlan
Microbiology - Zabrina Brumme
Pharmacology - Lawrence Yuk - Fung Chang
Physics - Alison Malcolm
Psychology - Kam Brar
General Science - Jake Grey
General Officers - Kathryn Murray
Amanda Seymour
John Hallett
Lisa Blackshaw
Chemistry - Troy Loss

The election results for those positions that were contested are as follows:

First Year Representatives (there are two):

Roman Kaminsky	7
Vincent Chan	13
Victor Leung	8
Jennifer Wakely	32
Spoil	1

Chemistry Representative:

Ahmad Rafi	3
Troy Loss	5
Fahreen Dossa	5

The tie in chemistry was broken by a science council vote. If you missed the elections and still want to get involved, there are still MANY opportunities. You can join the Science Week, Budget, Academic, First-Year, Sales or Sports committees. If you are interested, just drop by SUS (CHEM B160) and leave a note in my box (John Fournier).

Doug Beleznay

Director of Finance

Wow, another finance report, of sorts. I should start by telling you that at the time I am writing this we are officially broke, but that should be changing really, really soon. The student fees that you all paid at the beginning of the year should be transferred into our accounts real soon, and that will take most of the troubles off my back. (The registrars office withholds the money and gives it to us over the course of the year so that they can collect the interest in the mean time.

The other major reason we are broke is because of the recent $13,000 loss at Homecoming Octoberfest. Apparently Junkhouse is not nearly as big of a draw as we thought. The net result is that our carryover from last year has been obliterated, and we will tightening our belts at social events for the rest of the year.

The good news is that club grants will be approved and sent off within the next couple weeks. All the clubs that managed to get their membership lists, exec lists, budgets etc. will be receiving an as yet to be determined amount of money, and for those Science clubs that didn't, you were given plenty of warning, and it wasn't like the requirements where anywhere near difficult. Better luck next year.

The next major financial thing will be grad rebates, but more info on that as it gets closer. In the meantime stop by SUS, and pick yourself up some dandy SUS stuff... talk to Troy for more info.

Slave Labour and You.

John **Hallett**

Everyone thought that slavery was dead and gone after the US Civil War. Well, a few tribal communities in the lower Pacific kept trading North American tourists for shiny pebbles well into the 1930s, but essentially the whole slave industry died out around the turn of the century. Right? Wrong.

Browse through any sub-cultural extremist Bondage and Discipline magazine and you can find ads for "Slaves" in the classifieds. But these are people that really, *really* get off on this kind of thing ("Kneel, worm!"). Aside from such independent contractors, do non-consentual slaves exist in the world?

The answer is–at first glance–no. The closest entities to slaves we have are Indonesian Nike Factory workers who earn a measly $1.50 (Cdn) a day. While these folks actually do work by their own free will, the alternative is pretty much starvation. You might imagine that people in Indonesia can get by on $1.50 per day, but it should be pointed out that a random survey of Indonesian Nationals performed by *The 432* revealed that the average loaf of bread sells for $1.15. Not much to live on.

Nike has repeatedly defended its hiring practices by... oh wait, they haven't. Every time someone accuses them of abusing human rights in Indonesia with dangerous factory working conditions, or of making 12 year olds work 14 hour shifts in Korea, Nike starts giving away free T-Shirts. What a wonderful solution to plumetting world opinion! If only President Suharto had given away free shirts and shoes to human rights activists, he would be able to come in to Vancouver without so much as a peep from protesters.

Nike has learned the most important lesson of public relations: money shuts people up. Think about it: Is a high school likely to permit an anti-Nike student group to form when the school's struggling football team annually receives $40,000 in free equipment from the shoe maker? Not likely. Nike has solved the PR equation.

How can Nike afford to give away literally millions of dollars each year? The answer brings us right back to the $1.50 Indonesian workday: low overhead. Now this is where the irony comes in: the lower the overhead (ie. the lower the daily wage), the more money to spend on free giveaways, the better Nike's image. Don't you just love corporate America?

Nike has just plain fluked out in finding a solution to their PR problem that actually **increases** their profits.

McDonald's hasn't been so lucky. Rather than giving money directly to their detractors, McDonald's decided that it would be neat if they gave the money to needy children (silly them). Needy children have an inherent problem. They don't tend to tell the general media about how nice McDonald's was to give them so much money. As a result McDonald's has been slagged left and right for abusing the employment rights of millions of spotty-faced teenagers. Pathetic wages, random shift changes, no benefits, free McShakes, all of these elements combine to produce a work environment that is–for lack of a better word–hellish.

Now if McDonald's gave away some McAir Ronald Basketball shoes, no one would care if they whipped 14 year olds into 120 hour work weeks because, hey, we have free shoes.

Another approach is to try and confuse the public as to your reasons for using child labour. A good example of this is a small company in Peru that makes cotton polo shirts for export to the United States. They advertise late at night on the major networks. The commercial is a wonderful piece of work, featuring pan flute music and video so soft looking that you'd think the entire commercial was shot with a pair of pantihose over the lens. Over the soft fade-outs and views of grassy mountains, a thickly accented south american chap tells us how this company cares dearly for producing the highest quality products it can. "We farm our cotton in the Andes Mountains despite how difficult the elevation makes harvesting because the Peruvian cotton that grows there is the softest on the planet." we are assured.

After a short investigation into this company, I discovered that the real reason the fields and factories are in Peru isn't because of the cotton. It's because they can employ the local children for $2.00/day and not have to give them any employee benefits. If the kids whine, they're either fired or whipped. By looking at the commercials, however, I came to the conclusion that this company must have a **huge** profit margin. So I called my broker. I'm not saying that I approve the human rights abuses, I'm just saying that I like money. Which brings us to APEC.

APEC is essentially doing exactly what I did last year, country A is investing in country B in the hopes of making tonnes of cash, all-the-while turning a blind eye to exactly **how** this money is being made.

Country B could be slaughtering political prisoners and selling their organs on the black market and country A would ignore this. The only provision would be that country A would get part of the profits.

As it turns out, this is an excellent way to make cash. At the same time I invested into the polo shirt company, I pumped some cash into a T-Shirt manufacturer in New Mexico for comparison. The Peruvian plant has made about 60% in eight months compared to only 5% for the one in New Mexico. Somehow I don't think the difference is because of polo shirts being more popular...

In recent years, there has been a massive insurgence of anti-exploitation feelings. In fact, recently a new mutual fund company called Ethical Mutual Funds has enjoyed massive success. Despite its meager growth (10% per annum so far), people are flocking to its banner because the fund manager promises not to invest in any companies that exploit underprivileged groups or conduct illegal activities.

I think that there is enough support out there for an Unethical Mutual Fund. I'll take charge of this fund, and invest in Nike, McDonald's, Crack Houses, Cocaine Distributors, and a few prostitution rings. We'll buy beleaguered goodwill organizations, chop them up, and sell the bits for a massive profit.

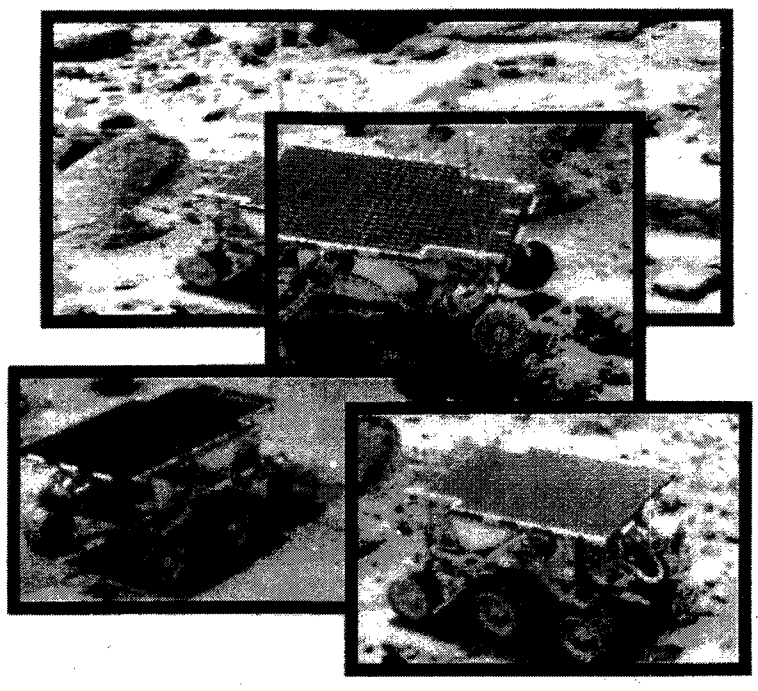
Then I'll withdraw the entire company's finances before your second dividend and bugger off to the Caribbean. What can I say? It's an unethical fund. You expected better?

So it all comes back to money. In a capitalist society we make money by exploiting the poor. So I'm going to stop it right now. I'm reforming. I'm only investing in ethical companies. I'm protesting Nike, McDonald's and APEC. I'm going to be a better day. As soon as my stock hits $95 and 1/8...

-John is actually a nine-year old Mexican girl who we pay three american dollars a year. -ed

CUPC '97

UBC Nov. 6-9th 1997



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