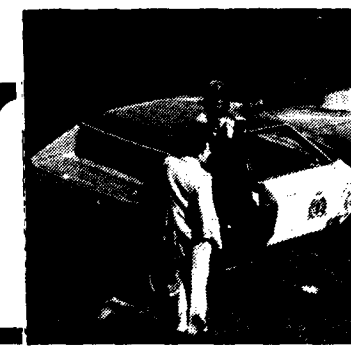
SUMMER
THE UBYSSEY



now

Activists slam UBC animal research

By Kris Obertas

UBC medical researchers are mistreating animals used in their experiments, according to Peter Hamilton, director of the Lifeforce Foundation.

Lifeforce has launched a campaign against current opthamology research at the Vancouver General Hospital's Strong Laboratory, which is part of UBC's campus.

Hamilton criticized a sight-deprivation experiment in which at least two kittens' eyes were sewn shut. One of the kittens is suffering from ear canal lesions received during improper use of restraining devices, he said.

But researchers deny the kittens have been injured from research. "That's not what happened. The animal was not injured by restraints," said Dr. J.A. Love, UBC Co-ordinator of Animal Care.

Hamilton said he has not been able to examine lab conditions himself to see if they're safe for animals. "We tried to get access to the lab to examine the kittens but were not allowed."

"It is a university policy that labs aren't open to anyone who wants to get in," said Love.

Lifeforce has collected more than 4000 postcards from people opposing the experiment and forwarded the cards to UBC President David Strangway along with a letter asking Strangway to halt the experiment.

Strangway has not been available to comment on the experiment.

Hamilton is objecting not only to the treatment of these kittens in particular, but to the general policy of using animals in medical research.

"Animal visual systems are different than (those of) humans" and experimental results are not transferable to human physiology, said Hamilton. "Researchers say the brain cells are the same but that isn't what they are studying. We haven't heard any justification of any research," he said.

But medical research on animals is beneficial to human beings, according to Dr. Stephen Drance, Head and Professor of the UBC Faculty of Medicine Opthamology Department.

"The experiments (using kittens) by Dr. Max Cynader and his group are not on the visual systems but on the cortical (brain) cells of cats. It is true that experiments on visual systems aren't transferable but we are studying specific behavior of cells. Very little difference exists on the level of receptors and neuro-transmitters," said Drance.

The UBC researchers are seeking a cure for amniopia, commonly known as lazy eye disease, in which an individual develops poor vision in one eye. Researchers are examining why the brain cells stop functioning and what makes the cells begin functioning again in the hope that they will be able to re-establish complete vision in adults. Amniopia affects four to five percent of Canadians and can't be reversed once a patient passes five or six years of age, according to Drance.

"The chances of losing the good eye from trauma or accident is considerable and individuals left with one bad eye can't do many things available in our society," said Drance.

"Is it an important problem? It is for those in that predicament. Can (the research) be done in a non-animal model? No. We can't biopsy human brains and no computer models allow us to study (the disease)," said Drance.

Hamilton said that clinical research has been more effective in finding cures to disease than research on animals has.

Clinical research involves the study and treatment of naturally occurring disease in human patients.

Love said clinical research alone is insufficient. "A lot of useful results have come out of animal research. I would doubt that many advances would have come out of only clinical and in vitro (test tube) research," he said.

Both clinical and animal research are necessary, according to Drance. But human volunteers for research are difficult to find. If animals are not used, then many experiments—which may provide information to help reduce human misery—would not be done at all, he said.

Hamilton said health-care funds could be better spent on prevention and clinical research rather than animal research.

"(Researchers) make sweeping statements that (animal research) should help people. People look at the stories and say they don't want to hurt animals but that they want to help people. We don't want to see animals or humans suffer," he said.

Musqueam rejoice

By Joe Altwasser

The Musqueam Indian band can look forward to economic growth and cultural rebirth because of their recent purchase of the Celtic Shipyards, according to Band Administrator Cliff Robertson.

The shipyard launched its first vessel—a 45-foot fishing boat called Salish Winds—last weekend. Local dignitaries and band members attended the boat launching and salmon barbecue to commemorate the shipyard's opening.

Located at the southern end of Balaclava Street in Southlands, the shipyard will provide more than just 90 jobs and the economic benefits which will accrue from the jobs.

"The shipyard has the potential to restore the Musqueam band's pride and sense of dignity up to the pre-contact era," said Robertson.

"Natives are very resilient. Remember it has only been 120 years since contact with western civilization. When you take thousands of years of culture and try to cram it through a little hole, which is what has occurred, you have to expect huge dislocation," he said.

The plan to revive the shipyard was not initiated by an Ottawa bureaucrat, but came from within the band.

"We have always been fishermen. This is our heritage. Historically, the response of the government was to dispatch an Indian agent with a sack of potatoes and make farmers out of the Indians. Now members are extremely excited, which is very encouraging," Robertson said.

Because the Musqueam band has always had to fight urban encroachment—their territory lies within Vancouver—the band has developed a fierce determination to preserve control of their own destiny and way of life.

"Unlike many of the northern bands we have always been extremely restricted in our cultural activities because of our affiliation with urban civilization. Therefore, the Musqueam reputation has always been one of assertion," said Robertson.

Dr. Owen Anderson from the Department of Indian Affairs praised the shipyard as a model for other bands.

"The Musqueam have always been at the forefront of Indian rights, now they are at the forefront of economic development," said Anderson.

The shipyard was purchased from BC Packers, which closed the plant down in 1988. The band paid $3 million dollars and the federal government kicked in another $2 million under its National Economic Development Program.

Robertson said he hopes the economic spin-offs will justify the federal subsidy. "This is no different than the government giving money to corporations," he said.

Allan Okabe, General Manager of Celtic Shipyards said there is a definite niche in the marketplace for a medium-sized shipyard.

"Other shipyards are being closed, re-zoned, many for condos, and we should be able to capture some of the existing market. For three to four years there has been an increasing demand and a diminishing supply of shipyards and ship repair," Okabe said.

Cliff Serwa, MLA for Okanagan South and Social Credit representative, was pleased with the Musqueam purchase of the shipyard. "(The shipyard) is related to culture, which is a very important part of strengthening the pride of the native and non-native people. It will be a catalyst for the young people and their enthusiasm for learning," he said.

"We took something integral away from the native life and it is time that the non-native population realized this," said Serwa.

The launching of the Salish Winds at Celtic Shipyards. JOE ALTWASSER PHOTO

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THIS WEEK'S ROCK

Wednesday August 2

MECCA NORMAL
At The Arts Club (1181 Seymour)

A new addition to the weekend offerings at the greatest little live band venue in the Lower Mainland (apart from Youth Art Works in North Van) is "Beat Wednesdays" at the Arts Club, this week with Mecca Normal. This duo of keen and conscious Vancouverites slashes their way across the political fringe. Distorted guitar and voice maybe, distorted vision no. Just listen to "Calico Kills the Cat". A really reasonable three dollars at the door. Nine o'clock curtain.

Thursday August 3

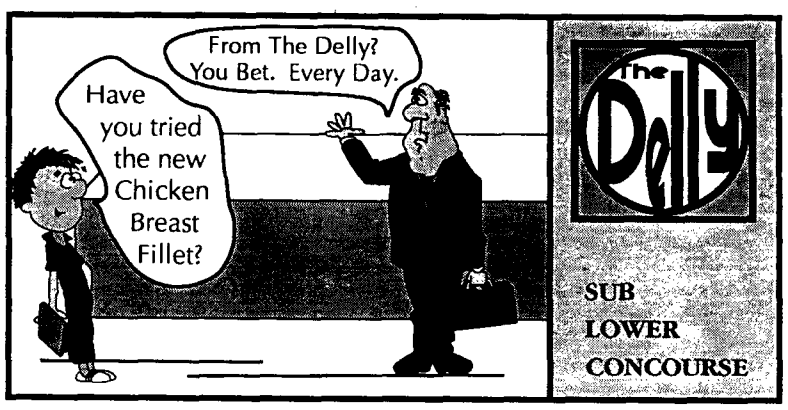
BRUNO GERUSSI'S MEDALLION
At The Town Pump (66 Water)

OK, so they're now WEA recording artists and they are the darlings of CFOX. So what? Aside from their vinyl product "In Search of the Fourth Chord", Bruno Gerussi's Medallion's probably the most endearing band live, since you can ignore their music and just stand in awe of this wonderfully plump, down-to-earth bunch of old men playing rock stars. But don't go tonight 'cause the door's outrageous: six bucks. Instead, listen to local guitarists Mary perform live at 11PM on CiTR.

Friday August 4 and Saturday August 5

ELLEN MCILWAINE
At The Town Pump (66 Water)

If slide guitars in the blues vein are your thing, Ms McIlwaine is a must-see. Quite possibly one of the best blues guitarists in the entire world. Six dollars on Friday, seven bucks on Saturday. Not cheap but worth it for an out of town artist.



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SUMMER SCENE

Vol 18 No. 5

Hello and welcome to Summer Session '89

Summer Session Association

The Summer Session Association is the student organization of Summer Session; if you have any problems, concerns or suggestions, please drop by our office - SUB 210. We are there Monday - Friday, 10a.m. to 3 p.m. Phone 228-6185.

SUMMER SOUNDS

FREE, noon-hour concerts. Bring your lunch and a friend. At SUB Plaza.

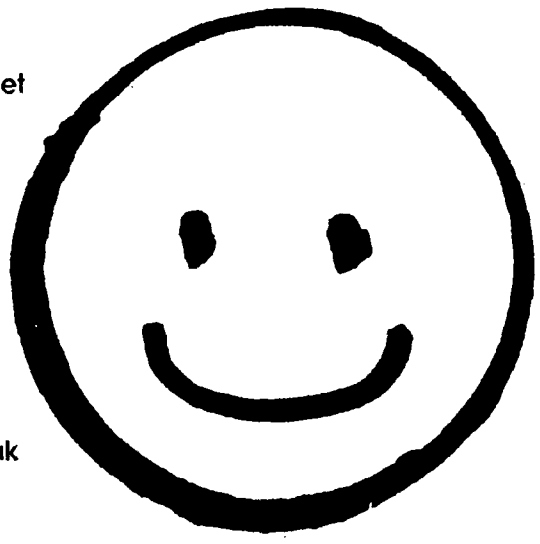
Wednesday August 2 - **Gary Keenan Jazz Quartet**
Thursday, August 3 - **Schoen Duo**
Friday, August 4 - **The Crows**
Tuesday, August 8 - **Jazz Trios**
Wednesday, August 9 - **The Brass Men**

MUSIC FOR A SUMMER'S EVENING:

FREE, Music Building Recital Hall, 8:00 p.m.

Thursday, August 3 - **Purcell String Quartet Music of Schubert, Dvorak and Shostakovitch**

Thursday, August 10 - **Viola and Piano duos: Music of de Falla to 20th Century.**



SUMMER SCREEN

All films are FREE to everyone! 7:30 p.m., Coming soon to Woodward IRC Lecture Hall #2!

Wednesday, Aug 2: **Three Fugitives**
Martin Short and Nick Nolte star in this farcical movie about incompetent crooks. A great silly summer movie!

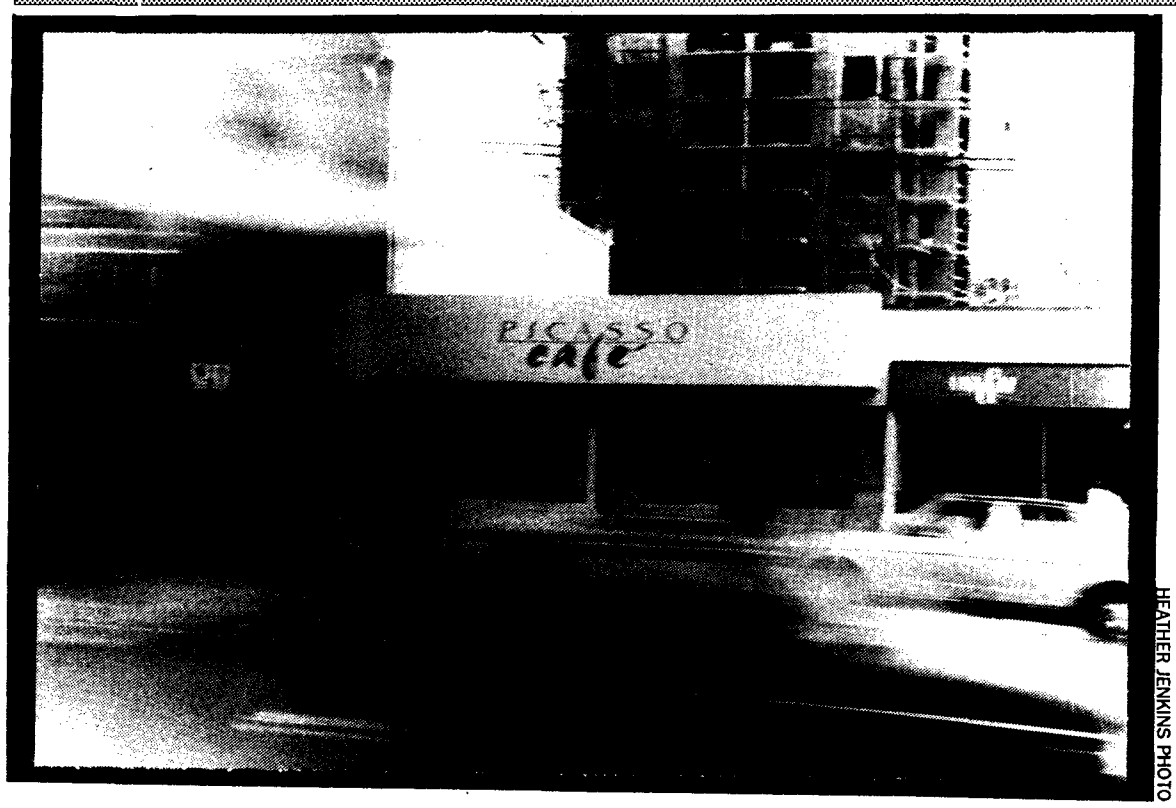
Friday, August 4: **Good Morning, Vietnam**
Robin Williams in a classic performance as a rock 'n' roll DJ in Vietnam.

Wednesday August 9: **Cocoon: The Return**
The excellent sequel to one of the 80's most enjoyable films features the original cast returning to Earth on an important rescue mission.

Friday, August 11: **A Fish Called Wanda**
A comic classic! John Cleese and Kevin Kline give marvellous performances in this manic movie about incompetent, and slightly crazy, jewel thieves!

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The Annual General Meeting of the Summer Session Association will be held at 12:30pm in Room 210, SUB on Wednesday, August 9. Anyone interested in SSA activities is encouraged to attend.



HEATHER JENKINS PHOTO

Picasso Cafe trains street youth

by Laura J. May

Until last February, social workers in Vancouver were frustrated because they couldn't do much to help street youth.

Employers wouldn't hire them, and existing social programs didn't address their needs.

"No one would give them a chance (to work) but I had nothing to offer them. I often thought I was just setting them up (for failure) with the existing (job training and social service) programs which were not designed with the needs of street youth in mind," said David Dranchuk, a former street worker for the Anglican church.

Three years ago, Dranchuk and other social workers decided to start a job training program specifically for street youth. They consulted street youth, who said they'd need wages to pay basic living expenses during training.

In March, Dranchuk opened a restaurant to train students to become chefs or waiters—the Picasso Cafe at 1626 West Broadway (between Fir St. and Pine St.), a few kilometres from UBC.

Cafe students learn not only how to cook and how to serve customers, but also general skills necessary for work—to get up early and be on time—skills which they didn't learn on the street.

On February 13, the Picasso Cafe began training its first street youth how to cook and how to run a restaurant.

The cafe follows the curriculum used at Vancouver Vocational Institute's chef and waiter training programs. Picasso Cafe graduates receive certificates equivalent to a VVI certificate.

Picasso Cafe's graduates should find their training more relevant to restaurant work in the "real world" than VVI or BCIT graduates do, according to Nathan Hyam, chef instructor at Picasso Cafe.

At BCIT, students don't learn how to reduce waste or meet a tight budget as effectively as Picasso Cafe students do, he said. With BCIT's "endless budget, they can sell a meal for $5 even if it costs them $6."

And Picasso Cafe students make everything from scratch—soups, pastries, desserts—except bread, because they don't have the space to make it.

The varied dishes on the menu will enable graduates to become chefs at hotels or restaurants, not just hospitals, where many BCIT graduates find jobs, he said.

The lunch menu includes basics, like a cream cheese and tomato sandwich, a black forest ham and cheese sandwich, as well as more exotic dishes, like camembert chaud and a cajun crab sandwich, with prices ranging from $2.50 to $5.75. The dinner menu includes BC salmon, crab cannelonni, southwestern chicken, and daily specials, with entree prices ranging from $8.95 to $17.95.

Although the demand for such a program was great—50 people referred by social workers are on waiting lists to get into Picasso Cafe's training program—it was difficult to raise money to start the program, Dranchuk said. He needed at least $200,000 to buy a restaurant, renovate it, buy textbooks and equipment, and so forth.

"You can generate all kinds of good will and sympathy if you're dealing with crippled children and oil-covered seals, but when you're dealing with street youth, (it's more difficult to generate sympathy). People tend to think (street youth) are having lots of fun—they can leave anytime they want—so why the hell should we care?" he said.

Churches and individuals have donated generously, he said. The Anglican, United, and Catholic churches have been "very, very supportive," and so have the employees of corporations—notably the employees of BC Tel—but not the big corporations themselves, he said.

But the provincial government "only took us seriously when we had raised $130,000 from individuals and churches," he said. Then the provincial government donated $57,600 from the Employment Initiatives Program. "Nobody (in the government) seemed to be against (starting a training program for street youth). But no one thought it was their responsibility," said Glenn Drover, UBC Professor of Social Work and member of Picasso Cafe's Board of Directors.

It's too soon to tell if Picasso Cafe's training program is successful—if graduates find and keep jobs which keep them off Vancouver's streets. No one has graduated yet, but a few from the waiter's training program are scheduled to graduate in August.

But Dranchuk said he has talked to managers of hotel restaurants—such as the Pan Pacific and Hotel Vancouver—who are eager to hire Picasso Cafe's graduates.

And Lynn Croghan, who teaches the student waiters, said she plans to keep in touch with the program's graduates to see how they're doing.

"I just don't intend to lose contact with any of them because I've grown attached to them," she said.

Also, she wants them to tell her if she was teaching them what they need to know as waiters. "I want to know what the industry is looking for so they'll have jobs wherever they want."

Young Greens protest McDonald's containers

McDonald's isn't a good time or a great place to be for the Young Green Party.

A protest outside a McDonald's Kerrisdale location on Monday was sparked following charges by the the Young Greens that McDonald's has failed to stop using ozone-damaging food containers.

"On August 6th, 1987, McDonald's promised to stop producing ozone-damaging containers in eighteen months. They have broken that promise. How we treat the ozone layer now will determine the totality of life on this planet for millions of years to come," said Young Green Party spokesperson Stuart Parker.

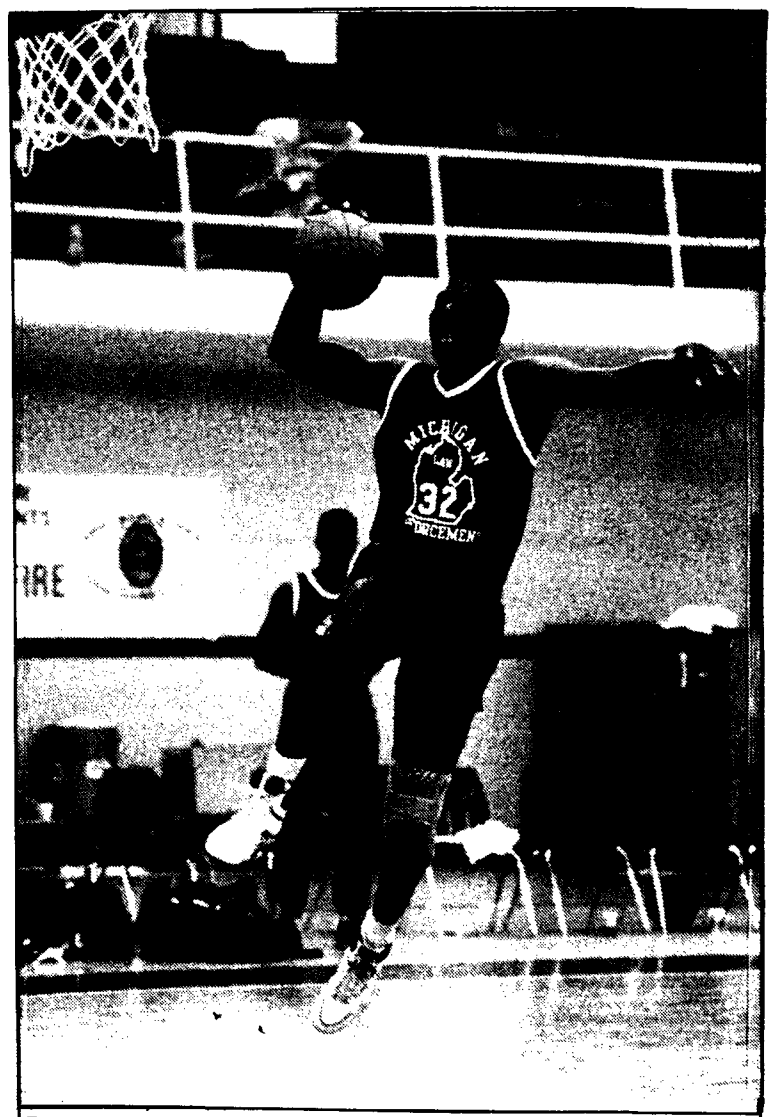
The containers are made with chlorofluorocarbons (CFC's), which scientists say are destroying the earth's ozone layer. The CFC containers are used to keep the food warm. But according to the Greens, CFC's are not the only substance which can be used for this purpose, only the cheapest.

McDonald's spokesperson Ron Marcoux was not available by phone to comment on why McDonald's continues to use the containers.

But McDonald's personnel were available to ask protesters to leave.

"(The protest) was interesting. McDonald's was prepared, and imported someone to deal with us. They said we were trespassing. We asked them, `Don't you want your customers to hear what we have to say?'" said Parker.

Parker said many customers did come out to hear what the Young Greens had to say.



Fire Games' player palms ball for slam dump

STEVE CHAN PHOTO

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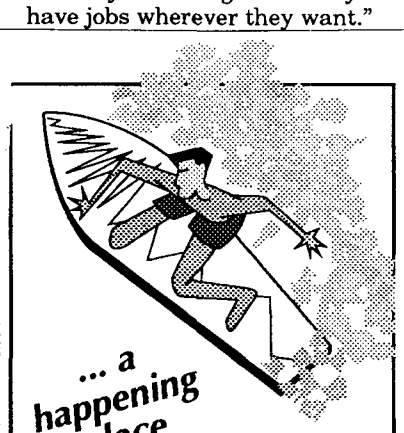
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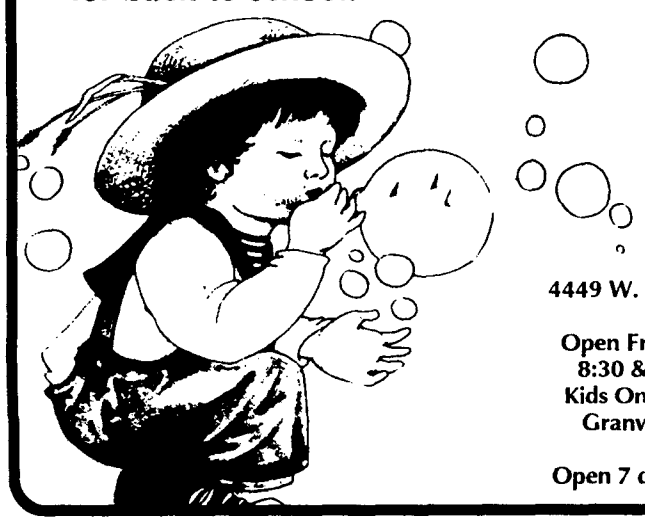

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UNIVERSITY SWIMS

Mon to Fri	7:30 am - 9:00 am	Entire facility open to UBC Students, Staff, Faculty and Conference Delegates. Upon presentation of 88/89 UBC Library card. UBC students are admitted free and UBC staff and Faculty pay $1.75. Conference Delegates pay $1.75 upon presenting residence keys.
Mon to Fri	11:30am - 1:30 pm	
Mon/Wed/Fri	4:30 pm - 6:00 pm*	
Tues/Thurs	4:30 pm - 5:30 pm	

* Outdoor pool not available after 5:30 pm

PUBLIC SWIMS

Mon to Fri	1:45 pm - 4:15 pm	Pool is open to all ages. Children 7 years and under must be accompanied by an adult and supervised in the pool (within arms reach) at all times. Fitness area is open to those 16 and over for an additional charge of $1:00. shirts, shorts and runners must be worn in the fitness area at all times.
Monday	6:30 pm - 10:00 pm	
Friday	6:30 pm - 10:00 pm	
Wednesday	7:30 pm - 10:00 pm	
Sat/Sun	1:00 pm - 5:00 pm	
Sat/Sun	6:30 pm - 10:00 pm	

FAMILY SWIMS

Wednesday	6:30 pm - 7:30 pm	Parents with their own children only. Children are admitted free only when accompanied by their own parents. Passes and book tickets are not accepted and the fitness area is not available.
Sunday	10:30 am - 12:45 pm	

*Parents without their own children are not admitted to this session.

ADULT SWIMS

Tues/Thurs	8:00 pm - 12 midnight	Adults only, must be 18 years old and over. Proof of age may be requested. Fitness area open only until 10 pm for additional charge of $1.00.
Saturday	10:15 pm - 12 midnight	

*Fitness area closes at 10pm. Sauna and steam room remain open and co-ed for free.

FITSWIM

Mon/Wed/Fri	9:15 - 11:25 am	Adults only, must be 18 years old or over. This swim coincides with children's lessons and rentals, therefore, the availability of the indoor and outdoor pools is limited. Fitness area, sauna and steam available. Cost is $2.25 for adults. Those over 65 are $1.25. No book tickets or passes accepted.

Starts Monday, June 19, 1989
Last class Friday, September 1, 1989

CO-ED FITNESS

Tues/Thurs	6:30pm - 8:00 pm	Anyone 18 years and older. 50 minutes of dry land exercises and 30 minutes of water exercises. No book tickets or passes accepted. Cost is $2.25.

*Starts Tuesday June 20/89
Last class Thursday, August 31/89

SENIOR'S SHAPE-UP

Tues/Thurs	9:30 am - 11:25 am	Fifty-five years and older welcome. Stretch and Strength deck exercise class, 9:35 - 10 am, followed by water exercises to music, 10 - 10:30 am, or just do your own thing. Restricted use of pool due to lessons and rentals. Steam, sauna, weights are open with limited Supervision.

*Starts Tuesday June 20/89
Last class Thursday, August 31/89

FITNESS AREA (Check schedule for hours)

The fitness area is equipped with universal/global stations, hydra-gym exercise machines, stationary bicycles, dumbells, wall mirrors, exercise posters, weight scale, steam rooms and saunas. All the equipment is suitable for every level of fitness, so drop by to start your fitness program or to maintain your fitness level. Fitness area is supervised by an attendant during the University, Public and Adult swim sessions and is open to anyone 16 years and older. Cost is $1.00 extra, over and above single admission pool fee. T-shirts, shorts and runners must be worn when using the fitness area.

ADMISSION FEES

	Single admission	Book Tickets (10)	Passes: 4 Months (no Pro-rating) #1 January 1 - April 30 #2 May 1 - August 31 #3 September 1 - December 31
Under 3 years old admitted free			
Children: 3-12	$1.25	$10.00	$30.00
Seniors: 65 and up	$1.25	$10.00	$30.00
Youth: 13-17	$1.50	$12.50	$35.00
UBC Student: Valid Student Card	$1.50	$12.50	$35.00
Adult: 18-64	$1.75	$15.00	$40.00
Keep fit and Swim	$2.75	$22.50	—
FitCard (weight room)	—	15 visits for $12	—

FITNESS AREA:
To use the weight room, sauna and steam rooms during Public and Adult Swims there is an additional charge of $1.00.

Please Note: Swim schedule and admission fees are subject to change and/or cancellation without prior notice.

China

continued from page 11

those several million, a few thousand form the hard core. Out of these few thousand, only a few hundred have the power to determine the policy of the party and the destinies of more than 1 billion Chinese people.

These few hundred have the power to decide:

1. What kind of thinking is acceptable or not acceptable for the people in China.
2. What part of history or cultrue of China should be remembered or ignored.
3. What type of news can be broadcasted in China
4. What is best for the people in China.
5. What knowledge and information is used to educate the children in China.

Any educated person will see that a few hundred people could not possibly handle these complex problems which determine the destinies of a billion Chinese.

These few hundred people consist of politicians, army generals and philosophers that survived countless power struggles in the China Communist Party. Because the China Communist Party System is built on personal power and membership is life term occupation, everyday, these people have to be on watch, stay alert, while also facing a power struggle with other members. In such a political system, no matter how generous, how caring, how ideal and how much one has suffered once under the system, after acquiring power, one is forced to become ruthless. Ruthlessness is the price one must pay in order to stay alive and in power.

The leaders of the China Communist Party have absolute power in China, but they are also trapped and haunted by this absolute power.

How can any uncorrupt leader dare to suggest any real political reform such as giving power back to the common people, if they always have to eliminate their opponents to stay alive and in power? How can they trust and coopertate with one another, a process demanded by any real political reform?

Anyone in power who tries to give power to the common people too quickly or too apparently will be eliminated by the system that gives him/her that power.

The hope and dream that real political reform will originate from the Party in the near future is slim indeed. Any real political reform in the Party requires external pressure.

In this exceptional time, Chinese overseas and all watchers must form a unified front to put pressure on the Communist Government of China. To speak out against, to criticize, and to put pressure on the government is an exercise of democracy for the Chinese. It is not a tool to create chaos in China. It is the only way the government can learn and change.

Let's be very optimistic: Suppose in the future, the Government changes its course and becomes more progressive. An opposition front still has to exist because democracy only works if there are "Check and Balance Mechanisms" in the system at all times. Of course, the criticism should be constructive and there must be room for compromises.

One of the major reasons that China watchers are so patient with this government is that they do not want to see chaos and civil wars break out in China that would destroy the very ideals and conscience of those who died and sacrificed in Tiananmen Square. But if the government keeps up its repressive actions in China, and systematically eliminates all Chinese who believe in political reform—democracy for the common people, and rebuilding social conscience and ideals—then China watchers will be forced to make up their resolution.

If the government continues to behave irrationally even when it has been given so many chances to change, very soon, all China watchers will have to conclude that there is no hope in changing the government: It sould be discredited and dismantled.

Everything is quiet because most China watchers are preparing for actions and long term planning for political reform in China. This struggle for democracy in China has a strong foundation because a comglomeration of human conscience and spirit—not just truth, reason, logic, sacrifice, compromise and hardship—is the driving force.

F. Wan
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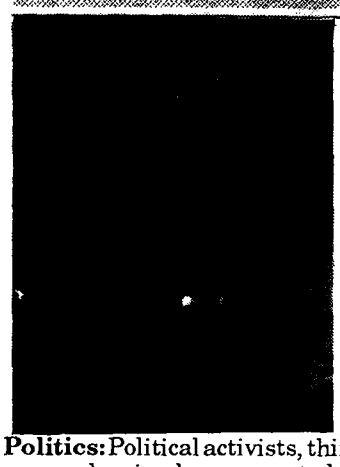
FOR THE RECORD



STEVE CHAN PHOTO

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Exhibit captures truth

"Talking pictures" provides dizzy experience

by Nadene Rehnby

"Taking Pictures" is not what one would expect. This isn't a typical display of photographic abilities. Instead, "Taking Pictures" provides a journey into our perception of photographic art, asking us to realize how dependent it is on media influence.

PHOTO
July 28 to August 27
Presentation House
"Taking Pictures"

The collections include works by Canadian artists such as Roy Arden, Sorel Cohen, Angela Grauerholz, Susan Schelle, and Howard Ursuliak. The exhibition is guest curated by Keith Wallace.

Wallace chooses to make the selections devoid of accompanying descriptions. Walking through the three rooms can easily become a frustrating attempt to decipher the artist's, or even the curator's, message.

And that is precisely the idea Wallace is exploring.

According to Wallace, we have become a society habitualized to these over-abundantly exposed photographic images, presented to us through media. We have become unable to see the picture in and of itself.

Wallace deliberately chooses a series of works that will "in one sense gear down the rapid traffic of photographed information." He adds that in "Taking Pictures" we may "be looking at the 'over-looked'; a word with connotations of either seeing too much or not really seeing at all."

A walk through this gallery shows how much we have become accustomed to the influence of the media. With the absence of standard text, captioning, or the original source of distribution, we are left alone with the image. Our discomfort with it can be used to gauge the depth of our victimization. The discomfort intensifies with time and exposure to the works.

We search for definition, for meaning. What is the artist trying to tell us?

And then, as predicted by Wallace, the works are "left hanging naked without the security of words that give pictures their meaning, and these seemingly familiar images become strange." Perhaps only then, after the breaking away of media-based associations and prejudices, do we find the "truth" of the photographed image.

Unfortunately Wallace's predictions are all too correct.

The violent juxtaposition of Sorel Cohen's paired images forces the eye to move back and forth between images until the mind is dizzy, but Wallace claims that "by pairing two considerably different images, the voice of each is in turn amplified."

Angela Grauerholz's two murals and twelve accompanying

continued on page 8

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If you are interested in finding out more about participation in these studies, please call for details 660-6704 before your next recurrence.

ANARCHIST FESTIVAL

ANARCHY: A self-governed society in which people organize themselves from the bottom up on an egalitarian basis; decisions made by those affected by them; direct democratic schools, neighborhoods, towns and bio-regions with coordination between differing groups as needed. A world where women and men are free and equal and all of us have power over our own lives, bodies and sexuality; where we cherish and live in balance with the earth and value diversity of cultures, races and sexual orientations, where we work and live together cooperatively.

—From a conference poster

MORE COVERAGE PAGE 12

MUD MUD MUD

I'm covered in mud—my hair matted into mud-formed dreadlocks, my limbs coated in thick grey-brown muck, my face an earth-painted mask. I'm crawling and rolling and slithering through downtown San Francisco, screeching and ululating during the height of a work-a-day business district lunch hour, amidst high-rises and amazed men in suits. I'm part of a 30-strong pack of mud-people; we're climbing and scrambling over each other, carrying each other, squabbling and sweating and screaming at each other.

This has the same surreal, numinous quality of a dream, but it's not. This is one of the too-rare times when the primal energies of our dreams can flow into waking life. What to call this experience? Guerrilla theatre, play, revolt, therapy, demonstration, participatory theatre event, sillyness, fun???

I first read about mudpeople in the anarchist gathering guidebook's list of workshops: "mudpeople: a pre-verbal pre-upright exploration to be ravished by mud to crawl, huddle, hurl, and hobble nearly naked but for the skin of mother earth you bathed in to fascinate onlookers to recover something we once were..." I'm intrigued.

The morning of the spectacle I have a hangover and have misplaced the courage I feel I need to take part. Instead of going to the mudperson meeting-place I head for a coffee shop. A car drives by full of people shouting "MUDPEOPLE MUDPEOPLE MUDPEOPLE!" Some stunted, frustrated mudperson inside of me sends me running to the car asking, "Is there any room?"

I'm in a downtown park, stripped down to my underwear, waiting for the mud. I don't know anyone here. I don't even know what this is all about. I'm scared and lonely. Finally I talk to someone. He tells me not to worry, that it will all happen naturally once the mud arrives, that he's done this before, that people have been doing this in different cities for several years, that it's wonderful.

Someone else announces that there are two rules—not to speak in any formal verbal language (i.e. english), and not to walk in your normal upright way. And he tells us that we have a permit for this which seems kind of crazy but it beats getting arrested...and the mud is here and we're all in a writhing mass laughing and pouring mud on each other. Each time someone slaps mud onto my skin or rubs it into my hair it's like a gift. I paint someone's face, transforming her from civilized person to mudperson and she lets out a whoop and I'm rolling on the ground in mud, no longer scared.

Then the trek through the city. I discover new ways to move and make sounds. I cluck, I hoot, I hiss, I scream, I inflate my cheeks and blow ecstatic raspberries. I crawl on my belly, whirl in circles, hop, roll; I arch my back and stick my butt out, I crouch in a spider scramble, I find rhythms and follow them, I coordinate sound and movement; I am my own toy, my own instrument.

Then I become aware of the other mudpeople. I team up with others and we move in a tangled mass. We climb on each other and form sculptures. We communicate in our own primeval languages and we communicate well. We've left our reserve, our privacy, our personal space back in the park and that makes it so damn easy to connect.

We come across a table set up with a banner exhorting people to support the republican party. Irresistable! We surround the table, making a racket with our screeching and laughing. The man behind the table grins nervously in his tacky suit.

The city is fascinating and horrifying, seen through mudperson eyes. Details we never noticed as civilized folk enthrall us. We find a big round metal grate in the sidewalk and gather round, taking turns hooting into it and banging on it as if it were some sort of ceremonial object. A railing becomes something to climb on. A fire hydrant offers a complex tactile experience. Bits of grass growing through cracks in the pavement are treasures, stubborn survivors of a natural order. Something is clanging wildly, terrifyingly—a street car. This is the first time I've ever seen the famous San Francisco street cars; mine isn't the average tourist experience.

While it's liberating and fun to find out that the city can be an endless playgound, my most profound impression is of how synthetic it is--the earth all covered in rough, dirty concrete, the buildings blocking out the sky and forming walls wherever I turn. Cars are horrible things, ugly metal monsters sending clouds of smelly pollution into the air, moving along without regard to human life. The sounds of the city are industrial and harsh, the air stinks, everything is dirty and nature is entirely absent or else packaged into small, processed, regulated units—neat flower beds, fanatically trimmed shrubs, trees all the same size in neat rows planted in concrete boxes.

And the people—they seem pathetic—so tied down by convention. They all walk the same, talk the same, dress the same; they have suppressed all their wildness. Some laugh at us, a few laugh with us, some are confused, some offended, and some even frightened. "This is disgusting," someone says. Forget your notions of disgust! They're part of what keeps you locked up in suits, scared of the unsuitable, strangled by your ties, tied to your fears, hobbled by your high heels and your horror of uncontrolled, uninhibited acts.

I can't stand it anymore—can they stand it anymore??- and I stand upright and begin to tell them, with all the unspoiled earnestness of my mud-person energy, that they are steadily, daily, killing themselves, denying life, that their existences are pale, caged exercises in fear and limits and repression, that they should shake off the shackles that bind their imaginations and LIVE! I'm telling them all this in mudperson language, using my body, using all the new sounds I've learned to make, using the full force of my will but not using english, because what I've got to tell them won't sink in if I use words...I know I'm making sense, and I know they understand but they're too paralyzed to act; I can tell they're listening and I keep going, louder, more vehemently, till I'm finished.

I hope they listen and I wish we could do this for them more often. I wish they'd do it themselves.

When it's over I'm tired, tingling, craving hugs, exhilarated, a bit dazed, entirely free of tension. It's strange to take the bus home covered in dried mud and wearing rags. And it's damn nice to wash it all off when I get home.

By Laura B

WHAT IT IS:

The 1989 anarchist conference/festival was the fourth annual gathering of political, cultural and community activists from canada, america and mexico (and some from europe) who share the anti-authoritarian spirit. 1500 - 2000 people attended.

North american anarchists have been getting together annually for four years now. Each year the gathering is held in a different city. Last year it was in toronto.

THE QUESTION YOU'RE ABOUT TO ASK:

"An anarchist conference and festival—isn't that a contradiction in terms?

...AND THE ANSWER:

No. Anarchists aren't against people organizing, meeting, and working together. But we're careful about how it's done. Our work together is participatory, flexible, grassroots, decentralized and free from coercion. Anarchists use systems that prevent power from accumulating in the hands of one person or group of people, that prevent adopted practices from becoming rules, and that leave individuals the freedom to differ. And we are willing and able to reevaluate and change these systems when they don't seem to be effective.

And anarchists have good reason to gather, even more than other radical/resistance movements. Whereas socialists, commmunists, liberals, etc. advocate replacing our government/power structure with a new, different government/power structure, anarchists want to get rid of the government/power structure completely. Brought together to discuss our politics, our conferences become our temporary anarchist communities.

WHAT WENT ON:

Most of the events took place in a school in the city's Mission distict. A typical day began with open-microphone a ments and breakfast in courtyard. In the aftern were workshops—as ma day squished into three t

Some workshops: ni an anarchist perspective, in west germany, animal nonviolence and anarchi ing racist states from out states, uproting racism leninists at 20 yards(hon port from eastern europ song exchange....

Not everyone went shops. Some people hung courtyard, making musi ing on the wall of demo contributing to daycare, and doing other voluntee no one giving orders, no o

In the evenings peop drunk, hung out in the worked on the newslette repertory theatre in co creativity at the Thea

NOW THAT IT'S OVER:

We have made lots o next year; we are tire contacts, are planning regional gatherings for inspired, enthused, broke and happy.

DAY OF ACTION

Tying the black bandanas around our faces signaled the beginning. Even though we'd been meeting for a week, and the San Fransisco committee had been planning this day of action for months.

Black bandanas to protect an anarchist's identity, safe from the prying video cameras which allow the cops to make arrests days after the demonstration.

And then we were linking arms, walking, chanting slogans - like any north american liberal demonstration.

We had originally planned to "squat" and hold a vacant building for twenty-four hours. The building was city-owned, and had been empty for three years. A group inside the building would try to hook up electricity and water, and encourage the homeless in the area to move in, with the protection and support of the San Francisco anarchist community.

But early on the morning of the action, a group of nine anarchists who had gone ahead of the main action to secure the building were arrested and charged with trespassing. The building's stairs were torn out and all the windows and doors boarded up. A police barricade was erected and a group of cops paraded outside.

After an urgent morning meeting, plans changed. The majority of people didn't want to attack a police line.

So on that sunny afternoon, our chanting group instead sauntered over to the campus ROTC (Reserve Officer Training Corps) building for an afternoon's occupying entertainment.

Unsuccessful. A lot of cops, everywhere. Standing around mostly, a few doing a bit of anarchist-herding.

Back we went, a bit of American-flag burning, throwing a few rocks and cans which helplessly bounced off a huge American banking structure. Back through the park.

We all saw it at the same time. A symbol that scratches across our brains every time it flashes on the screen. A symbol that beats out Disneyland, IBM, G.E. There in front of us, stopped at the intersection, was a huge, red and white Coca-Cola truck. The first rock flew. The driver jumped out of the truck. And within minutes, the truck was demolished as thirty anarchists swarmed over it. It was the Real Thing.

As we passed back through the park a second time, a wall of riot gear faced us. Plastic helmets below their faces. Black clubs at their sides. The cops charged. We ran. Right into another group of riot helmets. We ran some more, sweating and panting in our black sweaters, pants and ban. dana. My mind flashed back to a conversation with a mexican anarchist who warned against San Francisco cops.

"They get hard-ons while they beat you up," he said. San Francisco cops have faced three riots in the past two months. And they've beat up a lot of demonstrators. Last fall, during a "peaceful" rally against George Bush, 59 year old Dolores Huerta, a United Farm Worker organizer, was beaten by the police and had her spleen ruptured.

The crowd started running down Telegraph Road - a densely commercialized street. Shoppers watched as demonstrators ran from the cops and started breaking storefront glass. Demonstrators change clothes. Behind shops and into alleys to said one. "I don't want to be part of this."

That evening, we sat listlessly back at the warehouse where some of the planning meetings had been held. In the background, a team of legal support people battled on the phone to get information about the people arrested. We were all too dispirited to even talk about it. Finally someone pulled out a guitar, we lit our "cops stay away" voodoo candle, and spent the evening singing protest songs.

by Corinne B.

The final tally was thirty people arrested, several still remain in prison in Santa Rita and the local jail in Berkely, California.

Our workshop discussed the viability of the home schooling movement. One person asked whether kids who are homeschooled get enough peer interaction. Another woman replied that "sending kids to schools for peer interaction is like joining the military to make friends."

Men, gay and straight, were very open about wearing skirts or whatever they chose. women wandered around without out clothes, until they received complaints from the school janitors.

One spontaneous expression I thought was great was the drumming. Using guitars, drums, garbage cans, loose aluminum, and anything else that could be scavenged and banged, people kept a constant, rhythmic jungle-beat going all day. Players would pick up instruments as other people left them to go to workshops. Others would dance by themselves or in groups. It's one of my favourite memories of the gathering.

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ENTERTAINMENT

Book exposes mess

By Rick Hiebert

The recent Iran-Contra scandal in the United States can often seem confusing to foreign eyes. Much rumour and speculation has been circulating about the affair and an effective, fact-based look at the subject is overdue.

PRINT
Perilous Statecraft
By Michael A. Ledeen
Scribner's

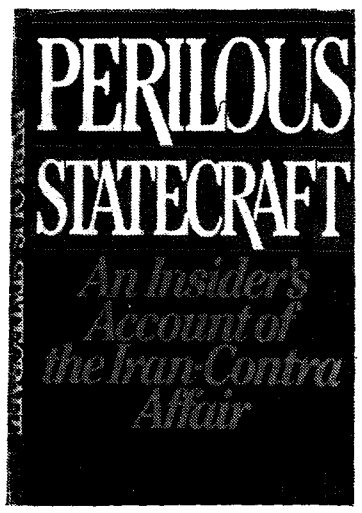
Perilous Statecraft is a thoughtful overview of the mess created, written by former National Security Council insider Michael Ledeen. The book goes far towards providing a first look at the scandal which plagued the White House foreign policy and strategy planning group nominally known as the National Security Council.

According to Ledeen, the Reagan administration was confronted with two problem areas when it came into office: Central America and the Middle East.

The Reagan administration wanted to fight communism, yet often they were reduced to rhetoric because of the "status quo" of the State Department bureaucracy, and the desire of the Reagan inner circle to protect the President's reputation in history. Therefore, any initiative which supported the Nicaraguan contras, for example, in a nonpublic way, would be welcome.

The situation in Iran posed different problems. The Americans needed to build bridges to Iran and encourage a more moderate regime in the strategically important country. The American hostages held by Iranian-run groups made the need for a diplomatic deal with Iran more urgent.

Ledeen writes that the scandal developed when the initiative to improve relations with Iran turned into an arms deal for hostages that was profitable enough to fund the contra rebels without recourse to a Congress that turned U.S. Contra funding on and off like a water faucet.



Ledeen's book is clear, informative, and offers a logical analysis of forces and personalities in the Middle East, Washington and Central America that were involved in the scandal. Although a bit dry, it is relatively easy to read and offers a factual account of what actually happened in the affair. Rumours abound about Iran-Contra, yet Ledeen's book adresses many of them, appearing to prove that the scandal was a result of strategic needs and political imperatives and not a malevolent conspiracy to peddle drugs or make a grab for dictatorial power.

Ledeen is also skilled at analyzing various personalities of Iranamok—figures like Richard Secord, Oliver North and Amiram Nir—and how internal power politics in Iran, Israel and the U.S. played a role in shaping events of the affair.

The book also addresses the role of Israel in the affair and how it assisted in running arms to Iran, providing middlemen for diplomacy and gathering Middle East intelligence, a subject the major media hasn't written much about.

The only problem I had with Ledeen's analysis was his contention that the U.S. adopted a tunnel view in regard to freeing the American hostages. He feels that the need to free the hostages was misplaced and that the Americans erred in not establishing a new relationship with the Iranians based on an understanding of the factional nature of Iranian politics. This may be excellent strategy, but his intent could be misinterpreted as somewhat cold-blooded.

Perilous Statecraft is a useful and brief (295 pages) introduction to the Iran-Contra Affair. Those interested in reading a thoughtful preliminary historical analysis of the power politics and personalities involved will find the book very useful.

continued from page 5

prints depicting war become claustrophobic in their inability to provide coherent meaning. The two murals form a passageway, with each end flanked by six smaller prints. Because of the physical confines of the space, it is impossible to get the entire mural within vision. The experience is disturbing.

In the third room, on the far wall, Howard Ursuliak's series "Lest We Speak" supplies the only respite. A series of images related to communication, or lack of it, are both beautiful and of the moment. Subjective interpretation of these images comes easily, relieving the mind from the unsettling voices of the preceding photographs.

How nice it would be to distance oneself from stereotypical associations and media-related connections when walking through the rooms of "Taking Pictures", to find the "truth" in the images.

We only begin to understand the meaning—or lack of meaning—upon reading the illustrated catalogue where the curator states, "Taking Pictures can be perceived as straddling an exploratory space between the social and the subjective."

But it was Wallace's written text that ultimately clarified the meaning of the exhibition, and so, at least in this case, "Taking Pictures" becomes yet another media-induced experience.

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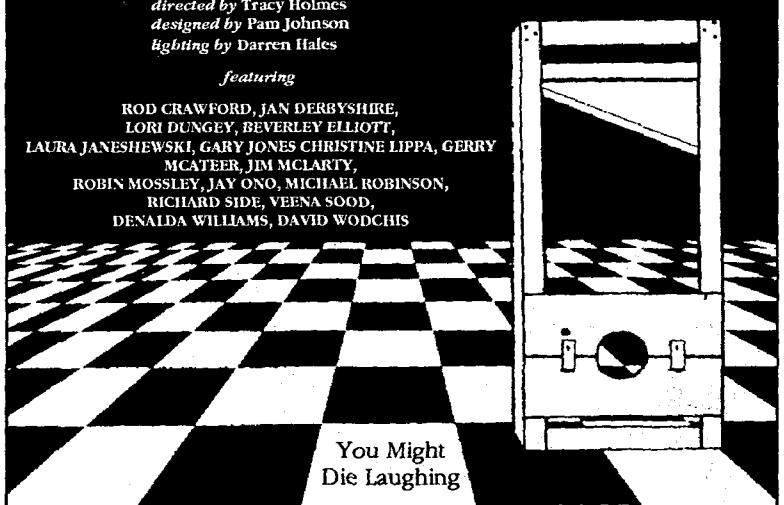

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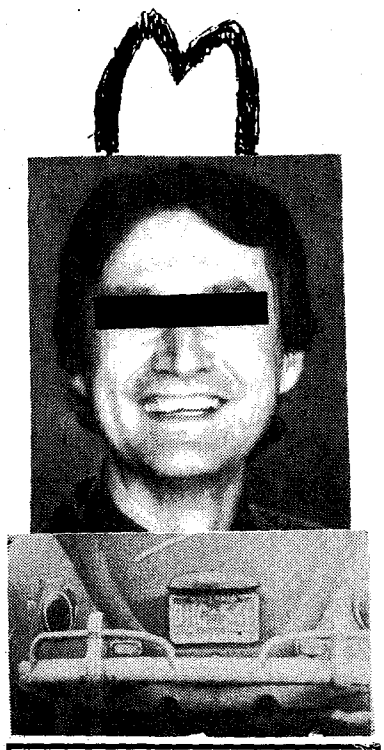

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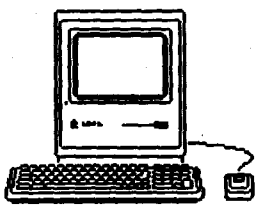

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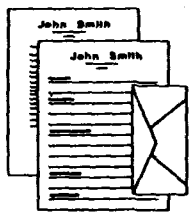

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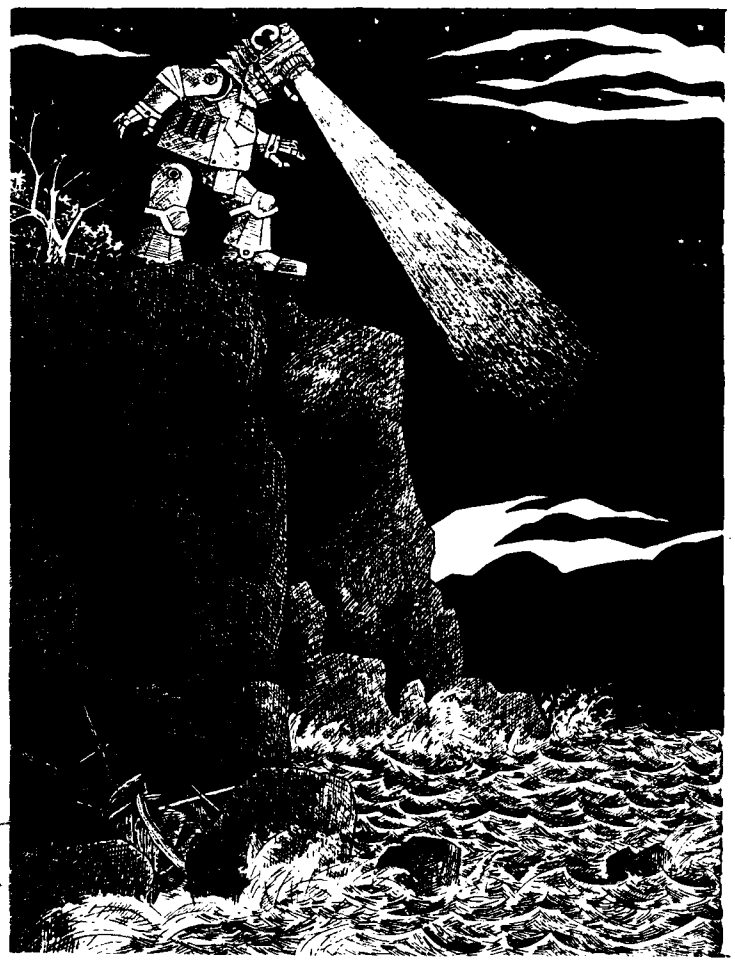
Poet Laureate writes for the real child



Dirk Zimmer's illustrations give the latest Iron Giant great energy

by Chung Wong

When we think of poet laureates, honoured Englanders like Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Dryden come to mind, but dare we mention Ted Hughes? Is he not the first poet laureate—not to mention individual—ever to wear a leather jacket to a Royal Wedding? This man must definitely know Billy Bragg.

And his book, Iron Giant, inspired Pete Townshend's new album, Ironman the Musical.

But who is Ted Hughes? Do we know? He does engage publicly in unconventional antics, but this we do know: He is currently England's poet laureate.

If we judge his previous active public undertakings, Iron Giant should come as no surprise. First, it is a children's book. Second, it is no ordinary children's book:

The Iron Giant came to the top of the cliff.

How far had he walked? Nobody knows. Where had he come from? Nobody knows. How was he made? Nobody knows.

Taller than a house, the Iron Giant stood at the top of the cliff, on the very brink, in the darkness...

PRINT
The Iron Giant
A Story in Five Nights
Ted Hughes

He swayed in the strong wind that pressed against his back. He swayed forward on the brink of the high cliff.

And his right foot, his enormous iron right foot, lifted—up, out, into space, and the Iron Giant stepped forward, off the cliff into nothingness.

Definitely not for kids who live fairytale lives, searching to find or be Prince Charming—nor for those who just want to graduate from school and find life satisfaction in a job. This book is for those who have experienced psychological or emotional alienation during their childhood.

Hughes embodies the "let's not kid kids philosophy" in this book. After all, why wait until after university?

In this book, children are shown alternatives to the destructiveness of our world. The leading character, a boy named Hogarth, has different ideas: destruction isn't necessary.

War ridicules people. Yeah, children. This is Ted's big message—now's the time to know.

In the end you'll discover that all the dragon in the book can do as a slave is fly or make music. I mean, "Haven't you heard of the music of the spheres? It's the music that space makes to itself. All the spirits inside all the stars are singing. [The dragon is] a star spirit. [The dragon sings] too. The music of the spheres is what makes space so peaceful."

No, this quote is not a call for you to start a new religion—get it together!

The Iron Giant asks, "If you're so peaceful up there, how did you get such greedy and cruel ideas?"

The dragon responds, "It just came over me. I don't know why. It just came over me, listening to the battle shouts and the war cries of the earth—I got excited; I wanted to join in." Ted Hughes succeeds in causing us to reverse our thought processes several times, by inverting our perception of life—making Iron Giant a parable for our time.

Ironman breaks

by Chung Wong

In the rock opera Tommy, a generation identified with a disabled kid unable to feel or to be felt. One can only grieve over the missed potential of Ironman the Musical, Pete Townshend's new album.

Poor production hurt the new album, and even Townshend's well-spun lyrics couldn't quite save it. But those lyrics. . . If only the album lived up to those lyrics. . .

ALBUM
The Ironman
Pete Townshend

About peer pressure, Townshend sings, "I'm not gonna run any more like a rat to a piper's tune."

About adult life (basically anything at all), he sings, "I've no idea how my life began, but I am the fearless Ironman. I lost my arms. I lost my eyes. I broke my feet. I bruised my thighs. My head's on a cliff. I've no idea where my maker ran, but I am the fearless Ironman."

Ironman is an adaptation of Ted Hughes' book, Iron Giant. Townshend expands on the original work, adding woodland creatures who befriend a frightened boy, Hogarth.

Ironman the Musical is more political than the book, Iron Giant. When the Ironman breaks out of the soil in the musical, he begins to devour military equipment. The government—also a bit more volatile in the musical—plans an all-out nuclear attack.

Taking the part of the father, The Who plays on two tracks: Dig and Fire. Simon Townshend, Pete's brother, sings the part of the Owl. Pete is Hogarth, the young boy, and legendary blues guitarist Johnny Lee Hooker is the Ironman.

Though it all sounds like the making of a tour de force, there is a price to pay. Johnny Lee Hooker's Blues guitar, Townshend's melodious lyrical lines and his orgasm-like guitar licks are all swamped by overtones of synthesized Muzak.

Ironman is a far cry from anything, mainly because of its poor production.

If the Toronto shows are any indication of concerts to come, a better version of Ironman can be heard live when The Who come to Vancouver on August 18 to recreate parts of Tommy the Rock Opera.

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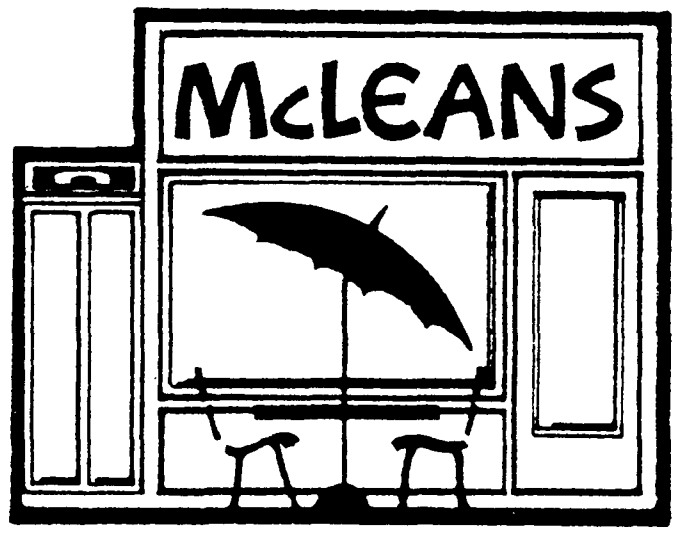

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Editorial

"verbal abuse and ice cubes"

Have you been feeling impotent lately?

Perhaps it's a response to the frightening fertility the anti-choice movement has had of late. They have Barbara Dodd on their side, they have men laying legal claim to the part of a woman's body men have always most wanted to control, and they have the public's attention. They're making working conditions for many health-care workers, especially those who work at abortion clinics, a daily battle. They're intimidating women who want abortions and doctors who want to perform them. And they've perfected the art of getting their antics splashed all over the media.

It's time for the pro-choice movement to get into high gear. It settled into complacency after the national abortion law was struck down. But this perceived "big" victory has left a void that the anti-choice activists have moved to fill.

In Cleveland a few months ago, the pro-choice movement went on the offensive. A pro-choice mole in Operation Rescue was able to infiltrate and warn abortion clinics of planned "Rescue attacks". The clinics alerted sympathizers and formed human chains so Operation Rescue workers couldn't chain themselves to the doors.

Vancouver protesters could elaborate on the Cleveland pro-choicers' tactics—they could make things difficult, downright miserable in fact, for protesters who chain themselves to clinic doors. Verbal abuse and ice cubes down the shirt are a good start. But the actions must swing both ways. Pro-choice groups should not only disrupt Operation Rescue, they should also provide support to women entering the clinic for abortions. It's a difficult enough decision to have an abortion, and a woman needs to be aware that there are those that support her decision despite the verbal abuse she receives from "life" groups outside. A few Vancouver women escort women seeking abortions through the protesters, but there just aren't enough of them.

Direct action doesn't mean pan-handling for public support. The strengthening of a movement comes about through small victories: witness the solidarity small victories have brought to the anti-choice movement. Because it's so important that women retain the right to determine what happens to their bodies, it's also important that the pro-choice movement re-evaluate its tactics. Direct action means going on the offensive, infiltrating if necessary, fighting if necessary. The small victories are the important victories, and they won't happen through the legislatures, they'll happen on the streets.

Oops! La Quena Fiesta story
Re: Kim LaLat Band - One member was almost killed and had to flee to **Guatemala** (not Nicaragua)
Also: Tools for Peace ...
NOT an offshoot of Canadian Aid to Nicaragua - Tools for Peace was started by a group of fishermen

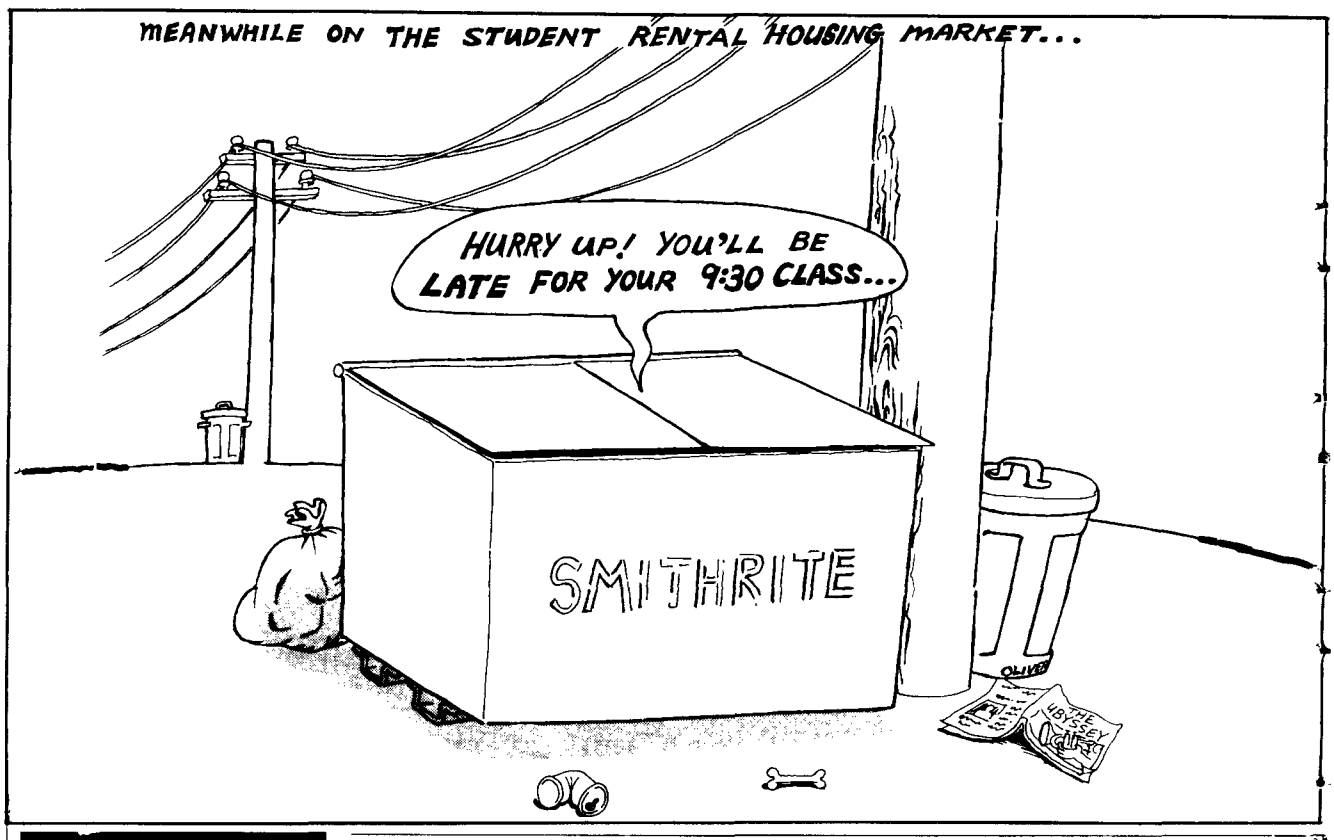
SUMMER THE UBYSSEY

August 2, 1989

The Summer Ubyssey is published Wednesdays throughout July and August by the Alma Mater Society of the University of British Columbia. Editorial opinions are those of the majority of the staff and not necessarily those of the university administration, or of the sponsor. The Ubyssey is a member of Canadian University Press. The editorial office is Rm. 241K of the Student Union Building. Editorial Department, phone 228-2301; advertising, 228-3977; FAX# 228-6093

Rick Hiebert had fallen asleep in the midst of another crisis. He saw Kris Obertas and Joe Altwasser turning cartwheels on a grassy hill while Chung Wong tried to establish a new system of government. He occasionally asked for their help but they were too involved in their acrobatics to notice him. Randy Iwata was running for the position of Chief Despot in Chung's future system. Carla Maftechuk and Sheila Hill flew over in a hot-air balloon, shouting helpful advice, which was dutifully recorded and filed by Laura Busheikin. Heather McCartney, who was in charge of crowd control, told Keith Leung to create order among the masses of people flooding in with a strong show of support of Randy's candidacy. Corinne Bjorge was already secretly plotting a rebellion with Martin Chester. As Rick tossed and turned, his thoughts shifted. The crowd metamorphosed into likenesses of Heather Jenkins and Franka Cordua-von Specht. Laura J. May joined them on a merry-go-round, shouting "Steve Chan, get a picture of us!" George Oliver, who had the camera, wouldn't surrender it because he was busy photographing Pat Makamura while she and Katherine Monk taunted Bobby Groberman about his name. Rick suddenly awoke to the sight of Randy and Chung having a business meeting on what looked like a merry-go-round. "Gotta stay away from that spiked watermelon next time" thought Rick. Ted Aussem made a face at him while Alex Johnson smiled guiltily at Hao Li.

EDITORS
Joe Altwasser • Franka Cordua - von Specht
Laura J. May • Chung Wong



Letters

The Ubyssey welcomes letters on any issue. Letters must be typed and are not to exceed 300 words in length. Content which is judged to be libelous, homophobic, sexist, racist or factually incorrect will not be published. Please be concise. Letters may be edited for brevity, but it is standard Ubyssey policy not to edit letters for spelling or grammatical mistakes. Please bring them, with identification, to SUB 241k. Letters must include name, faculty, and signature.

NDP is not morally inept

Dear Editors,

I was delighted by Greg Lanning's letter of July 26, "Is the NDP morally inept?" Excoriation by someone of Mr. Lanning's wit and character always makes me feel as if I had done something positively wonderful to deserve it! I must by now have accumulated at least half a half dozen such tirades for my CV.

As an alumnus and honorary member of faculty, I cherish the hope that our Law Faculty can yet teach Mr. Lanning something more powerful than argumentum ad hominem ere he leaves our sheltered groves of academe for the harder world where"Tuum Est" is more that a pretty embellishment on a beer mug. One small lesson in the application of fact before fancy might be in order before our legal beagle bids for a part as crown prosecutor or defence attorney.

Let us review his letter, point by point:

1. Darlene Marzari and I did not "scold anyone Chinese included" who protested the recent massacre of students in Beijing. On the contrary, I was the first member of the Legislative Assembly to defend the Chinese students in B.C. from the attack of Mr. Russ Fraser, MLA, on their freedom of speech here in Canada. (See B.C. Hansard for June 2, 1989.) With my family, I participated in a demonstration outside the Chinese Consulate on June 4th. Ms. Marzari and I were, to our knowledge, the only MLA's to open our offices to Chinese students wishing to use our governmnent telephone line and FAX machine to contact China. We potentially face a huge telephone bill if the government does not agree to pay for these calls. We continue our support for the Chinese students in every way possible.

2. We did not compare the demolition of apartment buildings in Kerrisdale, and the expulsion of elderly long-term tenants, to the Tien An Men massacre. We did suggest Canadians not be smug when we show so little regard for the human rights of these elderly citizens who have been the foundation of our present affluent society. We do not apologize for representing these less vocal constituents too.

3. I no longer head the "Physicians for Social Responsibilty", although I am proud to have served a President of the B.C. chapter in 1984-85. That organization (now re-named Canadian Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War) never condoned the shooting down of KAL 007, nor would we. If someone else handed out leaflets at one of our meetings, "absolving the Red Airforce of killing 269 people", as Mr. Lanning alleges, it was certainly not us. Mr. Lanning has repeated this libellous fiction many times, but it has not become any more true for the re-telling.

One last rebuttal. Neither Ms. Marzari nor I have any desire to be "yoked around" Mr. Greg Lanning's neck. Occasional literary fencing such as this is sufficient contact for my taste, thank you. Had the voters of Point Grey condemned me to share the yoke with Mr. Lanning, I should eagerly have responded: "Unyoke me then, for I would be free to think for myself with a clear and an honest mind!"

Tom Perry, MLA

Life force requests response

Dear Dr. Strangway

Dr. Holm has informed us that he believes that neither he nor Cheryl MacDonald need to reply to our letter of July 18, 1989 regarding the killing and dissection of rats and quail in Biology 102 (copy enclosed).

In a telephone conversation on July 25, 1989, Dr. Holm informed me that he would be offering any student opposed to dissection a non-violent option which would satisfy the requirements of the course. However, he did not offer any option to student Jennifer Miller, and refuses to discuss this contradiction with Lifeforce.

Therefore, we request that you respond or instruct representatives from the Biology Department to immediately respond to our concerns as outlined in the July 18, 1989 letter.

For non-violent sciences

Peter Hamilton
Director, Lifeforce

Please don't forget the Boat People

I am writing this letter in response to your editorial entitled 'ABSORBING THE WEALTHY ABANDONING THE POOR'. I am of the same opinion with your editorial, however I do find that the contents are inadequate. Nowhere in your editorial can I find the tragic flight of the Vietnamese boat-people living in makeshift detention camps in Hong Kong even mentioned. I am already sadden by the fact that their predicament has recieved little attention by the press and sympathy by the world, and even more so when people with commitment for a fair immigration policy have forgotten their tragedy altogether. A test of a fair immigration policy has to do with how well we treat those who have nowhere to go to and who are in in need of a refuge from persecution and possible death. Canada had been kind and compassionate in the past—a refuge for the persecuted. Our doors are closing fast and our borders are sealed. Less and less refugees are admitted into Canada every year in a record wave of immigration.

There are about sixty thousands Vietnamese refugees in the congested crown colony. Upon their arrival in their leaky old junks, they are crammed into makeshift detention camps, denied their freedom to move about even to embassies to seek political asylum. This is why I think you have done no justice to these desperate people by your silence, lack of commitment for a fair immigration policy or lack of knowledge, when you speak out for the residents of Hong Kong in your article and fail even to mention about the real refugees of the crown colony.

I have intended this excercise to bring your attention to the flight of these desperate but patient people whom you seem to have no knowledge about. You can do them justice by doing likewise.

H J Tran,
Science IV

Salaries don't affect fees

Dear Sir:

Your report (July 19, 1989) that President Strangway links future student fee increases to the faculty salary settlement to be determined this year by arbitration seems strange.

Fee increases for the present year were set some time ago. the figure 8.2% quoted as the administration's offer to faculty includes the Career Advancement Plan, which is largely self-financing through turnover savings. The 8.2 figure does not represent the cost to the University. A figure of 5.2% is a more accurate reflection of the increase being offered by the University for purposes of comparison with rates of inflation or rates of increase in fees.

The rather modest figure being offered by the administation falls well below this year's substantial increases in the Provincial Government's grants to UBC which include funds specially designated to increase UBC faculty salaries towards more competitive levels. The University's offer is also well below this year's 10% fee increase.

The increase being sought by the Faculty Association lies within the University's ability to pay out of presently known funds. Indeed, any arbitrated settlement must fall within that ability as determined by the Arbitration Board. There is no way in which the settlement will have implications for fee increases in future years, that being a subject relating to the overall budget planning of the University in the future.

John Cragg, chair
Salaries and Economic benefits Committee
Faculty Association

South African Loner

It has been almost a year since "self-imposed" South African exile Abdullah Ibrahim stunned an audience at Vancouver East Cultural Center, a forum where hidden artists leave lasting impressions in the hearts of people who visit their artistic—or even personal—landscape.

Ibrahim is a frustrating person to interview. He speaks in elliptical phrases out of deep medi-

tation. His music, however, proves to be one of the most eloquent voices in the jazz world. Much of his music—if not all—speaks of a painful relationship between an exile and a beautiful homeland. It dwells on its gruelling history, and most predominant is the "monster" called "apartheid" which occupies the land. Land is a priceless achievement for an African to attain. A spiritual relationship exists between the two. For Abdullah, it is there his family grows; it is there his life grows. But he knows, under apartheid, it cannot reach its fruition.

He stands before an audience in humble rags. His face is sad and the lines on his boyish demeanor harden. He looks to the ground and ponders. "This song..., this song...this song...," he mutters in thought. He pauses to search for words to say. "This song," he says, "is very difficult to explain." He stands in silence for 40 seconds. Suddenly, he shakes his head in disgust. He whispers, "No explanation needed—this song is called...'Nelson.'"

Abdullah Ibrahim is a rare one to acknowledge the imperfection of his humanity. "Music," Ibrahim says, "can help to illuminate ourselves, to help us see best how we can relate to other people on a level of love and understanding."

"All else is of no consequence," Ibrahim likes to say.

I choose Abdullah Ibrahim as an example, for it is perhaps the strife for a pure ideal in life he undertakes that we have come to value a man named Nelson. A strife which exhorts right and speaks and acts against wrong despite the most inhuman of temptations—while under repressive states—such as money; power; and opportunity. For over two decades, Mandela sacrificed opportunity consistently to preserve an ideal in its purity. Very few can say they have taken a step toward such an endeavor. And even fewer will admit the existence of a pure ideal. But in our recognition of Mandela—not the human being but rather the concept we have nourished—we reveal a hope and desire in our hearts that such a thing does exist. In our society we face a cluttered collage of politicians with powerful voices which do not allow room for human error. We look through each window and believe we see clearly. A little Windex will always do the job. But what we forget and doubt—learn to doubt—are the ideals we hope for. The things we stand for. Most importantly, we lose our focus and connection to humanity. We forget how to deal with humans on a human basis. In a sense it is ironically a form of self-denial. What we admire—if that is all we do—in Nelson Mandela is that he never forgot. What we admire in the South African people is that they too have not forgotten. Human reasoning or human spirit has been the strength of the anti-apartheid movement as opposed to transient political jargon. It is a stance that the South African government has been unable to shatter. Recently, an artist's impression of jailed ANC leader Nelson Mandela, as he looks today, was given to delegates to a South African trade union meeting by the South African government. Wrinkles circle Mandela's mouth and underline his eyes. One has to wonder if the release of this picture reflects a plot by the South African government acting as the Orwellian "Big Brother" giving an illusion for the world showing the decay and fickleness of the human spirit. A collage is before us. It is now we must ask ourselves: Do we forget or do we stand?

Chung Wong, Ubyssey staff

The China watcher story

In silent recesses of the minds of avid watchers of the China situation—especially of those who call it home— realities are comprehended but rarely outwardly expressed.

> Many feel that if the government were left alone for a couple of years, it may initiate some real political reform by itself. What happened in Tienammen Square was outrageous, but should be remembered as an unfortunate event in Chinese history.

There is a general belief that the Communist Government of China is the only means for stability and control during this nation's critical times. The watchers feel that strong "condemnation action," like total economic sanctions from the West, will only push the Communist Government of China toward irrational actions. But the watchers desperately hope that in time the government will change its course of action to:

1. Stop persecuting the intellectuals and political reform supporters.
2. Release all students and student leaders.
3. Acknowledge the massacre in Tiennamen Square and compensate for all the victims.
4. Continue economic reform.
5. Open for slow but steady political reform.

This kind of thinking is also popular in overseas Chinese communites.

Many feel that if the government were left alone for a couple of years, it may initiate some real political reform by itself. What happened in Tienammen Square was outrageous, but should be remembered as an unfortunate event in Chinese history.

Canadian founders believed that:

1. Collective wisdom and strength of the INFORMED common people out match, and out think any leaders in shaping the future of the nation.
2. Common people are concerned and care for their homeland. Given the Right Condition and Right Motivation, the INFORMED common people are willing to sacrifice much more than asked for in order to secure a better future for their nation.
3. Compromise is always needed from everyone. Human interests are so different in any society and in any nation that without any compromise, all democratic government will be paralysed.
4. Absolute power corrupts absolutely. No democratic system can survive if there were no check and balance built into the system. These mechanisms will never be efficient, but the political system will preserve a "government of the people, for the people and by the people."

All educated people living in the west should understand the above principles. Yet it is surprising to see that so many watchers actually believe that the Communist Government of China can change their way of thinking without any external or internal pressure.

The Communist Party of China probably believes:

1. We are the elite and wise men in China. We understand more about the whole China and all its problems. Only we are qualified to make difficult decisions for all people in China.
2. Common people are not wise or INFORMED enough to decide their own lives and destinies. If they are given too much freedom, there will be chaos in the country.
3. The top leaders of government can not be corrupted by their absolute power since they are too old and wise. They are Chinese and they love there country.

It is probably true that most common people in China are not INFORMED and wise enough to take control of their destinies IMMEDIATELY. There will be chaos and confusion in China if there is an IMMEDIATE reform in China's political system.

> ... the government must be responsible for not INFORMING and educating the Chinese people.

However, the government must be responsible for not INFORMING and educating the Chinese people. Over the past 40 years, the party has with force educated everyone in China not to think about anything beside party doctrines. Now, the MISINFORMED and uneducated common people are the excuses for the party to slow down or stop all progressive political reform.

In China there are probably several million people belonging to the Communist Party. Out of

continued on page 4

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ANARCHIST DIARY

wednesday, july 19

We've been in the city for two days, and we're moving to this warehouse in the Mission district, where the events of the Gathering are taking place.

Not many people at the warehouse when we set up, but the number will quickly grow to almost 200. We are staying there illegally. The warehouse has been rented by organizers ostensibly for 'storage'. A daily newsletter for the Gathering will be produced there. The warehouse will become a centre for ceaseless activity and noise late into the night.

At 5:30 we go to a demo in support of Food Not Bombs. In San Francisco, apparently, they'll arrest you for serving free food to the homeless, something which they've been doing since 1980. In the previous week, 19 people were arrested for "serving food without a permit." The recent crackdown has been partly sparked by the founding of a highly visible homeless encampment across from City Hall. Inhabitants of the encampment have been threatened with eviction and subjected to stepped-up police harassment. The arrests of Food Not Bombs volunteers has been part of a general program to remove the homeless from sight.

About 300 people gather at Civic Center Plaza to disobey the ban by serving food to the homeless. Over 200 people have been served, the media has left and the crowd is dispersing in small groups when the police start making arrests. Over 2 dozen people are taken to jail for the same charge.

thursday, july 20

The Gathering opens. All the workshops are being held at a junior high school. I go to my first one, on "subversive arts". Two hours of practical information on activities accessible to everyone which can be used to challenge existing assumptions and subvert the system. Discussion ranges from remaking entire billboards in broad daylight (just bring scaffolding, coveralls and pylons to redirect traffic) to environmentally-sound spray paint techniques (ie. avoiding CFC-containing aerosol cans). Emphasis is given to using aesthetics and fun to engage people in your community and disarm hostility.

I end up at a workshop on "Reuniting chaos and anarchy" which turns into a raging debate between 'anarchy and order' people, of which I am one, and 'anarchy and chaos' people, comprised mostly of younger Punks. After an hour and a half, the Chaos people decide they're not having fun and start playing patty cakes loudly overtop the discussion. About a dozen people start play wrestling on the floor. The workshop comes to a tumultuous end. I chat with some of the Order people about 'social anarchism', about our actions being bound by respect for each other as human beings and for the earth. I feel old and comparatively sober-minded.

The courtyard of the school has become a hangout for people relaxing. At any given time there are between 150 to 200 anarchists there. People talking, beating on drums, playing basketball, skateboarding, playing Duck Duck Goose in a big circle (modified to Anarchist Anarchist Fascist). The courtyard is where the free food is served and general assemblies are held.

We go back to the warehouse and discover our stay is in jeopardy. Apparently, the owner has found out and has threatened to phone the cops. (200 people are definitely less than invisible.) There is a house meeting to discuss how to respond. Talk ranges from resisting to stalling, but eventually ends up at leaving peacefully in respect of the SF organizers who have put up $3000 for the rent. We also discuss alternative housing arrangements, ranging from camping out at Civic Center where people have been setting up tents in solidarity with the homeless, to an Oakland warehouse, legally lived in by 16 anarchist-vegetarians, to a large squat in the Lower Haight district.

friday, july 21

I go to a workshop on "characteristics of modern society", which is a very intellectual discussion critiquing the notion of 'Progress', one of the more cherished ideas of Western industrial society. Judging from the workshops I've attended so far, I have this feeling there are these different anarchist streams — I've come across the militant, the chaotic, and the intellectual so far, and I'm sure there are many more — and ne'er the twain shall meet. They go to their own workshops, where they learn things that reinforce their original worldview, rather than create a dialogue between the differing categories and hopefully sparking some sort of dynamic tension.

I also attend a workshop given by a woman from the Greenham Common Peace Camp (a permanent encampment set up by women in England to protest the military base there where nuclear weapons are being housed). Since the fall of 1984, the military has begun directing microwaves at the women. Most of the women have become ill, with symptoms ranging from ear aches to nausea to speech difficulties to feelings of panic and paranoia. The massive police and army force guarding the base has virtually disappeared. The women believe that the zapping is being used to harass the women into leaving and also to test the effects and potential of electromagnetic weapons. Very scary.

In the evening we move our stuff to the squat. It's an 11 story-high apartment building that has been abandoned for 10 years. A few of the people from the Gathering have been squatting there for as along as six months. We climb through a hole in the fence and go up to the 5th floor where about 30 people are staying. The floors are cold and most of the rooms are uninhabitable because there are no windows. However, there are eight people in my room and sleeping bags and body heat to keep us all warm.

monday, july 24

People tell me they've seen Michelle Shocked at the Gathering. Hmmm, I wonder if she'll play at all.

It's networking day and I'm off to a meeting aimed towards establishing a continental anarchist newspaper, one that will be a voice to unite the anarchist movement and to communicate with other non-anarchist movements.

At the anarchist youth networking meeting people expressed the need to help each other out. One proposal that received a great deal of enthusiasm was creating a support network of anarchist youth so that those people who were finding home and parents unlivable could find a place to stay and moral support from those who were independent. Talk turned to various methods of scamming work and getting around being trapped in the 9-to-5 grind. Many of the participants in this meeting were definitely less articulate than most, and one of the things that impressed me greatly was how many of these kids were the ones struggling hardest with difficult issues. In a fundamental way, they grasped essentials, which is striking because we often consign the inarticulate to positions of followers and dependents.

A Pacific Northwest Regional networking meeting. We agree to start organizing for a regional gathering to be held in 3 to 6 months. Vancouver, perhaps?

tuesday, july 25

A workshop on squatting (occupying abandoned buildings and making them your home). Very inspiring. About sixty people at this workshop, most of whom have squatted or are squatting. They trade experiences and practical information. There is a real feeling of people who have taken back control of their own lives in a very concrete way.

Meanwhile anxiety over the Day of Action has been increasing, as it has been for many people I have talked to. I am excited by the idea of occupying a building for the homeless, of doing something with a functional value. The image of creating a liberated zone is exciting. At the same time, the very real possibility of serious violence is frightening. Physically defending the building from police charges still remains an abstract concept. I definitely feel part of an action not typical to North America. Vancouver is a town where people walk around with picket signs and radical means lying down to get dragged away by the police. Achieving something real is always dependent on those in power responding in a benevolent fashion, so we are often disappointed. The idea of taking something back, reclaiming a bit of space, of freedom, is not talked about. Perhaps we should start doing some serious conversation about some serious action.

impressions from the gathering

There were definitely a few flakes and a vocal minority of obnoxious assholes at the Gathering. There were people who were insensitive to others and not cooperative at all. Conflict occurred over issues of sexism and heterosexism. But my primary impression is a positive one.

The vast majority of the people there, to which I think our group belonged, were relatively intelligent, informed people, motivated by compassion, concern and the desire for community and self-determination. And then there was also a small minority of very strong, inspiring individuals, whom I think I could have learnt a lot from in a different situation — one where you're not engulfed with meeting dozens of new people over the space of a week — where I could have been free to invest the energy needed to really communicate.

I learned to accept alternative lifestyles in a very real way — this was definitely the largest gathering of gays and lesbians totally open about their sexuality I had ever seen. Anarchists have a sense of fun and self-parody that is very liberating. I was impressed by all the experience contained within the participants of the Gathering. People were living anarchism now, not as some utopian dream, according to the people they could do it with and the resources available to them. Some made choices as individuals, more in small, personal groups, and some as part of large-scale projects, as part of movements. Anarchism, ultimately, is about empowering ourselves and each other, and that's what anarchists throughout North America are doing right now.

BY KEITH LEUNG.