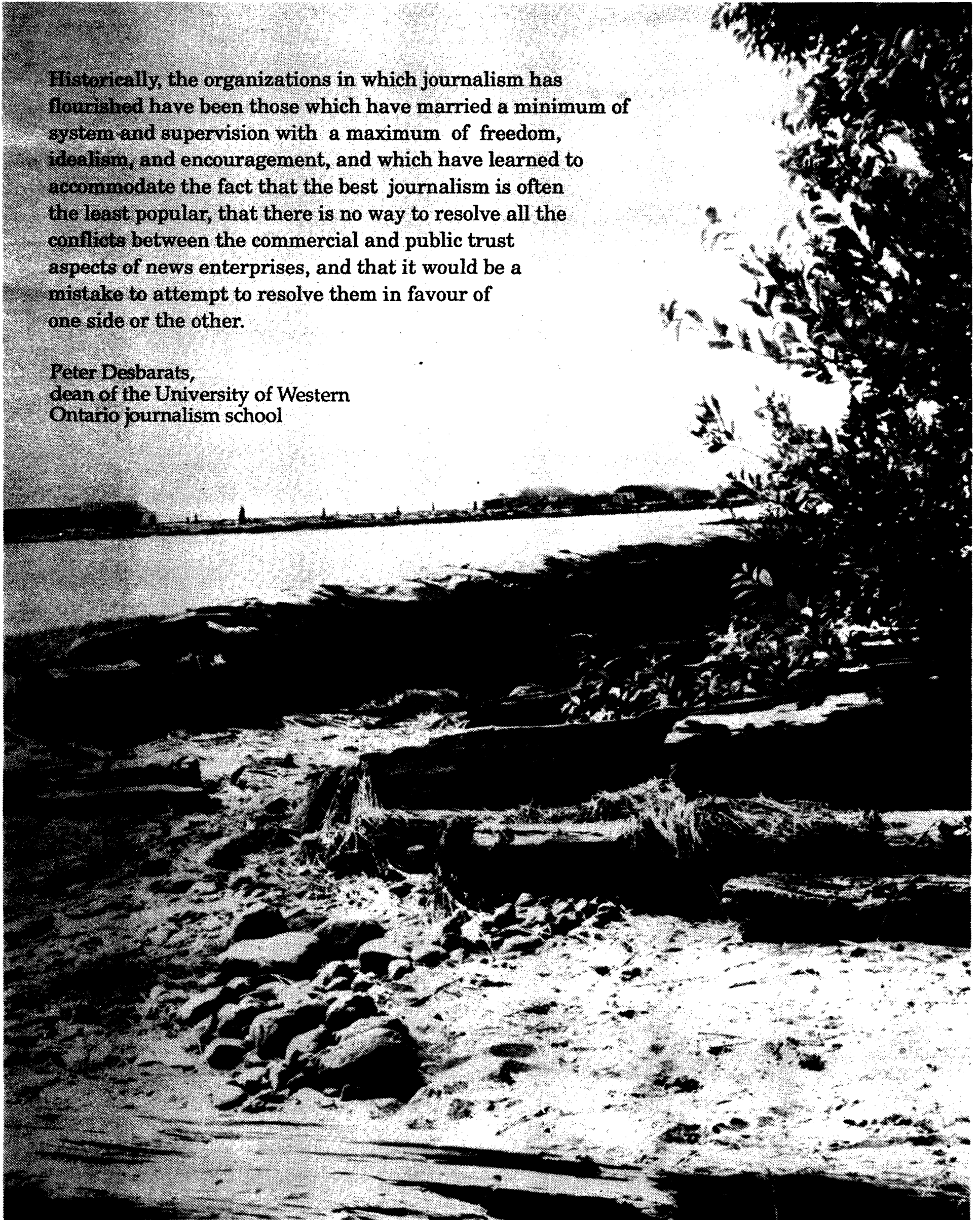


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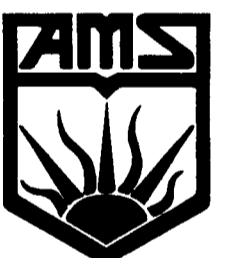
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NDP restores faculty's right to unionize

by Frances Foran

The Harcourt government has fulfilled its election promise to university faculty—they will no longer be excluded from international labour laws.

Bill 23, passed in May, repealed the section of the University Act which prohibited university faculty from forming unions.

Advanced education min-

ister Tom Perry called section 80 unfair as it exempted university faculty from the Industrial Relations Act.

The section was also condemned last year by United

Nations' subsidiary International Labour Organization, which ruled that BC contravened United Nations charter.

UBC Faculty Association

president William Bruneau said, "We're delighted with the ruling because [section 80] withdrew a right which everyone has—the possibility of free association."

Bruneau said UBC faculty are not necessarily going to exercise the right to unionize but the issue will be raised "very directly" in September.

Debating the bill, advanced education critic David Mitchell considered the recent UBC support staff strike an indication of future university labour relations if faculty were to unionize.

Mitchell also wondered why university faculty should "have it both ways": be afforded professional tenure as well as the collective bargaining rights of trade unions.

"There were difficult dilemmas posed to faculty during the UBC strike. When faculty are members of trade unions, who will decide what issues will take precedence—academic responsibilities and responsibilities to students or union solidarity?"

Gordon Shrimpton, head of Confederation of University Faculty Associations of BC, said Mitchell's argument that unions threaten academic freedom is nonsense.

"You could also imagine a scenario in which uncontrolled managerial privilege could threaten academic freedom," he said.

CUFA has been fighting to repeal the ban on unionizing since it was implemented by the Social Credit government in 1977 after UBC faculty made an unsuccessful attempt to unionize.

Young radicals meet in '93

by Rick Hiebert

Young Canadian activists are planning a national conference for the summer of 1993 to recruit and train youth to be "politically aware and active."

The conference will be part of an ongoing process to revitalize social change movements, according to its organizers, most of whom are in their twenties.

"There's a need nationally for young activists with skills," said Jerome Cheung of Toronto, one of the organizers of the conference.

"Activism has become more and more sophisticated in the 1990s but there are less and less young people who are active. There's not a lot of opportunity for youth to acquire the skills they need."

The conference will be held in a major Canadian city, likely in Ontario or Quebec. Although plans are tentative, the conference will go ahead, as the Canadian Peace Alliance has agreed to, at least, co-sponsor it. The conference will have adult activists pass on their skills and knowledge to people in their 'teens and twenties. And groups traditionally underrepresented in progressive movements, such as the disabled and people of colour will be encouraged to attend.

It is anticipated the conference will be funded by donors, government education programs and foundations.

"The conference will be a practical conference aimed at teaching basic organization and lobbying techniques, coalition building, direct action, media work and recruiting," Cheung said.

He added the conference was aimed at recruiting more young people for social change movements.

"We want young activists that are active in their community and take a position that really challenges the establishment, even the progressive establishment."

"Youth groups start in a burst of energy and then die out because they don't know how to do anything. If we give them skills and contacts, we can use their input to revitalize the left...If this works you'd have a national cadre that you concentrate on each issue in turn and maximize their clout," he said.

Toronto peace activist Catherine Goulet said the proposed conference was an "excit-

ing concept."

"Once conferences end, people tend to go their separate ways. We need to work on keeping ongoing activities so that they will continue to be involved."

"We want to plan for the next five or ten years when we will be taking more of a leading role in all the social change movements. We need to train these activists now."

She added it was "quite depressing" to attend movement conferences and see "not enough youth delegates to fill three dinner tables."

"Youth have more time and energy to give to these crisis issues. If we don't find a way to use, if we waste this energy, it can only hurt the movements for change."

Other activists who have heard of the proposed conference are excited about it.

"It would be a good way to develop a better rapport between social change movements," said Ottawa anti-racism activist Angeli Sinnanon.

"We can only get stronger by working together. Perhaps we will have such an impact that the older people in control of social change movements can learn from us as we have been learning from them."



Sol Wolfe, future radical, plays an engaging game at last week's Earth Voice Festival

SAM GREEN PHOTO

UBC payroll system wreaks havoc

by Yukie Kurahashi

What if your full-time employers delayed paying you every pay day because of technological difficulties?

This is just one of various headaches currently being encountered by many UBC employees due to problems at UBC financial services in processing payroll information.

Despite the new human resources and payroll system implemented on May 1st which replaced an outdated and decrepit 25-year-old system, many employees are not being paid either on time or the correct amount.

Kurt Karila, head of house staff at the UBC Conference Centre said, "Our staff have a right to be paid on the day that they're promised. It's ridiculous."

"I do the payroll for staff here, and it seems that almost every time there were always

two or three employees with problems with their payroll," he said.

Most of the complaints have to do with late paycheques, and discrepancies between the number of hours actually worked and that for which employees had been paid.

"One of our staff, for his paycheque covering the period from May 1st to 15th, only got paid for ten and a half hours. He was missing 57 hours' worth of pay from his paycheque, and that was probably the most extreme," Karila said.

Mike Richardson, another member of the house staff said, "I've had this house staff job for three summers, and I think maybe out of the three summers I've had maybe eight cheques that were right."

"I also have a job as a TA in the physics department, and

the hourly payment versus salary payment totally screws up the system and they can't get my cheques in on time," he said.

"They're always at least a week late, and they're still screwing up the cheques."

Marianne Koch, the controller for UBC financial services said, "I think there were some difficulties with the old system."

"The old [system] had been patched so many times, so we had been working for years on getting this new system ready."

"It was essential that a new system were implemented to alleviate some of the difficulties we had been having," she said.

She admitted there were still some problems with the new process.

"With a new system it always takes some time before you can get everything worked out," she said.

"There's always some bugs that show up."

Karila said although the payroll situation has improved somewhat since the implementation of the new system, financial services still has many problems which need to be examined.

"It didn't seem to bother them that our staff had bills to pay," he said.

"If you went up to their office with a problem they'd refuse to see anyone, and you'd have to write out your complaint but they'd never get back to you on it," he said.

"The UBC administration has an obligation to pay its staff properly at the time they've promised in our contract."

"How can we as supervisors ask our own employees to be prompt and on time when we can't even get them their paycheques on time?"



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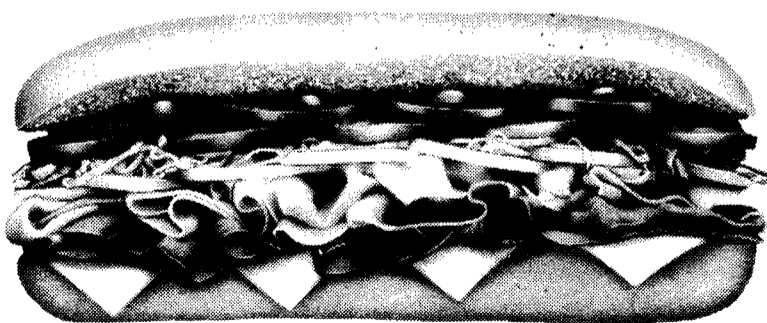
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Senate calls for Housing feedback

...A former advisor's

by Charlie Gillis

MARCH, 1992—I'm standing in the commons block at Place Vanier residence. I'm sober, and I figure I'm the only person in the building who is.

IT'S my second year as a residence advisor, and tonight I'm not feeling altogether enthused about the job.

It's also the eve of a UBC senate committee inquiry into the academic environment at the residences, a committee with specific instructions to look into how advisors are chosen and trained.

This news makes me cynical. On nights like these, advisors feel like shock-troops. When I see what I do before me right now, it seems ridiculous to think we're the ones who should have been playing social activists all of this time.

As I pass the doors of the room from which the party is tumbling, sour fumes of spilt alcohol fill the air, reminding me of the barf covering the resident I just helped back to MacKenzie house. I navigate through the sea of people outside the lounge doors.

A lot of them are strangers—"off-rez" people, we call them. Now and again, familiar faces appear, people who were my friends two hours ago. They approach me with glazed eyes and guilty, lopsided grins, but I nod and move past them quickly. Drunk people make me uncomfortable when I'm sober. I don't know them.

I guess I've become uptight, or something. I remember getting that hammered and enjoying the hell out of it. Dancing clumsily, getting laid, wrecking something. It's all part of that residence experience, right?

But for the last few months, standing back and helplessly watching this ritual has begun to bother me. Since September, I have sent three residents to the hospital in the ambulance for over-drinking. On at least five different occasions I have heard male residents substitute the word "bitch" for "woman" in casual conversation. I have seen countless students proclaim with bravado they had drunk themselves into academic failure. One heroic prankster was unceremoniously booked for theft.

Welcome to higher learning.

Ironically, most of the advisors have agreed that the past session has been a quiet one. Fewer parties have succeeded, and the place is actually silent some week-nights.

This year's Cariboozers have been marshmallows compared to their predecessors. But I cannot help feeling as though the same patterns are merely hiding behind a veneer of correctness.

And it's been over a year since the great Caribou letter-writing fiasco, an event which received national media attention.

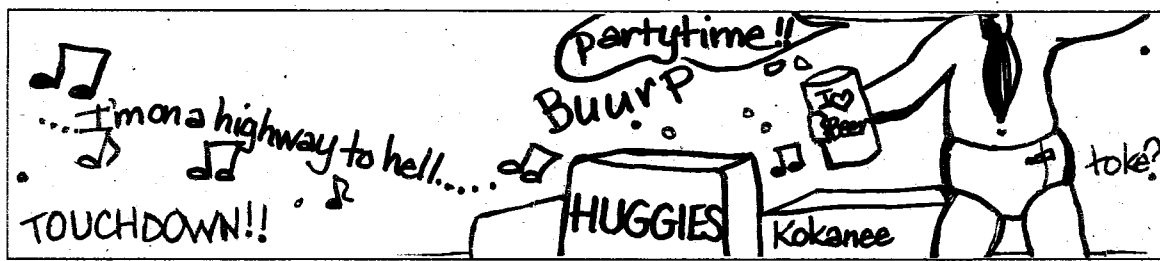
This year's Cariboozers have been marshmallows compared to their predecessors. But I cannot help feeling as though the same patterns are merely hiding behind a veneer of correctness. In the male dorms, feminism is still "lesbian bullshit," and literature is "artsy crap." Manliness is measured, as ever, by the amount of alcohol consumed.

Housing has made token efforts to counter those attitudes, wherever they originate. But without support from other governing bodies on campus, their assays are worthless. Let's face it. Engineers still pack beer all over campus, disrupting classes and chanting inane songs. Students are served past the point of intoxication at non-residence functions, and the strong alienation between UBC's various faculties continues to flourish, inside and outside of the residences.

The university recognizes it can do little to change the type of student it invites to attend its classes and live in its dorms. But it also appears unconcerned with the attitudes of its graduates. Is this an abdication of its community responsibility? I think so.

Housing is just one department among several in which change might be initiated. This committee should be a mere start.

reasons why residence deserves more attention



IN December of 1991, a Senate Committee on disciplinary appeals submitted its report on the cases of five male residents of Caribou House at Place Vanier residence. The president's office had disciplined all five for their involvement in an incident over 18 months ago, when women students at Vanier received obscene and threatening notes, apparently advertising an upcoming party. The president's office allowed some of the appeals, and disallowed others.

For Strangway, the major decisions had been made.

But, the appeals committee felt the matter warranted further investigation.

"The Senate Committee on Student Appeals on Academic Discipline," the report reads, "wishes to express its concerns about what some students appear to consider appropriate conduct at the university and in particular, in the residences." According to the committee, the involved students claimed similar incidents had gone unpunished in the past, and were still occurring.

Indeed, this has been an unsettling thought lingering in my own mind. Will the example of the president's sacrificial lambs adequately deter similar activity in the future?

Senator Jean Elder, now retired, moved that Senate strike an ad hoc committee to look into the academic environment at UBC's residences. This committee would investigate the process of selecting and training residence advisors, and suggest steps to improve the quality of academic life in the residences. The motion passed.

But so far that committee has made little progress. A call for submissions circulated on campus last spring received only five responses. Worse, because its first meetings coincided with the end of winter session, several of the committee's own members failed to actually attend when the board convened in June.

It plans to re-convene this September.

Meanwhile, student turn-

over in the residences has left few people in Vanier and Totem Park who remember or even know of the initial cause for concern.

Marilyn Cox, an advisor at Vanier for the past two years, is one resident who recalls the incident, and she believes the committee still has plenty to investigate.

"Nothing has changed," she said. "Some of the more explicitly sexual events, like 'Cum Together,' have been tamed down so they don't draw as much attention. But after a couple of years things could easily go back to the way they were."

So how were things at Vanier and Totem? What brought on this indictment of on-campus culture, an institution generations of UBC graduates remember with fondness?

"Oh, we had a wonderful time," recalls one former resident, now a schoolteacher in the BC interior. She smiles distantly as she gazes around the Shrum commons block at Vanier. "We all lost our virginity here. We all tried drugs for the first time. You know, nothing major. Just a bit of grass or whatever. But that was the late sixties, and early seventies. I imagine it's a lot worse now."

JULY, 1992—Well, it is and it isn't. Few people at rez smoke dope on a regular basis anymore. But they could probably learn a lesson or two from the flower kids of the '60s on the principles of peace and love.

For instance, to the residents on my floor two years ago, the Gulf War was another sporting event, something to be watched on CNN between beers and football games.

"Right on!" exclaimed one resident as he watched the "surgical" bombing of a government building in Baghdad. "The 'mericans are gonna kick that fucker's ass."

I wrote it down when he said it. But the most constant source of ugly incidents, at Vanier at least, has been the strident competition for notoriety between houses. When I sat in on a mediation session between the Caribou men and various concerned women, the men from Caribou remarked at a pressure to be the worst, the lewdest, the baddest boys in rez.

They certainly had some competition for the title. At Totem Park, residents of first Haida proudly call themselves "the Pigs." When I lived in Robson house, we were "the Rats."

And the men of Sherwood Lett were real title-holders. They once donned a floor shirt which depicted a caricature of Fred Flintstone, standing atop a dorm building, pissing on a crowd below him. "SL:" it read, "Gods of Vanier."

But whose fault is it when university residents fail as models of intelligence and citizenship?

Carl Cooper, residence life manager at Place Vanier, argues that several factors spawn the animal life at the dorms.

"We get a lot of values baggage and drinking baggage from the students' home-towns," he said, "not to mention the traditions that are already here."

"Besides," Cooper added, "much of what we combat is off-rez, on other parts of campus. It's

hard for us to change things here when the residents can go up to the SUB and find boat races, or read the Red Rag whenever they want."

Cooper's comments make at least one thing clear: if the governing bodies at UBC really want to make changes, they will have to offer up more in the way of initiative than the lip service they have thus far.

Even Carole Forsythe, co-chair of the senate ad hoc committee admits the current inquiry has few sanctions at its disposal.

"Maybe this is something best looked at from the Board of Governors' point of view," she said. "But we're hoping that if we make our recommendations public, then other boards and departments might do something."

Forsythe may be right, tentative as her plan sounds.

Indeed, what Cooper does not point out is that residence tradition is the training academy from which he draws the bulk of his staff. The Vanier and Totem advisors may have practical experience with a party-hearty atmosphere, but few see any to change it.

Intervention into both the process of selecting its 100 advisors,

and the re-definition of its departmental mandate would be a huge initiative for Housing, requiring a strong sanction from the BOG.

AND, according to Cooper, there is no telling that a more idealistic and interventionist staff would solve as many problems as it would cause.

"People have individual freedoms," he remarked, "so if you're going to make changes, you have to do it by setting the tone."

Moreover, by narrowing its terms of reference specifically to contemplate the selection and training of advisors, the committee may be neglecting other important areas of consideration, such as the influence of various campus events and organizations upon the residence atmosphere.

When asked why she thought the terms pin-pointed the advisor selection process, director of student housing Mary Risebrough hinted at a general ignorance in senate of conditions in residence, even though the senate's specific mandate is to foster academic life at the university.

"They may have made some assumptions with regard to the way things are in residence," she said. "I think that (co-chair) Dr. Brunette was uncomfortable with being put into the position of questioning Housing policy."

Indeed, Brunette was as reluctant as his co-chair Forsythe to express confidence in the committee's potential to institute real

change. He was inclined, rather to put the issue back into Housing's hands.

"We certainly want to know how students feel about the conditions at the residences," Brunette said. "But sometimes I don't think people are aware of what can be done, for example at the departmental level."

"They do already have a lot of programmes where they sensitize the counsellors," he said. "I think the general view is that the milieu is changing a little, that things are getting better."

JULY, 1992—I spoke to Mich Roy last night, a fellow advisor (advisors tend to consider themselves brothers and sisters in arms). Mich agrees with me that more rules and intervention may ruin the unique experience of dorm life: its mixing of sexes, classes, and races, its sense of carnival.

But Mich had one of his worst years at residence last year.

"My floor was pretty strange," he said. "One night they all got really drunk, put on Depends undergarments and sat around wetting themselves. They thought it was just hilarious."

Well, Dr. Brunette, maybe "the milieu" is changing. But some of us counsellors have become so desensitized we can't tell the difference.

Perhaps you would be doing us all a big favour if you and your committee stopped waiting around for letters, and actually came down to find out what it's like at rez. After all, a floundering bureaucracy doesn't change many diapers.



Children of a changing milieu

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Woebegone under the bridge

by Carol Farrell

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Twenty-five original musical numbers are performed, each one kept alive by artists inspired to sing the blues.

Blues has its roots in the deep South, where it was used as a way of coping and took the place of tears.

The only man in the performance represents a living prop for whatever the women's songs require, whether it is slow and sensual like "Willow Weep for Me," or a pointedly sexual piece such as "Kitchen Man."

He struts around the stage in a zoot-suit, swinging his long gold chain, with a vicious leer on his face as he sings "Wild Women Don't Have the Blues."

A four-piece jazz ensemble accompanies the singers: Buff Allen, drums; Tom Keenlyside, woodwinds; John Parker,

Toulson, bass; and Lorne Kellett, pianist.

Wearing felt hats and suspenders, they sit, perched behind dusty-red, faded velvet bandstands, on a revolving platform.

A round ball covered in small triangular mirrors is lowered from the ceiling and prisms of light swirl around the stage, creating a 1930s effect.

Lovie Eli (The Woman of the World) and Sibel Thrasher (The Lady from the Road), have voices strong enough to rise above the music from the band; however, Saffron Henderson's (The Girl with a Date) voice was, at times, difficult to hear.

"Blues in the Dark" played to a packed house and was sensually provocative from start to finish.

hts. 2 ubyssey vortex

by Bob Keelor

I had a dream the other night I'd like to share.

It began with a regular trip to a lake to spend an afternoon swimming. My friends and I decided to test our endurance by swimming to an island that rose out of the middle of the lake.

Just as I took the plunge, I noticed a cow. But this was not an ordinary cow. It stood like Charles Atlas and had the antlers of a moose.

Letting out a majestic moo that echoed throughout the land, the cow dove into the water and began chasing me and my friends. It was followed by two more antlered cows.

Needless to say, we were frightened. The bunch of us swam madly to the island and scrambled up into the woods.

Happily, it was not an island but a peninsula. We were able to keep running from the cows.

After about five minutes of running from the constant, bone chilling moos, we decided to split up in hopes of confusing the cows into a sudden graze.

The plan seemed to work, at least as far as I was concerned. I made it to the nearest shopping mall and tried to explain my plight.

Unfortunately everyone at the mall thought I was on drugs and started chasing me.

This turn of events forced me to steal an orange VW van. And as fate would have it, a talking stuffed Snoopy was on the dashboard.

Snoopy gave me directions to the Via station, and I boarded a departing train as blank-faced skeptics shouted "Do-er of evil!" from the platform.

As I rolled along the wide open prairie, I was able to collect my thoughts. I hoped the others had gotten away and were now safe.

When I looked out the window, I saw that we were barely moving. Behind the train, charging like all get out, were the cows.

In that dream kind of logic I concluded that my best chance was to get off the train. So the next thing I knew, I was running down the tracks ahead of the train, leaving the conspirators behind.

You see, I figured the conductor and cows were in cahoots.

This turned out to be false and, within minutes, the train was speeding away from the herd and speeding away from me, too.

I pleaded for the train to slow down and, when it did, I jumped on, leaving the cows behind forever.

But this was not the end of my nightmare. Once on the train, I realized that no one was wearing pants, including me.

Suddenly the mall people appeared out of thin air and started back into their tirade about evil. This time it was directed at everyone. A voice from the pantless crowd told the mall mass to calm down—after all, we had our shirts on.

At this point I woke up in a cold sweat. I don't know what it all means but I wish the government would change it's obscenity laws so that I could sleep easier.

This is Buffy's head

by Paula Wellings with Lucho van Isecho

OKAY, so Lucho and I were having a slow day. We were like bummed on the paper scene and all, so, when this absolutely mythical opportunity came spurting out of our totally technical fax machine, we telepathetically linked our cosmic auras and knew in a moment of all knowing that we were off to a totally free and awesome press screening of BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER.

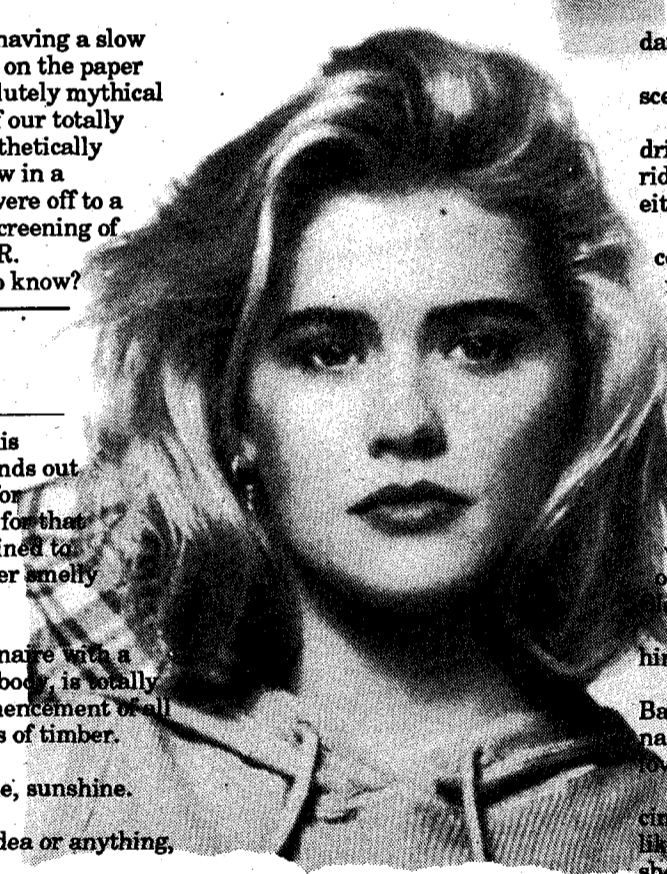
So, like, what do you want to know?

FILM
Buffy the Vampire Slayer
Royal Centre Cinemas

Buffy (Kristy Swanson) is this fluffy caricature of Barbie who finds out she's not destined to be a buyer for Macy's, or even buy from Macy's for that matter. Neither is she, like, destined to be some happy homemaker for her smelly jock boyfriend.

Oh no. Buffy, cheerleader extraordinaire, is a genetically selected-for-spandex body, is totally destined from the absolute commencement of all time to stab ugly people with bits of timber.

Don't get it? Have another look at the title, sunshine. Buffy kills vampires. It certainly wasn't like her idea or anything, but life in Hollywood is like that.



I mean, she like certainly didn't plan on dating Pike, the school nerd either.

Or, like, having her final vampire killing scene at the high school prom.

I'm sure Pike (Luke Perry) didn't want to drive around with Pee-Wee Herman's evil twin riding on top of his van, reaching in his sun roof either.

But I tell you, make a teen-romantic-comedy in Hollywood, and certain protocol must be followed.

You know, I think the folks who made BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER thought it had some like deep message for the world. I mean, I was reading the press package and Fran Rubel Kuzui, who directed the movie, said, "If this film is about anything, it is about believing in and accepting oneself. A Slayer is a person who believes in herself or himself. If you do that, you can do anything, whether it's killing vampires, directing movies or being a doctor, lawyer, spouse or parent. A Slayer is a person who's not afraid."

What kind of trip is Fran on? Can I join him?

Meanwhile, Buffy, the Slayer, relived a few Basic Instinct scenes, flexed her muscles at the nasty villains, and finished it all up by falling in love.

On a more positive note, Lucho liked the cinematography. Mostly, the film struck him like a wet fish in the face, but he did adore the shots of the moon.

Stone mixes action, adventure and art

by Mark Nielsen

NOT many movies can claim to have action, adventure and artistic merit, but *Scream of Stone*, the latest from director Werner Herzog, is one of them.

FILM
Scream of Stone
Showing currently at Royal Centre

Scream of Stone is a story about mountain climbing and, more specifically, the rivalry between a grizzled veteran mountaineer and a young hotshot rock climber. Thus the action and adventure. (For those not familiar with the difference, a mountaineer focuses on high-altitude moun-

tain climbs while a rock climber concentrates on much shorter but more intense objectives—usually on cliffs or rock outcroppings.)

But, in characteristic Herzog fashion, the movie is also about obsession and the kinds of things that drive some people to go to the outer limits in search of meaning. This is where the art exists.

And while I'm on this alliteration kick (i.e. action, adventure, art) I may as well add an "eh?"—as in Canadian content. Besides Canadian financing—along with French and German—*Scream* also co-stars Canadian actors Donald Sutherland and Al Waxman. Unfortunately, their

presence doesn't help as much as it could when it comes to another "a"-word—acting. That's probably because they are limited to secondary roles. Sutherland plays a sports writer and Waxman a New York City movie producer.

The lead actors are Victorrio Mezzogiorno as the mountaineer and Stefan Glowacz as the rock climber.

Although I don't know much about Mezzogiorno, I know that Glowacz is one of the world's premier rock climbers in real life as well as in the movie.

Predictably, Glowacz's acting skills are not even close to being as strong as his climbing abilities, and he's limited to short one-liners à la Arnold

Schwarzenegger when on the screen.

The real excitement is in the climbing.

The only thing that holds the movie together between the times they're on the rock, snow and ice is the tension created by the climbers' rivalry and their climactic showdown.

Otherwise, we are forced to sit and watch people running errands, pontificating, burning old pictures, and other symbolic but not necessarily action-packed scenes.

Fortunately, the cinematography is great, making it a perfect big-screen draw. And the camera work, combined with the climbing, makes wading through the slow stuff worthwhile.

No one else will sing his songs

by Rebecca Bishop

BEFORE a single word was spoken on stage, eye contact had been made with almost every member of the audience.

Doing a "travel song," he made a brief journey through the patrons' tables, wending between chairs and outstretched legs, periodically stopping to address his harmonica to a particular individual.

MUSIC
Rory McLeod
WISE Club
July 23

Rory McLeod is an entertainer of a rare cast. Much of his time is spent roaming the world, funded by the coins he earns as a street performer. His travels take him to roads and realms not generally trodden by the average tourist.

One of the guest performers on the stage during the evening was a fellow musician McLeod played with in Mexico.

Mariachi Love Song, which they played together, is about a man who asked their ensemble, busking roadside, to come perform then and there, for some "friends." So, the ensemble climbed into this man's truck

and were driven to a distant, quiet neighbourhood late at night, where they ended up performing for the man's elderly father and family, all roused from sleep to listen to their music.

McLeod sings about his family and the people he has met—their lives, living conditions, and often the circumstances of their untimely deaths. His music is inevitably political, but more compassionate of people's circumstances than it is arrogant, which cannot be said of much of the political jargon in music today (what that there is).

A song about evictions focuses on the lives of children living in council housing in England, McLeod's birthplace.

"When children starve in peace time, it should be called war." Children living in impoverished neighbourhoods have been "born in a graveyard," for all that their circumstances offer them in life.

McLeod said, "I sing my own songs 'coz no one else will." However, it would not be because his songwriting skills are poor. No matter their skill or talent, no performer would do an adequate job of duplicating the way McLeod performs a song, which is the essential part of his music. He punctuates his harmonica with his voice and the rhythm of his steel-bottom plated

boots, drumming and stomping, creating depth and texture normally absent in solo performances. He plays his spoons on virtually any part of his body, and he adds curious new techniques to the realm of guitar playing and singing, and nearly everything he does.

McLeod probably would be best described as a folkie, but his performance defies being labelled and simply becomes his own.

Originally brought to Vancouver by the Folk Festival three years ago, his return to the city has been a long time coming. He had some new songs, some old songs, and a seeming boundless amount of joy and energy despite the hard subjects he chooses to address.

McLeod sings love songs about the people he encounters in near and distant places. I expect his perpetual journeying is spurred by a perpetual desire to meet the people who come to populate his music. His performance Thursday night was a delight to me, and at least the other thirty odd people who were dancing in front of the stage. The rest of the seated audience seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly as well, judging by their participation in repeated encores.

McLeod's music is generally available at Black Swan, where they will probably be willing to pull out a CD and play it for your listening pleasure; that, or wander the world and bump into him somewhere. It's a small world after all.



Rory McLeod at Folk Fest 1990, looking much as he does today.

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Fucking negotiate:

by Ellen Pond

Most of us are living on stolen land.

After judge McEachern's 1991 ruling dismissing Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en ownership and jurisdiction over their traditional territories, many non-First Nations people seemed shocked at the racism expressed in the judge's statement. Nineteenth century stuff, folks said.

It seems to me this particular racism is pretty well entrenched in the twentieth century—the late twentieth century—and one place to find it is the provincial courthouse.

White anthropologists often study First Nations people; it is time for those of us who are white to examine ourselves.

In May and June of this year, the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en appealed McEachern's judgement; i sat in courtroom 60 as often as i could in order to witness the Injustice System at work.

The first day of the Appeal, the Hereditary Chiefs organized a rally outside the court house. Many came down from the territories; wearing traditional regalia, Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en people spoke about their reasons for taking the government to court. The provincial government has continually refused to negotiate ownership and jurisdiction of the territories (22,000 square miles), which the Chiefs have never ceded to the crown.

A street theatre group mimicked the major players aligned against the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en Nations: the provincial government (using a double-sided face of Vander Zalm and Harcourt), the federal government, the BC Business Council, Alcan, the BC Mining Council, and others. The corporate interests entered as intervenors, or people who make sure that all the arguments supporting their interests get heard in court.

In a truly bizarre twist, the appeal judges appointed an "Amicus Curiae" (Friend of the Court) to cover any defense of McEachern's arguments missed by the province's recently revised position. Supposedly a neutral and disinterested party, the Amicus turned out to be the law firm formerly representing the Sacred government—and the one that McEachern worked for prior to his appointment as judge. The Amicus was thus also aligned against the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en people.

Intervenor for the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en include other Tribal Councils, the Union of BC Chiefs, and the AFN (Assembly of First Nations).

that those of us who are white, like me, should be aware and critical of, in ourselves and in the systems of power in this country.

One of the biggest assumptions underlying the arguments of the governments, the intervenors, and the Amicus, is that there is one way of being a "real Indian". This notion holds that, historically, First Nations people were a certain way, and if you (a First Nations person) are not like that today, then you don't have any rights. McEachern based much of his judgement on this concept of frozen rights.

Ownership and jurisdiction then disappear behind a facade of deciding which activities are, to quote appeal judge MacFarlane,

"purely Indian."
"Logically, in defining the [aboriginal] right you would look to the pre-contact times . . . uninfluenced by Europeans."

Thus, according to the crown, as soon as contact happens (with europeans), aboriginal societies change, and those changes do not represent "real Indian-ness"—hence not a negotiable aboriginal right. For the crown, the date of contact is very significant.

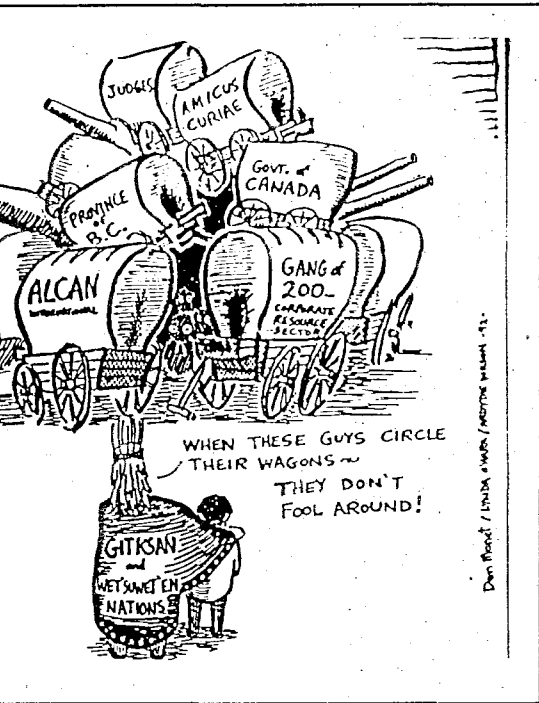
The racist "real Indian" mentality "freezes" aboriginal societies at one point in time, denying that societies change. Non-Native Canadians often accept that we, ourselves, can change, but expect First Nations people to remain the same. These arguments get played out in court.

So at the same time that the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en are presenting legal arguments, they must address the racism that the crown's lawyers, and the judges, bring with them to the courtroom.

To expose the racism in this "frozen rights" test of aboriginality, lawyer Michael Jackson argued, "we would never do that for our own society, we would never say what is Canadian . . . we would never focus on a particular moment in time and say, there is the essence . . . Aboriginal societies, like all other societies . . . necessarily change and evolve." Or, as i see

it, my great-grandmothers did not drive cars, but that does not mean i am not related to them or am not of them.

Of the five appeal judges, judge Lambert



The first day, the Chiefs took turns sitting in the court room because there were only three rows of seats for the public.

I sat in court a few days later, watching the five white male judges who seemed almost asleep...eyes lifting occasionally as they asked a question or stated an opinion.

"It is common, when one thinks of Indian (sic) land claims, to think of Indians (sic) living off the land in pristine wilderness. Such would not be an accurate representation of the present lifestyle of the majority of the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en people who, while possibly maintaining minimal contact with individual territories, have largely moved into the villages. Many of the few who still trap are usually able to drive to their traplines and return home each night."

•judge McEachern, Reasons for Judgment, 1991, pg13.

Groups of lawyers filled most of the rest of the court.

I want to give my impressions of several days of the case. I am not

"To the extent that aboriginal societies have always grown, to search back for a pristine condition of aboriginality, a Rousseau-kind of sense of the noble savage, we say is not consistent with how aboriginal societies work. We would never do that for our own society."

•Michael Jackson, lawyer for the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en, Appeal, 1992.

a lawyer; i am interested in the ways the court process functions. I mix important legal/political issues with small incidents in order to demonstrate some of the racism

seemed to understand the concept of unfreezing rights. Activities such as berry picking, rather than restricting the definition of aboriginal rights to certain unchanging practices, give evidence of owner-

witnessing the Gitksan-Wet'suwet'en Appeal

ship and jurisdiction.

Once rights are unfrozen, it becomes possible to deal with the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en position—that the issue to be negotiated is the crown's claim to sovereignty of Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en territories.

So if we as non-Native people stopped having this frozen test of aboriginality, then we could get on

"He is reporting apparently there that the matrilineal system has come to an end... it was one of his duties to attend to that." An example, to Macauley, of changes occurring in Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en societies which made them non-aboriginal.

Judge Lambert was surprised at Macauley's conclusion about the end of matriliney. (No kidding.

Where? When? It's still going on!!) And then Macauley expounded on the virtues of patriarchy and the sensible English patrilineal system of property the DIA was imposing.

And he referred to the matrilineal system as a "trouble" that Loring had to deal with. Macauley seems enamoured of patriarchal things British.

The crown's arguments are grounded in racism, and that grounded needs to be continually propped up. Part of crown counsel's job, it seems to me, is to provide white supremacist perspectives of First Nations people. This reinforces the racism that we learn in this society so that the scary positions taken by non-Native governments and courts seem sensible—and backs up the folks making the decisions.

The smoothest talking lawyer I encountered was Willms, working for the Amicus Curiae, the supposedly neutral Friends of the Court. These folks did a great job of presenting some of the more racist material and arguments to the court.

Willms was trying to prove the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en societies were not organized until Europeans showed up and started the fur trade. McEachern had accepted this finding.

Willms would quote all sorts of people, early missionaries, 1920s white anthropologists, 1960s white anthropologists, and the crown's one or two "expert" witnesses of the 1980s (most anthropologists

like he was an expert who understood all the debates, and would be kind enough to explain it to the judges, except that some of the information was just plain wrong. Some of his analyses were also

peoples prior to—and following—colonization.

And Willms further argued that historic documents like petitions are not genuine forms of "Indian protest" (sic) because they are "non-Indian." This means, "Indian (sic) interest in land was largely artificial." Yet again, this argument is based on racist ideas about what really constitutes an "Indian".

The final bit of non-wisdom from Willms regards the Feast, the central economic, social, legal, spiritual and political institution of the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en Nations. The Feast was outlawed by white governments from 1884 until 1951 and several First Nations people served time in jail for dancing or singing. However, the Feast continued and continues.

Willms said, using a 1960s white anthropologist to back up his statements, that the Feast was maintained just so the First Nations people could claim land against the government. Tome, Willms was trying to make First Nations people look

like vindictive land grabbers. The whole court room gasped at his claims. Judge Hutcheon sat up and harassed Willms, saying the court had recently heard a great deal about the Feast and it had had little to do with boundaries.

Finally, Willms admitted he couldn't explain that.

The court process requires Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en people to explain, prove, and justify their existence. Those of us who are white are not in court explaining our societies, although we are the ones who have committed theft.

These court processes are a continuing part of colonization on the part of white folks, and part of a continuing resistance by the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en people. However, it is non-Native folks who are living on stolen land and who need to negotiate with First Nations people about our governments' claims to First Nations land.

The Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en Nations took the provincial government to court because it refused to negotiate with them. The broader political issues remain: non-First Nations governments need to fucking get down and negotiate. Negotiate ownership and jurisdiction. Acknowledge that First Nations people own this province and we have to get on with negotiating our place on their land. Negotiate what we as non-Native people are going to do to compensate for a couple of hundred years of living on stolen land, and what we're going to do next.

"The evidence suggests that the Indians (sic) of the territory were, by historical standards, a primitive people without any form of writing, horses, or wheeled waggons."

•Judge McEachern, Reasons for Judgment, 1991, pg24.

with negotiating our future relationship with the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en Nations. We could get on with negotiating how we are going to live on this land in a way which respects the First Nations. Besides being insulting and disrespectful of the First Nations people, holding First Nations people to our concept of a "real Indian" is a plain waste of time.

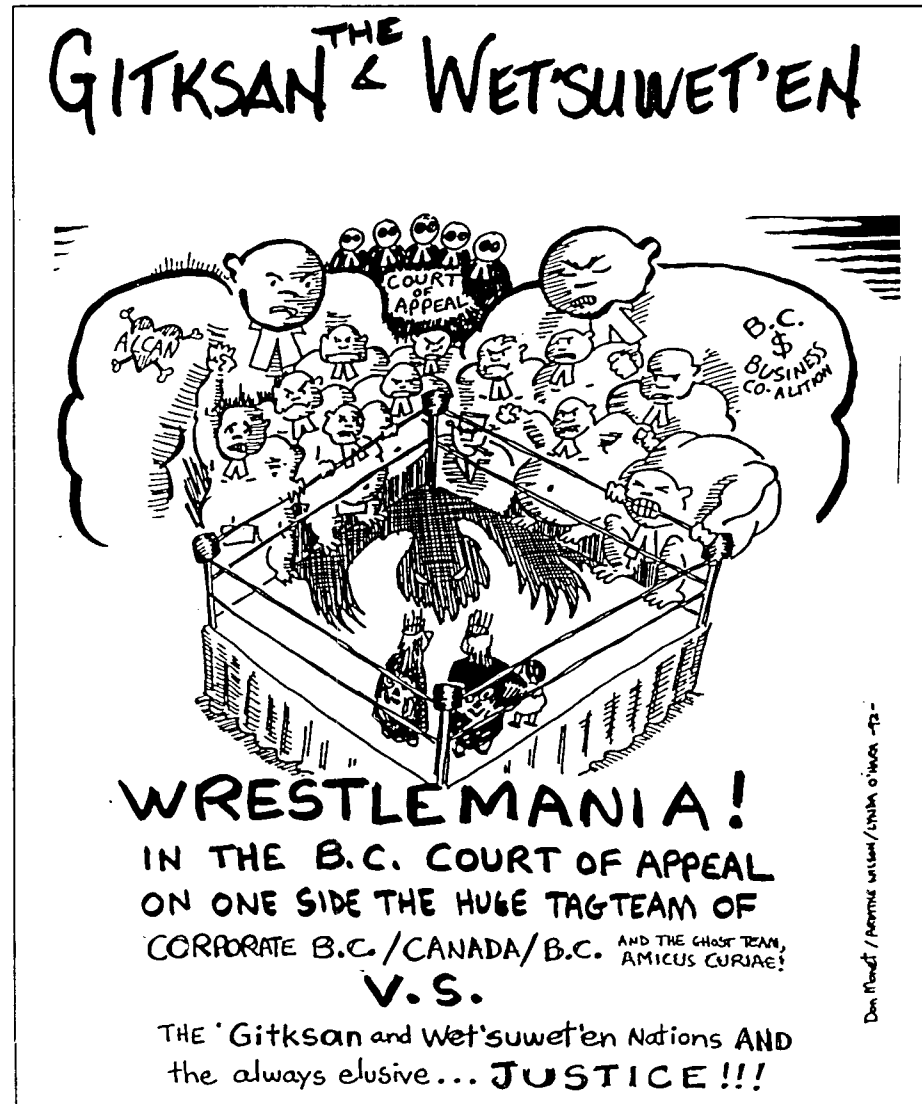
Since the change of government, the province has a new policy and a new position which I got to witness in action—and I am not very impressed. The province now accepts that blanket extinguishment of aboriginal title did not happen in BC, but that remaining title applies only to Reserve lands (45 acres in the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en case) and unoccupied crown lands.

Such title exists at the pleasure of the crown and can be extinguished at any time without the consent of First Nations people. Any third party grant, like a mining license, a tree farm license or a fee simple grant, extinguishes title. This leaves almost nothing in the territories with title, except a few acres of reserves.

Further, all aboriginal rights are subject to the laws of Canada and BC (no self-government, this). The rights are very low-level: they are non-proprietary (i.e. not ownership) and only cover use and occupancy of unoccupied lands. Williams, counsel for the province, explained the policy as, "you [aboriginal people] have got a right to live somewhere on some land and to cultivate a field and go hunting and fishing and berry picking..." "We're back to frozen rights. No acknowledgement of ownership and jurisdiction."

One afternoon, I sat in court and listened to the pontifications of one of the federal specials—Macauley. He would read out statements by Department of Indian Affairs (DIA) Agents and other not-wholly-to-be-trusted folks, and then make ludicrous claims, inventing a white history of the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en with no reference to their own Adaawk and Kun'gax (oral histories).

One incident sticks in my mind as the most maddening. Macauley read a few sentences by Loring, Indian Affairs Agent in the Babine (Wet'suwet'en and Gitksan territory), who wrote in 1901 that he no longer interceded in many cases of the "cruel" custom of inheritance through the mother. Macauley then stated:



refuse to work for the crown) without acknowledging when they were writing, or even sometimes what they had been writing about. He just took everything apart (part of the legal process?) interposing sentences on each other with no original context. As long as somebody had said it, he would use it. He did a great job of sounding

pretty peculiar. He put forward the argument that First Nations people at the turn of the century were not really serious about land. Instead, Willms argued that missionaries made the "Indians" (sic) claim land; he thereby denied the ownership and stewardship of the territories by the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en

"We say that the extinguishment theories advanced by the Respondent and the Amicus amount to exceptions to the theft rule. The criminal law upholds a fundamental injunction against theft... Yet, the extinguishment doctrines are all based on the taking of land or resources which belong to another people without paying for them or getting their consent."

"And I say, my lords, that the unspoken arguments in favor of extinguishment sound in fears by non-Indian people and governments that recognition will cost too much money or will cause chaos in the non-Indian economy... But, my lords, the declarations which the Appellants are seeking are not primarily about money. You have heard submissions for a year and I don't think you have heard the word 'money' used. They are about respect, recognition, and survival as peoples in relation to their land."

"Aboriginal title has nothing to do with England owning land, but has everything to do with the fact that aboriginal people were the owners of their homelands, before the assertion of Crown sovereignty. The Appellants say that aboriginal rights to the land are neither derived from Crown grants; nor are they defined by reference to notions of English property law..."

•Louise Mandell, lawyer for the Gitksan and Wet'suwet'en Hereditary Chiefs, Appeal, 1992.



THE UBYSSEY

July 30, 1992

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Everything was business as usual until Charis Gillis exclaimed, "Hey collegiate comrades 'v' mine, is it not time once again for the majestic annual fireworks display?"

"Yeah," Carol Farrell reacted both enthusiastically and provocatively. "Let's go!" Rick Hibbert was disenchanted with the parking situation but refused to be in a bad mood. Damn. Martin Chester cheerfully handed over \$5 for the privilege of temporary vehicle placement on someone's front lawn. "There will be no frozen yogurt for anyone unless everyone does the traditional bring-on-the-froorks ritual involving sharp pointy things impaling that same lawn," Beck Bishop insisted. This completed, Sam Green led the way (utilizing non-hierarchical and non-authoritative methods, of course), singing, "I would walk 500 miles" until we arrived. She encouraged Ellen Pond to mask any ill thought out plans to be sociable and join the much larger anticipatory throng of people.

"I need to use a washroom," a panic-stricken Lucho van Ischot complained, squirming restlessly. Graham Cameron chimed in a heart-rending "me too" which prompted the pair to begin their temporal pilgrimage. On the way, they passed one of Bob Keelen's therapy groups in session, and joined in. They didn't need to go anywhere anymore. Nadene Rahmy, impatient now, yelled out, "Start the damn show, you fascist!" Oblivious to the shouting, Chrissy Johnston was busy rounding up supporters for her latest cause—for the Fight Large Earthworms Who Make it Difficult to Sit Down on Grass During the Night (or FLEWMDSDGDN). Yukie Kurahashi had already crawled into her sleeping bag, only to be wakened by loud bangs and applause. "It's okay," Helen WillowBee-Price assured her, "It's only the sound of one hand clapping." Paula stood puzzled, but not for long. Out of her knapsack she produced 3-D glasses for everyone. Dianne Rudolf thought, "We stand transported, transformed even." Pollyvog, her telepathic kindred spirit, answered, "More like transported into Beethoven's ninth symphony." Yeah. Wow. Meanwhile, Hui Li, Carla MacFiechuk and Sibhan Roantrae observed the sky closely, then fell into a discussion that Mark Nielsen couldn't resist leaving. "What is this? What are we doing?" was the theme. Michel listened as Frances poignantly embellished. "We're in the midst of a throng of people who enjoy watching things blow up in the sky. Scary," she observed. Ted Young Ing, the Byronic hero of our lot, would not even leave his dwelling until he knew that the last flaming crescent had dissolved into a nothingness that would restore the strange, yet familiar, night sky. He had purposely missed it. Plus, B & H sponsoring the event might have had something to do with it. Fascist pigs.

Editors

Frances Foran • Samantha Green • Yukie Kurahashi
Lucho van Ischot • Paula Wellings

How much does a person need to earn to live?

According to the Canadian government, a paltry \$20,000 a year will suffice. According to the ultra-right wing Fraser Institute, the figure should be much less.

According to doctors in BC, the sky should be the limit.

The recent decision by seven Nanaimo doctors to opt out of the medicare system and the continuing job action by doctors across the province demonstrates that this privileged group in our society is interested in nothing more than clinging to and abusing its power.

The doctors are fighting the BC government's proposed bill which calls for the capping of doctors' medicare earnings at \$300,000 per year. Other health care workers—the majority of whom are women—are much further down on the economic ladder. Surely if the government chooses to cut wages from essential services such as medicare, the cuts should be taken from the top, not the bottom.

A doctor in BC can safely expect to earn somewhere in the range of \$100,000 per year in net earnings. Doctors work hard, provide a very important service, and deserve a decent wage. But, as women have always known, hard work is

rewarded according to its social worth. Under-valued labour such as child rearing and housework have traditionally been non-paying jobs.

Traditionally, doctors have been highly paid because their profession is dominated by educated, and therefore upper class, white men. The fact that most doctors do not bring in \$300,000 a year shows that their resistance to the wage cap is about maintaining their social status, not just their income bracket.

This, of course, explains why both the media and the government are paying so much attention to the doctors. In society and in this dispute, the doctors have a disproportionate amount of money and power to safeguard their interests. Using the threat of withdrawal from medicare in a \$750,000 advertising campaign is truly hypocritical: The disputing doctors are inciting fear in the people who most need doctors' services but are least able to defend the right to affordable and accessible health care—the ill, the poor and the elderly.

We must rethink the way we remunerate people for their work. By at least capping wages at the top we can slowly rectify the income imbalance within this and other industries.

Letters

The Ubyyssey 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 Ubyyssey 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.

Counselling chaos

I am writing to express my displeasure with the advising I have received at U.B.C. over the past three years. On May 4th, 1992 I received a letter from the Senior Arts Advisors Office informing me that I had not met requirements for graduation. After further investigation, I was told that I was deficient three credits of third or fourth year general Arts course work. The university administration maintains that it is totally my responsibility to ensure that I meet the requirements as outlined in the calendar.

I have two complaints. The first being that I applied for graduation in early December of 1991 and was not informed of the deficiency problem until three weeks prior to graduation. Receiving this information at such a late date meant it was impossible to rectify the situation in time for graduation. Had I been informed prior to the beginning of the second winter term I would gladly have picked up the course I needed.

Other universities require students to apply for graduation in September of the year prior to their expected completion, and by November they receive written confirmation that they will indeed graduate, pro-

viding they complete the courses they are currently enrolled in. If there are deficiencies, they are informed while there is still time to rectify the situation. I find myself wondering if the U.B.C. administration is simply so utterly incompetent that it feels a need to cover itself by refusing to commit to an assessment in writing.

My second complaint is that on August 22, 1991 I met with my departmental advisor to discuss my planned courses for the Winter 91/92 term. At that time I was told by the advisor that it was not necessary for me to take the second semester theatre course I was enrolled in, rather to drop it and make sure that I took a three credit English literature course, and I would be eligible for graduation. Following his advice on September 9, 1992 I dropped the course through the Telereg system. I visited him again at the start of the second term in January to confirm that I did not require any additional credits. He assured me I did not.

With reference to this fiasco, I would like the administration to illuminate for all tuition-paying students just how far it requires us to go in doing the work of the counselors and advising staff who are paid to provide information. It seems to me

that by double-and triple-checking I took measures that should constitute reasonable responsibility on my part. The university calendar states on page 79 that students must consult a faculty advisor in determining their course of study, and yet the student is held 100% accountable for the ramifications arising from such advice. This disclaimer allows me to think that the requirement of advice is superfluous and contradictory.

This situation has caused myself and my family considerable stress. My plans for professional employment have been put on hold, and my debt load is increasing with every bureaucratic mistake UBC makes. Students have no recourse in these situations, and besides throwing my life into chaos, it seems to me that reforms need to be made so that an institution of higher learning is at least expected to handle paperwork efficiently.

Alison Hill

Don't fence me in!

At a time when University Endowment Lands (UEL) firefighters are earning 25 percent less than other BC firefighters, the Wreck Beach Preservation Society

(WBPS) views the spending of thousands of dollars of public monies on an "architecturally-designed" fence to separate Wreck Beach from the UBC campus as the height of extravagant folly. The 6-foot high finial aluminum picket fence is being constructed on University property directly across from the head of Wreck Beach Trail 6 and has been ordered by Campus Planning and Design.

Moreover, the major underlying assumption behind erection of the fence is insulting to taxpayers and international visitors to UBC's campus, Campus Planning alleges that most summer crime is caused by Wreck Beach users; hence, the fence!

In 1979 when UBC in its arrogance, demanded use of concertina barbed wire at the tops of cliff fencing to prevent people erosion, the WBPS was able to discourage authorities from that scheme when it was pointed out that many Wreck Beach users are UBC students who could have been seriously injured trying to scale the fencing.

July 1992...use of picket points whether they be finial or not, merely to separate UBC from Wreck Beach reflects a total disregard for public safety is quite another!

Judy Williams
WBPS Contract

HOT FLASH!

Japanese Canadians responding to anti-Asian racism in the 90s at the 1992 Powell Street Festival

On August 1st, the Powell Street Festival will be addressing the changing faces of anti-Asian racism with a screening of the award winning film "Who Killed Vincent Chin"—directed by Christine Choy and Renee Tajima, at the Firehall Theatre 1:00 pm-2:30 pm, followed by a panel discussion from 2:30 pm-4:00 pm. Admission to the film is \$3.00 by donations and the panel is free.

In light of Canada's 125th birthday and 500 Years of Resistance (Columbus' arrival in North America), Japanese Canadians have found it increasingly necessary to strategize against the different kinds of anti-Asian racism ranging from anti-Japanese businesses to the continuous stereotyping of Japanese culture. Drawing from the audience participants as well as panel members speaking from their different experiences in the community, this dialogue will provide a space for Japanese Canadians to emphasize the ongoing struggles and survival of Japanese Canadians. The panel members are Tane Akamatsu, Janet Hirakida, Tasuo Kage, and Judy Nutley.

For more information contact Jennifer Tanami at 682-4335.

The Ubyyssey Advisory Board
(to be formed by August 19, 1992)

The Advisory Board will examine and make specific recommendations to The Ubyyssey, and will consist of the following members:

- two members of the AMS student council;
- two members of The Ubyyssey collective;
- two students at large;
- three representatives from on-campus student groups;
- two representatives from off-campus, non-profit organizations;
- two professional journalists.

Interested people please visit the Ubyyssey office, SUB 241K.

Festival misses mark

by Graham Cameron

It was almost seven in the evening and the Earth Voice Festival was an hour behind schedule, but no one seemed to mind.

Ten, maybe twelve thousand people were sprayed out in a fan before the mainstage awaiting Blue Rodeo. This was the main event; this was what everyone had been waiting for.

And we weren't disappointed. Following in the heels of standing-room-only performances by Bare Naked Ladies, 54-40, and Spirit of the West, Blue Rodeo enthralled us for almost an hour. Everybody was dancing and smiling. Obviously, we were getting what we had come for.

FESTIVAL
Earth Voice
Seabird Island
July 24-26

Then, all too soon, it was over. The band finished their encore. The roadies packed away the instruments and unplugged the cords. And the people streamed away.

But wait a second. A quick glance at the schedule indicated four more performances still to go before closing. Where were all the people going? The show wasn't over.

Unfortunately, for about ninety percent of the people there the Festival was over. They had come for the bands and left when the music ended.

The only things left were a speech by a Native member of Joe

Clark's constitutional committee, a talk by a Native Elder, and a powerful performance by a Maori dance troupe from Long White Cloud (aka New Zealand). Nothing very interesting; to many it was just more "Indian" stuff.

That was my impression of the entire Earth Voice Festival. The vast majority of people went to Sea Bird Island for a party weekend, not to take advantage of the "educational" aspects offered: the Native speakers, the traditional Pow Wow, the panels on Ancient Rainforests and Ancient Peoples.

Throughout the festival we were reminded that we were the guests of the Stalo people and should respect both their land and everyone else present.

Yet, every morning as we emerged sore and stiff from our tents, our first vision was not the morning light playing on the surrounding mountains, but the sight of hundreds of discarded beer bottles.

Not that the organizers didn't screw up as well.

For instance, the schedule handed out to each ticket holder was printed on glossy, non-recyclable paper. And the food concessions handed out thousands of meals on disposable styrofoam containers.

Best of all, however, were the Earth Dollars: the official, non-refundable, Earth Voice currency. Undoubtedly conceived as a way to guarantee the Festival received its share of revenues from the food

and craft booths, they were immediately condemned by most people with whom I spoke as unnecessary and insulting.

As Bare Naked Ladies said, directing the crowd's attention to the beautiful, tree-covered mountain behind us, "We could clear-cut the whole thing and print more Earth Dollars."

And the Earth Bucks weren't even very effective anyway. Right from the start a black market of sorts sprung up with many of the craft and food vendors selling at a discount if people used cash.

The important point, however, is that the festival made an effort.

The Native peoples of the West Coast once again welcomed our white society onto their land and into their culture in an attempt to prompt dialogue on an individual level.

Once again most of us white people were uninterested. Who wants to miss Spirit of the West to go listen to some Native Elder talk about 500 years of resistance of oppression and genocide?

For most of us it's a rather unpleasant topic. Maybe if we continue to ignore it, it'll simply go away.

And who wanted to be inside some tent listening to a panel discussing our rapid destruction of the ancient rainforests when you could be out getting a quick-tan under the ozone-free skies?

Many of us missed a great opportunity.



GRAHAM CAMERON PHOTO

Michael Seymour of the YakimaStalo nations displays his vibrant traditional regalia used to dance the "Sneak-up" and "Crow-hop" at the Pow Wow of the Earth Voice Festival.

Celebrating Indigenous resistance

La Quena coffeehouse hosted its seventh annual fiesta last Sunday, honouring 500 years of resistance by the Aboriginal peoples of North and South America.

by Chrissy Johnston

La Quena Fiesta] to let people know

FREESTYLE

Since the New World was "discovered" by Columbus in 1492, there has been very little history written by Indigenous peoples. The fiesta featured several speakers from Cuba, the Gitksan, Wet'suwet'en and Lil'Wat Nations to speak of their histories and struggles.

Ron Dan of the Lil'Wat Defence Fund said, "We came [to the

dom. We want to make people understand why we had to blockade.

"Canada is breaking its own laws since there are no treaties existing. The Lil'Wat peoples still own their territory, Canada has no jurisdiction over our people and our resources."

Miche Hill, a Micmac First

Nations woman from the Vancouver Status of Women spoke about the fact that systemic barriers

facing women

Mayan peoples of Guatemala, Vancouver folk singer Sylvi sang of oppression, and Ancient Cultures performed music of the Andes.

Rascaniguas, a Honduras-based band, combined contemporary Latin American rhythms with traditional folk elements to create music that had everyone dancing.

An information area consisting of local organizations and solidarity groups supporting the fiesta included representation from the B.C. Coalition for Abortion Clinics, the Lil'Wat Nations Defence Fund, Vancouver Rape Relief and several other groups.

The La Quena fiesta was a huge success due to all of the time and hard work put in by the volunteers and sponsors.



SOBIAN ROANTRREE PHOTO

Vancouver folk artist, Sylvi, gives voice to the oppressions of peoples as she sings to the crowd gathered at La Quena Fiesta, Sunday afternoon, at Grandview Park.

need to be bro-

ken down.

"The Canadian justice system does not help First Nations Women—it destroys them," Hill added.

The fiesta also featured a wide range of musical performers. First Nations performers included Jenni Biege and Rick Patterson, who sang of Native culture, Willy Thrasher, an Inuit folk artist, and the Lil'Wat Drummers.

Kin Lalat played contemporary and traditional music of the

HI. SHOW UP AT THE UBYSSY FOR READING, WRITING AND DEFINITELY NOT ARITHMETIC (WELL, YOU MIGHT HAVE TO GUESSTIMATE INCHES...)

WEDNESDAY PRODUCTION STARTS AT 5 PM

SUB241K

New AIDS resource centre established

by Lucho van Isechot

Vancouver Persons With AIDS (PWA) Society, the Positive Women's Network and AIDS Vancouver have pooled their resources to form the Pacific AIDS Resource Centre.

In an effort to improve upon services, the three organizations have moved into a shared office space in downtown Vancouver.

The Pacific AIDS Resource Centre, located at 1107 Seymour, opened its doors on July 2.

"There are a lot of people who already access both PWA and AIDS Vancouver services. For instance, people may use the food bank at AIDS Vancouver and the peer support services at PWA. It just makes sense to have us all in the same building," said Paul Levine of AIDS Vancouver.

"Now we're really starting to appear like a united front," Levine said.

"There is no merger happening here, but the fact that we share office space makes our work easier. The idea is that if someone with AIDS comes to see us, they won't have to go to three or four doors around town. Now everything is centralized."

While remaining autonomous, the three organizations will

share office space, office equipment, a phone system and some administrative duties.

According to Mark Mees of AIDS Vancouver, all three organizations are growing rapidly and the creation of the resource centre will necessitate hiring more staff and volunteers.

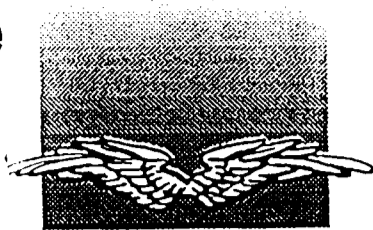
"The intent, however, is not to have this building be solely for these three groups. We would like to see space made for other organizations to come in on a [temporary] basis, or even to set themselves up permanently," Mees said.

"For example, there is talk about having a needle exchange program set up an outreach project here," Mees said.

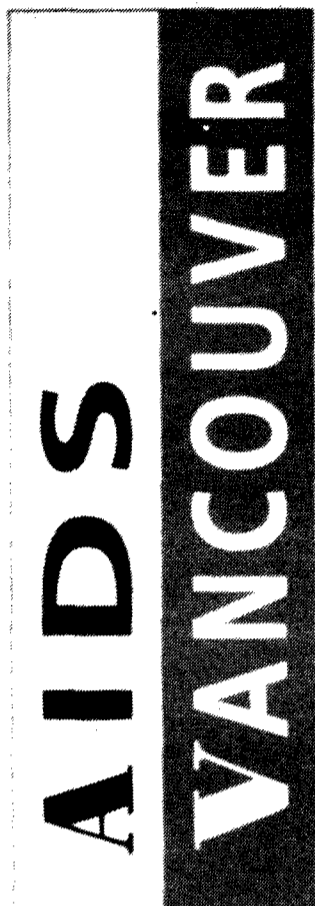
According to Levine, the centre will make an effort to keep in contact with other social and community groups, and to refer people to those groups when necessary.

AIDS Vancouver is currently working on an Asian AIDS Project and is looking into a programme that will service the needs of First Nations peoples.

Meanwhile, renovations are being done which will provide wheelchair access to the upper floor of the centre, and training space for staff and volunteers.



PERSONS WITH AIDS



Services available, volunteers needed

The Vancouver Persons With AIDS Society branched off from AIDS Vancouver in 1986 to provide specifically for the needs of PWAs or people who are HIV positive. PWA provides self-empowerment, advocacy and peer support by and for PWAs.

Walk for AIDS, to be held this year on September 27, provides the major source of funding for PWA. The 10km walk around the Stanley Park Seawall brought out 4000 people and raised \$300,000 last year. If you would like to participate in the walk, pick up registration forms at any Starbucks outlet, or at the new AIDS resource building on Seymour Street.

Services provided by AIDS Vancouver
 AIDS HelpLine (687-AIDS/
 Man to Man: An AIDS Prevention Project for Gay and Bisexual Men Resource Centre/AIDS In The Workplace Program/Buddy Program/Speakers Bureau/Lay Counselling and Advocacy/Refer-

als Directory/Financial Counselling/Emergency Assistance Fund/Equipment for loan such as wheelchairs, canes, and walkers/AIDS Vancouver Food Bank Service

Support Groups:
 Body Positive Drop-In (run in conjunction with PWA Society) for persons with HIV/AIDS

Partners & Friends
 Families & Friends
 Coping With Loss and Grief

To find out about volunteering at AIDS Vancouver, attend New Volunteer Information Nights, held on the first and third Tuesdays of every month, at 6 pm in the AIDS Vancouver office. Call 687-AIDS for information.

Look for next week's feature on Women and AIDS in Vancouver for more information on the Positive Women's Network and other resources.

AMS PROGRAMS

and the Summer Session Students' Association

present

STRING QUARTETS

COUNTRY

JAZZ

DIXIELAND

REGGAE

AFRICAN

R&B

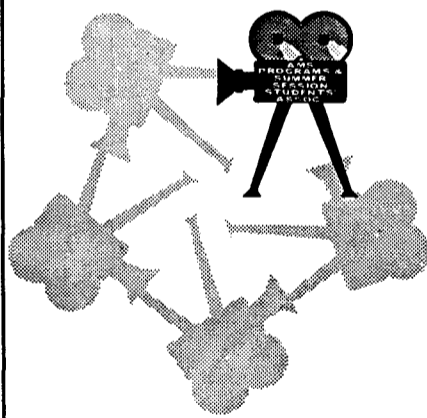
MORE

SUMMER SOUNDS

Live Bands
 Mon - Fri, 12:30 - 1:30

- July 29: GOOD VIBES
- July 30: TOBY'S RANGERS
- July 31: ARMADILLO STRING QUARTET
- August 4: JIM HOUSTON DUO
- August 5: GARY KEENAN QUARTET
- August 6: PHOENIX JAZZERS
- August 7: FANTAZEA
- August 10: HOLLYBURN RAMBLERS
- August 11: TOBY'S RANGERS
- August 12: GOOD VIBES
- August 13: SOUNDS OF BRASS
- August 14: ARMADILLO STRING QUARTET

SUB South Plaza
 or
 Inside SUB (if raining)
 Bring your lunch and a friend



SUMMER SCREEN

Free feature film series

SATURDAY, AUG. 01

THE ADDAMS FAMILY

7:30 P.M., IRC #2
 FREE ADMISSION

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 822-6273