THE Summer UBYSSEY

Vol 6 No. 4

Wednesday August 5, 1987

LEST WE FORGET

"Once, a girl asked me, `Mr. Kawamoto, do you think we will have a third world war?' and I said `No' for two reasons: One is that I don't ever want to die so miserably again. The other is, I want to trust people. I hope that no one could be stupid enough to push the button."

Yoshitaka Kawamoto
Hiroshima survivor

By MELINDA WITTSTOCK
Canadian University Press

Yoshitaka Kawamoto has already died once. He was thirteen years old when an atomic bomb was dropped at 8:15 a.m., August 6, 1945, less than one kilometre from his classroom.

Now Mr. Kawamoto is director of the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum. He spends his days surrounded by the most graphic reminders - the charred clothing of radiation victims, a replica of the three-metre-long bomb that killed 230,000 people, the recorded voices of survivors - of the day his nightmares began.

And he tells his story, over and over again.

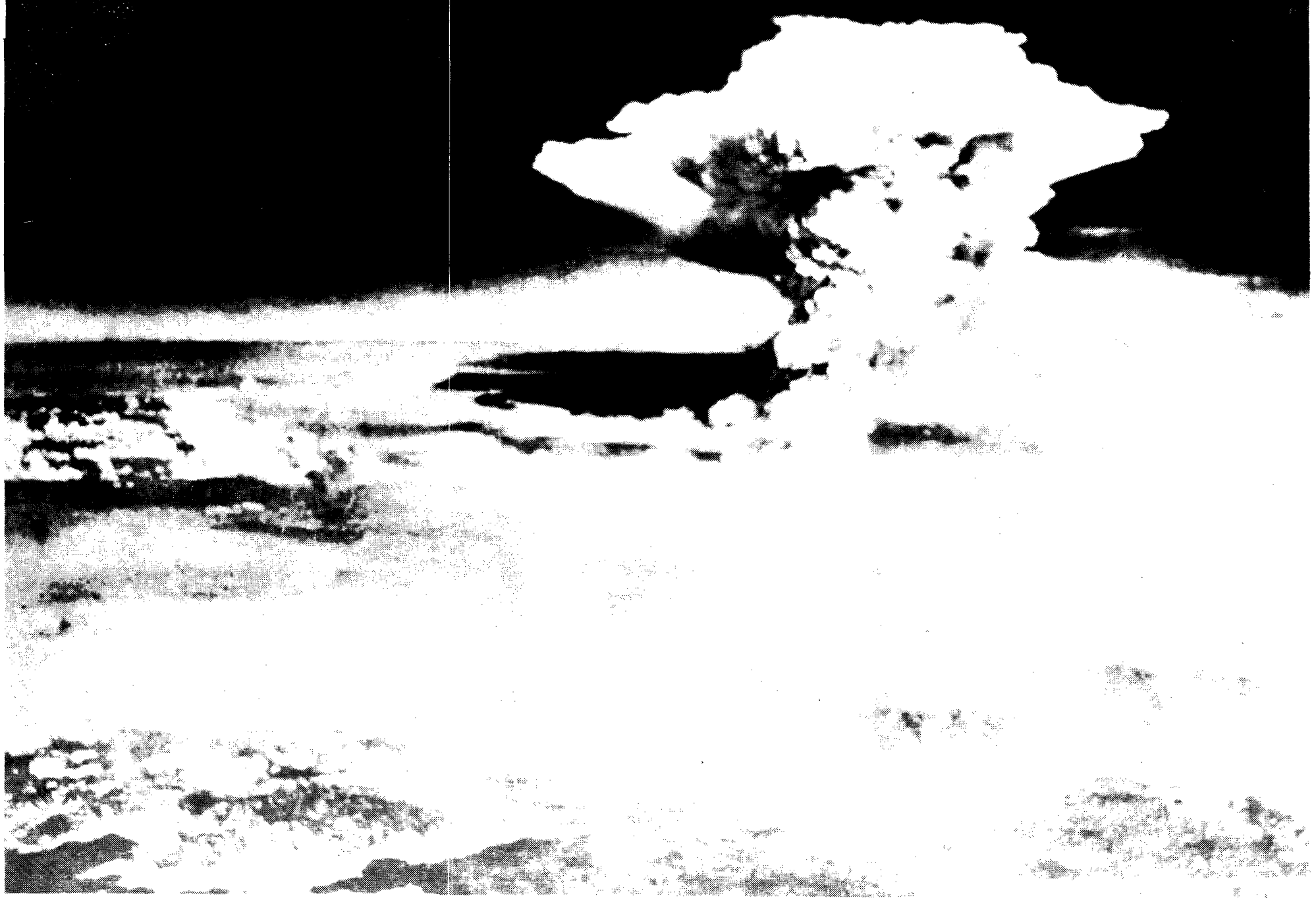
"When the atomic bomb was dropped, I was thirteen. I attended a high school not far from this museum. You may wonder why we were training in the schools. Children older than 15 years were sent to wooden houses because at that time, we had air raids nearly every night and there was much danger of fire.

"On that morning, I nearly missed the train to school. I lived near Miyajima Island so I took the 7 o'clock train to school every day. That morning there was an air raid alert so I wasn't going to go. Then the alert was cancelled so I ran to the train and barely caught it.

"When I got to school at 8 o'clock we had our morning assembly in the school yard. It was a clear, fine day. The principal told us to work hard today and not to get hurt. During the assembly we could hear a B 29 American bomber flying over our heads but this was not unusual (they often flew over in the daytime, planning raids) and since there was only one, we ignored it.

"When we went into the classroom, the teacher had to leave the room and a senior student was left in charge. There were about 45 students in the class and we sat at hard wooden desks about 50 centimetres.

See Page 7: Survivor



LIGHT UP FOR LIFE

End the Arms Race staff hope the memory of Hiroshima and Nagasaki will help people "move beyond their fear into action and help save the world."

To keep the memory alive they are sponsoring a candlelight ceremony tomorrow night.

"Hopefully if we can keep the memory alive we can keep the action from happening again," said Chris Mapson.

"If people remember the horror and remember the fear the Japanese have gone through...then perhaps they will be moved into action and perhaps that action will bring about results - people can make a difference."

UBC student health doctor Dorothy Goresky, chair of the local branch of Physicians for Social Responsibility, will MC the ceremony. She hopes it will help a few more people to become active in demanding the elimination of nuclear weapons.

"The goal...is to have those who attend reaffirm their commitment to ensuring that it never happens again," said Goresky.

The ceremony will be held Thursday at 8:30 pm in Robson Square.

SUMMER SCENE

SUMMER SESSION VBC

VOL. 16 NO. 4

Hello and welcome to Summer Session '87

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 - main floor of SUB, opposite the candy counter. We are there Monday - Friday, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Phone 228 - 4846.

SUMMER SOUNDS

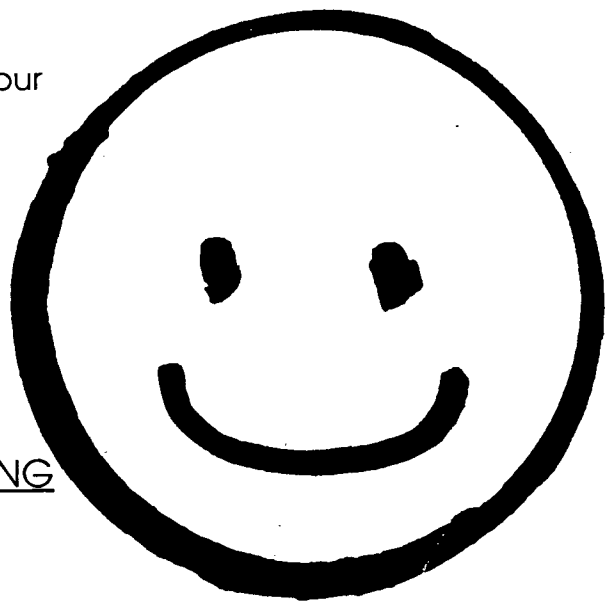
FREE, noon-hour concerts. Bring your lunch and a friend.

Monday, August 5:
STEPHEN NIKLEVA QUARTET, SUB
Friday, August 7:
HOLLYBURN RAMBLERS, SUB
Monday, August 10:
IAN MENZIES QUARTET, SUB
Wednesday, August 12:
TRIO NON TROPPO, SUB

MUSIC FOR A SUMMER EVENING

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

Thursday, August 6:
JOHN LOBAN, VIOLIN
PHILLIPE ETTER, VIOLA
IAN HAMPTON, CELLO
MELINDA COFFEY, PIANO



SUMMER SCREEN

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

Friday August 7: LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS
A camp classic starring a singing carnivorous plant, a timid flower-shop clerk, and fabulous song-and-dance sequences.

HELP HELP! HELP! HELP!

The **Summer Students Association** is looking for people to help in the office in the summer of 1988 if you are returning and would be able to help out, please see Michael Grice in Room 100A (Ombuds Office) in SUB. Remuneration available.

Tall man plays short song Photo Dan Andrews

Edmonton twisted but thanking UBC

By VICTOR WONG

UBC's amateur radio society provided an important communication link with Edmonton in the wake of a tornado that swept through that city Friday.

Twenty Communications UBC members set up an emergency network with Edmonton radio operators to help concerned B.C. residents obtain information about friends and relatives in Edmonton.

Twenty-six people were killed and about 200 injured by the tornado.

Communications UBC emergency committee chair Greg Franklin said he first heard of the disaster on the TV evening news. He immediately called other members of the group and contacted Edmonton.

"The Edmonton people were in a total state of disarray," said Franklin. The UBC group waited until Saturday morning before contacting Edmonton again, to give the operators time to assess the situation, he said.

By that time Communications UBC and other B.C. operators had set up a relay network, with the co-operation of provincial authorities and the Red Cross.

The high-frequency transceiver at UBC became a focal relay point for messages because long-distance phone lines were jammed, said Communications UBC treasurer Doug Wirsz. "The lines were clogged, totally shut down," he said.

Edmonton operators said the UBC transmitter was the only one which they could hear reliably, said Franklin.

B.C. residents either phoned UBC directly or contacted the Red Cross with names and addresses of Edmontonians they wanted to check on. The Red Cross would passed these queries on to the UBC group, who relayed them to Edmonton operators.

Most of the people to be checked on were not in danger and had escaped serious injury, said Wirsz. "We did have a few close calls, but generally we got good news," he said.

"All in all our volunteers handled 3000 pieces of information," said Franklin. The volunteers worked in shifts to keep the network going, he said.

The network was shut down on Sunday midnight due to the exhaustion of the Edmonton operators, said Franklin. Hamsoc will check in with them later this week to further re-assess the situation, he said.

Wirsz said it was unlikely that the network would have to be set up again, since long-distance lines to Edmonton are now clear.

Radio hams pledge emergency service

By BRYSON YOUNG and JENNIFER LYALL

Communications UBC is always prepared to help out in any emergency.

The group provides a unique and essential service to the university, the city, and the rest of the continent, said the chair of Communication UBC's emergency committee.

"Our club is unique in the entire Pacific Northwest in that we combine a high level of expertise and experience with training in various fields. Should there be some sort of chemical disaster, we have members who are PhD's in chemistry and could provide advice and support for a crisis taking place anywhere in the world," said Greg Franklin.

The club also provides free emergency and security service for UBC events.

"We run security procedures during intramural events like the Arts 20, the Triathlon and Storm the Wall. We have 10 to 20 guys set along the route and can have an ambulance at the scene of an accident in 15 seconds, which is unprecedented," said Franklin.

But although the club annually saves Intramurals hundreds of dollars in security costs, he said, it was only last year that the AMS budgeted for Communications UBC services, and relations with other UBC groups have also been rocky.

Franklin said he suspects his group's demands to be recognized by the AMS as a service organization have failed because council is reluctant to assume the administative and financial obligations.

But he said the club's relationship with the AMS has "improved 100 per cent" over the summer.

The club's main financial supporters are the UBC Alumni Association and the Walter Gage Fund, said Franklin.

Individual club members absorb most of the cost of maintaining and repairing equipment that is old and malfunctioning, such as the repeater antennas which are corroded with age.

"The university itself hasn't provided a dime, and the only university body with whom we have liaison is Traffic and Security, who do a great job of keeping an eye on our equipment," he said.

"Otherwise, we get no official recognition from the university."

Communications UBC

THEATRE

Depression Drama Depresses

By ROSS McLAREN

Ten Lost Years, Barry Broadfoot's play adaptation of the television series and book, is typical Canadian pedantry.

Ten Lost Year's
by Barry Broadfoot
Dircted by Bruce Dow
Frederick Wood Theatre, UBC
till August 8

The play is a series of vignettes that illuminates the lives of Canadian men and women during the 1930's. Hobos, salesmen, farmers, waitresses and shopgirls tell the audience through speeches and songs what life was like during the Great Depression. This story is one of economic and psychological deprivation: with no money to live normal lives, Canadians concerned themselves with survival.

Survival during the depression meant that many were forced to submit to morally reprehensible actions. Broadfoot's waitress, for instance, must screw her boss or risk losing her job; the farmer on relief cannot drink at the local tavern or lose his relief check; the mother on relief sleeps with the government inspector so extra goods come her way.

Broadfoot's thesis is that forced to live under such privations, humans cannot be said to live, rather they exist on a level scarcely higher than animals. These years were lost years because Canadian men and women did not participate fully in life.

With such a great theme it is surprising that Broadfoot could lose his audience, but he does, and does so through didactism.

People go to theatre to be entertained, not to be lectured. Broadfoot's moralism, his constant lectures about the horrors of the depression, steamroll the audience's emotions and leave their mind numb.

Summer Stock's production, however, is worth seeing. Director Bruce Dow has incorporated songs and several dances to raise his production's entertainment level. The play succeeds for instance when Cara Tekatch's impersonates Shirley Temple's song and dance the Good Ship Lolly Pop, or when Tekatch and Kathleen Wright sing a song from the Pirates of Penzance.

The cast, in fact, plus Dow's direction, is what makes this production marketable. Mark Weatherly as the salesman has excellent elocution and his stage presence continues to grow. Thomas Colin Jones as the Hobo is loveable and Jones is able to command the audience's attention when alone on stage.

What Ten Lost Years lacks is entertainment. Barry Broadfoot should take notes from Brendan Behan who said, "T.S. Eliot wasn't far wrong when he said that the main problem of the dramatist today was to keep his audience amused; and that while they were laughing their heads off, it was what you were doing behind their bloody backs that made your play great."

Bellis carries Stu

By MICHAEL GROBERMAN

Director Pamela Hawthorn and actor Scott Bellis have together turned Eugene O'Neill's only comedy, a dated, banal, well meaning family farce, Ah Wilderness, into a charming, engaging piece of theatre that still shouldn't have been done at all.

Stage
Ah, Wilderness
By Eugene O'Neill
Directed by Pamela Hawthorn
Studio 58
Langara College
Untill Sunday

The story of the Miller family on the Fourth of July, 1906
, of the drunken uncle, the old maid sister, and the children: Arthur the Yale boy, Richard the high school son and young daughter Mildred, is a sedate story of situation comedy depth. However, director Hawthorn has brought it to life by carefully deploying her young actors into the difficult roles of each others' parents and children.

Beatrice Zelinger, as the mother, is disgusted with her children, deeply worried about them, constantly thinking about them and always mature. A bright interesting piece of acting (so too Mildred as the young daughter, whose infectious giggle encourages the audience the audience to laugh along, though the humour is not evident).

But Richard, in explaining his desire for Muriel to his father becomes deeper andmore intriguing than any other character, and Bellis pulls this off beautifully. He wants her to stop being afraid of life, of their father, and of her feelings for him. These are glorious speeches given special treatment by a fine actor.

In the scene in Act II when he politely asks Muriel to kiss him, all of the angst of awkward young love inhabits him, and is painfully clear to the audience, which feels awkward witnessing the intimacy Bellis establishes.

Bellis' stage presence is magnetic. When he appears, his walk, expression, demeanor are interesting to watch, but never over-played. He does not grab attention, he draws it. He gives this dull story a beautiful, emotional centre that, in turn, spills over into the rest of the production and almost makes this play feel more like an exercise in period style.

Director Pamela Hawthorn, from the New Play Centre, has done a lot of work with these talented young actors, and given the set changes an eerie quality;in half light the actors take their positions, there is a blackout, then the scene begins with lights up. This gives the production a modern flavour of a self conscious drama where the actors are

gallery

Salvadorian Collages at Pitt

Jesus Galdamez sends his artistic message to Canada in images of pop postcards and stark, conflicting collages of Mexican life. This accomplished Salvadoran artist in exile turns stamps, labels and magazine clippings into a unique and intriguing art form on display at the Pitt Gallery from August third to the twentieth.

Jesus Romeo Galdamez
"A Graphic Testimony" &
"Postal Art"
Pitt International Gallery,
36 Powell St
till August 20th

"Postal Art" is Galdamez' contribution to a provocative art style developed in the late fifties largely in Latin America and by several contributors from the United States. A group of artists from several countries declared themselves in search of artistic forms different from characteristic gallery art. A network of artist circulate among themselves messages or artistic works with an agreed upon rule of reworking or distributing these works among the network. This purposely inexpensive inner artwork parallels the "official" art circuit of exhibitions, gallery shows and judges. This is postal art -- a rarely seen parallel structure existing in the contemporary world of art. Exhibits in Mexico and Cuba, as well as in Europe are now gaining attention.

Galdamez' major exhibition, "A Graphic Testimony", represents his years of exile in Mexico. Galdamez has an eye for contrasts. After studying for several years at the Rio Grande do Sul University in Brazil, he returned to El Salvador during the strife-ridden years of 1979-80, only to flee the repression of that time. In Mexico, his experiences of rapid social change and violence influenced his works. Jarred images of slogans, news articles and printed labels conflict with images of children, market scenes and the plain reality of the urban Mexican poor. Most evident in Galdamez' works are today's obsession with television personalities and the tendency of people identifying with them as a means of escaping anonymity. His work is an attempt to accurately portray the clashes and dichotomies which exist in human attitudes. Although still residing in Mexico, Galdamez' heart still stays close to his Salvadoran homeland and the agony still cultivated by the current regime.

Andrea Dworkin

books

Studio 58's Ah Wilderness

consciously performing a story, which is a nice directoral touch that engages the audience.

Drew Barland's set is beautiful and realistic. A visually appealing period home, with furniture that is as staid and obviously uncomfortable as the Puritan lifestyles of these people.

Ross Nichol's lighting: bright living room, seedy dark bar, and romantic moonlight rendez-vous for the young lovers, is pointed and effective. His mood setting is good.

This production of a terribly dated script reflects perfectly the high quality of production that we have come to expect from Studio 58 students. Their productions last year of Dreaming and Duelling, A Comedy of Errors, and Balconville surely rank among the finest productions in the city, professional or not, and their consistency of excellence is unique for this city. Let us hope that the new group of students who will take the leads next season continue this tradition, and that the rest of Vancouver theater catches up.

Feminist says men are beasts

By KURT PREINSPERG

Nothing has greater power to make us either happy or miserable than sex. Celebrated feminist Andrea Dworkin's new book details the varieties of male sexual insensitivity and the cost of sex for

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Andrea Dworkin, "Intercourse", New York:
The Free Press, 1987. 257 pages, $29.95

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women as they never before have been detailed. "Intercourse" is a loosely woven book, fierce, bleak, aggravating; an attempt to get at sexual desire from the inside and force into words experiences beyond words. It is also a despairing plea for "more than an animal fuck delivered by an animal masculinity".

The book, written in an impressionistic, frenzied style of great beauty, has three parts. The first part draws on examples from Tolstoi and contemporary fiction to present nuanced diagnoses of the fiasco of "intercourse in a man-made world". Intercourse, says Dworkin, is nothing trivial: it is the self in the act of meeting the world. It is intense, desperate, pathetic, "the great appetite for using and being used ... the driving obsessiveness of lust which destroys both internal peace and moral constraint ... the great craving, never sated and cruelly impersonal".

The second part develops Dworkin's own central thesis. Under a social system of male domination, she argues, the act of penetration is necessarily a violation of a woman's bodily integrity, but a woman whose psyche has been shaped by this social system will often experience being violated and possessed as deeply erotic and thus collaborate with male domination.

The final part shows how law is used to heighten gender polarity; how men subordinate women through sex and rob them of self-respect; and how men need to associate dirt with sex to enjoy it. A bibliograph, 34 pages long, lists mostly novels.

Men commit many sexual sins (and so do women), but Dworkin's book does not heal antagonisms. Instead it is a manifesto of hate, a declaration of war, coming from some deep source of bitterness. She often falls into a mode of aimless raving and steamrolls on for pages, always with a sure sense of dramatic effect, but little discernable logic or insight. Is male sexual desire really a passion for hurting women? Are women deprived of their potential for human choice? Is incestuous rape becoming the central paradigm for intercourse in our time: Are most men terrified about not getting out of a vagina alive? Is it generally true that men must first despise a woman to become aroused?

At the core of Dworkin's thought are a number of unresolved tensions. She blames men for their sins while describing them as driven animals; she argues that sex matters and yet isn't worthwhile for women; she sees male sexuality as incurably at odds with women's real needs while regarding sex differences as social artifacts; and she vilifies sex with a vengeance while admitting, a few times, its "terrible beauty" and its "enormous mystery".

If many women are insufficiently loved and coldly abandoned after the fizzling of passion - her constant complaint - so too are many men. Dworkin does not concede any goodwill to men whom she portrays as mere exploiters, faceless victimizers for whom sex is a sort ot stabbing. Nor does she acknowledge even once that many men, too, are vulnerable beings with complex desires for tenderness, companionship and self-validation. But what is a man to do when he finds "masculine, animalistic, aggressive sex" in much greater demand than tenderness?

Although this book may well inspire radical feminists to new heights and catalyze anger toward men in many women, it is a courageous work that deserves to be read and discussed.

FILMS

Hedonism destroyed in French flick

By LAURA BUSHEIKIN

The very last sound on the soundtrack of The Year of The Jellyfish (LAnnee Des Meduses), hardly noticed by the exiting audience, is the sound of glass shattering--a fitting summation of the whole film, which is, above all, a tale of destruction. The agent of this destruction is a sophisticated, beautiful, willful, and sexually driven 18 year old girl named Chris.

The Year of The Jellyfish is set in the the south of France somewhere, at a hedonistic, high-living mediterranean resort, and it exam-

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L'Annee des Meduses
Royal Centre

---

ines the lives of wealthy sophisticates--both literally and figuratively beautiful people.There's not an ugly face, a bulging belly, or a sagging breast in this movie, which, since it's set on a topless beach, shows us lots of flesh. In the daytime these beautiful people suntan, drink, meet for lunch, and flirt; in the evening they drink, meet for dinner, go to nightclubs, and follow up on the day's flirtations. The movie is, more than anything, about their sex lives.

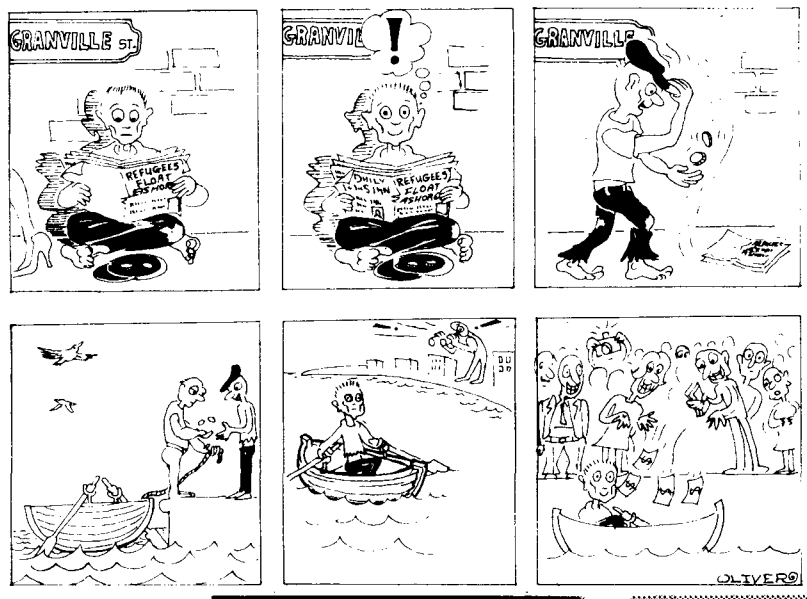
This sounds like a fun scene, and this seems, at first, like a fun movie. But beware--the jellyfish of the title serve as the movie's central metaphor: nasty creatures that lurk below the water's surface, spoil everyone's fun, sting badly, and leave scars that last for life. The above qualities describe not only jellyfish but Chris, or at least the part of her that erupts during the summer of the jellyfish. As an anonymous narrator tells us at the beginning of the film, "If satisfaction can be defined as missing your target but killing off everything within its region, then Chris will find satisfaction this summer".

The movie creates a powerful, ominous sense of SOMETHING about to happen, yet when this something does happen, we are still not fully prepared for it. The end of the movie is shocking and profoundly unsettling.

The film's dynamics rest upon what is not revealed. While it stimulates our interest in the various affairs of its characters, it tells us very little about the people involved. We are left continually guessing about their real intentions and feelings. This uncertainty adds to the suspense and enjoyment of the movie.

However the film's minimalist tendencies create a certain amount of flatness. Any prolonged thinking about the movie leads to a series of dead ends. We are given too few clues to certain fundamental questions: in particular, what makes Chris such a monster. is her willful destructiveness meant to reflect the society around her? Or is she simply an example of unexplained senseless evil? We are left with the sound of breaking glass--we know what has been broken and by whom, but we don't know why. The movie leaves unanswered questions to tease us.

The movie is well casted and well acted. The musical score sung by Nina Hagen is marvelously appropriate. in French with English subtitles.



Divided we fall

The Canadian Federation of Students knows there is strength in numbers. That is why the organization exists.

By consolidating students across Canada into a unified force CFS has the potential to give them a strong voice, a voice to which people, and governments, will listen. Students need that voice to wrest funding from reluctant governments and to ensure fairness in educational policy.

But the vision can only be realized if it is shared by all Canadian students.

UBC students have no faith in the collective power of students and three years ago they demonstrated their lack of conviction by voting to stay out of CFS.

CFS has a lot of problems, but UBC's absence weakens the national lobbying force and not only denies us a voice but denies other Canadian students the support of our voice.

cinderella

Western and eastern Canada are being exploited by their ugly stepsisters in central Canada. The economic inequalities between central Canada and the rest of the country amazes me.

perspective

Six and seven per cent unemployment in Ontario compared to twelve per cent in British Columbia is a joke. Nor can I think about the Atlantic provinces' chronic unemploment without a touch of illness.

Stranger than the inequality is the passive acceptance by the western and eastern regions. I'm not deaf but I don't hear anyone calling for a national economic policy. Do we stand in line to get paid-off like the prairie provinces? Is a billion dollars enough to stop fed bashing?

Look what Japan did with a national economic plan. A country gutted by war builds itself into the second, if not the first, world economic power. A miracle? Not likely. Japanese economic expansion in the 1950's and 1960's was directed by that government's Ministry of International Trade and Industry.

MITI targeted industries such as steel and car manufacturing for development. Using money Japanese citizens invested in government bonds, MITI gave low interest loans to selected industries. Japanese banks were encouraged to support these industries. Protected by high tariffs, these industries grew. When time came for corporate consolidation, MITI directed what companies should consolidate into one economic unit. The result was an "economic miracle".

Canada is not Japan, of course. Japan's advantages, a homogeneous population living in a small area, are foreign to Canada. But Canada has advantages that count. Our wealth, skilled labour and incredible resources should be enough to build ourselves a growth economy.

Whether or not the government could handle such an undertaking is another question. Presently, crown corporations are run like they were ordered to lose money. The fact remains, however, that the government is involved in our economy in a large way. They should either do the job right and establish a national economic plan or sit back and regulate marketplace abuses.

Ross McLaren is an ugly loogon staffer without sisters.

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tweens

Monday
UBC ZEN MEDITATION SOCIETY
Meditation, instruction provided, all welcome. 4:30 pm to 5:30 pm, penthouse, Graduate Students Centre.

hot flash

HIROSHIMA MEMORIAL DAY: The people of Vancouver are invited to participate in a candlelight ceremony tomorrow, August 6, in memory of the bombing of Hiroshima. The short program of music and readings will begin at 8:30 p.m. at Robson Square. For more details please call 736-2366.

THE SUMMER UBYSSEY
August 5, 1987

The Summer Ubyssey is published Wednesdays throughout the summer session by the Alma Mater Society of the University of British Columbia, with the additional funding from the Walter H. Gage Memorial Fund, and the UBC Alumni Association. Editorial opinions are those 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 228-2301/228-2305; advertising, 228-3977

The sun rose sleepily over The Home For Aged Ubyssey Farts as a visitor came to call...

"Pass the Geritol," mumbled Bryson Young to Michael Groberman, who was trying to feel up the young nurse that was jumpstarting his pacemaker. Kathy Chung, Victor Wong, Kurt Preinsperg and Laura Busheikin were drag racing their wheelchairs down the Trans-Canada Highway at 90 per, leaving Mountie Ross McLaren crying in their dust...

Corinne Bjorge and Jennifer Lyall were reminiscing about the good old days when they held the power of life and death in SUB 241k. Said Jennifer, "It's too bad Steve Chan and Dan Andrews died in that horrible darkroom accident when someone opened the door too soon and they faded away..." Replied Corinne,"Yes,but at least they didn't die painfully like Don Isaak, who ran himself over with his tractor when he bent over to scrape the cow feces off his cowboy boots..."

"Yep," said their visitor, rubbing his greying red hair as he peered through his bifocals,"and to think that we thought that we'd never live through the summer of '87. Guess the preservatives in the Pit burgers I ate actually worked..."

•THE•
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- **Chris Sigerson,** *piano*
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Survivor relives horror of holocaust

HIROSHIMA

From Page 1

"The student in charge had to leave the room to go to the washroom or something so he told us to close our eyes and meditate. If I had stayed that way, I would have died. But since he was so strict and we didn't like him, some of us opened our eyes.

"My friend Hujimoto was looking out the window. Suddenly he pointed to the sky and said, "B-29!". I stood up and said "Where?", and that is the moment the bomb was dropped. The only thing I remember now of that moment is lightning.

"I had been the only one standing in the classroom and the pressure was so great (about 35 tons per square metre) that most of the students were killed on the spot. When I became conscious, I could tell that about 10 students were still alive. They were singing the school anthem, and trying to ask for help. But less and less students were singing so I knew they were dying.

"It was very dark and I was calling for help but nobody came to save us.

"I managed to dig myself out enough to see what had happened. I realized that I didn't get burned because I was in the middle of the classroom and the lightning had come in the window. Most of the students were burned. I could see something like a tornado up in the sky.

"I didn't know anything about the atomic bomb so at first I thought a gas-tank had exploded.

"I wanted to run away. Now, I don't believe military training in schools is a good thing but it did teach us some things that were useful, and we believed everything the teachers had told us.

"The first lesson was always stay calm. The second was to check your own body for injury before moving. The third was to help others while you can. I checked my body and I found I had lost three teeth and my mouth was bleeding. I also had some wood embedded in my arms and I couldn't take it out. But I was not so hurt and I found I could move.

"When I passed a house I saw a person who was half buried in the ground. He had a broken backbone and broken legs, but he was still conscious. One of his eyes was out of his head. His hands were burned and he was trying to bite his fingernails out of his fingers.

"He was screaming something but I could not understand him. He shook his arms for some reason and I thought he was trying to tell me to run away. So I left him. Someone shouted that we should run in the direction the wind blows so I threw some dirt in the air, to tell which way it blew, and I ran.

"I still see that person half-buried in the ground. I still see him in my dreams.

"There were about 8,400 junior high school students in the area where the bomb dropped and most of them were girls. When I was running away from the city I saw many, many girls lying in fire and as I was running some of the girls tried to grab my ankles. I still feel very guilty about leaving them.

"And then I saw the vice principal of my high school. He was completely naked and burnt black and the only thing he was wearing was a belt. He was pulling a cart. In the cart were three dead bodies. They were three teachers from my school.

"It was very hot and I was so thirsty so I tried to find some water. At that time there were water tanks in front of every house but I found that each of them was filled with dead bodies.

"So I went to the river and there were dead bodies in it too, but I managed to drink some water; I didn't know anything about radiation then. I fell unconscious again.

"I woke up maybe seven hours later in the storehouse where there were doctors and soldiers. There were so many people screaming, and they were all asking for water. I begged a soldier for water but he said, "No, we give water only to those who are dying. You are going to live."

"My mother found me about one week later. If we had homes to go to we were told to go home. I remember Hiroshima smelled so terrible... But after I got home, that is when it really started.

"I went blind for three months and I lost all my hair for two years. At first I was always bleeding from my nose and mouth. Then I had to be very careful not to get injured because if I started to bleed I couldn't stop. I wanted to die because my health was so bad.

"I don't know why I didn't die. People who were within one kilometre of the bomb site were exposed to 700 radons. I was only 800 metres from the hypocentre.

"There are so many things which I do not want to talk about but I feel it is my duty to tell what really happened here. This is why I am still alive. I hope more and more people stand in front of the Peace Monument and swear they will not repeat such a thing."

'Thanks a lot'

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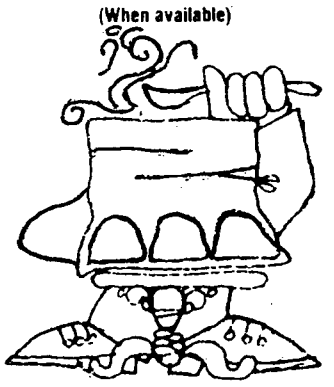

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UBC faces political laryngitis

By CORINNE BJORGE

If UBC does not join the Canadian Federation of Students it will have "no voice nationally and students as a whole in the province will have a weaker voice," said the vice president of finance for UVic following a conference of student executives held at UBC last weekend.

Michael Geoghegan said the B.C. government's incorporation of CFS student aid proposals into the provincial program shows how powerful a lobbying force CFS has become. "And UBC didn't get any input into those changes," he said.

But disillusioned universities have said flaws within the CFS structure are large enough to justify not taking advantage of the political lobbying power.

The organization's voting system is a major concern, said Wes Pringle of the University of Manitoba. Under the current system all post secondary institutions, regardless of size, get one vote.

CFS deputy chair Daniel St. Luis said a two-tiered system will be discussed by the national executive in two weeks. Under the proposed system motions would have to pass by 2/3 of the schools (each school receiving one vote) and by 2/3 of the student population (giving schools with larger populations more input).

But Geoghegan said a change in the voting system assumes that student organizations at larger universities are more representative of the average student than ones at smaller universities.

Geoghegan also said B.C. gains by the present system of one institution, one vote. "With all of B.C.'s small colleges, the current voting system gives B.C. a strong voice within the federation," he said.

CFS has also been criticized for the high costs to large universities. Universities with large student populations feel they are being unfairly charged.

UBC would be required to pay a levy of $3.50 per student to belong to CFS pacific region.

UBC director of finance Don Isaak said the amount is too high. "$100,000 (to belong to a national student organization) is bogus," he said.

University of Alberta president Tim Boston said another criticism of CFS was that it was "more involved with international issues than student concerns".

"It threatens the credibility of CFS. There are more pressing things to dedicate time towards", said Pringle.

But Sean Caragata, president of the University of Regina said the international issue was a red herring. Although CFS has been concerned with international issues, he said, all the lobbying work done "is purely for educational issues", he said.

Some universities claim they don't need a lobbying voice at all. "The larger universities don't need a national lobbying group like the smaller universities do," said Pringle. "The smaller institutions need it because they don't carry as much weight (to influence policies)."

But the deputy chair of CFS, Daniel St. Luis said UBC and other CUSEC universities are losing out by not being in CFS. "(We) have become more sophisticated and more effective at sending out (the students') message to bureaucrats and politicians," he said.

Geoghegan said much of the blame for poor CFS representation lay with the regions themselves. "CFS, like God, helps those who help themselves," he said.

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SWIMMING SCHEDULE FOR INDOOR AND OUTDOOR POOLS
Hours Effective June 8 to September 6, 1987

SESSION	DAYS	HOURS	ADMITTANCE TO:
PUBLIC SWIMS	Mon to Fri Mon/Fri Wed Sat/Sun Sat/Sun	1:45 p.m. to 4:15 p.m. 6:30 p.m. to 10 p.m.** 7:30 p.m. to 10 p.m. 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.**	Pool is open to all ages. Children under 8 must be accompanied by an adult. Fitness area is open to those 16 and over for an additional charge.
**Outdoor pool will NOT be available until 7:30 p.m. on Mon/Fri/Sat/Sun June 29, July 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12			
FAMILY SWIMS	Wed Sun	6:30 p.m. to 7:30 p.m.** 10:30 a.m. to 12:45 p.m.	Families only. Children are admitted **FREE** only when accompanied by their **OWN** parent(s). Adults without their own children are not admitted. Passes and book tickets are not accepted and fitness area is closed.
**Outdoor pool will NOT be available until 7:30 p.m. on Wed July 8			
ADULT SWIMS	Tues/Thurs Sat	8 p.m. to 12:25 a.m.** 10:15 p.m. to 12:25 a.m.**	Adults 18 years and over. Proof of age may be requested. **Fitness area is open with additional charge only until 10 p.m.**
**At 10:00 p.m., fitness area is closed and steam and saunas are open and co-ed.			
ADULT & PARENT SWIM Starts Monday, June 8th to Friday, September 4, 1987. **Cancelled on Fri June 26, Wed July 1 and Mon August 3.**	Mon/Wed/Fri	9:15 to 11:25 a.m.	Anyone 18 years old and over. This swim coincides with children's lessons, therefore the availability of the indoor and outdoor pools is limited. Fitness area, *Sauna and Steam* available. Cost is $2 for everyone. No book tickets or passes accepted.
CO-ED EVENING FITNESS Starts June 9 to September 3, 1987	Tues/Thurs	6:30 p.m. to 8 p.m.	Anyone 18 years and older: 50 min of dryland exercises, 30 min of water exercises. No book tickets or passes accepted. 70 people maximum per session. Cost $2.

FITNESS AREA (For availability refer to specific swim sessions) The new fitness area is equipped with universal/global stations, hydra-gym exercise machines, stationary bicycles, dumbbells, wall mirrors, exercise posters, weight scale, steam rooms and saunas. All the equipment is suitable for every level of fitness — so drop by the fitness area to get in shape or maintain the one you have! Please read schedule for hours of operation. 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 extra over and above single admission fee for pool use. **T-shirts, shorts and runners must be worn when using the Fitness Area.**

ADMISSION FEES	SINGLE ADMISSION	BOOK TICKETS	PASSES
Children: 3-12 inclusive Under 3 admitted free	$1.00	10 for $ 8.00	$25.00
Seniors: 65 and over	$1.00	10 for $ 8.00	$25.00
Youth: 13-17 inclusive	$1.25	10 for $ 9.50	$30.00
UBC Students: valid student card	$1.25	10 for $ 9.50	$30.00
Adults: 18-64 inclusive	$1.50	10 for $12.50	$35.00
Keep Fit and Swim	$2.50	10 for $20.00	——
Fitness Area Card	——	15 for $12.00	——

Please note: To use fitness area during **Public and Adult swim sessions** there is an additional charge of $1.
The area is only open to those 16 years and older.

PLEASE NOTE: SWIM SCHEDULE AND ADMISSIONS FEES ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE