

# Marijuana experiments on monkeys

I was talking to Fred, who lives next door, and he heard some turkeys (who are actually Homo sapiens) saying that the *Gazette* needed some individuals to write some articles for the newspaper.

Well, since I'm really not that hard pressed for time, at the moment, and the human who is supposed to feed me is late (again); I figured I'd write down some words on the plight of the squirrel monkey and how life just isn't like it used to be. And so on...

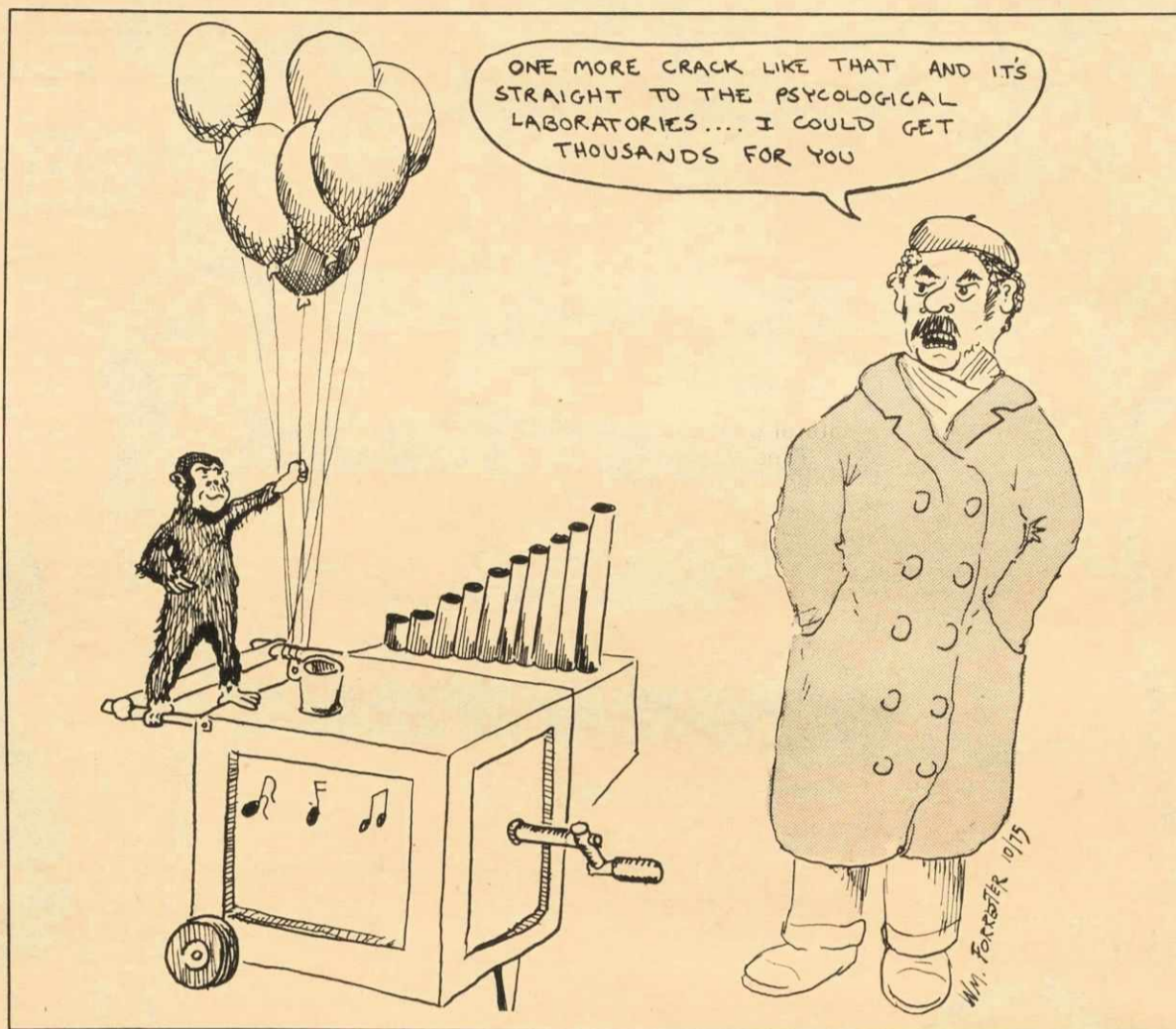
Most Homo sapiens look at their dog and say, "What a life. If I was only a dog." And, if they had gone to a school that had stressed English, they might have said, "What a life. If I were only a dog." And, then Pavlov came along and it really wasn't that safe to be a dog.

A lot of Homo sapiens looked at their cats and said pretty much the same thing; except, they crossed out the word dog and wrote cat in crayon. Right? Right! And so on...

Now, if you lived in the jungle (not a jungle; **the** jungle) and happened to see a lot of squirrel monkeys, like Fred, frolicking around; you might say, "What a life. If I was only a squirrel monkey." And if you had come from that school that I had mentioned earlier, you might have said, "What a life. If I were only a squirrel monkey." Well, as with cats and dogs, being a squirrel monkey isn't that great.

Take your average squirrel monkey, about a foot and three quarters--- oh, yeah. Think metric; now that would be  $1\frac{3}{4}' = 12'' + \frac{3}{4}(12'') = 12'' + 9'' = 21'' = 21 \times 2.54 = 53.34$  cm.--- and around, say, 450 gms. Not a very imposing animal, would you say? So, anyway, there he sits, minding his own business, maybe eating a banana, or peeling a grape, or maybe even reading a little K.V. Jr., whatever. Ant then what happens? Along comes this money hungry Homo sapien and this turkey puts a net over this soon to become very upset--at the moment, very complacent animal of the jungle. They take him and a bunch of his friends, and enemies; the turkey's don't care, and they bring him over to a foreign land, thousands of miles away from his jungles in South America, where he stays until someone decides that they want him. Not necessarily this exact monkey but a squirrel monkey. Of course, they give specifications as to weight and sex, but that is about all. So now we follow our martyr to some city; say this guy, like Fred or Frank, goes to Halifax. Once in Halifax, they go to the Sir Charles Tupper Building for three weeks quarantine. After that, they get shipped off, as with Fred or Frank, here; to the Dalhousie Psychology Department. They are put in nice cages and fed twice a day, this incredibly horrible shit. I mean, Homo sapiens complain about cafeteria food... Oh, and you have your bottle of room temperature water. And so on...

So, one particular day (the Homo sapiens are very nice, as they have an artificial day/night cycle for the squirrel monkeys) this human, who is really a turkey, (now, don't get upset because I am constantly picking on the "smartest" animal on Earth. I mean take it from me. He comes in and picks up my cage; so, me being very nervous, I do-do, and; now, I just don't do-do: I aim my do-do-, and, invariably, I hit a shoe, a pant leg, whatever. So, as I said; he's a turkey. I take some verbal abuse but that is nothing.)



He takes me into another room and then goes away. So, here I sit and wait. Now what?

Well, I'll tell you what. After about three minutes and forty seconds, I get shocked for half a second at five milli amps. And it hurts! And I'm mad! I'm furious. What the hell's this joker trying to do. And if that doesn't take the cake; right after I'm shocked, a surgical tube comes in. I mean really, a surgical tube? We... I'll tell you. I'm mad, right? So, I decide to take my frustrations out on this surgical tube and I bite it, I pull at it, I swear at it, I hit it, and I hang upside down from it, and, then, after twenty seconds, it retracts. They take my only consolation away. And then they repeat this foolishness nine more times. Except, they try and fool you, you see, because the fifth and tenth trials, you don't get shocked, because I'm no dummy. But, I bite the tube anyway, because I figure that is what they want me to do and if they don't; I'm sure they'll make some wisecrack about what a stupid monkey I am.

So, anyway, this goes on for a while, until one day the turkey (the guy I do-do upon, all the time) brings me a banana. I mean, a real banana. So I eat it and we go through the same foolishness for a couple of more days until it happens.

The bastards slip me a Mickey Finn. They do something to my banana. The lowest of low tricks. Even after I faithfully bite their bloody surgical tube. So what I do is bite less because I feel really weird. I mean my mouth gets dry and I have a sort of content feeling in my little brain. My heart starts pumping faster and my balance goes a little funny. But, anyway, that is what happens when you get either a .5, 1, 2, or 4 mg/kg dose of good old(-) trans- $\Delta^9$ -tetrahydrocannabinol or otherwise known as THC.

So this goes on for a long time, until they figure they're finished; then they stop giving me my banana. I had sort of become partial to those bananas.

But, all in all, they found that if you were a squirrel monkey, THC lowered your pain-elicited aggression toward surgical tubes because you wouldn't be as mobile and not because of some analgesic effect of the drug. I could have told them that in the first place. I don't care how stoned I was, (and there were a few times when I was B-L-A-S-T-E-D) it still hurt like an SOB. And so on...

So, the next time you think that it

would be a wonderful thing to be a squirrel monkey, read this. I mean, the bananas were good but... All that for a little weed. I mean, where I lived, there were a bunch of turkey's who were growing acres of it. I didn't need any weird experiment done to me to get it. But anyway. And so on...

Oh, good! Here comes the turkey with my food. It's about time! Do-do, no bananas.

## Shubenacadie wolves celebrate first anniversary

A little over a year ago, a wolf pack arrived from Oregon to take up residence in Nova Scotia's Shubenacadie Wildlife Park.

Celebrating the anniversary are Dr. John C. Fentress, chairman of Dalhousie University's Psychology Department, and his team of research associates and graduate students.

Of the 50 acres of land the provincial department of Lands and forests made available to Dalhousie, about 10 acres are surrounded by "maximum security" fencing.

This is divided into three small interconnected holding pens and a larger enclosure, where the main pack of eight wolves wander - it's the closest thing to a natural habitat available in North America for captive studies.

There is no running water, with the exception of a man-made pond in the middle of the treed territory. A portable generator provides lighting and heat for researchers manning the mobile laboratory parked alongside the compound.

It holds film and photographic equipment used to record the wolves' behavior. Activities are then translated into rigorous scientific terminology and reviewed in context. Subtleties of the animals' behavior are missed if people allow

themselves to interpret them "humanly". One must be rather like Mr. Spock on "Star Trek" and dismiss the big bad wolf myths and forget about how cute they look ("just like a dog!").

The animal behaviorists are not just studying wolves, but behavior in a general sense. For example: how dependent is an animal's behavior upon the particular environment in which it momentarily finds itself as opposed to its own rules of internal organization?

The research team has been concentrating in part upon questions of social communication and development in the wolf to gain some insight into more general questions. Wolf social structure also presents many more specific challenges to our understanding of the means by which complex forms of behavior are produced and many have evolved.

The Fentress group, shares their findings in a variety of scientific formats and lay articles. As well, they are also concerned about and involved in supporting environmental measures protecting wolves; hunters for generations have killed off wolves indiscriminately and they are now in danger of becoming an extinct species.