

MUGWUMP

by Aime Phillips and special guest writer Karen Burgess

"Wa la da la da la Bamba"

Picture it, Sweetwaters, Saturday night. The opening strains of this sensuous melody cut through the hot, sticky atmosphere of the club. Somewhere, from out of a dark corner, steps Lou Diamond Phillips. He assumes his best John Travolta-like stance, grabs the nearest pseudo-microphone and begins to lip-synch with all the depth and feeling he can muster in his soul. He is Ritchie Valens....

Not quite, but I wonder if this is the effect anticipated by the DJ when he decided to commit this heinous travesty. Lou Diamond Phillips was at Sweetwaters, and Aime and I (and our friend Pam) did meet him in the flesh, and, while I was not actually present for this nearly criminal example of 'fromage' at its worst (I have it from the best of sources) I now have little doubt as to why Phillips commented that he would not be back in these parts again.

Here's how it all happened: after spending an enjoyable evening at the Social Club, Aime and I convinced Pam that it was time to head downtown. Well, after waiting in line in front of a well-known club on King Street for HALF AN HOUR, we were turned away from the door because Aime, though she possesses every other type of identification known to humanity, does not actually have an NBLCC (good call guys, she's actually an underage extra-violent communist infiltrator sent to bring about the fall of the free world by undermining the club scene in Fredericton). After this horrendous let down, we, and Barry and his friend from Newfoundland (the guys behind us in line who were turned away for the same reason), headed down to Sweetwaters.

I think Barry summed up the evenings sentiment best when he said "Yeah man, the (insert name of well-known club here) can b--w me after this."

So, in we go to the next club, where the obviously intoxicated guy in the chair next to us says "look girls, its Lou Diamond Phillips!" We were like "sure babe, and that's your first drink of the evening" but then upon closer examination of the situation, we realized that the guy who had been pointed out to us actually was Lou Diamond Phillips. So we saunter casually up to where he's standing, finally managing to get past the hoard of people suckholing to the guy with lines like "You shoulda got an Oscar for LaBamba man, That was incredible." And chatted nonchalantly with him while frantically searching for paper on which to get his autograph. Aime is now forever in my debt as it was the label off my beer bottle which allowed her to retain this priceless memento of her brush with celebrity. Phillips was apparently touring with his band "the Pipefitters" and stopped here en route to Montreal.

There is, to be quite truthful, something quite life-affirming about meeting someone famous; he is, in real life, every bit as impressive as he is on screen. I think I'll go rent "Young Guns" or something and let Aime write a bit now.

Thank you, Karen, but I'm still upset that I wasted a whole half hour of my life waiting in line for absolutely no reason except, of course, to later meet Lou Diamond Phillips, thereby fulfilling my predetermined destiny.

And to clarify the situation for my roommates, I am NOT as upset about waiting in line for no reason as I am about having my impoverished social life put to a slow and painfully embarrassing death following the deliberate

disruption of an otherwise chaste communication mechanism... and you know what I'm talking about.

Before I comment on our generous and ever friendly Student Union, I'm going to take this time to point out the fact that our Weekend Weather prediction has been correct for the past two issues. I am also proud of "Brunsbits" because it has managed to stir up more trouble in three inches of text than I will, hopefully, in all of this term's Mugwump. In any event, it certainly is nice to see the Student Union remembering to stand proudly behind its student newspaper through the bad times as well as the good. Too bad I can't say the same goes for the Paper Post!

I was cordially invited to a reception for the Ottawa area UNB students by the Associated Alumni to "see who else from your home town is studying at UNB," among other things. Unfortunately, the big event is tonight (Thursday) so I am unable to provide a detailed account of the evening's happenings. Thanks to my dad, though, who thoughtfully included the latest edition of the county newspaper with his letter, I can forward the exciting discovery of that \$1 million marijuana crop which was seized (and destroyed) in the village next to Green Valley. Well, at least now I know we're not called Green Valley just because the Jolly Green Giant lives nearby.

OPINION

The opinions found in this column are not necessarily the views of the Brunswickan

by Kourosh Mohseni

A few days ago while I was thinking of writing something about one of the most horrible tragedies of the century which happened in the month of September, all of a sudden I had a flash-back to a movie called "Coup d'etat" a product of the former Soviet Union, an excellent movie about the coup happened in Chile on Sept 11, 1973, nineteen years ago.

With this indigenous people campaign that probably concerns each of us some how, these days there is nothing more shocking than the story of Chile during and after the coup. Indigenous people make up six percent of Chile's population. The largest of the several indigenous groups is the estimated 600,000 to one million Mapuche Indians who dwell in both rural communities and urban areas, mostly in southern Chile. The name Mapuche means "people of the earth", a very proper name, 500 years ago, before the Spaniards invaded their land and their country, they were the only people living there.

A programme of Agrarian reform, led by the legitimate government of Dr. Salvador Allende(1970- 1973) had enabled the Mupuche to regain some of the lands taken from them since the arrival of the spanish. After the military seized power, large numbers of Mapuche leaders, activists and community members were arrested and tortured. Many others were killed or disappeared.

The repression of human rights in Chile has been beyond any body's imagination. A foreign reporter in Santiago reported "After the Chilean Armed Forces overthrew the government of Salvador Allende, while the military intelligence services continue their random arrests, interrogations and assaults on private citizens, there can be no real guarantees for the protection of human life in Chile."

The precise number of prisoners still detained without trial in Chile for political reasons was unknown. An Amnesty International report indicated the reliable information about the numbers of political prisoners in Oct 1973, few weeks after the coup:

Prison	Number
Rancagua	496
La Serena	449
San Antonio	101
Puente Alto Regiment	334
Puedeto Regiment (in Punta Arenas)	129
Downson Island	100
Concepcion Stadium	589
Quiriquina Island	552
Temuco	341

Church sources have accounted for no less than 30 places in the province of Santiago alone. They estimated the number of political prisoners as between 45,000 to 50,000 (excluding those detained for a period of less than 24 hours). Amnesty International special effort was made by sending a mission to Chile, after AI and International Commission of Jurists issued statement calling for United Nation intervention on threats to civilian lives and to refugees in Chile on Sept 15, 1973. The mission reported: "We attempted to secure lists of prisoners from several sources and several ministers. We were informed by officials of the Ministry of the Interior that lists of detainees existed, but were 'secret'. According to Admiral Ismael Huerta Diaz, the Foreign Minister, approximately 10,900 persons had been in custody up to the later part of October..."

The outstanding human rights issue of concern in Chile today remains the failure of the elected civilian government of President Patricio Aylwin (who took place in March 1990) to bring to justice those officials having ordered and carried out the massive human rights violations which occurred under military government in power for more than 16 years. One of the cases which has been presented by The National Commission of Truth and Reconciliation (CNVR), to a civilian court for investigation, is Nelson Curinir, a 22-year-old Mapuche Indian student at the State Technical University in Temuco and an activist in the Communist Party. On the night of October 5, 1973, a heavily armed group of men in air force uniform entered his home and told the family that they were taking Nelson to the Maquehua air force base and he would then be transferred to Temuco prison. His family never saw him alive again. On 18 October 1973, the family heard a radio announcement which described him as a MIR activist (Movimiento de Izquier da Revolucionaria, Movement of the Revolutionary Left), had escaped while being transferred by military patrol to Temuco prison. Witnesses have testified that Nelson had been taken out of the air force, when he was seen the last time.

On the orders of the civilian judge in charge of the case, Nelson's body was exhumed in November 1990 and identified by his family. He had been shot in the back of the head. On 5 January 1991 Nelson's family buried him. However those responsible for Nelson's killing would be covered by an amnesty law passed in Chile in 1978 for all those who as "authors, accomplices or accessories" had been responsible for the crime committed during the state of siege imposed in the country between 11 September 1973 and 10 March 1978. This law continues to be used to close investigations into abuses which occurred prior to 1978. Carlos Patricio was 13 years of age when he was detained on 13 October 1973 in Santiago. A few days before his arrest, he had been taken by his mother to a juvenile court after an accident in which another child playing with Carlos Patricio was wounded by a pistol shot. The judge sent him to a reformatory from which he escaped, claiming he had been threatened and sexually assaulted. His mother wanted to return him to the court but the boy was ill with a fever. He was in bed until the next morning when a group of soldiers and policemen surrounded the house to break in to arrest an ill 13 year old boy! He was taken to the Santiago Natinal Football Stadium where he was placed with the political prisoners...few years after there was still no trace of him after many appeals his mother made to the authorities. On 6 September 1976, the Chilean Government informed the United Nations Human Rights Commission that the person in question had no legal existence'.

The Chilean artist Hugo Eduardo Riverros Gomez, 29, founded dead on the outskirts of Santiago on 8 July 1981. His hands had been tied behind his back and he had been stabbed three times. A piece of cardboard had been left on his chest; written in blood on it was the letter R a symbol intended to represent 'Resistance', a name used by left wing opponents of the government. The day before, three men had blinded him and dragged him out of his home. He had recognized one of them as a secret police agent who had reportedly tortured him in October 1980. On 5 November he was charged with belonging to a banned organization. In March 1981 he was released on bail. He was murdered about a week after. His wife's request for an investigating judge to be appointed to inquire into the killing was refused.

Pablo Neroda, the Chilean poet, wrote of the arpilleras of the Isla Nerga in words that could be used today to describe those created by the courageous women of Santiago:

"The embroideries were from the heart of the people and so embroidered with the colors of the heart... There is nothing more beautiful than these embroideries, unequalled in their cheerfulness that withstands many sorrows."

We remember you Nelson Curinir of the Mapuche/ We remember you Carlos Patricio a victim of the generals, of the Pinoche's regime/ We remember you Eduardo Riverros Gomez and your art for the people of Chile/ We remember you Victor Kara and your guitar, and your songs, songs of freedom/ We remember thousands of you never found/ But you do exist/ You will be remembered and loved

And your dreams will be dreamed in a world of justice and harmony with a human integrity

K.M.