

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA



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Keith Mitchell

Dear Mr. Mitchell

In a recent telephone conversation, Dr. Klawe requested that I elaborate further on the incidents with Dr. Gao which I mentioned in my letter to Dr. McClean dated June 22 1992. In all of the incidents, Dr. Gao appeared extremely agitated. He spoke very rapidly with a very thick accent, so that it was not possible to understand completely what he was saying. The best that I could do was to pick out the occasional words or phrases. These incidents are the only interactions which I have ever had with Dr. Gao. At no other times has he ever spoken to me, nor I to him.

The first incident occurred while I was completing my Master's degree, under the supervision of David Kirkpatrick. This would mean that it occurred prior to May of 1991. While it is difficult to be more precise than this, my belief is that it occurred several months prior to the completion of my degree, possibly in January or February. I was supposed to meet David, but he had not yet arrived. While I waited for him, I was examining the pictures of prior graduating classes, close to Room 322, Dr. Gao's office at the time. I cannot recall whether Dr. Gao was initially at his desk, or whether he approached from the hallway. In any event, he approached me, and began to shout. He appeared highly agitated, and it was not possible to discern all of his words. I did understand some fragments however. Phrases which stand out in my mind include: "...fed up with this fucking department...", and "...continues I will consider it harassment...". Needless to say, I found this incident quite disturbing, and mentioned to David that Feng had appeared very upset. In hindsight, it would probably have been better if I had made more of an issue out of this.

The second incident occurred some time later. Unfortunately there are no surrounding events which help me place the time at which it occurred. I was walking down the hall towards the coffee room, when Dr. Gao overtook me, with a coffee mug in his hand. He then threw the contents - water - of his coffee mug across my path, against the lockers which line the hallway. The cup remained in his hand. He turned his head and glared at me, and spoke in a somewhat raised voice. His accent was heavy, and I was not able to understand what he was saying, except that it included the words "fuck" and "dog". At this point I decided not to continue towards the coffee room, but instead turned around. I cannot recall where I went afterwards, but probably I went to my office. Unfortunately, I did not report this incident to anyone.

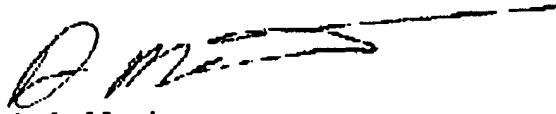
The third incident was not mentioned in my letter to Dr. McClean, since the encounter was less alarming, and contained no profanity. I include it here for completeness. In February 1992, I

attended the department retreat. Dr. Gao had appeared quite agitated during the first session. He had some issue which he wanted to discuss, and the meeting chairman has postponed its discussion until the faculty-only session to be held the following day. That first evening, I was in the lounge along with the other participants. Dr. Gao approached me, and began to say something, which I was unable to understand. Unlike the other incidents, I did not hear any profanity this time. He concluded his monologue by asking, "do you know what I mean?" to which I replied that I did not. He responded by saying "You're stupid then." He then walked away.

The fourth, and final incident (I hope) occurred on Friday June 12, 1992, at approximately 1:30 pm. I am able to be precise because it occurred directly after a department meeting to discuss the report of the "Ad-hoc Graduate Program Committee", a committee of which I am a member. Dr. Gao was in attendance, but the meeting concluded without incident. Directly after the meeting, I proceeded to the main office, to check my mail-box. As I was turning to leave, Dr. Gao entered the office, and stood, effectively blocking my passage. He began to speak to me in a raised voice. Once, again, I was not able to understand many of his words, however I was able to pick out the words "fuck", "piss", and "dog". I did not reply, but instead squeezed passed him and left the office, returning directly to my lab. Several others, including my supervisor, Dr. Segor, witnessed this incident. Indeed, at least one of the office staff came by my office later to enquire whether I was all right. My supervisor was sufficiently disturbed by the incident that he offered to provide the equipment necessary for my to continue my research at home.

I hope that you find this information useful.

Yours,



Andy Martin