WALKOUT POSSIBLE AT UQAM

MONTREAL (CUP) - Professors negotiating their first contract at the Montreal campus of the University of Quebec may go on strike anytime after today, following a vote last Tuesday for a walkout.

Unionized faculty members - 53% of UQAM's teachers - have signed a contract extension to June 30, 1971, which was agreed upon by both sides. A union spokesman said they are the only group of private welfare employees still without a contract in Quebec.

The major disagreement is over a non-monetary item and is based on widely differing views on the faculty participation in administrative decision-making processes.

The university administration is offering the professors a chance to take part in running the university. Towards this union, refusing to accept their employees' collective participation, are holding out for involvement in key decisions, not just routine administrative tasks.

The faculty members want a chance to participate in matters pertaining to hiring, firing, and granting of tenure to professors. The spokesman said the union's primary aim is "to save the university from itself, to save the quality of teaching at UQAM."

The main area of difference between the union and the university include job definitions, work loads of faculty members, and recognition of the union as the bargaining agent for the teaching staff.

Despite administrative delays, it appears that Radio Glendon will be in operation within the next few weeks. To coincide with, Radio Glendon will broadcast primarily Radio York programs within a one-hour Glendon material daily.

Arrangements between Radio York and the Glendon students' union, initially advertised for September 23, have been finalized some time ago, and this agreement communicated to Senior Administrator Victor Berg early in September.

At a subsequent meeting held last September 23, Bevan insisted that all installation be coordinated through his office, although this union was agreed upon and no changes were made. As advertised, as outlined September 9, Bevan is now awaiting a second letter of intent from Radio York.

VOTE ON SKI WEEK

An informal referendum will be held in the JCR this week among all Quebec NDP council members.

At a faculty council meeting last May of which no student was aware or attended, it was decided this year there would be one reading week at the end of February and one the week before exams in April. Last year there was a two week reading period with no classes scheduled for the second week of February and first week of March.

In a recent telephone call, one of the council members informed the dormitory that the full council agreed at a caucus meeting last week to revive this idea.

The referendum this week will establish whether the students will be able to establish which system the student body as a whole would prefer for their winter breaks.

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A win for students in Ec. 278

by ALLAN GRYDER

It was neither as exciting nor dramatic confrontation as some students had seemed to hope, but none the less the most the class satisfied with the end result.

The issue was crystallized when Marilyn Gertiet, who will teach the first half of the cross-listed History, Economics and Social Science course "The History of World Economy: A Canadian Perspective," announced that the first term mark would be based upon a 60% in-class exam, 30% essay, and 10% seminar presentation.

She reasoned that many first year students would be "afraid to speak in seminar or worry about a major essay." She felt also that a high-percentage exam would indoctrinate most students to actually learn the material.

Many first year students, however, as well as the second and third year people enrolled in the course were not prepared to accept this rational lightly. A small group was semi-organized to badger her out of her stated grading system at last Friday's lecture.

Mrs. Gertiet's, however, effectively pulled the rug under their feet by entering the lecture room prepared to be flexible. It was decided after 40 minutes discussion that although the exam and essay would count for less than 30%, each, that the students would be otherwise free to select their own marking scheme. Further, by majority vote a time-expensive exam was decided upon.

And although at least one student attempted to delimit the discussion by terming it "a throwback of what has been achieved in recent years," it was all relative and amiable stuff indeed.

Some students have chalked the incident up as a successful exercise in student power, others to an important lesson in how to win an argument. Regardless, it seems clear that no important precedent was established in Economics 278.

YOUTH IN TOWEL TELLS OF CIA IN QUEBEC NDP

OTTAWA (Last Post) — Just after a meeting of the Waffle caucus in the Chateau Laurier hotel last April during the New Democratic Party convention in Ottawa, a conservatively dressed tall, thin young man with a black tie and brown hair approached a prominent official of the Quebec NDP.

The youth who had been around meetings of the Waffle and the Quebec party all through the convention (although nobody knew him except to say hello), said that perhaps the official could help him and asked whether they could get together. The official suggested he call him at his hotel room.

The youth called the next morning and the official invited him down to his room. He came in and almost immediately asked whether he could take a shower. A few minutes later, he emerged from the bathroom wearing only a towel.

Thoroughly suspicious, the official asked: "Is this some sort of gift from the RCMP?"

"You're used to this kind of thing," the youth replied.

After that, the conversation got down to business. The youth wanted to know all about the Waffle and the Quebec NDP, relations between them, relations with the other political parties, and what had made decisions, what their strategy was, what went on.

REGINA (CUP) - Students on the University of Saskatchewan Regina Campus are boycotting the cafeteria's cafeteria on campus in an attempt to get rid of the operator Beaver Foods.

The cafeteria contract was granted to Beaver because the company promised that it could, because of its other food service operations on other campuses, buy the food at a much cheaper price than could the university.

This, however, has not been the case.

The cafeteria president, who will broadcast Beaver Foods, has not been the case.

"We're interested in the other stuff," later on in the conversation he said that "we" referred to the CIA. He was an American working in Montreal and spoke only English.

To remove the official's doubts about who he was, the youth told him two personal secrets about Quebec NDP president Raymond Labelle.

The next day the official went to Labelle and recounted to him what had happened. Labelle was not surprised and said he was aware that the CIA was trying to infiltrate the Quebec NDP. He was naturally interested in knowing more about him and the official told him.

Labelle turned pale.

A PLEA BY PROBE

by GARY O'BRIEN

Pollution Probe has called upon students to accept a "Walkout" which would make the environment a visible issue during the October provincial election campaign.

Speaking at a Thursday meeting in the JCR, Ann Rounthwaite, a Pollution Probe worker, outlined the organization's strategy the organization hopes to employ to raise the visibility of their cause.

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Vandals insane

We were both disgusted and disappointed to learn of the incident of blatant drunken vandalism in the basement of Glendon Hall last Thursday.

After Talent Night on September 23, some fun-loving, ignorant, thoughtless boozers punched and broke several ceiling tiles in the hall leading from the back entrance of Glendon Hall to the Terrace Room.

We consider such things as shoplifting and the destructor of public and/or private property unnecessary and morally reprehensible, the rationalization of a fight against excessive private wealth, but this case amounts to little more than a fight against sane, rational behaviour.

Glendon Hall is a student centre maintained with student funds and managed almost exclusively by students. Glendon students guilty of destroying or defacing property within the building are doing nothing more than robbing themselves and their colleagues. There is no reason why this community should tolerate such behaviour.

Anyone who can provide information about the guilty parties in this incident are asked to inform either Ted Amsden, Doug Knowles or the students' council.

Workers on boards

Now that a majority of students is convinced of the merits of democratizing decision making bodies, we should start lobbying for these rights at all levels. When the legislation of governing bodies influences individuals, they have a right to be represented.

With regard to the faculty council, this will involve cooperation with students at the main campus to ca.jole or pressure the Senate into changing its ruling of a 15% maximum representation.

It will also involve some hard work on the part of all student members on the council to uphold their responsibility, interest and ability at carrying out the tasks of the council.

But in addition to this, it will involve a demonstration of the students' commitment to the idea of democratic representation. We think that a good step in this direction would be to make provisions for giving the college's cleaning and maintenance staff representation on those bodies which affect their working conditions.

The residence council and other boards should investigate making it possible for a representative of the working people to participate in their decision making functions.

--- J. Daw

PRO TEM Staff Meeting
Wednesday at 5:00 p.m.

Otium Negotium

by ANDREW MCALISTER

It's of course quite easy to be cynical about human nature. People are always doing stupid, vicious and selfish things -- like stealing.

The biggest problem, however, is not that some people do nasty things; the biggest problem is that all people are now treated as if they would do nasty things if they could and, therefore, they must be prevented or restrained.

A good example of this occurred a few months ago in the Toronto City Council. Someone thought that rather than spend their millions of dollars exclusively on more expressways, it might be a good idea to spend a little on bicycles. The plan entailed purchasing a fleet of a few thousand bicycles, painting them a distinctive colour, and leaving them around the city for people to use.

Everyone liked the idea. Bicycles are a clean, quiet, and relatively cheap mode of transportation, as well as being an excellent form of exercise. They also encourage people to talk to each other - something that automobile compartments do not allow.

But someone said, "We can't do that. All the bicycles would get stolen!" Everyone agreed, and that was the end of that. And so a good idea was scrapped because we hadn't enough confidence in ourselves.

Perhaps they were correct. All of the bicycles might have been stolen, but we might have learned. How else will people ever learn?

When one examines the matter closely, it is easy to see why people don't know how to use free things. The society teaches them an individualistic, competitive approach to life. It's really no wonder that they are forever attempting to accumulate things by any of several means, stealing being just one.

It is of utmost importance that we give ourselves the chance to learn how life really is. The minimum of restrictions. For example, we could learn to be sensible about the bicycle plan and then gradually more and more ambitious schemes like the Rochdale experiment.

Of course there will be costs involved in putting these ideas into practice and making them work. Free articles will be printed and free services abused, until people acquire a somewhat wider philosophical outlook on life. But people will learn. They will learn to conduct themselves in a more civilized fashion and they will be less torogy with barbarisms like chains and padlocks.

The urgency of finding solutions to these problems stems from the fact that our society is fostering increasing cynicism about many features and characteristics.

A bleak future will face us if we allow ourselves to become convinced that human beings are unable to rise above nasty things.

We have a lot of big, difficult things to do with this society but we can do little things, too, to give people a chance to learn not to be nasty.

Let them ride bicycles. For FREE.
The race in Don Mills

Kusner: liberalism is the answer

by JAMIE DORAN

Michael Kusner is a liberal in the full sense of the word. He believes it is the only viable form of government for Canada and that is why he is running as the Don Mills Liberal candidate in the upcoming provincial election.

Kusner is the Director of the Urban Planning Department at Ryerson. His participation in urban planning includes four years service on the Canadian Mortgage and Housing Corporation as well as work in other countries before settling in Canada.

He is disgusted with the urban planning that has been carried out by the Conservatives and charges that "the bureaucrats are married to the politicians" after their twenty-six years in power.

Kusner promises to respect and encourage local autonomy in his reform proposals for urban areas. One of the first changes would be to restructure the electoral map, giving more representation to urban areas and less to the rural ridings.

When questioned about the Spadina Expressway, Kusner replied emphatically that rapid transit was not a substitute for expressway construction. He did not feel that the automobile and the urban core areas were incompatible, only that the cohabitation would have to be better organized.

On the subject of foreign control of our economy, Kusner cautioned that, "we need to play harder games with the Americans at the bargaining table." However he would not describe himself as "anti-American." He dismissed the N.D.P.'s solutions to our economic ills as being "impractical." "Canadian people are in a mood for change as has been proved in recent provincial elections," Kusner pointed out. He interprets Robarts' abdication from the Conservative party as a sign that they are crumbling from within.

The N.D.P. doesn't stand a chance of an upset, in his eyes because "they haven't got a hope in hell of winning a rural riding."

His prediction for the election: "The Liberals will win," he says, "although we may only get a minority government, in which case we would go to the polls again for a stronger mandate."

Kusner promises to hold a regular monthly meeting in the constituency after he's elected and help sponsor a riding office to act as an ombudsman to the electorate.

He readily admits that his force is in the bureaucratic arm of government but he maintains that a Liberal emphasis can make all the difference. It will be our prerogative to decide that at the polls on October 21.
They attend meetings. don't they?

by DAPHNE READ

One of the most astounding features of faculty council is that people actually attend its meetings. People used to enjoy the two-hour repast from the academic grind and the chance to concentrate on improving their artistic skills (doodling and contributing to paper pollution), exercising their great senses of humanitarian urges ("You can call Spanish!" GL050, Spanish! GL pots-and-pans for all I care!") taking jab at other departments with a touch of malicious glee at fining the coals of the bilingualism-unilingualism debate.

The people's report on Faculty Council

There was once a time when students were not allowed to sit on faculty council. (Most people would probably prefer a bed anyway.) But this changed in the fall of 1967 and a few students were appointed by students' council (now a dying body). The next spring a few students were elected to FC (faculty council) to the serious.) In the autumn of 1968, faculty council voted to hold open meetings with press coverage (the infamous PRO TEM). Numerous objections were raised -- too radical a decision! Senate will not approve (all bills passed by the FC must be ratified by the York Senate). One faculty member, perhaps in anticipation of the theatrical productions that would follow, suggested that members of the press should be required to obtain tickets to FC meetings. One might be tempted to cry "undemocratic!" suppression of the freedom of speech! But that would be nonsense as FC has since conducted open meetings with no admission requirements for reporters.

In the autumn of 1969, FC once again caused eyebrows to be raised. It became bilingual. Either of Canada's two official languages could be employed (although unemployment is still a major problem). This facet of faculty council was intended to view the college's aspirations to bilingualism.

With the creation of open representation, open meetings and two languages, faculty council seemed all set for production. There were ten standing committees in response to the previous discussion on sitting.

The executive committee ensures the smooth functioning of other committees, refers matters to other committees after due consideration and recommends the creation of new committees (this is subject like bureaucratic structures, a fiction).

The academic policy and planning committee (better known as APPC) recommended the two-stream system and the institution of psychology and Spanish courses. As its name indicates, this committee is concerned with the implementation of the aims of Glendon College, and with procedures for ascertaining in view of the college's aspirations to bilingualism.

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In despair, this PRO TEM reporter, aiming to please and feeling not unlike an innocent venturing into a hotbed of rationalism, searched the archives (that supposedly containing filing cabinet in PRO TEM's inner room) and discovered hitherto to little-known facts.

Last year I decided that I needed an outlet acceptable to my middle class values -- nothing too overtly political like the students' council.

That ended my more active role on the council. Now I just write Soc. essays about the effaces of architecture on the dynamics of group decision making. I still get things in my mail box -- up until April at least.

I also find the chamber provides the one comfortable place to sleep in this academic environment. When I manage to get my eyes open, I follow the professorial fashions -- trendy yet passé.

I thought if I showed some interest in the academic life at Glendon, the professors would favour me when I asked for extensions at the end of the year. But the first time I stood up to speak, I blew everything.

I suppose its all part of my training to become a member of the ruling elite as a representative in the political service.

Mary Smythe, Joan Andrews, and Max Pen
Quebeca and the children all screamed at John the moment the muscle car had gone in its cloud of poison dust.

"Why don't we have muscle cars, factories, swimming pools and slavepits, and why don't we ever enter any of those war contests that you're so passionate about?" They hit him with their balloons made of pig bladders, they hit him at all day and night, until he was almost dead. Then Quebe ca said, "I've had it with you, muzaity vosaries, I'm gonna cross my legs and take back my riverside unaware unless you get me one of that too," and John cracked.

He got behind Nell on the aristocrat -- a gift from his father who despised democrats -- and dragged down the road to Sam's. He had not visited his brother's farm for many years and he was amazed. At the gate was a huge collection of neon signs bright in the black smog. "Ether, Wraz, and Pay, Jesus Saves, Why Don't You? A Penny Saved Gets You a Million Bucks in an Undeveloped Coun try. Grab and Stab." Everywhere flew the Christian cross, the Star of David and Sam's personal flag, glorifying Mammon. Luminous posts, plastic animals, machine guns, electric chairs, test tubes, engines, dam, and frown orange smoke cars, along with red flamin goes -- designed from memory -- stood above the forest lawn glorifying achievement.

John was frisked at the gate, handcuffed and released on bail to see his brother. He went into the splendid building and the children who were all huge, different, superb prizes. "I'll take that one." He handed out a carton.

One day Sam came over the lawn in his muscle car, ran over a chicken and stomped up to his brother.

"How about a cup of water, John. I'm thirsty as an Arizona cactus. My well's gone dry -- the boys have pumped it all into the swimming pool." He looked around as John pumped the old well hand.

"This is a lovely old dump you have here. How's the nuclear fission electric power. Look at that!" He gestured to the great cloud of drifting smoke, "It's all over his own land." Why don't you shar pen up, Sam?" He looked out over his own land. "Don't drive so fast, John. I've seen you how an open-end triple high-person traffic is in a closed-end lease! sell-out fair con tingency.

John, who didn't understand a word, stood up and said, "It's a fifty." Sam drank, put the cup in his pocket, and drove away over the lawn in his muscle car, thinking about the water he had not drunk.

"Then how about that west two hundred. You better opt out right now, or my price is going up." "Oh, I couldn't let that go. That's where I grown my Neil without, and where Wacky has the sty in the eye.

"John, you know you're stupid! I offer you good deals like this, and you turn 'em down. Gimme back my money. John didn't know about chislets, and he had already swallowed it.

"Wait a minute, Sam. How about the north thousand?"

"What's on it?"

"Well, that's where I cut my ice in winter."

"You still cutting ice up there?"

"Real good ice Sam, Hunnert feet thick, cut a big blue block freezes to a tesselate at a hundred yards in midsummer. Last me two,three drinks when I'm drinking good."

"I got refrigerators, don't need your blue ice. Got home to your place, and I won't make a deal over time, no downward payment, credit card the difference, you keep on living there, just send me the produce, you got a free house to live in, and I'll throw in free another carton of them good vomit flavour chislets.Hey, here's your guaranteed entry form good to enter any one of sixty-five big war prizes contests around the world. Oh, I'll let you have one of my own personal war, and that's sincere. I'll give you a muscle car to drive home in. I'll keep Nell. Sign.

John gazed out the window and through a tunnel in the smog he could see the trees and pig wallow, his leaking old barn and mountain mines, his clear blue lake with the homemade raft, his drafty old house with a blue curl of smoke from the sugar maple cut in the spring of the year. When the sap was still in it to smell sweet, and he knew, Sam had slapped him on the hand with his right hand while with his left hand he left the welfare vouchers from John's pocket. Just to keep him honest and send him back to his self, I'll return them when I've used them up.

John started to drive home in the muscle car thinking how proud and revised and the children would be to have a muscle car, and he signed. Now I have an entry form to fill out and I am not entering any of sixty-five war contests, with hundreds of cash prizes, and the carton of chislets.

But just as he was slumping down to the hollowed seated obstinately fainted, and the short-haul transmission failed and the minimum-life engine failed and the thin-coat tires all blow, and the low-expectancy paint job flaked off and the sure-right body crinkled and twisted, John was sitting amazed in the ruins in front of the family, thinking that the kids came out and said, "Where's Nell?"

"I give her for this muscle car.

"What muscle car?" He held out a carton of chiclets.

"Chiclets. Muzaitd tabernacle, Hostie de vaisure. You two tinned hayfork. How'm I gonna feed this rabble on chiclets? lem­ me taste."

Just as they were starting to chew, the sky lit up with a tremendous red flare from a fantastic eruption on Sam's farm, and houses, barns, muscle-cars, factories, dams, and lynchings post and other great events and fell back in a smoky heap. They hit him with their balloons made of around like leaves and fell back in a smoky heap. The presence of the voice of Sam could be heard announcing to Columbus from a stationary satellite: "Now let me make a perfectly clear statement, ask not what your neighbour can do for you, ask rather how you can do your neighbour's work. That's true, that's true," said all John's family. And boy he's really gonna need us now. Let's go.

And they started down the road to trade, Joe with an armful of chiclets, Wacky with her toy train full of unsold wheat, Oilbert with his little oilcan, Wacky with a jar from the still, Yukon Eric with a block of ice on his head, and little Prince Edward, the smallest, with one perfect white pearl in an old Birk's box. Feiffer

An allegory for our times

From Canadias Dimension.

By JIM BACQUE
THE WESTERN WORLD IS SLOWLY EATING itself to death by downing nutty doodle snacks, hot dogs, balloon bread, chicken in sneaks, canned orange juice, dehydrated soups, soft drinks, cakes made from mixes and imitation whipped cream — all sodden with 3,000 different synthetic flavours, colours, thickeners, acidifiers, bleaching agents, preservatives, package contaminants, antibiotics and poisons permitting.

The word to the industry is out: the more additives, the higher the potential profit margin, (wrote Food Engineering, a leading trade journal).

The corporate food monopolies have taken over and are remaking food in their own image. General Mills, General Foods and Kellogg produce close to 75 per cent of all breakfast cereals (most of them a feast of empty calories). General Foods and General Mills alone manufacture the majority of synthetic foods; in all, 10 huge corporations may have the bulk of the soybean sitting on a supermarket shelves. They also export tons abroad.

Additives play a crucial role in the maintenance of this hegemony. They allow high-speed production; they minimize costs and let the foods endure over thousands of miles of transportation and buffeting, keeping them fresh-looking and tasting for long periods of time.

Sales of convenience and synthetic foods are outpacing the traditional foods and the consumer is paying for it.

ADDITIVES CUT COSTS FOR THE MANUFACTURERS. Cakes that once needed eggs and butter now need only tiny amounts of synthetic flavouring and colouring and emulsifier. Fruit juices no longer need fruit.

But perhaps the biggest revolution in food is just beginning: the spun soy bean protein, a bland, tasteless creature of industry research which every additive in existence can turn into something resembling meat, vegetables, almost anything. It’s true that soy products contain as much protein as real meat. But that’s only part of the story. To taste like meat (or vegetables) the soy product must be smothered and pumped with every synthetic known. And furthermore, one prominent researcher warns, “When we replace natural foods with synthetic protein substitutes, we lose many trace minerals and vitamins. We don’t know everything about this area, so we’re in a transition period that has serious dangers.”

One pound of isolated soy protein costs only 30 cents dry — but when it’s hydrated, pumped with water, oil, flavourings and other chemicals it expands to three times its size.

When you buy soy protein “beef stroganoff” from the Thomas Lipon Co. — via Unilever Corp. — you’re getting what you pay for,” vice-president Ernie Felicetti assures, “since a real meat product would cost four times as much.”

But once you realize that this soy protein costs Lipon about a ninch of what meat would cost it doesn’t seem like such a great deal.

GENETICISTS LIKE NOBEL LAUREATE Joshua Lederberg and Bruce Ames fret about the human gene pool. They think synthetic foods may be fouling it up — only we won’t discover what we’ve done to the human race for generations, when it’s too late.

All chemicals in the food supply carry the government’s blessing for one of two reasons. Either they are listed as GRAS (Generally Listed As Safe) — that is, they seem okay after years of use — or food additive regulations restrict their use to levels which laboratory tests ostensibly have shown to be safe. Actually, less than half the additives on the market have ever been tested in a laboratory.

It’s hard to eat with gusto when the government keeps discovering new toxicological surprises. In the past few years it has been forced to ban safrrole, the carcinogenic (cancer-producing) substance in root beer; sharply restrict the use of Vitamin D in milk; strike the antioxidant NOGA from the GRAS list; fight to keep MSG (a source of brain tumors in mice) on the GRAS list; and struggle through periods when it’s now need only tiny amounts of synthetic colours.

Government authorities insist that all artificial colourings are continually under review. But the handful of synthetic colours left are making plenty of scientists uneasy — especially the coal-tar dyes. “Artificial colours are very suspicious,” Dr. Lederberg warns, “because their molecular structures look like potent carcinogens.”

The Kaiser hospitals in California have documented numerous artificial-colour-caused asthmatic and allergic attacks in children and adults.

Without synthetic additives, a handful of central food corporations could never saturate the markets of much of the western world at minimal production costs. Your local supermarket tells you where the profits are. They aren’t on the lone shelves of the outer walls where meager varieties of (usually) wilted vegetables and fruits, dairy products, meat and poultry are displayed.

Look at the rest of the floor space: hundreds of different brands of the same synthetic foods, artifically flavoured continually under review. That is where the additives are — and the industry’s greatest profits.

SYNTHETIC COLORS ACCOUNT FOR 95 PER cent of the food colour on the market. Since 1960 a large number of colours have dropped from use because they are strongly suspected to be carcinogenic. The last colour to go, sort of, was FD&C Red No. 2, which causes cancer in laboratory mice. You’ll still eat it in every maraschino cherry, though, because the maraschino lobbyists convinced the government that no one could possibly want to eat more than one or two at a time.

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York Eskimo art lacks continuity

by ELIZABETH COWAN

York University may not hire as many Canadian professors as it could, but at least it appears to appreciate home-grown art. By the un-dauborous procedure of buying out a large private collection, York has acquired a selection of Eskimo artifacts, carvings and prints, which are presently on display at the Art Gallery in the Humanities Building.

The immediate impression is superb—plenty of space around each exhibit, everything well-lit, the prints framed in quiet, thickly grey. Wanderers-by-the-door are drawn in by the intriguing shadows and shapes and once in, can enjoy drifting among the stone animals and spirit creatures.

But anyone who really wants to study the art, instead of glancing at it thinking "How primitive, how quaint, how amusing," runs into difficulties. There is no sense of continuity in the design of the exhibition—different periods, styles and areas are muddled without identification, except for a catalogue number ... This is very little help since there are not always catalogues available.

A great deal could have been done with contrast: the three little ivory birds carved perhaps a thousand years ago by the people of the Thule culture could have been put beside ivory birds carved last season in Pelly Bay — nothing seems to have changed.

Or carvings from different areas could have been set up together, to make the distinctive zones and styles can be. As it is, the confusion makes it impossible even to get an idea of how a Cape Dorset piece differs from a Pond Inlet.

The difficulty is aggravated by the limited scope of the collection as there are too many dull Puvungnuit carvings, and very much alike Lake Harrison, but few pale green lake arbour or Dorset pieces.

Only the Eastern Arctic is represented, and not all of that — the areas most conspicuous by their absence were Eskimo Point and Spence Bay house. In fact, there were very few bone carvings at all.

In the print section also, there are holes: only one region, (Dorset) and nothing more recent than 1967.

The flaw in this kind of presentation is that it begs one of the most troublesome questions of primitive art — how much is its appeal due to its primitiveness? or, It's funny looking, but is it Art? When the Eskimo ceases to produce art which conforms to the stereotype of arctic life — dog teams, igloos, happy fishermen — his work ceases to attract the buying public. Soapstone ski-doo and figures in bell-bottom pants have no market; nor, at the other extreme, have abstracts such as the bizarre shapes of Pangnark.

This problem will increase as Indian and Eskimo artists grow more disenchanted with the patronizing attitude of the 'Givte-Shoppe' Southerners who consider their work as handicrafts, rather than honest examples of independent creativity.

A few print makers and carvers — Kenojuak, Pauta, Pari, Onark and Pangnark — have freed themselves from the mass identification of "Eskimo Artists", and are known as individuals with recognisable styles.

The York exhibition is not a giant step in this direction. Its tendency to use carvings as components in a See-How-The-Noble-Savage-Lives-public-schooler. Museum-diorama is natural enough; most of the subjects are inspired by day-to-day experiences.

But it is imperative that the collection be expanded and diversified. Still, whether you like or know Eskimo art at all, the York Gallery is putting on a very attractive show, so take the time to go and see and enjoy it.

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From left to right, Marianne Kimmell, Sally McBeth, Steve Meek and Dave Jarvis play in the Yo-Yo production of Ray Smith's "Cape Breton is the Thought Control Centre of Canada". Last Friday night about 50 people attended this well produced and well acted series of irreverent skits. On the right, Steve and Marianne explore what they really want to do. The play throws bars at Canadian life with topics that range from the mundane to the trite. (Not shown, Bob MacDonald and Nancy Newton).
1st yr. weaklings meet Serpent

by BROCK PHILLIPS

The Serpent of the Don was on hand to greet the casualties of an unfortunate mishap during the Orientation Week sports day.

During the annual rope stretching contest an inexperienced freshman team proved inadequate to match the combined forces of the second, third and fourth year heavies and were dragged screaming into the mighty waves of the Don.

Big Man on Campus, Gary Young was heard to say, "Hold it, I'm in charge here!" as he dove head-first into the ankle deep water to make a heroic attempt at saving the flailing freshman and the rapidly dissolving rope.

Wayne Bishop, commenting afterwards in the executive suite of the Proctor field house, said, "that pumpkin should have remembered he can't swim. Give a guy a little authority and he thinks he can do anything."

In the individual orange

pushing his Eric King noted out Ted Paget for the number one position. Barry Smith crawled in a distant third and was heard to say he's no one in the world. "It's not everybody who can take it home."

Later the dynamic duo of Dave Moulton and Janet Rudolph with a semi-radical approach to position 47, surpassed the ability of the other contenders and came out on top in the wheelbarrow race. Having qualified the agency of earlier defendants, Barry Smith and Josie DePina legged each other on to thrilling victory while astounding the anxious crowd with some fantastic flying and a series of shoe-string catches and impossible high bounce stops in the "lesseaux loues" contest.

BMOC, Gary Young, was forced to consult the record books when a freshman team composed of Ted Paget, Susan Bootee, Nancy Enright and Tom Kemp gained the summit of the greased pole.

When asked why she attempted a flash of her hair, Marie, "Because it was there."

A venerable authority on Glendon history, Mr. Michael Horne, has reported that it was 26 years ago today that "Caf's Red River Crab destroyed the Russian ocean's last night Ivan" on the Don, leaving a tiny boy as the only survivor.

Rescued by the squirrels of Glendon forest, the baby was adopted as one of their own. Now as the Vet Squirrels, losing his human physique and squirrel cunning to lead the squirrels in a war against driving a man from the Glendon forest.

The Kermit Zarley fan club will meet on the ninth green of the Don golf course on September 30th as the Glendon Open tees off for another year. This tournament has been sanctioned by the Professional Golfers Association (PGA) so the green fees will be paid by the Glendon College sports program.

Jack Nicklaus ability is not required in the non- gollers as well as golfers are urged to enter. If transported to the golf course, the Proctor Field House will be the meeting point.

"The co-ed outdoor archery tournament scheduled for September 29th has been cancelled for the moment," claims a leader dressed in green velvet and living in the forest with a group of them reportedly through the Acorn Ser- rery. It has been revealed that most of the animals are out of commission.

The Glendon Football League kicked off its exhibition season Wednesday with the A house Axemen taking on John Riley and his Sons of B.

The Axemen brought their fine quarterback Bill Mars don out of the woodwork and unveiled deep two-way.

In another game C house was reported to have beaten the D house animals.

The results of a partial poll show that because of the strong arm and fine signal calling of quarterback Mars don, and the return of Pat Flynn, Axemen will be the team to beat.

John Riley of B house reported later that "We're glad that A house is the team to beat. We don't like them very much."

The Serpent of the Don has again announced that any footballs going into the river will be turned into the Sports Department. Returned any student attempting to do so will be devoured.

Cross-country is going to be run next week. The Masked Beaver has guaranteed safety to all runners.

Joe Aiello directs the attention of the men and women to the first Co-operative intercollegiate tennis tournaments. The men's event will be at 12:30 and the women's the following day at 5:30.

Time held them green and dying

by NICK MARTIN

When Rick Norton was young and walking on water he watched the golden world of the American Dream waiting to embrace him. He came out of the University of Kentucky, the All-America quarterback in the year of Bob Grise and Steve Spurrier, to accept a six-figure contract to lead the newfangled Dolphins to the heights of glory.

But along the way the Dream soured, and things went wrong. In his first full shot as first-string quarterback, he passed for one touche and nine interceptions, and no football team carries that many quarterbacks.

In his sixth season as a professional, that year when all-America quarterbacks are supposed to have fully absorbed their blankets and burst out of their cocoons into flying form in some years of stardom, Rick Norton flies a game-to-game, practice to battle, survival to save his skin. He has learned, he has played, and he has been found wanting in football, and now he is so dear that four-thought on a team desperate for a decent quarterback.

Yet he has on for every minute of his career left to him. It's not for the money, his promise must be only a patina compared to what Miami paid him when he was a junior at Miami, more than ten years ago. He hangs on, hoping for one more time. How many times?

No American sports hero is deified for his college quarterbacking. In the deep South and the mid-West college tows the college state, the local college team is very often the only form of local entertainment. The local citizens, many of whom have never been to college, live upon the local team as their own, so that it comes to represent something local, a sort of local area, or even a state. Teenaged boys suddenly find themselves cast as prom king or apostraphe, and one is none among them a greater hero than the quarterback, master of the autumn Saturdays of an artificial world.

But then the artificial world is taken away, and the campus hero finds himself struggling for survival in the top-ten sport world. For Rick Norton, there was a sudden terrible realisation that his release, devastating to weak college defences was too slow to beat the sophisticated pros. The interceptions piled up, and years of experience failed to decrease their numbers. Rick Norton became just another quarterback.

Yet he couldn't forget the cheers, the cheers the stadium had roared as he arched his passes. He remembered the way he zipped the ball to Herbert Rodgers and Rick Kemper the way he carried Mississippi's heart on his back in three seasons, and couldn't believe that arm could not still shoot such magic. And as he hangs on, hoping for one more chance, for one more day in the sun, he hears the roar of the crowd as he sits on the bench.

Rick Norton hangs on, unwilling to accept that he and his dream is gone. He sees them, all the dreams, all the plans, all the hopes, all the beliefs in the All-American of 1965. And perhaps, as he sits on the Packers' bench, he hears the roar of the crowd as he sits on the bench as he sits on the bench as he sits on the bench...